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WOMAN'S WORLD



OCTOBER · 1930

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Presenting The Newest Fashions for the Fall and Winter Season
SMALL AMERICAN HOMES BY H. ROY KELLEY
and Twenty-five Other Exclusive and Timely Woman's World Features



Revelations of a famous puritan

For a whole week I'd been sitting on a grocer's shelf in an Ivory wrapper . . . dissatisfied . . . longing for a little place beside a tub that I could call my own!

When Mrs. Tompkins bought me, I may have seemed white and calm, but I knew that at last I would discover what it means to be a cake of Ivory Soap . . .

Well, this morning I learned *all*. When Mr. Tompkins opened the bathtub faucets, I wanted to get in the water! But I didn't expect Mr. Tompkins to *throw* me in. As I shot downwards, my short innocent life flashed before me. I thought, "This is the end!" But it wasn't, for I *float*ed.

When Mr. Tompkins took his bath sponge to me I excitedly foamed. And the more I foamed the better friends Mr. Tompkins and I grew to be. My coat of bubbles was very becoming to him!

I had a rest until the children took their evening baths. Then I did fourteen high dives without once hitting bottom. And *foam*! I actually reduced my waist-line cleaning up two pairs of very grubby knees. But when I got through I was proud of those children.

Mrs. Tompkins looked so tired that I was very glad to do a little overtime work for her just before she went to bed. I bubbled out my sympathy in heaps of soothing bubbles. And afterwards she did look as rosy and comforted as a sleepy baby.

I think I'm going to be so busy that I shan't have time to continue this diary. However, it does my heart good to know that the Tompkinses like me so well. So I'm going to wear myself down to a sliver for them!

. . . kind to everything it touches • 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % Pure • "It floats"

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WOMAN'S WORLD

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A Symptom and a Remedy

Willard Waller, Ph.D., in his recent book, "The Old Love and the New," makes the statement that the number of ex-husbands and ex-wives in the country exceeds the population of the United States at the time of the Revolutionary War. Why is this? Is marriage going to the bow-wows? Who or what is to blame? Have we lost our way?—are some of the questions we should be asking ourselves in this day and age.

We wonder if one of the vital contributory causes of this marriage mortality does not lie in the atrophy of the suburban and metropolitan woman's family and home instinct, through the urge that has come upon her in the last decade, to pursue an independent social or economic existence outside of her home.

Millions of them, we know, have cast aside their time-honored privileges for complete rights under the suffrage law and have fared forth to do battle with men in the marts of trade and in the offices of the professions.

Many of these women claim that their position is an act of necessity; some admit complete revulsion to the monotony and restriction of a woman's work in the home, while others profess that they were not cut out to be home-makers. Hundreds of thousands of city wives are pouring out of their tenements and apartment homes every week-day morning on their way to self-expression, traveling on foot and in conveyances crowded to the guards. Up the elevators they go, to the time clock which usually marks the beginning of their business day. A brief luncheon at the restaurant or cafeteria at noon and at five the bell rings for the finish—and so back they go to meet the partner of their joys and sorrows in the little cramped apartment on the edge of a cloud.

Where it is all going to end we cannot predict, but it is little wonder that the divorce figures are climbing as high as the cliff-dwellers' apartments.

We feel it an honor and a great opportunity for service to womanhood, the family and the nation to publish Woman's World for the home-loving maid, wife and mother who still believes in the majesty and dignity of work in the home and who loyally and enthusiastically aspires to the full-time character-building job of home making, with its natural social life centering around her family—her friends—her neighbors—the church and community activities. One of the cherished dreams of every woman of this type is the ownership of her own home, and so we are presenting on this page some very good reasons why it is good business to try and make these dreams come true.

About the Fair Sex

H. C. Biers, one of the most discerning of American authors, speaks his mind about the fair sex. "Women keep up most of our music—do about all of the reading—maintain most of our painting and sculpture, are the mainstay of our churches, our educational and social

institutions, besides being the arbiters of style and taste for both sexes and in all particulars." In regard to the important factor of style and taste—we hope the readers of Woman's World will be interested in the new fall fashions presentation in this month's issue. From our fashion correspondent come many timely and helpful ideas which the French designers have evolved for the beautification of womanhood—with pointers on the new style lengths and tendencies. It may be a surprise to

HOME OWNERSHIP BRINGS THESE FIFTEEN ADVANTAGES

Success—More people have started on the road to financial independence through home ownership than in any other way.

Security—In times of stress, the home is always something to fall back on.

A Backlog—A well bought home is as good as a savings account.

Credit—Home owner can open charge accounts without difficulty.

Peace of mind—Certain knowledge that provision has been made for your family.

Social background for your children.

Responsibility—Home owner feels more responsibility with regard to his dwelling and the neighborhood.

Good citizenship—A keener interest in civic, social and municipal affairs.

Individuality—Exterior and interior of home can be made to express individuality of owner.

Permanence—Making neighbors and friends whose friendships last.

Healthful exercise—Pride of possession inspires work around home and garden.

Stability—Responsibilities of ownership in meeting payments and in the upkeep of the home develop business acumen and character.

Savings—One can occupy and pay for a home at approximately the same cost as he can rent an apartment of the same size. When he has completed his payments, the owned home is much more economical than rented quarters.

Pets—The home owner can have as many pets as he wishes, both indoors and outdoors, without asking anyone's permission.

And there is always the chance, since you own to the center of the earth, that a gold mine or an oil well may develop in your own back yard.

—NATIONAL REAL ESTATE BOARD OF AMERICA.



you to learn that all of the Woman's World patterns are made from the new exclusive models of several of the leading

Parisian couturiers, being adapted in New York to the particular needs of the American woman who seeks distinction and individuality in her costumes at a moderate price. Morning dresses and sports costumes may be short, afternoon gowns will be about six or seven inches below the knee, and the evening party frocks long—instep length or a bit shorter.

Small American Homes

In building your new home, consider well your plan—for upon its wise selection depends not only your own pleasure, comfort, convenience and efficiency, but the value of the house for resale purposes. Be sure that the pleasing exterior lines of your home coordinate with a practical and artistic interior. That the rooms and their arrangement—the doors, the windows, the closets and the necessary time and labor-saving devices are placed where they should be in relation to the work and



entertaining to be done. And when your home is completed, see to it that your furniture, pictures, hangings and decorations are of the same type and period as your home, however inexpensive they may be. While the good interior decorator cannot give the impress of your own individuality—your own personality must do that—he will impart to your home through his knowledge of the fundamentals that stamp

of authenticity and charm that can only come through a thorough knowledge of the art of interior decoration.

We present on pages 17 and 18 a most distinctive home, "Wethersfield," of Colonial lineage, by H. Roy Kelley—probably the most eminent of all American small house architects—winner of the \$5,000 National Better Homes Contest in 1929, and of seven other first, second and third prizes in 1927 and 1928 in competitions against from 3,000 to 5,000 American architects.

The interior decoration of three rooms of this home is by Edgar Harrison Wileman, an interior decorator of international reputation. Mr. Wileman was educated in London, has traveled and studied in the principal museums and art centers of Europe and South America and at the present time is lecturer and consulting decorator for the University of Southern California and the Extension Division of the University of California at Los Angeles, California, and also lecturer and consultant for Barker Bros. of that city. Mr. Wileman furnished all the model homes for the Los Angeles Better Home Exhibits.

Full particulars concerning this lovely home will be furnished upon receipt of a two-cent stamp accompanied by your address plainly written. Address Home Building Editor, Woman's World, 4223 West Lake Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Happiness

In the yearning of millions for happiness, America set up a new form of government, reared cities where desolation was, drove railroads through mountains, converted barren plains into fertile fields, made new discoveries and inventions for the enjoyment and advancement of mankind, and created a great force called Advertising to carry to the doors of the people the message of a higher standard of living.

The quest for happiness goes forever on, not because happiness is an illusion, but because its ideals are forever advancing. The work of industry is to keep pace with these ideals. The work of advertising is to open the eyes of men and women to the treasures of industry.



He found even his cosmopolitan eyes diverted by the contrasts of Sibyl's quests

BEQUEST INTANGIBLE

By ANN WEST

The story of Sibyl, who inherited happiness
and life's greatest gift from a penniless father

Illustrated by
Harvé Stein

WHILE Sibyl brought gray hairs and distraction to Miss Higgenloop's flighty head and scorched the coast roads, in a blue-and-silver French roadster, from San Francisco to Tia Juana, her father lay dying in a vile tropical port where tourists rarely came and only the desperate remained. Dying in agony of body and more terrible agony of soul.

But his mind was clear. Anthony Caswell's mind had never given him peace and gave him no peace now. His individuality was conflict: cleverness and rare charm balanced by instability of will and inclinations. Gifts of life—inevitable complement of god-like qualities—had been his for the taking; yet he had turned aside always into reckless, defiant byways.

He dominated these last hours. Inside the stifling, musty room with its cracked shades drawn against the glaring light, men came and went about the ill-kept bed as he commanded. An American consul was there, and a solemn Spanish official, and a pompous attorney, and a high dignitary of the church. Two native doctors waited futilely and woodenly for the end. In a corner, a dark-skinned Oriental servant huddled in abject grief.

Cables in secret code flew back and forth between the rotten hole of a town and Anthony's lawyers in gay spring-decked New York. There must be no slip in these proceedings. By sheer mental power, Anthony kept himself alive to finish them.

One quiet figure sat beside the bed, but had nothing to do with what went on. Gerald North simply kept patient watch, motioned to his post by Anthony's imperious gesture; kept there, when he would have risen, by the sick man's clutching hand.

"Stay, Jerry. Don't go, boy—"

"Right here, Tony! I wasn't leaving you—only, I thought one of the doctors might—"

"Damn the doctors! Damn 'em! What can they do?"

"Steady, Tony! You're trying to put over some business, aren't you?" Jerry begged. "Don't waste breath—"

"Right. You're always right. You bet I'm putting over a stroke of business. Probably the only decent one of my life." The smile which twisted his face was like a grimace of pain, but the old rollicking dare-devil spirit twinkled up at Jerry from his eyes. "You've no idea what it is?"

The younger man made a gallant effort to treat the moment as of casual significance—not the last rites of an erratic life. "You always were a deep one, Tony. How do you expect me to understand that gibberish?" He had read aloud to Anthony all the absurd-sounding cables. "You're not leaving me a fortune, are you?"

Anthony actually grinned. "You're filthy rich as it is." A shudder went over him suddenly. "If only that last message would come, I could snap out—"

"Tony!"

Anthony's hand stopped him. "What's the odds? It can't come too soon. If only the message— Ah!" his eyes glittered. "There's the boy coming in! Now!" The last word was a cry of triumph.

ANTHONY sank back at last, satisfied. Grayness crept over the gaunt mask of his face. To the visitors: "Thank you, gentlemen!" To the Jap: "Aeichi!" The boy sprang to a big untidy desk, produced sealed envelopes in which reposed crisp bank notes, slipped them unobtrusively into eager hands, opened the outer door with a humble bow. To Gerald: "Quick—clear the room!"

"Tony," Jerry protested huskily, "let Doctor Conrado and Father Simón—"

"Out!" gasped Anthony. The old perversity rearing its head. "You stay."

He held toward the younger man a single legal document, carefully sealed. In his eyes was tragic comprehension of his wild, empty span of years; in their burning depths, too, shone devotion, ineffable gratitude.

"Follow this! Promise—" Wasting no words, no faintest breath.

Unknowing the paper's import, Jerry said steadily,

"Yes, I promise, Tony." Scorching tears suddenly blinded him.

The stale hot breath of the day was heavy upon them.

"Goodby—friend—"

Anthony was at peace.

IT WAS good to be home again, Jerry thought, as he swung down the Avenue six weeks later. Good to see the old street, smart and gay and ruthless. Exhilarating to see leisurely, well groomed men and pretty women and colorful shops, gleaming high-powered cars, flowers everywhere; he loved it all.

Now and then, someone recognized him and greeted him enthusiastically. But no one in the States meant much to Jerry now. He'd have to find his niche, his man's work, a motivating purpose. He sincerely did not want to become a forlorn, well fed, rich hobo citizen of the globe. Well—he had Anthony to thank for giving him a push toward home . . .

His mood changed. Anthony—tragic Tony, whose destiny was to fascinate, to inspire devotion and a lofty tolerance. It was upon Anthony's affairs that Gerald was bent. Jerry must carry on—no, that was not the term, for Tony had never assumed burdens.

Five minutes later, Jerry was in the customarily impregnable office of the senior member of a famous law firm and shaking hands with a very human old fat man.

"Surely not the Gerald North of Anthony's hectic messages?" Timothy Sprague boomed as he collapsed into his enormous chair. Courtesy seemed to struggle with amusement.

Jerry smiled engagingly and handed over Anthony's sealed document. "Here are my credentials, sir." Timothy turned the envelope over in his hands and said, "You know what's in this, of course?"

"No, sir. I've no idea."

Again, some joke gleamed under the bushy brows of the older man. "Great Scott! Now, isn't that just like Anthony? Makes us jump through the hoop, even after he's dead! A remarkable personality."

"He was the most amazing and interesting person I have ever known," Jerry said simply. "No matter what he did or would have done, I'd have been for him—without reasoning about it."

Sprague nodded his leonine head understandingly. "Yes—he was like that." He broke the seal of the envelope, but tossed it aside. "You are the legally appointed guardian of Anthony's daughter, Mr. North," he said, thoroughly enjoying his bombshell.

"Good Lord!" gasped Jerry.

"You may well say so," old Timothy agreed heartily.

"Well—" said Jerry, "well, that's that. Where is the child?"

A chuckle seemed to start from Timothy's square-toed shoes and culminate in the fanlike wrinkles about his eyes. "Somewhere on the west coast, I believe, with her governess—or whatever that bit of old fluff is who travels with her. See here, boy—you'd better petition the courts to appoint a sensible middle-aged woman in your place—chuck the business."

Without hesitation, Jerry said, "No, sir. I can't do that. It's my job."

"But, good gosh! You're too young!" exploded Timothy.

Jerry's firm jaw became stubborn. "I'm not so darn young. I'm twenty-seven, sir, and I've had a lot crowded into a few years. I ran away when I was sixteen and got into the big scrap. I was overgrown and lied about my age. I flew a plane for two years, was wounded, but back in service again at the armistice. Then I had six years of university—Yale and Oxford. Afterward—well, I've just knocked about the world. I've seen a lot."

"I should think so," said Timothy. He was looking at Jerry intently. "Bless my soul, are you the young Boston North who flew like a fool and a genius and won a lot of medals and so on? Seems to me I remember reading about you—"

Jerry flushed uncomfortably. "I—I believe I did get into the papers, sir. Fools do. I was such a kid."

Long ago, Timothy had discovered the reluctance of service men to talk of those four years. "Well, to return to business—your ward is not a child, Mr. North. She is a young lady—a bit under legal age, I believe."

Jerry's dismay was comical. Then he laughed, and old Timothy roared with him.

"You see," said the older man, wiping his eyes.

"Yes," said Jerry, "I see. But I haven't changed my mind."

THAT night, though travel-weary, Jerry took a west-bound train. But it was ten days before his quest ended. He trailed Miss Caswell from Santa Barbara to San Diego, back to San Francisco, and then to Los Angeles. Now, on an upper balcony of a Santa Monica hotel, he was talking to Miss Higgenloop. Or, rather, listening to Miss Higgenloop.

"She recognizes no convention or authority, unless it pleases her, Mr. North. Though I need my little salary, I would have resigned had I not feared I should be succeeded by some unscrupulous person. We go at such a pace! I never know what the next day's events will be, whether we'll be off by steamer or airship for heaven knows where, or dashing hundreds of miles in that murderous car, or spending interminable hours in big libraries and galleries and museums. Sibyl seems to be trying to live a lifetime in a few years. I don't understand her at all. I'm a plain New England woman with old-fashioned traditions. I've always supposed a lady should have companionship among gentlefolk; but Sibyl has the strangest friendships—does such outlandish things. She is kind to me—but when I try to advise her, she laughs; and if I'm insistent, she freezes. As well talk to an iceberg! And now—her father is gone—and this strange matter of your guardianship—I must say—you are very young for such an appointment..."

The lady had, Jerry decided, the ineffectual monotony of a cuckoo clock. She was tiny and thin and gray—gray skin, gray hair, gray dress—like a faded limp streamer on the soaring flight of Sibyl Caswell's youth.

"There she comes!" cried Miss Higgenloop.

A low, dashing car swung into the drive and a tempestuous group tumbled out of it as attendants ran forward to take their golf sticks. Jerry leaned over the railing and watched intently.

"That's Sibyl in yellow," Miss Higgen-

loop hissed. "And the man beside her—I don't trust him. He says he's an American, but he came from some foreign land. He's after Sibyl and likely to get her—"

"Miss Higgenloop," Jerry said rapidly, "will you allow me to tell Miss Caswell in my own way why I am here? And without meaning to be impertinent, I must tell you that it's no use your worrying about it or trying to change anything. It is my affair and I intend to see it through. Please don't be offended—"

The old lady simply looked a bit more bewildered. Before she could reply, Sibyl came out to them.

For once in his cocksure young life, Jerry was disconcerted. He had been prepared for almost any type but this vivid personality, this girl who looked like a Scandinavian goddess with a Carmen temperament.

She was like Tony, Gerald thought swiftly. Men would die for her—and never question why. She was gorgeous and ruthless and—what was the quality which eluded him?—something hard and bitter and aloof. Like Anthony, again. Jerry had never penetrated that inner citadel of Anthony's spirit.

THE girl had thrown aside her hat, revealing thick close waves of hair like burnished yellow metal. Her lips were cool flame. Beneath the luminous delicacy of fair skin pulsed the dark rose of her mother's Spanish blood. And her eyes—green or gray or violet—what did it matter? Behind their fringed drooping lids, they held light laughter, understanding mockery, reticences of the thinker who lives superficially. Life had never fooled Sibyl—as it had never fooled Anthony, even when it destroyed him.

As she came from the French doors, Miss Higgenloop fluttered to her feet. "This is—I mean—may I present Mr. North? He is your—he has something to talk to you about. If you will excuse me—" She was in a panic. "A nap before dinner—"

Sibyl's amused eyes followed the gray lady's flustered retreat. She sank into a chair. "How do you do, Mr. North? What have you been saying to poor Higgy? She's all fussed and bothered. You wished to talk to me?"

"I have come halfway round the world to do so," Jerry said gently. Impossible to be facetious, with Anthony's eyes looking at him from the lovely face opposite. "I—you see, I was with your father when he—"

"Ah!" So much was in the low, vibrating monosyllable. So much that he could not fathom. Color fled from her face, but the veiled eyes were still keen. No sudden rush of tears, no piteous twist of the lips.

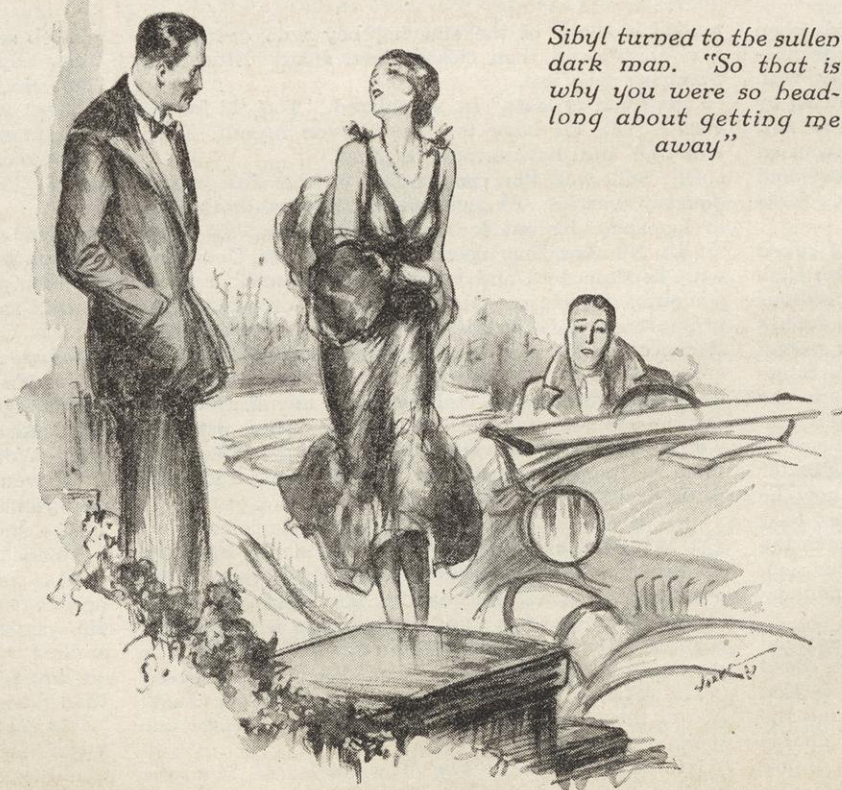
Jerry proceeded cautiously, as in a thick jungle, "Would you like—would you be comforted to hear something of him?"

Her slender grace was motionless, rigid in the deep chair. "No," said she at last.

Gerald was startled. But he sensed that her reaction was a complicated emotion which, if he could not understand, he must not judge.

She flicked an expressionless glance at him. "Please do not think me altogether discourteous," she said.

Sibyl turned to the sullen dark man. "So that is why you were so headlong about getting me away"



"It is too deep a matter to be touched by conventions," he said gently. "Don't think of that."

"Yes. Yes, it is. You've come thousands of miles—certainly not for a convention. You must have been devoted to—Anthony Caswell."

"I was." But his devotion was not to be trailed before this girl's disdain. "And there is something further, Miss Caswell." He gathered his courage. "Before your father's death, I was made your legal guardian."

She stared a moment in astonishment, then laughed in spontaneous, girlish amusement—a high clear laugh that angered Jerry. "Oh, that is funny! You're not serious?"

Feeling utterly absurd, Jerry handed her a letter from Timothy Sprague. She read it carelessly, still smiling.

"What are the duties of a guardian—especially a young guardian?" she wanted to know.

"I don't know," he said frankly. "That would depend upon the behavior of the—ah—ward, I should say."

"I may as well tell you," she informed him gayly, "that no one—no one—can exercise authority over me. No one," she added, her tone hardening, "ever has."

The blue fire in her eyes was met and matched by two black flames in his. "I am sure," he returned suavely, "that my ward's behavior would be entirely exemplary—no authority would be in order." He could mock, too! "However, I make no promises, burn no bridges. I take the obligation in all seriousness, and relinquish none of its perquisites."

She shrugged. "Joy be with you."

"Are you so difficult?"

"Higgy has told you so, surely? She's always regarded herself as the keeper of a particularly unmanageable wild animal."

"While in reality—?"

"Higgy is a child—a whining child. Fancy traveling with her! She's ill so much, and perfectly helpless about everything. We'd started for the Orient, but she stopped coughing, here, so we've stayed on."

Score one, thought Jerry, for the scornful girl.

"Tonight," she went on, "I'm having some people here to dine. Will you come? It's for Joan Sales's birthday."

HE WAS deeply troubled as he dressed. His responsibility had become strangely complex. Sibyl was not a docile nonentity to be pushed about like a pawn on a chessboard; she was a brilliant individuality with the poise of a woman twice her age, and a subtle antagonism toward existence as she had found it. Her charm was bewildering. Jerry found himself without a plan. Yet, somehow he must help this girl with her heritage of bitterness. She must not follow Anthony...

From his seat beside her at table, he found even his cosmopolitan eyes diverted by the contrasts of Sibyl's guests. Visiting artists from stage and opera, several famous faces from the picture studios, social luminaries whom Sibyl had known in her travels. There was a Russian duke in exile who was trying to get into pictures and with whom Jerry remembered playing cards on shipboard somewhere. There was a Hindu savant with whose classes Sibyl had amused herself in London. There was a solemn young Englishman who gazed yearningly at Sibyl.

"I get horribly tired of people!" Sibyl said abruptly. Ah, that was Anthony, again. "When friendships grow familiar, they crowd one, spiritually. I always move on when I feel that. If Higgy's able. In any case, I'm leaving here, at once."

Jerry's eyes followed hers down the table and came to rest on the dark distinguished-looking man who had been the object of Miss Higgenloop's tirade of the afternoon. Jerry had contrived not to meet him before dinner and had consistently avoided his eyes; but now he continued to look at him until the other's glance was drawn involuntarily in return. Their gaze crossed like the harmless rubber swords of mock combat. The slender dark man's eyes shifted.

"You intend to marry him?" Jerry said audaciously, turning back to Sibyl.

She gasped, astonished. "Marry whom?"

"The man with the eyes."

"You are uncanny! Yes, I think I shall."

"When did you decide?"

"Just now."

"When you sensed opposition in me?"

"In you? What have you to do with it?"

"I shall try to prevent it."

Her lips curled and she shrugged. "Your game is childish, Mr. North. Can't we drop it?"

"No," he said. (Continued on page 34)

Summers and Deering bumped into Useless, who was bending over in the Arab salutation



Illustrated
by
William
Stieber

USELESS

The famine-stricken Near East makes a picturesque setting for a story filled with humor, pathos and the glory of an Arabian boy's heroism

By FLORENCE RYERSON and COLIN CLEMENTS

HE WAS dirty, mangy and half naked when Summers found him, and his insect population would have compared favorably with that of the city of London. He was sitting by the side of the road gnawing a bone which he had taken from a dog, and that alone should have warned Summers, for the curs of Tel-Abiad are lean and hungry. Bones are not abstracted from them by force but by guile.

The narrow road ran between twin infernos of baked yellow sand and Summers was hurrying to reach Urfa before his tortured eyes were closed by the insidious dust, but at the sight of the waif he put on his brakes and stopped the car with a jolt. That was his second mistake. The first was in seeing the boy at all. Summers knew this as well as anyone. Two months in the Near East had hardened him a bit to the sight and sound if not the fact of suffering. There were so many starving and so little to feed them. It was better to ride straight on, eyes sternly ahead. But now he had made the fatal mistake of looking and must bear the consequences. So his brakes screeched and the dusty car jolted to a stop. As he swung from his seat, the heap of dirty tangled rags rose for a moment, then slumped forward and lay still.

It was here that Summers made his third and final error. He should have left the boy fainting or dead by the roadside. He knew, only too well he knew, that every straw pallet at the Orphanage was full and the list of juvenile servants at the Post mess was double the allotment. But he bent over the scarecrow figure long enough to see the claw-hands, taut ribs and dis-

tended stomach of the starving boy who opened his eyes—once, and then closed them again. After that, Summers was lost.

"Fourteen at least," he speculated. "Too old for the Orphanage. I'll have to take him on myself. Lord, won't Ol' Bull have a mess of pups!"

Ol' Bull was the commander of the Post and a doughty warrior. At sight of Summers with the boy in his arms, he cut loose into what the Post knew as his Number Two speech. His Number One dealt with headquarters and was aired only once or twice a month. It was considered a marvel of picturesque profanity, but his Number Two was almost as inspired. It concerned the birth, upbringing and probable parentage of all war orphans, especially those brought in by the mush-hearted, sob-sistering members of his double-damned staff, and it always ended with the words, "What're you waiting for? Take the lousy little bum to the mess tent and let him cram his belly till it busts!"

SUMMERS listened to this with becoming humility, then carried his burden around the corner of the low building into a sun-baked court. There was a pile of straw in the corner and close beside it a group of Armenian boys were playing. Summers laid the boy on the straw, then called, "Ya, Yusuf! Ya, Deeb! Aie-e-e!"

The game went on. Summers moved closer, caught two of the players by the tails of their gumbazes and spoke again.

"Go fetch me a bucket of water," said Summers curtly. "I want this boy bathed."

Deeb seemed to perceive the scarecrow for the first time. "Effendi wishes that I bathe it?" His voice delicately indicated that his ears had betrayed him.

"That will do," interrupted Summers. "Stop talking and get a pail of water." Deeb withdrew with dignity and Yusuf was withdrawing with him when Summers called, "Where are you going?"

YUSUF paused and looked grieved. "To help Deeb bring water as Effendi has ordered."

"He's perfectly capable of handling a pailful of water," said Summers dryly. "I want you to run down to the Orphanage and ask Captain Deering for a gumbaz—fairly large size."

Yusuf's eyes took on an expression of agony. "The Orphanage is miles away, Effendi, and I have a sore foot. Also, my head aches itself that it is about to split. Would it not be better, Effendi, if I waited . . ."

"It would not. The Orphanage is less than a mile and you know it! Run along, you lazy beggar, or I'll take a stick to you!"

"Wellah, I go! Effendi sees how I am going!"

At a snail's pace, Yusuf withdrew. Summers turned and began to tear the rags from the scarecrow's body. He was setting fire to the filthy things when Deering stalked in, accompanied by the breathless Yusuf.

"You see how I have brought him, Effendi—swifter than the gazelle."

"Oh, shut up!" said Deering. "You met me on the way." He turned to Summers. "What's this I hear about a new orphan? Haven't we enough in this Sandjak without your importing 'em?"

Summers raised himself wearily from the straw. "I know, but I couldn't leave him on the road to starve. He passed out completely just as I came up, revived on the trip long enough to wolf a bit of bread, then fainted again."

"My word," said Deering admiringly, "you are green. Of course he was sitting by the road, and of course he passed out. They all do. Word has reached the desert that we're giving away milk and honey and aspirin, so they're all swarming in to get their share. That's their pet method—throwing a fit."

"Rot! You can see for yourself that he's starved and unconscious."

"Starved," Deering admitted, "but not unconscious." He picked up a bit of straw and tickled the distended ribs. The boy twisted a bit on his bed of straw and moaned. "Not unconscious," Captain Deering repeated.

"You mean to say I carried him . . ."

"Carried!" Deering shouted. "Oh, my word! That is good! How he must have enjoyed it!" He turned, spoke a few ringing words in Arabic, and the scarecrow sat up and grinned affably.

"Salaam aleikum," he said.

"What do you mean by letting Lieutenant Summers, here, carry you when you were able to walk?"

The boy blinked, then hunched his shoulders. "Ya, Howedja Inglese, kind sir, I thought the *Effendi* desired it so. With my own ears I have heard him tell the Colonel *Effendi* that I was fainted. Who was I that I should make my lord and master a liar?"

DEERING laughed and translated rapidly for Summers' benefit. "I hope you realize what that 'lord and master' stuff means. You've been adopted. You'll never get rid of him now."

"It's all right. I didn't intend to wish him onto you. Ol' Bull bellows a lot but he's a good egg. He'll let me keep him here."

"Ol' Bull . . ." Deering stared. "My word, haven't you heard the news? Ol' Bull is leaving. The powers that be have split Mesopotamia and given this part to the French."

Summers gasped. "But, good God, the country's like tinder. It'll flare up at the first spark. Are they all fools at the Conference?"

"Probably. But this isn't a country full of people, y' know. It's just a hunk of loot to be passed out over the peace table."

"Well, it's not America's mess, and since I'm attached to the British, I'll march out with 'em and let the French do their own hero stuff. Lord, won't some real food taste good—and a tub bath!"

"Don't get too pleased, old son. You're not going. Your interest in the weeping widow and helpless orphan has touched me deeply. I've been having sundry dealings with the powers at Beyrouth and you're going to be detached and left here."

"You son of a camel! And only last week I loaned you my other shirt!" He looked down at the prostrate figure. "I wonder what nationality this boy is."

"Armenian, probably, or Kurd. God knows, they're so mixed in this part of the world." Deering turned, "Of what blood are you?" The boy seemed stupid and Deering repeated the question in a sharper tone. "We must know who you are."

"What is that to the *Effendi*? I have broken bread with my master. I am *dakhile*."

"What's he talking about?" asked Summers blankly. "He says he's *dakhile*; that means sacred as a guest," explained Deering. "Now you see why the little imp came out of that faint long enough to eat a bit of your bread."

The scarecrow was watching them intently. "My father was a Turk," he said, and seemed to wait.

"A Turk? That makes it difficult," Deering explained to Summers. "Our funds are for the Armenians. The Turks are expected to look after their own."

"Which they don't, of course."

"No, but with the mission back of us, we try to list as many Christians as we can."

The boy's bright eyes were shifting from one face to the other. "I Christian," he said suddenly.

"Good Lord, you speak English?"

"A little, *Effendi*. My mother, she was Armenian and have taught me to be Christian."

"Good," said Deering. "That'll go down well on the list; although," he puzzled, "how she managed it with a Mohammedan husband . . ."

"It was my stepfather was Turk Mohammedan," explained the boy. "My real father—" he hesitated a moment, "was—a rabbi from Stamboul."

"My word!" Deering choked. He turned to leave, then paused, "Your orders will probably arrive a year from next January. Better act as though they were here and move over with us when the British clear out."

"You're still in the Hill Compound?"

"Yes, we're keeping the kids in tents until the heat breaks. I've got a spare room in the building for you."

TEN days later, Summers appeared at the Compound. Behind him stretched a line of orphans variously clad in *gumbazes* and cast-off British undergarments, their bedding on their heads.

"Forty-two," reported Summers, and Deering groaned. "I'll send them down to the camp. Miss Larsen'll probably die of the shock, but Miss Allen's a good sport and she'll look after the little beggars." He



THE NEW NEIGHBORS

By Anne Sutherland

WE HAVE new neighbors in the Apple Pie House (so named by young John, from the giant fork marks pricked in the red plaster). The Little Missus assures me that she has no time for looking out windows, but adds, inconsistently, that a grandmother and a baby were among the Apple Pie household appendages. There is also a piano, and we doubt the fitness of this, in conjunction with the battered range and the wobbled chairs; but then, perhaps, the Apple Pie roof shelters an embryo Beethoven, or, as the Little Missus says, it is somebody's *Dream-Come-True*.

The Apple Pie neighbors have already been visited by Miss Sniffy (of the corner cottage, that, according to Young John, stares!) with hot biscuits for supper and reform in her eye; and by other ladies making friendly overtures. The Little Missus confesses to being shy of folks "before they're dressed"; and myself, I like time to find the matches and get a picture up over the stovepipe hole before I'm visited. We always find ways to be neighborly later on.

After the excitement's over and the Apple Pie folks have time to feel lonesome for what they left behind, we'll trek up there some night and say, "Howdy!" And, as Uncle Bill Patience remarks from the wisdom of his own experience, "Them as comes last mebbe sticks longest!"

issued a few rapid-fire orders and the squad turned and obediently made off down the path. All except one. He was standing slightly to one side, dressed in a British coat with the shoulder insignia of a captain and a polished Sam Browne belt. Upon his head there rested a pith helmet several sizes too large. Below the coat his blue *gumbaz* waved in the hot wind and, in direct contrast to the others, he was carrying no luggage.

"What in the name of heaven is that?" demanded Deering.

"That?" Summers grinned. "It's 'Useless.' You know, the boy I picked up near Tel-Abiad."

"Where'd he get the uniform?"

"Search me! I recognize parts of it, but not all. If you ask him where he got anything, he merely says, 'Atieh men ami,' whatever that means."

"A gift from my uncle," translated Deering. "In other words, purloined. I must say he's enterprising."

"Only in that one line. Nobody ever caught him working. Every morning I swear I'll make him do at least one good job, and every day he manages to slip out. Look at him now—all the others carried their bedding up here, and he hasn't a thing. I'll bet you ten months' pay, by sundown he'll have somebody's blankets."

"My word!" said Deering under his breath, then added firmly, "But he'll have to give up that coat. My orphans wear *gumbazes*."

Useless came to attention and saluted smartly. "But I am not orphan, Captain *Effendi*. I am the servant of my master and it is not fit that I should go clad in a *gumbaz* that they should laugh and say, 'Lo, Summers *Effendi* cannot afford a coat for his servant.' It is right that I should wear a coat and trousers. The Captain *Effendi* will, in his great generosity, see that I have trousers?"

Summers disappeared abruptly into the house and Deering followed. Leaning weakly against each other, they ascended the stairs.

That night was noisy with strange, half-heard calls, and snatches of wild songs floated in from the desert. The sounds were quite different from the usual sleepy wail of the shepherds, and Summers was wakeful. As he turned to draw the covers over his head, he heard a gusty sigh from the door. Instantly he struck a light and discovered Useless lying upon the threshold. Summers essayed to be stern, "Why are you here? Didn't you hear me order you to sleep at the camp?"

The boy crawled toward him, inching his way across the flagstones on his hands and knees. "I have heard my master when he spoke, but he is my heaven and my earth. The tribes are restless and much evil is about. I have come to watch over my master's sleep."

"Oh, all right, all right," said Summers testily, "but don't wake up the house. Here, take one of my blankets."

"And a pillow?" suggested Useless deprecatingly. "To be near my master I would gladly sleep upon stones, but there is *Effendi's* saddle bags. Stuffed with a bit of sacking—*selim dayetak!* Have I not said that Mohammed would bless those who gave to the poor?"

IT WAS a week later when Summers and Deering were returning from French headquarters, where the news was growing daily more alarming, that they turned into the Compound and bumped into Useless, backing out of the door. He was bending over in the Arab salutation, his hand to heart, lips and forehead. Beyond him they could see the beaming face of Miss Larsen.

"I've been having the most interesting half hour with Moses," she told them excitedly.

"Who?"

"Moses, the boy who just went out. He's been telling me all about himself and, really, I don't know when I've been so touched. Do you know, that poor child has been a Christian all the time." The two men glanced at each other and sat down simultaneously. Miss Larsen went on with little burbles of delight, "He's been going through Mohammedan country where they kill Christians and he's had to pretend to be a heathen. But it seems his mother was an Assyrian from Ras Baalbek. She was brought up in a Mission School, and his stepfather, a horrible Turk, tortured the boy because he wouldn't give up his religion. His mother fled to Egypt where she died, and he's been trying to get back to the American Mission ever since."

"That, I suppose, explains why he is in Mesopotamia," said Deering dryly. "It's not exactly the shortest route from Egypt to Ras Baalbek."

"Well, no," admitted Miss Larsen, "it isn't, but if you could only hear him tell about what he's suffered for his religion! Why, he actually cried with gratitude when I gave him a Bible and a pair of shoes to go with that absurd uniform he's wearing."

"Ah," said Deering, "I begin to perceive."

"He speaks Arabic, Greek, Turkish and English besides a little German and French," Miss Larsen went on, "but, of course, that's not so remarkable—they all do. They seem to soak up languages through their pores."

"It's not strange," said Deering, "look at this country—it's a polyglot stew. Every town's got an Armenian, Syrian, Jewish and Turkish quarter. Then the Bedouins and Kurds come sweeping through to trade and that naturally brings Assyrian, Persian and Greek merchants. No wonder the place is like a bundle of explosives." His face became grave. "I don't want to alarm you, but we've just come from the French headquarters and the news is bad, very bad."

"You mean—another massacre?"

"No. It doesn't seem to be directed against the Armenians this time, although the whole quarter is in an uproar and they're squealing like stuck pigs. The trouble will be with the French. The town is filling full of Kurds and the

(Continued on page 49)

The Mystery of the Pavilion

The confession of a tortured soul who in one reckless deed vented twenty years of hatred and humiliation. A dramatic climax!

Illustrated by Joseph Franké

By GRACE SARTWELL MASON

(A synopsis will be found on page 51)

AUGUSTA slowly drew away from the crack in the door. Even in the semi-darkness I could see an odd expression in her face, as if someone had struck her lightly between the eyes. But there was no time for us to exchange more than a look, for all at once we came out of our state of trance to a consciousness that someone was coming up the stairs.

Augusta slipped the key out of the lock and at once led the way toward the head of the stairs. As she did so, she said over her shoulder to me in a pleasantly busy tone, "I think we'll go first to Altman's. They're having a glove sale there. I need some good, serviceable wash gloves. You don't mind if we go to Altman's first, do you?"

"Not at all," said I politely. "But we'll have to hurry, the shops close at five-thirty."

Thus chirping about wash gloves and glove sales, we went down the stairs, passing two steely-eyed men who were coming up. They were in inconspicuous dark clothes, but outside the door were two uniformed policemen.

Augusta looked at them, the way middle-aged ladies look at policemen, bland and conciliating—a sort of "Dear me!" look—and we ambled to the corner, where we hailed a taxicab. My knees were trembling as I flopped down on the seat. Even Augusta had lost some of her fine color.

"They've got Mr. Bat," she said in a low voice.

"Then it was a cat-and-mouse game they were playing when they let Lola come to town! How will they know which apartment—"

"Probably the same way I knew—by the one blank card over the mail boxes. I wonder why people, when they start out on the clandestine, always do the conspicuous thing?"

But I knew she was thinking of other things. And in a moment our eyes met. We each drew a long breath, as if we were just coming up to the surface.

"Do you think he was telling the truth about—the knife?" I whispered.

She nodded. "Couldn't you tell that by his voice?"

"But, if it is true he didn't use the knife, then who—"

Augusta interrupted me, "Which do you think killed him, Jane—the knife or the gun?"

I told her of my talk with the coroner's physician, in which he said he believed Vincent had first been shot and probably instantly killed, and then stabbed—a sort of supererogation of hatred.

Augusta nodded somberly. "I think I have known that all along, but I haven't wanted to face it."

"You mean that—two persons hated him enough to try to kill him?"

"Yes. And I think Bat got there first. He fired his noiseless shot, he propped the body up in a life-like position, so that anyone looking out toward the tea



"Shot?" Through the high shadowy room the whispered word was like a scream

house would think Vincent Knowles was sitting there enjoying the sea air. And then someone came into the pavilion, approached the dead man from the front and stabbed him as swiftly as a snake strikes. Terrible to think how unnecessary that gesture was. And how blind! Yes, she must have been blinded by—"

"Augusta!" I whispered. "Why do you say she?"

AUGUSTA was silent for a moment, staring ahead of her. "Because I think that only a woman could have been in an emotional state peculiar enough to have made normal observation impossible. A man with a knife in his hand and hatred in his heart would have seen his victim clearly, if he was sane. But a woman would be seeing her hatred. She would see behind her victim, as it were, the motive for her act, and the actual body of her victim would be obscured, unreal. Whether it were dead or alive, she would not care—if she was in the mood I believe she was in."

"Then—then—who do you—"

"I want to think, Jane," and she turned away from me to stare out of the window at the crowded traffic. The rest of the way to our station, she spoke to me only once and that was to ask if I had seen Doris that day. I told her that I had been about to call at the Reeves house when she had telephoned me to come to town.

The early September darkness had fallen when we left the train at our station. The wind was rising and as we drove toward home the sound of the sea pounding in between Knowles Island and the mainland came

up to us. It was going to be a cold and tempestuous night. I was thinking about home and firelight and a good supper, when Augusta suddenly laid her hand on my arm. "Let's turn in here," she said, "I want to have a look at that child, Doris."

WE HAD reached the gateway to the Reeves place and reluctantly I turned my car. Over the long drive the trees arched so that we seemed to be riding through a dark tunnel full of the sound of the sea. Then the drive turned to circle in front of the house and I heard music. Eunice Reeves must have been playing the piano in the dark drawing-room, for there was no light in the windows.

"How well she plays," said Augusta, and to my surprise motioned me to stop the car. "This ancient vehicle of yours makes such a noise, Jane—" she complained. "Why don't you tighten it up or oil it or something? What is that she's playing? Oh, yes—the 'Moonlight Sonata'—the first movement. Beautiful music, the 'Moonlight'—fateful music."

I looked around at Augusta, mildly astonished.

She was leaning forward, drinking in that music that is so like waves lapping on a somber silver beach. At first I was annoyed, thinking of our fire and supper waiting, and then I was arrested by the expression of Augusta's face, by something rigid in the way she leaned forward, as if she listened to sounds or meanings that escaped my ear.

"Well, are we going to sit here, or what?" I inquired, unconsciously lowering my voice.

I heard Augusta draw a long breath. "We're going home," she said in an odd voice. "I've had enough for today. I'm cold. Hurry up, let's get home, Jane."

I started the car, but as I made the circle of the drive, which brought us nearer to the dark old house, Augusta suddenly cried out, "Wait a minute—there's something I want—" and was out of the car in a flash. I saw her step quickly up to the door and pick up something white from the doorstep. When she climbed rather breathlessly back into the car, I saw she had a folded copy of the evening paper.

"We've got one of those at home," I sniffed. But I could not resist a glance at the paper which Augusta held under the little light on the instrument board. Vincent Knowles's death had made the front page.

Thankfully I drove out of the gates toward home. I was glad not to have to see just then Doris Reeves's frightened, secretive face. I was never more contented to be back in my own house, in front of a freshly lit fire.

"I told you we are too old for this sleuthing business," I said, as I noticed that Augusta was shivering.

"I'm beginning to think so myself. Sometimes I think I'll stop being interested in other persons' affairs."

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One comes upon things that—that disconcert one."

She stared into the fire with so wan an expression that I hastened out to the kitchen to tell Annie to hurry up dinner. When I came back, I found Augusta wandering around the library as if she were looking for something.

"Where are those garden catalogs you were showing me yesterday?" she unexpectedly asked. I gave them to her and saw her carry them up to her own room with a feeling that I would never know Augusta. Here we were on the brink of Lord knew what and she could study garden catalogs!

Michael came in before we had finished our excellent soup. When he joined us, he looked dispirited. He said that Julie was being held as a material witness, and Lem Pickering was pawing the ground in his efforts to prove a motive for the murder. They had already tracked down the fact that Vincent had decided to make some change in his will, though they had found no new one. They had also persuaded Andrew, the second man, to admit that he had overheard high words between Julie and Vincent, and that for the past three weeks Julie had not sat down at table with him.

"Tell me this, Michael," Augusta interrupted him, "who was on the island today? Besides the police, I mean."

"No one but Mr. Knowles's lawyer and one reporter. No one knew how he got there, for the bridge was closed. Swam, I guess."

"But the news of the murder is in tonight's paper?"

"Oh, Pickering gave that out. But no one could leave the island, no one there could even telephone. No one was allowed even to telephone to the island, except on official business."

"Then the island has been practically out of communication, except with the police, since we all left it at daybreak? Did Ellen telephone to anyone?"

"Oh, gosh, no! And wasn't she mad because they wouldn't let her telephone for her mourning! No, Lem Pickering just bottled the island up. Why did you ask?"

"Oh, I was just wondering," said Augusta vaguely. And I was wondering myself how much of our afternoon's adventure we were to tell Michael, when he said, "Oh, I forgot! A detective came down from town early this afternoon, and when he found out Lola Guinness had been one of those present last night, he hot-footed it back."

Augusta shook her head at me and I knew we were to keep to ourselves for a while the matter of our listening in on Bat Herman.

Then Annie said coffee was in the living-room and we went in to sit in front of the fire. I took my cup to the window and stood for a moment looking down at the dark shape of the island. Even with the window closed, I could hear the sea driving in between the foot of my cliffs and the island. Poor Julie, poor child, what was she thinking at this moment?

SUDDENLY I remembered the letter she had given me to keep for her—"in case I should die," she had said. I went up to my room, got it out of the drawer where I had locked it for safe-keeping and took it downstairs. I laid it on the coffee table between Michael and Augusta. "That is a letter from Julie. She gave it to me to keep safe for her. I haven't a doubt that in it she tells the truth about what she saw last night."

Augusta stared at the letter with the expression of a cat that sees a mouse coming out of its hole. If she'd had whiskers, they would have twitched. Alarmed by her expression, I took the letter hastily back again. "No, I'm not going to let either of you read it," I said. "Julie meant it to be read only if—if worse comes to worst."

"But hasn't worse come to worst now, with Julie being held a prisoner over there?" Michael cried.

I shook my head. I was not going to betray Julie's trust in me. I wanted Augusta and Michael to know I had the letter, for one never knew what might happen. But I should hold it until Lem Pickering made a decisively aggressive move against Julie, and then I meant to read it myself.

But my letter reminded Michael that Ellen had given him a note for Augusta, and he handed it to her now. Augusta murmured an apology and took her note to the nearest reading lamp. Then, to my astonishment, instead of reading it aloud, or at least telling us what it was about, she quickly folded it up again, after the briefest glance, and put it into its envelope. This un-

communicative gesture quite hurt my feelings. Was I, or was I not, a partner of Augusta in this investigation?

But Augusta did not so much as look at me. She stood for a moment staring at nothing, or perhaps staring at some vision that came from Ellen had conjured up before her lively imagination. Then she turned abruptly, went out of the room and up the stairs. In her bedroom over our heads, we heard her walking up and down, up and down.

"What is the matter with Augusta?" Michael asked. "She looked as if she had seen a ghost or something."

I made some evasive answer. I suspected that he would think it was silly, if not positively funny—the idea of Augusta and me trying to solve the mystery of Vincent Knowles's death. But I knew also that something had given Augusta food for the deepest thought. I knew she was upstairs there coming to some sort of decision at this very moment.

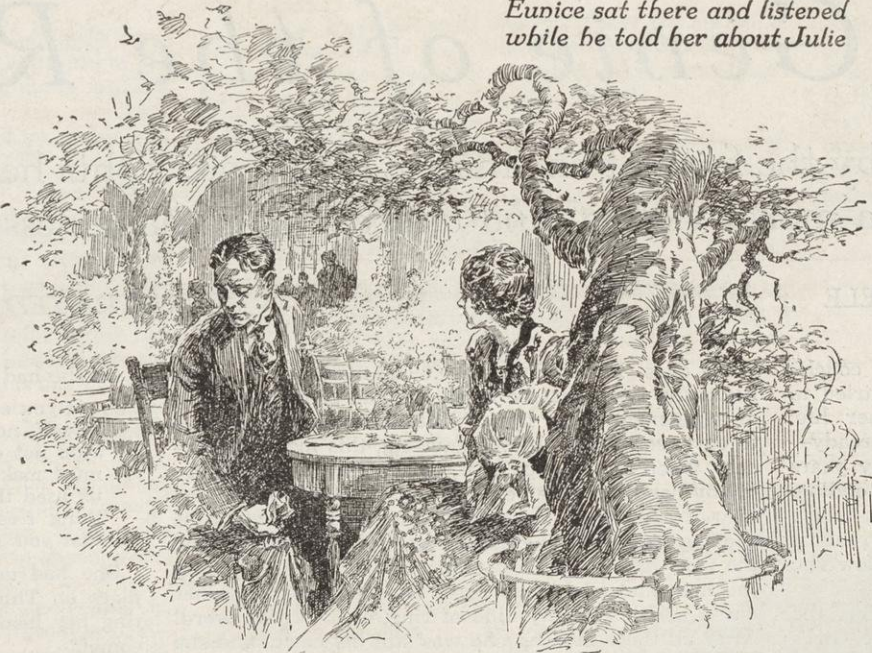
"Why don't you go to bed, Mike?" I said. "There aren't any visits that need to be made tonight, are there? And you can't do anything for Julie, not tonight, anyhow. Tomorrow you'll need a clear head, if you're to help Julie."

I wanted him out of the way, for I felt sure Augusta was brewing something up there in her room. I didn't want one of the superior generation around to think we were crazy old things. I was relieved when presently Michael took himself off to bed.

I GOT out my little solitaire table and drew it and my favorite chair in front of the fire. But it was hard for me to keep my mind on the cards. In the first place, there was the stormy night outside and the sound of the sea pounding on the rocks at the foot of the cliffs. I could imagine how it was boiling up between the mainland and the island, beating up against the piers of the bridge and sending wisps of foam over the wall of the kitchen garden—that wall where last night Augusta and I had sat speculating over a gay little vanity case stained with mud.

If the weather had been like this last night, Doris could not have slipped across in her canoe, Bat Herman might have lost his way in the windy dark—and tonight Vincent Knowles would be alive and I would not be sitting here, my nerves in ribbons, waiting, and listening to the sound of Augusta walking, now quickly, now slowly, up and down, up and down.

Eunice sat there and listened while he told her about Julie



What could possibly have been in that note Ellen had sent her? What had so interested Augusta in the pages of those garden catalogs? Why had she worn that queer, stricken look in her face as she left the room? Well, it was all beyond me, and if Augusta did not choose to confide in me—I took myself sternly in hand and laid a red Jack on a black Queen.

Last night at this time, the night was still and warm—so beautiful that the long refectory table had been laid on the terrace outside the drawing-room windows of Knowles House. So still that the candle flames barely flickered, and the bare shoulders of the two girls, Sidney and Lola, were uncovered and white against the dark background of the night. Last night at this time, they had finished dinner, they were drifting inside to have some music, leaving the table with its silver and white damask and flowers and candles. Leaving, too, the temporary side table at the end of the terrace near the breakfast room door, that side

table on which Benson had arranged the extra silver, spoons, forks and the old heavy steel and silver knives.

Sitting there in front of my own peaceful fire, I saw, much more plainly than I saw the cards in my hand, those long, sharp knives. Between the time Vincent and his guests moved into the drawing-room and Benson and Andrew came out to clear the table, a hand must have reached out around the frame of the breakfast room door. And then the person who had snatched up one of those knives had turned and stepped out of the breakfast room window, to wait in the shadow of the shrubbery until the coast was clear, until it would be safe for her—

I found my hands twitching over the cards and suddenly I swept them all into a heap. I had come to the end of my endurance. I ran to the foot of the stairs and called up them, in a voice that sounded angry but was really scared, "Augusta! For goodness sake, stop tramping up and down. Can't you sit down and read a book, or something?"

There was a moment's silence from Augusta's room, then she called, "All right, Jane. I'm coming down."

When she appeared, she wore a light wrap over her shoulders. "You look so comfortable here," she said, looking longingly at the fire and the card table. "I wish I hadn't to ask you to leave it and go with me to pay a call."

"A call? On whom?"

"Your neighbor, Eunice Reeves."

Reluctantly I shoved back the little table and threw a shawl around me. As we walked in the darkness down through my garden, Augusta asked me a number of questions about Doris Reeves: how long had she lived with her aunt, was she happy there, did I think that Eunice Reeves had ever suspected her niece's infatuation for Vincent Knowles?

"I don't know how she could have," I replied. "Who would tell her? Eunice lives an extremely secluded life. She rarely goes out socially, she is absorbed in her music, her garden and her charities. If she ever knew it, I think it would be the way I might know a thing about Michael—because I love him and he's always in my thoughts. I do know that she thinks of Doris as the merest child."

"This place doesn't seem to me very cheerful for a young person," murmured Augusta.

We had left my garden, which is a friendly place, and had entered the green door in the wall that divides the Reeves place from mine. At once we could feel a change. The sound of the sea was more melancholy and insistent here, heard under the shaggy old pines. And the tall old house, with its prim narrow windows of the eighties, seemed sternly to resist the beauty of the garden, whose autumnal fragrance was all about it.

THERE was a light in an upper window, probably in Doris' room, and a dim one shone through the side panes of the front door, but otherwise the large, gaunt house was in darkness. A maid opened the door with the timidity usual in a house where there are few visitors after dark. Miss Reeves was in the music room, she said, and opened the door for us to pass through the drawing-room.

We went silently through the long dismal room, never changed since the death of Eunice's father—he was said to have given here many dull and dignified dinner parties, to which the Knowleses, father and son, were never invited—and came to the open door of the room that Eunice Reeves used as library and music room combined.

It was a large room, looking out toward the sea. Books lined three walls of it, Eunice's beautiful piano stood near a window, a window from which, I had often noticed, one had a particularly good view of the island. There were deep pools of shadow in the room now, for there was only one light and that a hooded lamp on a writing desk.

Eunice sat there, writing. She stood up with a quick movement as our footsteps sounded. "Oh, it's you, Jane?" she cried in her low voice, rather startled. Closing the blotting book, she came slowly forward to meet us.

There was a fire on the hearth at the opposite end of the room. "I won't turn on the lights," said Eunice, pushing forward chairs. "The firelight is so pleasant, don't you think?"

She moved about gently, fetching a footstool for Augusta, putting another log on the fire, rather graceful in her dove-gray dress. (Continued on page 46)



"Friends . . ." The man at the end of the table was rising awkwardly

The Genie of the Ring

Impelled by the faith of one man, a lonely girl fights her way
to a moral victory and undreamed-of happiness

By ALICE GARLAND STEELE

ILLUSTRATED BY HANSON BOOTH

THE Girl sat on the edge of the cheap couch-bed in her latest boarding-place and tried to pretend that she was starting another life. She had lived, she thought dully, two already—the one at home, which had lasted for twenty years without change of any sort; and the one just ending, with Jerd and Tina McGarry and their crowd, which had dragged her, in as many months, into currents it had taken all her strength to fight against. Now she was through with it, high and dry.

Through with it, that is, except for one thing, the thing she hadn't courage to terminate. In the Girl's home town back in Ohio, when a man loved a girl, he brought her a ring. It might be very small, but it had magic in it. You had only to rub it to conjure up beautiful, dreamed-of things, the kind of things held in trust for lovers: a new house with a lighted lamp in it, a nursery, and above all, a new name. The kind of name you had to get used to, but which always gave you a thrill to find it yours. This kind of things the Girl herself had once thought silly, but now she would have given everything, even herself, to possess them for her own—the silly, beautiful safeguards that had kept women happy and bound since the beginning of the world. In the world of the McGarrys, which had been hers so lately, the Girl, like the rest, had pretended to despise them, but she was finding out that if you despise many of the things you have once believed in, sooner or later you will come to despise yourself! The Girl, just at present, was rather of that mind.

She lifted her left hand and surveyed it with hard-

ening eyes. It was quite bare. The man who had told her many times that he loved her had brought no ring of engagement. Her lips, a white line, still had courage to curl scornfully. It was amazing, this man's cleverness, when he was put to it, in avoiding the signature to any bond. A dozen expensive trinkets lay in the top tray of her trunk which were supposed to profess his adoring fondness. She flushed painfully as she recalled the fact that in the very first week of their friendship she had allowed him to clasp one of them about her bared neck. But any kind of ring, or a written word! After all these months, she was still his pawn, and she could hold him to—nothing!

ALL at once, one night in Jerd McGarry's littered studio, with Nina hastily gathering together the ingredients for a fresh drink, and the rest of the crowd scattered about the huge, untidy room, the Girl had found herself looking into the man's eyes, held in a long gaze in spite of herself. Quite suddenly, and with palpitating heart, she knew—she loved the man, and the man loved—himself. She knew then, if she was ever really to possess him, she must give him up, and so she had stumbled out the next morning, while Nina and Jerd still slept with the blinds pulled low, and found herself a place as typist. It was in a stuffy back office at Wheeler & Co.'s East Side Branch, but the Girl held to it, together with her other idea, that she must cut Nina and the crowd; that the man must come after her, find her all over again and place a final value upon her; that never again must he see her, like goods displayed in a shop window, as something—cheap!

So she had written him a brief goodbye:

If you ever wish to see me again, it must be for myself, not as a part of any hectic day or night. I do not end anything between us, but I myself must make a fresh beginning. We have each of us used the word "love." I think there is something fresh and unspoiled about that, too—and that you and I have yet to find it. LAURA.

She had enclosed with it her address, a boarding-place on Thirty-ninth Street. And now she was eating her heart out wondering if the man would ever come!

She got up stiffly, realizing that she must freshen herself for what would probably be a wretched dinner in the basement dining-room, but it was all she could afford. For a moment the grim humor of it struck her, that she, who had chafed all her life at cheap wall-papers, darned table-cloths and the sight of laundry drying in the sun, had gotten back to it again after two years on her own in a big city, that as an artist she wasn't worth her salt, and that as a typist she could just about supply bread and butter!

And yet—perhaps plain bread and butter would be better for her body than Jerd's empty bottles and Nina's casual caviar sandwiches. What the Girl really longed for in her soul were things lovely and beautiful: silken negligees, soft sables, books with wonderful bindings, hand-wrought. Luxury. Jerd's idea of luxury was sleeping late after a bat, and Nina's was never getting up at all until the moon came out and drew the crowd like moths to her cheap incandescence. They had just been, for the Girl, a period of make-

believe, all but the man—the man came from a different world, a hard, moneyed, polished world, with gloss on it. He tossed expensive bonbons to Nina, which she nibbled with sharp, pretty teeth; he drank with Jerd, but he smoked his own cigars. When his insolent, slightly mocking eyes met the girl's eyes, he drew something out of her—virtue. She had fought it at first, his power, his easy insolence. But in a week she had let his fingers stray about her neck . . .

She stood up, putting her hand to her throat as if something strangled her. God—that she should go on caring, caring horribly, so that it hurt like a real pain! She had for an instant a cowardly desire to run back to Nina and Jerd, beg them to house her again, to call an old number on the phone, tell him she was there, waiting. All at once she found herself sobbing, hard, dry sobs. She went over to the small basin in the sunken alcove and pressed cold water on her eyes, her throat, till she was quiet again, then, stiffening her attitude, she went down the two flights of stairs.

THE dining-room was even more horrible than she guessed. Terrible and ageless things in golden oak that seemed to survive in spite of Grand Rapids and the installment plan; a long table spread with edibles in pressed glass dishes; and napkins obviously held over from the meals before. What made it worse was the fact that there seemed to be some sort of celebration going on, for a huge pyramid of paper roses in the shape of a horseshoe rose from the center with a sentiment printed from side to side in gilt letters: "Happy Birthday to Mr. Willis."

The Girl stood a moment, flushing. She wanted to shriek hysterically, and to fly. It was all so funny! The clothes the dozen boarders wore were a scream. Pink lace, beads, a girl with red hair who glittered like a circus rider, a fat woman in coral who looked like a well-boiled lobster. And the men—false shirt fronts and cow-licks! The only man who looked as if he lived on intimate terms with his coat and collar sat at one end alone, and was, the Girl saw all at once, the guest of honor. He was Mr. Willis, and he was having a birthday!

Somehow she went through the landlady's introductions and sat down near the door, with her throat dry and her heart raging that she had gotten let in for this subway entertainment at all, and yet in five minutes she was snowed under, set aside and forgotten. She had come in from the byways, but she had not been bidden to the feast.

She sat through it, making a pretense of eating from hot and evidently very special dishes, and, except for the ache of her own spirit, she could have laughed out loud. They made speeches. One man, a solemn person with very large, red hands, stood for a moment, his face working, then he said heavily, "Every dog has his day, and I take it this is yours, sir," and sat down to a round of applause.

"Come on, Bill; take it up, Bill. The war's over but we've got a new drive on—speak up for the old A.E.F." Before they had finished, the man called Bill also faced Mr. Willis, his throat working convulsively.

"All I've got to say is easy said. John Willis has been, in a manner of speaking, a real buddy to every damned one of us in this here outfit, and having went through hell myself, which most of us use politer language and call the World War, I reckon I know what a buddy stands for, and I'll say I never thought more of mine over there than I do of the chap we honor tonight—John P. Willis of East Thirty-ninth Street!"

"Good work, Bill—you're all to the good. Now make way for the ladies—Miss Minns wants to say a word. Miss Minns, you have the floor."

"I only want to add, ladies and gentlemen—that is, I want to tell you something quite personal, which—which touches me very nearly." She was a thin little woman with a pinched, faded face, quite frankly touched with make-up to keep up the illusion of youth, but her voice, thin and pinched also, held the Girl by some quality of earnestness that gave it a ringing sweetness:

"I only want to say, that being in the dressmaking line and having, in an age of ready-to-wears, not a great deal to do, I have from time to time executed orders for the—the gentleman we honor tonight. I have made dresses from time to time for Mr. Willis on order, for his—mother. I finished one last week, only to learn yesterday, from an outside source, that—Mr. Willis' mother died some years ago in his old home in New Hampshire . . ."

Through a puzzled silence the Girl watched the flushed, interested faces. Plainly they did not, any more than she, understand, but little Miss Minns went on with a queer break in her voice:

"They—weren't wasted. He sent them, every one

of them, to—an old people's home up in the Bronx!" She stopped a moment, her wavering smile circling the table. "Don't you see it? He was doing it just for me, out of the kindness of his heart. And so I say, on his birth-night, God bless him!" Choking, the little dressmaker sat down.

No one spoke. The solemn man cleared his throat and seemed all at once conscious that his hands were too large for him, but no one looked at the man at the end of the table. It was as if they tried, by a strained and smiling silence, to cover a moment tense with a feeling which each one of them shared. The Girl, after a swift raising of her lashes, fixed her eyes hardly on her plate. Angrily she knew that she was flushing, that the moment had gotten her, that she was being played upon, like an instrument of strings! She knew it for bad taste, a thing too intimate. She didn't want to share anything with anyone, least of all with these people who were out of her class, her world.

"Friends . . ." The man at the end of the table was rising awkwardly. He stood a moment, flushing also. He had square-cut shoulders, a face that was somehow arresting, and very blue, short-sighted eyes. For an instant, his brief gaze took in the Girl where she sat, strange and uncomfortable.

"My friends, this is about the most wonderful birthday I've had out of the whole twenty-nine. You all know how I feel about it—a lot of us without homes are carrying on together. I want you to know that, as I look around on your friendly faces, you make it home for me. God help us all, as Bill there says, to be—good buddies." Crimsoning, Mr. Willis could say no more.

Through an awkward gap which ushered in ice cream, the Girl heard from her next neighbor, the woman in coral, "Well, you don't know him, of course, but he's always doing things like that. Last summer he sent his Chinese laundryman to Saranac Lake for T.B. and told him he could pay him back in collars. He don't seem to care whether you come from China or New York. I often say to him, 'John Willis, for Pete's sake, save your money and get married; don't waste any more of it where you'll never get it back,' but, my word, we're all crazy about him, especially Flossie. That's the girl across from you, with the titian hair; she gives facials. It was her and me who gave the floral centerpiece."

The Girl felt she must say something. "It seems very grand." Her voice was cold. She was hastily finishing her coffee.

"It come from Bohack's opening. Just the frame, of course, but Flossie and I saw the possibilities. We made it of paper roses because they're permanent, and he'll most probably keep it on his dresser."

The Girl pushed back her chair.

"Well, it's been a lovely party, but he deserves it. Did she say your name was Bennett? We'll have to get better acquainted."

"Thanks. I'm leaving tomorrow." With beating pulses, the Girl hurried up the basement stairs.

"YOU'RE Miss Bennett, aren't you?" Someone at the top was confronting her with short-sighted blue eyes. "It must have been awkward for you, my party, as well as for me." Mr. Willis smiled ever so little.

"It really didn't matter in the least." The Girl stared back at him aggressively. "I am just here for tonight."

"I see," he said genially. "A—a sort of ship that passes. I'm sorry. But at least we can

She took out a folded yellow paper and laid it in his lap

exchange signals." He was holding out his hand. The Girl did not see it. "I couldn't possibly, without knowing the code."

He was still regarding her. "Oh, that's all right. I can easily put you on to it. Code signals—green light: 'Who Passes?' Answer, blue light: 'A Friend'."

"But I'm not in any wise a friend. I'm a perfect stranger."

"Well, then—we both live in the same world." His chin, it seemed, could set squarely, even while he was smiling.

"I think it's a desperately tiresome world. I have no wish for a wider acquaintance."

"It's all the way one looks at it. I think it can be quite a jolly world, Miss Bennett."

"Perhaps, until one is disillusioned." Something of the bitterness in the Girl's heart welled up into her eyes, hardening them. Her lips for an instant quivered, and settled into a hard line. At that moment the Girl was not beautiful nor good to look at, but Mr. Willis did not seem to notice. Instead, he went on with his own thought.

"You'd be surprised," he said, "how honestly jolly we find it right here, all sorts of us jumbled together. But, of course, the code helps. When one of us signals, 'Who Passes?' and the other party swings out his blue light, there isn't anything to do about it but just—just—"

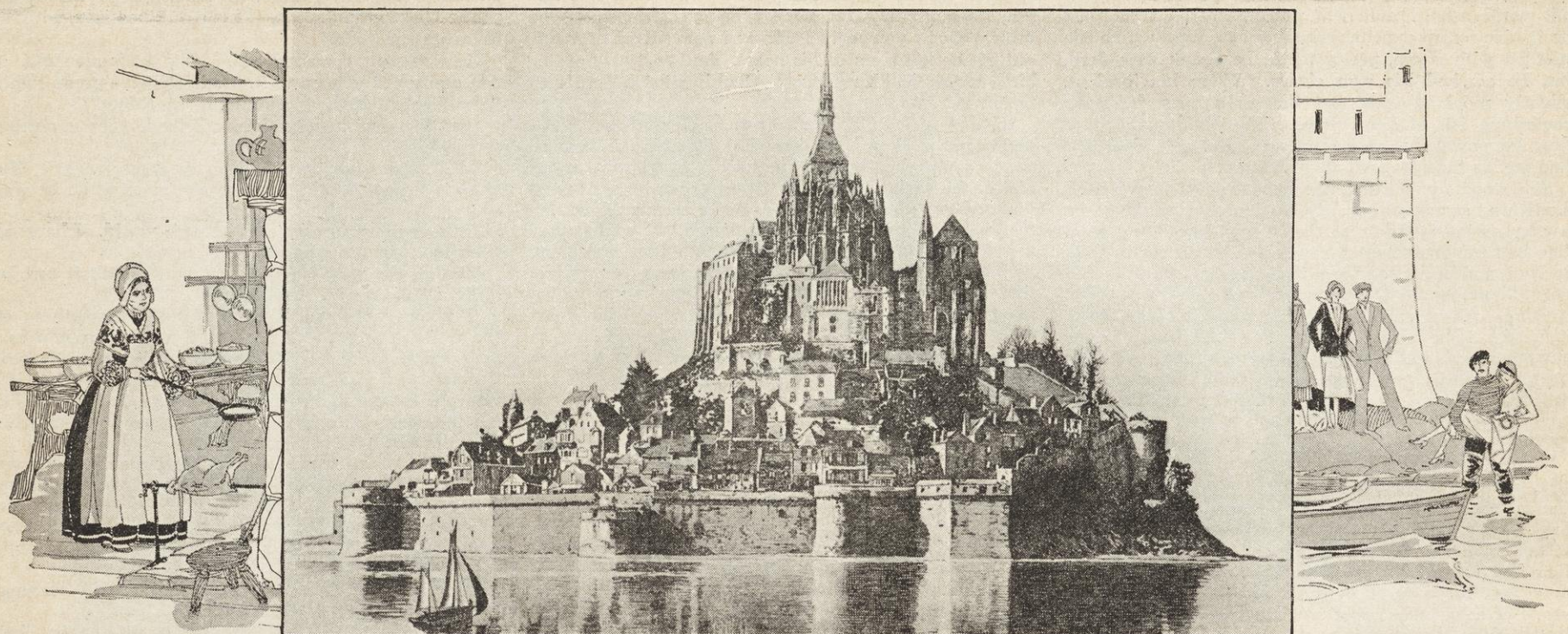
"Just be glad?" echoed the Girl, her lip curving. "You sound like Pollyanna."

"I haven't met the lady," Mr. Willis said easily, "but she must be nice." He seemed all at once embarrassed and at a loss for further words, yet he stood with his blue eyes still fixed on the Girl, between her and the upper stairs. The Girl, however, had learned many things from the McGarry world, and one of them was how to cut a person she had no use for. She gave Mr. Willis a cold little stare, nodded as she might have to an expressman or a bell-hop, and brushing past him in the ugly brown hall, darted up the stairway to her own room and locked the door.

HOURS of tossing. Kaleidoscopic patterns tumbling about, reshaping themselves against her will. Jed McGarry's tossed, graying head, his mouth falling into looser lines; Nina, in her peacock kimono, gathering up dishes for the sink; the litter of the studio on a morning after; the man with his spotless linen surveying it, detached, apart; the man's eyes meeting hers, drawing her like a magnet across impossible barriers; his hands straying about her neck! What a fool to leave the one thing that life had served up to her on a silver plate—what a fool! The man had a yacht, he had been to far places, he would go again, preferably not alone. Gay places, the Riviera, Japan, that magic island, the blue waters of old Cartagena. The yacht had shining, polished brass, bright awnings—it would be cool, heavenly—and they would pass cocktail glasses on a silver tray.

(Continued on page 37)





A visit to Mont St. Michel, a strange and holy island off the coast of France, climaxed Mrs. Turnbull's tour through Normandy

Romancing in the Old World

A road that winds through the quaint old towns of Normandy leads to another great adventure. The seventh in a series of letters

By AGNES SLIGH TURNBULL

DARLING NANCY:

I'm so bursting with things to tell you that I can hardly make my pencil settle down to write the words! This week's trip by car through Normandy has been a perfect revelation of interest and beauty of the most varied character. Please pretend I'm really talking to you while I try to tell you what we've been doing these last few days.

We've been signally blessed as to weather, so our gentian-blue sky with its low, fluffy clouds has still been above us. And the glory of the harvest fields has seemed to increase rather than diminish as we go along; the poplars range in long, artistically ragged rows against the horizon, and the thatched cottages drowse in the sun.

Wednesday was evidently market day and we had the pleasure of meeting what seemed to be a whole county of farmers, setting forth in their best clothes, some in wagons with their wives beside them, and many more on foot, driving cattle, all bound rather eagerly, it seemed, for the big event of the week.

That same day, in the late morning, we found ourselves entering the old town of Lisieux, which we had heard of through guide-books as an interesting city, lately become a place for pilgrimages on account of its "Little White Flower." Being a Protestant (and a Presbyterian at that!), I had never heard before of the young St. Thérèse, but there was something so touching in the story, as we learned snatches of it here and there, that we determined to stay long enough in the town to visit the shrine.

As we reached the square, we found great excitement afoot. A circus was just packing itself for departure, to the vast interest of a whole flock of small boys, all clad in the garb which most French schoolboys wear: long black "smocks" with white collars. We enjoyed watching them and hearing their eager Celtic chatter. A tall, dignified gentleman with elegant mustaches and beard was pacing up and down, watching the scene as we were. We appealed to him at last to direct us to the Carmelite church.

To the Shrine of the "Little Flower"

For some strange reason, he took us immediately under his personal supervision. If we would but allow him to get into the car, he would go with us and show us the various places of interest! We thanked him and he clambered in, all but filling the back seat.

Then began one of the most amusing episodes of our trip to date. Our dignified friend had evidently never driven before with anyone of Jack's temperament. As we progressed through the town, at intervals of perhaps two minutes I would feel a heavy hand on each of my shoulders and see the dark mustaches, twitching excitedly,

appear between Jack's face and mine, while a perfectly stentorian voice would shout: "Attention! Attention! Lentement, lentement, monsieur!" ("Look out! Look out! Slowly, slowly, sir!")

He seemed to consider our safe arrival at the church a special dispensation of Providence and sank back on the seat with a sigh of satisfaction, saying he would wait for us there.

The Carmelite chapel, recently built in honor of Christendom's newest saint, is a rather plain white building on the outside. Inside, however, it rears itself in beautiful memorials to the young Thérèse, the "Little Flower" of Lisieux. I was interested in the testimonials on the walls. They came from soldiers, from queens, from priests, from unknown people in ordinary walks of life. They all stated that the young saint had succored them in times of dire distress.

The Story of a Saint's Life

The little chapel, then, at that busy hour of the morning, was filled with people. At one side, behind a tall, wrought iron grating, lies the most exquisite effigy I have ever seen. It is a life-sized statue of St. Thérèse in her black and white Carmelite robes, lying as though asleep, amongst the roses she so dearly loved.

You may be interested to know these few facts about her life: She was born in 1873. When fifteen she became a Carmelite nun. At the age of twenty-four she exchanged her cell in this obscure French convent at Lisieux for what seemed destined to be a nameless grave, but in May of 1925 she was canonized at Rome, amid a scene of unprecedented beauty and emotion.

The amazing thing to an outside observer is that during her short life she did nothing spectacular. She was immured in this quiet nunnery. She pursued what she called her "little way" of serving God by love and small sacrifices. She went through the rigorous routine of the Carmelite days even while desperately ill, and finally died at the age when most young women are joyously entering upon life's activities. It would seem indeed that no one had less chance of being heard of after the passing of years. But man's judgment is always fallible.

When we reached the car again, our guide suggested we drive to the former home of the Martins, the parents of St. Thérèse. We found it on the outskirts of the town, a beautiful big house set amongst trees. What interested me chiefly was the fact that from this charming, comfortable home—now kept open for the public to visit—four young girls had gone out to enter religious orders, three of them to join that most rigid of all, the Carmelite.

There are touching little souvenirs of the child Thérèse everywhere: her dolls and toys; her books and bed. In

the lovely little garden at the rear of the house, there is a large marble statue showing the father, M. Martin, with the young Thérèse kneeling before him, begging to be allowed to enter the convent. It is executed with great beauty and dignity, so that it gives a strong impression of reality: the pain in the father's face, the young fervor in the girl's!

When we had come away, I tried to assemble the facts and the legends we had heard and decide what I, as a Protestant, believed in regard to St. Thérèse. I pass on to you my conclusion. It is that here in Lisieux was lived a short life, consumed with love for holy things and steadfast even unto death. And whenever any life pours itself out in a rapture of devotion, it becomes like the fragrant anointing oil of Mary of Bethany—a blessed remembrance wherever the Gospel is preached. This much, at least, all Christians everywhere can believe.

When we reached the public square again, we had to say goodbye to our guide. We did so by solemn exchange of names and addresses and several long handshakes. We felt like old comrades of travel. Our friend is a professor in the boys' school at Lisieux, he told us rather proudly, and as he waved us off, he looked quite scholarly and important. We shall always remember his hearty kindness.

As we passed through a tiny village that afternoon, I was fascinated by one little cottage that stood close to the roadside. It was very small, with a thick thatched roof, but the marked peculiarity was that, along the top of the roof, a whole garden of flag lilies was growing out of the thatch! It looked exactly like a little old woman with a bonnet full of flowers. I simply couldn't pass it by, especially as a real little old woman suddenly appeared with her cats in the doorway.

Aftermath of the World War

We stopped and I explained as well as I could that we were Americans and admired her little house, and her cats. She was delighted that we had noticed her, invited us to come in, and then showed us all her pitifully few possessions. She was very poor. The cottage had two rooms, and both of them had the chill of perpetual damp, which I fear would penetrate even into the mammoth feather bed. She brought out her family pictures, showing us her sons who had been killed in the war. She wept over them, and I felt like it, too.

"Ah, madame," she said pathetically, "la vie n'est pas gaie!" ("Life is not gay!")

We gave her a bit of money which she seemed to appreciate enormously, and then went on.

We had an interesting experience at lunch time. We stopped before a very plain little eating place, which was the best we could see, in another small town called

Crèvecoeur. We entered it a bit gingerly and then simply beamed with delight, for here at a plain, clean, long table, all the travelers ate together! I wish I could make you see the group! There was an old Normandy country woman in a black straight coat buttoned to the neck like a clerical cassock, and an exquisitely white starched cap, tied under her chin. Her cheeks looked like beautiful mottled red apples. She must have been quite old and yet carried such a look of rugged health about her! Her daughter and husband (we fancied) were with her. Farther down the table was a hearty-looking farmer and a ruddy young chap, his son. There was a thin, frail-looking woman from Paris, evidently in the country to regain her health—probably a shop-girl or seamstress. There was an important "city man," too, who was telling the simple rustics all about it.

At first we ate the surprisingly good food and drank the very hard cider in silence, listening hard and looking about as much as we dared. Then to our surprise the city man addressed a remark to us in English. It seems he had spent years in London. Of course, we told him all about ourselves and where we were going. At once our interpreter translated it all to the rest of the table. From that moment, we really were one of them—I mean, two of them! They dropped all other discussion to explain the very best road to Caen, and just how to get from there to Mont St. Michel. They consulted with each other, they wrote down instructions for us. The farmer and the little seamstress became deeply earnest about one view in particular we should see. They all followed us out finally, inspected the shining Ford, gave us more directions and sent us on with their general blessing.

There is a very warm-hearted, likable quality about the French people. We have met it everywhere, especially in the country. And these intimate little contacts such as the ones I have just described make us feel that we are leaving a friend in each village. It's a lovely sensation.

Our next real stop was at the very historic town of Caen. It is a versatile city. On the one hand, it is such a shrine of art that it has been called the Athens of Normandy, while on the other hand, the rich iron deposits and the famous "Caen" marbles in the neighborhood have made it a great industrial center.

The real beginning of the city's importance was due to a peculiar situation in the life of William of Normandy (William the Conqueror of England). He fell in love with a young woman named Matilda, and she with him. But there was one obstacle to their happiness: they were first cousins. The Church flatly forbade such a union. However, William was dauntless in love as well as in war. He married his Matilda, whether or no, and suffered excommunication by so doing. Even here he saw a way out. He promised to perform some great work in behalf of the Church if the Pope would restore him to favor. The result was the building of the two greatest Romanesque churches in France, one called the Abbaye-aux-Dames, which Matilda founded in 1062 as a nunnery for noble ladies, and the other, the Abbaye-aux-Hommes, which William designed as his own burial place.

Beauty in Norman Architecture

There was something about the latter edifice especially which moved me deeply. All the churches we have seen before have been of the Gothic type, many of them of the extreme flamboyant Gothic, which rears itself in a lacy profusion of spires and arches and manifold carvings. Even the churches in the small towns we have passed through have had this same Gothic wealth and intricacy of decoration. Now, in the soft light of late afternoon, we stopped before a building so whitely severe and unadorned that I gasped in surprise. We stood for a moment looking at the strong, plain Norman towers, the façade unrelieved by a statue or carving. The contrast with the Gothic was so decided as to be startling, but suddenly I felt the marvelous beauty of it, and all the more as we entered.

I was very tired, and while Jack walked about, I sat down and drank in the impression of holy austerity the great walls made upon me. There is a sort of white chastity, an exalted simplicity about this church in the extreme Norman style, a kind of clean and solemn bareness which rested and soothed and uplifted me.

William's grave is under the pavement of the chancel, although, poor gentleman, there is not much of him in it! Only a thigh-bone, they tell us, reposes there, the rest of him having been dispersed during the various religious raids.

Matilda's body lies in the Abbaye-aux-Dames across the city, in a sweet and quiet little retreat. The nuns who dwell near by come there often to rest and read their prayers by the tomb of the abbey's founder.

It seemed somehow sad to me, however, that the dust of the two lovers, William and Matilda, bound so closely in life by blood as well as by marriage, might not have rested side by side in death.

The High Light of the Trip

But now, Nancy, I feel my heart beginning to beat a little faster even as I write you, for I am about to attempt to describe for you the great high light of our trip through Normandy. It is years since I first read an account of Mont St. Michel, that strange and holy little island off the Normandy coast, which is one of the most ancient monuments of France. From that moment, I've had an intense longing to see it. And now . . . But I must not get there too soon! You must try to follow with me along a winding poplar-shaded road, up hill and down, until suddenly, as through a mist, away to the right, rises a dim pinnacle out of the sea. For miles we caught glimpses of it, as though it were the fabled city that comes to light only to disappear again. As I watched, the story of Mont St. Michel came vividly again to mind.

It is a little island of solid granite, 260 feet in height, which is saturated with the legends and religious traditions of France so far back into antiquity that one has mental difficulty in spanning the distance. In those remotest days, it was considered a sea-tomb to which the souls of the dead were ferried in an invisible bark.

Later, in the year 708, St. Aubert, bishop of Avranches, had a strange dream in which the archangel Michael (the saint of high places) appeared to him and commanded him to build an oratory on the top of the Mont. He did so, and gradually the dim superstitions in regard to the island became religious devotion. The small oratory was replaced by a large church in the tenth century and still later by the great pinnacled abbey which now crowns the Mont.

It has the most vividly romantic history behind it. The little islet contributed a number of vessels to the Conqueror's fleet for the invasion of England; it was here Henry I of England took refuge and effectually resisted his elder brothers; its impregnable granite peaks formed the only garrison of Normandy to hold out for the French king during the wars with the English in 1423; and a few years later its occupants beat off a third English attack,

when the Britons fled, leaving two bombards at the gate. (Incidentally, they are still there!)

We caught our first glimpse of Mont St. Michel from the hill above Avranches. Then our road ran on into Pontaubault, past a famous eating place which we had heard of in Caen. It is called "Les Dix Assiettes" (The Ten Plates). It seems like a sudden drop to earth to tell you about our luncheon there, but it was so unusual that I copied the menu verbatim to pass on to you.

The inside of the house was already filled with guests, so a table was quickly set out for us on the wide front terrace, greatly to our satisfaction. We didn't know what to expect, naturally, so were amazed when a rosy-cheeked Norman maid set down in front of each of us a stack of ten plates! They were of extremely substantial ware, so you may guess the height.

Then the menu began, each course being eaten from the plate uppermost at the moment. In other words, we literally ate our way down! Here is the list. Read it and weep, if it's meal-time: (1) Crabs; (2) cold lamb and bologna; (3) melon served on spreading leaves; (4) cold ham and tiny bits of chicken; (5) hot veal cooked with carrots and onions; (6) hot chicken with small mushrooms en crème; (7) French fried potatoes; (8) hot sliced lamb; (9) salad; (10) cheese and fruit; (11) delicious custard and tiny cakes.

There had to be an extra plate brought for the last course, which we almost missed by rising too soon. I should add that only small portions were served and that everything was delectable.

Fortified by these few food trifles, we set out again on the last lap of our western journey and at the end of two hours were driving along the narrow causeway that has been built in recent years from the mainland to the island of Mont St. Michel to make it more accessible to the thousands of people who come yearly to visit it. There is, however, no place for a car on the Mont, so a garage man from the town follows you out and drives back with your equipage. A tiny train puffs and whines its way along the causeway twice a day also, bearing its tourists and pilgrims.

As we drove along the narrow link between the Mont and the mainland, there was no water to be seen, only miles and miles of bare brown sand as far as the eye could see, for the tide was out, and the Mont rose as though breathless, waiting for its lover the sea to return to it in a resistless flood.

A Majestic Fortress of the Sea

But how can I make you see the majesty, the haunting charm of this place? Girdled around the base of the islet's granite peaks is a circlet of medieval walls and towers. Above these rise the quaint irregular houses of the village, piled one above the other, many of them red-roofed. Towering above all, the great abbey stabs the sky with its peak, on the topmost point of which a figure of St. Michael rises, beckoning, 500 feet above the sea.

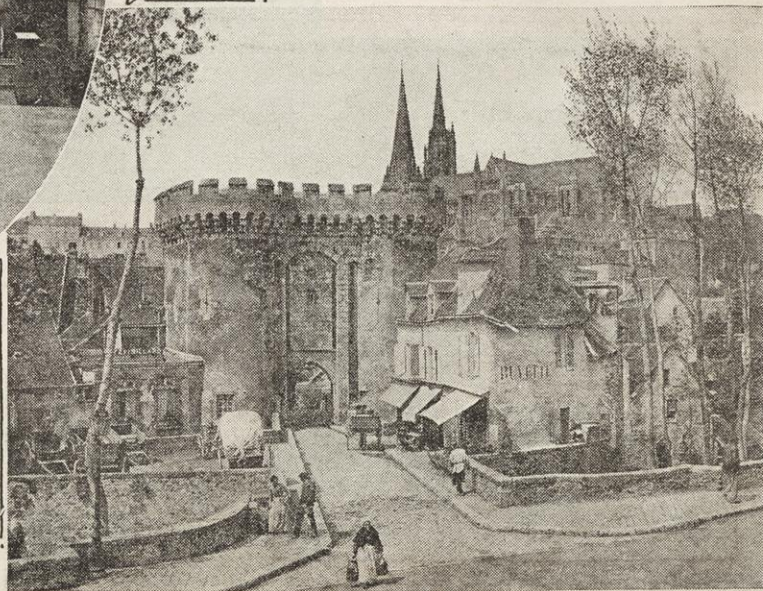
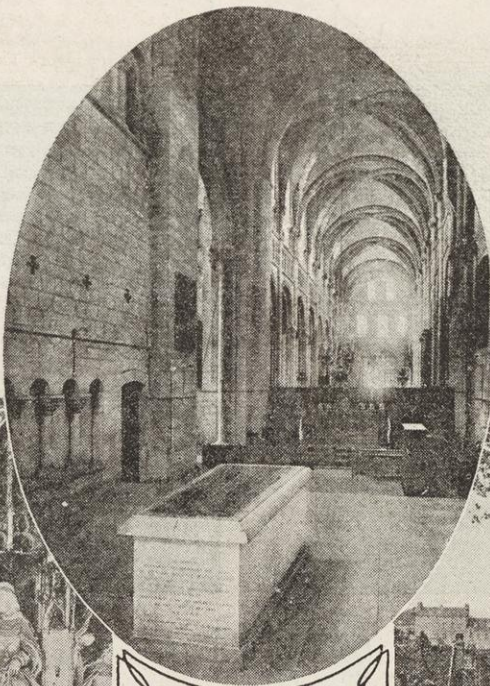
There is only one gateway in the ramparts, one possible entrance to the Mont. This is the Porte de l'Avancée. Inside is a second gateway flanked by the two great bombards abandoned by the English in 1434, who fired from them stone balls a foot in diameter. (Not a pretty missile at all!) A third gateway is to be gone through or rather under before you are in the queer little village itself that clusters at the base of the Mont. This is the Porte du Roi, built in the fifteenth century, surmounted by a house used as the "town hall," and preserving its old iron-spiked portcullis.

Now, as I say, it had been one of the dreams of my life to visit Mont St. Michel, and so I had always read anything I could find regarding it. In some book I remembered there was the statement that "the" place to stop on the Mont was Madame Poulard's, in whose hostelry the most famous omelets of the world are made. So you can imagine my delight when the Poulard sign was the first one to greet us as we

(Continued on page 45)



Left: A portion of the carved stone choir screen in the cathedral at Chartres. Above: The tomb of Matilda in a quiet corner of the Abbaye-aux-Dames. Right: Picturesque old houses in Chartres



Ten Healthy Babies from Our Recent Competition

Happy, Smiling Youngsters Who Are Testimonials to the
Loving and Intelligent Care of Modern Mothers

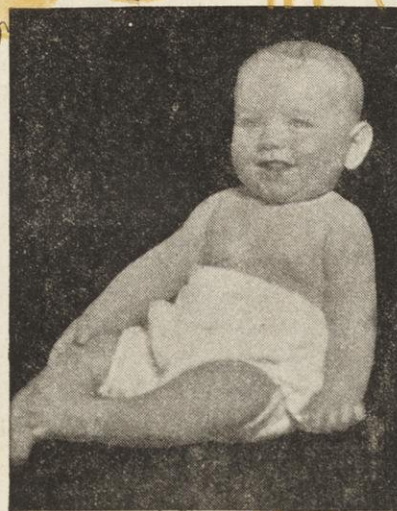
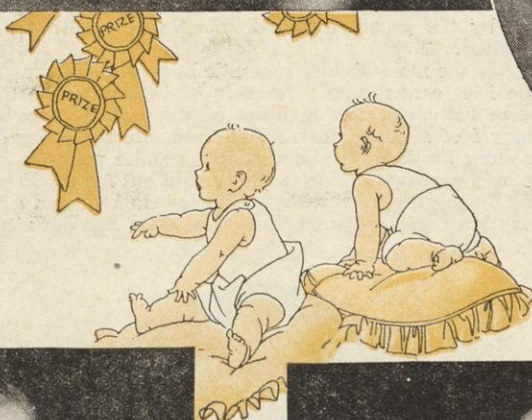
IF YOU have ever tried to single out the finest rose from a garden of perfect roses, you will understand with what a task the judges of the "My Healthy Baby" competition were confronted. Each baby was perfect in its own lovable, individual way, and in awarding the prizes the judges not only had to read and reread the many excellent letters submitted but were obliged to take into consideration to an extent the artlessness of pose or the whimsicality of expression which the photographer had had the patience or the good fortune to capture.

From the thousands of entries in the competition the judges chose for the highest prizes the letters that were accompanied by the ten photographs presented on this page. We think everyone will agree with us that they represent the finest type of healthy American babyhood. Unfortunately

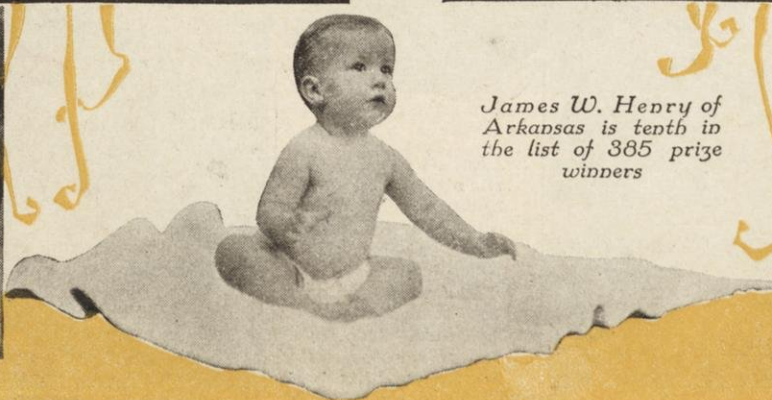
Virginia Robinson of Florida, in the large photograph, won first prize. Ann Browning of Illinois, right, is second prize winner



The shy winner of the third prize, David Roland Temple of New York State, is above. Nancy Jean Obendorfer, Ohio, won sixth prize and is at the right. Baby Granstaff of Texas, below, was ninth



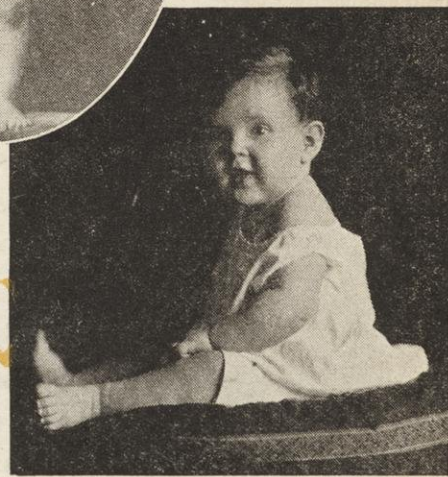
James W. Henry of Arkansas is tenth in the list of 385 prize winners



nately the prize-winning letters which substantiate these babies' claims to distinction cannot be printed in full. All the mothers agreed that physical care alone could not make these bright-eyed little citizens of the world perfect. They must be prepared for spiritual good health, too. Mrs. C. S. Robinson, mother of the first prize winner, defines the parents' responsibility in these words:

"We have watched over and developed the little body and now we feel the responsibility of developing the little mind and molding that wonderful intangible something called character. We shall strive to fit ourselves for this great career of ours as parents and can but hope and pray for the wisdom and judgment we will need. For now we have a healthy little animal—but tomorrow we will have a little child with which to deal. May we not ruin the great gift God has given us!"

Baby Risky of Michigan, left, is fourth in the roll of honor and Caroline Cooke of Kansas (below) is fifth



Master Norbert Schlei of Ohio, in the photograph at the left, smiled his way to the seventh prize. M. Elliott House, a California baby, won eighth prize and is shown in the snapshot below



Only a *remarkable* soup could be America's *favorite*!

The American people are accustomed to the highest standards of Quality in the world. And Campbell's Tomato Soup is their overwhelming favorite! More people like it—more people serve it regularly on their tables—than any other soup. What gives it such extraordinary popularity? A flavor, a sunny goodness that are simply irresistible. A tonic, sparkling, bracing invigoration you crave again and again.

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS



"OLYMPIA"—A classic inspiration in ivory and Aegean green marble—a distinctive blend of beauty and color. Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 623.



**YOU'LL BE PROUD
TO SHOW VISITORS
THIS KITCHEN**

All about you, there's a kitchen cheerily reflecting the beauty of your Gold Seal Congoleum Rug. Within you, there's a bit of the carefree—a lilt that makes the day's work easier. For beauty, like laughter, is infectious.

Now it's a room to be proud of. To be sure it cost a little time to select just the most appropriate pattern. There were certainly plenty to choose from, such lovely ones that it was delightfully hard to decide. And that time will be paid back—manyfold—in the hours of labor your Congoleum Rug will save you, and the hours of pleasure you get, just seeing it.

It cost a little money, too—but *very* little. And that money also will be paid back—manyfold—in the long service you will get.

Extra long, because this rug is the original, *genuine* Gold Seal Congoleum. Much imitated because it is so good, but never duplicated. (Imitations *don't* do that sort of thing.) But it's easy to avoid imitations. All genuine Gold Seal Congoleum—whether rugs or all-over floor-covering—has the Gold Seal pasted on the pattern. (Imitations *can't* do that sort of thing.)

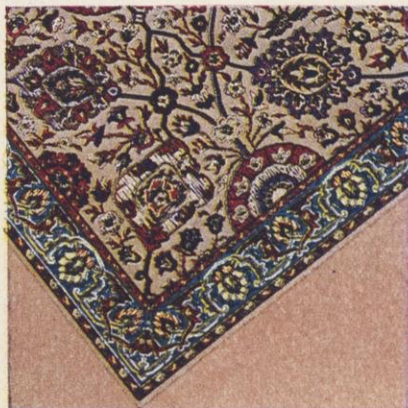
CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC., KEARNY, NEW JERSEY
In Canada — Congoleum Canada Limited, Montreal

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM RUGS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



Substitutes may look something like Congoleum—they may even have a name ending in "oleum" too, but *this* Gold Seal Guarantee they never can have.



"TARAK"—The red and blue on a taupe background is copied directly from the original Saruk rug which inspired this pattern. Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 622.



"ARCADIA"—A color harmony based upon Dresden China Blue. A most distinctive rug for dining room, bedroom or kitchen. Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 618.



"MECCA"—The soft Oriental hues that give this rug its distinctive beauty make it appropriate for use in almost any room. Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 615.



Small American Homes of Distinction

SIMPLICITY is perhaps the most important factor in the design of a home. It is the keynote of beauty. Always remember that the exterior of a house is a background for proper planting, and the interior a background for the furnishings.

Simplicity begins with the plan. It means elimination of waste space, and results not only in economy of initial cost, but also in economy of maintenance and housekeeping. Economic changes following the war have greatly increased the costs of material and labor, so that our homes have of necessity become smaller. In most cases, this has been an advantage, as it has forced us to give more thought to economical planning.

The houses built by our Colonial forefathers show the utmost simplicity in character, form, detail and construction. If we analyze these houses, we find that it is this very simplicity which rouses our admiration. But this is the very thing we seem to have lost in the design of our homes, perhaps because modern methods of manufacture and construction have made it easy for us to get into elaborations which in most cases have resulted in the loss of that charm which spells "Home."

The early American settlers were a simple and honest people, yet they had great appreciation for the livable qualities of a home. They did not always have skilled labor, they had to pay attention to economic considerations and, in most cases, they had to build their homes as quickly as possible. These causes resulted in the simple, unassuming houses which by virtue of these qualities are as beautiful today as when they were built.

The plan of the early American type house "Wethersfield" is straightforward, simple and compact. There is an absolute elimination of waste or unusable space. The rooms are grouped to have a pleasing relation one to another and consideration has also been given to the relative importance of each room, in its size and in its location. Every room has cross ventilation, an important factor in most localities. With the exception of the kitchen, every room has three exposures, meaning that, no matter how the house is oriented, every room will have the maximum amount of sunlight. The living-room has an

A House in Early American Style — Fundamentally Correct in Type. It Provides Beauty, Comfort, Convenience and Plenty of Light

"WETHERSFIELD"

Designed by H. ROY KELLEY, Architect

outlook toward the front, the rear and the side of the house. It has bay windows at front and rear, with built-in window seats. There are built-in bookcases at one side. The beamed ceiling and the fireplace are early American.

The hall has been made small purposely. If it were larger than necessary to serve its purpose, it would waste space.

Between the kitchen and dining-room, a small pass-pantry serves

as breakfast room and has cabinets for china, table linen and silver. This will prove a great advantage in serving and in addition permits a double door between the kitchen and dining-room, thereby preventing odors or noise from the kitchen reaching the dining-room or other portions of the house. The door to the hall gives the housewife convenient access to the front door, the living-room or the stairway.

The coat closet at the rear of the hall has a lavatory for the convenience of guests or members of the family. The two-car garage is attached to the house by a covered passage.

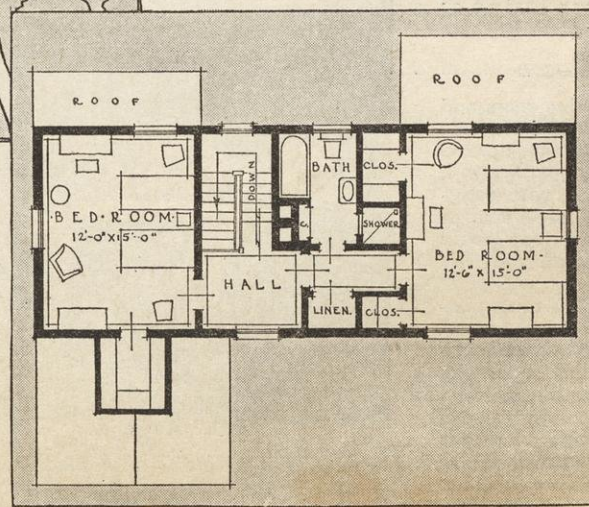
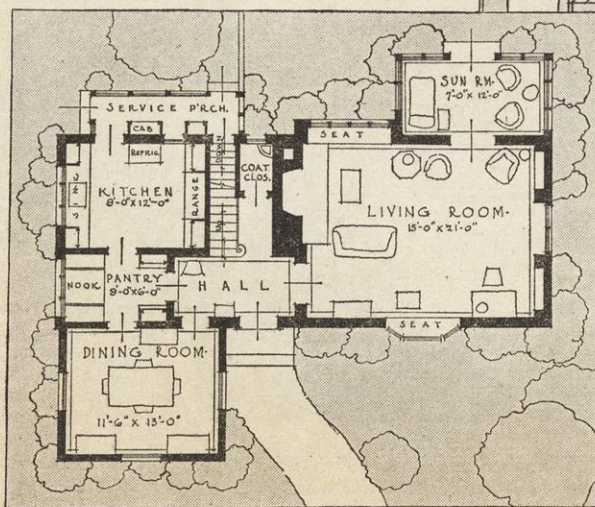
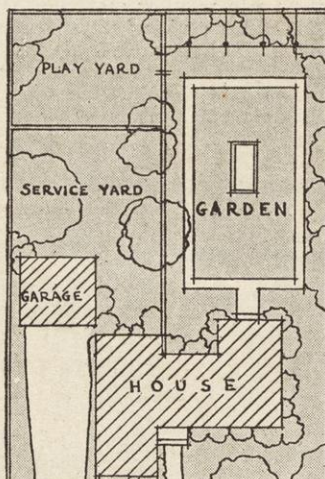
The laundry may be in the basement or it may be attached to the side of the garage or service porch. The basement stairs give access to the service porch and service yard.

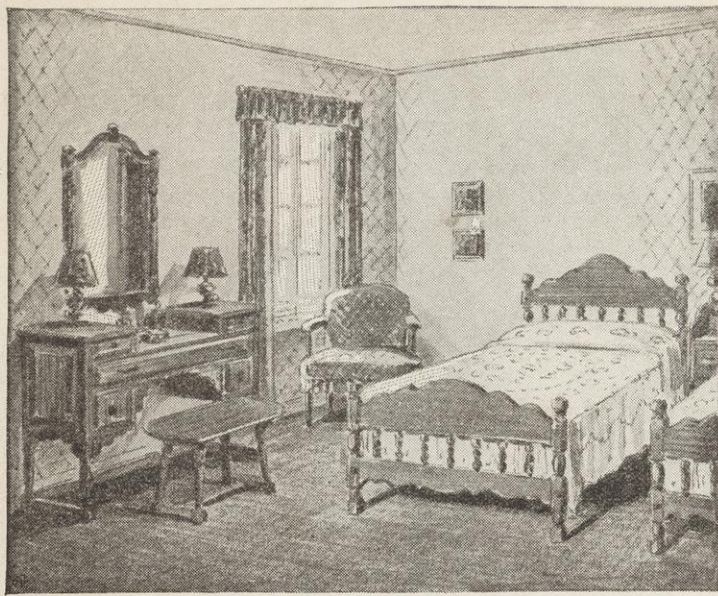
The bedrooms are generous in size, with excellent lighting and ventilation. Each room has ample wall space for twin beds and other necessary furniture.

The house is planned with the idea of wood frame construction, but it may be built of masonry. The exterior finish of the house is partly wood and partly cement stucco, with a roof of heavy hand-split shakes or shingles of natural wood left to weather. The color of the walls is light ivory and the wood trim and sash are in a weathered oak tone.

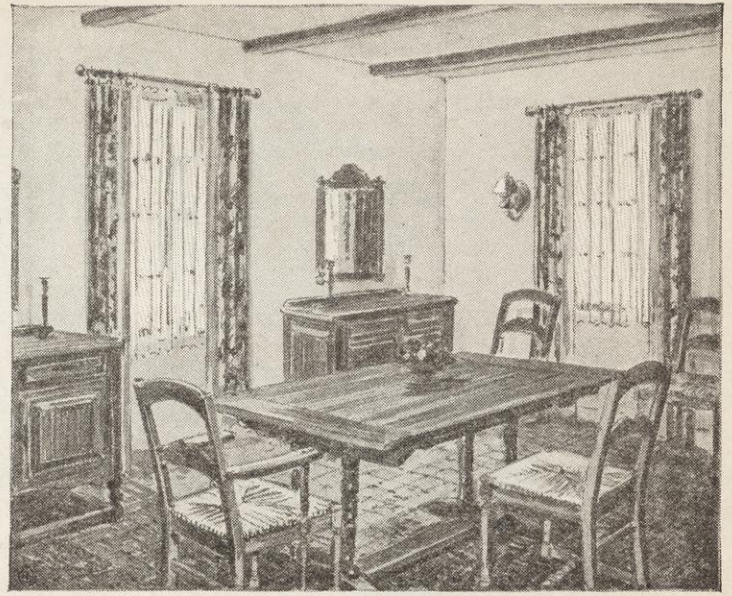
While there is a wide range in the cost of a house, depending on how it is finished and the quality of materials and construction used, the approximate cost of this house in the Middle West, including a basement and the garage shown on the plot plan, would be from \$7,500 to \$10,000. If the basement were omitted, the cost would be from five to seven hundred dollars less. A more accurate estimate of cost may be figured by your local builder.

Plot plan and floor plans which reveal the simplicity and compactness of "Wethersfield"





The living-room, dining-room and one bedroom in "Wethersfield," the house shown on page 17, are illustrated on this page. The floor plans on page 17 show the placing of all the furniture in the house



Furnishing a Livable and Inviting Home

Suggestions for the Selection and the Proper Arrangement of Furnishings for the Early American Home on the Preceding Page

By EDGAR HARRISON WILEMAN

CORRECT furnishings for this home should have an air of distinction and yet be simple and inexpensive. With this in mind, our first thought must be of the backgrounds against which our furniture and decorative materials are shown. Downstairs in the living-room, dining-room and hall, the walls are finished with a smooth texture plaster in a light sand color. There are trowel markings and a slight variety in coloring, but only sufficient of each to give character and interest. The plaster ceilings are somewhat lighter than the walls and have small beams of the same chestnut color as the general woodwork in these rooms. The oak floors are stained and waxed a medium brown to harmonize.

The kitchen, pantry and service porch have perfectly smooth plaster walls painted a light green in order to give an effect of coolness to these southeast rooms. The floors are covered with a square tile pattern green linoleum. Pale yellow woodwork blends with the green and yet makes a pleasant contrast. The tiles around the sink are yellow ochre with a border all around of orange. The same orange is introduced as a color accent along the edge of shelves and on the wooden knobs of cupboards and drawers. The staircase walls and upper hall are treated with plaster and woodwork like that used in the lower hall and living-room. The bedrooms are papered, the east room having a green trellis design on a white background, and the west room a chintz design on a deep cream ground. The woodwork in the master bedroom is painted the same color as the green trellis work in the design of the paper. The woodwork in the other bedroom is an amber color, also taken from the wall-paper used.

The bathroom is decorated in ivory and pale orchid. The fixtures and tiles are in two tones of ivory, while the floor has, in addition, a tile border of black and green. Walls above the tiles are tinted orchid, while door and woodwork are painted in the lighter ivory color.

For the Living-Room

Let us now return to the living-room and study its general furnishings. On the floor is a rug of the new machine-made hooked carpet; it is a diffused triangle pattern in a mixture of light and dark green with a suggestion of dull copper. It is large enough to come right up to the hearth and leaves a margin of about 12 inches all the way around.

The drapery fabric chosen is an inexpensive linenized cretonne with a natural background and a large conventional pattern which picks up the colors in the rug and introduces new ones. As the material is 34 inches wide, two widths are needed for each curtain at the wide windows; they are lined with ecru sateen and are hung from rings on painted wooden poles. The glass curtains are of tissue in old ivory.

The good-looking furniture was especially designed for houses of this style. It follows the lines of certain early English pieces and yet could be used in all homes of modest character.

The window seats are built-in features of this room and the cushions made to fit each seat are covered with the same material as the side draperies. The small sofa on the left of the simple brick and wood fireplace is covered in a green tapestry with a small design which picks up the colors in the draperies. By placing the sofa at right angles to the fireplace, a delightful grouping is made, giving seating accommodation on either side of the fire. This is further augmented by a small bench or stool near the hearth, and an occasional chair and table placed by the wall between the window seat and the sun room. There are built-in shelves for books on the west wall, so two useful corners have been furnished here—one for reading, the other for writing. Each has good daylight and a lamp for night use. A low coffee table has been placed near the north window seat, which may be used for holding book, ash tray, candy box or vase. The radio stands against the wall back of the sofa, where it is easily attended to and requires no special grouping of furniture.

As the upper part of the fireplace is of wood, a few pieces of pottery are sufficient for decoration. A picture

is hung low over the writing desk and another over the chair and table group on the south wall. Accessories are simple hand-wrought lamps, and lighting fixtures of iron and brass, with plain parchment shades. A desk clock, several vases, pillows and other decoratives complete the room. As the sun room opens out from the living-room, the draperies were chosen to blend in color and yet be different in design. The fabric is a green background Antoinette print and this, used with a linoleum rug, wicker furniture and two small painted iron tables, gives a summery appearance suited to this room.

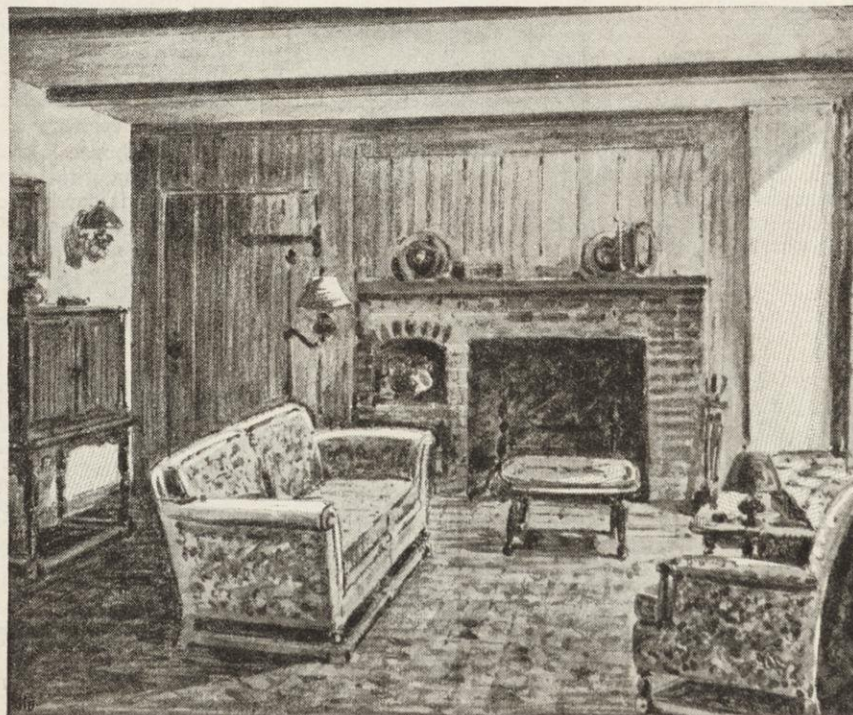
Furniture of Simple Design

The little entrance hall contains a small hooked rug, a grandfather clock and a maple rush-seat chair. The dining-room rug is also made from hooked carpet with about the same margin left as in the living-room. It has an indistinct checker-board pattern with a mixture of colors in which reds, greens and warm tans predominate. The figured linen draperies repeat the colors exactly in a design of old English Jacobean style on a tan ground. The fabric is well suited to this furniture of cottage design which is stained a light chestnut color. There are twin buffets, small ones, on either side of the north window and a serving table near the pantry door. The extension leaf table is surrounded by four rush-seated chairs, while a hanging brass and iron electric light fixture over the table and two wall brackets give adequate illumination.

Our kitchen is furnished with kitchen cabinet and special units in colors to match the woodwork; the kitchen stove and refrigerator are in green and ivory, as are also many of the kitchen utensils. Colorful cretonne was chosen for the breakfast-room curtains in a gay floral design to bring cheer to the early morning meal. The draperies are short and hang from rings on a painted wooden pole. The windows of kitchen and service porch have simple green and orange dotted marquisette curtains with ruffles of the same fabric.

Upstairs a plain rug almost covers the floor of the master bedroom; it is of green broadloom made without a seam. Rose voile curtains hang from brass rods to the sill, and the overdraperies, which reach to the floor, are of a warp print with green and rose as the principal colors. Roller shades on each casement are a soft peach color, quite plain, without scallops or fringes. The candlewick bedspreads have green and rose tufts on a natural ground, and the easy chair is upholstered in rose glazed chintz. Some quaint little prints in small green frames hang on the walls, and several ornaments and some books give color and homelikeness. The night table lamp is attached to the stand and has a plain parchment shade.

A small figured rug and a cedar chest
(Continued on page 52)



A booklet, valuable to all homemakers, giving further details about the furniture and decorative materials in the house "Wethersfield" will be mailed upon request. Send a 2c stamp and address Home Building Editor, Woman's World, Chicago

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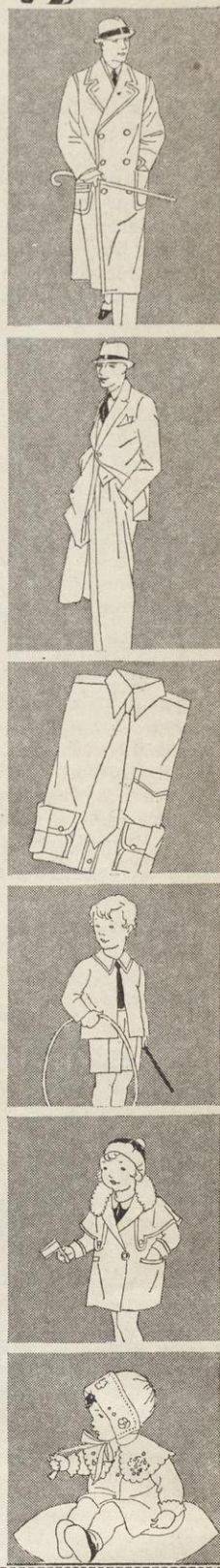
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Tales of the Animal Isle

Tommy Toddles Discovers the Charm of Home
on His Quest for the Rainbow's Pot of Gold

By HARRY WHITTIER FREES

FOR the third time that morning, Tommy Toddles had got into mischief. First this snoopy little kitty boy had to see what was in a bowl standing on the kitchen table. He discovered it was full of flour and spilled it all over himself. After that he wandered out into the garden where his little sister Sue was busy washing her dolly's clothes. What did this mischievous little brother of hers do but untie the knot that held the line to the post and down came all of the fresh clean frocks.

Last and worst of all, Tommy went tearing through the front yard playing cowboy and broke off Mother Toddles' very nicest rose-bush!

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" sighed the pussycat mother as she saw it all happen through the kitchen window. "What will I ever do with such a wild little kitten? Tommy Toddles!" she called through the open window, "come in here this very instant! You're a naughty little kitten and I'll have to punish you. Go right into the front room and stay until you learn to behave."

So Tommy shuffled slowly into the front room and threw himself on the couch, feeling quite sure that there was no other kitty boy in all the Animal Isle who was treated half so badly.

"I'll run away, that's what I'll do!" he said to himself in a fierce little whisper. "I know what I'll do," nodded Tommy. "I'll run away and find the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Then when I'm rich, I'll come back to Mother Toddles with my pockets full of gold, and she'll be sorry she ever scolded me. I'll write Mother Toddles a note," he decided. "Then she'll know I won't be back for a long time." This is what he wrote:

Dear Mother Toddles:

I am going far, far away and it will be a long time before you will see me again. If I find the pot of gold, I will come back rich.

TOMMY.

ing with all his heart that he had one of those delicious pies for his dinner, for he was very tired and hungry by that time. Then he thought of two shiny nickels he had in his pocket, some he had earned running errands for Mother Toddles.

"Please—please, Mister Pieman!" he called as he raced after the jolly old doggie and caught hold of his coat tails, "I want to buy a pie!"

"There you are!" smiled the shaggy old seller of pies, as



Farmer Buff

he lifted up the lid of his tiny cart and handed over a fat little apple pie.

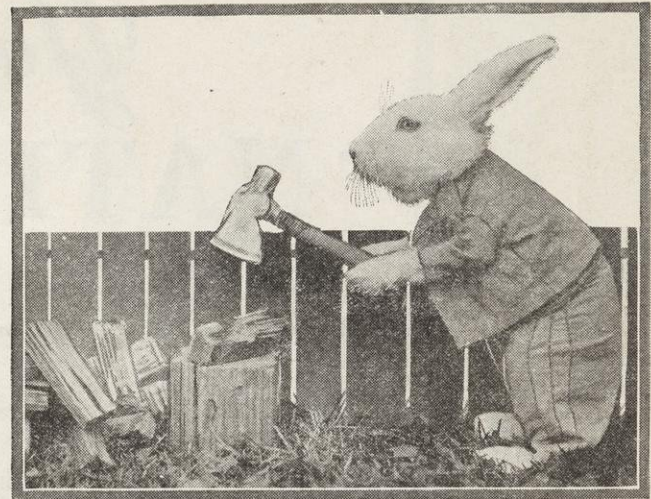
After Tommy had eaten the last crumb of it, he began to feel thirsty. The farther he

walked, the more he longed for a drink, and before he had gone very much farther, along came a little kitty boy selling cider.

"Five cents a glass!" shouted the little chap gayly. "Get your good fresh cider!"

"I'll take a glass," cried Tommy, as he handed over the last of his two shiny nickels.

At the next little house he came to along the road, he found a rabbit gen-



Mr. Longears was chopping wood

tleman chopping wood. When Mr. Longears caught sight of the little kitty boy trudging along all by himself, he laid down his hatchet and looked at Tommy with a twinkle in his bright pink eyes. "Perhaps you're out looking for a chance to cut some wood," suggested the funny old bunny.

"Oh, no!" replied Tommy quickly. "I'm looking for a rainbow. Have you seen any around here?"

"Now, let me see," said Mr. Longears. "It seems to me I remember seeing a rainbow not so very long ago. Yes, sir, I have it!" he exclaimed. "We had a big shiny rainbow of all the colors you could think of near this very spot exactly one week ago. One end of it came down right over there behind Farmer Buff's house."

"Then there's sure to be a pot of gold at the end of it," said Tommy earnestly.

"Perhaps there is," admitted Mr. Longears, "but I shouldn't wonder you'll have quite a bit of trouble finding it. Anyway, suppose you run over to Farmer Buff's house and ask him all about it. If the end of that rainbow came down in his orchard, I'm quite sure he'll let you dig there for that pot of gold."

So Tommy thanked the nice old bunny and hurried off to Farmer Buff's house across the way. Farmer Buff turned out to be every bit as nice as Mr. Longears himself. He not only told Tommy he could dig in the orchard to his heart's content, but even gave him a little spade to do it with.

Tommy dug and dug until his little paws fairly ached, but there was no sign of a pot of gold.

"Perhaps every rainbow doesn't have a pot of gold," he said slowly.

"Perhaps not," agreed Farmer Buff. "But never you mind," he added quickly, "Mother Buff will take care of you tonight and tomorrow you can hunt again."

Tommy began to look frightened. "You—you mean stay all night?" he stammered. "Oh, but I couldn't do that," he almost gasped. "I—I wish I was home right now."

Now, Farmer Buff was a wise old doggie and a little later he invited Tommy to go for a ride in his automobile.

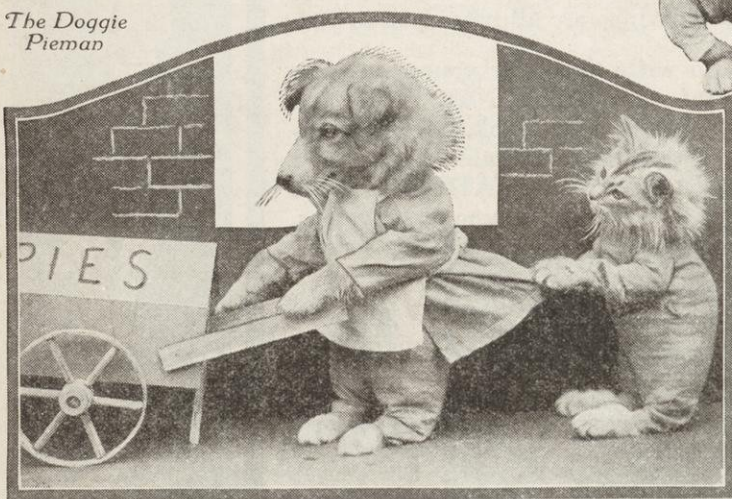
"Oh, look!" cried Tommy after a while. "There's our house right over there!"

"Why, so it is," said the doggie farmer, as he pulled over to the front gate.

Mother Toddles didn't scold a bit. She just gave her little kitty boy a big bear hug.

"I'll never run away again," promised Tommy, as he snuggled closer. "I'd rather have you than anything else."

The Doggie Pieman



Then he stole quietly out the front door and started off down the street without anyone seeing him. Before long, he had left behind him the last little bungalow on Pussywillow Road and was trudging along a strange road, getting farther and farther away from Mother Toddles. Tommy wondered what Mother Toddles and Sue were having for dinner.

Just then he heard someone ahead of him singing a gay tune. And this is what he sang as he jogged along:

Fresh pies for sale! Fresh pies for sale!

Come buy them while you may,

For when these nice fresh pies are gone,

I'll sell no more today.

"Oh, it's the doggie pieman!" cried Tommy, wish-



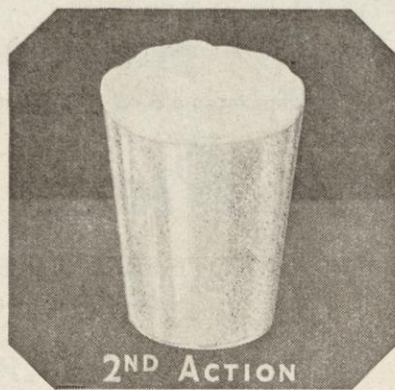
Sue was washing her dolly's clothes and had them neatly hung up to dry when Tommy untied the knot that held the line



Prove it! Prove it! ... it does act twice



1ST ACTION



2ND ACTION

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Naturally, when baking, you can't see how Calumet's Double-Action works inside the dough or batter to make it rise. But, by making this simple demonstration with Calumet Baking Powder and water in a glass, you can see clearly how Calumet acts twice to make your baking better. Put two level teaspoons of Calumet into a glass, add two teaspoons of water, stir rapidly five times and remove the spoon. The tiny, fine bubbles will rise slowly, half filling the glass. This is Calumet's first action—the action that Calumet specially

provides to take place in the mixing bowl when you add liquid to your dry ingredients.

After the mixture has entirely stopped rising, stand the glass in a pan of *hot* water on the stove. In a moment, a second rising will start and continue until the mixture reaches the top of the glass. This is Calumet's second action—the action that Calumet holds in reserve to take place in the heat of your oven. Make this test today. See Calumet's Double-Action which protects your baking from failure.

Millions of women know Calumet's DOUBLE-ACTION makes better baking

They know—the millions of women who praise Calumet, *The Double-Acting Baking Powder*. They have seen for themselves that Calumet's marvelous double-action brings new perfection to baking! New confidence of success! New pride in everything they bake!

Enjoy this great satisfaction of turning out one baking triumph after another. Use Calumet—and see what fluffy biscuits, what delicate, delicious cakes Calumet's Double-Action brings.

Calumet's first action begins in the mixing bowl. It starts the leavening. Then, in the oven, the second action begins. It continues the leavening. Up! . . . up! . . . it keeps raising the batter and holds it high and light. Your cake bakes beautifully, even though you may not be able to regulate your oven temperature with utmost accuracy. . . . Another delightful advantage—Calumet's perfectly controlled leavening action permits you to store cake batters until you are ready to bake them. Batter, poured into the baking pans, covered with a damp cloth and waxed paper, may be kept in the refrigerator for several days without loss in quality. Think of the convenience!

All baking powders are required by law to be made of pure, wholesome ingredients. But not all are alike in their action nor in the amount that should be used. And not all will give you equally fine results in your baking. Calumet is scientifically made of exactly the right ingredients, in exactly the right proportions to produce perfect leavening action—*Double-Action*, your assurance of baking success. That is why Calumet is the largest-selling baking powder in the world to-day.

Get a can of Calumet and try the recipe given here. Notice how little Calumet it calls for. The usual Calumet proportion is even less—only one level teaspoon to a cup of sifted flour. A splendid economy which the perfect efficiency of Calumet's leavening action makes possible.

Send For New Baking Book! You'll find recipes for all the good things shown on this page in the new Calumet Baking Book. It's free! A wonderful collection of novel, economical cakes and quick breads you'll love to make. Mail coupon—TO-DAY!

CALUMET

The Double-Acting Baking Powder

A Product of General Foods Corporation

MARION JANE PARKER, c/o Calumet Baking Powder Co., (Inc.) c.—w. w.—10-30
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PLUM ROLLS . . . AFTERNOON TEA BISCUITS . . . PATTY'S BIRTHDAY CAKE . . . RAISIN BREAD



PLUM ROLLS

- 1½ cups sifted flour
- 2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons butter or other shortening
- ¾ cup milk (about)
- 1 can (2 cups) plums, seeded and drained

(All measurements are level)

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Cut in shortening. Add milk gradually until soft dough is formed. Roll ¼-inch thick on slightly floured board. Cover with plums. Roll in long roll, pressing edges together. Cut into 1½-inch slices. Place in greased pan and pour plum sauce (made from plum juice and water, thickened and sweetened) over them. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) 30 minutes, basting often. Serve hot, with sauce poured around them.



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BAKING BOOK





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"SYMPHONIE"

This new powder-blend creates the creamy skin-tone so flattering with fur-fashions.

"SYMPHONIE" is the newest word in the style world! It's the name of a remarkable powder-blend that matches your skin so perfectly and enhances it so subtly that you behold yourself in the beauty of a "natural" complexion . . . the smart complement of the new clothes.

"Symphonie" blend in Armand Cold Cream Powder is keyed to the exquisite flesh-tones found in Old-World portraits . . . those translucent tints that seem to glow with mellow beauty.

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—with a fineness of texture to surprise and entrance you!

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Armand "Symphonie" Powder (or your choice of four standard tints), \$1 the box. Zanzibar tone in Armand rouge and lipstick is the perfect color-note for "Symphonie."



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First go to a good vocational advisor and talk the matter over

A Place in the Sun

ANOTHER IN THE SERIES OF TALKS TO GIRLS OF COLLEGE AGE

By SHARLE TRACY

DEAR JANET:
You want to work, to earn your living, but, you say, "I don't know what I want to be!" It is a problem.

Do you know that it is a very modern problem? Once upon a time, the matter would have been settled for you without any question at all. It would have been your business to learn to spin, to weave, to knit, to cook—all the what-not that made for the necessity and comfort of living.

One might say with a goodly measure of truth that woman ran the really big business of that day. But now that men have taken it away from her and split it into an immensely manifold business for themselves, she has to right-about-face, meet a new situation and make a place in the sun for herself.

How shall you find out what you want to be, want to do?

First, go to a good vocational advisor. Talk the matter over with her. I do not mean by this that you must do whatever she may suggest. I mean merely that this is one of the steps toward knowledge, toward a definite elimination of the things you do not want to do.

Second, make good use of your public library. There are some very good books ("Careers for Women" by Catherine Filene, for instance) on the subject and your librarian will be glad to help you find them.

Third, find out something about the special businesses in your own town, particularly if it is not one of the larger cities. Find out what these businesses require of their help, who hires and discharges the girls, and what chance there is of promotion.

Fourth, list these things. Now, set down what the being would be. The being, my dear, is vastly different from the reward of being. The singer, for instance, whom you hear in her hour of triumph is reaping a part of her reward, but the being the singer equals, rigidly as a mathematical equation, long, hard hours of practice, self-sacrifice, self-discipline, physical toil and nerve-racking strain.

So you should learn, before you launch yourself into a business, what the being will be. For example: find out what are the hours of work; the conditions under which you will work; the advantages and disadvantages; the chance of promotion; salary conditions; and such other matters as are pertinent.

Now, fifth, list your own abilities and lacks. Are you good at mathematics? Then check favorably those occupations which make use of mathematics. Are you quick and ac-

curate with your hands? Then check favorably those occupations which need that particular ability. Put down all your training, however little it may be.

Sixth, list your personal characteristics. Are you patient? Are you even-tempered or do you "fly off the handle" with very little provocation? Can you get along easily with people? Do you mind monotony? Are you a quiet worker or a constant talker? Do you resent being corrected? List yourself quite thoroughly and honestly. When you check against the other lists, you will find that certain types of work are automatically eliminated, so that your possible choices become narrowed down.

"Oh," I can hear you say, "but that is a lot of work!" So it is. But it is a lot of fun, too. And even if it is work, what of it? Isn't it time well spent if it puts you in the way of doing the thing which you will like to do, which you can do well, which will give you satisfaction?

Now, after you have decided what you want to be and have gotten your job, there are still some important things to do. First, try to make your job your business. Don't take it as mere routine, as so much work to be done in so much time for so much money.

A place in the sun? You must make it. If you have a talent, use it. The world is teeming with opportunity for the girl who really wants to be something, do something.

Young men seem to have less difficulty in finding themselves in business than young women. One reason is that they look at work more objectively, with less emotion. Girls, not brought up to take work for granted, have the play-habit: they want to like a thing. They do not know that by working at a thing in a creative way they can develop a liking for it. I do not mean, of course, that one can like any kind of work. That, obviously, is not true. But I do mean, Janet, that if you put liking first, you are following a will-o'-the-wisp which will land you in the quagmire of indecision.

Now, all this does not present to you an infallible rule for infallible success. I am merely offering you a helpful method by which you may help yourself.

So, choose your work in the calm light of reason; weigh carefully the good points and the bad; check up against your own ability or lack of it; and then, having chosen, put the whole force of your personality behind it. Rest assured, my dear, you will find your place in the sun.

Most affectionately yours,

SHARLE TRACY.

Make use of your library





A Wardrobe for a Tiny Miss

STYLES FOR FALL AND WINTER WEAR

By Elizabeth Thankful Bailey

WITH everyone so busy this season of the year with plans for fall and winter wardrobes, even the babies are beginning to sit up and take notice. There is no end to the array of materials this fall that seem especially suitable for wear by small children.

Right now my hobby is clothing for little girls who are two or "going on three" years old, for there just never was a time when cottons, fine sheer woolens, linens, rayons and silks were so well adapted for children's dresses.

During the summer we have had a revival of muslins—dotted Swiss and fine dimity—and now we are finding English prints, percales, cotton broadcloths, ginghams and piqués in adorable colorings and designs especially suitable for fall.

Most of the style effects for little girls going on three are straight and full and gathered into yoke, shoulder or neck. From sleeveless dresses during the summer, the little dresses now show both long and short sleeves. The new feature which has interested me most is that of fagoted yokes. After a long absence, fagoting appeared last summer on many of the lingerie blouses and dresses, and it now bids fair to be one of the most popular effects on little girls' clothing. It is especially pleasing when used on dresses of printed cottons. The yokes for these are generally made of narrow bias folds of the same or contrasting material, held in shape by fagoting stitches.

Work for Skilful Fingers

One needs skilful fingers for this sort of thing, and for tiny dresses the folds should be very narrow. Bias tape with the turned edges folded together is very satisfactory, and is available in a wide range of colors.

In using a material plain in color or one of open weave in which it is not possible to find a bias tape exactly matching in color or quality, folds of the same material are used.

Cut a pattern for the whole yoke in one piece, using heavy paper, and allowing for hems or other finish at the back. Baste the folds to the pattern, leaving a small space between each two rows. The

binding should follow the shape of the yoke. If seams have been allowed on the pattern with a pencil line and keep the outer folds even with these lines. In basting the folds to the yoke, place the edge with the single fold at the top in each row. No pattern is necessary for the simple style shown at the top of the page.

Description of the Stitch

The fagoting stitch is best done with a twisted thread of silk or cotton, heavy enough to give a decorative effect. Some of the new, tightly twisted cotton threads are excellent for this purpose. The stitch is similar to the catch-stitch except that the needle is passed from underneath through the single or double folded edges, keeping the thread at the left in making each stitch, thus forming a crossing of the thread close to the fold. The fagoting stitches should end where the hem turns.

The ends of the folds may be turned under and overhanded down or they may be cut even with the edge of the hem and the edges bound, in which case tiny buttons and thread loops would be used for fastening. The full lower portion of the dress is gathered along the upper edge, which has been folded back, and after the gathers are adjusted, it is joined to the yoke with fagoting.

Of far more importance than the number and variety of dresses in her winter wardrobe is the choice of the wee girl's winter coat. The distinguishing characteristic of the new coats is that they are very soft and pliable as to material and construction. The materials favored are broadcloths, the tricot and basket weaves, soft twills and tweeds.

In style the coats are very plain indeed, and often have raglan sleeves. Cape effects are found on some, a copy after grown-up styles. Most of these little coats are lined with silk or crepe and occasionally are interlined with soft flannel.

The ensemble idea is so strong that bonnets or hats are often made of the same material as the coat. A little close hat will be as warm as a bonnet and in addition will have much more class.



Style 709, for little girls 2, 4, 6 and 8 years old, is made up in materials of contrasting color

664—Coat, cap and leggings designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. 312—Bloomer dress for sizes 2, 4 and 6

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

WHAT A KITCHEN KNIFE CAN TELL YOU ABOUT WASHDAY



A KITCHEN KNIFE and easier washdays! They may seem miles apart. And yet . . .

Unwrap a bar of Fels-Naptha and cut into it. As the blade eases through the big, generous bar, what do you see? . . . from top to bottom a smooth, velvety texture that plainly says, "This is unusually good soap!" But don't stop here, for the best is yet to come.

Hold this soap up to your nose and sniff. Naptha! You can smell it. Plenty of it *all through the bar*. Naptha, you know, is an unusual dirt-loosener. It is combined with the good golden soap by a special process that keeps it there, on the job to the last thin sliver.

So every time you use Fels-Naptha, you get the help of two safe, active cleaners instead of one. Plentiful naptha working hand-in-hand with good golden soap. Briskly, busily, this sturdy pair loosens the most stubborn dirt and washes it away without hard rubbing. And that's why millions say Fels-Naptha is the real washday bargain. It brings you not more bars, but more help. *Extra help that saves you!*

Next washday, try Fels-Naptha. See how much quicker and easier it makes your washing; how sweetly clean and fresh it gets your clothes. Notice, too, how gentle Fels-Naptha is to the hands. That's because it loosens dirt so quickly that you don't

have to keep them in the water long.

Another advantage—there's no fussing, no special directions with Fels-Naptha. Use it *your way*. Use it in tub or machine. Soak or boil your clothes with it, just as you wish. Being a soap, Fels-Naptha naturally works best in hot water. But unlike many other soaps, Fels-Naptha will turn out a sparkling wash in lukewarm or even cool water.

Your grocer sells Fels-Naptha. Get a few bars to-day. Or better still, ask for the convenient 10-bar carton—then you'll have *extra help* aplenty for all your washing and household cleaning tasks.

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

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FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement. I enclose a two-cent stamp to help cover postage.

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What Paris Says About Fall Clothes

*These Models Which Reflect the Season's Accepted Style Trends
Were Selected by Our Foreign Correspondent
as a Guide for the Home Dressmaker*

LET'S begin with street wear, because Paris is doing fascinating things with striped suitings this fall. Suitings are newer than tweeds for formal wear, and take a rather more formal line. They demand a tailored effect, and, happily for the woman who makes her suits and frocks at home, it is easier to get the correct tailored air with a suiting than with any other material.

The smart suit sketched in Fig. L is fashioned in diagonal striped suiting, its coloring a new brick and tomato-red mixture. Note most particularly the arrangement of the diagonal stripes, which is a vital detail. Then notice that the coat is tight-fitting and that the skirt flares from a shaped hip yoke. The waist, which has a bloused effect, is of washing silk, and its single brace effect in front is of suiting to match the skirt.

Slightly more elaborate is the dress and cape of printed velvet, Fig. I. Capes are still popular, and one similar to this could be worn with the dress R.

The toque with a skull-cap foundation is new, but it is already greatly favored. You'll see one sketched in Fig. J, where a skull-cap of black satin is combined with the turban of brocade. A broadtail tie is the correct accompaniment. The handbag, Fig. K, matches the suit of diagonal suiting and is trimmed with flat fur.

A Formal Costume with New Lines

If you want a dress and coat for really formal wear, study Fig. A, one of the most distinctive among the new designs. The dress (of ankle length) is of soft, patterned velvet and wears a wide band of plain velvet at the hem. The bodice is tight-fitting at the waist, but it is rucked at the back and sides. The longer frocks favor the peplum, which "breaks" a line difficult to wear, so this model is trimmed with a peplum pointed at the front. The sleeves are tucked all the way up from wrist to shoulder.

The coat is three-quarter length, and is in plain velvet to match that on the skirt hem. It is lined, however, to match the frock. The ultra-short sleeve may look strange at first, but it's chic. It is edged with fur to match the collar.

The original of this fascinating combination was in black velvet patterned in grass-green; if you look carefully at the sketch of it, you'll know what size the patterning for your own new frock should be.

Suppose you want a frock for evening rather than for afternoon, you can carry out this same design in printed chiffon and plain taffetas; make the coat in taffetas, and line it with chiffon to match the frock. The style is one which will be as becoming to the woman over forty as under that age.

For the younger woman is intended the simpler model, Fig. B, of old-blue velvet with a blouse of shell-pink organdy. The bolero-coatee is very much of the moment, and its simplicity is emphasized by the deep kilted organdy frills of the blouse. The skirt has a slight flare. And talking of the flare, be sure that you note the subtle difference in this between last season and the present: it starts distinctly higher on the new frocks.

The ankle length frock is right for indoor wear. The two-piece frock shown in Fig. R observes this rule in its skirt of dark blue velvet patterned with amber dots.

The silk jersey blouse is amber, too, but it trims its novel scarf-collar with dots in the exact shade of blue of the skirt. It also wears cuffs of the skirt material; they come well down over the wrists. Here you see the tucked sleeves again, but this time the tucks do not reach the elbow. To make up, the deep hip-band of the blouse is tucked. With such a frock, matching shoes are smart; they may be

either of kid or of crepe de chine, as you please.

Suiting is used again for a morning ensemble, pin-striped and plain. The original was of the latest deep pinky shade of beige combined with amber; the two shades combine most attractively. The top of the frock (Fig. C) and the front panel of the skirt are cut in the pin-striped suiting, and this is used again, but diagonally, for the flap pocket at either hip. At the neck, radiating tucks give a tailor fitting, which suits the modern cravat collar. A coat to match (Fig. D) is very high-waisted, and emphasizes this line with a broad belt of patent leather. Its plain cape is lined with the pin-stripe. This coat, like that in the suit, Fig. L, is tight-fitting, and it flares a little toward the hem.

Tweeds Are Chosen for Sports

Now for "le sport," to which Paris devotes much thought when planning clothes. The favorite of all materials this season is loosely woven tweed. Whenever possible, two kinds of tweed are used together. In Fig. M you have a three-quarter length coat of this loose weave tweed in a bold herringbone design; coloring, blue and fawn. For the skirt, plain tweed of flecked blue. The leather beret, the buttons and the belt (leather likewise) are all blue. The things to mark especially are the cravat collar and the seven-eighths length of the coat sleeve. In Fig. N is a dress in the very latest moiré tweed. Bracken shades are chosen for this, and the trimmings are of brown leather. The skirt frill is box-pleated.

Herringbone tweed appears again in the skirt, Fig. O, where it is mixed with plain tweed. The wide hip pockets are lined with brown leather. You could wear Fig. P as jumper or tuck-in with the tweed skirt, making it of pin-striped washing silk. The narrow upstanding little collar with its prim bow is one to be copied.

The two-tweed jumper and skirt, Fig. Q, combine a very fine check (which makes the jumper) and a flecked tweed for the skirt. The buttons and the pockets must be of leather. And in case four pockets should not be enough, there's another on the cuff of the right sleeve. You can wear the jumper buttoned as high as you please.

When Paris is in gay mood, she chooses frills and furbelows. In Fig. E you see the new lines for this fall's evening frocks. The old-world effect is sought after all the time. Here it is achieved with a very much shaped bodice of lace and taffetas and puff sleeves. The three deep flounces are of plain tulle and lace, and they reach to the instep. (The frock of exaggerated length is banished.) An evening coat in moiré silk and flat fur is also very much shaped, and over the hips flares widely, Fig. H. Its sleeves are very new, although it is the old bishop sleeve which inspired them. With more frivolous evening wear, gloves have returned in more than old-time glory. Two new ones are sketched here; one has the upper part of lace, Fig. F, and trimmed with a frill of lace, reaches nearly to the shoulder. The other in fine tulle reaches just to the elbow, Fig. G.

Soft colors are considered prettiest for evening just now, and any pastel shades are right except, in Paris, pink, which French women do not care about.

Now study these sketches as a whole, and you'll see that the skirt remains an entirely convenient length after all our woeful anticipations. For morning, for street wear and for sport they are as short as is graceful. For formal indoor wear, they need not hide the ankle, while they do not reveal much above it. For evening you will be quite chic in a dress of instep length or a bit shorter.

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



Paris chooses frills and furbelows for her gay moods



A street ensemble of striped suiting



Any Woman Can Make This Dress

THE circular skirt which flares gracefully from a snug hipline is a general favorite for all occasions. The model sketched in Style 3033 is especially desirable with its shirred bodice that softens the line through the waist and hips, and gives the figure a charmingly slim, youthful appearance.

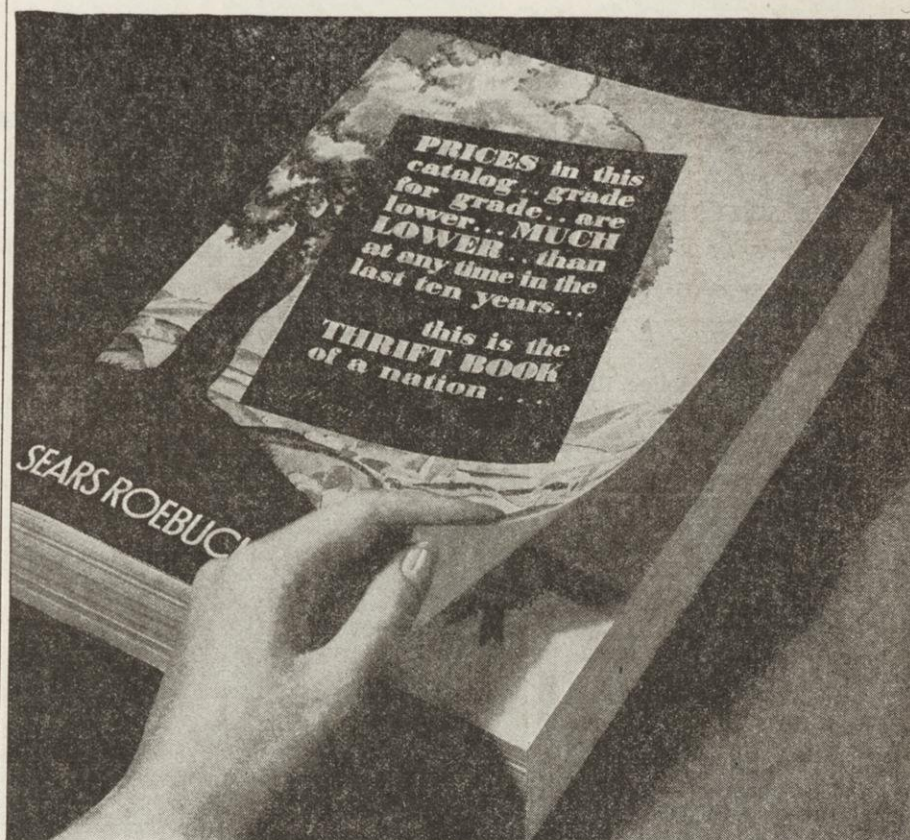
This skirt concentrates all of its fullness at either side. The collarless Vionnet neckline with a bow tie slipped

through the bound opening creates a delightful sunburst effect. Style 3033 is designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires but 3½ yards of 39-inch flat silk crepe.

Dark brown lustrous crepe satin with a bow tie of the dull side of the crepe, bottle green faille silk crepe, Patou's dahlia-purple shade canton crepe and sheer black velvet are utterly chic suggestions that need no further trimming.

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

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Leadership in Style, Too!

While our buyers were securing these low prices for you, they were also alert to the new style influences in wearing apparel and in home furnishings.

The wanted styles this Fall are all prominently displayed in our new catalog. No matter what you need, we have it for you, of guaranteed quality, at a lower price.

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If you have not received your copy of this 1100-page new "Thrift Book of a Nation," send for it today. It is free of course. It quotes lowest prices on 46,000 articles for the family, the home, the shop, the auto and the farm.

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A Clothes Secret

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Pretty MARY HUNTOON
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Moline, Ill.

"PROBABLY every girl who goes away to school or college learns that it isn't always the richest girls who are the best dressed.

"My chum at college had little money but she was one of the best dressed girls there. She had two rules. First, she always bought very lovely, becoming colors, and then she took wonderful care of her clothes.

"Nearly every night she washed a blouse or a sweater or a dress in Lux suds. She said Lux was the only thing that kept colors really fresh and new looking. Now that I'm in business I also find that the smartest looking girls Lux their dainty things frequently."

Mary Huntoon



Mary Huntoon (right) shows how charming the colorful new blouses can be with safe Lux care.

THIS YEAR more than ever, clever girls realize how important it is to give pretty blouses and sweaters and dresses the very gentlest, safest washing care.

Because colors are lovelier, more delicate, more subtle, than ever before!

The new blouses come in such wonderful shades—peach, rose opaline, eggshell, shimmering frost green! And in the gayest, most colorful prints!

Sweaters, too, are so smart with

their daring contrasts of color in bands, stripes and squares.

It's fatal to let these wonderful colors fade, even a trifle. They lose their smart effect. And yet, of course, blouses and sweaters must be washed very often.

You needn't worry if you'll keep a box of Lux handy, as most "best dressed" girls do. Lux isn't like ordinary soaps. It's especially made to preserve colors—texture, too. If a color or fabric is safe in plain water alone, it's just as safe in Lux!

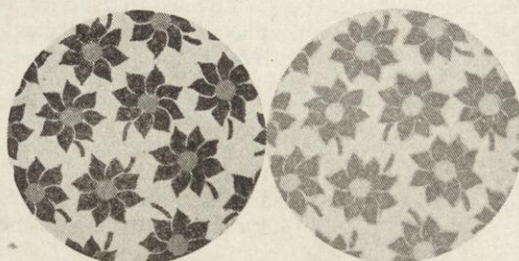
Proof of how Lux keeps
fabrics New . . .



(Left above) Sample (wool and silk) washed 10 times with ordinary soap—fabric shrunken, color faded.

(Right, above) Sample (same fabric) washed 10 times with Lux—no matting, no shrinking. Color like new.

If it's safe
in water . . .
it's safe in LUX



Sample (printed silk) washed 10 times with Lux—color unfaded, fresh, lovely as the day it was bought.

Sample (same silk) washed 10 times with ordinary soap—color faded, original fresh charm of color lost.



Dresses for Busy School Days

Number 803. Designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 2½ yards of 39-inch material with ½ yard of 35-inch contrasting and 3 yards of binding.

Number 804. Designed for sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1½ yards of 39-inch light material with 1½ yards of 39-inch dark material.

Number 2657. Designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 2½ yards of

39-inch material with ¾ yard of 35-inch contrasting and 3 yards of binding.

Number 2639. Designed for sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1½ yards of 39-inch material with ¾ yard of 39-inch contrasting.

Number 2659. Designed for sizes 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 2¼ yards of 39-inch material with ½ yard of 35-inch contrasting.

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Morning Frocks of Unusual Charm

Number 3489. Designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

Number 3497. Designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 39-inch material, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 39-inch contrasting.

Number 159. Designed for sizes small,

medium and large. The medium size requires 3 yards of 32-inch material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 27-inch contrasting.

Number 602. Designed for sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Size 36 needs 3 yards 39-inch material, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 35-inch contrasting.

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

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

Are you
doing the new
exercises
ON THE
FLOOR
?



Because if you are, you know ALL about dirt on the floors and are anxious for this remedy.

To seal over the thousand little cracks and "pockets" where dirt lodges in every floor, do this: Wash the floor first. (You'll never have to do it again.)

Then spread a thin coat of Johnson's Wax with the Wax Applier or soft cloth—your hands won't be soiled in either case—and let it dry a few minutes. The wax will dry hard, filling every crack.

Take the new Johnson Electric Floor Polisher—every home should have one, but if yours has not your dealer around the corner rents it by the day for very little—and polish the floor until it glistens—with no glare, but with the rich subdued satiny lustre of electrically waxed floors.

The wax finish, then, is so dry that dirt simply can't stick to it. So smooth you can whisk the dust off. And so hard that traffic can't mar the varnish or shellac or lacquer beneath. S. C. Johnson & Son, Makers of Johnson's Wax, Racine, Wis.



Wax your floors without effort with the new Johnson Household Polisher. Plugs into any light socket—A. C. or D. C. Your dealer will rent the machine, deliver it, and call for it—for \$2 a day. Price with complete floor maintenance outfit—Wax Applier, Floor Duster, Liquid and Paste Wax—\$39.50.

To try this polish on your floor—

S. C. Johnson & Son, Dept. W.W. 10, Racine, Wis. Gentlemen: Send 25c can of Johnson's Wax. Enclosed is 10c (stamps or coin) to defray part of cost and postage.

Name _____

Address _____

Youthful Neckline

Number 837. Designed for sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 39-inch material with ¾ yard of 35-inch contrasting. The back closing, marked with buttons, is a very new feature which is very appealing with the youthful round collar.



837

Smartly Conservative

Number 3372. Designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 39-inch material with ½ yard of 35-inch contrasting. Every woman cherishes a frock of this sort which is dressy enough for afternoon and informal evening wear, yet plain enough for street wear.

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



3372

A Basque Bodice

Number 2653. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. Size 16 requires 4 yards of 39-inch material with ¾ yard of 39-inch contrasting, 2¼ yards of binding and 1 yard of 1¼-inch ribbon for tie. The basque bodice is accentuated by a pert little peplum.



2653

2645

802

A MODE OF WIDE VARIETY

New Collar, Cuff and Skirt Treatments

THE new silhouette shows a flat slimness with easily molded bodices, smooth hips and abruptly flared hemlines. Necklines are youthful and smartly varied. Canton crepe is outstanding in day dresses. Tweed dot and plain crepes are noted in many tailored models. Wool tweed prints add dash to simple sports clothes.

Afternoon frocks show much interest in transparent velvet, particularly in black, showing elaboration in lace trim. Many of the crepe frocks display colorful embroidery in silk or beads.

Simulated Waistline

Number 2645. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 39-inch material. The bodice is slightly fitted by means of shirring at the front and tiny tucks at the sides. Front and back panels of skirt are straight, sides are flared, giving a slender silhouette.

Modish Peplum Effect

Number 802. Designed for sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards of 39-inch material with ¾ yard of 39-inch contrasting and 7¼ yards of braid. Two shaped bands just below the hips give a peplum effect. Other smart details are the collar, cuffs and jabot.



2620

2658

2504

A Tailored Model

Number 2504. Designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 39-inch light contrasting and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 39-inch dark contrasting. Light-weight woollens which drape well are smart in a frock such as this.

The Bolero Frock

Number 2626. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material for bolero and skirt with $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material for sleeveless waist. A woolen frock with a linen blouse would be very smart for school or street wear.



2626



829

DETAILS DETERMINE CHIC

Lingerie Touches Are Daintily Feminine

IN DAY clothes, wearability is a strong factor. Much attention is given detail, as individuality is of utmost importance in the conservatively smart woman's wardrobe. Of decided interest are the tweed dresses that combine coats of matching or harmonizing fabrics in three-quarter or in full length.

Black tops the mode; it is occasionally relieved by a touch of white, pale pink or turquoise blue. Dark brown with a mauve cast follows a close second. The new rich dark greens are taking the place of the dark blues. The dark red shades are very smart.

New Jabot Collar

Number 2620. Designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 27-inch contrasting. The surplice style vest of lighter color provides the essential lingerie touch, softening the neckline becomingly. The V-shaped hip yoke is another favorite.

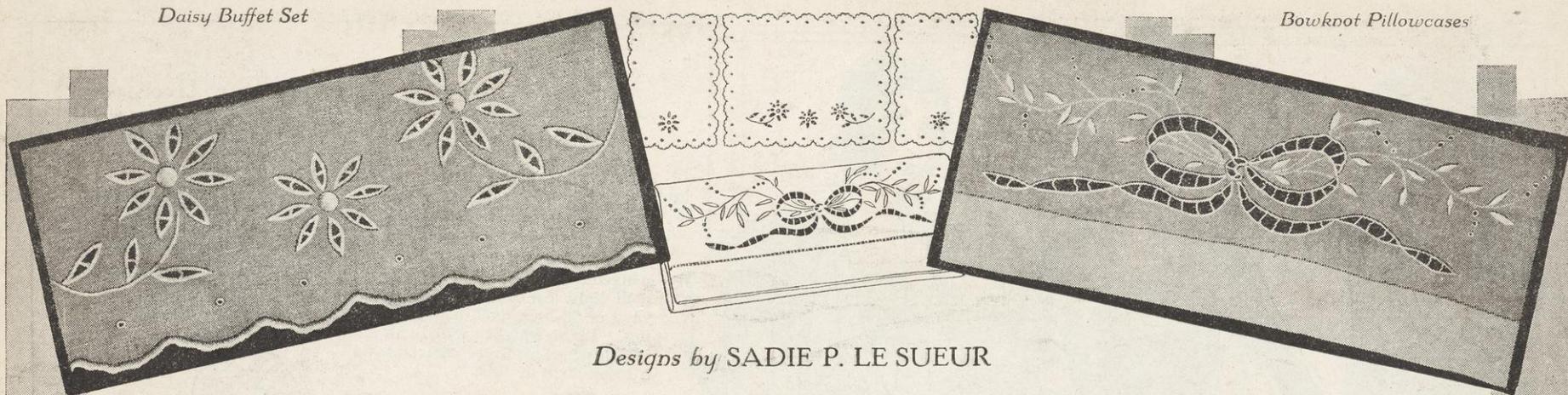
A Slenderizing Style

Number 2658. Designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 35-inch allover lace. Made from any silk which drapes softly and trimmed with allover lace, this attractive frock is conservative, yet smartly up-to-date.

A Serviceable Model

Number 829. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material with $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of 32-inch contrasting. The small sketch shows the smart cape collar which may be substituted for the more tailored neck finish of the large sketch.

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



Designs by SADIE P. LE SUEUR

A Touch of Cutwork for Distinctive Linens

Beauty Results from the Simplest of Stitches in This Fascinating Type of Embroidery Which Is Easily Done

LINENS are more distinctly a woman's contribution to the home than any other of its furnishings, because she may make them with her own hands and they give her unlimited scope in the expression of her love of beauty. Even the plainest, most inexpensive pieces are made priceless by bits of simple handwork which offer a pleasant diversion for spare moments.

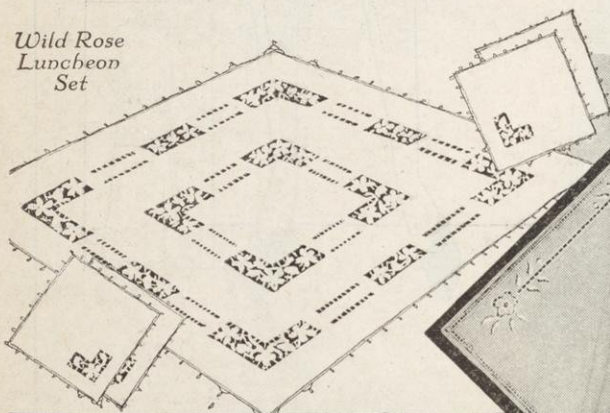
Cutwork is a very satisfactory kind of embroidery for the average woman's use, because really elaborate effects can be achieved with the easiest of stitches, and in a surprisingly short time. This embroidery consists chiefly of buttonhole-stitch and satin-stitch, both of which go quickly. The lovely lacy appearance is effected by cutting out portions of the design with sharp-pointed scissors after the embroidery is completed. The parts of the design to be cut out are previously outlined with buttonhole-stitch, so there will be no raw edges after the cutting.

Other good reasons for the widespread and lasting popularity of cutwork are that it wears well and launders beautifully.

The bedroom and dining-room linens illustrated show a variety of adaptations of this type of work.

Daisy Buffet Set: White linen, embroidered in white, makes this 3-piece set. The center doily, which has three daisies across the front, measures 11 by 17 inches; the side doilies, which have a single daisy at one end, measure 8 by 11 inches. The petals and leaves of the flowers are worked in buttonhole-stitch, the centers in satin-stitch and the stems in outline-stitch. The scalloped edges of all mats are worked in button-hole stitch.

Wild Rose Luncheon Set



Seven skeins of floss are required for working this set.

Bowknot Pillowcases: The embroidery on these 42-inch white linene pillowcases is done in white. The cutwork bow is worked in buttonhole-stitch, while the spray of eyelet berries has outline-stitch stems and satin-stitch leaves. These cases are 33 inches long when finished, with a two-inch hem which may be hemstitched or just hemmed with tiny stitches. Need 6 skeins of floss.

Wild Rose Luncheon Set: This beautiful white linen set embroidered in white is a fine example of achieving an elaborate effect without doing a discouraging amount of work. In the panels of cutwork, the flowers and leaves are of the material; they are worked all around with buttonhole-stitch, then the background is cut away from them. These panels, which occur at the corners and at the sides, are joined with straight lines of cutwork which are very quickly made. A small panel of cutwork appears in each of the four napkins. The table-cloth is 36 inches square, the napkins 13 inches square. The edges of all pieces are finished with buttonhole-stitch with picots at regular intervals. Set requires 18 skeins of floss.

Marigold Luncheon Set: An unusually attractive set consisting of

Marigold Luncheon Set

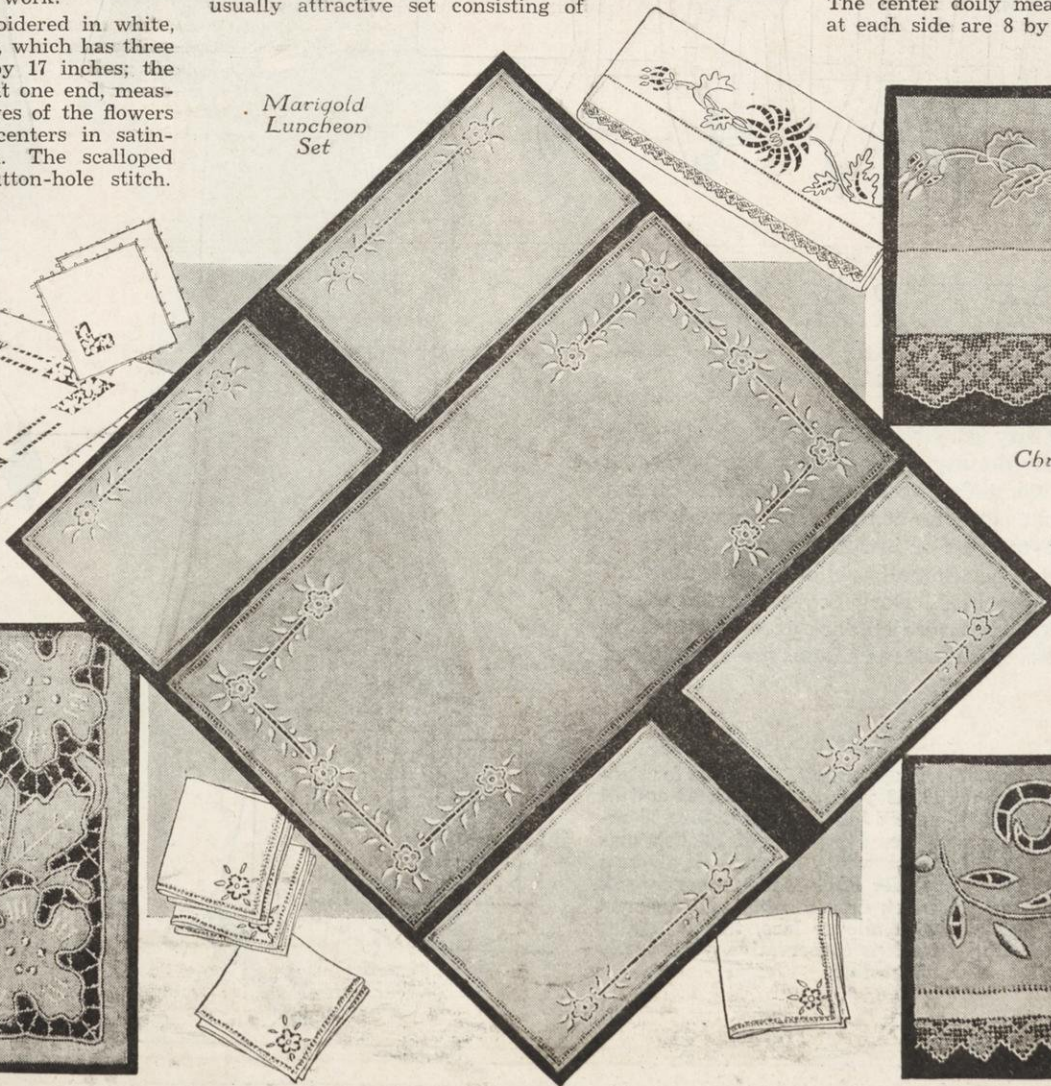


table runner, four plate mats and four napkins is made of white linen and embroidered in white. A design of cutwork flowers with satin-stitch leaves appears at each end of the runner and along one side of each plate mat. A single flower is used in one corner of each napkin. The edges of all pieces are finished with half-inch hems held in place either with Italian or plain hemstitching. The table runner measures 17 by 34 inches, each plate mat is 10½ by 17 inches and each napkin is 13½ inches square. Set requires 15 skeins of floss.

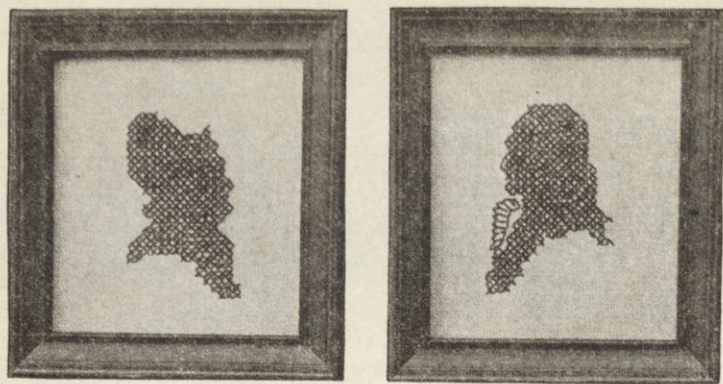
Chrysanthemum Pillowcases: Above the two-inch hems of these 42-inch white linene pillowcases, a cutwork chrysanthemum is embroidered in white. The flower has cutwork petals, a satin-stitch center and leaves and stems outlined in buttonhole-stitch. Hems to be put in with hemstitching and finished with file lace 1¾ inches wide. Require 5 skeins of floss.

Peony Buffet Set: This set is made from white linen, embroidered in white, and consists of three doilies on each of which is a cutwork floral motif. Edges of all pieces to be finished with ¾-inch hemstitched hems to the edges of which ¾-inch white file lace is whipped. The center doily measures 11 by 17 inches while those at each side are 8 by 11 inches. Requires 3 skeins floss.

Chrysanthemum Pillowcases

Peony Buffet Set





George and Martha Washington

Twin Cross-stitch Samplers

Small companion pictures which are used in pairs are very quickly made

THESE little linen samplers which are used in pairs are just the thing for decorating the troublesome small bit of wall which looks bare when left uncovered but crowded when hung with a picture of usual size, for each sampler illustrated is just 3½ inches wide and 4 inches long when framed. The ¾-inch wide frames are of natural finish wood with a narrow band of black around the inner edge.

The special charm of these samplers lies in their diminutive perfection and in the ease and speed with which a pair may be made. Because they are small and cross-stitch is so simple, a pair may be made and framed in an afternoon or an evening.

Sets of samplers will fit into odd wall spaces in every room in the house, in such places as over a desk or small table, beneath or beside larger pictures, over a bed or near a favorite chair where they will catch the rays of a reading lamp. They make particularly acceptable gifts.

George and Martha Washington: Most typical of all Colonial silhouettes are the profiles of these two preeminent Americans. In the pair of samplers illustrated, the silhouettes are worked in black cross-stitch on natural linen.

A Colonial Courtship: This set of samplers tells a story. In one is a black cross-stitch man who holds a bouquet in his ex-

tended hand. The flowers are blue, rose and yellow, tied with a blue outline-stitch ribbon. At the man's feet is a bed of cross-stitch flowers worked in rose, blue, yellow and green. The companion sampler shows a black cross-stitch Colonial maid who wears a poke bonnet and a bouffant frock with a fluttering blue sash. She hides shy blushes behind a blue fan. Here, too, we find a cross-stitch garden of rose, blue and yellow flowers with green foliage.

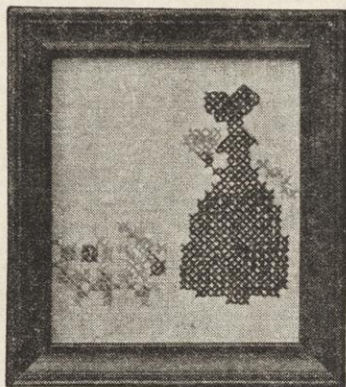
This set is especially nice for the bedroom.

Neighborly Houses:

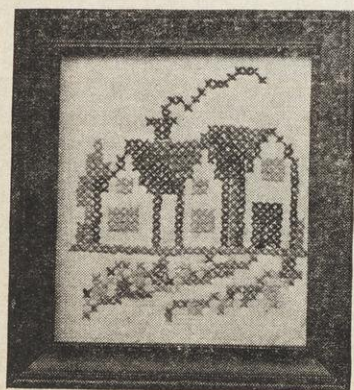
The two houses in this pair of samplers are very colorful with their red and yellow cross-stitch roofs and their red chimneys from which clouds of cross-stitch smoke pour forth to be buffeted by blustery October winds. The outlines of the house in the sampler at the left are red; its windows are blue and its door is black. The outlines of the house in the sampler at the right are black; its windows are blue and its door is blue outlined in black. A cross-stitch flower-bordered path leads up to the door of each house; the blossoms are pink, blue,

red and yellow with green stems and eaves.

This pair of samplers will add a note of cheer to the living-room. They are attractive placed either side by side, as shown, or one above the other.



A Colonial Courtship



Neighborly Houses



Linen samplers, stamped flat with floss and frames, 85¢ a pair, may be secured from Woman's World, 4223 West Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

Here's the way to turn "hard" into "easy" next washday with this soap that's *more* than soap!

THE older I grow, the surer I am that it's smart to find ways to turn "hard" into "easy." So, naturally, I'm enthusiastic about Oxydol, because it has taken an hour of hard rubbing out of my washday!



That's why I want to tell you about Oxydol. When you have that chunky, heavy Oxydol box beside your wash-tub or washing machine or kitchen sink, you're getting a lot more *real* help than an ordinary "good soap can give.

You see every grain of Oxydol contains two things—(1) rich safe soap (with no air in it, so you're getting your money's worth of real soap)—(2) and an extra ingredient, too, that instantly softens the water and *protects* the soap from turning into useless gray scum. And you know what that means if you have to work with hard water.

Even richer suds in soft water

I know that you don't have any water problems if you have soft water or rain cisterns or treated water. But are you fond of saving your soap pennies? Then do try Oxydol in soft water. You'll be tickled pink, I know, when you sprinkle out *half* a cup of Oxydol and get a tub full of lively, hard-working, rich soap suds!

My, I'd like to be with you the first time you put your clothes to soak in soft-feeling Oxydol suds. Fifteen minutes afterward most of the dirt will be *in* the water. Just squeeze

out the clothes or start your machine to going—and you'll only need rubbing for the bad spots and edges!

For months now, Oxydol has helped me every Monday. And I've never been so proud of my clothes. Sweet-smelling, fresh colored, and spotless! And I'm not paying for these good results with backaches and sore fingers!

A fast-going trick on the dishpan!

Last Sunday, after a wonderful dinner at Cousin Laura's there was a great pile of dishes. And so I said, "I'm going to do these up *fast*—where's your box of Oxydol?"

With a teaspoonful of Oxydol, I swished up my lively suds. Then I got the dish mop going lickety-cut and I was done in a few minutes. "Well," says Laura, "I have to wipe fast!" That's the beauty of using rich Oxydol suds—they go after dirt in a *hurry*. And yet they are so soft-feeling on your hands—not harsh like most soaps that work well in hard water!

A mint of suds in this heavy box

If you're like me, you haven't a penny to waste on soaps that turn to gray, useless scum in hard water. That's why I hope you'll try Oxydol. Feel how heavy the box is—then test its suds-making power. Why, a rounding teaspoonful makes a dishpan lively with suds. And sprinkle out a good half cupful for a tubful of *real* suds! There is a 10¢ box—but for good soap value use the 25¢ box.

Sarah Benton

FREE! I have written a booklet called, "Shortcuts to the clothesline," which would give you lots of washday help. Just send me a post card. Address Sarah Benton, Box OW-100, St. Bernard, Ohio.



OXYDOL

MAKES RICH INSTANT SUDS EVEN IN HARDEST WATER

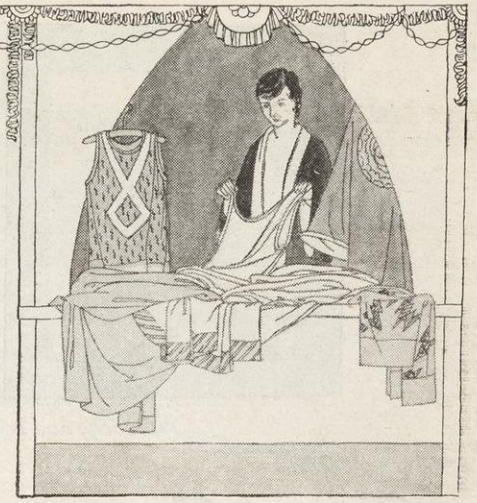
OXYDOL IS A COMPLETE SOAP



Colorful Gift Smocks and Lounging Pajamas

Which Suggest Original Displays for Bazaar Booths and Fair Exhibits

By BLANCHE E. HYDE



IN MOST of the small communities and cross-roads throughout the country, groups of women, during the fall months, feverishly discuss ways and means of putting on their annual sales and bazaars in order that, through such events, communities, clubs and churches may become bigger and better. Fall has come to be recognized as a season devoted to gifts.

People who are forehanded use their leisure in making them. Others who have not the time nor inclination to do this depend upon buying such articles, and there is indeed a wide slaughter of the proverbial "two birds with one stone" in the number of persons who dutifully attend the procession of fall sales, often purchasing extensively. In this way their interest in a worthy cause is shown, and in addition they are provided with presents for family or friends.

Practical Gift Suggestions

It is comparatively recently that the attractiveness and acceptability of articles of clothing as gifts have been realized. Among garments which lend themselves unusually well to such purposes are smocks, pajamas, night dresses and other articles of lingerie. Sizes of patterns are now so well standardized that certain garments which do not require accurate fit are considered desirable as gifts. Foremost among these are smocks and pajamas. Smock snacks and pajama parties are as much a part of college curricula as French and higher mathematics, and nothing could be more appropriate for the girl who is leaving home for school or college than a parting gift of a brilliant smock or pajama set. And as for fairs and bazaars, who would not hail with joy a smock table instead of the time-honored but much overworked apron table! A booth also for the display and sale of pajamas might easily, on account of the dazzling materials used, be made quite the most decorative note in any fair.

Long before smocks came into general use, artists had found them practical for studio wear, protecting the suit or dress much better than an apron. During the War, others discovered that the smock so easily slipped on was useful for many types of work both in and out of the home.

Since the first requirement of any article intended as a gift is that it shall present an attractive appearance when the gift package is opened, we must, with both smocks and pajamas, consider the beauty of the material as well as the style of the garments.

In most cases, smocks are worn over the dress as a protection, therefore, the material should

preferably be soft and pliable and the garment generously cut. Three excellent styles are shown here.

Smock Number 2688 is designed for sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure.

Number 2721 is designed for sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

of smocking, and yet permit sufficient roominess in the lower part of the garment.

Smock sleeves are fairly well standardized and are generally of the set-in or raglan type. The set-in type is used in the models illustrated. A smock will fit better if the sleeves are joined to the garment with an ordinary, instead of a French, seam. The seam edges should then be overcast together and the armseye stitched again in one or two rows on the outside, holding the seam flat against the yoke or garment portion.

Hems and facings on smocks are generally finished by machine except on materials where the beauty of the design would be marred by a line of machine sewing. Buttons and buttonholes are the common means of fastening, although the use of snap fasteners, with buttons sewed on as a decoration, is quite permissible. While the buttonholes may be worked or bound, vertical worked buttonholes barred at both ends are perhaps the best style.

Pajamas Must Be Gay

The pajamas illustrated are unusually good for bazaar sales or for gifts. As to materials, smocks may be brilliant, but pajamas are even more so, and if intended for gifts the sky is the limit when it comes to conspicuous designs, dazzling colors and weird combinations. There used to be a theory that striped materials should not be combined with figured ones, but pajamas stop at nothing so trivial. In fact, the more bizarre effect a pajama set presents, the more appropriate it is as a gift and the more successful will it be counted.

The materials most favored for sets of this type are cottons in prints and plain colors, the last including fine percales, English prints and broadcloths, and in addition rayons, pongees, crepes and wash silks. Plain materials embroidered or stenciled in brilliant colors are also popular. Black sateen trimmed with gay figured material or embroidered in a colorful design makes a striking outfit for lounging. Separate blouses of the tuck-in variety make interesting changes with a coat and trousers of plain material. If a bit of cloth like the coat is used as a neck finish on the blouses, the ensemble idea will be emphasized.

Such garments as have been described are, of course, distinctly for lounging. The plain ordinary sleeping pajamas, most necessary garments, albeit somewhat prosaic, are a different story entirely.

Pajamas Number 2524 are designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. Model Number 2576 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

Pajamas Number 272 are designed for size 16 years and for sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

Pajamas Number 2521 are designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.

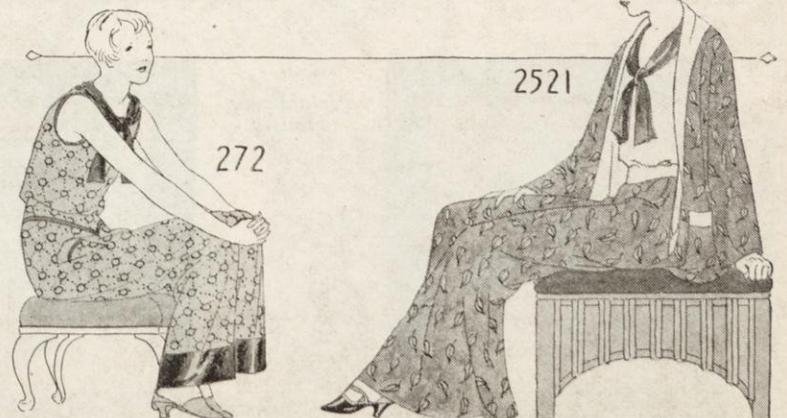


Number 478 is designed for sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure.

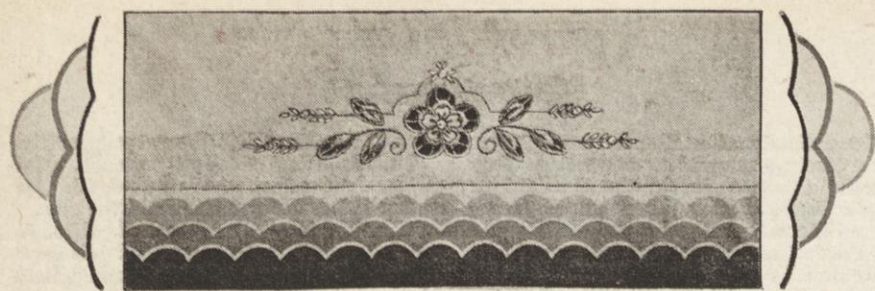
Fast-colored English prints, cotton broadcloths, soft finish percales, sateens, plain and figured linens, rayons, pongees, shantung, crepes and wash silks are all materials which lend themselves well for use in smocks. Cretonne and chintz are colorful and come in striking designs but are apt to be too heavy and stiff for comfort when worn over a dress, and besides are sometimes difficult to launder. Occasionally, smocks are worn to take the place of a dress. A printed material used for a smock has the advantage of not showing spots as quickly as a plain color. Birds and beasts, Colonial ladies with their gallant knee-breeched escorts, boats and houses, colorful gardens, and covered wagons trekking their way across the plains and hills, all furnish the design motifs of materials suitable for gift smocks.

The styles used vary from the straight, severely plain type fastening down the center-front to the very full, slip-over garment elaborately smocked or embroidered. Those which open down the center-front are much quicker to slip on and off and are the accepted type.

Numbers 478 and 2688 are made with yokes which are style features of the season in other garments as well. Yokes are well adapted to smocks as they eliminate fullness about the neck and shoulders without the labor



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



Cutwork Pansy Pillowcases

Pillowcases with Tinted Hems

Harmonizing embroidery motifs in pastel shades carry out the color ensemble idea

NOW that such lovely things are being done with color in home furnishings, bedroom linens are given special attention, because they lend themselves so well to artistic treatment. A new color ensemble idea is presented in the pillowcases illustrated, each of which has a hem of three tints, shaded in rainbow fashion, and above the hem a simple embroidery design in which the three colors of the hem are used.

These 42-inch linene pillowcases are already made up with their 3-inch tinted hems hemstitched in place, so a pair is quickly completed with the few simple stitches of embroidery.

Cutwork Pansy: For pillowcases whose hems are tinted in three scalloped bands of violet, shading from a pale tint at the top to a deep tint at the bottom, there is a dainty cutwork motif worked in shaded violet floss. The small blossoms are rambler roses with darning-stitch stems and lazy-daisy leaves.

Blue Basket: The top band of color on this hem is blue, the middle one is yellow

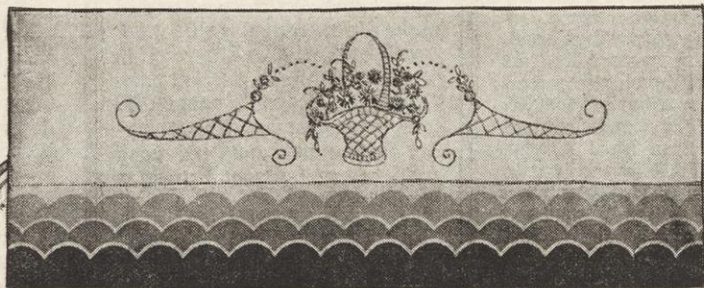
and the bottom one pink. In the design, the basket and lattice effects are made with blue floss caught down with yellow. There are pink and rose one-stitch flowers with yellow centers, and French knot flowers in blue, lavender and yellow.

Star Flowers: The colors in this hem are pink, green and orchid. In the design, the flowers have white cutwork centers from which yellow one-stitches radiate. The petals are worked in cat-stitch. One flower is pink, one is blue and one is orchid. Leaves and stems are green.

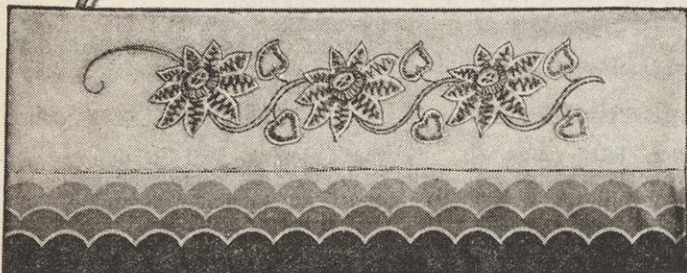
Shaded Hollyhocks: Straight bands of color are used on these hems, yellow appearing at the top, green in the middle and pink at the bottom. There are shaded blue, pink and orchid French knot flowers with green stems and leaves, and a yellow and orchid lattice.

Cross-stitch Posies: Above a hem tinted in pink, yellow and blue is a blue cross-stitch basket filled with shaded blue, pink, yellow and violet cross-stitch flowers. A rose and pink cross-stitch bow trims the basket handle.

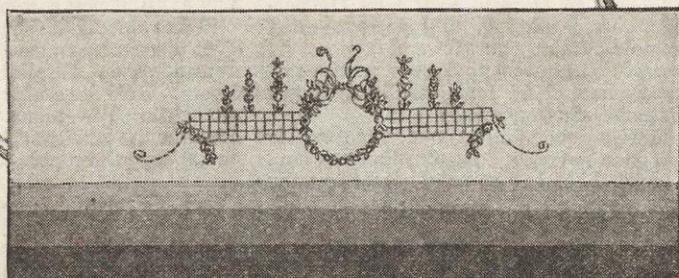
Blue Basket Design Pillowcases



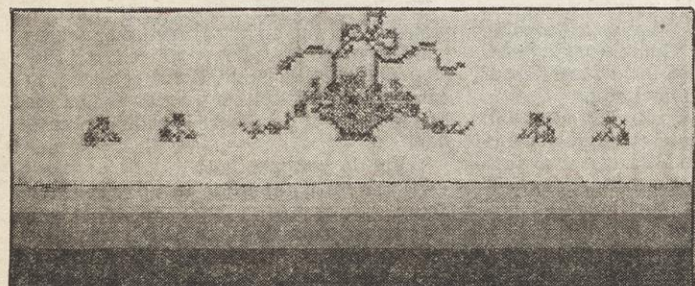
Star Flower Pillowcases



Shaded Hollyhock Pillowcases



Cross-stitch Posies Design Pillowcases

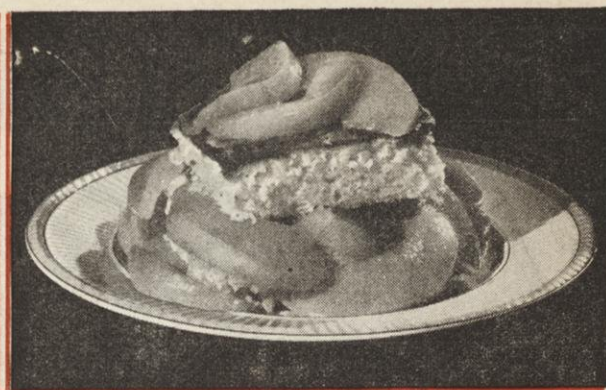


Pillowcases, hemstitched and stamped, \$1.00 a pair, floss 20c, may be secured from Woman's World, 4223 West Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.



Sliced Peaches

DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches are selected, tree-ripened fruit—the same finer quality and flavor you know in DEL MONTE Peach Halves. Simply sliced, for greater convenience in serving. Packed in four handy sizes of cans, No. 2½, 2, 1, and Buffet—to suit different needs! One quality—DEL MONTE Quality—in every DEL MONTE can!



A "minute dessert"—the minute you need it!

But don't ever miss the many other wonderful treats Del Monte Sliced Peaches bring to your table!

Don't forget that they are more, even, than a delightful dessert by themselves—ready to serve on the instant!

Just add DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches to almost any familiar dessert or salad—and you make it a little fresher, a great deal more likely to please. Or use them in shortcakes, pies, cobblers, cocktails, puddings, gelatines, etc., and see what a welcome they get!

The very finest peaches grown! Yet so economical, so convenient, you'll want to enjoy them often!

Just be sure you get
DEL MONTE

—And for tempting fruit cups, desserts and salads

—remember Del Monte Fruits for Salad!

Here's a fruit combination you'll go far to equal!

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BAYER  **ASPIRIN**

Bequest Intangible

(Continued from page 5)

Immediately after dinner, under cover of a lively argument as to whether they should dance, swim in the starlight or motor in to a play, Jerry adroitly cornered Mornay on the terrace.

"I'm fortunate to meet you here—at just this time," Jerry drawled.

"Have we met before?" Mornay asked. "Not exactly. You weren't—meeting people. Still—I know you."

Mornay dropped his guard suddenly. "What's your game, North?"

"I haven't any. Unless—you have."

The other man scowled. "You mean—Miss Caswell?"

"Exactly."

Mornay stared, puzzled. "If you try to interfere, she'll marry me, just to oppose you."

"I believe it," Jerry agreed cheerfully. "Still, one can do what one can. Get this, Mornay—she'll go into it with her eyes open."

"Very well," Mornay said, after a moment's consideration. "Suppose we have a talk—the three of us. Tomorrow at eleven, if Miss Caswell will agree?"

"All right," said Jerry, feeling as though he had been checkmated.

He went inside and found Sibyl dancing with the Russian; other men dancing with other women, but watching Sibyl. Presently he told her good-night.

IN SPITE of his fatigue after a hot trip across the desert, Jerry was long in settling to sleep, and sometime after midnight the telephone roused him. It was Miss Higgenloop's voice shrilling over the wire: "I must see you at once, Mr. North! Oh, hurry—"

In five minutes, he was dressed and entering Sibyl's suite.

An absurd figure, Miss Higgenloop, if she had not been pathetic.

"She's gone—she's gone!" wailed the poor lady.

"You mean Miss Caswell has gone away?"

"She took two bags and left a note and some money to take me home," sobbed Higgy. "I know she's gone with that man!"

So this was why Mornay had accepted interference so calmly. He had no intention of risking an interview.

"Please go back to bed, Miss Higgenloop," Jerry advised. "I'll do everything possible. Calm yourself and try not to worry." There was no time to waste comforting her. "How long ago did she leave the hotel—do you know?"

"Just a few minutes ago. I got up to get some hot milk from the thermos, and I saw a light in her room, and then the door closed—"

He charged down the hall to the elevator. Down in the lounge, he concentrated for a moment, head in his hands, upon Mornay's probable mental processes. He'd want to get away as far as possible and as inaccessibly. That meant a boat. But wherever he went, he'd have to get his own luggage from his hotel.

Jerry dashed to the desk. "Can you tell me the name of the hotel where Mr. Mornay is stopping—the Mornay who frequently calls here to see Miss Caswell?" he asked the rat-faced night clerk.

The man's eyebrows ascended to his bristly pompadour. "We are not accustomed to giving out such information."

Jerry drew out a bill with a yellow glint and shoved it across the desk.

A skinny hand closed over the bank

note. "The Mayfair," the rat said softly.

Outside, a taxi stood at the curb, a fat driver half asleep over the wheel. He squawked as Jerry dug him in the ribs.

"The Mayfair," Jerry barked. "Got to catch up with a fast car that left here fifteen minutes ago. One hundred dollars if you make it."

They were already whirling out of the drive with an unearthly squeal of gears.

There were maddening delays when they came into the boulevards, but when they swerved to a stop near the imposing façade of the hotel, Jerry heaved a sigh of relief. During the drive from the beach, he had grown doubtful of his own reasoning, less hopeful. But there at the curb before the entrance was a long yellow car with green wheels, and sitting quietly within it was Sibyl.

Jerry said, pressing several bills into the chubby chauffeur's hand, "Some pilot."

In the shadow of a doorway, he smoothed his tweeds, straightened his cravat, re-adjusted the dents in his soft hat. Then, strolling slowly, negligently toward the yellow car, he stopped exactly in line with it, wheeled, opened the door and stepped inside. The perfect mechanism purred into life and they slid away.

There had been only the slightest movement from the girl beside him, and a little gasp—that was all.

"This is criminal on two counts," she murmured at last, "—kidnaping and theft."

"Five," corrected Jerry. "Add bribery, speeding and driving without a license."

"Where are you taking me?"

"Darned if I know. We might," cheerfully, "drive a bit.

It's a marvelous night."

"Your effrontery amounts to genius," she said. "But, really, the coup d'autorité is wasted. I had decided not to marry him, anyway."

"Do you elope often—and change your mind?"

"I wasn't eloping. Not that it's any of your business. I agreed to drive to Santa Barbara and then make up my mind. I'd just decided to make off with the car and go back to Higgy when you stepped in."

"Why did you consider marrying Mornay at all, if you care no more than that?"

"What an old-fashioned point of view! Phil never bores me—that's a tremendous consideration. He's interesting and intelligent. He'd look after me. I'm tired—of fighting life—alone. And I don't believe in the reality of love—so that didn't make any difference . . ."

JERRY was thinking poignantly of Anthony. Of a long hot night when he had watched alone beside the bed, when the languorous tropical world was asleep.

Sibyl's cool voice cut across his memories, and in the light of them, her words were terrible to Jerry. "Please understand," she said, "that the fact that you came from my father would make me dislike you—if I bothered to dislike anyone."

"Why do you say that?"

"He shunted me aside in all ways that count. Shut me away in convents and foreign schools, left me to chance care and loneliness. The loneliness of a child can be frightful. I never saw him after I was twelve—but I heard about him in odd, indirect ways. He was the sort one

(Continued on page 35)

Bequest Intangible

(Continued from page 34)

hears about. I knew what he was like. He and mother separated before I was born. Mother hated me, I think. She hated having a daughter growing up. I rarely saw her. She loved only herself—and conquests. I was not wanted or loved. Mother was killed, you know—shot by an Italian who was infatuated with her...

"Even after that—father did not come to me. He sent Higgy, his old nurse, to travel with me. Higgy! Droll, wasn't it? He sent money—always plenty of money!" Her tone had been hard, expressionless; but now, abruptly, her composure was shaken. Something deep and pitiful broke through. "Oh, I could have lived in poverty—rather—"

Quickly as a curtain snaps down, she was aloof again, lifting her chin in scorn at her own self-betrayal. But in that fleeting instant, Jerry had glimpsed the secret places of her heart.

He groped for the right words, a subtlety of appeal. "I was devoted to your father," he said simply. "He was a great man—with great faults. Sometime, perhaps, you'll let me talk to you about him. He may have been all you think—except in one phase. He loved you, deeply and devotedly. You were all that he did love! He loved you too well to keep you near him!"

"Oh—how can you lie to me—"

"It's the truth. He talked to me about it—when he was dying. He thought you'd stand a better chance in life without him."

SHE sat very still, staring straight ahead. Instinct guided Jerry to say no more. As they turned into the broad way along the sea, she said, "If I could believe that, I—it would make all the difference!"

Before he could reply, they had swept into the drive before her hotel, and saw Mornay, scowling blackly, waiting on the terrace.

Mornay was too furious to be suave. "North, I ought to mop up the tiles with you!"

"Well, why don't you?" Jerry drawled, looking down from the security of his six feet one of muscular height. "Come now, be calm. I didn't steal your car, I borrowed it. You seemed to forget that you agreed to have a conference tomorrow—if Miss Caswell is willing. I had to bring you back for it."

"Conference?" Sibyl said quickly. "What about?"

Mornay stared incredulously. "You mean—"

Jerry smiled. "No, I haven't talked with Miss Caswell about you. Do you wish me to?"

Mornay made a slight gesture of defeat. "You've known each other before!"

Sibyl said swiftly. "I saw you talking together, early in the evening. There is some reason why you tried to stop my going away with Phil!"

"Yes," Jerry said. He wanted to cry out, "Your father would be alive today but for this man!"

She turned to the sullen dark man whose eyes had gone suddenly blank. "So that is why you were so headlong about getting me away. You are afraid of what Mr. North knows!" She faced Jerry. "Tell me!"

"It isn't a pretty story," he said. "I'd rather not drag it into the light. Suffice to say that money can do anything with the police—in some ports."

"Let it ride," Mornay interposed. "I'm licked, Sibyl. Your father had a big picture of you which he bought from a Florentine photographer. I fell hard for it. It wasn't by chance that I met you—"

Too late, he saw that his words meant much to North. Jerry knew now that Anthony's swift downfall, financial and otherwise, was Mornay's deliberate plan. No one knew better than Mornay that Anthony would have killed him rather than see Sibyl make such a marriage.

White with fury, Jerry stepped to the car and lifted out Sibyl's bags. "You'd better go," he said, very low.

Mornay climbed in behind the wheel and started the engine. But he had a final malicious shot. Leaning out, he said

distinctly, close to Sibyl's proud, contemptuous face, "Who's been paying your bills for two years—your huge, hang-the-expense bills? Your father has had no money! Is North your banker?"

Jerry leaped forward, but the car shot away into the night, and the two were left standing in the starlight, with no sound but the roar of the tide that dashed against the breakwater.

"Is that true?" she asked.

He could not lie to her. He stood silent and miserable.

"It was nothing," he said at last.

"Oh—" Her low cry was desperation.

"You must understand!" he protested.

"Until I saw Sprague a fortnight ago, I thought you were a child."

"Father let you—"

"He did not know. I arranged with his bankers that he should not know that everything was gone."

"And all this time—I've spent and spent—"

Suddenly—a strange thing happened. How long did they stand there gazing at each other? The universe—their universe—seemed to pause for a timeless interval. Something lifted, intoxicated, whirled them away into the infinite majesty of the night. For a moment they stood still as two marble figures carved in a single inspired mood.

It was Sibyl who spoke first; slow, involuntary, breathless words: "It couldn't—happen—like this—"

"It has happened," Jerry said. He did not move toward her. "But it mustn't be like this—don't you see, Sibyl?"

She looked at him, with eyes wide and dark like black pansies. Then she nodded.

Jerry straightened and bowed over her hand. "I ask nothing, now—not even a promise! I want to prove to you that life is not all as you have found it. Tomorrow, Sibyl, I am coming to call. Tomorrow, I begin my courting! It is to be as old-fashioned as my New England ancestors. Darli—ah—Miss Caswell, let's have a good time for a few weeks. Let's learn to know each other—our minds and hearts. After that—if we feel—Oh, gosh—say something! Help a little!"

She stepped back from him suddenly, her clenched hand against her lips, and the despair in her voice stabbed Jerry. "I am afraid!" she cried. "I am like father—I would bring you unhappiness!"

Deliberately he laughed, shattering the tense moment.

"I suppose you will lead me a life! But you'll be darn busy, too. I'm something terrible. I scatter ashes and cigaret stubs, and get stickers for driving at fifty-five, and forget to check luggage, and flirt with red-haired ladies—"

"I'll scratch their eyes out!"

"And I spill ink on the blotter, and hate parties, and have black moods—"

She came nearer and looked up at him almost timidly. "Black moods—of loneliness?"

"Yes." And that was true.

She sighed blissfully. "So do I!"

A MONTH later, and three hours after their wedding, they had put a rapturous Higgy on a train, with a bank book and a ticket for Vermont in her handbag, and were leaving their hotel for a boat, when a page ran after them with a belated parcel. Sibyl opened it as they sped through the streets in a taxi. It was a small box, and on the inner wrapper was a penciled note from Timothy Sprague:

"This box has been in my possession for more than a year. I don't know what is in it. Bless you, my children!"

Off came the cover, and Sibyl gave a low cry of delight. A necklace of sapphires lay in a satin bed, catching the light with a thousand blue fires. A note lay beneath it. Sibyl's face whitened when she saw the scrawled writing.

"Read it to me, Jerry!"

It was only a line: "For my beloved daughter, Sibyl, upon the occasion of her marriage to my incomparable friend, Gerald North."

Clever Anthony!

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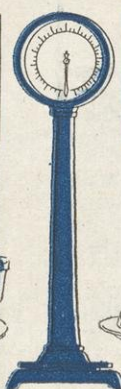
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REDUCING THE WEIGHT THROUGH DIET

Eat these foods



Avoid these foods



The Vital Effect of Diet on Health

A REGULATED DIET, EXERCISE AND WILLPOWER ARE THE SAFEST FORMULA FOR REDUCING THE WEIGHT

By Nina Simmonds Estill

Nina Simmonds Estill is an outstanding authority in the field of diet and nutrition; she received the degree of Doctor of Science from Johns Hopkins University and has collaborated with Dr. E. V. McCollum in three books. This is the ninth of her series of practical articles.

IN LAST month's article it was stated that it is possible for most individuals to increase their weight by eating more food and taking more rest. Similarly, it should be possible for most overweight individuals to reduce their weight by eating less food and taking more exercise. This is indeed possible, but for those of us who are very fond of pastries, candy and other rich foods it is far easier to increase our weight by diet than to reduce it by eating less, because it is these tasty foods which conspire to keep our weight above normal. Anyone who says that it is an easy matter to reduce even a few pounds by diet and exercise either hasn't tried it or is made of the stuff of which martyrs are made; but it is the only safe way and, since our health is our most precious possession, a little sacrifice of the foods we like is a small one to make from a health standpoint. The French proverb, "One must suffer to be beautiful," can be appreciated by those of us who have reduced even a few pounds.

However, overweight, like underweight, indicates a serious condition which should be corrected, and as great an effort should be made to reduce the weight to normal as to increase it when it is below normal. Physicians and insurance companies unanimously agree that overweight means lessened activity, increased ill-health, liability to disease and a proportionate shortening of the span of life. Most overweight individuals may eat and exercise their way back to health and normal activity again; or they may eat themselves straight to an early grave, sometimes stopping along the road at such unpleasant stations as diabetes, shortness of breath, high blood pressure, great fatigue, and kindred ills. One should not forget that those who are overweight have a much greater chance of developing diabetes than those who are normal in weight.

Overweight Is a Health Problem

There are three types of overweight persons. The first group comprises those who eat more food than they need and who are not sufficiently active to use up the surplus fat through exercise. According to Dr. E. P. Joslin, who is an authority on diabetes, the vast majority of individuals who are overweight belong in this group; the safe and sane way for these persons to reduce is to regulate the diet and take more exercise. This article is written for this group. The second group is composed of those persons suffering from some glandular deficiency; they appear to be abnormally efficient in making fat from starches and sugars, and no matter how heroically these individuals adhere to a limited diet, they go merrily on manufacturing excess fat. The cause of their obesity is the storing of fat in the body under conditions which are largely independent of diet and hence do not respond effectively to dietary control. The third group is composed of individuals who not only eat too much but also have glandular trouble. These last two groups can be helped only by their physicians.

Overweight is not of importance because it ruins one's figure, but because it may shorten one's life. Obesity is becoming a public health problem. Some of our modern ways of living make for impaired health because they make for increased weight. For example, we now ride in airplanes, in Pullmans, and in comfortable automobiles over excellent highways, whereas previously we walked,

rode horseback or traveled in jolting stage-coaches over bumpy country roads. We no longer walk to the grocery store for our provisions, for the telephone and the delivery wagon have made this unnecessary. Except for members of hiking clubs and golf enthusiasts, walking has become an almost forgotten art. The automobile and the street car are so convenient!

Much publicity has been given to the statistics compiled by life insurance companies which show that beyond 35 years of age, the group which lives longest and is healthiest and most efficient comprises those men and women who are somewhat under average weight for their height and age. But under 25 years of age this is not true, for boys and girls have better health prospects if they are a little above the average weight. The following illustration shows clearly what it means to be several pounds overweight. If a woman 40 years of age is 5 feet 5 inches tall and weighs 170 pounds, she is about 28 pounds overweight; she may suffer more or less from indigestion and constipation, and usually finds herself short of breath after climbing a few stairs or taking a short walk. The normal average weight for a woman 40 years of age of this height is about 142 pounds. If a mother were to carry around a 28-pound two-year-old child continuously for several days, she would be utterly worn out; but this is not unlike what this overweight woman of 40 years is doing; she tires easily simply because she is carrying an unnecessary burden.

Quackery Versus Common Sense

To be slender is an almost universal feminine desire. It is particularly difficult for a woman who is very much overweight to look well in her clothes, especially during hot weather. During the past few years, women's fashions have given a wonderful stimulus to one branch of quackery, namely, the exploiting of "obesity cures." The desire to be slender far beyond the degree compatible with good health has caused thousands of women to throw away money on so-called "reduction remedies" which were either dangerous or worthless, or more probably both. The very human habit of impatience has induced many obese persons to resort to the use of drugs for weight reduction. Practically every "fat cure," no matter to what type it belongs, is exploited under the claims that those who use it do not need to diet or exercise. The makers of these products know human nature very well, for none of us like to diet and none of us like to exercise; but there is no other safe way to reduce the weight. Desiccated thyroid is the basis of many products sold for the reduction of weight, but so powerful a substance as thyroid should never be taken unless under the direct supervision of a physician. Many obesity cures have been investigated by the American Medical Association, which has published an interesting booklet (which can be purchased for a few cents) which should be read by everyone interested in knowing more about the claims of these products.

Physicians have repeatedly stated that it is seldom that the food consumed at regular meals has caused the miseries of overweight, unless one partakes very liberally of unusually rich foods and takes almost no exercise. The snack between meals, the candy while one is reading; the nut sundae; the afternoon tea with its tempting sandwiches, frosted cup cakes and dish of salted nuts; the extra piece of pie or cake or the unusually large serving of whipped cream desserts—these are the stumbling blocks to the normal figure. Pastry, nuts, candy and ice cream in moderate amounts add a pleasing final touch to the dinner, but when taken between meals they must be

sternly condemned if one really wishes to lose weight.

If one is considerably overweight, for example, 25 pounds or more, it is unwise to begin a change of diet for reducing the weight without a complete medical examination by a competent physician; he should be consulted about the diet and his advice carefully followed. If one wants to reduce only a few pounds, this can be done without any laborious dietary calculations, although it often adds interest to consult one of the many books on nutrition found in any public library giving the caloric values of foods, because one can then estimate the number present in the day's food. Tables giving height and weight at various ages will also be found in these books. The reducing diet should be a complete one; that is, there should be protein, minerals, vitamins, etc., but these will be present if the directions are followed. One should not try to lose more than a pound to one and one-half pounds per week; if one reduces too rapidly, the health may be undermined. Daily walks should be taken, short ones at first, but the distance should be gradually increased until one is walking about two miles per day. Walking is one of the best and cheapest of exercises. One should drink plenty of water—six to eight glasses per day.

One who wishes to reduce should not eat or should eat very sparingly of the following foods: Salad dressings, such as mayonnaise unless it is made with mineral oil; rich cakes, pies and candy; fat fish, such as salmon, shad or mackerel; fat meats, such as roast pork, duck or roast beef which is streaked with fat; rich gravies; marmalades and jellies; ice cream with rich sauces; nuts; cream; fried foods—in other words, foods rich in fat, starches and sugars should be kept to the minimum. Bread and butter should be eaten sparingly. A diet low in butter and cream is usually low in vitamin A, so it is wise to take a teaspoonful of cod liver oil morning and evening while on a reducing diet to add more of this factor to the diet. This small amount of cod liver oil adds much more vitamin A than the same amount of butter or cream.

Foods for Reducing Menus

The following list of foods will serve as a guide for preparing menus for persons who are reducing:

Cottage cheese prepared from skim milk; this contains good protein and also calcium. The latter is essential for bones and teeth.

Eggs prepared in any way except fried or fixed with cream or butter.

Drinks: Buttermilk; skim milk; orange juice; lemonade with a small amount of sugar if any; tea or coffee with a dash of cream and sugar.

Fruits: Apples; apricots; blueberries; grapefruit; oranges; peaches; pears; pineapple; various kinds of berries; cantaloupe and watermelon. Oranges are especially valuable because of their high vitamin C content. Fruit and fruit salads should be used for dessert instead of pies and puddings, etc.

Meats: Fat meats must not be eaten and the fat which is on meat used should be removed. Beef, lean (boiled, broiled, roasted or made into hamburger); chicken, lamb, liver, turkey, veal, also the lean portion of ham and bacon.

Cereals: The whole grain cereals, such as shredded wheat, are best to use. It is well to substitute small servings of others for a change, but cereals must be used sparingly. One-half the regular serving is a good rule. Skim milk should be served on them, but no sugar.

Vegetables: Asparagus; cauliflower; cabbage; carrots; celery; Brussels sprouts; beet greens; spinach; kale sprouts; lettuce; sauerkraut; (Continued on page 53)



Soften the water— then your white wash dries snow-white

ARE you puzzled by the way your white wash dries gray? Hard water—water filled with harsh alkalis—causes all the trouble. These alkalis combine with soap and dirt to make a gray scum almost impossible to scrub or rinse away.

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The Genie of the Ring

(Continued from page 11)

Morning. The ugly street going to work that it might bring back its daily bread. Pulling on her small hat, the Girl made ready for Wheeler & Co. At lunch hour she would look up another boarding-place, or perhaps—she would phone the man. Strangely, she knew that in the secret stronghold which was still her own soul she had always contemplated that way out! At the corner she stumbled into Mr. Willis.

"Good-morning. I say, this is luck."
"Good-morning." The Girl sought to pass, but Mr. Willis swung easily into her gait and held it.

They boarded a train and hung on to straps together. Mr. Willis acted the part of a detached brother or cousin until they reached Fourteenth Street, when the Girl said briefly, "This is my station," and Mr. Willis cheerfully admitting that it was his station, too, they followed the crowd upstairs.

"East or west?" asked Mr. Willis, and the Girl turned, at bay. "It really isn't at all necessary for you to go any farther."

Mr. Willis stood looking down at her. He was very tall. "I'm a coward," he said. "I've been trying to say something to you ever since we started. I wish you'd give all of us another chance."

"Chance?"
"I want you to stay with us," said Mr. Willis quietly, "until you get over—whatever is making you unhappy."

The Girl, crimsoning to her forehead, looked away from him. Her lips framed a sentence, "You are being very intimate—for a stranger."

"But I'm not a stranger," said Mr. Willis. "None of us are who cross each other's paths and need each other. I wish you would look on me as—a friend. Give us all another chance," he went on hurriedly. "We're a job lot, but we're good scouts. You have no idea how we help one another when the going is heavy."

The Girl murmured something on a breath sharply indrawn. Then she added abruptly, "I am unhappy, but not one of you can help me. All the same, I'll stay."

Mr. Willis suddenly shot out his hand, and finding hers, gripped it. "That's great," he said. "Thank you a lot for giving us a try-out. It's—it's a bully thing for you to do." The next minute he had lifted his hat and swung onto the rear of an uptown trolley.

IT WAS like that always, the Girl saw, as time went on and she lived among them. They were a job lot and needed much sorting. There were moments when they touched her on the raw—crude, uncomfortable moments when the Girl drew back into her shell like a hurt sea-animal. They asked her intimate questions. They probed her past. Not unkindly. Evidently they were used to fresh beginnings.

The Girl found herself growing lighter of heart, the weight lifting off her spirit, even when she thought of the man. He had loved her hair, her eyes, to touch her smooth cheek. But—she went farther than that. There was more to her. Countries he had not discovered, valleys of shame, humiliation—and heights, yes, heights. The Girl, hugging her knees alone in the boarding-house which was her new life, realized that with a helping hand she might have climbed. Then suddenly she remembered another man, a plain man, who had taken the time to stand on a busy corner and say to her, "You've no idea how we help one another when the going is heavy." At that instant she could have said to him, very humbly, "Already you have helped me."

But the Girl had no chance to say it. Mr. Willis, it seemed, was working very late at the office. Night after night she went down to the basement dining-room to find him missing, and it was strange that in some way it affected her. It was not exactly depression, it was just that she disliked the gap of his empty chair.

Then one afternoon Flossie Merkle came home with a headache. The Girl heard her in the next room, moaning from time to time with the pain of it. An impulse sent the Girl to Flossie's room.

(Continued on page 43)

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Foreign Meat Dishes

We may sample the famed foods of distant countries without going beyond our own kitchens

By LILY HAXWORTH WALLACE

HOW would you like to go on a brief cruise this month and see what we can discover in a few foreign kitchens to vary our home menus? Naturally, every country has its own specialties, the ingredients for the making of some of which are not always easily procurable in our own United States and for which substitutions must be made. Nevertheless, there is much that we can learn from our overseas neighbors which will add both variety and piquancy to our sometimes rather monotonous meat course.

"All aboard!" Our first stop will be in northern England where, despite all that has been said and written to the contrary, there really are some wonderfully good and savory dishes to be found. We shan't have time for more than one recipe today and there are no strange ingredients in it to worry us.

England—Yorkshire Steak

2 pounds round steak
1 finely minced onion
1 teaspoon minced parsley
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon flour
2 cups stock or water

Have the steak cut thick. Pound it with a rolling-pin or wooden mallet, then score the surface in one and one-half inch squares with a sharp knife, cutting only a little way into the fiber of the meat. Rub into these cuts the seasonings and flavorings blended together, then cook the steak in a hot, well-greased frying-pan just until browned on both sides. Transfer to a casserole, add the stock or water, cover closely and bake in a slow oven for two hours. Serve with plain boiled potatoes, rice or macaroni. Cost, 86c; time, 2¼ hours; serves four.

France—Poulet Perdu

1 cup cooked chicken
1 tablespoon flour
1 tablespoon butter
2 tablespoons cream
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon paprika
Few gratings lemon rind
1 tablespoon minced parsley
1 egg yolk
Pastry

Mince the chicken very finely or pass it through the food chopper, add the remaining ingredients and blend thoroughly.

Roll out thinly any good rich pastry, cut into four-inch squares and put a portion of the chicken mixture, rolled into the form of a flattened sausage, in the center of each square. Wet the edges with milk or egg white, fold the pastry over the filling and pinch the ends firmly together. Brush over with milk or egg and bake ten or fifteen minutes in hot oven. Or make the rolls a little smaller, dip into beaten egg, then into bread crumbs, and fry golden brown in deep hot fat, draining on soft crumpled paper before serving. Cost, 95c; time, 1 hour; serves four.

India—Calcutta Curry

1 tart apple or ½ cup diced rhubarb
1 large onion
¼ cup melted shortening or cooking oil
1 small cut-up chicken or 2 pounds diced lamb or veal
2 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon curry powder
1 cup coconut water
½ can shredded pineapple with juice
2 tablespoons lemon juice
Boiled rice

Peel and dice both onion and apple (or rhubarb) and cook in the fat for five minutes. Remove the onion and fruit and brown the meat, which has been rolled in the blended flour, salt and curry powder, in the same fat, removing the pieces

of meat as they become golden brown. If any flour is left, add it to the fat, then stir in the coconut water—made by pouring one cup of boiling water over one cup coconut, using either fresh or moist canned coconut, covering this and setting aside until cold, then straining and squeezing the water from the coconut, from which practically all flavor will have been drawn out. Add also the pineapple and lemon juice, and bring all to boiling-point. Replace the onion, fruit and meat in the pan, cover closely and simmer until tender—from one to one and one-half hours—adding a little additional coconut water or stock should that in the pan boil away too much. Serve with an abundance of well-cooked rice in a separate dish. If possible, pass Indian Chutney with the curry. Cost, \$1.40; time, 2 hours; serves four.

China—Chow Mein

1 pound freshly cooked meat or shell-fish
4 tablespoons cooking oil or melted shortening
1 cup water or stock
2 cups celery
1 teaspoon corn-starch
1 medium-sized onion
¼ pound mushrooms—fresh, canned or dried
Fried noodles
Boiled rice

Cut the meat—pork, white meat of chicken, veal or lobster or crabmeat—into thin strips about one inch long and cook five minutes in half the heated fat. Add the water or stock, bring to boiling-point and stir in the corn-starch mixed smoothly with a tablespoon of the liquid. Cover and simmer just until the meat is tender. Meanwhile, in another pan, heat the remaining fat and cook in it, without coloring, the onion, mushrooms and celery cut in very fine strips. (If dried mushrooms are used, they should be soaked at least two hours in cold water before using.) Cook three minutes, combine the two mixtures and pour over the noodles, garnishing with shreds of chicken, lobster or egg (the latter beaten and fried until set), these shreds being as thin as it is possible to make them. Serve boiled rice separately. Cost, approximately \$1.25; time, 1 hour; serves four.

Fried Noodles

1 egg
½ teaspoon salt
Flour to make a very stiff dough

Beat the egg slightly, add the flour and salt and work all together until quite smooth. Knead, turn onto a floured board, roll one-eighth inch thick, sprinkle the surface lightly with flour, cut into strips, lay these one over the other and slice into noodles about half the length of a match. Shake apart and fry golden brown in deep hot fat, draining on soft crumpled paper. Cost, 7c; time, ½ hour.

Mexico—Chile Con Carne

2 pounds top sirloin
2 tablespoons flour
1½ teaspoons salt
1 clove garlic
¼ cup melted shortening
2 tablespoons chili powder
2 quarts water
4 cups cooked red kidney beans

Cut the meat into one and one-half inch squares, add the flour and salt, tossing the meat in these so that it is coated with the flour. Mince the garlic very fine (one medium-sized onion may be substituted but will not give the true flavor). Brown the garlic and the meat in the hot melted shortening, add the chili powder and water and simmer from two to three hours, or until the meat is very tender. Add the cooked beans half an hour before serving. Cost, \$1.25; time, 3½ hours; serves six.

Bread Puddings De Luxe

Delicious desserts result when this simple type of pudding is made with skill and imagination



By LILY HAXWORTH WALLACE

"GIVE a dog a bad name and hang him" is a proverb that might well be applied to the subject under discussion. The opprobrium in many instances is really deserved, for bread pudding as all too often served partakes very much of the nature of a poultice. Properly made, it is a dessert deserving of a place on any menu, and the varieties of bread pudding are so numerous that there isn't any excuse for the waste of even the smallest slice of bread.

Obviously, the first essential ingredient in any bread pudding must be bread. If we make use of crusty, irregular pieces, let them be dried and crushed; where slices of bread are employed, they should be thin, neatly put together and well buttered, perhaps made into a sandwich with raisins, nuts, jam, jelly or marmalade. Don't forget in using dried bread that it will absorb a good deal more moisture than fresh soft bread. Our basic recipe gives proportions of dry and liquid ingredients which are likely to suit most tastes. Another point that must be remembered is that it is not wise to dry and store for future use either buttered bread or biscuits or forms of hot bread containing much shortening, as these are apt to turn rancid; such breads should be utilized at once.

Flavoring Suggestions

The basic bread pudding suggested can be varied as regards flavor (as also can a similar pudding made with slices of bread) by the addition of a large tart diced apple, pared and cored, while sliced bananas or other fresh, canned or stewed fruit may be called into service as flavorers and extenders.

Have you a little sirup left over from canned fruit? Then use it in place of part or all of the sugar. Do you wish a richer pudding? The answer is simple: use one or more additional eggs and a little more butter. Would you like your pudding to be puffy, on the order of a soufflé? Then separate the eggs, add the yolks only to the mixture just before baking it—this is suitable only for a pudding made with crumbs. Or use strong coffee or chocolate in place of plain milk. When one begins to make a game of it and to see how many variations are possible, the difficulty is not to know how to go on, but where to stop!

Basic Bread Pudding

2 cups milk 1 tablespoon butter
1 cup bread crumbs 1 egg
3 tablespoons sugar ½ teaspoon vanilla
¼ teaspoon salt

Scald the milk, add the crumbs, sugar, salt and butter, cover and set aside until cool. Add the egg and vanilla, turn into a buttered baking dish and bake in a moderate oven—350 degrees F.—about three-quarters of an hour. Serve hot or cold with cream, top milk or a sweet sauce. Cost, 22c; time, 1½ hours.

Variations of Basic Bread Pudding

1. **Black Cap Pudding.** Cover the bottom of the buttered baking dish thickly with halved seeded raisins. Bake as directed and unmold before serving.

2. **Chocolate Pudding.** Melt 2 squares (ounces) cooking chocolate in a saucepan, add the milk, then proceed as directed.

3. **Caramel Pudding.** Melt ¼ cup sugar in a heavy frying pan; when golden brown, add the milk. The sugar will harden at first but will gradually melt

in the hot milk. Strain before using and in this instance use only 2 tablespoons of sugar in the recipe, proceeding as for Basic Bread Pudding.

4. **Queen Pudding.** Add only the egg yolk to the pudding mixture, then before serving spread the top with strawberry, raspberry, apricot or peach jam and top with a meringue made from the egg white stiffly beaten with a little sugar. Return to a cool oven for a few minutes to set and delicately color the meringue.

Golden Pudding

2 cups cooked carrots ½ cup finely cut candied peel, optional
½ cup shortening 2 cups bread crumbs
1 cup sugar ¼ teaspoon salt
2 eggs 1½ teaspoons baking-powder
1 cup seeded raisins ½ cup milk

Press the carrots through a sieve so they may be entirely free from lumps. Cream the shortening and sugar, add the beaten eggs, then the carrots, raisins, candied peel, if used, with the milk. Stir together the crumbs, salt and baking-powder, add them to the first mixture and turn into a well-greased mold. This pudding may either be baked or steamed; if the former, set the mold in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven—350 degrees F.—about one and one-half hours; if steamed, cover closely and steam two hours. Turn out and serve with any preferred sweet sauce. Cost, 52c; time, 2½ hours; serves six.

Mock Indian Pudding

8 rather thick slices whole wheat bread ½ cup molasses
Butter 1 quart milk
Slight grating nutmeg

Butter the slices of bread generously, having first removed the crusts, then place in a large baking dish and pour over them the molasses mixed with three cups of the milk. Grate a little nutmeg over the surface and set aside for half an hour, then bake from two to three hours in a very slow oven, adding the remaining cupful of milk at the end of the first hour. Serve hot or cold with light cream or a soft custard sauce. Cost, 35c; time, about 4 hours; serves six.

Steamed Fig-Prune Pudding

½ cup chopped beef suet 2 tablespoons flour
½ cup sugar
½ cup chopped figs ½ teaspoon salt
½ cup chopped stoned prunes Grated rind ½ lemon
1½ cups bread crumbs 2 eggs
About 1 cup milk

If desired, the suet, figs and dates may all be passed through the food chopper, otherwise chop each finely and combine. Add the crumbs, flour, sugar, salt and grated lemon rind and moisten with the beaten eggs and milk. Mix thoroughly, turn into a well-greased mold, steam three hours and serve with hard or liquid sauce. Cost, 48c; time, 3½ hours; serves six.

Marmalade Pudding

1½ cups bread crumbs ½ cup marmalade—orange, peach, apricot, etc.
2 eggs
1½ cups milk

Thoroughly grease a plain mold or bowl and put the crumbs and marmalade into it in alternate thin layers. Beat the eggs until light, combine with the milk and pour carefully over the mixture in the bowl. Set aside for half an hour, then cover and steam one hour. Unmold and serve hot with lemon sauce. Cost, 39c; time, 1¾ hours; serves four.

"WHAT CAN I SERVE FOR MY NEXT BRIDGE PARTY?"

We are often asked this question because every hostess likes to serve something different — something that will make guests say, "Oh, isn't that delicious!" Our kitchens are constantly working out new recipes for all occasions, and will gladly help you solve any problem of entertainment, if you will write us.

In the meantime, here are two recipes made with Knox Gelatine that are especially attractive for the bridge party; or, for that mat-

ter, any occasion when you want something especially appealing to everyone.

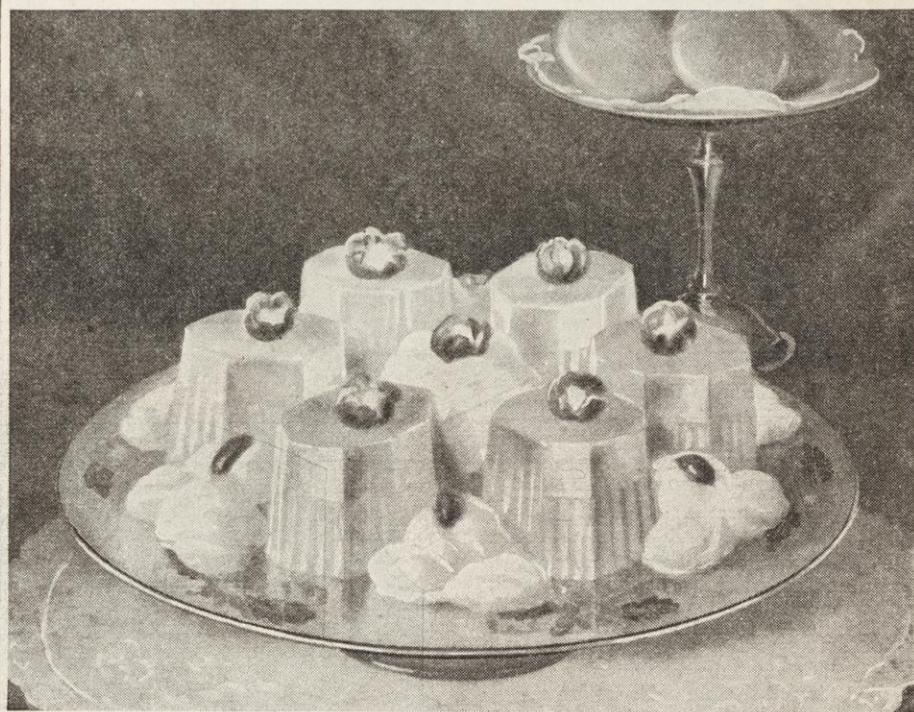
SPANISH CREAM (6 Servings) (Illustrated)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine · 3 cups milk · ½ cup sugar, scant · ¼ teaspoonful salt · 1 teaspoonful vanilla · 3 eggs.

Soak gelatine in the milk about five minutes. Place over hot water and when gelatine is dissolved add sugar. Pour slowly on the yolks of the eggs slightly beaten, return to double boiler and cook until thickened somewhat, stirring constantly. Remove from stove and add salt and flavoring, then add whites of eggs beaten until stiff. Turn into one large or individual molds, first dipped in cold water, and place in ice box. (This will separate and form a jelly on the bottom and custard on top.) Unmold and serve with whipped cream, sliced oranges or any fruit or fruit juice.

Try the two recipes given here and you will still have enough gelatine left for two other delightful dishes of six servings each.

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the week—six generous servings of each.

PINEAPPLE CHEESE SALAD (6 Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine · ¼ cup cold water · ½ cup boiling water · ¾ cup grated cheese · 1 cup crushed pineapple, canned · 1 tablespoonful sugar · Few grains salt · ½ cup cream or evaporated milk, whipped.

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes and dissolve in boiling water; add sugar, salt and pineapple. When it begins to stiffen, beat in the cream and cheese. Turn into small wet molds. Chill and when firm, unmold and serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise—sprinkle the mayonnaise with chopped red or green peppers.

Mail the coupon for the Knox Recipe Books which answer any possible question about desserts, salads, candies, meat and fish dishes and other dainties.

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Breakfast, Luncheon and Dinner

Individuality and Charm in Correct Table Decorations

When the Hostess Entertains in a Formal Manner

By LILY HAXWORTH WALLACE

THE modern delight in color and variety allows a great deal of latitude in the selection of table appointments and in the manner of serving a meal, but the observance of a few simple rules for setting the table will accomplish the three-fold purpose of making the table attractive, simplifying the service of the meal and contributing to the comfort of those served. The illustrations on this page show tables correctly and attractively set for the three principal meals of the day, and the generally accepted rules governing the setting of each table are discussed below.

Father's time is limited. If there is any likelihood that pepper and salt will be needed, see that shakers are on the table, one pair between each two persons. Water, marmalade or jelly may also be on the table from the beginning of the

for each "cover," that is, from the center of one plate to the center of the next.

For a guest luncheon, the table may be laid with matching place doilies and centerpiece or with a damask luncheon cloth; if using the latter, the correct hangover is from eight to twelve inches on all sides, and a table pad or silence cloth must be placed under it; indeed, even with doilies, the use of pads under them is recommended to protect the surface of the table.

Arrange the centerpiece of fruit or flowers with due observance of the rule that this shall be either so low or so tall as to interfere neither with conversation nor vision across the table. Place the correct number of service plates at equal distances apart, the positions of the flat silver and of the water glass or goblet being the same as already outlined for breakfast, that is to say, the implements to be used in the right hand are placed to the right and those to be used in the left hand are placed to the left, in the order of their use, starting from the outside. If the lunch is to consist of not more than three courses, all the necessary flat silver may be on the table at the beginning of the meal; with more than three, any additional silver is

placed at the time the course with which it is to be used is served, for it is not good form to make ostentatious display of table silver.

Water glasses should be only two-thirds filled, individual salt and pepper shakers (in pairs) placed either opposite each person or between each two covers, while the lower edge of the service plate, the tips of the handles of the flat silver and the lower edge of the napkin should be in exact alignment, one inch from the edge of the table. Bread and butter plates are sometimes used at an informal luncheon but never at a formal luncheon, nor at dinner.

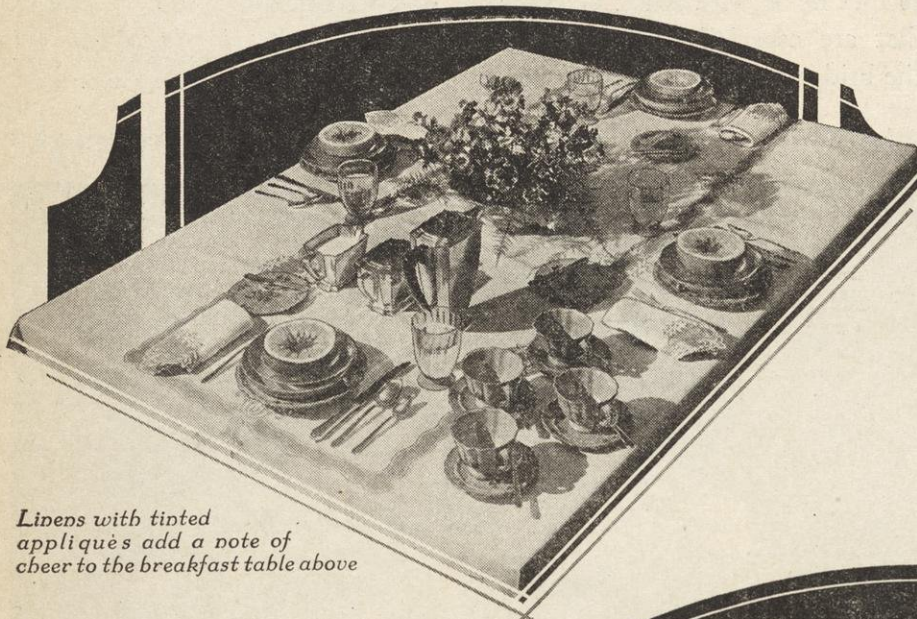
The Dinner Table

The arrangement of the dinner table is the same as for luncheon except for its somewhat greater formality of service as a whole. A few years ago, dinner tables were heaped to overflowing with cut glass, silver and other accessories, but today we depend for beauty on impressive simplicity rather than mass display, the thought of a harmonious whole being constantly kept in mind. This principle is demonstrated in the tables illustrated, on all of which restrained beauty is the keynote.

On a very long table, two groups of flowers will give a better effect than a single centerpiece. Candles are used without shades and the present vogue for tall candles is an excellent one as this brings the flame above the level of the eye. If the table is laid for ten or twelve persons, either six candles or two candelabra will give sufficient lighting. Additional dining-room lighting should be done by means of side lights rather than a glaring overhead chandelier, but if this cannot be avoided, veil its harshness with a soft colored shade which may carry out the color scheme of the room.

Correct place-cards are heavy plain white or cream cards about two and one-half inches long by one and one-half inches high, the name being written clearly with black ink. Decorated or fancy place-cards are used only at a family or very intimate party or perhaps to celebrate some special occasion. When place-cards are used, they should be laid above the center of the service plate.

Salted nuts and bonbons may be served in small individual dishes placed just above the covers or in silver or crystal compotes placed at each end of the table.



Linens with tinted appliques add a note of cheer to the breakfast table above

Setting the Breakfast Table

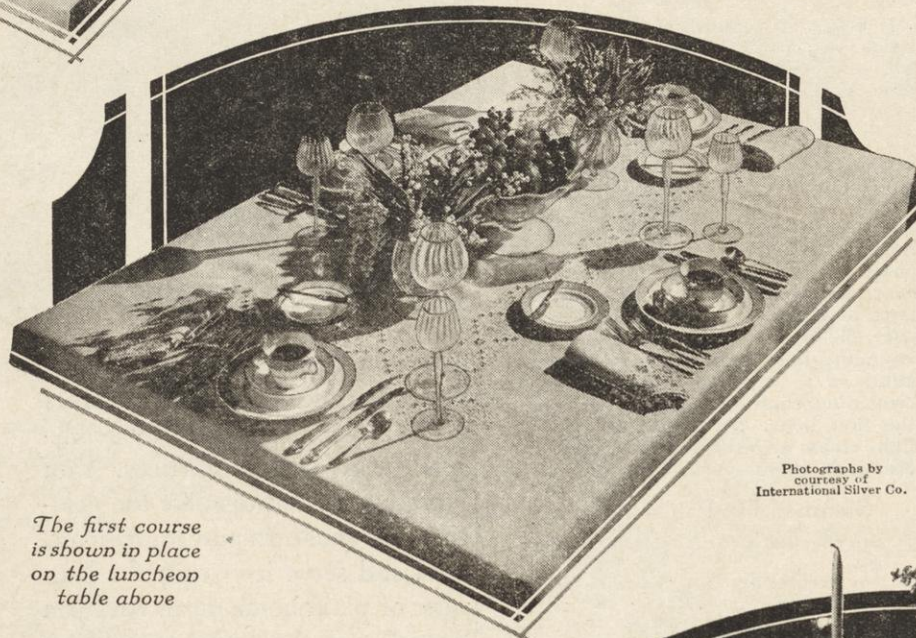
After carefully arranging linens—breakfast cloth, runners or doilies—place service plates and flat silver at each cover, knife and cereal spoon at the right, fork (if the menu demands it) at the left, with napkin neatly folded at the left of the fork and water glass at the tip of the knife, the sharp edge of which is always turned toward the plate. Forks are always placed with the prongs up, spoons with the bowls up. Bread and butter plates should be placed at the left of each cover at the tip of the fork, the butter spreader lying across the upper or the right-hand side of the plate. A butter ball or pat should be placed on each plate, or alternatively a glass dish of butter pats or balls may be provided with its accompanying small serving knife, pick or fork.

If the fruit to be served is one which must be handled, this will necessitate the use of finger-bowls, these being placed just beyond the central or service plates. The fruit knife or spoon may be arranged with other silver at the right of the cover or laid on the fruit plate, which should rest on the service plate. The fruit is usually in place when breakfast is served.

I appreciate, of course, that many of us, especially when doing our own work, will eliminate the service plate, but I am speaking now of correct service.

The coffee equipage is arranged in front of the mistress and includes percolator or pot, cream and sugar and cups and saucers. Cup handles should be turned toward the right and spoons are usually placed in the saucers.

It is a matter for personal decision whether the cereal is served from the kitchen in individual dishes or brought to table in one large dish for service there. If the latter, a serving spoon must be placed at the right of the cover of the one who is to serve. In the same way, if a platter of bacon, ham, sausages or other meat is brought to table, it will be placed before the master of the house or one of the older children for service, if



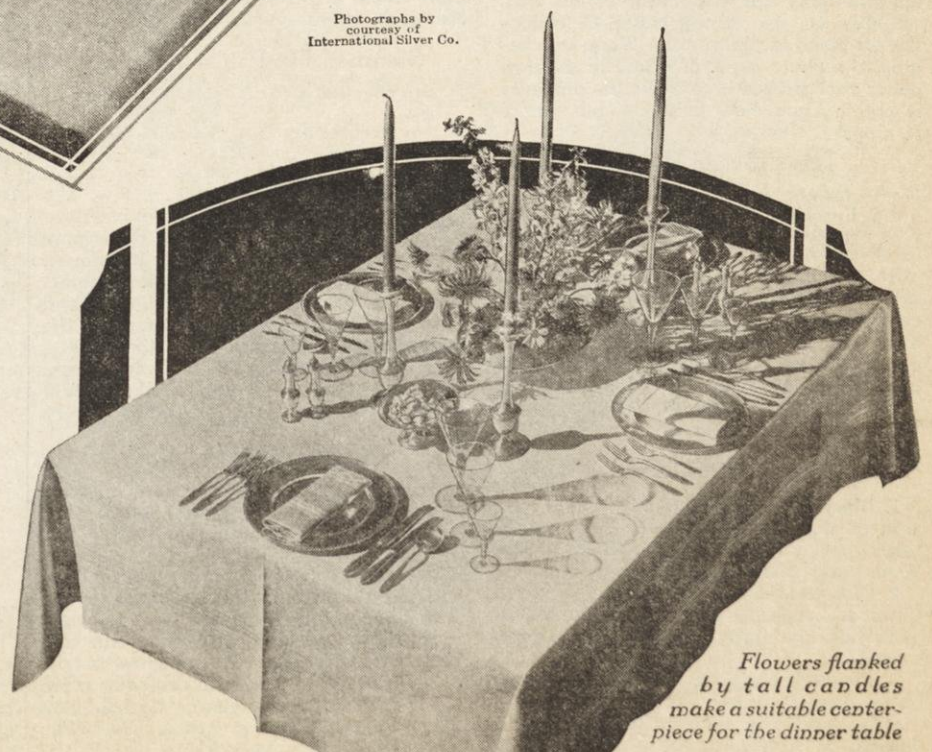
The first course is shown in place on the luncheon table above

meal. Serve rolls, biscuits, muffins, etc., on a hot plate with a napkin tucked lightly over and around them to conserve the heat. Toast is usually made at table as needed, one person being in charge of the toaster.

With maid service, fruit plates, finger-bowls and cereal dishes are each removed after use and the service plate replaced with a hot one for the meat dish. Failing maid service, it is a good plan to have, at Mother's left, a tea wagon or serving table on which soiled dishes may be placed, thus keeping the table itself neat and orderly in appearance.

The Luncheon Table

The setting of a table for luncheon has so many points in common with the setting of a table for dinner that, for the most part, one description will suffice. The first rule to be observed is that the table itself must be large enough to permit an allowance of twenty-four inches



Photographs by courtesy of International Silver Co.

Flowers flanked by tall candles make a suitable centerpiece for the dinner table

**Of course you didn't expect them—but
that's all right . . . Says the Uneeda Boy**



There's nothing to get fussed over . . . I'm the Uneeda Boy, and I've an idea or two for you.

The Uneeda Bakers make so many good things for parties that you can always get up a spread in no time at all.

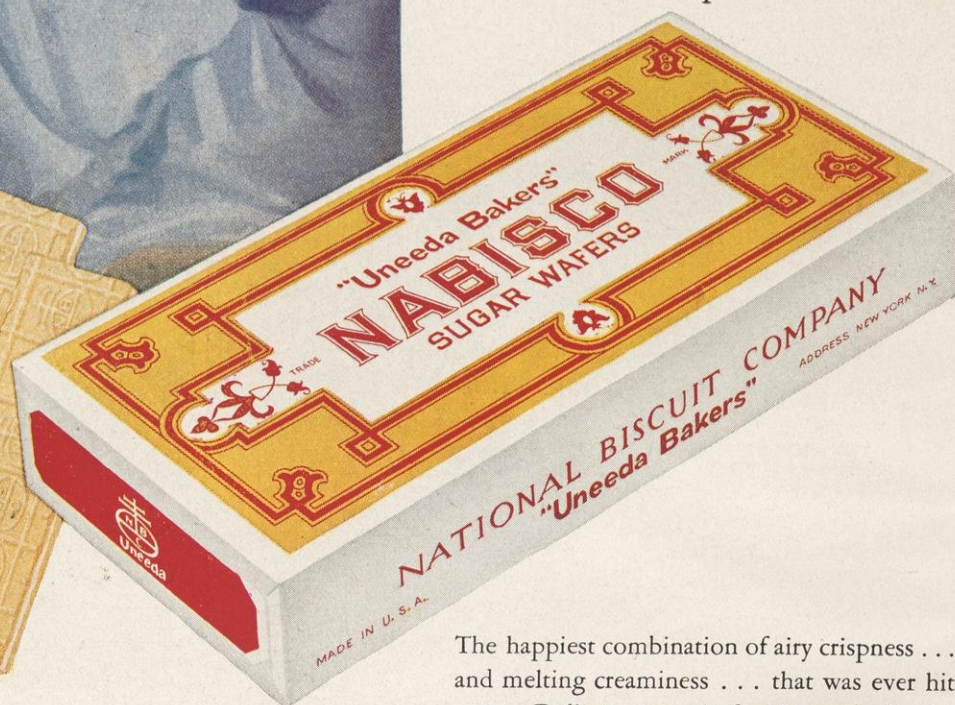
Here's a package of Nabisco Sugar Wafers to start with — and besides Nabiscos there are just all sorts of other nice cookies and biscuit and crackers — ready for any kind of a treat.

And you couldn't give your guests anything *better*, because "Uneeda Bakers" use the very best of everything, and take so much *extra* care with their baking . . .

Yes, *ma'am!* Any time you open any package with the N. B. C. Uneeda Seal, you're sure of something that's as good as it *can* be baked.

* *

Those folks look as if they'd like some Nabisco Sugar Wafers this minute . . . let's open a box or two!



The happiest combination of airy crispness . . . and melting creaminess . . . that was ever hit upon. Delicate enough for the most finicky appetite—substantial enough for those who like real food value in their dainty wafers. There's nothing quite like Nabisco.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
"Uneeda Bakers"

"Uneeda Bakers"

Even a Queen *couldn't get away with it*

NEVER more would Nahid, loveliest of the Ruman princesses, see the face of Darab, King of Kings.

He had stormed her Father's Province to woo and wed her. Now, by his command, she was leaving the great palace, a cast-off.

Oh, the ignominy of it, the disgrace, the heart-break. For in the brief months that followed their marriage she had come to love this bold, relentless warrior who had swept through Persia, bending Province after Province to his power, to make her his Queen.

With saddening clearness the memory of her wedding day came back to her . . . it seemed but yesterday . . . the golden litter in which she rode, a jeweled crown upon her head . . . the great nobles that escorted her, each with a gift . . . the camels weary beneath their burden of rich brocades and carpets . . . sixty bridesmaids in her train, each with a golden goblet in her hand filled with the royal jewels . . .

How happy she had been. Now like a criminal scourged from the city, she was being sent back to her Father. *For Darab had found her breath not sweet.* It was the one flaw in her loveliness. But it was the flaw Darab could not overlook or forgive.

CHAPTER IV OF THE SHAHNAMA, FIRDAUSI'S GREAT EPIC HISTORY OF PERSIA, DESCRIBES NAHID'S TRAGEDY THUS:

*"She was sleeping * * **
All gems and colour, scent and loveliness.
But verily her breathing was not sweet,
And grew disgustful to the king of kings,
Who shrank and turned his head away from her
Upon the couch because her breath was foul.
The monarch of Iran was grieved thereat,
His mind was troubled, and his soul all care.
They summoned skilful leeches to Nahid,
And one of them, a shrewd and prudent man,
Examined till he found a remedy—
A herb whereby the gullet is inflamed,
Called in Ruman tongue 'isRandar.' This
He rubbed upon the palate of the queen,
And caused her eyes to water lustily.
The fetor fled away, her palate burned,
Her face shone like brocade; but though the Fair
Was sweet as musk, Darab had ceased to love her.
The monarch's heart turned coldly from his bride,
*And so he sent her back to Failakus, * * *"*

That was in 120 B. C.—two thousand and fifty years ago. Today, halitosis (unpleasant breath) is still the unforgivable social fault, the offense extraordinary.



"AND SO HE SENT HER BACK TO FAILAKUS, * * *"

THE insidious thing about it is that its presence is usually unknown to its victim. Furthermore, halitosis is widespread; indeed, few escape it for the simple reason that conditions capable of causing halitosis are likely to arise at almost any time in the mouth.

Among its commoner causes are decaying or poorly cared for teeth, pyorrhea, catarrh, temporary digestive derangements caused by excesses of eating or drinking, and minor infections of the nose, mouth or throat.

The one way of making sure that your breath is beyond suspicion is to gargle with full strength Listerine every morning and every night and between times before meeting others. Because of its germicidal* power, Listerine first strikes at the cause of odors, then overcomes the odors themselves. Even such hard-to-efface

scents as those of onion and fish yield quickly to it. Keep Listerine handy in home and office. And carry it with you when you travel. It puts you on the safe, polite, and acceptable side. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

*Though non-poisonous, safe and healing in action, full strength Listerine is at the same time a swift and powerful germicide. Repeated tests show that it kills even such stubborn organisms as the *Staphylococcus Aureus* (pus), the *Bacillus Catarrhalis* (catarrh), and *Bacillus Typhosus* (typhoid) in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds (fastest killing time accurately recorded by science).

The Genie of the Ring

(Continued from page 37)

The room was darkened, but even in the dim light it showed disarray. A rose negligée and gold satin mules were tossed on a rocker. But what caught her gaze and held it was a large horseshoe of paper roses which adorned the dresser. Running across the mirror from side to side were the gilt letters which had once spelled "Happy Birthday to Mr. Willis."

The Girl came nearer. "Can't I do anything?" All at once she wanted to do something for Flossie.

Sudden and wild weeping was her answer. Something dissolved in the Girl's own nature which had been ice-bound. She cared that Flossie was unhappy, not because of anything Flossie was to her, but because of something which Flossie suddenly exemplified, like the pain of all the world.

"Flossie, dear."

Miss Merkle sat up. Her usually placid face was distorted and agonized. Her breath came in short little gasps. "He is going away," she said. "He is going out of all our lives forever."

THE Girl's heart jumped, then stood still. "Snap out of it, Flossie. Who is going away?"

"John Willis. His company is sending him west."

The Girl stood quietly. "Has he been your friend for so long without your learning to bear it better than this?"

"You don't know—what he has been to all of us."

"I know what he has been to me." The Girl said it bravely. There was nothing personal about it, nothing to hurt still further Flossie's torn heart, just something to arrest her courage, challenge it, for the sake of what John Willis was to all men, to carry on.

"Listen," said the Girl, sitting now on the edge of the bed, with Flossie's limp hand in hers, "I think it all resolves itself to this—if it is a good thing for Mr. Willis to go away from us, we all ought to be glad, and—help him to go happily."

Miss Merkle sobbed convulsively and then dried her eyes. "We got to get him up another party," she said heavily. "We got to give him a swell send-off. He's going next week."

A week held seven days. The Girl was counting them off in her own soul. Seven more days of John Willis. "Think up something wonderful, Flossie, dear. We'll all help."

"We were an awful bunch before he came. I—a gentleman friend was supporting me. John Willis got me my first job . . ."

The Girl did not draw away her hand. She was thinking of a yacht with shining brass and cocktail glasses. She might have been Flossie.

"And Bill Streeter—some of it's shell-shock, but most of it's dope. John Willis helps him to keep straight. I've seen him and Herbie Jenkins pick him out of the gutter. Sometimes they stay up with him all night, to keep him away from it."

But the Girl suddenly felt all in. She could bear no more. She leaned down quickly to Flossie and kissed her. Then she went back into her own room.

It was a swell send-off. Mr. Willis was to go on Thursday by the midnight special, and they held it on Wednesday. They had a colored caterer and real roses.

At the end of the table sat the new manager of "People's Mutual"—his company had handed over to him the whole Middle West. He got up, gripping the table edge, to tell them in halting, bashful sentences something of what it all meant to him.

"I like to think of us all as—as ships," he said boyishly, "with a kind of—of chart for everyone of us and sometimes sealed orders. I've in a way gotten mine now. But we'll be passing and repassing. I have a sort of hunch that sometime, somewhere, we'll all of us meet again. You see, we've all of us learned the code. And whenever I—I cross your bows and you signal, 'Who Passes?' you'll know me by the old answer, 'A Friend.' That's about all, dear people. God bless you, and I—I can't go on with it—"

The Girl went to bed that night when it had run into morning. She could not have slept, so she wrapped herself in a bright shawl and sat by the open window.

That morning something had happened. A boy had come with a message. They had left the yellow envelope on her dresser and she found it when she came home:

"Leaving tomorrow for Orient. If you've had enough of your experiment, come. I want you. Need you. I promise nothing except to play the game. Be a good sport, dear girl, and play it with me. Boat leaves old pier North River 11 a.m. Shall wait till last minute."

That was all. With steady fingers she folded it in a small square and tucked it away in her purse. She was quite sure of herself. There would be no answer.

She wreathed her arms on the cool window-sill. She was not unhappy, and yet the only two men who had ever counted were going out of her life. But she was not unhappy. How could she ever be again with John Willis still in the world?

His trunk had gone. The room sign "To Let" was ready to go back on his window. The Girl had risen early. She didn't want to see him again, and she didn't want any breakfast. She was going to walk to Wheeler & Co.'s East Side Branch. She had gotten almost halfway there when a cab drew up at the curb, signaling her. The next moment, against her protest, she was sitting beside John Willis.

"It's a hold-up," he said, "but you're not going to work on my last day. We're going to celebrate."

Her voice was small and there were dark rims around her eyes, "Where are we going?"

"We're going," said Mr. Willis, "to Central Park. It's very public, there are squirrels and things, but it's the best I can do at the moment."

After that first outburst, Mr. Willis said nothing, not even "East or west?" He led the way silently along a little green path that lost itself among some trees and motioned to a neat park bench. "I wanted to tell you something. I am going to be married."

The Girl's heart jumped and then stood still. She waited an instant until it went on beating and then she managed a sentence, "I am glad—you are going to be happy."

"You bet I am." Mr. Willis was somewhat bashful, but beaming. "I thought I'd sort of like to show you the ring."

The Girl nodded. She waited while he got a small case out of his vest pocket and laid it on her lap.

"It's a star sapphire," explained Mr. Willis. "Do you like it?"

"Like it?" The Girl lifted her eyes for a brief moment, and then she said, "It's the loveliest I have ever seen."

"It was hidden away," said Mr. Willis, "in some old rock that everybody thought was dead and buried."

THE Girl sat very still. Then she saw that he was trying to say something to her, the thing he had proved for himself, that loveliness lies at the heart of the world, even if one has to dig to find it.

"That isn't all," said Mr. Willis. "A genie came with it, out of the rock. The star is his lamp. It—once belonged to an Oriental youngster named Aladdin. If you rub it, you can wish for anything you fancy at the moment and get it. If you don't believe me, put it on and—try."

The Girl shook her head. "I couldn't," she said. "You shouldn't ask me to, when it belongs to somebody else."

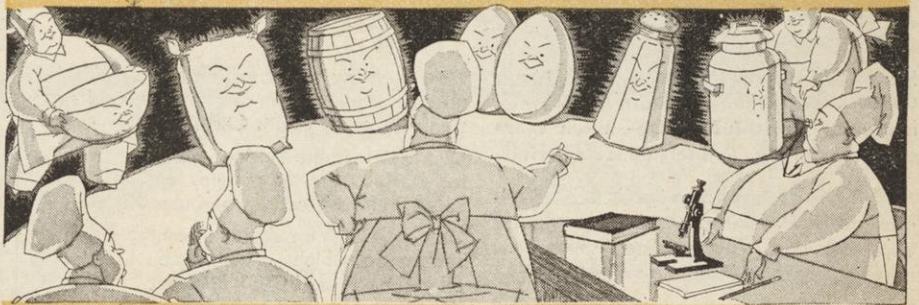
Mr. Willis smiled, then quite firmly took her left hand and put the ring on its third finger. "Now," he said, "try it—and wish for a little house with a green lawn that I can mow myself."

The Girl looked up at him mistily. "Oh, I do wish you that, and—and everything you have ever wanted—"

(Continued on page 53)

"All you ingredients that are ambitious to get into Sunshine Biscuits . . .

"You must stand up beside the best of your kind and face our microscopes and test tubes. You must measure up to



Sunshine standards. You, Mister Flour, must be fresh milled. You, Mister Butter, and you, Mister Milk, must come from cows with a clean bill of health. You all must come through our tests with honors to get into Sunshine Biscuits ~ ~ ~ And now, candidates for Sunshine Hydrox, step forward! Let's see if you've got the quality to take part in the making of this famous cream-filled chocolate cookie-sandwich. Only the best of you will get into our mixing bowls!"

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CAKES

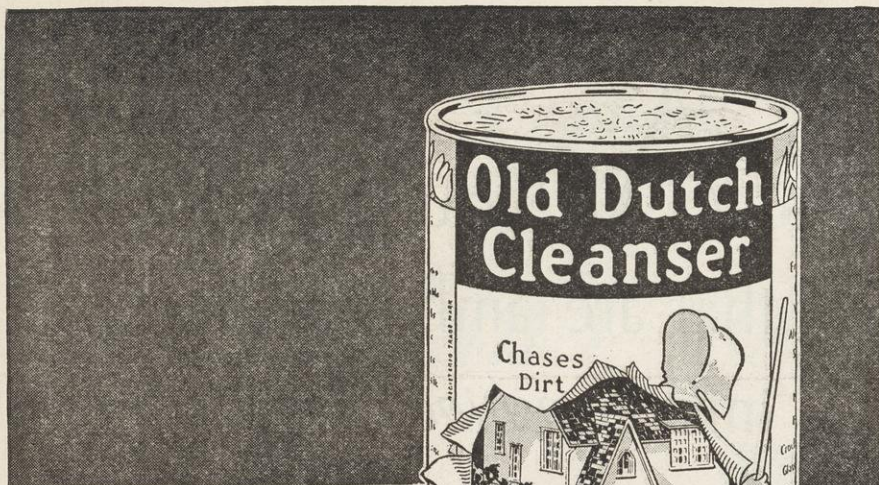


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Corinne

Quilted Pillows

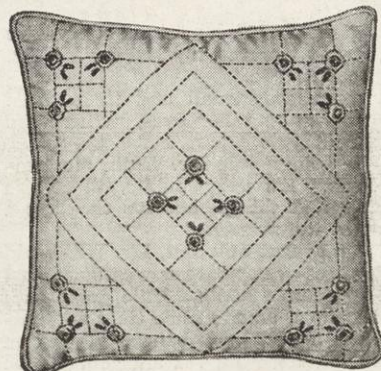
YARN EMBROIDERY IS USED
ON RAYON-TAFFETA

CONVENTIONAL flower designs in yarn embroidery are very effective on pillows of colorful rayon-taffeta. Lines of quilting, done with six-strand floss, form a background for the designs. A layer of sheet wadding is basted beneath pillow top before embroidery and quilting are done, to give a padded effect.

All pillows illustrated are 16 inches square and have their edges finished in heavily corded rayon piping.

Corinne, Above: The yarn flowers on this rose pillow piped in green are white with yellow centers and green stems and leaves. Quilting lines are green.

Cornelia, Below: An orchid pillow piped in gold has yarn rambler roses in shades of yellow and rose, with green leaves. Quilting is green.



Cecille, Below: Pink yarn flowers with black and yellow centers and black leaves appear on a blue pillow piped in rose. Quilting is black.



Cleo, Below: The center flower of this gold pillow piped in green is yellow and orange; corner flowers are shaded violet.



Pillows, stamped flat, with piping, yarn, floss and sheet wadding, \$1 each, may be secured from Woman's World, Chicago, Ill.



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He's happy—comfortable—lovable! Mother keeps him cool and sweet and free from pain through the regular use of Mennen Borated Baby Talcum. Many times during the day he is dusted thoroughly with this soothing, properly medicated talcum. His skin is free from irritation—and there's not a sign of chafing in the folds of his soft little body. Mennen Borated is purposely made for babies—and is used and prescribed by leading baby doctors throughout the world.

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Romancing in the Old World

(Continued from page 13)

entered the last gateway to the village.

When we asked for lodgings at the office, we were told that the main Poulard inn was filled but that we could have a room in one of their other buildings, the "Maison Renge," far up the Mont, and have our meals in their regular dining-room below. We agreed, and the ascent began. Up and up we went. Steps upon steps on the side of the Mont, until quite near the top we landed in a rather lightly built frame structure, which seemed somehow glued onto the granite wall.

When we had rested a bit, we decided to go on up to the top of the Mont to watch the incoming tide.

It happened that no one else had chosen to go up at that moment, so there was no chatter of tourists. There was only a great silence as we stood alone in one of the worn stone passageways; a silence made more noticeable by the soft whistle of the wind through the empty cloisters.

Below us, sheltered by the ramparts as though too sacred, too hushed a spot for any casual eye, lay a little green garden only a few yards square. The grass was uncut and looked as though no feet for many years had pressed it. At one end, against the wall, was a stone crucifix.

We walked down another flight of stone steps to the Tour du Nord, the top of one of the rampart towers, which commands the finest view of the sea. And, Nancy, I cannot describe the overwhelming wonder of what we saw there. Away off, miles across the barren sands, came the tide. Not as other tides, in a slow, gentle encroachment upon the land, but a vast, rushing flood; curling white foam, multitudinous waves pouring themselves forward with an invincible force.

The whole scene was unspeakably impressive. The resistless rush of the tide, the silent peaks of the abbey, the hush of the little garden shrine . . .

We descended at last along the only "street" of this strange town: a steep, narrow, cobblestoned path along which houses and souvenir shops cluster, until we found ourselves finally entering Madame Poulard's kitchen. And, Nancy, what a kitchen! Along one side is a perfectly huge open fireplace, its frame polished and shining, its interior a mass of bright logs, its hearthstones bordered by roasting fowls.

In front of the fire stands a sort of old culinary high priestess in a big white apron, holding a long-handled skillet, in which she is preparing to toss to excellence one of the inn's famous omelets. On the long table running through the room and on the big dresser against the walls are unbelievable quantities of eggs and Gargantuan bowls of butter.

There was a friendly, intimate quality about the place. Another woman was sitting by the fire watching the rite of the omelet making, so I sat down, too.

THE omelet was in the pan when I first saw it, but the real secret of its success is in the amazingly skilful manipulation of the skillet. The priestess shook it gently, moved it this way and that, raised and lowered it, and at last drew it from the fire and by a quick, dexterous "flip" folded the omelet and turned it out on the plate in one movement, without aid of knife or spatula!

We ate our dinner upstairs, overlooking the Porte de l'Avancée, through which we could see the tide still rushing over the sands, closer and closer to the isle.

The sunset was changing to a light early dusk when we left Madame Poulard's and made our way to the gate along with a group of other visitors. I had read that it was possible to circle the Mont in a small boat when the tide was in, so we went down to investigate and waited on

the piles of rocks that lie on the sand just outside the gateway.

In a moment two tiny motor launches rounded the island and took on as many passengers as they could hold. We remained on the rocks with the bare sands stretching in front of us until they should return for us. To our utter amazement, during the last few minutes we stood there, we saw the rushing water sweep in around us until it rose and all but covered the rocks themselves. We stepped gingerly from one foot to the other, wondering whether to stay or retreat, until we saw one of the boats stopping again some feet from us. Then the queerest thing happened! I was the first in line and I suddenly felt myself picked up bodily in a pair of strong arms, carried through the water and placed in the boat.

EVERY other passenger had the same experience, men as well as women. The sturdy Norman boatmen in high rubber boots evidently considered that merely a

trifling incident in the evening's work. There was much laughter and exclaiming on the part of the passengers as they were being put into the boat, but as we started slowly around the island, there was an awed silence, for this is an experience of a lifetime.

We sailed slowly around the island, seeing its strength and its holy, haunting beauty as we had not seen it before; watching a gold star rise behind the miracle of stone which is the abbey; dreaming that altars within it were still lighted and that a low chant of benisons floated through the dusk.

But perhaps the very silence of the great abbey now makes the deepest impression upon the pilgrim. No frail and fallible beings like ourselves scatter incense or offer prayers within it. Rather, it has become itself a perpetual prayer, a heaven-pointing finger. It stands, emptied of the last contact with earth, a place exalted, apart, rising silently from the sea to remind men of God.

When our boat had reached the causeway, we turned around and once more circled the island. It was growing dark now and the waves seemed stronger. When we were again at our starting place, we found the sea had risen to the very gate of the Mont, so our boatmen had to carry us all through the Port de l'Avancée.

We left Mont St. Michel the next morning. After we had driven for miles, we still saw the outlines of the Mont against the sky, until at last they disappeared as though into the sea itself.

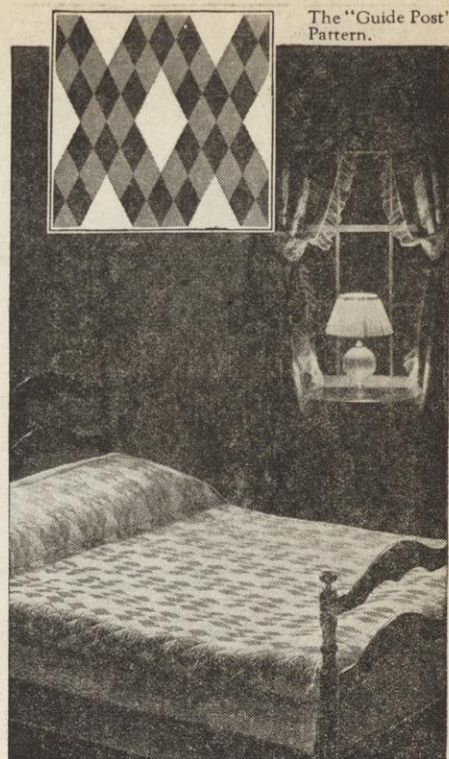
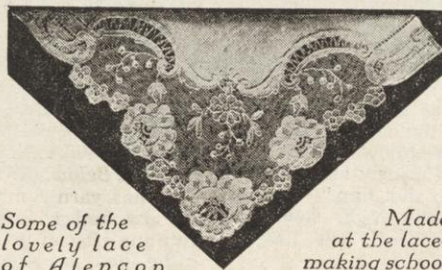
We drove hard that day, for time was short and we had many miles to cover. At noon we found ourselves in the old French city of Alençon, which has given the name to an exquisite type of lace.

Quite by accident we discovered that there was a school for lace-making on one of the main streets, so I insisted upon stopping to see what I could learn.

This school, it seems, is maintained by the Chamber of Commerce of Alençon. The young women who come to study lace-making are taught without charge. As their work grows in proficiency, it is disposed of by the Chamber or the school. Near the end of their course the pupils receive a trifling sum, and when they are graduated, they may either return home and dispose of their own work, or sell through the school.

The designs, made by various artists, are traced by the girls on their paper patterns in this fashion: the paper for the pattern is laid on a soft curved affair like a hassock, the design is placed over it, and with a pin each delicate line and curve is pricked out. Then on this new pattern the incredibly delicate work be-

(Continued on page 52)



"That quilt to me is just like a signed photograph"

THE quilts you make for your beds today are more than just the most modern and decorative bed coverings. They are heirlooms for your children, to be treasured by them 50, 100 years from now . . . memories of the one who made them.

And you can make a quilt. Anyone who can take a stitch can make a quilt with Mountain Mist Quilt Patterns and Mountain Mist Quilting Cotton.

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Then, when it comes to the filling, Mountain Mist Quilting Cotton further simplifies quilt-making and assures a prettier, smoother quilt. This Quilting Cotton is already spread . . . evenly and uniformly, in one large sheet, full quilt size . . . and stays that way because of exclusive glazene finish. No bunching! No pulling!

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The Mystery of the Pavilion

(Continued from page 9)



Frequent Headaches point to an ACID CONDITION

WHEN an over-acid condition casts its shadow upon you, you must force yourself to work, and even pleasures are too great an effort. Appetite lags; the digestion is poor. The whole system suffers.

Laboratory tests show that an over-acid condition is due to errors in our modern diet. But you need not wait to diet your way out of the difficulty.

Take a tablespoonful of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

This will quickly neutralize the acid. From the hour you relieve an over-acid stomach with this creamy, pleasant remedy, you'll feel like a new person.

Take a little whenever heartburn, sick headaches, nausea, flatulence, indigestion or biliousness, show that the digestive system is becoming too acid. Whenever you are taking cold; when sluggishness shows the bowels are clogged. Phillips' Milk of Magnesia has a gentle laxative action.

This wonderful anti-acid is most pleasant to take. It is widely prescribed for men, women and children. Leaders of the medical world agree that it is magnesia in the very best form. It's a liquid—not a tablet; bottle and wrapper of the genuine always bear the Chas. H. Phillips' signature for your protection.



PHILLIPS'
Milk
of Magnesia

We inquired for Doris.
"She went to bed early," said Eunice, seating herself on the other side of the hearth. "Doris was unnerved by the tragedy on the island," she added. "I hope poor Ellen is better tonight."

"Then you've not heard from her?"
"No. I tried to get Ellen on the telephone, but they didn't let me talk to her."
"Then you've not heard that it looks as if Julie may be arrested and charged with the murder of her uncle?"

The words sounded harsh in that shadowy, mellow room. Eunice did not move. "But surely that is impossible!" she exclaimed. "Anyone would know that Julie is incapable of such a deed. She could no more have done such a thing than Doris."

"So we all think," murmured Augusta, looking into the fire. "But girls are a law unto themselves, these days."

THEN Eunice, too, looked into the fire. And the two of them sat there, silent, their faces like masks, for so long a time that I thought I should scream from nervousness. But suddenly Eunice stood up. "I am going over to the island," she said. "Julie must not be under suspicion."

At that Augusta, too, stood up. "You need not trouble yourself," she said quietly. "Julie is in no immediate danger. For it is known who murdered Vincent."

I saw Eunice Reeves slowly reach behind her, groping for the chair. I saw her lean against it. "It is—known—?"

"Yes," Augusta said clearly and slowly. "They know now who shot him."

"Shot?" Through the high, shadowy room the whispered word was like a scream.

Augusta softly caressed the carving of her chair back. She looked into the fire. She lifted her eyes to Eunice Reeves's face. "Didn't you know that Vincent Knowles was shot through the back?"

I hope I may never again have to see what I was obliged to witness in the next few minutes—the trembling in the balance of a person's reason, a terrible struggle to hold onto sanity. I saw Eunice Reeves lean forward, as if compelled against her will. A wild cry fell from her lips. "No! He was stabbed to death!"

Augusta repeated quietly, clearly, "Vincent Knowles met his death from a shot in the back. Afterward he was stabbed with a silver knife. He was dead, or dying, when you stabbed him."

Eunice Reeves fixed her eyes upon Augusta, terrible eyes full of the insanity of a frightful shock. And then suddenly—it will be many a day before I forget the sound—she began to laugh.

For endless minutes it rattled and tore through the room, like the retching of a deadly soul sickness. In between this terrible laughter, words spilled out of her—words that for twenty years she had repressed. Walking up and down the room, or standing, swaying, as she leaned against a table or chair, she literally spilled out before us the story of twenty years of self-reproach, abasement, humiliation and hatred, that had ended finally in one insane act when she discovered that the man she had both loved and despised was reaching out to ruin the child she adored.

She had seen, she said, the end toward which all her life had been tending: she had to kill Vincent Knowles. She had to rid the world of a cold-blooded beast.

But first she warned him. She begged him to leave Doris alone. And he laughed at her. He reminded her that once, when she was not much older than Doris, she, too, had reached out for life. She, the strictly brought up daughter of strait-laced old Jacob Reeves—too righteous to allow his daughter to associate with Vincent Knowles—had run away from the school in Brussels where she had been sent because at a ball she had danced three times with the most dangerous young man in the neighborhood. And she had not run away alone. Vincent Knowles reminded her that she, too, had risked her reputation in order to spend three days in his company.

"But I was in love, and I thought we were to be married, Vincent." It had

taken a painful lowering of her pride to say that to him after twenty years.

He had laughed again. "The young lady of the present day makes no such mistake," he said.

"Then you do not want to marry Doris?"

"Good heavens, no! Don't be so archaic, Eunice. The only woman I ever wanted to marry was the woman I left you for. Surely, you have not forgotten that day?"

No, Eunice Reeves had never forgotten it. Often at night, after twenty years, she would awake and see again, quite vividly, the chestnut trees and the red tables about the little casino. On the afternoon of that never forgotten day they had been to a concert in the casino—a concert at which someone had played Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata. When they came out, they sat down at one of the red tables for an aperitif. It had been a happy day. She had been able to forget in the music and in Vincent's attentions the fact that she had run away, that she was a lost girl, that her father would disown her, that she was less sure now Vincent meant they were to be married. She had felt gloriously herself, for the first time—and the last—in all her narrow life. The sun showered down bits of gold through the chestnut trees, and Vincent was telling her she was adorable, when the telegram was brought to their table.

From the instant Vincent tore open the flimsy envelope her life began to wither. For Vincent forgot her from that instant. "I must get the next train to Paris," he had cried, his face ash-colored. "Stay here until I can find out when it goes."

She had sat there at the red table, alone, for an hour. An hour in which she saw her life destroyed. When he came back, he was dressed for the journey. It would be half an hour before the train left. He sat down at the table and spread the telegram before her. She read:

"I am dying. Come, Julie."
"That is the one woman in the world I have ever loved," he told her through his gray lips. He had telephoned the hospital in Paris. Julie Chelmsford had given birth to a daughter. "Mine," he said. "I've killed something too beautiful for this world. I'm finished."

Not a word as to what she was to do. Eunice Reeves, disgraced, abandoned. And she did not ask him. His pain was hers. She sat there and listened while he told her brokenly about this Julie who was dying in Paris. About how he had met her on his recent visit to India, how they had fallen in love but had not admitted it to each other. She was the wife of an elderly English officer.

VINCENT saw that his love for Julie could only bring disaster to her, and he engaged passage on the next boat back to England. Julie, with the same instinct to flee from what she was afraid of, also decided to return to England, to regain if possible her peace of mind. Neither knew that the other was on the same ship until they were twenty-four hours at sea. Then, like lovers since the beginning of time, it seemed to them that fate was too strong for them.

Julie Chelmsford's husband refused to divorce her, thinking mostly of his reputation in the service, and when she learned this, finally, Julie Chelmsford said goodbye to Vincent Knowles. She hated the clandestine, she was too proud for the equivocal situation in which she found herself, and at last Vincent Knowles tried to forget her. He had not even known where she was until he received the telegram.

Half an hour later, he was gone and Eunice Reeves, a slim girl of eighteen years, sat at that red table under the chestnut trees in a drab, second-class holiday resort and wondered what was to become of her. She wanted to die. But in the end she went back to the school. They had already cabled her father, someone having seen her with Vincent Knowles. Then the second crushing blow fell upon her. Her father, enraged, hastily preparing to take the next boat to

(Continued on page 48)

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OCTOBER						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
.....	1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31

NOVEMBER						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
.....	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30

DECEMBER						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
.....	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31

More Happy Days for YOU

Watch for pictures of the Summer Competition winners in the November issue of Woman's World

Come On, Boys and Girls, and Get Your Share of Money, Prizes and Fun

We tell you what to do, and how to do it, and then we help you do it

Really, it is so easy you will laugh when you get our instructions telling just how to go about it. Briefly, all there is to do is show people a copy of Woman's World and send their orders in to us. But the thing to do now is to send in the coupon below and let us show you how profitable and happy the next few weeks can be.

MONEY to spend, money to save, money for all the many things you've wanted but never hoped to have, can now be yours in Woman's World Lincoln Club's newest and biggest competition for boys and girls.

Bicycles, footballs, skates, sweaters — or whatever it is that you want — will be sent you in return for a few hours' pleasant work. Dreams will come true for thousands of boys and girls all over the United States during the next few weeks, and if you say the word, we will make them come true

for you. It's the best news since Christmas. Just listen to this: Woman's World Lincoln Club's fall prize competition for boys and girls of all ages living in the United States, begins October 1, 1930, and ends December 20, 1930. Thousands of dollars in cash and merchandise will be paid to hustlers during this period. But over and above all this there will be one hundred and fifty extra prizes, totaling \$1,005.00, distributed to those who do the best work — 100 monthly prizes, fifty for each of the two months, October and November, and fifty grand prizes which will be awarded December 20, 1930.

Nobody Loses! Cash and Rewards Whether You Win a Prize or Not!

In this splendid competition, no one is disappointed, for everyone receives a generous cash commission or a liberal merchandise reward, as shown in the big **NEW BOOK OF REWARDS** (copy of which will be sent you free) for his or her services. And the more you do, the more you get.

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Competition Rules

1. Competition open to all boys and girls living in the United States.
2. A choice of either cash commission or merchandise reward is given for every order sent in. You receive pay* for everything you do.
3. All prizes are in addition to commissions or rewards.
4. A one-year order counts 100 points toward the prizes. A two-year order, 200 points. A three-year order, 300 points. A five-year order, 500 points.
5. Residents of Chicago or sons and daughters of Woman's World employees not eligible in this competition.
6. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in cases where there is a tie.
7. Club orders containing Woman's World do not count toward Lincoln Club prizes.

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50 Monthly Prizes for October

To the fifty boys and girls securing the most points during October, the following special prizes will be given:

10 prizes of \$5.00 each.....	\$50.00
15 prizes of \$3.00 each.....	45.00
25 prizes of \$1.00 each.....	25.00

Final October reports must be mailed to reach our office by October 31, 1930.

50 Monthly Prizes for November

To the fifty boys and girls securing the most points during November, the following special prizes will be given:

10 prizes of \$5.00 each.....	\$50.00
15 prizes of \$3.00 each.....	45.00
25 prizes of \$1.00 each.....	25.00

Final November reports must be mailed to reach our office by November 30, 1930.

50 Grand Prizes to Be Awarded on December 20, 1930

To those fifty boys and girls securing the most points between October 1, 1930, and December 20, 1930, the following Grand Prizes will be awarded:

1st prize.....	\$100.00
2nd prize.....	75.00

5 prizes at \$50.00 each (or a Ranger "Motorbike," if desired).....	\$250.00
5 prizes at \$20.00 each.....	100.00
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This is your one big chance to win money for Christmas, money for clothes, money for anything you want—and all in return for a few hours' pleasant work. And the prizes, mind you, are in addition to a hundred different rewards you receive for everything you do.

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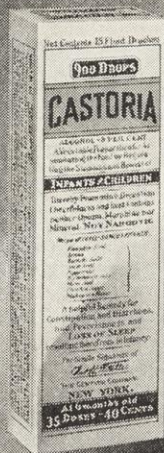
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Every drugstore has Fletcher's Castoria. Be sure to read the little book on babies and children which you will find inside the wrapper.



The Mystery of the Pavilion

(Continued from page 46)

fetch his erring daughter home, was stricken with apoplexy and died.

All this, Augusta and I heard, not consecutively as I have told it, but in snatches, with long silences between the sentences, during which Eunice Reeves sat bent over, staring into the fire, or walked up and down the shadowy room. The long confession of a tortured, ingrowing soul. All these years, from that moment when she had returned home to find her father dead, until last night, she had lived here in this gloomy house, trying, as she said, to cleanse herself. She had found her first happiness when Doris came to live with her. But that hardly won peace was shattered in one moment—when, two days before, she had seen Vincent Knowles stop his car to take Doris in.

"I knew, then, I had to kill him."

She had gone over to the island after dark, with the intention of pleading with him once more, had hidden in the shrubbery near the breakfast room window, and had taken the knife from the serving table when the butler was serving the coffee in the drawing-room. After that, she had hidden herself again and waited. She had seen Vincent come out onto the terrace again just before eleven and presently stroll toward the pavilion.

She then took a roundabout way to the beach, keeping hidden in the cedar grove until she was able to reach the shore.

When she finally left the shore in order to come up behind the pavilion, the fog was coming in and she was no longer afraid of being seen. She had heard nothing and seen no one, and when she came up on the rocky point, Vincent Knowles sat in the pavilion with his back to her, one arm over the back of the bench, his head leaning easily against a pillar. It was dark when she went in at the open doorway to the pavilion. It seemed to her that he sat there smiling at her, in an unbearable silence.

WHEN she came out of the pavilion again, she was blind to all things about her; she saw only the rocky steps down to the beach, and she stumbled down them. Then there came an instant of awful terror, of complete confusion. She heard footsteps behind her, a sort of sob, and someone seized her arm. She did not even look around. Blindly she struck out against that clinging hand, and her pursuer fell back against the rocks. She fled along the beach toward the cedar grove.

Half blind from the horror of what she had been through and scarcely caring now what happened, she got back to the canoe which she had hidden under the willows at the foot of the kitchen garden. But when she had climbed the steep cliff path up to her own garden, she found that suddenly her strength was gone. She staggered to a bench under the deep blackness of an oak tree. How long she lay there in a sort of stupor, she did not know, but she was sharply roused finally by light footsteps on the gravel path near her. It was Doris, creeping along the path.

Of course, Eunice Reeves followed her. She saw her niece creep down to the boat landing, softly slide the canoe into the water and head for the island. Then, indeed, it seemed to the distracted woman the full terror of this nightmare was upon her. And yet, all at once, with the girl she so loved moving straight into peril of suspicion, her brain cleared and became cool and quiet. She ran down the driveway and crossed to the island by way of the bridge. She was hurrying toward the garden to intercept Doris when she heard the shot Doris had drawn from the watchful trooper in the garden.

It was midnight when Eunice Reeves reached this part of her confession. Toward the end, she had grown much quieter. It was as if a sort of exhausted peace had come to her with her soul drained of its tumult at last. But Augusta and I looked at each other in the deepest dismay. What were we going to do with this poor soul?

But if there were horror and doubt in our minds, Eunice was clear enough

(Continued on page 51)

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KRISTEE MFG. CO., 1160 Bar St., AKRON, OHIO

Useless

(Continued from page 7)

Mutsarif has ordered the commandant to get his troops out of Urfa."

"And the commandant?"

"Has told the Mutsarif where he can go, of course. All in all, there's likely to be dirty work, and we'd better move the children back to the Orphanage. At least they'll be safe in case of a bombardment."

"Bombardment! You think it'll come to that?"

"It may," said Deering quietly. "At any rate, we'll not take any risks. You and Miss Allen can start moving the youngsters. I'll go over to town and bully the Mutsarif into letting us have a cart or so for our supplies. Summers will stay here and tend to things until we've cleared the place. And Useless..."

A voice spoke suavely from the doorway. "As the Captain Effendi was about to say, I shall stay here with my master. The Effendi will leave with me a gun and a shiny belt with cartridges?"

When he reported to Summers two hours later, he was wearing a shiny belt and he carried not one but two guns. He saluted military fashion. "The Captain Effendi orders that I bring you one of these and then return to him at the Orphanage. But I have told him I am a fighting man and no child."

Summers chuckled. "What did Captain Deering say to that?" he asked.

The boy turned large, serious eyes upon him. "He said I was to go to the devil... so I shall stay with you, Effendi."

IF THE Mutsarif even sent the bullock carts (which is very doubtful), they never reached the Compound. Long before they could have wound their slow way down from town, a band of Kurds had taken possession of the roadway. Summers was busy checking over the supplies in the cook house and carrying some of the more perishable commodities up to the Compound when Useless disappeared. For a time, Summers worked alone, his temper rising with the heat. His head began to whirl and he sat down by the door. A little individual cloud of dust detached itself from the general whirlpool and drifted toward him. Through heavy eyes, Summers watched it until it became Useless, clad no longer in his uniform but in a nondescript assortment of dirty gumbaz, tattered abba and a kafieh, held to his head by a double circle of twisted horsehair. He paused and saluted cheerfully.

"The Kurds are attacking, Effendi. They have taken the roads and the upper part of the city. They mean to drive out the French and bring back their friends, the Turks."

"Who told you this tale?"

"A Kurd, Effendi. One who guards at the Samsat gate. I told him my father was a Kurd and that I had come with my tribe."

"You would!" exclaimed Summers. "What more did he say?"

"Only that every child knew the French had no supplies."

"He was right," said Summers bitterly, "which makes the stuff here more valuable. I think we'll not try to get back to the Orphanage. Our best bet is to stay and keep the Kurds out of the Compound."

Useless was in full uniform that night at supper. Over-full uniform. To the British coat and belt he had added an Astrakhan fez and a pair of blue French puttees. Also, as he served, the end of a red sash dangled and swayed below the coat. Summers surveyed it with a grin.

"I'd tuck up that Algerian sash," said Summers good-humoredly. "The French commandant is coming to take up his quarters with us and he might ask embarrassing questions."

"The French commandant!" Useless paused and his eyes brightened. "He is the big man with the jewelry upon his uniform?"

"Jewelry? Oh, I see—you mean his medals. He is rather like a Christmas tree. Yes; that's the commandant. We'll give him that front room on the second floor." Summers chuckled gleefully. "Now, there's a nice job for you! The

room's full of the boxes I brought over from the cook house. Canned goods, you know, and supplies. You might move 'em out into the hall when you get the commandant's bed ready; and, oh, yes, take the mattress from Captain Deering's room and put it up at the window. We can't afford to have those devils taking pot shots at us."

THE firing grew steadily worse all evening. What had been a distant pop-popping at seven o'clock became a near-by rat-a-tat-tat by nine. Two detachments of Algerians had moved into the Compound and were starting a counter-offensive toward the roadway. The commandant arrived, greeted Summers briskly and retired to the dining-room with his maps and papers. With him were two lieutenants, and far into the night Summers could hear the steady drone of their voices. From the Compound came the sharp chatter of the soldiers and occasionally the crackle of a machine gun spitting lead. At midnight the commandant appeared from the dining-room with his officers.

"Que le diable!" he exclaimed. "What is that new noise from the town, that wailing sound?"

"That is the muezzin calling from the mosque, mon Commandant," explained Useless. "He says it is Allah's will to drive the forengi from his land."

The commandant swung around sharply. "Who is this boy that he knows so much?" he demanded of Summers.

"A boy from the Orphanage, mon Commandant. Don't worry, you can trust him."

"Vraiment? Are you sure?" asked one of the lieutenants. "He looks like a boy I saw yesterday with the camel driver we caught trying to smuggle ammunition through the lines. The driver told us the boy's father was a Druse from Lebanon."

Summers laughed. "That explains the Astrakhan fez," he said, and broke off shortly as a particularly loud and persistent bombardment began from without. "Good Lord, that's getting close, isn't it? I'm afraid our friends the Kurds have managed to sneak into the vineyard beyond the road." There was another short attack, accompanied by the tinkle of broken glass, and the lieutenant hurried from the room. "There goes the window of your bedroom, mon Commandant! It's lucky they've got only mitrailleurs—a cannon would make it damned unpleasant all around."

Summers stepped to the door and peered through the narrow opening. The Algerians' guns were answering from the Compound, and near the road a second detachment of French, lead by a sous-officier, was deploying into the newly dug trenches to repel the threatened invasion. In the room behind him the commandant was walking back and forth with nervous steps.

"Cochons!" he was muttering fiercely, "imbeciles! To send us here without cannon!" He broke off suddenly and stared upward. "Mon Dieu!" he exclaimed, "c'est le sang!"

"Blood!" Summers whirled about and stared up at the ceiling, where a red spot was slowly spreading over the white-wash. Even as he looked, a little stream dripped through a crack and dropped to the floor. "My God, it's Useless," he cried, and sprang up the stairs. He threw open the door of the commandant's room and struck a match. By its wavering flame he saw that the boxes had not been cleared from the room, but neatly piled in front of the window. From one of them flowed a thin scarlet stream. He raised his voice and called, "Useless!"

"I am here, Effendi." The boy was standing in the door.

Summers caught his breath in mingled relief and anger. "Didn't I tell you to put Captain Deering's mattress in the window?"

"Iwah, Effendi, but the canned goods—it is thick, it is strong. I think it will be much safer for the Commandant Effendi."

"Also, you didn't have the trouble of

(Continued on page 50)

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carrying the stuff into the hall," said Summers grimly. "Where is that mattress?"

Useless shuffled a bit and spoke deprecatingly, "I have removed it to the Effendi's room that I may sleep upon it." He broke off and listened. "Wellah, the Commandant Effendi calls from below."

At the foot of the stairs the commandant was bursting forth into a torrent of words. "My map!" he roared. "It is gone. I have left it on the table in the *salle à manger* and when I return, it is gone!"

"It must have slipped under the table." "Mais non! There is a spy in the house. My map has been stolen!" His eye lighted on Useless. "Ce garçon là. He has stolen my map! *Cré bon sang!*" He started for the boy, but Summers put up his hand.

"Wait. Just a moment. You must be mistaken," but even as he spoke, his heart failed him. The boy was standing against the wall, his eyes wide with terror. Suddenly he turned and made a dash for the outer door. The commandant stepped in front of him.

"Arretez!" he shouted. Summers looked at the commandant as he stood there before the door, arms extended, chest out, and suddenly he laughed.

"Mon Commandant, your medals—you aren't wearing them?"

THE Frenchman looked down in surprise. "Mais non, they annoy me. I have taken them off in there and put them down."

"On the map," said Summers calmly. He held out his hand, "Come through, Useless."

The boy put his hand in his pocket and slowly, regretfully drew forth a small package wrapped in a crumpled paper.

"There's your map—and your medals, mon Commandant," said Summers. He turned to the boy. "Look here, young man. I've had all I want of this! You can stay here all night, but in the morning you're going to cut along to the Orphanage and stay there. Do you understand?"

Useless dropped his head. "I have done wrong to take the pretty things from the Commandant Effendi, but he is so glorious that I thought . . . It is very foolish of me, Effendi, but I have thought if I put them on my uniform, I might look like that also—so big, so like a fine soldier . . ." His voice trailed off into a little sob and the commandant patted his shoulder awkwardly.

"Eh, eh, taise toi, mon enfant. It does not matter."

Summers removed the handkerchief from his mouth and coughed. "That will do, Useless," he said. "Return the medals. I'll tend to you later. In the meantime, you might get us some coffee."

"Ya, Effendi!" The boy was beaming again. He started for the door, then paused. "And in the matter of tomorrow—is it possible that my master will permit his servant to remain?"

Quite suddenly Summers laughed. "Oh, yes," he said, "I fancy you'll remain with me the rest of my life. Now cut along and get that coffee."

He turned to find the commandant at the door. The Frenchman was listening with peculiar attention and it struck Summers that the firing outside had ceased. He had grown so used to the steady crackling that he had scarcely noticed it, and now the silence seemed more terrible than sound.

"What has happened?" he began, then broke off as a dull reverberation shook the house.

"Sacré bleu!" The commandant hurried out the door and ran across the yard of the Compound. Summers could hear him roaring orders in the midst of renewed rifle fire.

The kitchen door flew open and Useless burst into the room. "It is the cannon they use for Ramadan, Effendi!" he cried. "They have brought it down from the mosque and filled it with stones and powder."

The dull boom sounded again, followed by renewed shouting.

"My God!" exclaimed Summers. "If

they keep that up, they'll have us within range in no time. They can't be more than a mile away."

"Three-quarters only, Effendi," said Useless. "I saw them hiding the powder when I came through today."

"You saw . . . Why didn't you tell the commandant?"

The boy shrugged his shoulders. "Am I a spy that I should tell the *forengi* what my people do? What are the French to me?"

"But it's not only the French that are involved. If they get the range of this building, we'll all be blown sky-high!"

"Wellah, how could I guess they would turn their accursed gun against my master?"

The cannon boomed again and the commandant burst into the house, followed by a little group of Senegalese. They were carrying two wounded men and a third followed, his arm hanging limp.

"We will have to make a hospital in here," said the commandant. "The doctor," he pointed to the man with the wounded arm, "thinks we had better use the cellar."

"Good idea," agreed Summers. "You take the men down and I'll bring down the mattresses from above. Useless—" He turned, "Where is that dratted boy?"

"Un petit garçon arabe? I have seen him slip out as we came in, mon Lieutenant," said the doctor, and Summers cursed under his breath.

For an hour he worked like one possessed, bringing blankets and mattresses from the rooms above, heating water and carrying it down the stairs. It was all a nightmare, an unbelievable nightmare in which the crackling of guns was punctuated by the dull boom of the cannon. Once it found the range and a corner of the wall caved in noisily, bringing more wounded. The doctor had his arm in a sling and Summers was bending over, helping him with a head wound, when he stopped suddenly.

A reverberating explosion shook the walls about them. Summers scrambled up the stairs and out into the Compound. The firing had stopped and a group of Senegalese were crowding the walls, watching the reflection of a distant glow against the dark horizon. Summers found himself beside the commandant.

"What is it?" he asked breathlessly.

"It is the enemy. I believe their ammunition has exploded!"

"Thank God," murmured Summers.

"A la bonne heure! The fire will bring reinforcements to us from Tel-Abiad. See, it has caught the cypress trees beyond the vineyard and that should show for miles, not so?"

For several moments they stood watching the blaze, then Summers put his hand on the commandant's arm. "Listen," he said, "do you hear a horse galloping? I—I may be crazy, mon Commandant, but I ask you, please order your men not to fire if anyone comes to our gate."

THE commandant looked at him, then gave an order which was passed on down the line. The hoof beats came nearer, muffled by dust, until, suddenly, a rifle cracked twice out of the darkness. The hoof beats broke off abruptly, and for a long moment there was silence. The fire flared higher and higher. Suddenly a soldier at the gate gave a sharp cry. Summers sprang forward and peered out, then threw open the gate. Useless was silhouetted against the glare. For a moment he stood very straight and saluted.

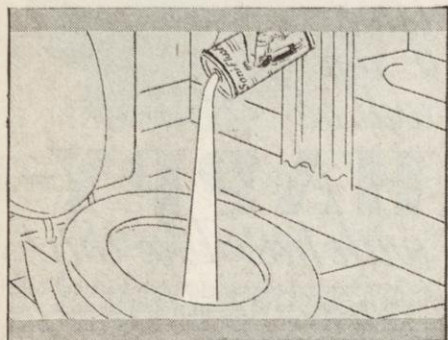
"Salaam aleikum. The dogs have barked at my master and I have silenced their barking. You know the sash, the red sash of the Algerian? I have untied it from about my middle and put one end in the brush where their powder is hidden."

"Oui," the commandant, too, was leaning forward, "oui . . ."

"Then I have borrowed a cigaret from the man who is guarding the pile. He was a Bedouin from Seruj, that one, and I have told him that my father . . ."

(Continued on page 51)

An unclean toilet bowl is DANGEROUS

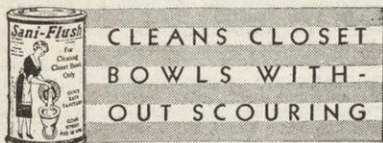


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The Mystery of the Pavilion

(Continued from page 48)

about what she must do. She was going straight to the island to give herself up. Augusta, her face full of pity, put a restraining hand on her arm. "My dear, won't you wait until morning? Nothing can be gained by your going over there tonight. Try to sleep tonight, and in the morning come to us. Let us decide for you what is right and best to be done."

I knew well enough what Augusta meant. If Bat Herman denied the knife, would the police believe him? And if they did not believe him, and merely called it a day when they had caught the man who fired that probably fatal shot, why should Eunice Reeves make her unnecessary sacrifice? I could see that Augusta, for once in her life, needed time to think about the ethics of this situation. I already knew what I thought about it—or rather felt. I have never suffered more from pity for anyone in my life than I did for Eunice Reeves in that moment.

I added my pleadings to Augusta's, but it was not until we pointed out what effect this revelation would have on Doris and on her future that we saw her waver in her determination to give herself up. She sat down again in the high-backed carved chair; her head fell wearily back and she closed her eyes. "I want to be alone," she whispered. "I must think and—pray."

(Concluded in November issue)

Synopsis of the Story

Vincent Knowles is found murdered, shot in the back and stabbed in the heart with a silver knife, in the pavilion on his island estate, after having entertained Lola Guinness, Sidney Shallot and Mark Marcin at dinner. Jane Prescott and Augusta Winship set out to prove the innocence of Julie Dyke, Vincent's niece and sweetheart of Jane's nephew Michael.

They find clues which implicate Doris, niece of Eunice Reeves, and Augusta discovers that the girl had a key to the building in which Vincent maintained an apartment.

Working on one of Augusta's hunches, she and Jane wait outside the building. In a little while Lola Guinness enters the house, pursued by a man who, Augusta explains, must be Lola's husband, "Bat." The two women follow, and at the door of the apartment listen to "Bat's" confession that he shot Vincent, but knows nothing of the knife.

Useless

(Continued from page 50)

"Never mind," said Summers, "what you told him..."

The boy's voice was very low. It seemed to be coming from a great distance. "I rolled the cigaret in the end of the sash and left on my horse. But someone has shot at me, and it struck—I do not know where—but it hurts, Effendi..." He slumped suddenly, like a candle that melts in the sun. Summers caught him as he fell. The commandant was on the other side and they carried him to the cellar. The officer held a candle while the doctor examined the boy. Summers looked up at him and he shook his head slowly.

"Only a moment," he said softly, "le pauvre petit."

The boy opened his eyes and looked about drowsily, then twisted in sudden pain. Summers' arm tightened about his shoulder.

"Quiet," he said, "quiet. It won't hurt very long, Useless..." His voice broke. "I mean, Ali, Abu..."

The boy shook his head. "Bismillah al rahman, al rahim. I have lied to my master. I have no name except that which he has given me." He paused for a moment and Summers caught his breath as the boy's hand reached up weakly and touched his cheek. "Call me 'Useless,' Effendi. You are my father and my mother. I have never known—any other—any other..."

How I MADE UP for JOHN'S ShrunkEN PAY CHECK



How a Little Home Business Brought Independence

"They've cut our piece rate again," John said bitterly as he gloomily ate his supper. "I've been working at top speed and then only making a bare living, but now—"

It had been hard enough before but now—with John's pay check even smaller—I feared it would be impossible to make ends meet.

Idly I fingered thru the pages of a magazine and saw an advertisement telling how women at home were making \$15.00 to \$50.00 a week supplying Brown Bobby greaseless doughnuts.

"Why can't you do the same?" I asked myself. "Why can't you do what others have done? Investigate!" I did. In a few days I received details of the Brown Bobby plan. It seemed too good to be true because it showed how I, without neglecting my housework or little Jimmy, could easily make money.

"Well, to make the story short, I went into the business without telling John. I passed out sample Brown Bobbys to my friends, gave out a few samples around restaurants, lined up a couple grocery stores. In my first week, I sold 238 dozen Brown Bobbys at an average profit of 15c a dozen.

When John brought home his next pay check he threw it down on the table and said gloomily, "I'm sorry, honey, but it's the best I can do."

"It's not the best you can do, darling," and I almost cried when I told him of the money I had made selling Brown Bobbys. It was the happiest moment in my life.

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Town, State.....

Romancing in the Old World

(Continued from page 45)

gins, thread by thread, until the gossamer net is completed. I had never known before the magic of hand-wrought lace, but now I shall have always a passion for this particular form of beauty created by women's hands. I am enclosing a picture of the work of these Alençon schoolgirls.

Nightfall brought us to Chartres, famous for its cathedral. We went to see it early next morning, passing through a succession of fascinating streets in which little gray donkeys trotted and Normandy women in their starched white caps pushed small milk carts before them.

I could spend hours trying to describe the marvels of the cathedral choir screen, which represents in carved stone all the great incidents in the life of Christ—stone that seems flesh because of the delicacy and perfection of the workmanship.

Instead, I want to bring you this one tiny human touch from the magnificent edifice. As Jack and I were walking slowly toward one of the small chapels behind the choir, we kept hearing strange little sounds near us. I had never heard anything quite like them in a sanctuary. "Peep, peep, cluck, cluck," they came, more unmistakable than ever.

I turned around at last to discover the source of them, and what do you suppose I saw? A woman, evidently on her way to market, knelt on the stone flagging, in prayer. Beside her stood a round basket, from the loose lid of which several young chickens and a duck were peering curiously. She reached over at times and tucked them more firmly inside, then went on with her devotions.

We didn't feel any desire to laugh, somehow. There is something touchingly beautiful about the way these French people use their churches. They come and go as though their prayers were indeed interwoven with their daily lives as prayers should be.

Now, Nancy darling, I must be up and away. My caravan awaits me. We have two more precious days with our Ford, and we are going to visit Versailles and the nearer battle fields.

My love to you meanwhile, and another letter soon.

"BEGS."

A Livable and Inviting Home

(Continued from page 18)

furnish the little hall through which we pass over to the other bedroom. The case-ment windows have a pair of short curtains, made of semi-glazed chintz in a quaint design and lined with ecru sateen, which hang from brass rods.

The west bedroom has twin metal beds painted a deep amber color with small floral decorations, and the furniture is painted to match. There are braided rugs on the polished hardwood floor with mixed colors like those in the small flowers of the wall-paper. The glass curtains are of cream lace with striped mohair side curtains of green, rose and yellow on a gold ground. A gay printed mohair with peach-colored ground and design in plum and mauve is used for bedspreads. The small chair is a painted Windsor with a flat cushion covered in material like the bedspreads.

The last color accent in our colorful home is in the bathroom, where the little draperies and shower curtain are of waterproof material in an all-over orchid floral pattern, made with pinked edges, unlined, and hung from brass rods. Ivory color roller shades are fitted to the windows and a small bath mat picks up the various colors in tiles and fabric.

And now our house is furnished completely except for those personal items which make a house a home. Books, ornaments and natural flowers should be carefully selected and thoughtfully placed to give atmosphere and charm. Do not crowd the mantel shelf, tables and other available spaces with useless bric-à-brac, which only collects dust and gives a fussy appearance inconsistent with the true spirit of decoration.

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Address.....
City..... State.....
Color of my hair:.....

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MISCELLANEOUS

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The Genie of the Ring

(Continued from page 43)

"Then it's all O.K.," said Mr. Willis. He was holding her eyes in a steady blue gaze. "It's all O.K., and before I leave tonight, you and I are going to be married, and you are going with me—to the little white house which I have bought already. Will you, dearest?"

She did not look at him now. She fumbled a bit in her small purse, took out a folded yellow paper and laid it in his lap. "Read it," she said, in a strained voice.

Mr. Willis, frowning a little, read it. "You see?" The Girl, gathering her courage together, told him the rest. "I mustn't tell you his name. He—was in my life for two years, till I ran away from it. And he wanted me to go with him, on his yacht."

"You mean," Mr. Willis was frowning more deeply, "to be married?"

The Girl lifted her eyes to his bravely. "Not to be married," she said, "just to go. He's—that kind of man."

Mr. Willis was bending forward. "Keep looking at me," he said. "Listen. When you first came, I knew you were unhappy, and—courageous. You didn't want any of us to help you, you wanted to get on top of it alone. You were terribly stiff and—and uncompromising, but I began to love you right then, and—and after a while you began to love me. Don't tell me," said Mr. Willis, "that you didn't."

"If I did," murmured the Girl, "it would be a lie."

"All right. Now keep on looking at me. I don't care a darn about that man. The thing is—you didn't go."

The Girl's lips parted, quivering. "Now I'll tell you the rest of it," said John Willis. "Your eyes are as true as two star sapphires. It's—it's why I bought one for you, and it's why I want you to go with me, to world's end, or to the little house. Now, then, will you, my very dearest?"

The Girl leaned toward him. "Oh, it would be—so heavenly sweet!"

But John Willis was kissing the ring on her finger, her hand, her mouth...

The Vital Effect of Diet on Health

(Continued from page 36)

tomatoes; green peas; onions; turnips; potatoes (sparingly); watercress; string beans—in other words, all vegetables which are not high in starch like lima beans, navy beans, etc. Cooked vegetables should be served without white sauce; salt, pepper and a small amount of butter should be added; some may prefer a little vinegar on certain greens. Vegetable salads should be used freely, such as lettuce, tomatoes, etc., as well as cole slaw; they add bulk as well as mineral elements and vitamins.

Desserts: These should consist almost entirely of fresh fruits, which may be varied with ices and gelatine dishes, but the amount of sugar used must be kept low.

Let us assume that the desired weight has been reached; one then naturally asks, "Well, what do I do now?" One can best answer this question by saying that the system used in reducing the weight is the key to maintaining it at the proper level. It is obvious that the addition or increase of those foods, the omission or reduction of which caused a decrease in weight, will again increase the weight; the same holds for exercise. The maintenance of weight at the desired level is a comparatively simple and easy matter if one follows the suggestions in this and in last month's article. But it is so easy to slip back into the old habits of eating too much and exercising too little unless one has formed the habit of exercising and also of eating less food. To stay normal in weight, one must remember why one gained in weight, namely, overeating and underexercising. The scales will tell you whether you are slipping or whether you are adhering to your new system of living.



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The Postman's Whistle Page

ON WHICH THE LIGHTS AND
SHADOWS OF OUR READERS'
LIVES ARE REFLECTED

A Conscientious Horse

A traveler in the west noticed that a farmer was having trouble with his horse. It would start, go slowly for a short distance, then stop. Thereupon the traveler approached the farmer and asked solicitously, "Is your horse sick?"

"Not as I know of," was the farmer's reply.
"Is he balky?" the traveler asked.
"No," replied the farmer hastily, "but he is so danged 'fraid I'll say 'whoa' and he won't hear me, that he stops every once in a while to listen."
—Mrs. N. M., Pa.

Sewing Patches on Overalls

In sewing patches by hand onto the legs of overalls, I slip a folded newspaper or small magazine inside the leg under the patch, making a small surface on which to sew without wrinkling the material.
—L. M., Ill.

A Plumbing Aid

When the drain from the kitchen sink or bathtub becomes stopped, the trouble can often be remedied by the use of an automobile pump. Take an old inner tube, having the valve stem intact. Cut around the stem a circle of the rubber about five or six inches in diameter. Wet the rubber and hold it firmly over the drain while someone else applies the pump.
—Mrs. H. E. C., Nebr.

Simply a Matter of Business

"I rejoice that the world is filled with sunshine."
"You're an optimist, eh?"
"No, an awning manufacturer."
—Miss E. P., Ill.

Matching Embroidery Floss

When beginning a new piece of embroidery, especially if it is a large or a complicated piece of work, I find it very convenient and a time-saver to copy down the numbers of the shades of thread I am using on the piece, so that I may more easily get the correct shade when it becomes necessary to replenish my supply, without taking samples to the store. Also, if at any later time I wish to make another piece of work in the same pattern, I can easily refer to my shade number card and get my thread in the exact colors needed.
—Miss L. R. E., Iowa.

The Useful Crochet Hook

Use a new small steel crochet hook to pit cherries for pies or preserves, and a very small one to take the seeds out of gooseberries and currants, when making the imitation Bar-le-Duc conserve, where the skins are left in but the seeds removed. The heavier hook is fine for pulling out obstructions from the plumbing pipes; if the bodkin is missing, a tiny hook will pull the lingerie ribbon through successive openings in a garment and will keep the ribbon flat during the process.
—Mrs. B. M., Okla.

A Skilful Borrower

"Hello, Brown, are you using your step-ladder this afternoon?"
"Yes, I'm afraid I am."
"Splendid! Then you won't mind lending me your lawn mower."
—Mrs. M. G., Mo.

Scalloped Asparagus

1 bunch fresh asparagus or 1 can of asparagus
4 hard boiled eggs
Tablespoon flour
¼ cup butter
1 cup milk
½ cup fine dry bread crumbs
¼ cup grated cheese
Cayenne or white pepper
Salt
Cut off tips in two-inch lengths, reserving stalks for soup. Canned asparagus will only require baking in the scallop, but fresh tips must be simmered ten minutes in slightly salted water. Make a cream sauce of the flour, a tablespoon of the butter and the milk. Butter shallow baking pan, put in a layer of drained asparagus, sprinkle with finely chopped egg, dot with butter and sprinkle with pepper and salt. Repeat until dish is full, having a layer of the asparagus for the top. Turn in the cream sauce, cover thickly with the crumbs and dot with the remainder of the butter. Sprinkle with the cheese, cover and bake fifteen minutes, then uncover and brown.
—M. M. P., N. Y.

Keeping Household Records

An order book with duplicate yellow sheets and carbon between them and the originals is a veritable life saver at our house. All laundry, butcher, grocery, dairy and other lists are thus duplicated. If the original is lost or disputed, the duplicate is always there for proof.
—B. S. M., Ill.



Uncle Jeff AND HIS HOMELY PHILOSOPHY ON ACTION

Strike while the iron is hot!
Here's somethin' that's more to my likin'—
A surer policy, friend,
Is t' make th' iron hot by your strikin'!

I believe that there's about as many draw ourself's up and take a fresh start along in th' fall of th' year as takes an inventory January first. And when we resolve by hook or crook t' improve our mortal lot, we aim t' do it by some sort or t'other of action. Man is an animal th't cannot long be left in safety without occupation. It is only by up and doin' th't a body gets mastership of his faculties.

Th' man who travels surest, though he pause sometimes, still plods ahead. Every sinew in th' human body depends on action for its strength. It is a heap sight more profitable t' wear out th'n it is t' rust out. Time is short and what a man should get done in his span is past countin'. Let's don't worry so much about th' dim distance. Let's do the thing th't is just at hand. What a body knows should be seen in what he does. Every good thing is its own reward. That is jest as true of labor.

Th' Puritans didn't just set and think about things. They did 'em—fer which we are all duly grateful and from which we are all daily benefitin'. What we do makes or mars us. A man is th' child of his own deeds. And active natures are th' cheerful, productive kind. Gloom lives on th' shoulder of th' idle man. Jest drawin' your breath ain't livin'.

I've a notion that th' Lord reaches us good things by our own hands. Rightness expresses of action what straightness does of lines. And there can no more be two kinds of right action than there can be two kinds of straight lines. I wonder if we would not often be ashamed of some of our very best actions if our friends c'd see th' motives behind 'em? To me, nothin' is more terrible than t' see ignorance in action. Know what you are about. Be sure you are on th' right road before you push ahead too far. But—satisfied that you are headed right—keep everlastin'ly at it.

It is dark here on th' old Elbow tonight. Watchin' out over th' pasture, I notice th't th' firefly only shines when on th' wing.

Jeff B. Lincoln U. S. A.

We ask you to send us for this page jokes, recipes and homemaking ideas for saving money, time and labor. For original suggestions of not over 100 words that we accept, we will send you 50 cents promptly.

Arranging Flowers

Sometimes in displaying flowers, the longer stemmed ones cause the "frog" or holder to tip over. To avoid this, the bowl should be filled half full of small pebbles, then by sticking the flowers through the holder and on into the pebbles, they can be firmly anchored. Even without such a holder, one may display flowers nicely by putting pebbles in the bowl and sticking the flowers into the pebbles.
—Mrs. F. E. W., Kans.

A Wash Day Hint

Much stooping on wash day may be avoided by placing the wet clothes in a large bucket which is then hung from the clothesline at a convenient height by means of a piece of very heavy wire. The bucket can be pushed along as the clothes are hung up, and the next piece is always within easy reach.
—L. S., Ill.

Unthinkable

"I suppose you will want me to give up my job, Henry, when we are married?"
"How much do you make?"
"Thirty dollars a week."
"That isn't a job; it's a career. I couldn't think of interfering with your career, darling."
—Mrs. N. T., Ind.

The Care of Fine China

When washing delicate china and glassware, fold a towel and place it in the bottom of the dishpan. This often prevents the dishes from slipping and chipping.
—Mrs. A. B., Wis.

Harmony in Linen

Judge: "So your name is Muggleworth?"
Applicant: Yes, Your Honor.
Judge: "And you want the court to change it to Pullman. Now, just tell me why you want it changed."
Applicant: "Well, Your Honor, to tell the truth, it was my wife's idea. She got to thinking that we ought to have the same name that is on our towels."
—D. R., Ohio.

Another Use for the Double Boiler

Chops or steak or fried ham which are to be reheated are usually very dry and hard, and heat from the oven will only make them more so. Use instead the double boiler, keeping the water at a rapid boil. With a little butter added for sauce during the heating, the meat will be as tender and tasty as if freshly fried or broiled. Fried potatoes, fried hominy or mush can be reheated in similar fashion.
—E. B. D., Mich.

Laughing Shirts

Salesman: "These shirts simply laugh at the laundry."
Customer: "I know. I've had some come back with their sides split."
—Mrs. H. E. C., Nebr.

Walnut Spice Cake

¼ cup shortening	1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup powdered sugar	¼ teaspoon cloves
6 eggs	¼ teaspoon nutmeg
2 level tablespoons cocoa powder	1 cup finely chopped walnuts
2 teaspoons baking-powder	1 cup soft bread crumbs

FILLING

½ pound marshmallows	1 egg white
1 cup powdered sugar	Teaspoon orange extract
¼ cup hot water	

Cream shortening with powdered sugar, add the well-beaten egg yolks. Sift together spices and cocoa and add, then the nut-meats, and bread crumbs mixed with the baking-powder. Beat until stiff five egg whites, reserving one for the filling, and fold in lightly. Bake in two layers, and put together with the filling, for which melt the cut-up marshmallows over boiling water, and cook sugar and water to the thread. Turn the boiling hot sirup over the well-beaten egg white, add the melted marshmallows and the orange extract. Beat until nearly cold. This is an English cake, and very delicate and good.
—Mrs. E. L. B., Ark.

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Never before was there such a check-up of husbands' tastes! The picture here shows the Inquiring Reporter busy getting returns in one of the principal cities visited. Is he interviewing *your* husband?



In the Men's Grill at the Roosevelt Gateway Restaurant, New York City, coconut pie is a sell-out every time!

take. They want it often—and *get* it often, in the lunch-rooms and restaurants, where the choice is theirs. *Far oftener, their replies showed, than they had been getting it at home!*

But now that wives know . . . what a change there's been! And now that *you* know . . . why not . . . today . . . make that husband of yours a coconut pie? And make it—actually—the

best coconut pie that he's ever tasted! You can. For a new method of packing brings you coconut that is far creamier, far more luscious!

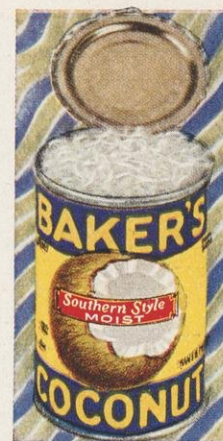
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filling? A Hawaiian Fruit Pie? Coconut Maple Rolls? Butterscotch Filling? Sunshine Tarts? All sorts of pies, tarts, cakes, puddings, and quick-and-easy treats? Send today. A FREE booklet of 87 recipes is yours for the asking! Illustrated in color! Full of ways to please a husband! It's the world's best help in planning gorgeous triumphs to crown a meal!



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COCONUT CREAM PIE, SOUTHERN STYLE

- 5 tablespoons flour
- 4 tablespoons sugar
- 1/8 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup cold milk
- 1 1/2 cups milk, scalded
- 3 egg yolks, slightly beaten
- 1 cup Baker's Coconut, Southern Style
- 1 baked 9-inch pie shell
- 1/2 cup tart jam
- 1 cup cream, whipped
- 1/2 cup Baker's Coconut, Southern Style

Combine flour, sugar, and salt; add cold milk and mix well. Add scalded milk gradually, place in double boiler, and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Pour small amount of mixture over egg yolks, return to double boiler, add 1 cup coconut, and cook 3 to 4 minutes longer. Cool. Pour filling into pie shell, cover with jam, pile cream lightly on top, and sprinkle with 1/2 cup coconut.

Serve immediately.

All measurements are level

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ON ANY
RANGE OR
HEATER
DOWN

Approved by
Good Housekeeping
Institute
Kalamazoo Stoves
and Ranges approved by
Good Housekeeping
Institute

SAVE 1/3 to 1/2 at Factory Prices

New, Free, fresh from the press... Kalamazoo's 30th Anniversary Sale Book. Full of surprises—sparkling with color—alive with NEW features! 200 styles and sizes of Quality Stoves, Ranges, and Furnaces—bigger values than ever—Factory Sale Prices that save you 1/3 to 1/2. And a brand NEW Credit Policy—NOW ONLY \$5 DOWN on any Stove or Furnace regardless of price or size. Write for this wonderful NEW FREE Book Now!

New Cabinet Heaters

A wide variety of Cabinet Heaters—the NEWEST styles, in Black and in rich, Walnut Porcelain Enamel finishes. Bargains that will open your eyes. Quality unbeatable. Don't order a Cabinet Heater until you receive this NEW Book and compare Kalamazoo Quality, Terms and Prices with others. Look through the Furnace Section, too. NEW improvements—easiest terms.

Beautiful Colored Ranges

Modern Coal and Wood Ranges, and Combination Coal and Gas Ranges, in glistening, colorful, Porcelain Enamel. (Your choice of 5 beautiful colors—Pearl Gray, Delft Blue, Ivory Tan, Nile Green, Ebony Black). NEW gas stoves, NEW gas ranges, and NEW oil ranges—all in fascinating colors. Also Washing Machines, Refrigerators, Kitchen Cabinets, Vacuum Cleaners and other Household Goods—all at big savings. You simply can't afford to be without this Book—it's the best friend your pocketbook ever had.

750,000 Satisfied Customers

Mail coupon TODAY! This sensational NEW FREE Anniversary Book has more bargains than 20 big stores—a thrill on every page for thrifty families. 750,000 satisfied customers have saved 1/3 to 1/2 by buying direct from the factory. Factory prices are always lowest. There's nothing between you and Kalamazoo but the railroad tracks. Kalamazoo Terms are NOW easier than ever before—some as low as \$3 down, \$3 monthly—and a YEAR TO PAY. No stove or furnace over \$5 down. Kalamazoo gives you 30 days FREE TRIAL in your home, 360 days' Approval Test, a 5-Year Guarantee on materials and workmanship, a \$100,000 Bank Bond Guarantee of satisfaction.

24 Hour Shipments

Kalamazoo is close to you—all stoves and ranges shipped within 24 hours from Kalamazoo, Michigan or factory

branch in Utica, New York. Furnaces in 48 hours. No delay. Safe delivery guaranteed.

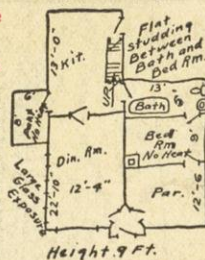
Modernize Your Home

Where's your pencil? Sign the coupon NOW, and mail today. Modernize your kitchen with a colorful Kalamazoo Range—as easy to clean as a china dish. Brighten your home—lighten your work. All Kalamazoo Ranges are approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

Heats 3 to 6 rooms. Your choice of Black or Walnut Porcelain Enamel—only \$38.25 up. And just think, you can order NOW for only \$5 down.

Free Furnace Plans—Free Service

Send us a rough sketch of the floor plan of your home. We'll furnish you FREE plans—no obligation at all. We'll show you how easy it is to install your own furnace—thousands have. You can save \$40 to \$60 on a Kalamazoo furnace. Exclusive Kalamazoo furnace features are Hot-Blast Firepot, new ring type Radiator, easy shaking Grates, upright Shaker. You can order on the easiest of terms—this NEW Book gives you full information.



30 Years of Quality

You have heard of Kalamazoo Quality for 30 years. Kalamazoo stoves and ranges are built in our big 13 acre factory. Kalamazoo has tremendous buying power—that means purchasing the best raw materials at lowest prices. Big scale production enables us to manufacture efficiently at extremely low cost. By selling direct from factory to you, eliminating entirely all "in-between" profits, you get absolutely rock-bottom factory prices. Understand you buy from a factory—not from a mail order house, a wholesale house, or a retail house. You get lowest Factory Prices. Mail coupon TODAY for NEW FREE Book.

KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., MFRS.
551 Rochester Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich.
Warehousing and shipping points, Utica, N. Y. and Kalamazoo, Mich. (Write only to Kalamazoo)

Furnaces \$61.95 up

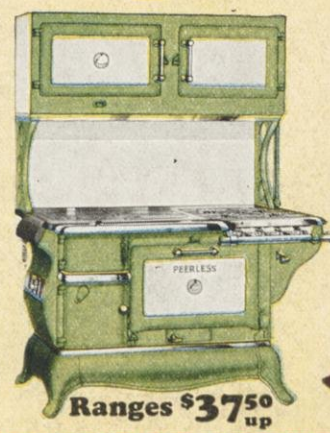


Cabinet
Heaters \$38.25 up

\$5 Down Brings You Cabinet Heater Comfort

Don't shiver through another winter. Don't subject your family to winter ills and doctor bills—that's poor economy. Nothing will bring you so much comfort and happiness as a NEW Kalamazoo Cabinet Heater. Built like a furnace. Gives you healthful circulation of warm air. Holds fire overnight.

"We received the range in good condition. We are very well pleased with it. It has proved satisfactory in every respect. Everyone seeing it exclaims, 'Oh! what a pretty stove!' It is the best heater and baker we ever had." W. P. SHAFFSTALL, Franklin, Pa.



Ranges \$37.50 up



750,000 Satisfied Customers Have Saved Money by Mailing This Coupon

Coal and Wood Ranges	<input type="checkbox"/>	Important: Be sure to put an (X) in column at left to indicate articles in which you are interested.
Gas & Combination Ranges	<input type="checkbox"/>	KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Mfrs.
Gasoline Ranges	<input type="checkbox"/>	551 Rochester Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich.
Cabinet Heaters	<input type="checkbox"/>	Dear Sirs: Please send me your FREE Catalog.
Pipe Furnaces	<input type="checkbox"/>	Name.....
Direct Heat Furnaces	<input type="checkbox"/>	(Please print name plainly)
Oil Stoves	<input type="checkbox"/>	Address.....
Household Goods	<input type="checkbox"/>	City..... State.....

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"
Trade Mark Registered