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WOMAN'S WORLD



MIRIAM
STORY
HURFORD

THE DOUGHNUT GIRL

Painted for Woman's World by Miriam Story Hurford

SEPTEMBER ISSUE • 1928

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*makes kitchen utensils
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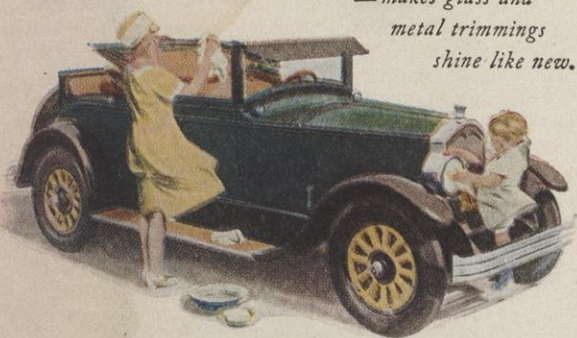
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*Food for Body and Soul*

TO MANY of us a doughnut is a doughnut—but to the boys in the muddy trenches of the shell-pocked soil of France, the Salvation Army doughnut was memories of home. To them it brought visions of mother's clean, fragrant kitchen where a part of the Saturday morning activities was the frying of these golden brown circlets to fill the crock in the pantry against the onslaughts of hungry boys. It meant even more than that; it became a kind of spiritual anchor to windward, embedded in all the love and traditions of that home from which they had been so abruptly torn, and, in some inexplicable way, it made of them more cheerful comrades, braver soldiers and better men.

Angels of mercy, were these cheery-faced, blue-bonneted lassies of the Salvation Army who, from dugouts in advance of the artillery, and, on occasion, even in the front line trenches, dispensed food both for weary bodies and hungry souls. And then, after the battles which were so costly in human life, back in the field hospitals, beside some narrow, white cot, when food no longer was needed and when tired eyes were closing forever on the fiendish drama of war, many and many is the farewell message that these same lassies have taken from faltering, blood-flecked lips for mothers and sweethearts in their far-away homes.

But it is not only on the battlefields of France, not only in time of war, that the Salvation Army lassie goes about on her errands of mercy. Day by day, unheralded and unsung, humanity wages its struggle against the odds that confront it—and the conflicts of peace are often more disastrous than the bloodiest battles of war. The weak, the fallen, the abandoned derelicts of society, and all the human butterflies whose wings have been singed in the flame of youth—these are the ones to whom the Salvation Army comes with its message of comfort and courage, hope and cheer. Its 22,362 officers are constantly at work in the "no man's land" of a stern old world and through its ministrations, social liabilities are being mended and restored to responsible units in the social scheme.

Because of the high character of service that is thus being rendered by this humanitarian organization, Woman's World is pleased to present as the subject of its cover painting this month, Miriam Story Hurford's "The Doughnut Girl," to which Douglas Malloch has added an interpretation in his inimitable verse.

Also, since the doughnut has become the humble, human symbol of the fundamental work of the Salvation Army and since the Salvation Army doughnut is at once the cheapest and the most expensive ever made (for, while they are being given away by the thousands, as high as five hundred dollars has been paid for one)—we are presenting with full permission, the recipe for the most famous doughnuts ever made. And, as you eat the doughnuts made from it, just remember that they are not only food for the body, but that frequently they have been food for the soul as well.

The Doughnut Girl's Recipe

4 cups flour	¼ teaspoon cinnamon
1½ teaspoons salt	½ tablespoon butter
4 teaspoons baking powder	1 cup sugar
	1 cup milk
¼ teaspoon grated nutmeg	1 egg

PUT flour in shallow pan, add salt, baking powder and sugar. Rub in butter with tips of fingers. Add the well beaten egg and milk and stir thoroughly. Toss on floured board. Roll to one-fourth inch in thickness, shape, fry and drain. Millions of doughnuts have been made from this recipe.

The Doughnut Girl

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

"Quick, Mother, here's the doughnut girl!

Oh, let me run right down
And get some doughnuts from the girl,
Some doughnuts nice and brown.

Just see the way the people come,
For ev'ryone is buying some—"

"Well, dear, I'm very glad of that;
And here's the money, and your hat."

"Oh, Mother, she's the nicest girl!
I liked the dress of blue

She wore today, the doughnut girl."

"Yes, dear, they always do;
And all the money they take in
They use for fighting want and sin,
Yes, every cent they make today
They always spend some noble way."

"They do?" "My dear, the doughnut girl
Is really, after all,

A sweet Salvation Army girl
Who lifts folks when they fall.
She helps the poor, and peace she brings,
And, oh, just does a lot of things
For lots of people you and I
Might never find, might never try."

"I guess God likes the doughnut girl,
If that's the kind she is."

"Yes, dear, for God loves ev'ry girl
Who's doing work of His."

"And, Mother, it's the nicest thought
To think that something we have bought
That makes us glad, like doughnuts do,
And then helps other people, too!"

Tongues in Trees

"EVERYBODY talks about the weather, but nobody ever does anything about it," Mark Twain once said. And, for that matter, we are still talking about it with the same old absence of results. We say it is unusually hot or cold or wet or dry and contrast existing conditions with years gone by, when, as a matter of fact, there is a rather precise regularity in the cyclical recurrence of these periods of climatic extremes.

This fact is now being proved by scientists from a study of the rings of growth of trees. In these rings there is revealed with unfailing accuracy "the story of sunspots, drouth and rainfall, of fat years and lean." The giant sequoias, some of which date back to the time of Christ, tell the story of climatic conditions for the past two thousand years, and from this story scientists are now learning to predict the weather that we may expect for years, nay, centuries in advance, just as they have learned that comets have their regular orbits and make their flaming appearance at stated periods in the midnight sky.

Truly, as Shakespeare said, there are "... tongues in trees, books in brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."

What Doth It Profit a Man?

THE tragic part of life is that we cannot retrace any of it. We cannot reach back through the years and pluck the blossoms of love, and kindness and humanity that we passed so hurriedly by in our feverish quest for wealth or place or power.

That, in short, is the theme of Zoe McKenzie Smith's "A Beautiful Journey," appearing in this issue. It is the story of two divergent ways of living, and of a young couple who tried them both.

Lickin' and Larnin

IT IS a half century, in point of time, since the Hoosier schoolmaster attempted to inoculate the youth of "Flat Creek" with a desire for information. And still more remote so far as popular sentiment is concerned, are the days when even the rudiments of education required forcible feeding and when Old Pete Jones summed up the methods of successful pedagogy in his now famous utterance—"Lickin' and larnin' goes together. No lickin', no larnin', says I."

But did it ever occur to you that the boys and girls of the Hoosier schoolmaster's day were, naturally, no more unruly or no less impressionable than our own youngsters who are starting out to school this month? If lickin' was essential to larnin' fifty years ago, it was not because of any peculiarity in the mental make-up of the child, but rather because of the indifferent attitude of its parents and the slight valuation which they all too plainly placed upon an education.

Nowadays, we parents appreciate the vital necessity of scholastic training as the foundation for success in any line; teachers receive the moral support and backing of the folks at home and lickin' is no longer the recognized road or goad to cultural advancement.

But now there is another step which parents can and ought to take. If you would stimulate tremendously your children's enthusiasm for their studies and if you would increase the ease with which they concentrate upon their lessons, just devote a few minutes each day to a kindly discussion with them of the things they learned at school. Merely talking about their problems will often smooth out the points they failed to understand—and the fact that their work is worthy of your attention will multiply its interest to them.

About Contentment

NOT having the means of satisfying your wants is no disgrace—circumstances, health, a thousand things might interfere—but not having any wants, that is the unpardonable sin. The history of civilization is a chronicle of the achievements of men and women who wanted to know, wanted to see, wanted a myriad of things and struggled and fought to secure them.

True contentment doesn't lie in an absence of ambition, or in an indifference to higher, finer and better things, but rather in the knowledge that you fought a good fight and that, though the breaks may have been against you, you have had an ideal, a purpose, an upward urge and have given your best efforts to attain it.



“Right much life in that soap,” says Mrs. King’s Eliza
! .. and in the children, too!” adds Mrs. King !

ACTUAL VISITS TO P & G HOMES No. 14

We heard about Eliza recently when we were going about from house to house in a pretty little Virginia town, asking women what kind of laundry soap they used. When we asked Mrs. King*, she laughed and said, “You really should talk to Eliza about her P and G Naphtha Soap.”

“Eliza is your maid?” we asked, with caution.

“Eliza,” said Mrs. King impressively, “is the pillar of this family. She has lived with us for ten years. She brings up the children, makes the most wonderful fried chicken and beaten biscuits, and hangs out the whitest clothes you ever saw.”

“And she likes P and G?”

“Indeed she does. Once I asked her why she liked it. ‘There’s right much life in that soap,’ she said. You see, she doesn’t have to rub so hard to get the children’s clothes clean. And they are a test of any soap—how do nice little children get so dirty?”

“Then, too,” Mrs. King went on, “it keeps the clothes looking bright and fresh

*Of course, this is not her real name.

—and Eliza is proud of her clothes. And she can use it with cold water any time she wants to rub out a dress for Mary-Elizabeth or a blouse that Billy has gone climbing in. ‘Deed, Miss Harriet,’ she will say, ‘that soap is a good friend to me’.”

Less rubbing, whiter clothes, brighter colors—in any kind of water, hot or cold, hard or soft! Do you wonder that P and G is used by more women *than any other soap in the world?*

This unequalled popularity means that P and G is made in enormous quantities. And since large-scale manufacturing costs less in proportion than small-scale manufacturing, a very large cake of P and G can be sold to you for actually less even than ordinary soaps.

So P and G costs less *because* it is so popular. And it is so popular because it *really is a better soap.*

PROCTER & GAMBLE

FREE! *Rescuing Precious Hours*—“How to take out 15 common stains—get clothes clean in lukewarm water—lighten washday labor.” Problems like these, together with newest laundry *methods*, are discussed in a free booklet—*Rescuing Precious Hours*. Send a post card to Winifred S. Carter, Dept. NW-9, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.



© 1928, P. & G. Co.

The largest-selling soap in the world



Hottinger

"You—you cad!" he shouted. "You'd dare ask her to marry you, and not put her first!"

Illustration by William Hottinger

The Love of Old Iron Hands

By GERTRUDE ROBINSON



A SUDSY spume racing over the reefs at the turn of Mackerel Cove into the bay, a blanched curl of smoke caroming back from the engine on the siding at the village, fantastic festoons tangled in the heads of larch and maple saplings on the lower slope of Cheap Hill.

Mark thrust out a great flail of a hand and tested the air. "Wind stirring," he said aloud, after the fashion of a man who is much alone. "Driest August since the big fire."

"Hello, Ol' Iron Hands!"

Mark lurched forward and stood, straddle-legged, peering at the mite of a shrunken lad on crutches. "Who taught you that?"

His voice was querulous. Half the countryside knew him by no other name, yet it grated unaccountably on the lips of this strangeling.

"That's what Miss Letty said when you went leggin' it by to the village this afternoon, not lookin' our way at all. She said: 'There goes Ol' Iron Hands, God bless him!'"

Miss Letty home! A hot, incredulous joy, followed by a dull pain, stabbed at Mark's throat. Impulsively he turned back toward the lane that led to the Rulison farm, then wheeled and again went shambling up the hill, moccasin-clad feet plodding softly through the dust.

Why had she come? Why hadn't she let him know?

A story of the differing loves of two men, one of whom wanted merely to get a wife, while the other wanted to give a life. A dramatic commentary on the value of giving versus getting

Could it be Luther's coming had anything to do with it?

The setting sun cast his shadow ahead of him in grotesque, bulging lines—the great square head, shaggy and thrust forward, the stooping shoulders, the long and heavy limbs. His hands, enormous, hard and horny, swinging loosely, made uncanny exerescences at the level of the knees of the shadow. From it his eyes shrank. Mark had never become accustomed to his own ugliness.

WHAT was the lad shrieking after him? He half turned. The exerescence at the right knee of the shadow shot out in a shovel-like motion of farewell and dropped. The shadow edged along up the hill.

"Didn't ask my name. She calls me Pint O' Cider,

only Peter once in a while. Pint O' Cider!"

Pint O' Cider. Just like Letty to call the scrap of a lad that. No bigness to him at all. So she was really home. It hadn't seemed real before, till the lad said that. Maybe he'd be seeing her—before Luther came. His heart was thumping ridiculously, as it had years before when for once he got ahead of Luther and took Letty home from a church supper.

On the steps of Janeway House, Mark sat down to read again the letter. So, after fifteen years, Luther was coming home to Cheap Hill. Very brisk and suggestive of Luther, the letter. Luther had made good. He was a specialist in nervous diseases with a well-known office in Cleveland, a brother to be proud of. Not often, but occasionally, Mark wondered whether he might not have done as well had he been set free to satisfy his passion for healing misshapen things.

IN THE doorway appeared Aunty Pye, who kept his house. She was a brittle-looking little old woman in starched blue and white percale always protected by a long white apron edged with lace she had herself designed and of which she was inordinately proud. In the pattern a plump mouse was forever being chased by an equally plump kitten. Her white hair was rolled in a fluffy, cottony mass over a cushion on top of her small head. Aunty Pye was the sister of Mark's long dead mother, and from this side of the family came (Continued on page 30)



"Believe it or not, you'd stop traffic," Julie opined

Drawing by C. J. McCarthy

GLAMOUR

By ANN WEST



LAST BEND"—"Hamilton"—"Hickory Grove"—"Cross-town"—the drab small towns slipped past, as alike as peas in a pod. Dried peas in a pod. Yet Julie, huddled ecstatically against the window of her Pullman compartment, thrilled to the sight of them and to the sound of their inapt names which the tubby little brakeman bawled through the day coaches. She had anticipated only Alansburg, the tranquil, maple-shaded village with its brick university buildings at one tip and willow-fringed lake at the other. It was amazing that she should thrill from her smart French hat to her pretty arched slippers at the mere environs and old memories.

"All the loved spots that my infancy knew!" she jibed at herself, wiping her eyes and adoring a green wagon full of bright yellow corn, drawn by stout draft horses and driven by a giant in faded blue jeans.

How would the old town seem, after fourteen years? How would its immutable qualities appear to one who had shuttled between New York and Paris for ten years—with side trips to London or Rome or Palm Beach or Buenos Aires? And what would it think of Julie Clayton—the new Julie? Did Alansburg remember the old Julie at all? She rather hoped not.

She smiled slowly, a confident smile but not a vain one. Of all women in the world, Julie had the least innate vanity. But she knew as she sat there that she was, superficially, as faultless, as finished, as an exquisite etching, or a Kentucky thoroughbred groomed for a race, or a slim, trim yacht ready to sail. It was her business to look so, her business to know how women might be superlatively attractive. For nothing else was she paid



The story of a woman who revived an old love with a new dress, and of another woman who won a new love with an old dress—in which is demonstrated a fine point in feminine strategy



twenty-five thousand a year, exclusive of such minor perquisites as a kaleidoscopic life of travel and authority, a personal maid, a wardrobe to make a movie queen green with envy.

Well—at least, she had not brought a maid on this trip. That would have been a bit thick for Alansburg. And she had contrived to reduce her luggage to one huge trunk and several bags. College days were not so distant that she had forgotten the possible resources of Celeste's guest-room.

SOON she would see Celeste! At the mere thought of it, she stood up and took a swift turn about the cramped compartment. Lovely, lovely Celeste! Queen of the campus by right of grace and beauty and charm. She was enshrined in Julie's heart. Now she was married to a plodding professor of science in the little college in Alansburg, when she might have chosen from a dozen more colorful destinies. What would twelve years of domesticity in a village have done for Celeste? There were two babies, Julie recalled swiftly. And Doctor

Wheeler's salary must have been frightfully small. She remembered the endless contriving and make-shifts of Alansburg faculty wives.

No one had better reason to remember it all than Julie. It was she who helped prepare and serve faculty dinners for the comfort of eating part of them herself. She who mended and washed dishes and minded babies to pay for a cold cubby of a room—so cold that she must study in the college library. In those days, Julie could have packed all her belongings in a matting suitcase—and did. Life was a breathless affair of ceaseless hurry, two tasks where one should have been, fatigue, shrilling alarm clocks in the bitter dark of winter mornings, making one dollar do the work of three.

In the gay college life, no one noticed the plain, shabby girl who never had time to arrange her hair becomingly or powder her nose or stop to chat. No one, that is, save Celeste. From her intangibly royal station, Celeste stooped to interest herself in the brilliant nondescript girl who was doing a four-year course in three. Celeste had made gifts when she could manage to have them accepted and had put a bit of pleasure in Julie's way whenever she could. For two unforgettable summers, she carried her off to the Dales' family place at the seashore and brought the roses to Julie's cheeks.

NEVER had Celeste ceased to love Julie—even after the Dales lost their money and it was Julie who rode the crest of the wave. And now—"Alansburg, lady!" announced the porter, appearing to take her bags.

Julie's fingers trembled so that she could scarcely get a tip from her purse, and her heart beat high as it had not done since the morning that her firm made her head

buyer and general manager for the dozen smart shops scattered in as many cities over the earth.

Just as she left the room, she caught a glimpse of her own animated face; with a chuckle, she tucked the tiny sophisticated veil of lace which shadowed her eyes into her hat. Really, that French touch was a bit too much for an arrival in Alansburg.

The little station was a bustle of confusion, the usual rah-rah turmoil of a railway station in any college town. Sleek-haired undergraduates in sweaters, with cigars dangling from their mouths, and slim, overrouged girls in rakish sports togs elbowed about in self-conscious importance. An amazing number of rickety taxicabs were backed to the curb and their drivers raised a deafening clamor. Students' flivvers, stripped to skeletons and adorned with more or less humorous legends, crowded the street.

Into the melée stepped the suave Miss Clayton. A small island of awed silence surrounded her at once. But she was too accustomed to that to notice it. She was looking eagerly about for a slender, bronze-haired, glorious-eyed figure whose image was enshrined in her heart . . .

A dowdy, tired-faced woman gripped her arm. It couldn't be Celeste! But it was.

"Julie—oh, Julie, darling!"

Not until they were in the cheap little old roadster and had escaped the tangle of wheels into broad quiet Market Street could Julie speak or find courage to look again at Celeste. Both women were in tears.

"I knew I'd be glad—and I knew you'd be wonderful—but I didn't realize how wonderful—" Celeste was saying with husky breathlessness as she carelessly swerved about a sharp corner.

"I'm not! You're such a duck, Celie—and I'm so happy—and such a goose!" wailed Julie, abandonedly mixing her poultry.

"We'll drive out the old Post Road for a little way until we regain our sanity," Celeste decided, while she jerked the wheel away from a push-cart and wiped her eyes at the same time.

JULIE took stock of her once queenly Celeste as they sped out the country road and her heart was suddenly heavy. How could domesticity, near-poverty, care, have so changed her? She looked what she was, a tired, overburdened, discouraged woman. She looked as any woman looks who has wholly forgotten herself. Julie saw that the only externals to which Celeste still clung were enough nondescript garments in which to appear decently.

Nothing could dim the soft fires of her hair—nothing, at least, save the little streaks of white which had already begun to encroach. But the heavy mass of it clung precariously to insufficient pins hastily adjusted. And, of course, the dark red hat was all wrong in color, size and line. Alansburg milliners could not be expected to achieve the sort of thing essential to hair that may not be bobbed on penalty of a crime against nature and beauty. Julie sighed.

And that awful crepe frock! What color had it been before it was washed? Washed unsuccessfully. Celeste's once pretty skin was neglected, sallow, guiltless of powder. All the fresh pulsing color was gone. Her hands were red and rough; her shoulders drooped.

But it was not all this, really, which caught so unbearably at Julie's heart, but something more subtle, an inner blurring of the ardency and charm which had been the girl Celeste. A dulling of the spirit.

Celeste turned the little car into the shade of a wide oak and stopped. "Julie—you look precisely like your picture in that article about you in the Smart Vogues Magazine! When I saw it, last month, I almost passed away. I burned the oatmeal and forgot the children's teeth and bought a new bridge lamp instead of paying the milk bill. I knew I had to see you, if it came to pawning my engagement ring to come to New York. It's dear of you to come all this way—just to see me. You're famous and enormously successful—and, you're the loveliest thing I ever saw."

Julie laughed and hugged her. "How you talk, Celie! You always reveled in superlatives. Anyway—it's just clothes and knowing how to wear them. I'd jolly well better know how, or I'd be back in a stuffy fitting room at five dollars a day." That wasn't exactly true, of course. She had lived thriftily, invested in stock of her excellent firm and made one or two lucky turns in real estate. Julie was, in fact, in a position to retire if she wished.

"No," Celeste denied, "it isn't clothes, altogether. You look—" she groped for the right words, "you look so—so fit, sartorially, physically, mentally."

That about expressed it. Julie had not become one of those efficiency experts who are as hard as their blue pen-

cils. Her cultural and recreative hours were as surely observed as her business obligations. She kept to the trend of books and art and social graces. She could revel, in her many-faceted days, in a symphony or a musical comedy, a Russian play or a football game, a studio party or a solemn scientific conclave. Science had been the enthusiasm of her school days. Julie was alive to her finger tips.

"I'm probably missing the best in life," said she. "But I'm having a lot of fun. And you, Celie? Of course, you're happy. If ever I saw a love match . . ."

CELESTE'S big shadowed eyes looked far off across the meadows into a woman's never-never land, and in her face was the baffled brooding of an ardent nature stifled by realities. "Yes—" she said, lips quivering a little, "it was that. It is that. I wouldn't undo it if I could. But—oh, Julie, it's been hard! Ellis is a dreamer. He has the spark—he is one of those men who blaze trails in human knowledge. But he is impractical. Maybe he'll never get on. It's that which takes courage."

"He writes a lot, you know, and sometime his books will be recognized; but it will be after we're dead, probably. Alansburg is in a rut; it doesn't boost its men—"



MY THOUGHTS

By DORIS M. TRAPHAGEN

My thoughts are as a flock of sheep;
They browse through meadows cool and deep,
They wander o'er the traveled way
And keep in order all the day.
At night, when all the world's asleep,
I have no power o'er my sheep.
They scurry off and seek to find
The hidden places of the wind,

The cup that catches the moon's soft rain,
The elf that brings the spring again.

They come at last, off in the night,
To a canyon cut in shimmering white.
They peep o'er the ledge, but cannot see,
They shudder at the mystery,
And, turning, they come home to me.

She broke off contritely. "What am I thinking of! Spoiling the first hour of your visit! We always did tell each other our soul secrets, didn't we?" She summoned a smile. "You'll like Ellis. He's an old dear—with his head in the clouds and his feet deep in the mysteries of the earth."

"We'll have to go," she sighed, reluctantly starting the engine. "I've the roast in the oven with the thermostat turned just right, and the dessert and salad are ready in the ice box. But we dine at seven in Alansburg, you know. You haven't forgotten? There will be several guests. I'm sorry but it had been arranged before I received your message."

Julie's heart was full of pity. "Twelve years of washing dishes and peeling potatoes and dusting and taking care of babies—no wonder she looks like that!" she thought fiercely. "All for a selfish man who probably thinks more of the exact lightness of the shortcake than of his wife's red hands."

Later, while Celeste, with the aid of an awkward colored-woman-by-the-day, put the finishing touches to her dinner, Julie faced the "selfish man" across the hearth in the living-room. He did not look the part. Rather, like Celeste, he seemed worn down by life; his sensitive, clever features had sharpened, he was thinner and decidedly gray.

Julie remembered the suave, elegant young instructor in science, fresh from Yale and Oxford, who had set the girls in a flutter when he came to Alansburg. Ellis Wheeler was one of those brilliant young men who take a pot-boiler job in a backwash of educational activities and find themselves—through family responsibilities or lack of executive sense or sheer obscurity—unable to swim out to broader waters. He appeared tired and discouraged, but the spark of aspiration and vision was still in his eyes.

Julie noted that he wore a worn, well brushed business suit and polished, patched boots. Probably he did not own a dinner coat.

He was a bit afraid of Julie, this exquisite woman in the slinky blue and silver dinner frock. She was the sort of person, now, from whom it is difficult to look away. And yet, she was not beautiful, had never been so. Her features were vividly expressive, but commonplace. Her make-up was so perfect that one did not notice it at all, except to be conscious of her flower-like freshness. Straight black hair was drawn severely back from a perfect hairline which climaxed in a fascinating little point exactly in the center of her forehead and swept sleekly to the knot at the turn of her neck.

Julie's figure had always been perfect, although in the old days the cheap, badly cut gowns she wore had served to conceal the fact. She wore, tonight, one of those frocks which cease to be such by virtue of artistry. It was a poem—a moonlit, star-spangled night translated into a sheath of velvet and silver. Oriental eardrops, almost sweeping her creamy shoulders, matched the exotic chain and bracelet which so few women could have carried off successfully but which on her looked exactly right.

"Odd that I can't remember you," Ellis said with a musing smile.

"No, it isn't, really," Julie protested. "I was, doubtless, the most obscure student in the known world. If Celie hadn't been an angel, she wouldn't have known me either." Her eyes sparkled at all the memories that crowded back. "But I actually was in one of your classes, you know. You are a marvelous teacher, Doctor Wheeler."

His slight, impatient gesture was eloquent of repressed rebellion. "I am not," he said slowly, as though he could not help it, "by nature or inclination, a teacher, at all."

A heavy silence settled upon the room—the shabby, pitifully neat little room. Julie groped for the right words which would not carry the insult of too great sympathy.

The shrilling of the doorbell saved the moment and Ellis rose to answer it. The guests, seven in all, drifted in on a gale of genial chatter and were individually rendered somewhat dazed when presented to Julie.

"Only one bachelor, Julie," Celeste had told her an hour earlier as they struggled to put the two plump, obstreperous boys to bed. "Unattached men, over the age of seniors, are almost unknown in Alansburg. Did you ever know Martin Swain? ('Stand still, Robert, until mother gets this sleeve.') Martin was in our class, but I certainly didn't know it at the time. He was an awful grind and never went anywhere and helped the janitors for a living. But, you know, he's one of those shy violets that turn out to be sunflowers. ('Dicky! Put down that tooth paste and come here!') He developed from a clumsy, inarticulate boy into an unusual man. He's good-looking in a rugged fashion; rather quiet still—though it's poise and not stupidity. And he has seeds of money. He's opened those new quarries near the

railroad, and he's made a lot in real estate, and is president of a bank which he opened to float his own money. Good heavens! I think I forgot to order coffee!" she broke off abruptly, tumbled Dicky from her lap and fled to the kitchen.

JULIE tucked her dressing-gown about her and managed to corral the youngsters into bed; then told them a brief and thrilling tale of a giant and a dragon, on condition that they go instantly to sleep when she finished.

Back in her room, she stood in the middle of the floor, thinking. Thinking of Martin Swain and smiling a crooked little smile at her own self-deception. She knew, now, that she had come to Alansburg to see Martin, although she had not acknowledged it to herself. True, she had longed for Celeste; but it would have been jollier to have sent Celie a ticket to New York and made a lark of it for her.

Martin's devotion had been the only color of romance in her college days, if it could claim so glowing a word. Both had gone the same breathless pace to keep up with life. They had no time for playing about. Martin's favor was expressed in little more than an occasional chance meeting in laboratory or library, when his clumsy attempts at gallantry were met with a sort of tolerant scorn. He found courage at last to ask her to marry him—some day, when he should have won his place in the world. It was on a blustery, rain-swept evening when he tried to hold a leaky umbrella over her on the way home. And Julie had laughed.

Thinking of it now, she caught her breath. How cruel girls could be! She had never forgotten the look in his eyes when she sent him away. (Continued on page 22)

The Beautiful Journey

A Story of Two Divergent Ways of Living and of a Young Married Couple Who Tried Them Both

By ZOE MCKENZIE SMITH

Illustrations by Hanson Booth

on a flat, hot rock, toast bread or bake johnnycake in the hot coals. At night, snug in their beds of boughs, they rested in a sleep too deep for dreams. Sometimes they rambled to a not too distant stream or lake, and while Blythe mended or read and tended the babies, Bobbie lay and fished and whispered to her, or just lay and fished, or just lay. Lazy, idle days off in the quiet. Beautiful, happy days!

AND somehow, unreasonable and inexplicable as it seems, Bobbie Willing would return to town the gleeful victim of some new enthusiasm. He never knew how he came by these ideas of his. They seized upon his most casual moments, transfixed him where he stood, and Blythe, observing him, soon knew the signs of the glazed and inward eye, the rapt, dumb look. Her dimple would rush in and out, her eyes soften adoringly, her voice fall to a gentle croon, until such time as the infant idea should be strong enough to be delivered into the world in the form of words. Usually, written words first. Words scrawled on an envelope, the back of a check, or, if he had remembered to bring it, his leather-bound notebook. When the idea was safely down, Bobbie would become boyishly playful in his delight. Like every man sure of his wife's love, he spread his fancies before her, gloated over his creations, and, in the light of her appreciation, perfected the thing he had planned.

It was on such a journey Bobbie Willing conceived the daringly gossipy venture entitled, "Love Letters of a Married Man." There was mighty little love in them; that is, there was little enough of his own love in them, but a good deal of other people's hinted at. Just the kind of letter any naturally curious human enjoys.

Mark Silverton was pretty worried over printing the first one. He was a well-to-do man with no mortgages hanging over him, but he wasn't one to tread heavily on thin ice. He read and reread the letter Bobbie addressed: "Dear Sally Lou"—who was presumably at the beach for the summer—read it with eyes narrowed and lips pursed tight. At least, he started with a face like that, quite grim and terrible, but little by little the fierceness melted away. He grinned. He chuckled. He roared and slapped his fat knee. Gosh! It was good! All the gossip in town spicily, briefly hinted at in just the right words. In the pleasant manner of one who writes about his friends. Wit mated with kindness.

"The darned fool's a genius!" exclaimed Mark Silverton to himself, swaying heavily back in the editorial chair and wiping his eyes and blowing his nose. "I hope he gets by with it."

Bobbie had got by. Not only with the "Love Letters of a Married Man" but with regular offerings in catchy meter. Verse clever enough to be published in the big magazines, everyone admitted, if the world weren't so populous with poets. Everyone read Bobbie's stuff. There was always some unexpected quirk at the end, a humorous implication handled with false dignity, or a jingly little rhyming of a local circumstance. And Bobbie went cheerfully on his way. When people got so much kick out of a thing, they could scarcely kick about it.

There were other innovations. Special features that appeared week after week with freshness and originality. Five years of it. In the months when the radiator was drained and the car hibernating, there were long quiet evenings around the lamp. Bobbie had a horrible morris chair in which he stretched his idle length and gobbled up fiction and fact with equal appetite.

Blythe made this haven for him. The babies, drowsy and at their sweetest, were just out of their bibs each night when daddy came. The better Better Baby of the day was carried on daddy's back a bucking journey around chairs and through all the rooms and finally dumped, deliciously bouncing, into his little bed. The other Better Baby (who had not been so good that day), waiting with shining eyes and little excited squeals for his turn, had to be content with the more quiet jog of a tired horsey. After their own dinner, the young parents, tiptoeing in beside the two little beds, straightened tender outflung limbs, tucked in the warm comforters and stood, each night, there in the soft gloom, with their arms

around each other, realizing, as people too seldom do, the sweet depth of their happiness. Such Better Babies! Meaning, of course, better than anyone else's babies!

"Darling, aren't we happy?"

"Heavenly, honey. How come I ever got the prettiest-sweetest-lovengest girl in all the world?" (Bobbie emphasized his stuff with sibilant-sounding little punctuation marks of his own.)

"Oh, Bobbie! How come I ever got the handsomest, cleverest and best man that ever lived?"

With such expressions of confidence stored in his inner consciousness, how can a man doubt the wisdom of his Creator or the worth of his own life? Bobbie Willing walked with a little swagger to and from the peaceful harmony of his small house.

That is, until the Gildys' visit.

It was the middle of August that Bobbie Willing rose on Friday morning and suggested that Blythe and the Better Babies be bundled into the car for the last excursion of the summer. Not that Bobbie expressed it that way. He didn't hint, he had no suspicion even, that that was to be their last trip for many long months. Why, he supposed, innocent of coming events and influences, that there would be such delightful drives for two months yet!

"I really oughtn't to go," Blythe confessed, busily packing up just the same. "The house needs a good cleaning and—but, oh, well, we shan't be here to see the dirt and if we're away, no one can come, so I guess we're safe. Anyway, a house isn't just to keep, is it? Don't forget your flashlight. We can get some bacon as we go through town."

The little vacation was spent as usual, and on Saturday afternoon they threw the stuff into the car and started home. They had gone up on The Hill (everyone always speaks of it capitalized) above Desert Bridge, miles above and closer to the sky. Now, as they came back through the wheat land, some fields in stubble, some with grain still standing, they drove around a curve and met, almost, so close was the field to the road, that great mechanical wonder, the combine, in operation. Drawn by an engine, the monstrous inanimate thing came on, reaching out its long arm to cut a wide swath of grain and leaving behind it as it passed the yellow stubble, and, dotting it, the wheat that only a moment before had swayed in the wind, now sacked, sewed and ready for market.

BOBBIE came to a stop. Tears came to his fine eyes as he watched. When he started the car again, he cleared his throat with rough thoroughness.

"You know, Blythe," he said, "some people see God in trees. I do myself. Wonderful things, trees are. And some people think of God when they see the ocean, the desert, Niagara Falls, mountains, lightning, tornadoes, or a peaceful landscape. I find Him there, too; but when I see a thing like this—this almost-thinking mechanical monster—this combine, with two or three pygmy men riding and directing its mighty efforts, I feel—well, I feel all choked up with awe. It's, you know—it's more wonderful than the display of elements or than mountains or trees. They are the Creator's work. But man—little ant-like creature on his mound of dirt—evolved this miraculous contrivance."

Blythe agreed with a soft little throaty sound.

"And that's as far as most men see into the matter," Bobbie went on with vehemence, "but I—somehow I always see God behind such things more than in anything of nature. God made man, and man is His greatest creation. Only man, struggling toward God, imitates his Creator. I—" Suddenly a strange light flared in Bobbie's lean brown, sensitive face. He drew out of the road and stopped, and while Blythe looked over the hills with a knowing, tender smile, and the engine idled, he took out an old envelope and a pencil and wrote with eager haste. When he had made fine writing on all the available space, he thrust it inside his coat with a grateful sigh. "Got the subject of my weakly pome," he told his wife and he was gleeful. "It'll be good, too, and something that any mind can grasp."

They kissed each other, arranged the Better Babies more comfortably in their car-cradles and drove on into the twilight. Singing softly and sentimentally, they came to their own gate.

"Bobbie!" cried Blythe, aghast, as he parked the car, "The light's on! Someone's in the house!"

Blythe was right. The Gildys had come.

Running lightly up the steps, Blythe opened the door,



"I don't see what's wrong with our life," she choked out

BOBBIE WILLING, with a smudge of dark mustache, another shirt, and a zest for living, swung into Desert Bridge, paused, as it were, for a month's work on a special edition of "The Desert Bridge Banner," and five years later, due to the gentling influence of a pair of clear hazel eyes and a tantalizing dimple, was still warming the editorial chair of that publication, which he had managed to change from a weekly flutter to a more or less permanent wave. He had a sweet, rounded young wife, two Better Babies (better than anyone else's) and a second-hand Ford which he had repaired and re-tired on every spoke of road leading out of Desert Bridge. For Desert Bridge had become for Bobbie Willing the hub of the universe.

"Until I met Blythe here," admitted Bobbie, "I was just kind of circulating around."

There was a flashing bit of business from Blythe's dimples and happy eyes. "I married him and took him out of circulation," she said.

Yet Bobbie knew all the roads around. Friday morning any week of spring, summer or fall, you might see the Willings (mother and daddy, the two Better Babies and the dog) leaving town in the good old auto. It was understood that back-shop work was not for Bobbie. Let Silverton kill the paper. It was his paper, anyway. Bobbie, when the rag was off the press, hid him where the trees were greener, the skies more blue. Blythe Willing, sweet and rounded, whenever her husband beckoned, was ready to go. Such a comfortable woman!

She might pause a moment in pretended concern, a contemplative finger making another dimple in her soft cheek, to consider, "The house is dusty and I ought to wash, but we won't be here to see the dirt; and if we're gone, no one can come, so why shouldn't I enjoy myself? Anyway, work will wait, and who knows how many more such perfectly good days with Mount Adams floating its clouds like silvery scarfs, and the hills all blue, and the air so sweet, we may have? Of course I'll go, dear. About twenty minutes?"

Sometimes they'd drive up The Hill to the pines, where ferns and grass grew lush in the heavy dew and clear cold springs bubbled out of rocks, and it was so quiet you could hear a bee dusting his wings when home from a fight. Here they'd make a bean-hole, fry eggs and bacon

saw Floyd and Janet Gildy in the fireside chairs, and with a rush of tender friendliness, flung herself upon her chum. "Oh, Janet!" she sang out, "I'm so glad to see you! It's so good to see you! And hello, Floyd! How are you?"

Janet Gildy—before she was Janet Gildy—had been the chum, the inseparable friend of Blythe, all through high school. They had roomed together at Normal, and had both applied for and been elected to teach in the schools of Desert Bridge: Blythe the first grade, Janet the fifth. Then, the second year, Janet had resigned during the Christmas holidays, snatched a young farmer from his acres and took him to California on their honeymoon. They had not returned until now. Meantime, Blythe had married the young editor of "The Desert Bridge Banner" and the two girls, separated for more than six years, had exchanged a few letters, which were followed by a casual card or two and then a long silence.

"Oh, Janet!" Blythe cried, giving her friend another quick little squeeze, "You surprised me so!"

"Surprised you? Well, maybe you think we weren't surprised to get directed to your house and find it cold and unwelcoming! You should have got my letter!"

Blythe giggled. "It's probably in the office, safe as can be."

"You haven't changed much, Blythe, though I suppose you scarcely look your best right now. This is our first vacation! We came up to see about selling the farm. And I wanted to see you, of course. But where have you folks been? We were afraid you were off for the week-end."

BLYTHE laughed as she unbundled the babies. "Oh, on our weekly vacation! We slip off somewhere several times a month. That's why you found my house in such a state, Janet. I just leave things as they happen to fall when we're getting ready."

"Weekly vacation?" gasped Janet. "We can't afford one a year!"

Oh, afterward, Blythe could remember how innocent and naive she had been. The little fool! She and Bobbie had taken their guests into their confidence as into their home, with no reserves, no false display, no apologies.

Yet, in the two days of the Gildys' visit, the Willings came to a fork in the road. The pleasant way they'd come for five years—was that the best road after all? Or was it only the easy way?

Janet was pretty plain with Blythe toward the last,

acted by a sincere desire to help. Oh, at this rate, the poor Willings would never get anywhere, would never amount to anything!

And Blythe listened, convinced little by little, as it is not to be wondered at. The Gildys were Somebodies. They had a combined income of about eight thousand a year, for they both worked, and their life was arranged on schedule by the efficient and whirlwind Janet.

"Every hour has to count!" explained Janet grimly. "We both have evening jobs we do at home, and book-keeping on Saturdays. Now, when we're young, is the time to make the hay. We must bend every effort toward succeeding. Save every cent we possibly can."

"Save?" gasped Blythe, her face young and childish beside the thin, determined countenance of her friend. "With eight thousand a year?"

JANET set her lips. "I should say so. This car we came in is our first car, the first we've allowed ourselves, and we got it awfully cheap because the fellow who owned it in the first place got into trouble and had to have some cash quick to save himself from disgrace. It was our chance. Then we save on clothes, too. I just have one nice outfit. I spend less than you do, I suspect. I notice you have a dainty taste for silk undies and such—"

"They are just as cheap!" declared Blythe. "Not for me. There is the washing to be done at home. I haven't time to dabble. Sometime I expect to have lovely things. But not now while we're laying up."

"I suppose you have a lovely home, though, Janet. Lots of people do put their money in their homes rather than on clothes and trips and the like. We plan to buy this little house on easy payments as soon as we can."

Janet raised horrified eyebrows. "This place, dear? For heaven's sake, why?" And her scornful glance pointed out to poor Blythe the shameful shortcomings of their contemplated purchase.

"Oh, we've been so happy here. And we just want to own our own home, you know. Besides, if it were ours, we'd improve it so!"

Janet gave a shrill sound of pity and distress. "Why, Blythe, don't you know it doesn't pay? Make your landlord improve it for you. I should think—" She hesitated, then began more tactfully, "Now, we can't afford to own our own home yet."

"You can't afford it? Do you rent an apartment?"

"Well, we can't afford to have the kind of home we want yet. We have it in mind pretty well. A nice location and a house of real merit, planned by an architect and decorated by an interior decorator. Fire-

places, oil heater, hardwood, period furniture and everything. Until we can have such a place as that, we get along in a small apartment. It's so much cheaper. One room, bath and kitchenette. We're never home, so why pay rent on more?"

It seemed to Blythe that she had somewhere in mind something to say for her own attitude but she could not for the life of her find the key to that particular cubbyhole of consciousness where the argument

was stored. So she answered weakly, "I suppose it's the way one should do. Have a high ideal and strive toward it. We've—why, I guess we've just been satisfied with anything!"

"Well, some people are ambitious and some aren't." "There are no apartment houses in Desert Bridge," Blythe explained a bit defensively, "and then, anyway, you see, we have to have more room for the Better Babies. How about children, Janet? Aren't you going to have some pretty soon?"

Janet shrugged. "My dear, we can't afford to! Really, can you conceive of our splitting our income almost in half and at the same time doubling our expenses? It's too much to expect of anyone. So I don't suppose we'll ever have a family. Though I'd rather like one child."

Every hour Blythe learned something from the Gildys. For instance, there was the suggestion Floyd made when he learned the arbitrary office hours that Bobbie observed. They were eating dinner and Floyd was enjoying the kind of cooking never found in public eating places. Blythe had a knack that way.

"Do you mean to say, Bob," asked Floyd Gildy, ceasing to trouble the leg of chicken with his fork and taking it up frankly in his fingers, "that you practically have half your time free? Why, man alive, you could double your income! Why don't you get another job or two? You can do this little writing business evenings while you rest."

"Oh, I don't know about that."

"Why not? Man, this is a busy age. You want to grab opportunity while you're young. While you're young! Thirty, aren't you? Well, in the next ten years you ought to be laying up for old age. Do you know the statistics on men over sixty? It's disturbing knowledge. It's—it's distressing. Few men of sixty are self-supporting. Old and broke and nobody to care." And Floyd Gildy dropped his tired eyes to the pleasant pursuit of calories again.

"That's a cheerful thought," commented the irrepressible Bobbie. "I'll keep it in mind. It ought to be good for an editorial or a sad and solemn poem."

The Gildys washed their hands of Bobbie. He was too light-minded and giddy. Janet concentrated on Blythe. "Oh, no; we can't go to church," Janet cried. "Why, Sunday is our busy day. Sometimes, if we get our clothes cleaned and pressed and the apartment cleaned in time, we go to a movie. But we haven't time for church. You know, the obligations and all. Sometime, when we get our pile made, we expect to join one of the big churches. Not some little struggling affair."

"Wh-what denomination?" "Oh, I don't know. We'll get in with a nice bunch of people. You know, Blythe, it's perfectly absurd for you to rush around to teach a Sunday school class and give to the church. Why, they shouldn't expect it of you!"

"Bobbie and I—" began Blythe gently. But Janet interrupted briskly. "Quite often," she told her old chum cheerily, "the woman is the motive spirit of the pair. The urging influence. The ambitious element. I suppose no one will ever know how many successful men have been almost forced to succeed by their clever and resourceful wives!"

THE seed was sown. Blythe listened humbly. She compared her own drifting, happy-go-lucky existence with the hard-driven, sacrificing career of the Gildys and stood appalled.

"Do you know what I'm going to do?" she asked Bobbie one evening after the Gildys had gone back to California. "I'm going to sign up as substitute teacher in the schools here. A day or two a month at about five or seven dollars per will be pretty nice. And I'll get Mabel Jennings to stay with the children. Then, by the time they are old enough to go to school themselves, I'll get a regular position!" Her voice at the end sounded a little paean of rejoicing.

Bobbie frowned and felt for the bristles of his smudge of mustache. "Oh, I don't like that idea at all, Blythe. Aren't you satisfied with what I give you? I can't be princely with my offerings but all I've got is yours!"

Blythe's lips quivered with the intensity of her feeling. "Oh, darling, it's not that I'm dissatisfied! Who could be dissatisfied with such a dear, generous husband? But I'm thinking of the future. We—we must think of the future. We aren't laying up anything for old age. We don't even worry! We just drift. Life flies by so fast, and what will we have when our children get bigger and real expenses come? We've got to wake to our responsibilities. Don't say you forbid me, Bobbie!"

"Of course not!" Bobbie (Continued on page 24)



Lazy, idle days off in the quiet. Beautiful, happy days



And there was the girl. His Charmian. She was being carried on shoulders, too—of ringmasters and groundmen who fought to touch so much as a satined toe

Here Comes the Bandwagon!

By H. L. GATES

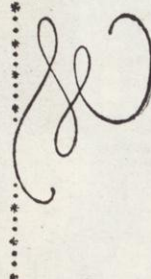
IN THE big top, the arena superintendent's whistle sounded. The wide canvas curtains across the hippodrome entrance parted. A wave of handclapping and rattling of programs swept through the tent. Six abreast, on prancing white steeds, the ringmasters rode into the hippodrome. Behind them came a golden bandwagon with its crash of drums and brass. And behind the bandwagon—the grand promenade of the circus' "glittering galaxy!" Des Moines was here! The show was on. Charmian, wrapped in a white velvet cape that hid her figure underneath, slipped along the performers' corridor and talked rapidly with Pim Pim, who waited with his battery of clowns to fall into line behind the elephants. Through the canvas opening she pointed across the arena to the box which held Tony's mother. Pim Pim nodded, his grotesque grin widening.

Mrs. Perrin, trembling, her hands fluttering ceaselessly, watched the passing spectacle with a growing ecstasy of wonder that burst from her in little gasps. Others in the box watched the old lady as closely as they watched the glittering parade.

A stir above the boxes rose to the highest tiers. The clowns were coming, tumbling, screeching, bursting their balloons and defying the huge policeman with a pumpkin head. Mrs. Perrin jumped in delight. Suddenly Pim Pim



Be sure to read this dramatic climax of one of the most sensational stories of American circus life ever written. Laughs and thrills await you in this tremendously gripping installment



left the line with a deft handspring that brought him up standing at the box rail. His face seemed to open so broad with his grin, and his cackle brought joyous response from the youngsters in the stand.

"Why, there's Mrs. Perrin, of Sharonville," the clown cried in his shrill arena voice. "My goodness!"

MRS. PERRIN started, her eyes widened. Pim Pim climbed the rail and took her hands. "How's Parson Simpkin, Mrs. Perrin? Think of you coming to the circus! I must tell all the folks. How's Mr. Tony and Miss Charmian? And Eph Perkins? How's everybody at Sharonville?"

Mrs. Perrin's mouth dropped open. Then she slipped forward in her chair. But Pim Pim, with his cackle, was

tumbling away. She turned to her grinning neighbors in the box. "Lands sakes!" she said to them collectively. "Aren't circus people nice?"

She rose to her feet to look after the clown. When she sat down, she embraced her neighbors again with a bright nod. "Mr. Tony that he asked about is my son, and Miss Charmian's my daughter. That was them who were here a little while ago. I must tell them when they come back."

The genial man spoke down over her shoulder, "Do you know many circus people, ma'am?"

"Lands sakes, no. I always thought they were wicked. But they're so polite! My boy and my daughter said they weren't wicked at all. They must be right."

Through the remainder of the performance, Mrs. Perrin maintained a running fire of comments, exclamations and confidence with her "neighbors." The trained rooster that boxed a clown reminded her of "Freddy." "He was my pet," she confided to the genial man. "He died last spring. The hens missed him terrible. My Tony missed him, too, when he came home last fall."

SHE was nervous, once or twice, because Tony and Charmian hadn't returned, but either the good-humored one or some new commotion in the arena immediately occupied her mind. She was completely held by the changing panorama before her. Occasionally she would turn to those around her and remind them, as if the wonder must be as new

(Continued on page 41)

The Home Life of the Harold Lloyds

A Close-up of the Family of One of the Most Popular Figures on America's Silver Screen

By C. CLYDE COOK

A Personal Message to Woman's World Subscribers

THE average man of ordinary intelligence has good judgment enough to leave the operation of his home to his wife. The man of more than ordinary thinking power is, as far as I have observed, ninety percent of the time an unconscious believer in the beneficent tyranny. True, there are wives who are unable to manage their homes any more than they are able to manage themselves, but this ratio certainly is very limited.

Harold never interferes in the running of our home. The upbringing of our daughter, Mildred Gloria, who is now three years old, he intrusts almost entirely to me, other than exercising of the customary fatherly devotion. The actual management of the house he never seeks to control nor to interfere with. His work at the studio, with its constant drain, both mental and physical, is all that he cares to handle. Neither of us craves more than an occasional evening away from home, and, fortunately for us, we each are interested in pretty much the same things. Harold loves to read, as I do. For entertainment we find nothing more diverting than a game of bridge, and I might add that among the books I mentioned we love to read will be found the writings of Mr. Work and Mr. Lenz, two of our best-known bridge whist experts.

The one sure way to destroy the affections of a man is to attempt to make him follow a chalk line, a certain routine to pursue, and to restrict his liberty. Every man in my opinion should belong to some lodge, some organization that will take him out one evening a week. Many marriages go on the rocks because of a too constant association. Every wife, as well as husband, should have some outside interests, especially in these modern days.

Mildred Davis Lloyd



YOU simply cannot serve two masters!" wails the sardonic wiseacre who has been a "Jack-of-all-trades and master of none." He is firmly convinced that the place for woman is in the home, and he preaches this rather ancient dogma with a philosophic wag of his bullet-shaped head despite the deplorable fact that his woman, whose place is in the home, takes in washing for a living!

Women the nation over have proved conclusively that a woman's place is not always in the home. Some of the most responsible positions in the country are most capably filled by efficient women. In addition to tending to business or following certain professional careers, they also conduct happy and successful homes. Take such notable women as Mabel Walker Willebrandt, Carrie Chapman Catt, Madame Schumann-Heink, who are living testimonials of the modern version that a woman's place is where she is most efficient.

Out in Hollywood, the town celluloid is reputed to have built, there is a happy couple that has successfully combined a professional career with a happy home life. The average American will tell you that nine out of every ten marriages among motion picture people are disastrous. The official crape-hangers will argue that the matrimonial barque of the majority of picture people is predestined for the rocks almost from the moment of the deluge of rice and ancient shoes. Be that as it may, two of film-land's most celebrated members are a living refutation of the old saw that "you cannot serve two masters!"

Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis Lloyd are doing this very thing and doing it in such a pleasing way that few people outside of the pictures are aware of the fact. Quite naturally all movie fans are familiar with the wholesome comedies in which Harold Lloyd appears. They can enumerate with surprising accuracy each and every motion picture in which the comedian has appeared. Perhaps they can even tell you of the trials and tribulations through which Harold passed before attaining his present position in the cinema firmament. And not a few will recall some of the cinema exploits of Mildred Davis, the sweet little Portland girl who became Harold's bride after appearing in some of his leading screen productions. But how many can tell you of the home life of this couple?

An Inborn Love of Home

The intimate friends of Harold Lloyd are quite familiar with the comedian's love for a home. From boyhood, back in Nebraska where Harold used to peddle newspapers in order to be of some assistance to his mother, he seldom ever formed associations that would tend to take him from home. When his father and mother moved to Denver, Harold entered into the home life with new zest. After meeting the trains on cold wintry nights with his wares, instead of playing around with the "wise" boys, Harold preferred to slip home and enjoy the warm fire while reading avidly of his favorite authors.

Below—Harold, himself, from a recent photograph. Right—Mildred Davis Lloyd and their daughter, Gloria. A happy film-land trio



So many stage and screen actors, once they reach that dignified pinnacle of fame and success, are accused of becoming obsessed with the "gay night life," cabaret parties and other frivolous pastimes. But success never had such a demoralizing influence upon this clean-cut American. Rather it accentuated his love for a home, and after his marriage to Mildred Davis, Harold discovered new interests and a stronger appeal in home life. It then grew to be a monumental institution, symbolizing the thing which should be very dear to the hearts of all

American people, and he and Mildred both found that, without the sanctity and seclusion of their home, fame would be a most hollow shell indeed!

The unanimous report of Mildred's girl associates is to the effect that "Mid" is supremely wrapped up in her home and a darling little girl, Mildred Gloria, who clings as tenaciously to the heartstrings of her fond parents as the well-known leech. The furnishings in the Lloyd home in Beverly Hills, the superior quality and good taste of all tapestries and architectural designing, are all reminiscent of simplicity in earlier days. The Lloyds simply do not go in for the usual "round of banquets" such as seems to typify Hollywood; or at least is the consensus of opinion throughout the United States. They derive an abundant amount of satisfaction and enjoyment from remaining in the quietude of their own home, entertaining little Mildred Gloria, or entertaining a small group of their most intimate friends.

A Thoroughly Domestic, American Couple

The time-honored conception of a moving picture star's home is one of extravagant luxury and utter lack of economy, with the pampered cinema star having every whim obsequiously granted by groveling servants. In the case of Mildred Lloyd, however, this becomes another exploded belief, for Mildred is a typical home body who delights in directing the work in her household and doing the little domestic duties which a loving mother alone can perform. As a consequence, there is a wealth of comfort and hospitality in the atmosphere of the Lloyd home, and the casual visitor, upon entering the portals, instantly senses the presence of a home-loving American couple.

"I sincerely believe that the motion picture star who combines a happy home life with his career," Harold Lloyd declared enthusiastically, "will prove more of a success on the screen. Also, his acting before the camera will have the ring of sincerity and realism, which seems palpably lacking when his home life is unhappy. He appears to be surrounded by an aura of contentment when his home surroundings are cheerful, and his presence in the studio serves to cheer up those around him. That is why we always try, during the production of a motion picture, to maintain an atmosphere of cheerfulness around the studio set. As success begets success, so cheerfulness begets cheerfulness."

The writer had the privilege of observing the famous comedian both in his home and around the studio, during the actual production of his latest comedy success, "The Kid Brother," and there was always a radiating influence of happiness about him.

(Continued on page 49)



Fish Seasons and Best Cooking Methods for Many Varieties



FISH	SEASON	BEST COOKING METHODS
Abalone	All year	Fry
Alewife (Herring Family)		
Fresh	March to May	Bake, broil, sauté
Dried	All year	Bake, broil, sauté
Barracuda	Spring	Bake, broil
Bass—Black	All year	Fry, sauté, bake, broil
Sea	All year	Fry, sauté, bake, broil
Striped	All year	Fry, sauté, bake, broil
Rock	All year	Fry, sauté, bake, broil
Brook Trout	All year	Fry or broil
Bullheads	Spring to fall	Fry, steam, boil
Carp	All year	Bake, broil, fry
Catfish	All year	Fry
Clams	All year	Raw, steam, fry
Soft	May to middle October	Raw, steam, fry
Little Neck	Fall, winter, spring	Raw, steam, fry
Razor	Fall to end of spring	Raw, steam, fry
Cod	All year	Broil, bake, steam, boil
Crabs—Atlantic hard	All year	Boil, broil, fry
Atlantic soft	May to October	Boil, broil, fry
Pacific hard	All year	Boil, broil, fry
Crawfish	September to May	Sauté, fry
Cusk	All year	Bake, steam, boil
Eel	All year	Fry, broil
Finnan Haddie (Smoked)	All year	Steam, bake, boil
Flounder	All year	Fry, broil, bake
Frostfish	September to May	Sauté, broil, bake
Haddock	All year	Bake, broil, steam
Hake	All year	Bake, steam
Halibut	All year	Broil, bake, steam
Herring	All year	Broil, fry, bake, steam
Kingfish or Cavalla (Mackerel Family)	Winter	Broil, bake
Lake Herring	All year	Fry, broil, boil
Lake Trout	April to November	Bake, broil, sauté
Ling (lake fish)	All year	Bake, steam, broil
Lobster	All year	Broil, bake, boil
Mackerel—Tinker (Chub)	Spring to fall	Broil, bake, steam
Atlantic	Fall	Broil, bake, steam
Pacific	Spring to fall	Broil, bake, steam
Mullet	All year	Broil, fry, bake
Muskellunge	All year	Broil, fry, bake
Oysters	September to April	Raw, fry, etc.
Perch	All year	Fry, broil, bake
Pickrel	All year	Fry, broil, bake
Pike	All year	Fry, broil, bake
Pompano	All year	Broil, fry, bake
Porgies	All year	Broil, fry, bake
Sablefish	All year	Bake, steam, broil
Salmon—Atlantic	April to October	Bake, broil, steam
Pacific	All year	Bake, broil, steam
Sardine, California	All year	Fry, broil, bake
Scallops	All year	Fry, broil
Sea Trout	November to May	Broil, sauté, bake
Shad	January to June	Bake, broil
Shrimp—Gulf of Mexico	March to November	Boil
Pacific Coast	September to May	Boil
Skate	All year	Boil, fry
Smelt	Fall and winter	Fry, broil, bake
Snappers	All year	Bake, boil, broil
Sole	All year	Fry or sauté, broil
Spanish Mackerel	September to fall	Broil, fry, bake
Spanish Mackerel	Winter in Florida	Broil, fry, bake
Sturgeon	Spring to late fall	Broil, bake
Swordfish—Atlantic	June to October	Broil, bake
Pacific	July to September	Broil, bake
Tautog or Blackfish	All year	Broil, fry, bake
Terrapin	October to May	Broil, fry, bake
Tilfish	October to May	Bake, steam, broil
Tuna	All year	Bake, steam, broil
Turbot	All year	Bake, steam
Whitebait	August to June	Fry
Whitefish	April to December	Bake, broil, fry
Yellowtail (Tuna Family)	Most of year	Broil, bake, fry

The Variable Fish Course

Practical recipes for some very savory dishes

By Lily Haxworth Wallace

UNFORTUNATELY, we have become imbued with the idea that we should eat fish on Friday and usually on no other day. There is no good reason, though, why fish should not be served at any rate two or three times a week—no good reason other than that some of us are not acquainted with the best ways of cooking fish, best in order to bring out or perhaps to retain its own inherent good flavor or in the instance of the less flavorful varieties to serve with it such appetizing sauces as to render it delicious.

Cooking Methods Determine Flavor

We are too apt to put a piece of fish into a pan with an all too generous amount of its native element (water) and to boil it until we have dissipated the juices and turned the delicate flesh into tough, stringy fibers, while we bake it so slowly that these same juices are wasted. Most fish, especially fillets, should be baked for a brief period in a very hot oven.

Fillets of Fish

Speaking of fillets of fish, it is only quite recently that fish has been brought to us in this appetizing and wasteless form, either packed in hermetically sealed containers, iced so that the ice doesn't actually touch the fish at all and then shipped by fast train, or in some cases the fish itself is frozen. In either instance, all bone and waste are removed and almost surgical care is exercised in the handling and preparation of the fish at the receiving plants, from which, by the way, it is shipped the same day it is landed, ready for cooking with a minimum amount of home preparation.

Recipes for Eight Tasteful Dishes Illustrated on the Opposite Page



Baked Stuffed Haddock

- | | |
|--|------------------------|
| 1 cup bread crumbs | ½ teaspoon mixed herbs |
| ½ cup bacon fat or diced bacon or pork | 1 egg or ½ cup milk |
| 1 teaspoon parsley | 1 medium-sized haddock |
| | Salt and pepper |

Mix the bread crumbs, bacon or pork and seasonings; moisten with the beaten egg or milk. Stuff the fish after scaling and cleaning (leave head on), sew up the opening over the stuffing and place in a baking pan, laying a few strips of pork or bacon over the fish or putting a little bacon fat into the pan with it. Add one cup of water and bake in a moderate oven—350-375 degrees F.—for one hour, basting occasionally with the liquor in the pan. Two-thirds cup oysters or mushrooms may be added to the stuffing for variety.

Cost of making, 80c; time of making, 1½ hours; serves four.

Planked Whitefish

- | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 three-pound whitefish | Mashed potatoes |
| 2 slices diced bacon | Peas |
| Salt | Stuffed tomatoes or peppers |
| Paprika | |

Lay the whitefish, which has been cleaned, split and boned, skin side down (tacking into place), on a hot oiled plank. Sprinkle with diced bacon, salt, paprika; place near flame and broil until golden brown, then remove to a little distance from the fire and cook more slowly about twenty minutes. Just before done, remove from fire and arrange on plank around the fish a border of seasoned mashed potatoes, forming nests in this. Replace in the oven and allow the potatoes to brown delicately. Have ready stuffed tomatoes or peppers for an additional garnish with parsley or watercress, radish roses or stuffed olives and fill the potato nests with hot seasoned peas.

Cost of making, \$1.50; time of making, 1 hour; serves four.

Canned Salmon Salad

- | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 large can salmon | 1½ cups mayonnaise |
| 1½ cups diced celery | 1 hard boiled egg, sliced |
| 1 teaspoon onion juice | Watercress |
| Salt and paprika | Strips of pimiento |
| 1 tablespoon lemon juice | |

Drain and pick over the fish, removing all skin and bone. Blend with the celery, onion juice, salt and paprika, lemon juice and half the mayonnaise. Pack into a mold or bowl and chill. Unmold and garnish with the sliced hard boiled egg and cress, pouring the remaining mayonnaise over the salad and adding strips of pimiento for a high note of color. Serves six.

Cost of making, 96c; time of making, 40 minutes, chilling additional; serves six.

New England Salt Fish Dinner

This consists of codfish boiled in milk or water, then covered with a cream sauce to which hard boiled finely chopped egg has been added, the fish then being served with an accompaniment of plain boiled potatoes, boiled beets and onions seasoned with butter and a little minced parsley.

Mixed Sea Food Cocktail

For each service allow two oysters, two shrimps and two clams, or a similar proportion of other desired combinations. (Recipes continued on page 13)

Sea Food Service Glorified

Instructions for preparing this wholesome food

By Lily Haxworth Wallace

THERE is no food more abundant than fish; ocean, lake and river abound in it. True, some of the inland waters must be repopulated from government hatcheries, but for those living within easy reach of the coast, at least, the supply is practically unlimited and we can almost always find some fish in market which is reasonable in cost.

Exhaustive tests by food scientists have proved beyond doubt that the proteins of fish are just as readily digested as the proteins of most meats, while fish fat is almost completely digestible. In this connection, remember that different groups of fish store their fat differently. Cod, though classified as a lean fish, has a high fat content; this, however, is practically all contained in the liver, from which it is pressed and used as a food medicine. Salmon, herring, shad, mackerel and others have their fat distributed throughout the body tissues, while some fish are almost entirely lacking in fat.

Elements of Nutrition

The nutritive value of fish when properly cooked is high though lacking perhaps somewhat in carbohydrates or fuel value. This, however, may be balanced by the addition of a rich sauce into the composition of which flour or butter or both enter, or by the fat it absorbs in cooking. The bland dry fish, like haddock, may also be enriched by the addition of a stuffing or dressing.

Medicinal Value of Sea Foods

The iodine content of fish is a very essential food constituent and its absence from the diet of many inland people who are unable to secure sea foods unless supplied in other ways often leads to diseased conditions.

Baked Stuffed Haddock Recipe on page 12



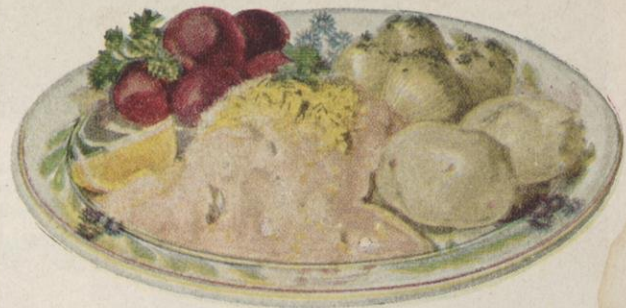
Planked Whitefish Recipe on page 12



Smoked Salmon Club Sandwich Recipe on this page



Mixed Sea Food Cocktail Recipe on page 12



New England Salt Fish Dinner Recipe on page 12

Canned Salmon Salad Recipe on page 12



Baked Fillets of Fish Recipe on this page

Broiled Lobster Recipe on this page



Recipes for Eight Tasteful Dishes

(Continued from page twelve)

Smoked Salmon Club Sandwich

- | | |
|-----------------|---------------------------|
| Fresh tomatoes | Lettuce |
| French dressing | Thin slices smoked salmon |
| Buttered toast | Stuffed olives |

Marinate tomato slices in French dressing. Cover a slice of toast with the tomato; on this put crisp lettuce leaves, also dipped in dressing. Cut the salmon in convenient pieces, arrange over lettuce, top with toast and garnish with a stuffed olive.

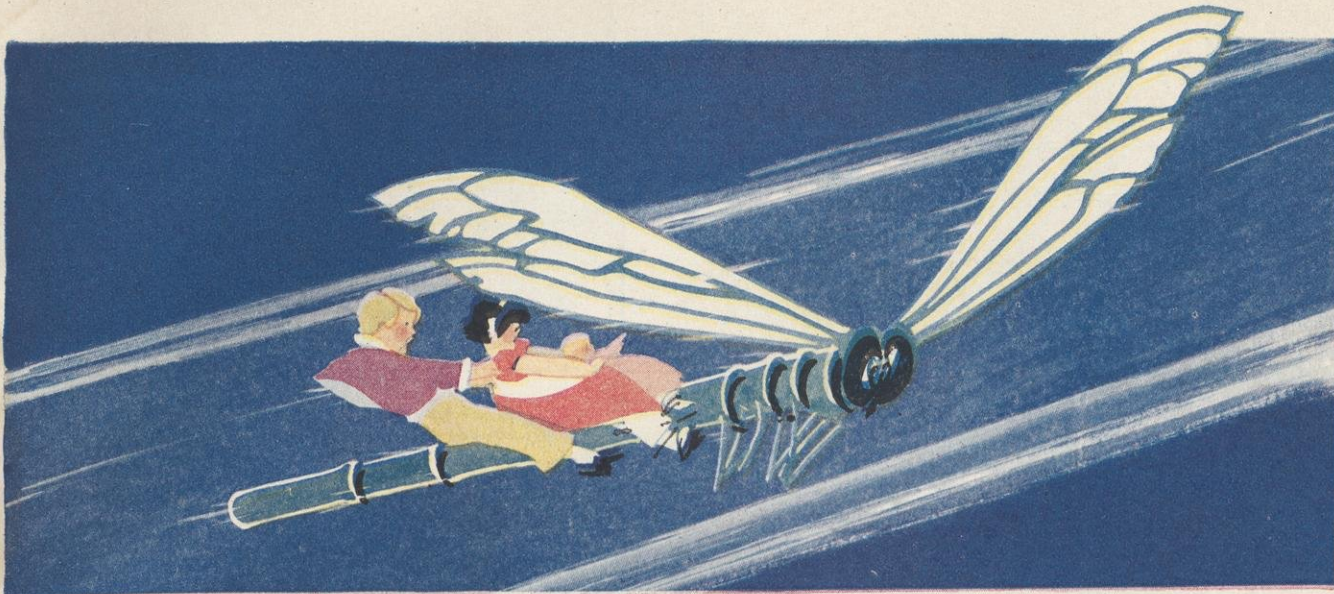
Baked Fillets of Fish

If very large, cut the fillets into convenient-sized portions for serving. Roll up each piece, fasten with a small wooden toothpick, lay close together in a plate and pour over each portion a teaspoon of salad oil and the same of lemon juice. Allow the fish to marinate in this for one hour, then roll in seasoned crumbs, dip into beaten egg and again into crumbs. Place in a baking pan and bake in a hot oven—400 degrees F.—fifteen to twenty-five minutes, according to thickness. Garnish with cut lemon and parsley or watercress and serve with tartar sauce.

Broiled Lobster

Some people boil lobster first, then split, brush it over with butter and broil, basting frequently with more butter. Others broil the uncooked lobster, first killing it by inserting a sharp knife at the joint where the tail and body shell come together thus cutting through the spinal cord, then splitting and broiling, basting frequently. The latter method requires a longer period of cooking and results in a more tender lobster. Broil the large claws and crack before serving. Garnish with parsley or watercress and serve with melted butter, cut lemon and tomato catsup or chili sauce.

Goggle smiled a wide smile. "Climb aboard! I've come to take you to the ball. Climb aboard! Room for everybody!"



And away they went with a whirr-whirr-whirr. And Leonora Dolly, who also came, held to Polly's hand

THE BUTTERFLY BALL

The Elite of the Fairy Kingdom Make Merry at the Gorgeous Butterfly Ball. Polly and Peter Also Attended by Special Invitation.

By PAUL A. FLORIAN



Up above the dancers appeared a marvelous butterfly

POLLY POM and Peter Pom, with Leonora Dolly Pom between them, were sitting by the brook blowing soap bubbles just as fast as ever they could. Of course, Leonora Dolly Pom didn't blow any—she just watched with her blue eyes wide open and wished she could. Peter Pom drew in a long, long breath that made his chest puff out like a football. "I'm going to blow a big one," he said. Then he dipped his bubble pipe into the sudsy water and blew and blew. First there came a little bubble that was round and shiny, and that wasn't blue and wasn't green. Then it became a bigger bubble that shone green on one side and blue on the other and red on top. And then, as Peter puffed out his cheeks and blew some more, it became a big, big, big bubble that was purple and green and red and orange and silver—and all the other colors melted together.

Polly clapped her hands and cried: "My, that's the biggest, beautiful, bubbliest bubble that I ever did see!"

But the bubble kept right on growing until it was bigger than Peter himself. "Now let go of it, Peter," said Polly, "or it might carry you away just like a balloon."

So Peter, whose breath was almost gone anyway, let go of the bubble. But first he spoke a message inside the bubble, for the man in the moon to hear when it sailed up to the sky, because he wanted to thank the man in the moon for the nice visit they had had with him. Then the big, round, shiny bubble, with all its beautiful colors, floated away up into the air. And even the dolly laughed with delight.

"Oh, my!" said Polly, as the bubble disappeared over the tree tops, "I'm going to save all my breath for six and a half minutes, and blow a big balloon-bubble, too."

BUT she didn't. Because just then something happened. And you'll never guess what it was if you try from now until next Thursday morning! There was a tiny rustling noise in the branches, and then—before they knew what had happened—something fell into the brook—Plop!! And then a little voice cried out, "Oh, help!"

Now, Polly and Peter had heard the voice of the honey bee, and this voice wasn't his. And they had heard the sea horses, and Mr. Thomas Turtle, and the turtle's grandfather, and Sir Charles Cricket, and all the birds—but this voice wasn't like any of theirs. And they couldn't imagine who could have fallen into the brook.

So Peter hurriedly took off his shoes and stockings and waded out into the brook, while Polly and Leonora Dolly Pom stood on the bank.

"Please hurry," said the voice in the water, "or I'll drown. I can't swim, you know."

And there, holding onto a leaf, was a little creature Peter had never seen before. Peter helped her out of the water and then asked respectfully, "Are you a caterpillar? And have you lost your clothes?"

"This is no time to ask questions," said Polly firmly, as she dried the poor wet thing with her handkerchief. "I'm afraid you'll catch cold," she added.

The strange little creature said, "I've been just as wet before, but of course that was from the dews. And I don't mind." Then Peter saw that she wasn't a caterpillar at all, but a slim, graceful person with a silver jewel on her forehead. And she had a fine silk dress that was so very wet it clung to her like her very own skin.

Then she coughed a faint little cough, returned Polly's handkerchief, and said to Peter, "No, I'm not a caterpillar—but of course I was!"

"You were?" asked the children. "Why aren't you now?"

"Because I'm a butterfly—all butterflies were caterpillars."

"But where are your wings? We never saw a butterfly without any wings before," said Polly and Peter together.

But at that question, the poor butterfly without any wings began to cry most bitterly—as anybody would who had lost their wings. Polly slipped her little pink handkerchief into the butterfly's hand, so she could dry her tears, and said sympathetically, "There, there. You probably lost them when you fell into the brook."

"No," wept the butterfly. "I lost them this morning, and I must find them soon or I shan't be ready for the butterfly ball tonight."

"My, isn't that too sad!" said Polly, who had a very warm heart.

"What color were your wings?" Peter asked.

THE butterfly replied, "Almost all colors that you can imagine, and even a few more. My name is Rainbow because I had so many colors in my wings."

This gave Peter an idea. "If we made you some round wings," said he, "would you use them and go to the ball?"

"Why, yes, indeed," said pretty Miss Rainbow, and she almost danced when she saw what Peter did next.

He took out his soap bubble pipe and blew the loveliest, roundest little bubble for one wing and then the prettiest, roundest little bubble for the other wing and brought them to Miss Rainbow. And the bubbles shone and shimmered in the sun, with all the colors you ever saw or dreamed of.

Little Miss Rainbow was so very happy when she found that the bubbles would make excellent wings! She didn't cry, for fear of melting the bubbles, but took them in her tiny hands and rose up in the air with them. But before she flew away, she asked Polly and Peter and Leonora Dolly if they would come to the ball. And when they said they'd love to, she said, "Be ready when you see the first light of the moon. I will send a messenger to bring you."

And that night, just as the man in the moon peeped one eye out, they heard a whirr-whirr-whirr just outside their



The butterfly said, "I had washed them and left them on a plum blossom up in the tree to dry"

window, and a tap-tappa-tap on the sill. Polly and Peter and Leonora Dolly answered at once—and who should be waiting for them but old Goggle, the dragon fly who lived down by the mulberry bush beside the merry brook.

Goggle smiled a wide smile and his long body shone brightly in the moonlight. "Climb aboard! I've come to take you to the ball. Climb aboard! Room for everybody!"

And away they went, with a whirr-whirr-whirr. And Leonora Dolly, who should have been fast asleep, held tight to Polly's hand.

THEN they saw a ring of dancing lights in front of them, down by the bottom of the hill—and that's where Goggle was taking them. And there they were! As Goggle stopped on a broad leaf where they could sit comfortably and see all that went on, he said, "We're just in time to see the grand procession."

Then the butterflies came! They fluttered in just as silently as a flower opens its petals, and they were all dressed in their loveliest wings and dresses. First came a butterfly arrayed all in silver, just like a moonbeam come to life; then came a bright butterfly who looked like a pansy; and then there followed all the colors you've ever heard of! They formed four rings on the grass, one ring inside of another, and slowly fanned their wings in the air as long as it would take to count sixty.

And then, down among the bushes, an insect orchestra began to play and all the butterflies chose partners and began their graceful dance. Polly leaned way over on her leaf in order to see the orchestra better, and whom should she see but Honey Bee, who played the cello, and Sir Charles Cricket, who played the violin, and a young grasshopper who played the drums!

The dancers were swaying to the gay tune of the orchestra when something very unexpected happened!

Up above the dancers appeared a marvelous butterfly! And her wings, that shone and shimmered in the moonlight, were round! She was by far the most beautiful butterfly at the ball; of course, Polly and Peter recognized their friend, who had lost her wings that morning.

Of course, every year the butterflies elect a new queen and Polly and Peter weren't a bit surprised when Miss Rainbow was selected, because she was the most beautiful butterfly they had ever seen. And she flew over to them, with her new crown on her lovely little head, and kissed them all and thanked them.

Goggle, whose round eyes showed how sleepy he was (for he very seldom stayed up at night), suggested that they had better go home. And away they went in the moonlight.



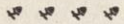
Appetites need sunshine, too!

There's glowing health in this **TOMATO SOUP**



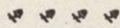
WHEN your family gathers at the table in expectant mood, set before them a soup that gives a zest and sparkle. A soup bright and cheerful to see, ruddy in color, savory and irresistibly tempting in flavor. Campbell's Tomato Soup!

Why do you suppose this is the most popular soup in all the world? Because it has a tang and deliciousness all its own. Your appetite responds to it eagerly and gratefully — and remembers it as one of the most delightful treats of the dining table.

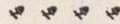


Campbell's Tomato Soup is the smooth puree of rich tomato juices and luscious tomato "meat". Red-ripe tomatoes, sun-sweetened right on the vines. Strained through colanders of pure nickel with mesh as fine as pin-points. Blended with golden butter and cooked in tureens of solid nickel, by French chefs skilled in all the niceties of the most finished soup-making.

People realize that this is a soup with a refreshing, appetizing flavor that is absolutely unique — imitated but never equalled — so charming, so welcome at all times that the appetite never tires of it. And no matter where you are this summer, you can always obtain Campbell's Tomato Soup, for it is sold in every food store in the United States.



This is an advantage in Campbell's Soups especially appreciated by those who are out of touch, during the summer, with their stores "back home". Often they find it difficult to obtain just the high quality foods they require. But Campbell's Soups are available everywhere and their splendid quality is always the same.



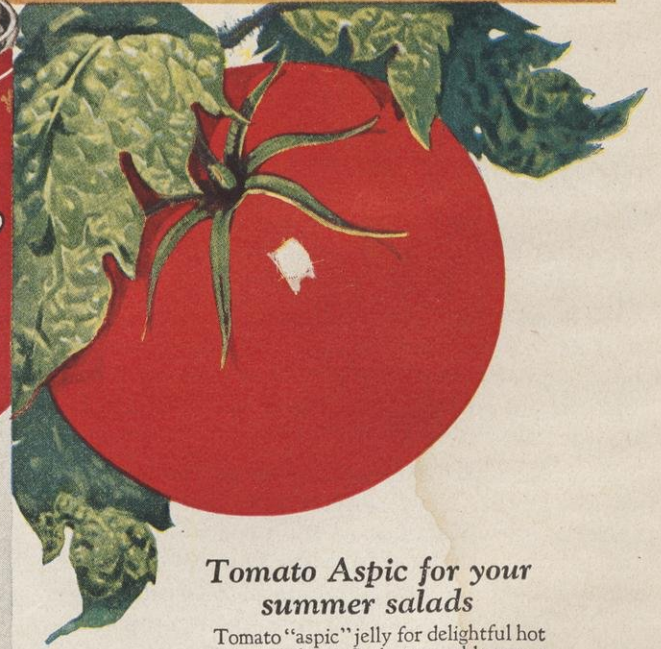
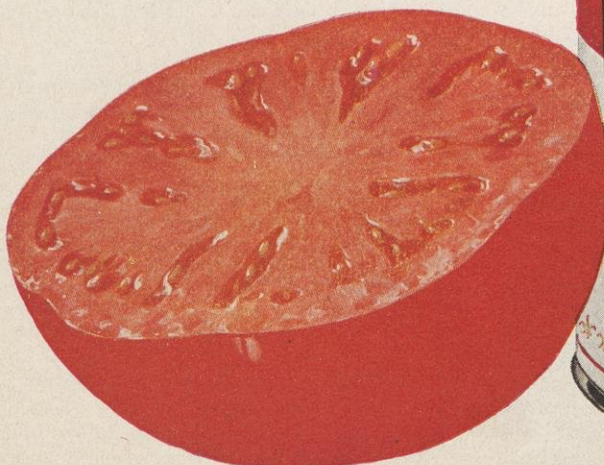
Campbell's Soups are so convenient, too! They help to keep you out of the hot kitchen. You simply add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil and simmer a few minutes!

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



Cream of Tomato Soup!

Heat the contents of can of Campbell's Tomato Soup to the boiling point in a saucepan after adding a pinch of baking soda. Then heat SEPARATELY an equal quantity of milk or cream. Stir the hot soup INTO the hot milk or cream but do not boil. Serve immediately. For an extra-rich Cream of Tomato Soup many prefer to use evaporated milk.



Tomato Aspic for your summer salads

Tomato "aspic" jelly for delightful hot weather dishes! Soak two tablespoons granulated gelatin in one-half cupful cold water. Dissolve in one pint boiling water. Add one-third cupful sugar, one-half teaspoonful salt and one can Campbell's Tomato Soup. Pour into a cold wet ring mold and set in a cold place to chill.



but breakfast is *not* a meal to be lightly waved aside!

WITH a thunder of hurrying feet and a swelling chorus of excuses, the break-neck breakfasters of a nation depart each morning from the breakfast table. Millions of them—men, women and children . . . How many in *your* family?

Remember this: Your galloping breakfasters go half-fed to the work of the day. They carry a handicap of lowered vitality and increased nervous strain. Indeed, breakfast is *not* a meal to be lightly waved aside!

You have the emphatic word of the nation's doctors for it. They remind you that breakfast follows the longest fast of the twenty-four hours and precedes the hardest work. They tell you that breakfast should supply *balanced nourishment*—fuel and building materials to replenish the store of energy and repair worn-out tissue.

They do not urge you to eat a *large* breakfast. But they do most earnestly advise you to make every breakfast safe by serving foods that are rich in essential elements of nutrition.

It is this fact that has placed the delicious food called Grape-Nuts upon so many American breakfast tables. This food gives your body proteins

for muscle and body-building; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite. Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is an admirably balanced ration.

Grape-Nuts is made from wheat and malted barley. These golden grains are prepared by a special baking process that makes Grape-Nuts one of the easiest foods in the world to digest and gives it its characteristic flavor and crispness.

The flavor is irresistible—nut-like, delicately tinged with malt sugar. And the wonderful crispness of Grape-Nuts makes you chew thoroughly and *enjoy* chewing! Dentists enthusiastically

recommend Grape-Nuts because of the healthful exercise it gives to teeth and gums. They tell us that excessive use of soft foods is largely responsible for America's dental ills.

Put Grape-Nuts on *your* breakfast table tomorrow. See how satisfyingly—and economically—it will play its part either in a small breakfast or a larger one . . . The following offer will interest you:

Free! Two servings of Grape-Nuts and an unusual booklet on the breakfast question

G—W.W. 9-28

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Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts together with the booklet, "This Breakfast Question—The Man's Side of It—The Woman's Side of It."

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Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes, and Post's Bran Chocolate.



In a Merry Mood

From DIVERSE PENS



The first of these two anecdotes is by the immortal Franklin, one of the greatest men this country has ever produced, and the second is typical of any wide-awake boy.

AT THE conclusion of the war, Dr. Franklin, the English Ambassador and the French Minister, Vergennes, dining together at Versailles, a toast from each was called for and agreed to. The British Minister began with: "George the Third, who, like the sun in its meridian, spreads a luster throughout and enlightens the world." The French Minister followed with: "The illustrious Louis XVI, who, like the moon, sheds his mild and benignant rays on, and influences the globe." Our American Franklin then gave: "George Washington, Commander of the American armies, who, like Joshua of old, commanded the sun and the moon to stand still, and they obeyed him."

A YOUNG teacher who graduated from the normal school recently was asked one day last spring to substitute in a higher grade than her own. She was anxious to handle the new duties well. While instructing the class in composition, she said: "Now, don't attempt any flights of fancy. Don't try to imitate the things you have heard, but just be yourselves and write what is really in you."

As a result of this advice, one little boy turned in the following composition:

"I ain't goin' to attempt no flite of fancy; I'm just goin' to write what's in me, and I got a hart, a liver, two lungs, and some other things like that; then I got a stummick, and it's got in it a pickle, a piece of pie, two sticks of peppermint candy, and my dinner."

Thoughts on Immortality

By VICTOR HUGO



In these inspired words of Victor Hugo there is painted a vision of man's declining years and his ultimate destiny that puts to rout all our petty doubts and fears.

I FEEL in myself the future life. I am like a forest once cut down: the new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds.

You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of the bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses, as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history.

FOR half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and verse; history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode and song; I have tried all. But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave, I can say like many others—I have finished my day's work. But I cannot say, I have finished my life. My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley: it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight, it opens on the dawn.

NOTE: Victor Hugo still lives through his writings and his great spirit ministers to the hearts of all mankind. —THE EDITORS.

Friendship Village Talks on Life

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

The Schoolmaster

By OLIVER GOLDSMITH

BESIDE yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school.

A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frown'd.

Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge.

In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For even though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amaz'd the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame;—the very spot
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.

This extract from "The Deserted Village" pictures the return of the author to his boyhood home after an absence of many years.

Millions of tired and sorrowful hearts have been cheered by this beautiful poem. We pass it on as a gem worthy of your scrapbooks.



Beginning Again

By SUSAN COOLIDGE

EVERY day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new:
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you—
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,
The tasks are done and the tears are shed:
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover:
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever,
Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight:
With glad days and sad days and bad days which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,
Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot relieve them,
Cannot undo, and cannot atone:
God in his mercy, receive, forgive them;
Only the new days are our own,
Today is ours, and today alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly,
Here is the spent earth all reborn,
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly
To face the sun and to share with the morn,
In the chrim of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And, spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day, and begin again.

Jams and Jellies of Rare Flavor and Texture

Recipes by LILY HAXWORTH WALLACE

Sparkling Jellies

FOR jelly making use only perfect fruit, slightly underripe rather than overripe; measure all ingredients carefully; boil rapidly and seal promptly. Some fruits contain much of the jelling substance called pectin; others require the addition of commercial pectin to insure jelling, care being taken to follow the pectin product rules which are individual for each fruit with which it is used.

Currant Jelly

Currants. Sugar

Remove the leaves from currants. Place in a preserving kettle and crush thoroughly, heat and allow to boil about fifteen minutes or until juice flows freely and skins are shriveled. Turn into a jelly bag and allow the juice to drip through. For a clear sparkling jelly, the fruit must not be pressed nor squeezed; if, however, quality is secondary to quantity, use pressure. Measure the juice, bring again to boiling, add an equal bulk of sugar, boil two to three minutes, then test for jelly. Turn into sterilized glasses and seal. Better jelly results if the sugar is thoroughly heated in the oven before adding it. A second-grade jelly may be made by squeezing and pressing the fruit in the bag after the clear juice has been taken. For this, use only two-thirds cup of sugar to each cup of juice.

Crabapple and Plum Jelly

3 quarts crabapples. 1 quart plums. 3 pints water. Sugar

Wash, stem and pick over the fruit, halving but not paring it. Add the water and cook gently until the fruit is tender, stirring and crushing it while cooking. Strain through a jelly bag, measure the juice and cook it with an equal bulk of sugar for five minutes, then test for jelly. If it sets, turn immediately into sterilized glasses and seal, otherwise cook a moment or two longer and test again. Press the pulp through a fine sieve and cook down with half its bulk of sugar to make Apple-Plum Butter.

Cost of making, \$1.10; time of making, 2 hours.

Raspberry Jelly with Commercial Pectin

3 quarts raspberries. 3½ pounds sugar
1 bottle commercial pectin

Crush fruit thoroughly, turn into a cheesecloth jelly bag and press out juice—there should be four cups. Place in a large saucepan with the sugar and bring to a rapid boil; add the pectin and again bring to a vigorous boil, stirring constantly. Boil half a minute, remove from fire, let the jelly stand for one minute, then turn into sterilized glasses and seal.

Cost of making, \$1.60; time of making, ¾ hour.

Tempting Preserves

PRESERVES and jams are closely related, the main difference being that preserves retain the form of the fruit. The best preserves are a very heavy sirup containing definite portions of fruit either whole or divided. The cherry recipe given below, for instance, is made in such a way as to retain the cherries whole without breaking or bursting. Suitable fruits for preserving are cherries, strawberries, apricots, peaches, etc., and these may be a little more fully ripened than for jelly making.

Morello Cherry Preserve

3 pounds cherries. 4½ pounds sugar. 3 cups currant juice

Wash and thoroughly drain the cherries, remove stems and prick each cherry with a needle that the fruit may cook without breaking. Cover with half the sugar and set aside overnight. Next morning bring remaining sugar and currant juice to boiling point in a preserving kettle, add the cherries and cook gently until tender but not broken. Strain out cherries into sterilized jars, boil down sirup rapidly until thick, then pour over fruit and seal.

Cost of making, \$1.48; time of making, 1¼ hours plus overnight standing.

Apricot and Orange Preserve

5 pounds apricots. 6 oranges. 5 pounds sugar

Wipe, stone and halve the apricots. Grate the orange rind, remove carefully all white pith and connecting fiber of orange and slice the fruit thinly, then add to the apricots. Cover with the sugar and set aside overnight for juices to begin to flow. Turn into the preserving kettle and cook slowly until thick, about half an hour. Turn into sterilized jars and seal.

Cost of making, \$1.72; time of making, 1½ hours plus overnight standing.

Quince Preserve

12 quinces. 4 apples. 2 cups water. 4 pounds sugar

Rub the fuzz from the quinces with a rough cloth, then peel, core and cut into quarters or eighths. Prepare the apples in the same way but keep the quince and apple rinds and cores and use them for jelly. Bring the water and sugar to boiling point, add the quinces, cook until almost tender, then add the apples and complete the cooking. Lift the fruit carefully from the preserving kettle, place in sterilized jars, boil down the sirup until thick and pour it over the fruit. Seal. If desired, two thinly sliced lemons may be cooked with the fruit for variety of flavor.

In making jelly from the skins and cores add water almost to cover, cook until tender, strain through a jelly bag, measure, add an equal bulk of sugar and cook for five minutes or until the juice jells on testing. Then turn into sterilized glasses and seal.

Cost of making, 98c; time of making, 1½ hours.

Delicious Jams

THE less perfect and symmetrical fruits may be used in the making of both jams and marmalades because with both of these the fruit structure is broken down by rather long boiling and the whole cooked to a soft rather pulpy mass. Don't be afraid to blend flavors; sometimes a little of this and a little of that can be combined to good advantage when there is not enough of any one variety of fruit available to make up the desired quantity. Good combinations are currant and raspberry, apple and blackberry, and pineapple, strawberry and rhubarb, the last named adding juice and bulk but not flavor to those other fruits with which it is used. This is a good thing to remember when favorite fruits are costly or scarce.

Rhubarb, Pineapple and Strawberry Jam

1 quart diced pink rhubarb. 1 quart diced fresh pineapple
2 quarts strawberries. 6 pounds sugar. 3 pints water

Wipe and cut the rhubarb with a very sharp knife that the pink skin may all be preserved, yet not in strings. Hull and carefully wash the berries and dice the pineapple, removing all eyes. Boil the sugar and water together for twelve minutes, add the pineapple and cook until it begins to get tender, then add the strawberries and rhubarb and simmer half an hour. Turn into sterilized glasses and seal.

Cost of making, \$1.50; time of making, 1½ hours.

Gooseberry and Raspberry Jam

2 quarts gooseberries. 2 quarts raspberries
6 pounds sugar. 1 quart water

"Top and tail" the gooseberries; that is, cut off the stems and blossom ends. If the berries are large, cut them in halves or quarters, add the water and cook until the berries begin to soften. Now add the raspberries and sugar and continue the cooking, stirring frequently, until quite thick. Turn into sterilized glasses and seal.

Cost of making, \$1.85; time of making, 1¼ hours.

Grape Jam

Grapes. Sugar

Squeeze the pulp from the skins and cook it without water for ten minutes. Strain so as to keep back the seeds, add the skins to the strained pulp, measure, bring to boiling point and cook twenty-five minutes with three-fourths its bulk of sugar. Turn into sterilized glasses and seal.

If preferred, the grape skins may be passed through the food chopper before cooking.

This makes a delicious spread for use with hot breads or toast.

Luscious Conserve

CONSERVES, too, may be made of just one fruit or a blend of two or more. They almost invariably have the addition of either orange or lemon—usually orange—to provide juice, the grated or shredded rind also being used to provide a pungent tang and flavor. Chopped nuts or almonds are commonly added to conserves shortly before the cooking is completed but if nuts are objected to, this ingredient may be omitted. Conserves are very tasteful when used as an accompaniment to meats.

Rhubarb and Mint Conserve

3 quarts diced rhubarb. ½ cup water
8 cups sugar. 2 cups finely chopped mint leaves

Wipe the rhubarb and cut it with a very sharp knife, removing any long pieces of skin which do not cut through readily. Put the rhubarb, water and sugar together into a heavy pan, stir just until the juice begins to flow freely then bring slowly to boiling point. Add the mint, which has been washed and dried before picking the leaves from the stems, then very finely chopped. Cook all together until quite thick, stirring frequently. Turn into small sterilized glasses and seal.

Cost of making, 83c; time of making, 1¼ hours.

Green Tomato Conserve

6 lemons. 1 pint water. 3 pounds sugar
5 pounds green tomatoes. 1 cup preserved ginger

Wash the lemons and cut them into very thin slices, removing all seeds. Cover with the water and simmer gently until the lemon rind softens. Add the sugar, the tomatoes also washed and thinly sliced, and the ginger cut small. Simmer gently until the lemon and tomato are thoroughly tender, then turn into sterilized jars and seal.

Cost of making, \$1.24; time of making, 2 hours.

Peach Conserve

2 lemons. 1 cup water. 2 dozen large peaches
4 pounds sugar. 1 cup blanched almonds or English walnuts

Peel the lemons thinly, shred the rind, cutting away all white pith, and slice the lemons themselves quite thinly. Simmer twenty minutes with the water. Meanwhile dip the peaches into boiling water for a moment to facilitate paring, then slice them. Add with the sugar to the cooked lemons and cook gently, stirring frequently, about three-quarters of an hour, when the fruit should be thoroughly clear in appearance. Add the nuts, coarsely chopped, turn into sterilized glasses and seal.

Cost of making, \$1.34; time of making, 2 hours.



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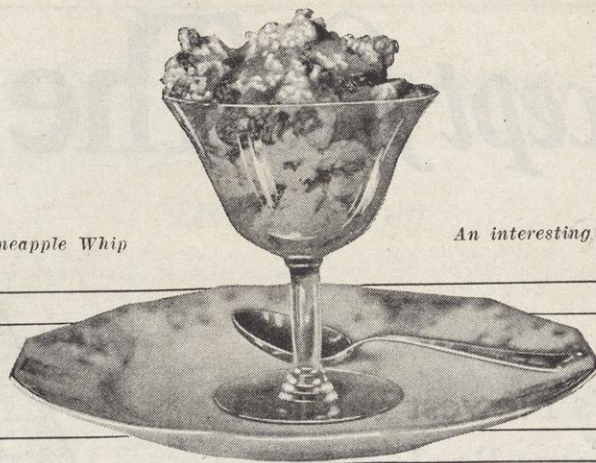
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KILLS INSECT PESTS

Raisin Pineapple Whip

An interesting new dessert



Use Raisins for Richness

Abundant food value lurks in the delicious raisin

By Lily Haxworth Wallace

THERE are three varieties of raisins in common use: seeded raisins, from which, as the name indicates, the seeds have been extracted before packing; seedless raisins, the product of a seedless grape; layer raisins, which are generally used as a dessert fruit and served more particularly at the holiday seasons.

Today, in cooking, the trend is very largely in favor of the seedless raisin—firm, juicy and flavorful, ready for instant use. Where a standard brand is selected, the fruit has been thoroughly and carefully cleansed before packing.

Raisin Cream Pie

1½ cups milk	1 teaspoon lemon juice
½ cup flour	Previously baked pastry shell
1 egg	Whipped cream or meringue
½ cup sugar	
½ teaspoon salt	
1 tablespoon butter	
½ cup raisins	

SCALD one and one-third cups of the milk and thicken with the flour moistened with the remaining milk. Beat the egg, sugar and salt together and add to the first mixture with the butter and raisins. Cook fifteen minutes, stirring occasionally, cool, add the lemon juice and, when cold, turn into a previously baked pastry shell. Pile whipped cream on top, or, if preferred, cover with meringue, in which event the pie must be returned to a cool oven to set and delicately color the meringue.

Cost of making, 65c; time of making, 1 hour, cooling additional; serves six.

Raisin Bran Muffins

1 cup flour	1 cup raisins
½ teaspoon salt	1 egg
1 teaspoon baking soda	1 cup milk
2 teaspoons baking powder	½ cup molasses
2 cups bran	2 tablespoons melted shortening

SIFT together the flour, salt, soda and baking powder. Add the bran and raisins and moisten with the egg, milk, molasses and melted shortening stirred together. Beat thoroughly, turn into well greased muffin pans and bake in a moderate oven—350 degrees F.—twenty to twenty-five minutes.

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

Prune and Raisin Conserve

2 cups prunes	1 teaspoon cloves
2 cups raisins	1 teaspoon allspice
3 cups water	½ cup chopped blanched almonds
2 cups brown sugar	or English walnuts
½ cup vinegar	
3 inches stick cinnamon	

SOAK the prunes overnight in the water and in the morning cook them until tender in the same water. Remove the pits and cut the prunes into quarters. Add the raisins, sugar, vinegar and spices tied in a square of cheesecloth. Cook until thick—about three-quarters of an hour,

add the nuts, cook five minutes longer, turn into sterilized glasses and seal.

Cost of making, 80c; time of making, 2 hours; makes about two quarts.

Oatmeal Bread with Raisins

2 cups scalded milk	1 yeast cake
1 cup rolled oats	½ cup water
1 teaspoon salt	About 2 cups whole wheat flour
4 tablespoons molasses	1 cup raisins

POUR the milk over the rolled oats, add the salt and molasses and cook half an hour in a double boiler. Cool and, when lukewarm, add the yeast, which has been dissolved in the water. Add also the flour and raisins. Knead thoroughly, using additional flour if necessary. Divide into two portions, turn into well greased bread pans, cover and set aside until very light. Bake three-quarters to one hour in a moderate oven.

Cost of making, 40c; time of making, 2½ to 3 hours; makes two loaves.

California Salad

1 seedless orange	½ cup dried apricots
1 grapefruit	French fruit dressing
½ cup prunes	Lettuce
½ cup English walnuts	2 pimentos
1 cup plumped raisins	Whipped cream mayonnaise

PEEL and remove all skin and fiber from both orange and grapefruit and break the pulp into small pieces. Blend with the prunes and apricots, both cooked until tender and cut into quarters. Add the walnuts, broken but not chopped, and the plumped raisins. Moisten with the French fruit dressing, chill, pile on lettuce leaves and garnish with whipped cream mayonnaise (equal parts whipped cream and mayonnaise) and strips of pimento.

Cost of making, 96c; time of making, 40 minutes, chilling additional; serves eight.

Raisin Pineapple Whip

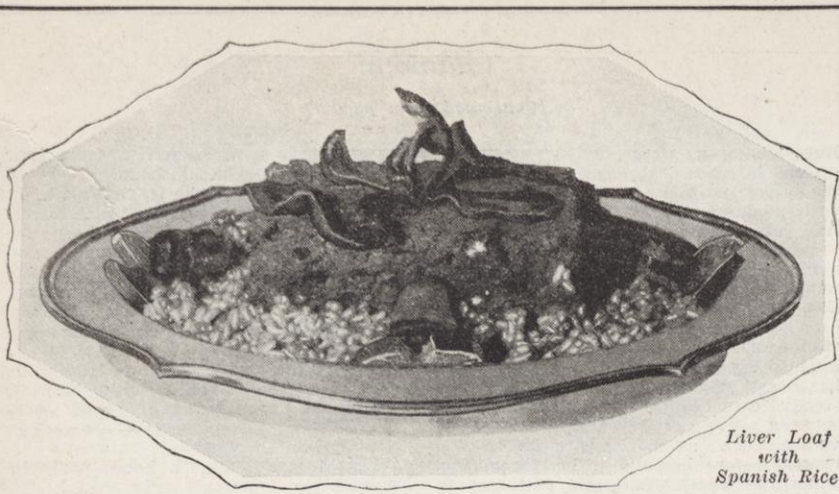
1 tablespoon granulated gelatine	¼ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons cold water	½ teaspoon vanilla
1 cup milk	1 cup heavy cream
2 eggs	1 cup plumped raisins
4 tablespoons sugar	2 slices canned pineapple, diced

SOFTEEN the gelatine in the cold water, scald the milk in a double boiler and beat the eggs with the sugar and salt. Pour the milk over the egg mixture, stirring constantly, return to the double boiler and cook until the custard is thick enough to coat the spoon. Add the gelatine, stir until dissolved, next add the vanilla and, when partly cooled, fold in the stiffly beaten cream and the fruit. Chill and serve in sherbet glasses.

To plump the raisins: cover them with cold water, bring to boiling point and cook for five minutes, then drain and dry thoroughly.

Cost of making, 60c; time of making, 45 minutes, chilling additional; serves six.

RAISINS are one of the fruits to which no artificial sweetening has been added; the grapes after picking are laid on trays right in the vineyards and cured just by hot sunshine, which brings out and enhances their natural sugar content. Raisins may be classed among the highly concentrated foods, for they are packed full to overflowing with real food value. Because of their rich lusciousness, they lend themselves admirably to many cooking purposes.



Liver Loaf with Spanish Rice

Serving Liver for Variety

Some new recipes for this very nutritious viand

By Lily Haxworth Wallace

WE HOUSEWIVES are very apt to get into a rut in our table service and to serve the same old stock dishes over and over again, instead of varying our menus and improving our dietary by the use of some of the less commonly served foods. Steaks, chops, roasts and stews succeed each other in more or less regular order, but these might well at times give place to some other meat dishes which would add variety at moderate cost.

Take liver, for instance. You don't like it? That may be because you haven't had it properly served—just fried until it is hard and leathery, so that it is no wonder it is unpalatable. Liver is exceedingly rich in nitrogen and also in its vitamin content. While some may claim that it is difficult of digestion, that is apt to be because it is not cooked slowly enough, or perhaps not thoroughly masticated. Calf's liver ranks highest in cost, but both lamb's and beef liver are good and palatable if carefully prepared.

Ways of Serving

Because of its leanness, liver needs some form of fat served as an adjunct to it or blended with it; that is why we have liver and bacon. It is the reason also for the covering of braised liver with pork fat or bacon. When used in combination with some starchy vegetable and some form of acid, it forms a rounded, balanced ration for occasional use and is particularly adapted to service as a one-plate meal. See our illustration, where we have liver, bacon, starchy rice and acid tomato.

Then, don't forget that chicken livers are great delicacies. It seems foolish to roast the liver with the chicken or to chop it up in the gravy, which is really good enough without this addition, when by laying it aside, one may have a choice of attractive dishes for breakfast or luncheon next day, such as chicken liver omelet, livers en brochette, timbales, curried livers, etc.

Use liver for variety, cook it slowly and either masticate it thoroughly or see that what one might call "artificial" mastication is taken care of, by using the liver minced or chopped in some of the dishes of which it is a component part.

French Fried Liver

CUT lamb's or calf's liver into 1½-inch squares. Roll in flour to which salt and pepper have been added and fry about one and a half minutes in hot deep fat. Garnish with strips or curls of bacon and cut lemon and serve with or without tomato sauce.

Liver Loaf with Rice

1 pound beef liver Grated rind ½ lemon
1½ cups water 1 tablespoon lemon juice
1½ cups bread crumbs 3 tablespoons drippings, butter or bacon fat
1 teaspoon poultry seasoning
1 tablespoon finely minced onion 2 eggs

CUT the liver into thick slices and simmer these for twenty minutes with the water. Cool the liver and mince it finely. Measure the water in which it was cooked and use about two-thirds cup of this to moisten the bread crumbs; if very dry, a little more may be needed. Add the liver, seasonings and flavorings to the crumbs with the bacon fat, butter or drippings and the well beaten eggs. Blend all thoroughly, turn into a well greased mold and bake three-quarters of an hour in a slow

oven—325-350 degrees F. Unmold, garnish with strips of bacon, sections of lemon and parsley and serve with a border of Spanish rice.

Cost of making, 53c; time of making, 1½ hours; serves six.

Liver and Bacon

1 pound liver ¼ teaspoon pepper
1½ tablespoons flour ½ pound bacon
½ teaspoon salt 1 cup water or stock

POUR boiling water to cover over the liver, which has been sliced, and allow it to remain for five minutes. Drain, pat dry and sprinkle generously with seasoned flour. Cook the bacon first and keep it hot while preparing the liver, which is to be cooked gently for about five minutes in the bacon fat and seasoned when half done. For the gravy, add to the fat in the pan (about two tablespoons) the flour, stir until golden brown, then add the stock or water, bring to boiling point, stir constantly, cook for three minutes and pour around the liver, garnishing with the previously cooked bacon.

Cost of making, 40c; time of making, 30 minutes; serves six.

Braised Liver with Vegetables

1 pound beef liver 4 tablespoons drippings or bacon fat
1½ cups diced carrots, celery and turnip, mixed ½ teaspoon pepper
1 large onion 1¼ cups canned tomato ½ teaspoon salt

COOK the diced vegetables and onion in half the drippings for ten minutes, then turn into a baking dish and cook the liver, which should be thinly sliced, in the remaining drippings. Lay this over the vegetables, add the seasonings and tomato, cover closely and bake in a moderate oven—350 degrees F.—for one hour. If desired, the gravy or sauce in the dish may be slightly thickened before serving. Serve with boiled potatoes, boiled rice or polenta.

Cost of making, 40c; time of making, 1½ hours; serves six.

Chicken Liver Omelet

4 eggs ¼ teaspoon pepper
4 tablespoons water 3 tablespoons butter
½ teaspoon salt 1 or 2 chicken livers

BEAT the egg yolks and whites together, add the water, salt and pepper and turn into a pan in which half the butter has been melted and heated. Cook just until the bottom and sides begin to set, then spread over the surface of the omelet the chicken livers, which have been diced and cooked for five minutes in the remaining butter. Finish cooking the omelet, fold it together over the livers and serve immediately, with or without sauce.

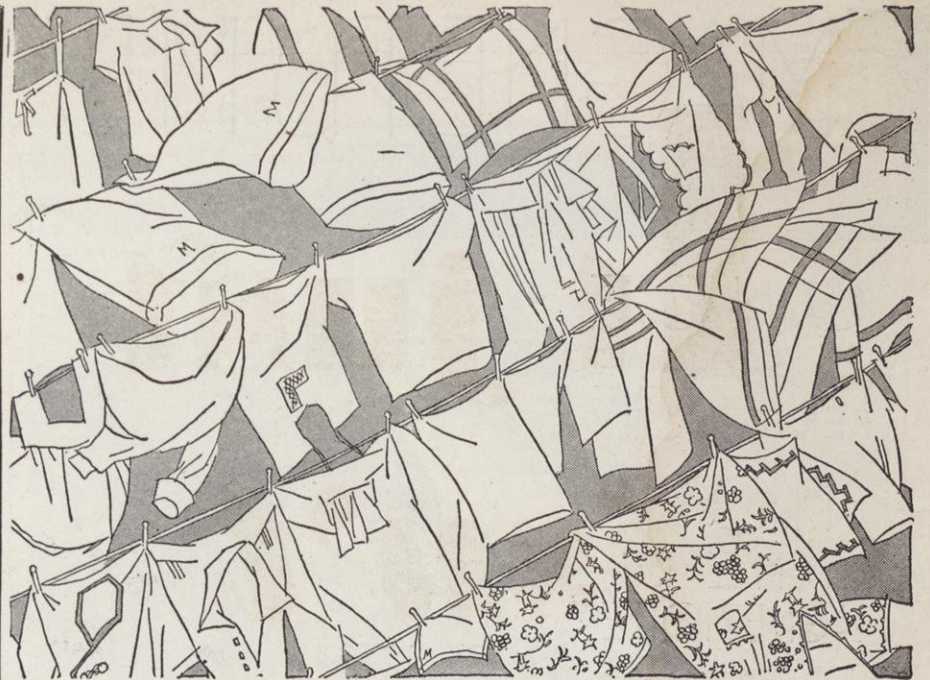
Cost of making, 35c; time of making, 20 minutes; serves three.

Chicken Livers en Brochette

2 or 3 chicken livers Pepper, lemon juice
Squares of fat bacon and parsley
Strips of toast

CUT each liver into about four pieces and the bacon into 1½-inch squares, then place three or four pieces of each alternately on skewers—a slice of bacon, then one of liver. Bake in a hot oven—375-400 degrees F.—until the bacon is crisp. Season lightly with pepper and sprinkle with lemon juice. Serve still on the skewers on strips of toast, garnishing with parsley and additional lemon.

Cost of making, 40c; time of making, 20 minutes; serves two.



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A PALE
PERSONALITY
NOW
SHE IS
MAGNETIQUE!



Djer-Kiss Toilet Water
Intriguing! Magnétique!
\$2.00



WOMEN marvelled . . . men were intrigued! Overnight the pale callily had turned flaming peony. Now she was gay—bewitching—irresistible!

She had discovered the allure of a fragrancel Now her kerchiefs, her lingerie, her most intimate possessions, were scented with Djer-Kiss toilet water and Djer-Kiss parfum. Her talc was Djer-Kiss, her face poudre was Djer-Kiss.

Unwittingly, she had discovered the parfum of love—of romance—of melting moods . . . Djer-Kiss, the one fragrance that adds to mere prettiness the charm and mystery of "magnétisme"!

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Glamour

(Continued from page 7)

But whatever were her dreams in those drab days, they had nothing to do with plodding old Martin. And yet—

When the eldest son of a noble English house came with his mother, in London, to interview Julie concerning his sister's trousseau, and returned later to lay ardent siege to her heart, it was Martin's steady eyes which came between her and the roseate vistas such a marriage opened before her. So it had been, too, when the South American plutocrat in fiery Latin fashion laid his heart and fortune at her pretty feet. And there was Bart Ransley, one of the most eligible and elusive bachelors in New York. And the fastidious artist, Henley Seewell. And even the head of Julie's firm, a quiet, middle-aged widower, who stopped beside her desk one afternoon and asked her to marry him. Always, it had been like that; she did not think of Martin at all except when potential romance assailed her. Then she remembered, laughed again, and sent the suitors on their crestfallen way.

Martin Swain was the last guest to arrive for Celeste's dinner; the thrill of expectancy with which Julie had awaited the moment died quickly, partly in very surprise at the impressive personality he had become, but more from the impersonal quality of his greeting. His eyes held the faintest hint of mockery, as though to imply, "I refuse to be bowled over by your swank, Julie Clayton!"

SHE wished swiftly, as he took her hand, that she had worn a less sumptuous gown; she felt foolishly theatrical. But Celeste had said, "No dressing down to Alansburg, Julie! Be as magnificent as possible, honey, and give us natives a treat. I looked for three trunks at least and had a corner of the garage cleared to hold them."

As Martin bowed before her, they found themselves for a moment apart from the others. Conversations billowed confusedly through the little house, with President Bodwell's pompous dictums at their crest.

"What an event for Alansburg, Julie!" Martin said, his eyes coolly appraising what the years had made of her. "Your coming should be distinguished by title. 'The Return of the Swan'—how's that? It's delightful to see you."

"Now, Mart, don't try for airy persiflage—it never was your line, you know," she crisply advised. "Besides, one doesn't need to be reminded that one was once an ugly duckling. You were no butterfly yourself."

"No—rather, an old gray moth, ugly and solitary. I'm the same still. How does it feel to be a famous, affluent woman, Julie?"

"Of course, I'm nothing of the sort," she retorted. "I'm a hard-working business woman with practical sense enough to make money."

"You're gorgeous," he smiled—but as though it didn't matter.

She was conscious of a sense of hurt, a haunting disappointment. "From what Celeste tells me, you are by way of becoming an important person yourself, financially and otherwise," she said lightly.

"By 'otherwise,' meaning—?"

"That you are the only attractive eligible in Alansburg," she retorted, taking a wicked delight in her own crudity.

Getting off on the wrong foot, they were, with their barbed amenities.

Julie was glad that she was not seated beside Martin in the crowded little dining-room. She wanted to think about him, to catalogue him like the excellent business woman she was. Her conclusions were swift and candid, as always, and merciless to herself. Martin was no ordinary man. He had ability, distinction, personal charm. And it was quite obvious that he was no longer interested in Juliet Clayton. Not even in the new Julie.

From the insidious sense of defeat which crept upon her, she turned swiftly to meet Ellis Wheeler's gentle smile and eager words. "Celeste tells me that you still pursue the 'ignis fatuus' with the rest of us—seeking to know the unknowable," he said. "When we have time, I'd like to hear of your visits to the foreign laboratories. What a privilege! There's nothing like being on the ground when the work is done. How do you find opportunity for



such excursions from your business schedule?"

"I take it, that's all. In the long run, such diversity is a benefit, keeps me from becoming rusty and one-sided. I've entree into many scholarly sanctums, otherwise closed to me, through Doctor Farmingham—"

"Ah!" said Ellis, his eyes avid with interest, "that Canadian who is doing such marvelous work in Paris?"

"Yes. I met him at a house party in England."

That is how it began—on the high cool plateaus of intellectual companionship. So absorbed were they that they were unaware of the mild amusement they caused about the table.

When coffee was served, Celeste, relaxed and almost pretty in her vast relief that the dinner was successful in spite of all catastrophes, leaned across the table toward Martin. "You see how it's to be, Mart! I'll have no good of Julie—and Ellis will be quite unfit for pedagogical duties. Can't we get together and do something about it?"

Julie, alert at last, turned with a smile. "I shouldn't be of much use, Celeste," Martin replied. "Microscopes and germs and bugs always bored me stiff. I forgot 'em as soon as possible. But I might vamp Julie with my new car. It's a good car," he added convincingly.

Up went Celeste's eyebrows. "Julie?" she repeated.

Martin was fairly caught. But Julie was not comforted to observe that he failed to be disconcerted.

"Miss Clayton and I discovered, before dinner, that we had known each other in a dim and disowned past," he drawled.

"Not disowned," denied Julie. "On the contrary, haven't I returned to claim it?" This she realized instantly was audacious in its implication for Martin's hearing, and amended quickly, "Such of it as seems worth salvaging."

Julie went to bed that night in a blue mood. Deep-dyed blues. Such a mood was not unknown to her—or to anyone whose destiny rests upon the glitter and froth of things. Now and then, this frosting is bound to break through and leave one spiritually floundering.

"What do you amount to, Juliet Clayton?" she wished to know. "What's the good of all your pretensions and gawags? Pretty soon, you'll be old—and still primping and trying to look young and frisky. You've seen 'em—those successful owners and managers in business who are middle-aged and older, calcimined and togged out and simpering! What a fate! What does it get you that you've money and real estate and stocks? Just nothing. You think you're very smart; everyone thinks you're clever. Well, you aren't. Your life is fine and silken—and empty . . ."

SHE railed at herself until the strident old clock in the college tower clanged three. Then she began to cry.

"Martin doesn't like you any more," she informed the helpless replica of herself which she berated. "You came back to see him—why, of course that's what you came for! Only you weren't honest enough to admit it. And he is disgusted with you. No wonder—you're such a peacock. He didn't like your four-inch heels or your earrings or your dress without enough back."

She slept at last, straight through even the buzzing activities of the little house between seven and nine, and awoke with a headache, the natural reaction of such prolonged self-scorn. But a cold shower and setting-up exercises, and the faultless little sports frock in a flattering shade of blue, restored her outward complacency.

Celeste, in crumpled white linen over which Bobby had upset his cocoa, was putting fresh bread in the toaster as she came into the kitchen.

"Oh, Julie! What an adorable dress! I could eat it. Let me see all your things after breakfast, will you? Honey, I'd have brought you a tray, but—"

"At your peril you bring me a tray!" scolded Julie. "I'm so ashamed of being so late. Here—let me beat those eggs."

Celeste had cleared the breakfast nook and spread a fresh cloth and now she settled with a sigh of delight in a feminine confab.

"Our mornings are such a scramble."
(Continued on page 23)

Glamour

(Continued from page 22)

Ellis has a class at eight and the kindergarten bus comes at nine for the boys. I can never remember, after they're gone, whether I've eaten any breakfast or not. Here's grapefruit, Julie."

"Everything tastes yummy," Julie said appreciatively.

"Ellis wants you to come over to the college at eleven, if you like. He has an idle hour and he wants you to see the new apparatus he bullied them into getting for the department. I can't go along because I must be here when the boys come home."

Julie spent the interesting morning. She liked Ellis Wheeler. Perhaps, as Celeste had said, he was a dreamer; but in his own field of work he was something of a superman, and he had personal charm which was engagingly unself-conscious. They were congenial, and Julie had the exhilarated sense which comes with being able to stir a fine mind to unwonted brilliance.

That day was the beginning of a delightful companionship. Celeste, constantly overwhelmed with duties from which it seemed impossible to relieve her, beamed approval.

But Julie's heart was not in all this. Every hour she wondered, "Will Martin come today?" At every ring of the doorbell or telephone, her face lighted up expectantly.

At last, Celeste said, "Oh, I forgot to tell you, Julie—Martin Swain paid his bread-and-butter call the other day, when you were out. He told me to tell you he regretted missing you."

Down went Julie's heart to her spike heels. So—this was the end of everything. But she stiffened her pride and went through stodgy dinner parties and fussy bridge teas spiritedly.

ON HER last afternoon, she came in after a walk with Ellis glowing with health and vivacity, but subconsciously fighting tears, and dropped down at Celeste's old piano to play snatches of opera and topical songs. She had a knack for the sketchy sort of thing which delights the musically uninitiated and makes a trained musician tear his hair.

"Here's a choice bit that a street vendor sang under my window in Paris," said she, and proceeded to talk it off—she had no more singing voice than a crow—to the accompaniment of rolling minor chords.

Ellis laughed, as he had not laughed for years. Then, still skimming over the keys "by ear," Julie drifted into a poignant melody from a new American score. When she finished, she was thinking of Martin; but as she lifted her eyes abruptly, the light in Ellis' eyes startled her.

Ellis was not listening to the music consciously, nor thinking of Julie the student with whom he talked science. He was thinking of Julie the woman.

She looked again at the keys and somehow went on playing, though a band of steel seemed to tighten about her heart. With a crashing chord to finish, she looked up.

Ellis was pale but again in command of himself. He looked at his watch. "I've exactly five minutes to make my last class," he said evenly. "What time does your train leave, Juliet?"

"At six."
"I'll be home in time to drive you and Celeste to the station," he called back, running down the walk and struggling into his topcoat.

Alone, Julie leaned her head on her arms against the cool, polished wood of the piano. What a tangle life was! What an utter mess she had made of things! Everything was the same—yet everything was changed. She had upset her own life by coming back. It seemed highly probable that she had upset Celeste's. She was desolate, ashamed, appalled.

Yet of one thing she was sure: Ellis loved Celeste—would always love her. That thought was her beacon of reassurance. This fascination which possessed him did not go deep. It was only that he seemed to find in Julie some realization of the shining visions of youth and aspiration which he had lost; an escape from humdrum reality. Julie knew this, though perhaps Ellis might not.

She stood up abruptly. A gallant soul, Julie. She had faced a lonely existence with supreme courage and had wrested gifts from life, doggedly, relentlessly. Now



—here was something else to be done. She was not sure what, but she meant to set about it. Swiftly she mounted the stairs.

Celeste was sorting innumerable small garments from a laundry basket. She was white with fatigue and Julie saw at once that she had been crying.

"Celeste—" Julie pulled a tiny shirt from her hands and gripped her shoulders hard. "What is it? Tell old Juliet!"

Celeste smiled though her lips quivered. "Nothing in the world, honey—except that I have 'down' days, sometimes. I think I'm just plain tired of being a dowd and a drudge. I suppose I was thoroughly spoiled when I was a girl. People thought me attractive and I had more attention than was good for me. Now that I'm plain and—"

"Now that you're what?" cut in Julie. "I am, Juliet. And seeing you so lovely has—"

"Me, lovely!" jeered Julie inelegantly. "Sometime, when I'm not so busy, I'll laugh at that. You come with me. I'll show you how lovely I am!"

She kicked the laundry basket under the bed and half carried the almost hysterical Celeste into her own room where she established her comfortably, propped with many pillows.

"Now, observe," she commanded. She whipped out of her street dress, then dipped a handkerchief into one of the silver jars on the dressing table and with two strokes swept the creamy texture and bloom from her face, leaving it dull and lifeless as it had been in her college days. With deft fingers, she pulled the pins from her none too thick locks and deliberately parted them precisely in the middle of the "cowlick"—which, as anyone knows, no self-respecting "cowlick" will tolerate. One side humped up stubbornly and the other straggled down unbecomingly as Julie knotted her hair at the worst possible angle.

Next, she delved into her neatly packed trunk and brought out a dull sand-colored gown which buttoned primly to the chin and was very elegant, French, and expensive—but never made for Juliet Clayton. Modistes were always entreating her to accept models for her personal wear and this, by some chance, had come into her possession. As she fastened the last aggressive ball button, every vestige of the exquisite new Juliet vanished. She turned and grinned at Celeste.

"Raving beauty—what?"
"Good heavens!" gasped Celeste.
"You see?" Julie prodded. "Now, Mrs. Wheeler, get off that bed and I'll show you how beautiful you are."

THE details of that beautification were a solemn rite. Julie was an artist inspired to create. She knew the rare natural graces with which she had to work; they were not lost, only obscured. And when, at last, she had made a close sleek crown of the glorious hair for Celeste's proud little head, she reached once more into her trunk and brought out a soft lettuce-green frock which suited her tawny coloring as leaves suit a rose. "Hm-m!" she breathed as she slipped it on. "Now look at yourself."

Celeste looked—and looked—and grew radiant and young before Julie's eyes. "Why, Julie!"

"Believe it or not, you'd stop traffic," Julie opined. "From this day forth, Celie, you are to take an hour or two every day to rest and prettify yourself. You hear?"

"But how—"
"I don't know. But you must. Let some buttons go—or do without dessert—or cut a committee meeting—"

"There," she added swiftly, "I hear Ellis coming in. Let's go down. I'm all packed and I can travel in this thing I have on."

Celeste was far too dazed by her own transformation to protest at anything. As they entered the living-room, Ellis was lighting his pipe before the fire and he looked up with what seemed an effort of will. Julie came first; when he saw her, his blank amazement would have been ludicrous in a man of less dignity. He simply stared and was speechless. The lighted match burned his fingers and he dropped it without wincing. For just a split second they stood so . . .

"Hello," said Julie. But she wasted her
(Continued on page 35)

FREE!

THE CULINARY QUIZ

How do home economists experts use Minute Tapioca as a precision ingredient to avoid disappointing results in certain troublesome dishes? — Answered in Minute Tapioca Cook Book—sent FREE.



DEEP-DISH APPLE TAPIOCA: 1/2 cup Minute Tapioca, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1/4 cup molasses, 2 1/2 cups hot water, 3 apples, thinly sliced, 1 cup raisins, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/4 teaspoon nutmeg, 1/4 teaspoon cinnamon, 2 tablespoon butter. All measurements are level. Cook Minute Tapioca, salt, molasses, and water in double boiler 15 minutes, or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Place apples in greased baking dish. Add raisins, sprinkle with sugar, nutmeg, and cinnamon, and dot with butter. Add tapioca mixture and bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 30 minutes, or until apples are soft. Serve hot or cold with lemon, maple, or hard sauce, or garnish with whipped cream. Serves 5.

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it a precision ingredient because it takes the guesswork out of many troublesome recipes in other forms of cooking. It helps to make results precise. So often it can assure just the needed texture, just the flavor, just the appearance—otherwise uncertain and difficult to obtain.

It keeps berry pies from spilling and running—holds up tender souffles, airy omelets—binds left-overs into tender croquettes or loaves. In many such new ways, Minute Tapioca can save you much time and expense—and headache—in cooking.

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Forhan's for the gums

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

The Beautiful Journey

(Continued from page 9)



answered shortly. "You have the right to do as you like, but I do think it will be too hard on you. My instinct is against it, anyway."

"And, Bobbie," Blythe broke in recklessly, now she was nerved up to it after days of thought, "why not get a job selling cars and life insurance. You're a good talker. People like you. You have a pleasing personality, an honest face!" And she giggled delightedly at his astonished stare.

She hurried on, "And, Bobbie, I've thought of something else, dear. Remember, several times you've helped fix up the lumber company's books when you went over to get the advertising? Well, since you know the local manager is no bookkeeper, why not ask to do the books evenings?"

The Willings had come to the fork of the road. There were no more little trips to lakes and mountains. Evenings were quiet, but it was a different sort of quiet. Bobbie bent over the lumber company's books. Blythe worked, too. In a faculty of fourteen teachers where an acceptable substitute was available, it was perhaps not to be wondered at that Blythe taught often on a variety of pretexts. One teacher had a sick mother, one had flu, one had poison ivy, and one had a sweetheart and missed the train. Everything at home on those days went undone and Blythe found life more strenuous than ever before. Moreover, teaching was hard on her nerves. She came home at night exhausted, craving quiet and peace, and found her little world upset and waiting her hand to turn it to rights.

"Mabel isn't a bit of good, really," Blythe complained one night. "I suppose, though, I'm lucky to get someone I can depend on to stay with the babies. But it does seem she might do a little something to keep from molding!"

Bobbie didn't say anything. He was different lately. And he was succeeding, too. He had sold two used cars and three life insurance policies and had felt quite gay at first; but now he often seemed moody. He found that though the two or three different jobs seemed to dovetail neatly together, in reality there was a continued overlapping. If it weren't for the beastly office, he could have followed up a prospect or two and sold them! If it weren't for the darned car business, he could have had his editorials and other copy ready and not had to walk the floor half the night haunted by a terrible fear that the well from which his ideas sprang had dried up. And if it hadn't been for wretched evenings like that, he wouldn't have got behind with his bookkeeping and gone nearly mad. Sunday became the blessed rock to which he clung to catch his breath. Oh, no; not to rest. He came to Sunday panting from the effort to keep up with the demands made upon him. By working church time and all, he could face Monday with a grateful sigh. Blythe remembered sometimes the day of peace Sunday had once been. Now it was like the Gildys' Sabbath that had shocked her. Her eyes smarted with tears but she set her jaw hard.

ABOUT this time Blythe decided that it would be easier to be gone three known and prepared for hours each day than to be called unexpectedly now and then for the whole day. So she took over the kindergarten, which had been left without a head since the marriage of the former sprightly little incumbent.

"It will be steady pay I can count on, too," said Blythe. "Don't you think it will be better?"

"Oh, I guess so," agreed Bobbie listlessly, flinging himself into the horrible Morris chair, "though I've been wondering if it wouldn't be pleasanter to be chloroformed at sixty than to ruin your life beforehand."

"Why, Bobbie!" exclaimed Blythe reproachfully, "Is it any harder on you than it is on me? Am I not doing two jobs, too? And I'm doing them well! No one shall say I neglect my house because I teach mornings."

It was pretty hard, though. She had to get up in the very dark and early Monday mornings to wash, and she wondered sometimes how Bobbie could sleep and let her do it all alone. Ooooh, but she wished she could sleep and sleep and sleep!

"Sometime we'll have plenty, though," she'd cheer herself. "We'll drive the wolf

'way, 'way off and scare him to death, and then we'll have a beautiful house and fine furniture, I'll hire my washing done and we can just—ENJOY LIFE! Live on the interest of our money and eat the fruits of our success!"

Either the Better Babies were undergoing the natural consequences of growing older or else they were strangely deteriorating. They were so naughty now, so quarrelsome, and just when she was most tired, most harassed by mountains of things to be done. Johnny teased Jamie and Jamie squealed a piercing, nerve-shattering squeal. But as every mother knows, from

five o'clock on, little ones are inclined to be cross. They are tired, too.

Winter dragged in the ice and snow. The children had their first colds. The Willings had their first quarrel. They were frigidly polite for days. There was a bank account now, growing steadily month by month, but where was the old gayety?

One morning, when Bobbie had gone out and slammed the door, and Jamie—the younger Better Baby—was snuffling in a disgusting little way, and Mabel Jennings had come with a pile of new magazines and the laughing explanation that she had to kill time some way, Blythe took a desperate look at the clock and determined to do an hour's work in fifteen minutes. She drove herself pitilessly as she had been doing for months. She felt depression creeping over her as actual as any tangible thing. It numbed her. Her heart beat more slowly. Her hands, clutching the broom, could hardly hold it; her arms, that had so briskly swung it to and fro, had suddenly no strength to labor.

SHE had got as far as the disgraceful front walk. "Oh," cried poor Blythe suddenly, "I don't believe life's worth living. S-something's the matter! I'm not happy any more. And Bobbie—doesn't love me!" She wept as she pushed the futile broom back and forth across the walk. The tears ran down her helpless cheeks and she was too tired to dry them. "I—I don't see what's wrong with our life," she choked out. "Surely we're doing all we—can do! If I tried to do one thing more, I'd die! We're working according to the best traditions. In what way do we fall short?"

As if she had asked the question of some companion at her elbow, there came an answer, irrelevant, she thought, and unreasonable. Yet the words fell on that finer, inner ear and could not be denied: "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?"

Blythe gulped defensively, "I'd like to know how we'd live in this present day and age if we never thought of tomorrow. Oh, oh, something is wrong with our lives now—it isn't right that I should be so miserable, so tired, so cross—but I can't see how I could do more, and I get so tired doing what I do now!"

Then into the silence the other words fell upon her aching, anxious heart, comfortingly, like the loving hand of a mother cool on a fevered brow: "But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

The verses rang in her ears all day but Blythe hardened her heart. "One part of that is certainly correct," she brooded bitterly; "there's evil enough in every one of my days!"

The evening of that day the telegram came.

It had been delivered to Bobbie at the printing office and as it was addressed to Blythe, he had brought it home unopened, feeling uneasily that he wished to be with her when she read it.

Blythe, flushed from the heat of the stove, raised her lips in sweet expectancy. The potato masher was in one hand. A little dab of flour by her dimple. "Jamie's sick, I'm afraid," she told Bobbie fretfully. "I've been doctoring him all I knew how, but the horrid cold got such a start. I suppose he'll be better by morning after a good sleep."

"If you'd been home—" he began, and

(Continued on page 46)

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SKIRTS are from one to two inches longer than last season. Styles are decidedly feminine. Afternoon and evening frocks feature uneven hemlines, dipping at the side, back or in points all around. Bodices are slightly bloused, with snugness emphasized through the hips.

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3461

3472

3219

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FOR afternoon and street wear simplicity holds sway, effecting individuality with careful attention to details. The fulness in skirts is introduced in many clever new ways, in rippling tiers, flounces, fluttering panels, pleats and godets. Bows, scarfs, jabots, finely pleated ruffling, fagoting and lace collars add interesting feminine touches to smart necklines. Satin leads in the sports and semi-tailored models for street and general occasions. Sheer velvets in plain colors and prints follow for sports and afternoon wear.

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No. 3461. A favorite. Designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material.

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3132



3333

WHEN IT RAINS IT POURS

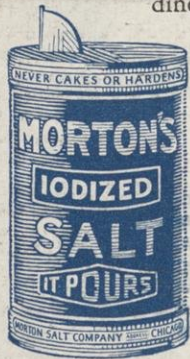
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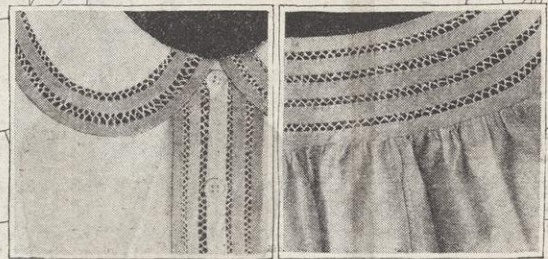
IODIZED FOR GOITER PREVENTION - - ALSO PLAIN



Left: Boy's suit with white shirt and yellow trousers. Collar, cuffs and shirt front are trimmed with two shades of yellow lawn folds joined and attached by fagoting, the lighter shade on the inside edge.



Right: Round yoke of fagoting with a bonnet to match.



Fagoting Trims Smart Clothes

Dainty insertion patterns for yokes, collars and cuffs

By Sadie P. Le Sueur

THE simplest and most inexpensive garments take on a distinctly smart air when trimmed with fagoting. The popularity of this handwork is increased by the fact that in addition to being unusually attractive, it is also easily and quickly done. It is equally suitable for children's and adults' clothes.

The best-known and simplest type of fagoting is the "catch-stitch" style which is used on all of the garments illustrated on this page. This, combined with bias folds of various pastel shades, gives a charming effect.

Catch-Stitch Fagoting

The diagram on this page gives the details of the stitch. First the materials to be joined are firmly basted to a piece of heavy paper about 3/8 inch apart and the fagoting is done in the following manner:

Fasten the thread at the upper left-hand corner of the top line of the material. Take a stitch in the opposite edge (with the thread under the needle) about 1/4 inch in advance of the first stitch. Take another stitch in the top line, another 1/4 inch ahead, and continue. Work from the right side of the material.

When ready-made bias folds are used, they should be creased exactly through the middle, then basted into position to be fagoted, making the fagoted fold half as wide as the original fold. The folded edge goes to the outside, letting the fagoting join the open edges to the material above it. This leaves a convenient place to slip the stitches along when the

thread has to be fastened and also hides the knot of a new thread. Care should be taken to fasten thread ends securely.

Boy's Suit

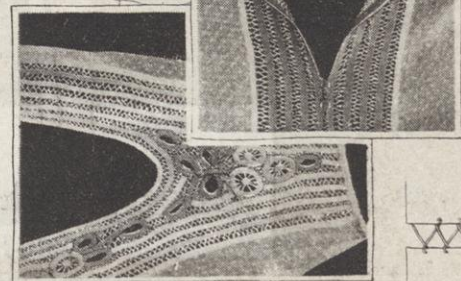
If two shades of yellow bias fold are used on the boy's suit described above, one bolt of size No. 4 of each color will be sufficient for two



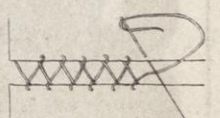
Left: Flower yoke



Right: Vest of green folds and fagoting.



Below: Diagram for easy fagoting stitch.



suits, while if one shade is used, only one bolt of fold will be sufficient for one suit. Of course, other colors may be substituted.

Girl's Round Yoke

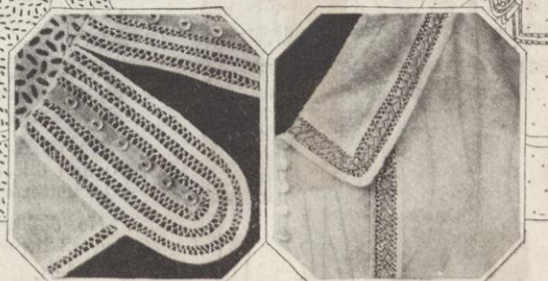
To make round yoke for girl's dress above, first baste folds to a strong paper yoke pattern and fagot together, all but bottom line. Measure it off and bind with it the gathers at (Continued on page 49)



Left: Trimming tabs of narrow fagoted folds.



Right: Braided folds and fagoting make this insertion.





New Aprons and Morning Dresses

No. 3023. Slender lines. Designed for sizes 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 7/8 yards of 40-inch material with 1 1/4 yards of 27-inch contrasting.

No. 2531. Attractive apron. Designed for sizes small, medium and large. The medium size requires 2 yards of 36-inch material with 7 yards of binding.

No. 3344. Smart apron. Designed for sizes small, medium and large. The

medium size requires 2 yards of 36-inch material with 5 3/4 yards of binding. Emb. No. 700 (blue and yellow).

No. 3328. Something new. Designed for sizes small, medium and large. The medium size requires 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch material with 12 yards of binding.

No. 3489. Slender sports frock. Designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 7/8 yards of 40-inch material with 5/8 yard of 36-inch contrasting.



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(Signed)
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20 MULE TEAM BORAX

The Love of Old Iron Hands

(Continued from page 5)

his intense blue eyes. Luther's eyes were the Janeway heritage, keen and cool, gray and calculating.

"I've something to tell you, Mark," she announced in her high, clear voice. "Who do you think has come?"

Mark lumbered jointlessly to his feet, shading his eyes with his hands. Along the line of hills to the west marched a thin fringe of trees, and behind them was a golden rim. The red ball of the sun ducked below the sky line, the golden rim turned red, purple, pink, gray—and vanished. The fringe of trees stepped into closed ranks and melted together. Night swooped down.

Aunty Pye was still talking. She was telling Mark that Letty Rulison was home to stay and that she had a child with her, a little lame thing. Mark shambled into the house, unheeding. Not that it mattered. Aunty Pye talked whether one listened or not.

"Have a letter from Luther," he called over his shoulder. "He's coming home for a week, gets in tomorrow on the Bar Harbor Express."

Strange she was coming back now. Of course, it made no difference to him. She'd never dreamed that Old Iron Hands presumed to care for her, nor that he knew why she had broken her engagement with Luther fifteen years before. Loyal little soul, of course she wouldn't leave her old, feeble father with a housekeeper to go to Luther. Luther hadn't understood, some way, but he must have really cared, though, for he hadn't married.

MAYBE it was a providence that Luther was coming home just now. Something in Mark, quite unbidden, rose and strangled the thought. He looked down at his hands, that he had just scrubbed to the quick—black, heavy, with broken nails. From the clothes press he got out his one suit of decent clothes and looked it over with an unwontedly critical eye. Cheap and badly pressed it was, never quite large enough for his shoulders. It was time he had a decent suit. There was no particular reason why he should look like a tramp for Luther to see. As for Letty, of course it didn't matter. She probably thought of him as just Old Iron Hands, always had and always would. He didn't think he could endure having her good to him out of pity, that was all. A kind of Beauty and the Beast situation. Letty mustn't see that life had been hard on him, too. He must put his best foot forward so she wouldn't be sorry for him. Letty was a tender-hearted little goose, always standing up for the under dog. If he took the early train for Portland, he would be back in time to meet Luther, and no one would know why he had gone.

After supper, Mark walked down through the orchard past the bend of the road and so out of range of Aunty Pye's curious old eyes. Then he crossed the bridge at the gorge and followed the lane to the garden entrance to the Rulison house. At the stile he sat down to try to decide whether he should go up the path and knock on the kitchen door. In the night, his old clothes wouldn't matter so much. Still, maybe Letty wouldn't want to see him. She had sent no word she was coming. Didn't she know he would have wanted to get her house ready for her and that he would have had food brought in?

He stumbled from the stile and went back the way he came. At least, he could do Letty the honor of getting new clothes to wear the first time he saw her. She mustn't be sorry for him, mustn't be sorry for him!

When Mark Janeway stepped from the train the next afternoon, he found the station platform unwontedly deserted. He was glad enough, for he was rather dreading the covert glances of people who had never seen him in anything but his rough old clothes. He wore the new suit, and his head, shorn of its shagginess, rose from shoulders no longer crowded into a coat too small for them. His face felt fresh and cool from a careful shave, and his hands actually looked smaller in their gray gloves. He felt no longer hulking but large and straight, actually straight. His shoulders went back consciously.

Past him sped a trainman. "Forest fire, sir. Beats the old one. Unless it rains—" The man sprinted on out of hearing.

"Sir!" The trainman hadn't known him. Had called him "Sir"!



Then the other idea got a grip on his consciousness. He broke into a lurching run down the platform.

Up the west slope of Cheap Hill was creeping a wall of smoke, laced with red. The air was acrid. His own place was safe. The fire was too far west and the gulch would break it. But every farm on the far side of Cheap Hill was in danger. And Rulison Place—Letty and Pint O' Cider! She would lose all she had, if the fire gained headway. Maybe she would be in danger herself if she hadn't the sense to take the lad and run across the culvert to Janeway Place while there was time.

Letty at Janeway Place! Mark stopped short in his headlong plunge along the tracks. The blood sang in his ears. The years, lonely and loveless, dropped out of his mind. He visioned Janeway Place with Letty in it. She'd have to come there, if her place burned, have to come to him, Old Iron Hands. Forgotten was everything, forgotten the years, Luther, his own ugliness and failure!

Letty at Janeway Place, safe, happy—A shrill train whistle pierced his consciousness. On that train, held up at the crossing beyond the water tower, was Dr. Luther Janeway. Mark leaped the gate that closed the tracks and dropped ten feet to the dried brook bed beneath the culvert. He had been mad. Letty's home must be saved. She must be free to live her own life. It wasn't Luther's coming that made the difference. He, Mark, had been selfish with desire for her.

As he climbed, he planned. The fire fighters back of that blazing wall couldn't get in to help Letty, even if they knew she was there. They would work toward the west side farms. There was only one way to get to the Rulison farm ahead of that furnace blazing its way up Cheap Hill. Up the gulch to the Janeway culvert, all of a quarter of a mile, climbing like a cat.

To his left the fire roared, sparks fell into the gulch. Branches of trees crashed down. The stone-lined chasm became heated, intolerable. Up, up, mouth dry, head bursting with the heat, feet slipping, hands catching at hot, jagged rocks. Perspiration streamed down his face, blinding him, hands became bleeding, hurting masses of flesh, blood beating in his ears almost stunned him. Once before, at fifteen, he had climbed the gulch. Letty had dared him. She had dared Luther, too, but Luther had gone smilingly around by the road, laughing at the dare. Mark could see nothing now but Luther sauntering by as he climbed up over the culvert, a Luther with clean hands and clean clothes, still smiling his cool smile, walking gayly off with Letty.

EVERY minute the wind was shifting, driving the fire toward the north, toward Letty's farm. Wind from the southwest meant rain, though. If it came in time—Again he ceased to think, became a climbing, heaving mountain of aching muscles.

Up, up, over the last boulders, out over the culvert, into the road, ahead of the fire. It was coming in, though, from the southwest, lashed by a teasing gale.

Only one salvation for Rulison farm. Mark dropped to the culvert a second to get his breath and then pelted at an elephantine trot down the road. Up past him, urged by a greater fear than that of man, swept woods creatures, making for the gulch and safety—rabbits, woodchucks, a black and white skunk, little squeaking mice, squirrels. Birds flew in silent, frightened swarms.

Ahead stood Rulison House, old, gray, sagging-roofed, directly in line with the fire. Letty's home, all she had! What was that encircling the house? A black, smoking border. Someone had known enough to back-fire. He rushed on, his breath searing his lungs. The smoking border circled three sides of the lot on which stood Rulison House. On the east was the gulch, turning sharply, making a pocket into which the fire would have sucked. There on the inner rim, putting out over-persistent back fires, was a gray-coated, streaming-haired figure. Letty!

Mark seized shovel and rake and began to beat back the eating little fires. Ages later, it seemed, Letty came toward him. "Where's the boy?" he gasped.

"Up at your house." Letty's voice was

(Continued on page 33)



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By HERMAN N. BUNDESEN, M.D.

President, American Public Health Association

The thirteenth of an authoritative series of articles giving expectant mothers precise information on how to protect their health and the health of their children-to-be. Backed by the American Medical Association

The First Clothes Needed for Baby

A SMALL amount of clothing is all that need be bought during the first three months, as little babies quickly outgrow their clothing. There should be: Three bands or binders; 3 to 4 dozen diapers; 3 nightgowns; 3 shirts; 3 pairs of stockings.



(1) Bands or Binders

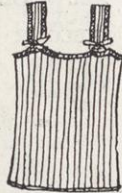
The binders should be made of soft, white, unhemmed cotton flannel, about six inches wide and 18 inches long, wide enough to hold the navel dressing in place but not wide enough to wrinkle. They should not be tied too tightly and should not be used after the stump of the cord or navel is healed. The band with shoulder straps should then be used.

(2) Diapers

Diapers should be about 24 by 24 inches, made of soft, light absorbent material, such as birdseye cotton. To save expense, ordinary flour sacks may be used. These are later replaced by a larger size, about 36 by 36 inches. In making the diaper, the raw edge of the cloth should be finished with a ¼-inch hem.



Band while cord is healing



Right: Band after cord has healed

Rubber diapers or pants, if used all the time, keep the moisture in and make the baby's skin sore. However, they may be worn when traveling or for a short time away from home.

(3) Baby's Sleeping Clothes or Nightgowns

Sleeping clothes should be very loose and roomy, opening down the front so that the diapers can be changed without removing the gown. Draw-strings should be placed at the bottom to keep the feet covered when necessary. For warm weather, these garments should be made with short sleeves.

(4) Shirts

In cold weather, the baby should wear a shirt with long sleeves, open all the way down, lapped in front and fastened at the side. In warm weather, shirts with short sleeves or without sleeves should be used, allowing the air to get at the skin.

(5) Stockings

Stockings should be long enough to cover the knees and reach to the diaper. In cold weather, to keep the baby's feet, legs and knees warm, the stockings must be worn day and night during the early months of infancy. The feet of the stockings must be long enough not to cramp the baby's toes.

The object of clothing is to protect the baby and keep him comfortable. The infant quickly shows the effects of too much heat by sweating and too much cold by chilling, as shown by cold hands and feet.

All new clothing should be properly washed, boiled, thoroughly rinsed and, if possible, dried in the sun before using.

The Baby's Clothes Should Be:

1. Simply made and loose enough to let the arms and legs move freely.
2. Smooth and unstarched so as not to scratch the tender skin; health and comfort rather than looks should be the first thought.
3. Suitable to the season, climate, age and condition of the child.
4. Fastened with tape if possible, so woven that it will not curl, kink or shrink, rather than with pins or buttons.

5. Thoroughly clean and dry.

6. Made of cotton, silk or linen mesh goods (not wool), because such cloth: (a) Does not rub the baby's skin; (b) easily takes up sweat; (c) does not shrink.

7. Made of thin cloth in summer because more sunshine will get to the child's body.

The Beginning of Labor and Birth of the Baby

The entire act of the coming of the child and afterbirth from the mother's body is called "labor."

The signs of labor are: 1. Pains. 2. The "show." 3. Rupture of bag of waters.

When any one or more of the above signs appear, be sure to call your doctor, and also your nurse if she is not already with you. If you are going to the hospital, it is now time for you to start. After calling your doctor, telephone the hospital that you are on your way.

1. The Pains

Labor pains are caused by cramping of the muscles of the womb. They are like the pains of the monthly periods but are more severe and come at regular intervals. With each pain the whole abdomen gets hard but becomes softer again when the pain stops. At first the pains are in the back; then they move around toward the front. There is a "bearing down" feeling toward the end of the labor located in the small of the back and in front of the pelvis.

The pains are necessary to bring the baby. They are perfectly natural; every mother has them and, while you are having your baby, hundreds of other mothers are going through the same thing. There is nothing to fear.

(a) Their frequency. True labor pains are usually regular. When they begin they may be 40, 30 or 20 minutes apart, but they come regularly and as the labor goes on they come oftener and oftener; that is, the rest period between them gets shorter.

(b) Their strength. At first the pains are usually mild, but as time goes on they become stronger.

These pains are often trying and nagging and do not seem to help much. But cheer up! Every pain you have means one less to come and that the baby is so much nearer birth. The doctor usually gives some medicine to make the pains more bearable.

Usually with the first baby, after about sixteen to eighteen hours, the pains become different. You will feel like bearing down with each pain as if you had to move the bowels. With the last few hard ones, the baby will be born.

(c) False pains. Sometimes there are cramps that come and go for a week or two before birth, but they do not have the regularity of the real pains; nor do they get gradually more severe, nor does the time between them get shorter and shorter. They are called "false pains."

2. The "Show"

Sometimes a few hours, or even a day, before the real pains, or with them, there comes a small piece of mucus stained with blood, which is called the "show." Sometimes the show is very bloody. If this comes, notify your doctor.

3. The Bag of Water Breaks

Sometimes the first sign of labor is a gush of water from the vagina. If this happens, remain in bed; do not be afraid, as it merely means that the egg sac has broken and that the labor will begin within 12 to 24 hours. Usually this happens several hours before labor begins. The sure sign of the beginning of labor is the coming of true pains such as we have described.

Dr. Bundesen's next article on the care of mother and baby will appear in the October issue.—THE EDITORS.

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I.—W. W.—9-28

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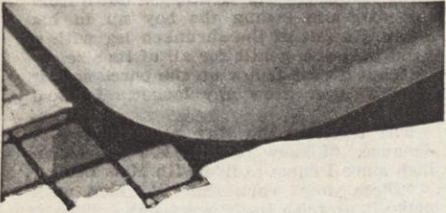
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The Love of Old Iron Hands

(Continued from page 30)

a choked whisper. "I took him as soon as the wind turned."

Silently again they fought on, chasing vagrant, creeping little fires. Presently Mark turned to Letty. "We've done all we can. Might as well get our breath now, in case we have to run for it later."

He caught Letty, who now seemed bewildered and unable to move, by the hand and urged her across the still smoking strip they had back-fired to the comparative coolness of the garden. Panting, they dropped to the platform by the well curb, watching the onward sweeping wall of the great fire. Suddenly Mark drew a bucket of water from the well and offered Letty a drink. Then he tilted the bucket over his head and shoulders and stood in shivery enjoyment of the sudden cooling.

"Had to get braced up," he apologized. "May have to fight that fire some more."

Letty leaped to her feet, flinging aside the old raincoat, swaying a little from exhaustion, her hand clutching Mark's shoulder in incredulous relief. "It is—raining!" Her whisper was a breath.

MARK turned from scanning the sky, shifting from burning blue to cool gray. He thought that he had never seen eyes like those set in Letty's sooty face, eyes that were a warm and limpid brown with dark bronze flecks. It was the only thing about her that seemed natural. Life had been hard on Letty. She looked frail, ready to drop with fatigue.

What did it mean? Didn't Letty trust him any more? Could she think he would presume on the chance to help her over a hard place? Came the memory of his wild moment in the gulch when he almost yielded to the temptation to let the fire get Letty's home so she would have to come to him. Could Letty have foreseen his weakness?

Down on their heads without more warning came a rush of long-pent waters. They met the leaping fires with a crackle and hiss. The red wall dropped. Quantities of smoke, acrid and heavy, tingled in their nostrils.

"Run to the porch, out of this," pleaded Mark. "You'll catch a terrific cold after being so hot."

"No, no," gasped Letty, lifting her face to catch on it the great limpid drops. "It is heavenly. I was burning alive." She put out her hands and clutched at the gray, sliding coolness.

From the east came a shrill whistle. "They've held the Bar Harbor Express till the tracks are safe," explained Mark, scarcely aware of what he was saying.

He looked down at his feet, encased in scorched leather, at what was left of his gray suit, burned and torn and hanging in shreds about him. He looked at his swollen and awful hands and began to laugh. How tawdry it all seemed, that trip to Portland and the effort he had made to make himself look like the kind of man he was not.

Here was Letty, too, scorched and sodden in the rain that was whipping her torn blue dress away. Her hands were grimy claws and her hair in a lopsided "bun" on the side of her head. Two scarecrows they were. The laugh died in his throat. His arms ached to snatch Letty to him, to tell her she was just as dear in sackcloth and ashes as in the days when she was a dainty girl. Just Letty, that was all he wanted. What madness! As though it mattered how he felt!

A second whistle shrilled up the valley. "I know!" Letty's voice seemed very far away, with a strange note in it, born not of the years but of despair. "It is your brother Luther coming now that the excitement is all over. Some way, you always seem to be the one to arrive in the middle of things."

It was as though Letty were grieved that Luther had not cared enough to get out of the train and plow through fire and smoke to help her. Old Iron Hands flushed beneath his tan and soot, a flush of honest shame. What if Letty could tell his thoughts? What if she knew he was sorry his brother Luther were coming? What if she knew that for a minute he had dared see a vision, he, Old Iron Hands!

"You're safe now. I'm going home," he forced himself to say with elaborate carelessness. No answer. Only a strange sound. He looked down. It was Letty crying, crouched on the well curb, head in

GOOD NEWS!

DEAN HEFFERNAN, whom you already know, has written a brilliant new three-part novel, "Over the Chimney Pots," which begins serial publication in Woman's World for October.

her hands, shoulders shaking. Brave Letty, crying and letting him see. What had happened to her?"

"There now," he mumbled, stooping over the shaking, dragged blue figure, "there now!"

He put out one great hand, then drew it back. The temptation was again clawing him. Now was his chance to tell her what had been in his heart since the day he earned his nickname in her defense. She had

broken with Luther years before, and he knew Luther. Luther wouldn't look at a crushed and helpless Letty. It was Letty's dear remoteness, her dainty self-sufficiency that had attracted Luther. Here she was, sick, discouraged, exhausted. Perhaps so at her wits' ends what to do that she would come to him for a refuge. The idea leaped at him, unleashed, from the dark recess of his mind, and before it he stood, shamefaced but eager. Such a safe refuge he would be. He'd give, give, and never ask anything but the chance to keep her safe.

Then came proud sanity, pushing the thought of Letty back to its secret and honorable hiding. Letty caged! She'd be sorry later, when she was strong again. And there was Luther, quite fit and successful. Perhaps Luther still cared enough for Letty to bring her back, help her be her old self again. Maybe there was real love for her in Luther. Why hadn't he married in all the years since Letty chose between him and her old father?

All he could do was wait and watch, make Letty feel she could still trust him as Old Iron Hands, with never a lover's dream in his head. He took a step back, folding his great arms across his chest. Only so could he be sure they wouldn't reach out and take her. He turned away his eyes not to see the sick fear in hers. She was afraid, afraid of life ahead, of poverty and weakness and sickness and loneliness and struggle. His arms ached with the grip he imposed upon them. His chest ached with the force of them against it. He walked back and forth stolidly in front of the well curb.

AFTER a time he thought out what he should say to Letty. "I don't suppose this is a good time to talk business," he essayed in a voice that was stern to keep it from being uneven, "but I've been thinking some day I'd ask you to give me the chance to run your place on shares."

He stumbled on, amazed that his tongue was obeying not his mad desire but his will. "It would save you a lot of fussing with hired men and things, and not be much extra work for me. Besides," he lied eagerly, "I've always hankered after that swamp piece of yours. Asparagus would grow there, and there's money in asparagus. Then the old cranberry bog—"

"There's money in that, too, I suppose!" Letty's voice was curiously soft. "Of course, I knew it was sour, till you treated it with some new soil and fertilizer. And there was money in my old east roof that you shingled year before last, and a fortune in the porch steps you replaced. As to making old Flint Jones pay the rent he promised for the south pasture—"

"Pshaw!" expostulated Mark. "That wasn't anything. Would have done it for any neighbor. As to the other things—I can't imagine how you found out about them—it's a shame to let a place go to pieces for little things when the owner is away. Bad for the neighborhood, too."

He continued at great length, talking about asparagus trenching and crossing native cranberries with a large western stock. In the midst he became aware that Letty was sitting up, regarding him with strange eyes. How the little flecks of color in them glowed!

"I know it seems foolish that a woman half sick, and out of a position, should do it! But I just had to take him."

What did she mean? Then he understood. Down the road from Janeway House was coming a thumping and clattering of small and vigorously wielded crutches.

"He came to the kindergarten from the orphanage. When the doctor told me I had to stop teaching, and that he ought to be in the country, I just had to bring him. I—I adopted him, to make sure his father couldn't get him. He hasn't even good blood," she finished defiantly.

So that was it. Letty was afraid she
(Continued on page 34)

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The Love of Old Iron Hands

(Continued from page 33)

might not be able to look after the boy. He might have known Letty would never have cried for herself.

Into the yard stumped Peter, soaking wet, an impish scowl on his face. He leaped for Letty's arms, his crutches clattering to the ground, babbling that the woman with mice in her apron had tried to kiss him. Up the road from the village came rattling the station taxi. The car was near enough so they could see sitting beside the driver a tall, slender man with a finely set graying head and a thin saturnine face.

"Luther! I'd all but forgotten him!" Mark felt himself old and weary. His will prodded him on. "You get to the house. Luther mustn't see you looking like this, a scorched ragamuffin."

"Why should I care?" Letty's eyes were blazing. "Luther is nothing to me, nothing at all!"

Mark did not wait for her to finish her sentence. He caught her lightly in his great arms—at last it was right for him to use them—and rushed her into the house. On the settle by the kitchen fireplace he dropped her.

"Look out for her, Peter, old man," he admonished the lad, eying him shrewdly from the doorway.

THE car had passed on up the hill, over the culvert, and he plodded along in its wake. On the porch he found Luther, a very tired-looking but very distinguished-looking Luther, a Luther whose cool gray eyes pierced him through and through as of old. At once Mark became tongue-tied, awkward, merely the inconsequential younger brother, the dullard who had been left stranded in the backwater of Cheap Hill. The years in which he had wrung from the farm the money that indirectly had financed Luther's very expensive education, and had given the prosperous man freedom to go his own way, sloughed off.

"Hello, Old Iron Hands!" Luther was graciously on his feet, holding out a long white hand.

Mark lurched back. He felt very tired and useless. "Glad to see you, Luther. Better not touch me. Might get you sooty. Been fighting forest fire," he mumbled.

The next afternoon, Mark went down to Rulison farm. He carried a line and rod to plumb the well, which Letty feared was going dry. He also carried a basket of Indian corn and some of Auntie Pye's cakes. As he went, he was thinking over the questions Luther had asked about Letty at breakfast. There had been an interest, more or less calculating, in his gray eyes as he talked. Mark was, nevertheless, surprised to find Luther sitting on the porch talking with Letty.

And what a different Letty. She had on a soft white dress and her hair was coiled low on her neck, the curls in it escaping about her small head. She looked rested and sure of herself. Except for her eyes, he would not have known her for the tired, disillusioned woman who had fought the fire with him the day before. And he had dreamed she would come to him because she was tired and needed help! What a conceited fool he had been in his conscious virtue that decided not to let her throw herself away on him.

There sat Luther at his ease, talking fluently, talking across the head of small Peter, a Peter unnoticed as he swung on his crutches, a sardonic grin on his wizened face. When Peter caught sight of Mark trying to slip unnoticed into the yard through a gap in the old rose hedge, he shrilled joyously: "Here comes Ol' Iron Hands!"

Mark felt himself reddening. He was aware of Luther's half irritated, half appraising glance. And did Letty look almost amused?

"I'm going around to your kitchen with these, Letty. This evening, maybe, I'll come to plumb your well. Can't stop now."

As he went, confused by the transparency of his lie, for the line and rod betrayed him, he told himself sternly that he was a fool, and that it was right for Letty and Luther to be making up their old quarrel. He was a conceited fool, as well, to feel hurt because Luther was sitting contentedly on Letty's porch. Leaving the corn and cakes on the kitchen table, he hurried down through the old weed-grown garden to the stile. He was climb-



ing over it when he heard Peter calling, clattering after in mad haste.

"She told me to say something to you," he piped, "and I can't say it out loud. I have to whisper it in your ear. You—wait."

There were tears in the shrill voice.

Mark looked down at the small hurrying form. Automatically he stepped down from the stile and swung the boy up in his arms. He felt of the shrunken leg with a hand that was gentle for all of its size.

"That doctor fellow on the porch said it wouldn't ever grow any longer. I heard him."

The tears in the tiny voice turned to defiance. "I know it will. It's grown an inch since I came to live with Miss Letty."

"Bless your eart, Pint O' Cider, we'll make it exercise itself every day. Then it will have to grow."

For the moment, Mark's indignation overwhelmed his own hurt. Luther to say a thing like that so the child could hear! It came to Mark that Luther was thoroughly selfish.

Peter was continuing to whisper excitedly in his ear, "She said for me to tell you to wait. She'd be out to see you in just a minute."

Mark sat down on the stile, Peter on his knee. Soon he heard the front gate click and saw Luther sauntering up the road toward the culvert. There was a slight droop to his shoulders, a little less confident air about his well groomed figure.

Out the back door and down the walk toward him came Letty, running eagerly. "Oh, Mark, I'm so glad you came, and I've been thinking over what you said about running the place on shares. Of course, it's sheer selfishness, but I'm going to let you do it. I suspect I might not make a living for Peter and myself if I tried to run the place, and I'd be calling on you to see to things for me, anyway. You do spoil people so, Mark."

"Pshaw!" interrupted Mark. "Good business proposition for me, getting a finger on your place. Old Jones would like that swamp, heard him say so. Glad you let me know so I can be getting things ready for spring. Lots of work to do in the fall to a place, you know."

He rambled on at length, bent on making Letty feel his interest, however friendly, was also utilitarian. All the time he was comparing this Letty with yesterday's. How frank her voice was now, assured and confident and friendly. Yesterday there had been something else in it, a pleading note.

HE ROSE from the stile and set Peter carefully on the ground. "Of course, I took it for granted you'd be sensible about it, having the boy to be responsible for," he added in a lower tone.

He turned to the little lad, still watching him with shrewd but puzzled eyes.

"Run away and see if you can get to the culvert before I overtake you. Got to exercise that leg a lot, Pint O' Cider!"

As soon as the crutches had carried Peter out of earshot, Mark turned to Letty. "I sent him off, Letty, because I wanted to say something it was just as kind he shouldn't hear."

Odd how the color was flaring in Letty's face. "Someone else wasn't so thoughtful," she suggested a little shyly.

"Luther always was blunt," remonstrated Mark. "He means well, of course, though he says the worst things he can sometimes. I—I thought maybe the time might come when little Pint O' Cider might—be a problem to you. If ever you wanted to go away, or get so well you'd want to go back to teaching," he hedged, not so sure of his ground before that continuing flame in Letty's face, "I'll be glad to take him. Clever lad, he is, and it's lonesome for a man alone on a farm. He'd be company for me, and no real trouble."

He stopped, frightened. The flame had died in Letty's face. She stood woodenly, staring off at the hills. She really was frail, frailer than he had thought, though as pretty as ever. If only for a moment he could stand in Luther's shoes, with the right to love her!

"You blessed Old Iron Hands," Letty was murmuring. He felt one of his hands caught in hers. "I don't suppose you could ever get to thinking one thought about

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The Love of Old Iron Hands

(Continued from page 34)

yourself!" She dropped the hand and went running to the house.

Mark went home very slowly. At the culvert he found Pint O' Cider waiting, tired out, ready to fall asleep the minute he felt Mark's arms about him. There was



"I was wondering—" Luther leaned toward him over the edge of the trench, lowering his voice after an apprehensive glance in the direction of Pint O' Cider, apparently still sleeping in the sun like a thin little cat. "I was just wondering — if we

made some other arrangement about the lad there, if you'd miss him? You seem fond of him, extraordinarily so. I was just wondering if perhaps you might want to—keep him for yourself."

He attempted, Mark felt, to shift his eyes, embarrassed for once in his self-sufficient life. He mumbled on, a little disjointedly, something about Letty and her foolishness in not wanting to give the child up.

"Have you asked her to give him up?" Mark rapped out the question.

"Not—directly," admitted Luther. "She is evasive about this and, I might as well admit, about me. But I know—I can read her like a book. If it weren't for the lad there, she would come back to me. She isn't really young any more, you know, and—"

"Well, what is it about Peter?" Mark's interruption was impatient. After all, what did it matter that Luther was talking like a fool of a cad. The important thing was to get at what was in the back of his scheming mind.

"If you'll tell her you want him, that you're lonesome here, alone, maybe she'd let you have him—"

"You mean Letty won't come to you without Peter, and you won't take her with him!" Mark's voice was not a question. It was an assertion.

"You don't understand, Mark." Luther spoke gently, reprovingly, as one would explain a point to a stubborn child.

"A professional man can't have—handicaps. He must sacrifice everything to his professional advancement. He can have no—human obligations above that. Otherwise—"

A clear light of comprehension flashed in a second across Mark's mind. All in the second that he was clambering out of the trench the dark recesses of Luther's being were illumined for him to read. This calculating thing up there was Luther. Luther was selfish, to the core of him. Fifteen years before he had been selfish in suggesting that Mark buy out the full interests in the farm—adroitly selfish. Mark had almost thought the idea his own. He had almost believed people when they said Luther was very generous to let his rights in the place go for a relatively small sum. Luther's real motive had been to get enough money available to finance his expensive courses, without stopping to earn between them. What did he care that the younger brother wanted freedom, too, and that the farm was being tied about his neck?

And now Letty was at stake. He had been selfish about her years back, when he had flinched from the burden of her old, sick father. Now he wanted her more than he had then. There was no doubt about that. But he wanted her for his own happiness, not for hers. He wasn't willing to take her handicap with her. He was made selfish. He couldn't think of her ahead of himself, or ahead of his other self, his profession. His ambition was his

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Glamour

(Continued from page 23)

breath, for he had seen Celeste. Not the tired, disheartened, fading woman he had left in the morning, but the radiant girl he had married, the girl who had made everything desirable in life seem possible. "Celeste—" he said.

"This," thought Julie, "is no place for me."

Softly as a shadow, and as unmissed, she slipped from the room and up the stairs. That little glimpse of a paradise regained had left her breathless, and more consciously lonely than she had ever been in her life. Swiftly she swept the last things into her dressing bag. Then she took from her trunk gowns, hats and wraps she had not worn in Alansburg and hung them in Celeste's wardrobe with a little note pinned to a sleeve, "Wear these. And no back talk! My clothes don't cost

me anything, you know. I'll send others from time to time."

She closed her trunk, pulled a hat far down over her eyes and sat down by the window to wait. Out across the campus the last rim of the sun sank in a crimson glory and lilac dusk crept over the neat little lawns along the street. "It's over," Julie thought; "it's over!"

An hour later, she was in her Pullman drawing-room and the train was sliding away from the station. Under the dim street lights she saw the Wheeler car turn away from the platform; as it rounded the corner, Ellis was driving with one hand and his arm was about Celeste's shoulders.

Julie closed her eyes and tears which she would not shed stung hotly. "Well," she thought, "I did it!"

(Continued on page 41)

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Miss McClure made the original 30 articles herself, to be sure her directions for making them would be clear, simple, accurate, and easy for anyone to follow.

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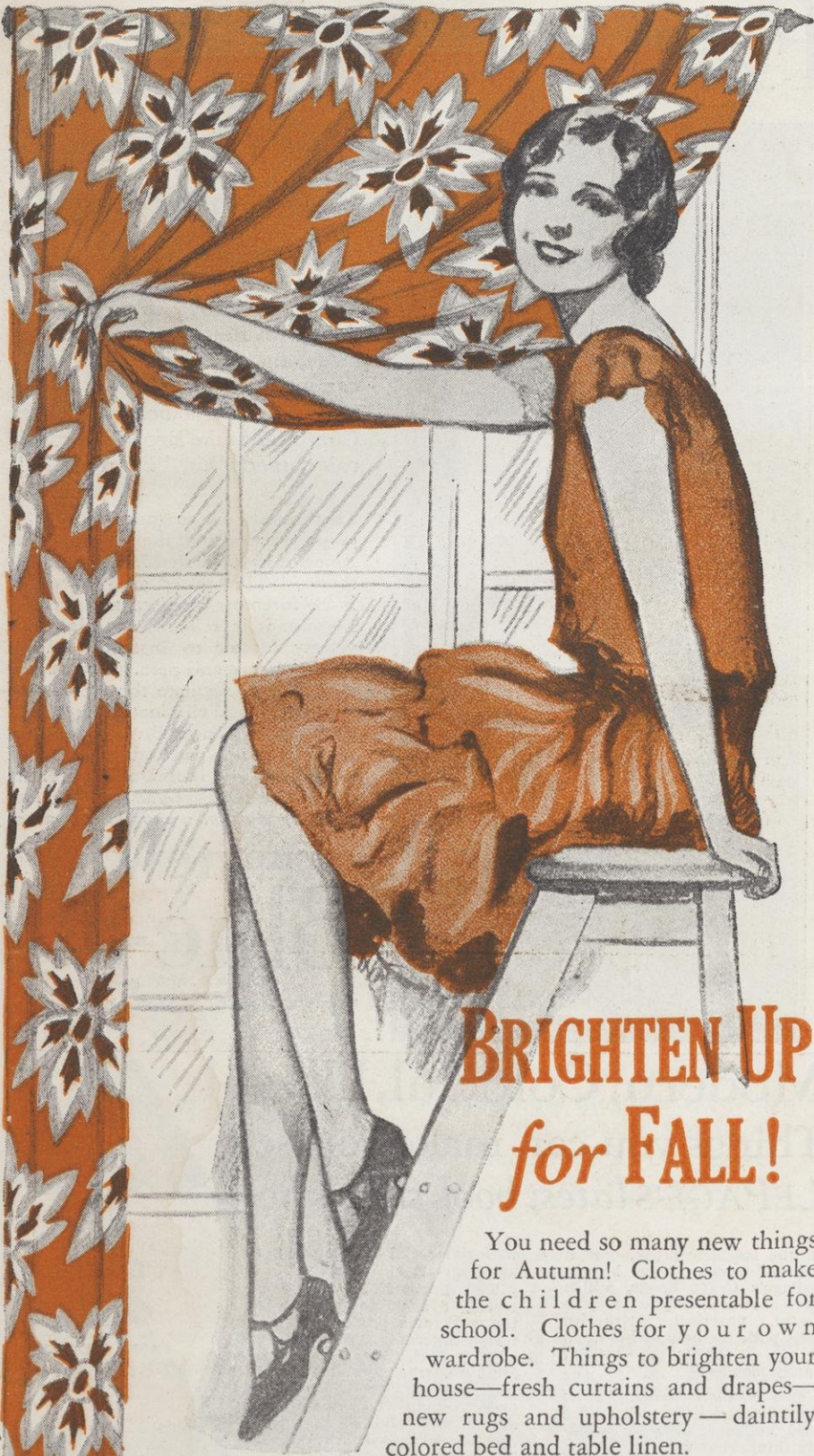
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BRIGHTEN UP for FALL!

You need so many new things for Autumn! Clothes to make the children presentable for school. Clothes for your own wardrobe. Things to brighten your house—fresh curtains and drapes—new rugs and upholstery—daintily colored bed and table linen.

If you could only afford them all! BUT YOU CAN. The magic of SUNSET will bring you all these things and more—AND FOR ONLY A FEW CENTS!

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Dytint keeps dainty colored fabrics looking like new.

In a big package. 10c.

North American Dye Corporation

Dept. 80, Mount Vernon, New York



Beautiful roses for every month of the year



Flowers that do not wither, made at slight cost

American Beauty Roses

How you can make them from crepe paper

By Dorothy Wright

THE most charming of all roses—the American Beauty—may now be easily made for home decoration. And this flower may be so perfect in form and color that it will be difficult to distinguish it from a real one until you actually touch it. For crepe paper may be had in the exact shade for the American Beauty, and it lends itself so admirably to the making of this beautiful flower that it is truly fascinating to watch it grow petal by petal under your fingers.

First of all, patterns are necessary. These are given here for you in the exact sizes for the half blown rose. Then you will want covered spool wire and firm stem wire, generally known as No. 78, and No. 9 or finer wire for the leaves. Also, you will need crepe paper in moss green, cerise and dark blush pink for the outside of the double petals.

Making the Petals

The half blown rose requires about twelve single petals and five double ones. To make the single petals, cut across the grain a strip of cerise 3½ inches wide and allow 20 inches for each rose. Fold this to eight thicknesses (cutting through more than eight thicknesses is not practical) and place the cardboard petal pattern so that the top and base is with the grain, and cut. Now cut the rest of the single petals required.

Next, cup seven single petals fully at the top and curl five singles over a blade and cup them slightly. To cup them,



Fig. X

Fig. Y

several thicknesses may be taken together, or take a single petal and with the thumbs in the center of the petal and the four fingers on the opposite side near the edges, push out into shape.

For the double petals, cut a strip of cerise and pink, each 3½ inches wide, allowing 10 inches in length for a rose. Paste the two colors together along one of the long edges, using the paste sparingly. Then cut five double petals. While these are still damp from the paste, smooth out the edges and curl the top side and cup the petals, each one a little less until the last one, which is practically smooth.

The Calyx and Stem

The calyx is made by cutting across the grain a strip of moss green 2½ inches wide, allowing 1¼ inches in length for each one. Then cut it out,

using cardboard pattern, and roll points between fingers to relieve stiffness.

For the stem wrapping, cut across the grain a generous strip of moss green 1¼ inches wide.

Making the Leaves

For the leaves, cut across the grain a strip of moss green 3¼ inches wide, allowing 1¼ inches for each leaf. Then cut out, using the pattern, providing three leaves for each spray.

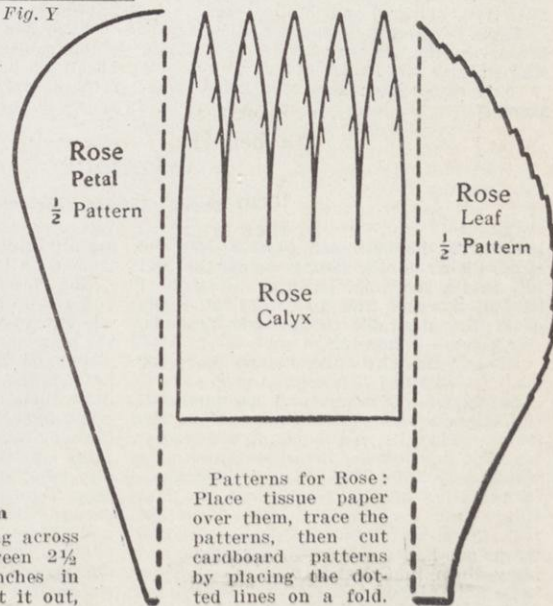
To make the spray, use a piece of No. 9 wire about seven inches long. Then gather in the base of one leaf and place the end of the wire in the fullness. Now wrap with the narrow strip of paper cut for the stems. Double this strip lengthwise as you wrap and stretch it fully as you work, slanting it downward, so that the wire is covered and the leaf is held firmly. About 2½ inches down, wrap in two more leaves at opposite sides of the stem. Two sprays of three leaves for each rose should be provided; more may be used.




To Assemble the Rose

The petals should be singled out and arranged in the order in which they are to be used; first, the seven singles cupped fully near the top edge; second, the five singles cupped moderately and curled; third, the five doubles.

Make a bud-like center of one of the deeply cupped single petals by wrapping the sides around and keeping a slight opening at the center tip. Gather this bud about ¼ inch down from the top (Fig. X). Place the remaining six singles of the first group, one at a time, watching the center carefully to keep it open and placing each petal slightly higher than the preceding one (see Fig. Y). If seven petals seem to make too full a center, use only six or five. The bases of the petals are all

(Continued on page 45)



You are being invited to join  a very unique club. By enrolling *now*  ...between Aug. 11 and Sept. 1...you insure early delivery of a genuine ESTATE HEATROLA, that luxurious home-heater...and a supply  of **FREE COAL!**



The Seventh Annual Heatrola Free Coal Club is now forming. Again this year, the handsome Heatrola will change thousands of old-fashioned "parlors" into modern living-rooms—thousands of half-heated houses into cozy, hospitable homes

IT sounds like an amazing offer, and it is—but, of course, there's a reason for it! You see, during these balmy Summer days, people are not likely to think of Winter with its howling winds and freezing temperatures. And so, almost everyone waits until Fall to replace the half-hearted heat of old-fashioned stoves with the whole-house comfort of the beautiful Estate Heatrola.

This makes it hard for us, and for you, too. In the Fall, our great plant must run day and night to supply the demand—and, in spite of all we can do, many homes do not begin to enjoy Heatrola comfort until after the cold weather has begun.

Naturally, we would like to have people order their Heatrolas now, while we have more time to make them. We would like to feel that they have their Heatrolas installed, ready for the first frosty days.

And so, to encourage them to do this, we are offering *free* coal to those who place their orders between August 11 and September 1.

You know the Heatrola, of course

Almost everybody who is now dependent on spotty "parlor stove" heat is planning to own a Heatrola, some day.

For almost everybody knows somebody whose home is always flooded with cheery, even Heatrola heat—that balmy, softly moistened heat that is so kind to the nose and throat.

And who hasn't seen and admired the graceful, cabinet-like Heatrola, agleam in its modern setting—in perfect harmony with the other fine furniture?

So, as you would naturally expect, every year thousands of people make up their minds to order the Heatrola a few months earlier than they had intended to, and thus get a supply of coal, *without charge*.

To take advantage of this generous offer . . . go to the nearest Heatrola dealer and ask to be enrolled in the Seventh Annual Heatrola Free Coal Club. Your membership fee, which is only \$2, will be applied on the purchase price of your Heatrola.

This Fall an Estate Heatrola will be installed in your home, ready, when Winter comes, to circulate luxurious warmth to every nook and corner, upstairs and down. And, at the same time, you will get a ton of *free* coal! (A half-ton, if you live in a hard-coal district.)

New low prices now in effect

See your local Heatrola dealer at once—get full details of this generous offer and the new low Heatrola prices. Or, write direct to The Estate Stove Company, Dept. 5-E, Hamilton, Ohio, or any of the Branch Offices.

Branch Offices: 241 West 34th Street, New York City; 714 Washington Ave., N., Minneapolis; The Furniture Exchange, San Francisco; 829 Terminal Sales Bldg., Portland, Oregon.



One of Heatrola's many exclusive features—the Intensi-Fire Air Duct, heart of Heatrola's double air-circulating system. This ingenious device greatly increases Heatrola's heating capacity by capturing and utilizing the heat that in ordinary heaters goes to waste—up the flue.



For Smaller Homes—Estate Heatrola Junior

A smaller Heatrola with all the important features of design which have made the Estate Heatrola famous. Especially designed for homes of three to four rooms, apartments, stores and small buildings. Free Coal Club members who order this Junior Heatrola will receive a half-ton of free coal. (One-quarter ton in hard-coal districts.)

Mail this coupon, today . . .

THE ESTATE STOVE COMPANY
Dept. 5-E, Hamilton, O.
Please send me free illustrated booklet, "The Story of Estate Heatrola," and full information on the Free Coal offer.

Name

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Post Office

State

Estate * HEATROLA *

'There is only One Heatrola—Estate builds it

PRETTY PYJAMAS

Designed by Sadie P. Le Sueur

PYJAMAS have definitely established themselves in feminine fashions because they are smart, new and comfortable. Embroidery is particularly adapted to them since it takes away any resemblance to the masculine variety and makes them different and distinctive. They are designed for size 38.

Columbine Pyjamas. Gold silk mull. The white V-neck is an appliqué, with the flower and leaves that form its edge held in place with a gold button-hole stitch. Plain white bands are used for the sleeveless armholes and the lower edges of jacket and trousers.

Jade Pyjamas. Light gray charmeuse-satine. Jade green bands edge cap sleeves and the lower edges of jacket and trousers. The jade collar ends in two streamers, tipped with crimson flowers and jade leaves.

Lattice Pyjamas. White crepe has peach folds around the neck and the sleeveless armholes. Along the lower edge of the jacket the peach folds continue up around the pockets. The embroidery at the neck and on the pockets has the lattice effect made with peach darn stitches. The flowers are peach French knots with green leaves.

Lattice Coat. Peach crepe has a white shawl collar, white cuffs, and pockets with the same embroidery as on the jacket pockets.

Geranium Pyjamas. Green lingerie checks. The scalloped white band at the neck and at the bottom of the coat are both embroidered with tiny red geraniums. Ribbon bows on the shoulder hold front and back of jacket together. The trousers are finished with plain white bands.

Chinaman. Traveling or lounging pyjamas, of black silk mull. At the neck, cuffs, lower edge of jacket and trousers there are gold bands. The pocket is a Chinaman's head, with embroidered features and green hat. Plaited black floss forms the Chinaman's queue. It hangs loose with a tassel at its end tacked to the jacket.

Pierrette Pyjamas. Copenhagen blue charmeuse-satine. All the edges have hems finished with a rope stitch of blue and white floss. Pierrette embroidered at the lower edge of the jacket has a cap outlined with peach floss, features with black floss and ruffle around neck blue and white.

Wild Rose Pyjamas. Orchid silk mull. The pink flowers and green leaves are appliquéd at one side of the V-neck. The trousers are gathered to a full ruffle at the ankles.

Heart and Wreath Pyjamas. Light blue crepe is used, made like a child's sleeping garment, in one piece. It is a very comfortable style, quickly made. Neck and sleeveless armholes are bound with white bias folds. Wide white bands are used at the lower edge of the trousers. A wreath of pink roses and blue forget-me-nots is used at the neck.



Lattice

Geranium

Heart and Wreath Coat. White crepe with a blue shawl collar, blue heart pocket and blue ties at the waist. The pocket has a wreath of pink roses, blue forget-me-nots and green leaves.

Pink Daisy Pyjamas. Pink batiste. The white band around neck and sleeves has flowers with pink lazy-daisy petals and green leaves. Lower edges of trousers and of jacket are finished with a white band.



Wild Rose

Heart and Wreath

Black Cat Pyjamas. Fourteen-year size. White silk mull with wide gold bands around the jacket, sleeves and trouser edges. Cat is embroidered in black outline stitch, chimney red and moon yellow.

YOUR NEXT CAKE WILL SHOW YOU THIS DIFFERENCE IN FLOUR

CHOCOLATE FUDGE CAKE

(all measurements are level)

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|
| 2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour | 2 egg yolks, beaten light |
| 3 teaspoons baking powder | 3 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted |
| 1/2 teaspoon soda | 1 1/4 cups milk |
| 1/4 teaspoon salt | 1 teaspoon vanilla |
| 1/2 cup butter or other shortening | 2 egg whites, stiffly beaten |
| 1 cup sugar | |

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, soda, and salt and sift three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg yolks and chocolate, then flour and milk alternately, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Fold in egg whites. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (350° F.) for 30 minutes. Put layers together with Fudge Frosting. Double recipe to make three 10-inch layers.

FUDGE FROSTING

(all measurements are level)

- | | |
|---|----------------------|
| 2 cups sugar | 3/4 cup milk |
| 2 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate | 2 tablespoons butter |
| 2 tablespoons corn syrup | 1 teaspoon vanilla |
- Cook sugar, chocolate (cut in small pieces), corn syrup, and milk, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Then stir occasionally to prevent burning. Cook until syrup forms a very soft ball when tested in cold water (232° F.). Remove from fire. Add butter and cool to lukewarm (110° F.). Add vanilla and beat until frosting is creamy and of right consistency to spread.



A DIFFERENCE in flour? "Of course", you'll say, "there are dozens and dozens of different kinds". But it isn't brands that I'm talking about. There's a difference in flour, itself, that is much more important than any difference in names!

There is one kind of flour meant for bread. There's another kind meant for cakes and pastry. Names won't tell you the difference between these kinds of flour—but your cakes will certainly tell you!

Use bread flour in your cakes, and they simply *can't* be the kind of cakes you'd like them to be. Bread flour, you see, contains a type of gluten which requires from three to five hours "raising", by yeast, to give best results.

But try using a flour made especially for cakes. Use Swans Down Cake Flour, next time you make cake! Then you'll see the difference in flour, and what it means. Swans Down will make your cake *perfect!*

Swans Down is made from specially selected soft winter wheat, grown near the Swans Down mills. This wheat con-

tains a very delicate gluten that gives perfect results with the baking powder and egg whites used in cake-making.

There's a difference, too, in the milling of Swans Down. Only the choicest part of the wheat kernel is used . . . it takes 100 pounds of wheat to make 26 pounds of Swans Down! And by a special process of milling, Swans Down is sifted and sifted—again and again—until it is *27 times finer than bread flour!*

Nothing is added to Swans Down Cake Flour. It is flour, alone. But the careful selection of wheat and the fine milling of Swans Down will make your cakes as fine and light as any professional's! They'll be deliciously tender—as only Swans Down cakes can be!

Make the Chocolate Cake. Follow directions exactly and you'll want to make more cakes with Swans Down! Read about the Cake Set and recipe book offered here. At cost, you can have the utensils and recipes I use in my own kitchen.

Frances Lee Barton

IGLEHEART BROTHERS, INC., Evansville, Ind. Established 1856.

Take advantage of this special offer!

Valuable aids to better, easier cake-making are included in this Cake Set—a bargain! For just what it costs us—\$1.00 (\$1.25 at Denver and West, \$1.50 in Canada, \$2.00 elsewhere, including U. S. possessions)—we will send the kind of cake set we use in our own kitchens. Set consists of: Set aluminum measuring spoons; Wooden slotted mixing spoon; Wire cake tester; Aluminum measuring cup; Steel spatula; Heavy square cake pan (tin); Patent angel food pan (tin); Sample package of Swans Down Cake Flour; copy of recipe booklet, "Cake Secrets". If not entirely satisfied with set, you may return it, carrying charges prepaid, and your money will be promptly refunded. ("Cake Secrets" is the only item sold separately. The price is 10c.) An oven thermometer is essential to perfect baking. We can now supply you with a standard thermometer, postage prepaid. Send \$1.00 (\$1.25 at Denver and West, \$1.50 in Canada, \$2.00 elsewhere, including U. S. possessions).



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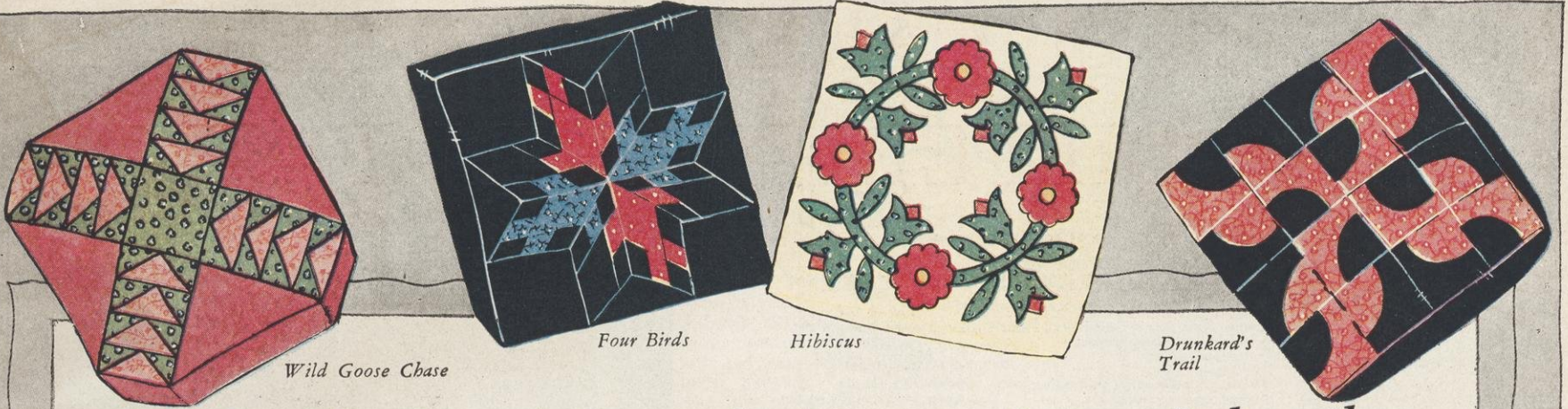
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Please send me oven thermometer, for which I enclose \$1.00 (\$1.25 at Denver and West, \$1.50 in Canada, \$2.00 elsewhere, including U. S. Possessions).

Please send me a separate copy of "Cake Secrets", for which I enclose 10c.

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SWANS  **DOWN**
 CAKE FLOUR



Quaint Patchwork from the Homes of Our Subscribers

Prize Winning Designs of Colonial Origin That Hold an Honored Place in Present Day Decoration

IN OUR patchwork contest, the letters that accompanied the designs were as interesting as the patterns themselves, telling as they did of the quilt great-grandmother presented to grandmother on her wedding day, of lovely quilts perfectly preserved and used only on special occasions, and of old-fashioned names, as much beloved as the historic designs. One subscriber wrote that her two quilts were patched long ago for hope chests, one in quiet colors selected by a demure maiden and the other in gay colors chosen by a lively twin sister.

In presenting these twelve pillows, we have endeavored to feature designs that will fit in with your mood and your decorative scheme, whether it be quiet or gay. There is a size, a color and a shape for every bare corner in your home. The same patterns may be used for patchwork quilts. The pillows will also prove best sellers at the church bazaar.

American oil print calico is used, combining it with black sateen on eight of the pillows, and with unbleached muslin on two.

Wild Goose Chase

A 14-inch square pillow has corners clipped and 2-inch box sides. The top is green and rose, with sides and back of rose calico.

Four Birds

The birds are blue and red calico, on a black sateen background. The pillow is 14 inches square, with back and 2-inch box sides of black sateen.

Hibiscus

A 17-inch cushion of unbleached muslin has appliquéd red calico flowers and buds, with green leaves and stems. The back is unbleached muslin.

Drunkard's Trail

A 14-inch pillow has a top of black sateen and rose calico. Its 2-inch box sides and back are black sateen.

Whirlwind

A round cushion, 15 inches in diameter, has a top of yellow and black. The back and 2-inch box sides are black sateen.

Log Cabin

A 14-inch square has a top of blue calico and black sateen. Its 2-inch box sides and back are blue.

The Fan

Orchid, yellow, rose and blue patches with black sateen make the top of a

cushion 18x12 inches. It has 2-inch box sides and back of black sateen.

Flower Petals

Blue and yellow calico are used for the top of a 15-inch pillow. Yellow calico for back and 2-inch box sides.

King's Crown

A 14-inch square pillow has red appliqués on a black top. The 2-inch box sides and back are black sateen.

Tulip Ring

A round pillow, 14 inches in diameter, has rose tulips with green leaves and stems appliquéd on a black sateen background. The 2-inch box sides and back are black, with edges bound in rose bias folds.

Tree of Paradise

The top is pieced with green calico and unbleached muslin. The 2-inch box sides and back are green calico. The cushion is 14 inches square.

Latticed Flower

The flower is orchid calico, with lattice effect in green outline stitch. The edges of the orchid appliqué are held in place with a green buttonhole stitch. The cushion is 17 inches in diameter. Front and back are black sateen, joined together with orchid bias folds.



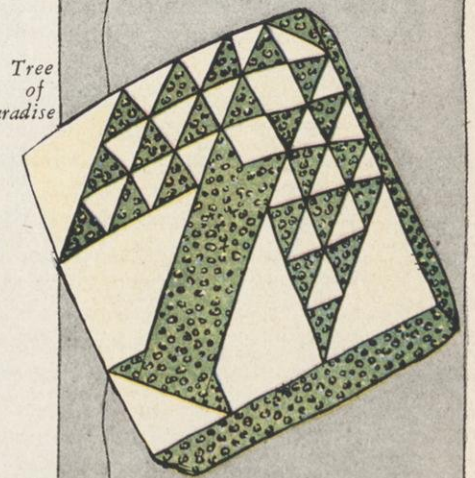
Whirlwind



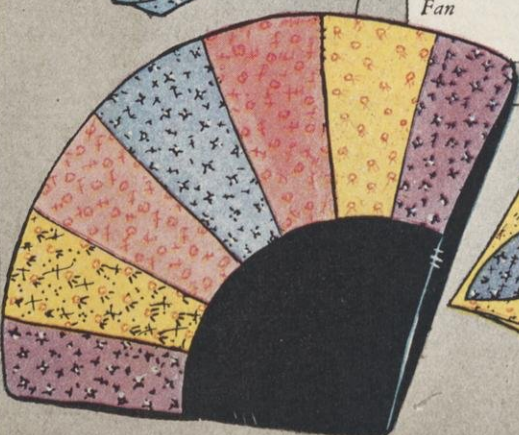
Latticed Flower



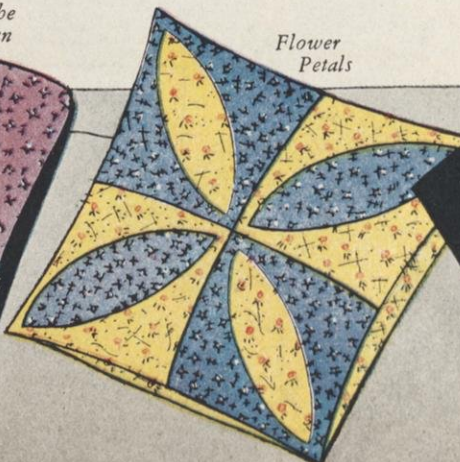
Log Cabin



Tree of Paradise



The Fan



Flower Petals



King's Crown



Tulip Ring

Here Comes the Bandwagon!

(Continued from page 10)

to them as to her: "I'm sure circus people are nice."

After the seals had swallowed the last of their trainer's fish, Florette finished her turn in the rings and with a call to Pete swept her fourteen stallions into the hippodrome for the first of her wild gallops around the track. From team



to team she leaped in somersaults, her silver-sandaled feet streaking in endless circles over the broad gray backs.

Mrs. Perrin had barely caught her breath upon a newly exclaimed "Lands sakes!" when the cleared arena was cut by a high golden blast of trumpets. Ringmasters came stiffly to attention. The big top quieted.

"What now?" Mrs. Perrin exclaimed, to her nearest neighbor.

Over her shoulder the genial one informed her: "That'll be the Flying Demons."

She turned upon him. "Indeed it won't. My boy and my daughter are coming before they let the demons loose."

The trumpeters marched into the hippodrome. They wheeled into two platoons and separated, deploying right and left in the track circle. Behind each deploying platoon, a line of gold-laced attendants, walking as stiffly as servitors of royalty, swung into hippodrome promenade.

Ringmasters swept off their silk hats. Already the major's showmanship was bringing the audience to its feet. The murmur, "The Flying Demons," made the round of the tiers, reserved seats and grandstand. Mrs. Perrin was too excited, fascinated by the stupendous "rigmarole," as she called it, to heed what the crowd was saying.

The curtains parted again. Two figures in glistening white stepped into view. Applause greeted them. About the man's white tights there were splashes of purple. Spangled gold scintillated at the silk-sheathed waist of the girl. More of the

audience got to its feet for a closer look. The murmur, "That's them!" became more vocal.

The pair separated, as had trumpeters and attendants, to march in the middle of the hippodrome in opposite directions and to meet on the opposite side of the arena before the grandstand.

The major and Bill Fredericks sauntered in to lean against the seat trestle. "You sure are giving them a ballyhoo," Bill observed.

"I'm giving 'em a start," the major returned. "They've got the audience now. That's half the battle."

Bill Fredericks was prompted to reply dubiously, but let the impulse pass. He was watching the girl, "Tony's new girl."

Tony walked proudly, much of his old confidence in his step, the poise of his head and firmness of his shoulders. If he did not bow, it was because he was mumbling to himself all the litanies he had ever known of "I will." And underneath his outward poise was wonder, fear of that moment soon to come before the grandstand. Charmian had said it would be all right. Would it?

Nor did Charmian bow to her applauders. She turned her face to the seats serenely, haughtily. Gleaming white, every curve of her figure, supple and rounded but firm, was silhouetted against the tan-bark her feet trod. Her deep breaths bespoke the athlete, while the freshness of her face, unmarred by make-up, sang of arrogant youth. While she passed the reserved seat section, a tentative cheer was choked off in abashment by some impulsive enthusiast. In an instant a hundred throats had taken it up. The young prettiness, the very arrogance of the girl, captured every fancy.

Bill Fredericks shook his head as if to relieve it of a conundrum. "Will you look at that girl, chief," he demanded of the

(Continued on page 42)

Glamour

(Continued from page 35)

"May I come in, Julie?"

The porter had not closed the door, and a voice from the corridor startled her. It was Martin. He was hatless, hot, and breathing hard as though he had run for blocks—as, indeed, he had.

Julie's well disciplined heart jumped and she did not try to answer because she couldn't. So he came in anyway and stood looking down at her with quite the degree of astonishment which Ellis had evinced at her metamorphosis.

But with what a difference! In his eyes was the same light that had shone there on that rain-swept evening when they stood at the steps of Mrs. Simpkins' boarding house and he proposed, with the aroma of fried potatoes and onions floating out to them and someone banging out jazz on the tinnny piano beyond the dingy lace curtains.

"You—you were there all the time!" panted Martin with apparent irrelevance.

Julie found her voice. "I was where?"

"You—the real you—was there under the elegance and veneer!"

Julie's hands clenched tightly about the handle of her purse. "Well," said she, forcing a smile, "what did you think?"

He sat down opposite her without being invited.

"How do you come to be on this train, looking like that?" Julie demanded tartly. Which, of course, was simply a panicky feminine method of putting off the inevitable.

"I walked to the Wheelers' to see you, and the little neighbor girl who was staying with the children told me you were taking this train. So I ran all the way and just caught the steps of the last coach as it pulled out."

"H-m-m—you were in a hurry, weren't you?" said Julie ironically. Meaning, of course, that he had had a fortnight to see her if he had cared to do so. He ignored the thrust.

"Julie, will you marry me?" he demanded.

Julie took a deep breath. "Martin, you do choose the most romantic circumstances for your proposals!"

"Will you?"

"You have treated me," said Julie, "like a last year's newspaper."

"Self-defense. When I saw you that first evening, I didn't think I had the ghost of a chance. I've thought that for years. You sent me away so definitely and scornfully, Julie, the first time. I thought I couldn't go through all that again. So I stayed away. But tonight, when I learned you were really going—well, here I am."

"And you love me like this—plain and drab and dowdy?"

"I love you any way in the known world."

"But, Martin," she argued, holding back the tide of happiness which threatened to sweep her out to sea, "I am the new Juliet, now! I shall never be like this, if I can help it. I dressed this way because—it's a long story. But you may as well know that I like the world and the things thereof. I wouldn't live in Alansburg for all the—"

"You live in Alansburg?" he said. "Heaven forbid. I don't stay there myself when I can escape. I'm closing out my interests there as rapidly as possible. We'd live anywhere in the world that you say, Julie. And you could throw over your job or keep on at it, as you like."

"All right," said Julie. "Martin—as you were! There's a fat traveling salesman in the first seat who may look up at any minute! You know, Mart, if you will propose to a lady in plain view of the public, you must take the consequences."

"Gosh!" sighed Martin, and rose reluctantly.

"If you are intending to take me in to dinner," said Julie in a lilting voice, "run along to the smoker and let me dress. I can't stand myself like this another instant."

"Fifteen minutes?" he demanded from the door.

"Half hour," she amended.

"Say—" said he, turning as he went out, "put on that blue thing you wore at Celeste's dinner, will you? I liked it."

"That—on a train!" Julie laughed helplessly. "Oh, Mart, you men are so funny!"



The Joys of "Oldtime Fireside Cheer" Return



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Here Comes the Bandwagon!

(Continued from page 41)

Uncle JOHNNY GRUELLE IS COMING BACK!

UNCLE JOHNNY, the beloved creator of Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy, will begin a brand new series of stories for good little boys and girls in October Woman's World. And what's more, he's going to illustrate them in his own inimitable style.

major. "She makes the round like a thoroughbred."

The major had been watching, as puzzled as was his lieutenant. "I knew she had personality, if nothing else," he boasted.

"Personality, hell!" Bill exclaimed solemnly. "She's got showmanship, that's

what she's got. Lord, what a hit she'd be if she really belonged to the circus."

The trumpeters faced each other before the center box of the grandstand. Mrs. Perrin could see through a straight line between the double files. The files wheeled on their pivots until they were abreast, backs to the arena, on the inner side of the hippodrome. Their trumpets, after a final note in unison, dropped. The arena band struck up.

The stir in the grandstand, so deliberately engineered by the major with this imposing entrance for the act upon which he depended so heavily, increased. The gold-liveried attendants met and fell back upon the trumpeters. The two figures in white met, turned and threw up their arms in Roman salute to the grandstand.

Tony and Charmian looked straight into the center box, their faces unsmiling but their eyes anxious. Even Charmian, now, was a little afraid.

Mrs. Perrin grasped the box rail. The blue eyes met the gaze out of the hippodrome. Her thin hands fluttered at her throat. The genial one, who saw and sensed the situation, stepped beside her as if he feared she might topple. Others in the box were startled and mystified. The little old lady fought for words. Her hands dug at her throat. Her shawl fell. The frail figure rose and leaned far out over the rail. Then her words came, in a cry that rang weirdly above the din behind: "It's my boy! My boy—and my daughter!"

She fell back, both arms outflung. The genial one caught her shoulders. She looked up into his face. "But I tell you it's my boy. And my daughter. Now I know why circus people are nice!"

The man suppressed his grin. He spoke gently. "It can't be them, ma'am. Those are the Flying Demons, the stars of the show."

She wheeled upon him in sharp indignation. "My boy and my daughter are not demons. You watch and see."

In the track, the two arms fell from salute. The trumpeters wheeled and marched across the arena to file through the exit. Tony and Charmian repeated their salute to the reserved seat section. The superintendent's whistle sounded softly. Attendants took their places at the net. Tony ran to leap upon his ascension pole.

Blinky Dawson released a breath. Charmian mounted to the trapeze stand that had been Fanchon de Vere's. He had loosened the right bolt!

WHILE the two high figures unhooked their trapeze bars and held them in outstretched arms, facing each other across the yawning space between them, the audience settled to its seats.

On the arena floor, the major and Bill Fredericks moved closer in on the hippodrome for a clearer view into the tent dome. Pim Pim shuffled by them, crouched and dropped into the center of the track. Bill nudged the major and pointed to the clown. "If the girl gets by, Pim Pim's hunch for Des Moines will have been justified. The rest of the show has been a knock-out."

The owner studied the clown's face, which always betrayed his inner emotions, even if streaked with the red on white of make-up. "There's a bond of some sort between him and the girl. They're great friends. Doesn't it strike you, Bill, that he's worried about her now? Look at his face."

Bill shrugged. "You never can tell about Pim Pim. Watch, she'll be going out in a second. I'm thinking up a prayer."

In Tony's brain, the same words were shaping while he looked across space to the figure in white. "She's coming out. Now!" The silence in the tent below was as a threatening void. He thought his unsounded moan must pierce it as would a rocket. The first test was coming. Soon, then the second. Would she hold on when he caught her? But that would be after awhile. A minute in time, but years away

in the face of coming out and a return to the stand alone, up so high.

A streak of white. She was out. The slim, silken-gleaming legs floated behind the chestnut brown hair, gracefully, with a mermaid's sinuous curving, ankle to ankle, arches flattened, sated toes pointing like arrows.

Out over the center. The white body was swinging with the trapeze. The pointing, tenuous feet swung the arc and floated toward him. Would they swing back in time to rest firmly on the stand? Perspiration streamed in Tony's face. But he stood erect, poised, his own trapeze held to its level before him.

God! Not a blasphemy, but a supplication!

She had slipped her hold on the bar even as her body swung toward him to gather its momentum of the return. She would fall! Everything was black.

God! Both a prayer and a paean. She had executed a twist. She had whirled the white body around, up there in mid-air, at the very instant of the swing's pause for its going back. She had whirled free, caught her bar again, and—!

The white body was going into a pinwheel—up—over the bar—down—up again, over—standing on her feet between the cables—on the stand—free and firm—her hand raised. Down below they were applauding. She had dared to try that! And done it!

"Please, God, take my thankfulness. She's safe!"

BELOW, the major frowned. Bill muttered a surprised oath. His hand gripped his stick. "A better opening than Fanchon de Vere's," he muttered. "That's funny." The major caught his lieutenant's arm in a hard grasp. "What does it mean, Bill?" he whispered hoarsely. "That girl knows her business. Or is she crazy?"

Bill made no reply but stared, transfixed, at the relaxed figure above. He stared at it even while Tony, rising to his cue from the band, swung out. He stared until the major shook him. "Look at the boy!"

With every heartbeat sending exultation along his arteries, Tony executed his own triple pinwheel, let go and turned in the air as she had done, let go again and turned his body twice and landed back on his stand. He had doubled the dash of his usual first swing-out. Unconsciously. What he had done, when the applause came up to him, he didn't know. He only knew that Charmian had, as Bill had said below, done better than Fanchon de Vere ever had. The marvel of it, the mystery of it jumbled his wits.

Tony's consciousness of himself, of Charmian, of the Flying Demons and the circus, rushed in upon his brain like a flood. He shook again, his trapeze trembling in his grasp. "She mustn't do that again. I must tell her. Must beg. She mustn't!"

The second test was coming. He would be going out—in a second now—the band was rising to his cue note—they were in the measure—three notes away—he must go out, and back, and out again, then she would be there—she would be floating to him, floating free—he would have to catch her.

The band—two notes more. His eyes closed, this time in silent prayer. One note away—

The rumble in the benches reached to him. The audience was lifting. His purple-splashed figure flew from his own trapeze to catch the other, swung out to him by the girl. She had timed it to the instant. Between the two trapezes the purple-splashed figure turned over, once, twice. It made the double somersault between two notes from the band. The purple made a new circle in the air while the girl's trapeze swung like a pendulum, over and back. The purple flashed again and leaped back to its own bar. While it planted its feet on his stand, the other figure, the one with gold, caught its returning swing. Both stood in easy poise. The applause that started up was broken off sharply.

The man was out again, hanging from his feet, his arms swinging below. He was almost back to his stand. The girl was

(Continued on page 43)

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Here Comes the Bandwagon!

(Continued from page 42)

out. She was free from her trapeze, suspended in the air. She was turning a complete somersault and making a complete twist of the slender body. The senses of the audience heard, if their ears could not, the smart slap of hands on forearms and felt the grip of fingers about strong wrists. The girl was caught and swung high by the man. She turned over in his hands as she went up. Her feet went between his arms and her shoulders and chestnut head followed.

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From his muddled, whirling brain, Tony could salvage only an outburst. "Charman! What you did! How—?"

There was only time for her to say sharply, with the ring of command, "Do your act, all of it. I know it by heart. Don't ever be afraid again."

Then she was gone, to catch her own swing, tossed out by an attendant who had mounted her pole to take place on her stand, as would the other attendant now climbing to Tony's side. The applause from below had barely reached the dome when the figure in white and gold was back on its own stand, waving gayly.

Only Blinky Dawson, of that great audience, was composed. Around him, men, women and children were on their feet. The two in the air were "running away with the show." Seconds of awe as tangible as an enveloping blanket were followed by cheering. But Blinky sat back, his hands deep in his coat pockets, his malevolent smile playing at the drooped corners of his mouth. Now and again his lids lifted and his gaze went higher than the white figure and the purple-splashed figure, to the high trapeze in the dome, where a bolt was held only by its last threads.

The strident strains from the band fostered the emotions of the audience. Ringmasters moved to the center of the arena, violating custom, so they could watch more closely. Performers filled the entrance passage and gazed in awe. What surprise was this bursting upon Baxter's Big Show!

The old act of the Flying Demons was in full swing, but with a brilliance and dash to which it never had aspired. In their climax on the lower trapezes, with Tony doubled up, braced to his bar by his feet and whirling in a furious pinwheel, Fanchon de Vere had satisfied her audience by balancing horizontally on her bar, floating with hands and arms and feet outstretched.

Now, while Tony doubled and spun, Charmian dropped to her bars onto her knees, as the major had seen her do in their "practice" tent on the lot. A flash of that memory came to him as he leaned over the net below, his arms stretched to brace himself. Tony had said, that day on the lot, "That's the way La Belle must have begun to learn her famous knee-to-knee somersault."

The major dashed his hand to his forehead to shake from his brain the wild thought that was forming that this girl, this unknown girl, whose face had been familiar, that she would dare—!

Bill Fredericks' hoarse shout confirmed what he saw, "My God!"

The girl in the air went out from her bar, knees still touching her chin, turned over and landed—still on her knees, hands still clasped at her ankles!

She had balanced true. She had thrown out her arms then and her legs, and had slid from the bar until her ankles caught the side cables and held. She had made the arc with her swing and let-go. She had floated to Tony and was swaying from his wrists. She was on his stand with him beside her. His hands were reaching to her, as if he pleaded. But hers were aloft—triumphant, joyous, taunting and signal for pandemonium below. The audience realized the stupendous daring of that knee-to-knee feat.

former can earn in the circus world. Bill Fredericks held both of his hands in front of him. He regarded them with widened, senseless eyes that saw only that in either hand was a cigar that had been crushed to flakes. "Look, chief," he muttered. "What's happened that I should have done that?"

The major shook him. Brought back to sensibility, Bill followed the major's glance. Pim Pim had fallen against the net and was clawing at it frantically. A light broke upon the major. "You know her," he shouted in the clown's ears. "You know her!"

Pim Pim lifted his arms toward the poisoning figure on the stand. "It's La Belle up there," he cried. "Don't you understand—it's my little La Belle. She promised me she wouldn't trust him too far." "The Great La Belle!"

The major's light was now a dazzling beam. He had thought he knew her! That face. All of them had thought it familiar. The face on the Mammoth billboards. But they had never dreamed—!

Pulling at every pocket for cigars that evaded his fingers, Bill Fredericks jumped onto the center platform. His arms waved above him. His ringing shout was echoed by groundmen and ringmasters: "The Great La Belle."

THE major wrapped the trembling clown in his arms. He tried to speak, but a sob thwarted him. Bill Fredericks, his eyes brimming, slapped Pim Pim's shoulder. "Old-timer!" he cried, "old-timer!"

The audience, thrilled to inordinate alertness, sensed the excitement in the arena. Renewed cheering broke from those who understood the significance of Bill's shout. "The Great La Belle—the Mammoth's Great La Belle" was repeated in the tiers above the hippodrome. It reached Blinky Dawson, who leaned forward now, his gaze steadily fixed on the dome.

A pulley rope had been lowered. After a brief moment on their stand, the moment of his pleading to the girl who was going through his act with him as it never had been performed, Tony had swung out, twisted his ankles in the rope and sent the trapeze back. Then the figure in white and gold went out, her feet catching a hold above Tony's head. Both were mounting now, hand over hand, to the high trapezes.

That cry below, "The Great La Belle," was lost in the din that filled the dome. During their last moment on the stand, Charmian had only grasped his hand and pressed it, hard, against her breast. She only whispered, "Go through everything you've got—for Baxter's and mother."

"But who are you—you—Charmian?" He cried it up to her in desperate appeal with those quicksilver feet just above him. From where her chestnut head would be, a gay laugh came down, a laugh with gold in it, and silver, and all other things that are precious. And her voice, with gold in it, too, "Don't you know? I'm the girl you're to marry."

She was first to reach the snap rope that held the bars of the high trapezes close together, so both could be reached from the mounting cable. Deftly she caught one bar, unfastened its snap and dropped the free end of the rope to Tony. Then she swung free and raised, standing in the swing, her hands catching at either side cable.

Blinky Dawson rose. The girl's cables were invisible, lost against the tent top to eyes in the seat tiers. But the girl's arms, as they encircled them, gleamed white. Blinky's gaze traveled upward from her left hand. He located the glint of the big ring bolt just above that white arm.

Tony dropped the snap rope when he stood between his own cables. For an instant only he glanced out of his daze to Charmian, then both were executing amazing evolutions, building to the climax—the double drop and catch to the trapezes below.

They passed and repassed in twisting leaps between the swinging bars. Once, where Fanchon de Vere had been only tossed from his hands to her bar, Charmian shouted a command to Tony, as she had called others, in complete reliance

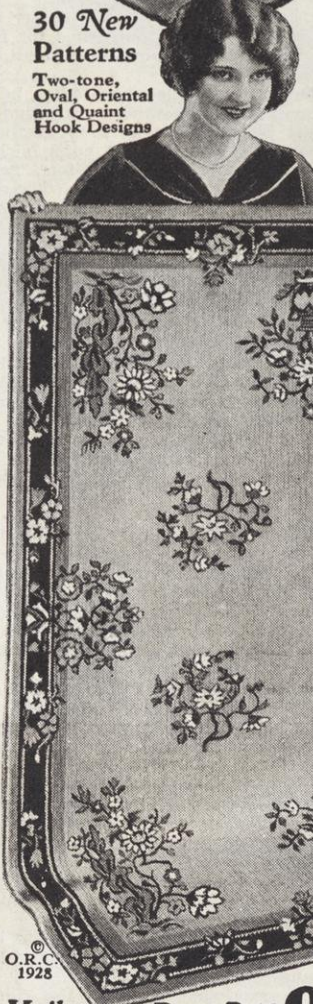
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Here Comes the Bandwagon!

(Continued from page 43)

that he would obey. He gave her double momentum. She doubled and revolved almost to the tent top before she dropped to her bar. Blinky Dawson's fingers clenched when she landed on the bar, but he relaxed again with an exclamation. The bolt was holding stubbornly.

Tony swept through his horizontal whirls, hanging by one hand to his bar. Charmian loosened her hold and dropped, to be caught by one wrist. Her body drew up, straightened to horizontal, and she whirled a beautiful white wheel, her wrist twisting smoothly in Tony's grasp.

Tony and Charmian stood together on Tony's bar. There was only time for her to say, "I'll come to you—and you'll be there!"

He shot across to the opposite bar, hers. The attendant on his stand, on his side of the arena below, held the lower trapeze ready for its release that it might swing out to center. Holding by his feet, Tony made the complete, body-extended circle of the bar that was Charmian's to gain momentum for the leap downward and his double twist and somersault.

While his body was revolving, it was sensible of a twitch that would have been imperceptible to less keen nerves in the tautness of the bar to which his feet clung. The shock flashed to his brain.

His body was rising, extended, completing its circle. His ankles were loosening their hold of the bar and his feet were nerved to that instant of his standing on them while his body swept between the cables with his arms flung ahead, the instant that would precede his flight downward.

THERE was only time for his sharpened eyes to sweep up to the cable ring bolt. The lower opening in a nut, through which the steel bolt should have protruded, gaped black, empty. Nerves and brain cried out to him that Charmian's cable was held by a single thread—another jar on the bar and the cable would part.

His voice strained to its shout, but he knew the sweep of air would drown it. And his hands already were out—helplessly thrown out over the arena; his feet were leaving the bar. He could not hold back!

He went down. He fell automatically into his double somersault—he had to, or he would miss his lower trapeze which had been timed. His bar was there. He caught it, raised like a streak to his feet and whirled to his stand, his hand flung up, a new shriek of warning released.

Too late! Charmian was leaping to her own bar. She would catch it with her hands and—!

Tony's arms shot between the cables of the trapeze still hugged against his thighs. The released bar swung out, but his body traveled faster. Head and shoulders gained—His ankles found the cables and slid along them. He turned his feet and caught a hold on the trapeze that was now behind him.

He heard Pim Pim's shriek rise from the ground. He heard horror rise on a startled cry from the audience. His trapeze had reached the length of its arc. He twisted his body over, keeping his foothold. The cable had parted. It was hanging. He strained at his body. His arms went out and closed about the bent, helpless legs of Charmian as her body streaked down.

His toehold on his own cables held! The beloved body, struggling so desperately to recover balance lost in the shock of the fall, slipped into the circle of his arms, the smooth, silken legs slid along his wrists.

Thighs—knees—calves—ankles! Now! His fingers closed! Saved! Back, out again and back, his trapeze traversed its arc. In the instant of her realization that she was safe, that he had caught her, the girl's numbed senses became alert. The flattening of her arches against his wrists telegraphed to him that she had regained her control. During the first arc of his trapeze, he swung her high to break her shock. Instinctively she threw herself into the cables of the swing. He released his hold. He whirled his own body and stood on the bar. They stood together. The stand loomed as the trapeze swung close. They landed on it lightly.

She shot one glance, of horror and questioning, into the tent dome. The high trapeze bar and the parted cable dangled loose.

She swayed. Tony caught her. He struggled madly for some word, but it would not come. His tongue was hot, paralyzed. She shuddered against him.

But even in her collapse, her arm went up above the chestnut head, in salute to the shouting arena folk below and the cheering audience.

Tony found his words, but only two of them. "My dear!"

The white figure quivered. The tremulous lips whispered, "You thought you could be afraid!"

A new rush of pleading poured upon her, "But what does it mean—oh!—please—what—?"

She stirred and leaped across the platform. "Down," she cried. "Down! We mustn't stop the show!"

The din from the thousands packed in the tiers came nearer and nearer. They slid down the pole into it. Pim Pim caught the girl as she slid to the tanbark floor. Bill Fredericks and the major fought to be first to Tony. The efforts of both to talk were futile. They only spluttered. Tony's gaze into their eyes was blank. The act was over! Charmian—his Charmian of the station platform in Sharonville—of the resolute will to help—a greater aerialist than ever he could be! She had fooled him. Why—why? Who could she be?

And she had fallen—a broken trapeze—who had done that? But he had saved her—his Charmian—safe! On the ground at last. The act was over and the people were cheering. Here was the major—Bill Fredericks—lifting him, Tony Perrin—Baxter's Big Show lifting him, on its shoulders—lifting him high in triumph!

And there was the girl. The girl of the Sharonville platform. His Charmian. She was being carried on shoulders, too, of ringmasters and groundmen who fought to touch so much as a satined toe. Carried high across the arena while the big top gang was fighting—fighting—O Lord!—to keep back the pushing, cheering throng that flowed out from bleachers and grandstand to praise the Flying Demons!

Throng! Out of the grandstand—shouting that he had saved a girl—his mother was in the grandstand!

There she was, stumbling, but coming—her thin arms outstretched, old blue eyes calling. He could hear the call from those eyes across the heads of the people who were carrying him on their shoulders. They were calling, "My boy!" He had saved Charmian. He must get down to mother. How thin and frail and how good she looked in the ribbed black silk and the bonnet with the violets on it. They'd crush her, that crowd. He must get down to her! She'd tell him if he hadn't been afraid when the time came.

Ah! Pim Pim! Good old Pim Pim! Would they never stop cheering. Wouldn't they ever let the show go on? The charioteers—they must be waiting now for their race with Florette's stallions. The Flying Demons were stopping the show! It wasn't right. The major would be angry. No—this was the major's hat his hand was crushing—the major—he had had confidence in the Flying Demons. He was holding him up. He couldn't be angry because the charioteers were missing cues. Pim Pim had mother. Charmian! Who? What was that cry that kept coming through the din—"The Great La Belle"? Why were they shouting for the Mammoth's Great La Belle? Must get down!

HERE was mother. Pim Pim had carried her in his old arms. Strong arms, even if they were so old. Carried her to the major and Bill. And she was saying—she, mother, talking to Cyrus Baxter, proprietor of Baxter's Big Shows, "They're my children—my boy and my girl!"

They were letting him down. He was on his feet. He couldn't stand up—but he must get hold of himself—mustn't be weak—must find out about Charmian—ask her who—there! "The Great La Belle" again. Why was everything so muddled? The Mammoth's La Belle. And the major was talking to mother. Good old major—kissing mother's fingers like that!

"You've a great boy, ma'am—and a daughter to be proud of." Now her face was wet to his lips, but she was glad. The circus, but glad!

There was Charmian on the shoulders of those ringmasters—so many people crowding about. The hippodrome track was full of them. What would they do about the chariots? Here they came. The chariots—Florette would be galloping in—she'd run those people down!

But only one chariot, instead of six. They were putting Charmian into it—they were tearing him from mother—no—they were bringing her along—in the chariot

(Continued on page 45)

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Here Comes the Bandwagon

(Continued from page 44)

with Charmian's hand on his and his mother in his other arm. Around the hippodrome—through the people—cheering, pressing, excited people—they were shouting—"Flying Demons"—"The Great La Belle!" What did it mean? It wasn't in the show, this round of the hippodrome in the chariot. The major would be furious—but it was the major who had sent them off around the arena—his response to the plaudits of people who had come to Baxter's Big Show and had seen him catch Charmian. He must cry back to the people—he must answer their shouts—he must call out to them that these were—

"Mother and Charmian!" His cry escaped and he thought it must drown the din. But it was only Mrs. Perrin and Charmian who heard it above the rumble of the chariot wheels. Both leaned closer and said with one voice, "Tony!"

When their chariot rolled into the menagerie, leaving the noisy arena behind, performers bore down upon the trio, the old lady who was so excited, the Tony they had thought was bad luck to the show, and the girl who had been coming to the lot every day for a week, of whom they all thought, such as had noticed her at all, that her face was familiar, but of whom none had dreamed that she was greatest of all of them.

The major and Bill Fredericks, with Pim Pim hovering close, opened a passage to Tony's dressing quarters. The major paused to give orders to his arena superintendent, "Megaphone the crowd back to the stands. Tell Florette to double her act. Give that crowd the best we've got."

(To be concluded in October issue)

The Love of Old Iron Hands

(Continued from page 35)

life. Letty would only feed it, as everything else in his clutch had done.

All in the second that he was climbing from the mud of the trench to the sloping top, he saw the truth of the years. For the third time, his brain was on fire. Poised on the edge of the trench, he faced Luther, a slender, hard-eyed Luther.

"You—you cad!" he shouted. "You'd dare ask her to marry you, and not put her first?"

Sanity returned to Mark. He halted. "Don't be afraid," he counseled smoothly. "I meant to drop you in that trench, murk with murk. But after all, you're my brother, and perhaps Letty might not be pleased to have us fight over her."

Mark towered over his brother, for the first time in his life forgetful of Luther's distinguished achievements, forgetful of his own inferiority. "You can go down and ask Letty to marry you if you want to, but you might as well save yourself the trouble. Letty won't have you! And if she would, I wouldn't let her! I love her too well for that. Now that I know you for what you are in your selfish heart. Not even if she thought she loved you would I let her be caged."

Mark's usually low voice boomed to an immensity of volume that shook the leaves on the tree beneath which they stood to fantastic little dances. Luther stood before him, speechless at first. But the color was coming back to his cheeks and a bitter light in his eyes was focusing on Mark's sternly accusing face. He backed against the tree trunk, clutching it with unsteady hands.

(Continued on page 46)

American Beauty Roses

(Continued from page 36)

lowed to lie smoothly. They are not gathered except as the holding of them together will gather them slightly. It is impossible to say just how much of the petals should overlap, as they must be placed to best fill the space. Now place the five singles. Do not force them too close at the top and place each one slightly higher as you work outward. Lastly, place the double petals, the one with the deepest cup first and so on, placing the straightest one last. Fasten with a strip of spool wire. Now paste the calyx around the base of the rose and wind the stem as for the leaf, using the heavy wire about an inch from the flower. Place the spray of leaves—the first one four inches or five inches from the flower and the others about four inches apart.

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The Love of Old Iron Hands

(Continued from page 45)

"You—love Letty, you—Old Iron Hands! As though she would look at you!" He made the announcement sardonically, his voice a lash of contempt.

For the first time in his life, Mark did not wince beneath it. "Yes," he admitted vigorously, "ever since the day you kissed her against her will and christened me Old Iron Hands for knocking you down for it. But that's not the question. Letty's free. You shan't shut her in your cage of ambition."

A rustling in the woods beyond the swamp! Mark looked over at the boulder. Pint O' Cider was gone. He could hear a stumping along the path worn fairly open by daily pilgrimages. Up after him plunged Mark, intent on catching the child and bribing him to secrecy. Otherwise, all that he had heard he would repeat to Letty. All! Tell her that he, Old Iron Hands, loved her! Before this possibility, his fire of indignation against Luther smoldered out.

Halfway down the woods path he heard an ecstatic shriek. Pint O' Cider was greeting Letty coming in search of him. He caught a glimpse of her blue dress against the trees, saw the piquant oval of her face floating like a cameo toward him. Then he saw nothing, blinded with honest shame. But he heard as in a maze the shrill piping of Pint O' Cider: "O, Letty, Letty dear! He does love you. Old Iron Hands does! He just said so, and the doctor chap is cross as a wet hen!"

Mark stood still, turned to stone in the path. Down it toward him was coming Letty, swiftly, leaving Pint O' Cider clattering frantically and happily in her wake. Letty coming to him! Letty coming close to him, heedless of the mud on his trench boots, heedless of the stains of his day's labor with spade and shovel written over him from crown to heel.

"Why, Mark, Old Iron Hands!"

All she said! But something in her voice put again the ache in Mark's great arms. Twice he had conquered them, but now, before he realized what he had done, Letty was folded in them and he was striding with her up the sloping path, past Pint O' Cider, who again turned about and went trudging contentedly after.

"You see, Letty, I never dared dream of being anything to you but Old Iron Hands, a failure and a rough fellow at best, and I'd never have spoken if a kind of madness hadn't—"

"Probably not," interrupted Letty, lifting herself on tiptoe to draw his face down to hers. "It has taken you so many years to find out, ever since I knew Luther for what he is, when father lay sick. That day you drove me to the station, I wanted you so! You're real, Old Iron Hands, you see—"

"But why, why—" began Mark, excitedly.

"I nearly did!" Letty's laugh carried Mark back fifteen years. It was her girl's laugh, unafraid, sure, a lilting ripple of happiness. "If Luther hadn't come to wake you up and make you say what was in your heart—it was a bit hard on Luther, but he deserves all he has had—I should have told you why I came home! Sometimes a woman has to wear her love on her sleeve, Mark. But you wouldn't see..."

With his right arm Mark swooped up Pint O' Cider, who had hobbled over the stones. His left arm drew Letty to him. On up the hill they went, Mark's great boots treading, as though they were air, the dried grasses of the meadow. The low sun cast his shadow ahead of him—the great square head, shaggy and powerful, thrust proudly back, the sturdily braced shoulders, the long, strong limbs, the blur of his hand, enormous, against the shoulder of the slender woman's outline pacing up the meadow toward Jayne House—beside him.

The Beautiful Journey

(Continued from page 24)

then stopped as he saw the rebellious flash in her hazel eyes. "Oh, Blythe, I guess there's a message from the Gildys. Someone in California. A telegram."

She snatched it, tore the envelope jaggedly in her haste, bent over it eagerly and then threw her arms around Bobbie and wailed, "Oh, Bobbie, Bobbie! Poor, poor Floyd! Poor Janet! Oh, I'm so sorry—so sorry!"

Holding her close in his arms, Bobbie maneuvered for the yellow slip and read it:

"Floyd paralyzed waist down. Complete recovery hopeless. Wheel chair later."

"JANET GILDY."

(Continued on page 47)

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The Beautiful Journey

(Continued from page 46)

Little of Blythe's hurriedly prepared meal was eaten that evening. Their sympathy struck too deep. Like a mirage before their pitying eyes appeared that other young couple, Floyd half dead in his youth, Janet held through love and pity to an invalid's chair.

"Oh, Bobbie," cried Blythe, dropping her napkin and running to fall on her knees beside her husband. "Oh, Bobbie, I can't bear for this to fall upon them. It's so cruel. You see, Bobbie, it's worse for them. You know—they were putting off all enjoyment, all their pleasures, till they got their fortune made. They haven't even a child."

"Well, one good thing, they have plenty for medical or surgical help and Floyd won't need to worry about Janet's having to make the living." Bobbie spoke a man's first thought.

Blythe looked up, her eyes reddened. "Oh, Bobbie, don't you see the irony of it?"

THAT night Blythe did not fall into sweet oblivion as soon as her silky, fluffy hair spread out on the pillow, as she usually did. Little thoughts burst from her lips and disturbed her tired husband far into the night.

"Bobbie," she'd whisper, "you asleep? Well, Bobbie, I've just been thinking, dear, of the people who deny themselves, and work and work like slaves all their young lives, planning to take it easy after awhile. But, Bobbie, they never get to! I mean, so many don't. They—die or something. When they get ready for the good times, the rest, the fine things, it's too late."

"Bobbie, you asleep? Remember Mrs. Finch? Lived in that old shack and wouldn't fix it up a bit. Saved for a fine home and then before she could move in, she just leaned her tired head back on the rocking chair at a meeting of the lodge ladies and seemed to fall asleep. She died before she could live in her new house! Bobbie? Remember old Mr.—"

But Bobbie snored a little. It was a dreadful night. When Blythe finally fell into a doze, it seemed she had no more than closed her eyes when she heard Jamie cry. Oh, it wasn't a cry exactly. It was a strange, terrible, strangled call.

Instantly, Blythe was out of bed, stumbling through the door of the children's room. She found Jamie stiff and queer, writhing in a spasm. She knew it was a spasm though she had never seen one before, and to her aid came bits of information she had read.

"Oh, BOBBIE!" she screamed, "Jamie's in a spasm! Phone the doctor—quick! Get me a tub of hot water—hand me something to put in his mouth so he won't bite his tongue..."

Poor Bobbie! He was dazed with sleep. He could do only one thing at once, and Blythe was frantic. But the doctor, though of a stoutness, ran the two blocks, helped Blythe wrap the shuddering little body in a heated blanket, administered first aid to bring the fever down, drew the congestion of blood from the vital organs.

The next morning, Blythe phoned to the parents of her little charges. Friday would have to be declared holiday. She must stay with Jamie. "I've neglected him enough," she told Bobbie fiercely. "I didn't mean to neglect him, but you can't do more than you—can!" And at that, something clicked in her mind. She was to remember it later. "Oh, Bobbie, last night I thought he was going to—die! And I should always have blamed myself!"

Jamie was not very sick. In a day or

two, he was full of vim and vigor as any two-year-old ought to be. But Blythe hated to leave him on Monday morning. She walked to her little school with down-bent head. She had her mind on other things as she directed the class. That evening when the babies were asleep, the dinner hour over and the dishes done, she sat down beside Bobbie and held his hand to her breast. Laid her soft cheek on his hand and asked as humbly as a hand-maiden of her king, "Bobbie, would you teach me bookkeeping?"

In spite of her sweetness, his brow lowered. "Now, Blythe, surely you aren't going to try to take on another job! Seems like the more you do, the less I do. Silvertown told me today he'd give me one more month."

"One more month!" echoed Blythe. "What do you mean—one more month?"

Bobbie held his lips tight and drawn in for a moment as if to steady a weak trembling. "A month to get back my job. He says I haven't been writing any better than he could do—haven't had a new idea in six months. Waste of money to pay me."

Bobbie Willing's head bowed in shame and humiliation, but Blythe caught him with fierce arms to her loving bosom. "The idea! The old—the old—nut! What does he know about it?"

"Ah, he knows his business all right. I haven't been able to write. Not that I didn't try. The Lord knows I've worked hard enough, but my ideas don't bear cultivation, somehow. And the joke of it is," here Bobbie paused and cleared his throat roughly, "that the old codger said he had been just on the point of making me a junior partner, with my first payment credited to me as a bonus, and the rest as I was able. I'd—I'd have been made, if I hadn't suddenly gone all hay wire."

"Oh, Bobbie, Bobbie! Isn't life like that always? It never rains but it pours. We quarreled, Floyd was paralyzed, Jamie had a spasm, and now you may lose your job. Oh, Bobbie, what shall we do?"

Blythe's eyes snapped with determination. "I know one thing. That's why I asked you if you'd teach me bookkeeping. I'll take over that little task for you. Wait, dear! See, I can do it at home and give up the kindergarten. And, dear, I want to do some mental work. I have a trained mind. I crave some sort of mental stimulus and if you'll help me a little at first, I can relieve you of that burden. Maybe we have been trying to do too much."

IT WAS arranged as Blythe suggested. "Bobbie," Blythe spoke musingly, looking up from the lumber company's ledger one evening, "do you ever think of those verses, 'Take no thought of the morrow, what ye shall eat, what ye shall drink, and wherewithal ye shall be clothed. The Lord knoweth you have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of heaven and all the rest shall be added unto you?' That is the gist of it, though not the exact quotation, probably."

"I've heard the verses." "Well, they've been ringing in my ears for a week or a month. At first, they just made me furiously miserable with their quiet promise, and then, somehow, when Floyd had that stroke, or whatever it was, I got to wondering if there is something in it. For us moderns, I mean. What is success? Is it really better to wear out than to rust out? Doesn't work ever kill anybody? Can't we try too hard? Or is

(Continued on page 48)



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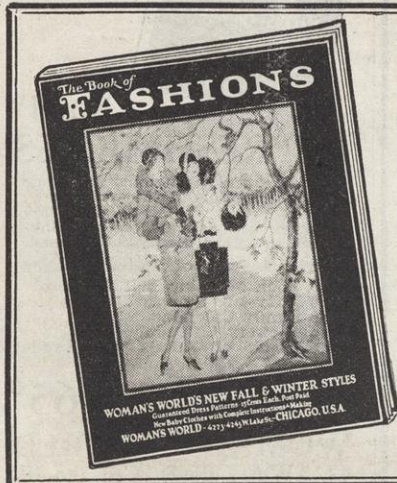
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The Beautiful Journey
 (Continued from page 47)

life a precious gift to be enjoyed as we live it?"
 Bobbie was stretched contentedly in the horrible morris chair. He nodded, meditating, and thought aloud. "The traveler with his eye constantly on the goal may get there first, but he misses the beautiful journey. No lovely scenes hang in the corridors of his memory. No resting places abide with him as soul solace. He has only the scars and the fruit he has gathered. Yes, and when a man has so arrived at the paltry place of his ambition (because most worldly ambitions are disappointing when we come upon them; it is the way toward them that is glorious), how often he would give up all he has gained if he might retrace his steps along the path he has come to see what lay beside it, the little pleasures he had been too busy to reach for, the blessings that grew wild like roses beside the way, for anyone to gather. Why, Blythe, that is the joy of life—the living of it, not the money you garner. Every hour of our lives is our chance to put first things first, and if a man puts too much stress on worldly gain, he makes a pathetic effort at the last to reach back into his youth for the little precious things he hurried by; and then death snatches the poor starved spirit away, leaving the pot of gold in the palsied hands of 'the remains.' Yet, with all our life to teach us, we must forge on to dig for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, to find too late that the flaming arch across the sky should have drawn our eyes to heaven."
 "Darling," crooned Blythe, "won't you be glad when it's warm enough so that we can go gathering wild blessings again? Of course, we shall probably never be quite so young and irresponsible as we were once, but we can remember that all we get out of life is the living of each hour. You know," she said jerkily, for she was erasing vigorously, "ideas came to you so easily when we were—like we—used to be. It was when—you filled your life—too full of cares and cars and things—weeds, you know—that your spirit had no room to flower."
 There was no reply from the horrible morris chair. The handsome brown eyes of Bobbie Willing glared at the wall with a glassy stare. He had a dumb look. Stealthily, as if creeping upon wary prey, he slid out his notebook, wrote eagerly, several pages, and then returned the book to its place with a grateful sigh.
 Blythe's lips quivered with the thought of a smile. Bobbie looked at her, ecstatic but shamefaced, stretched his long arms and cried, "Oh, mamma!"
 Blythe dimpled. "Yes, papa?"
 "I'll make old Silverton sweat before he beats me pushing a pen! Why, honey, I'm all ready for press a week ahead. I not only learned my lesson, but I've made it into an editorial and a poem. Now, isn't that neat and efficient? And in the morning I'll stick my head in and tell the good old guy to hold a half column for me. I've got a peach of an idea!"
 The Willings were back on the right road. On with the beautiful journey!

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The Home Life of the Lloyds

(Continued from page 11)

From "props" to the director, all of the production members came under the hypnotic spell of enthusiasm which the cinema star seemed to fairly exude. Harold Lloyd, besides being a serious producer of comedies, is a great believer in physical fitness. Seldom a day passes but that he is found on the handball court, engaged in stiff competition with some of the best handball players of the country.

But how could even a comedian of Harold Lloyd's caliber maintain his enthusiasm at the peak unless he possesses that potent influence of a contented home life? The writer has observed many of our leading motion picture stars literally pale before the camera just because of domestic troubles, their histrionic ability suddenly become as "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal" in the face of demoralizing home influences. Therefore, it is little wonder that Harold Lloyd is such an enthusiastic champion of the modern theory of combining a career with one's home life. In fact, it has ceased to be a theory in the case of the Lloyds and has become a tried and proven reality. For, with Harold Lloyd, a theory that cannot be put into practical use is instantly discarded and replaced by one that can be so enjoyed.

Home Life Securely Entrenched

"The sanctity of the home should be preserved at all costs," observed Mildred Lloyd. "Whether one is engaged in the motion picture profession or other field of endeavor, the sacred institution of the home should always be respected and revered by its members. After a hard day in the studio, I derive such comfort and happiness to be able to return to my joyous home surroundings, where I can forget the ordeal of appearing in some strenuous scene by the inspiring atmosphere of our fireside.

"We are very much like other human beings when the day's work is ended, and we repair to our own hearth, there to entertain our circle of intimate friends or enjoy a happy evening by ourselves. Why, if I felt that my career was interfering with my home life to such an extent that it was being jeopardized, I surely would forsake my profession. But, like many screen mothers that I know, I have been able to combine the two without any extraordinary sacrifice. Rather, the one makes the other a greater success; for, without our screen careers, we could not be so contented in our home, and without our home environment, we could not portray the homely roles so successfully on the screen. I most heartily believe that our domestic happiness or unhappiness is reflected in our characterizations before the camera, and many of our most successful screen mothers are happy mothers in real life, with all the responsibilities of child-raising and all the attendant joys and comforts."

Fagoting Trims Smart
Clothes

(Continued from page 28)

top of dress, then baste it to paper and fagot dress and yoke together. One bolt of No. 4 fold is sufficient.

Child's Flower Yoke

Flowers of pink, blue and lavender folds with green leaves are surrounded by bands of white and blue fold to form yoke of child's dress in middle of page 28. First flowers and leaves are basted to paper yoke, then straight folds basted in place. To make flowers, join a 3 1/2-inch piece of fold, creasing through center and whipping through folded edge, drawing up thread until a flat circle is formed. Open edges are on outside of circle so other stems and leaves can be slipped between edges to hide ends.

Vest of Green Bias Fold

Fagoted green folds make the vest at right of middle of page 28. The two inside folds are cut long to extend around collar. One bolt of No. 4 fold is needed for vest and cuff edges.

Fagoted Trimming Tabs

Trimming tabs of dress at left of bottom of page 28 are made of No. 1 folds fagoted around a 3/8-inch double strip of material.

Braided Fold Trimming

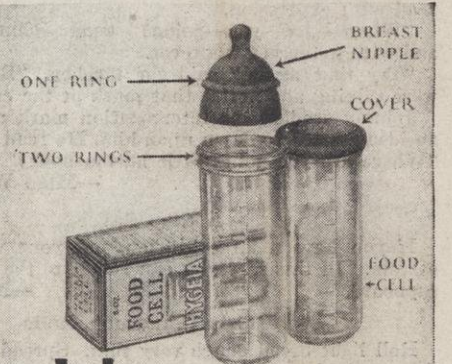
Braided folds and fagoting trim dress at right of bottom of page 28.

NOTE: Diagrams and instructions will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.



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The POSTMAN'S WHISTLE PAGE

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

Cash Prize Winners in Vegetable Recipe Competition Announced

YOU'D never suspect so many delicious dishes could be made from vegetables! Why, it is likely to make vegetarians of the whole Woman's World family when we publish the savory recipes that captured the cash prizes in the Postman's Whistle vegetable recipe competition. The names of the fortunate prize winners to whom checks have been sent are given below and their recipes will follow in succeeding issues of the magazine.

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|-------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Mrs. Hazel Amenda, Mo. | Mrs. M. S. Evans, Pa. |
| Mrs. Bernice Olsen, Wis. | Mrs. J. E. Candy, Ky. |
| Mrs. Helen S. Benson, Minn. | Mrs. B. Harrison, Okla. |
| Mrs. Eldred Jones, Calif. | Mrs. R. V. Miller, Mich. |
| Mrs. A. H. Stuart, N. J. | Mrs. G. A. Smith, Iowa |
| Mrs. E. Linnenburger, S. Dak. | Mrs. Jos. P. Buegler, Ind. |
| Miss H. M. Caverly, N. Y. | Mrs. Raymond De Lyne, N. Y. |
| Mrs. Cleve Butler, Miss. | Mrs. Ray Coffman, W. Va. |
| Mrs. C. W. Starbuck, Minn. | Mrs. Dell B. Reisch, Ill. |
| Mrs. Z. W. Spangler, Ohio | Mabel E. Worth, Calif. |
| Mrs. Aza D. Vanderbilt, Wis. | Mrs. Fred Miller, Ohio |
| Josephine Mathiew, Kans. | Regina Murray, Va. |
| Icelene Playle, Iowa | |

School Days

A patient teacher was trying to teach a small boy to read with expression.

"Where—are—you—going?" read Johnny laboriously and with no accent whatever.

"Try that again," said the teacher. "Read as if you were talking and notice that mark at the end."

Johnny studied the interrogation mark a moment and an idea seemed to dawn upon him. He read triumphantly, "Where are you going little button hook?"

—Miss W. G., Ohio.

A Step Saver

If you have a large kitchen, put your work table on casters. In this way you can roll it to the stove, sink or cupboard.

—N. S., Kans.

Raisin Cinnamon Rolls

Roll light bread dough very thin. Spread butter on it; then sprinkle with brown sugar, cinnamon and raisins. Roll as you would a jelly roll and slice. Have pan buttered and brown sugar sprinkled over the butter. Place slices of roll, cut side down, let rise, and bake.

—Mrs. T. G., Mo.

Couldn't Stump Him

"My father and I know everything in the world," said a small boy to his companion.

"All right," said the latter. "Where's Asia?"

It was a stiff question but the little fellow answered coolly, "That's one of the questions my father knows."

—G. L., Idaho.

Tuna Fish Salad

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|---------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1 can tuna fish | 1/2 teaspoon salt |
| 1/2 dozen sweet pickles (small) | 1/2 cup nuts |
| 1 cup celery, chopped fine | Enough mayonnaise to mix well |
| 1 pimiento, minced | |

This can be used as a sandwich filling also.

—Mrs. R. J. S., Ind.

Quick Loaf Cake

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|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 egg | 1/2 cup cocoa |
| 1 cup sour cream | 1/2 cup boiling water |
| 1 cup sugar | 2 cups flour |
| 1/2 teaspoon soda | Vanilla |
| 4 teaspoons baking powder | |

Put all together in a bowl and beat thoroughly, or else mix in a milk shaker. Bake in moderate oven. If properly mixed, the grain is fine. —Mrs. M. R. L., Idaho.

Emptying a Tub or Barrel of Water

To empty a tub or a barrel of water, fill your garden hose with water from the hydrant, first closing one end. Put the open end into the bottom of the tub or barrel, then open the closed end and lay it on the ground. All of the water will soon drain out. This is much better than bailing the water or lifting heavy tubs.—A. M. C., Mass.

Born in September?

Then you will reach honor through personal merit; spirit of equity; honest; mild, modest, amiable, confiding; not easily fathomed; strong will; sentimental; ingenious; slow to anger and slow to quiet down; aptitude for sciences; easily changed; wealth liable to come from hard work in fields of sciences and inventions or office.

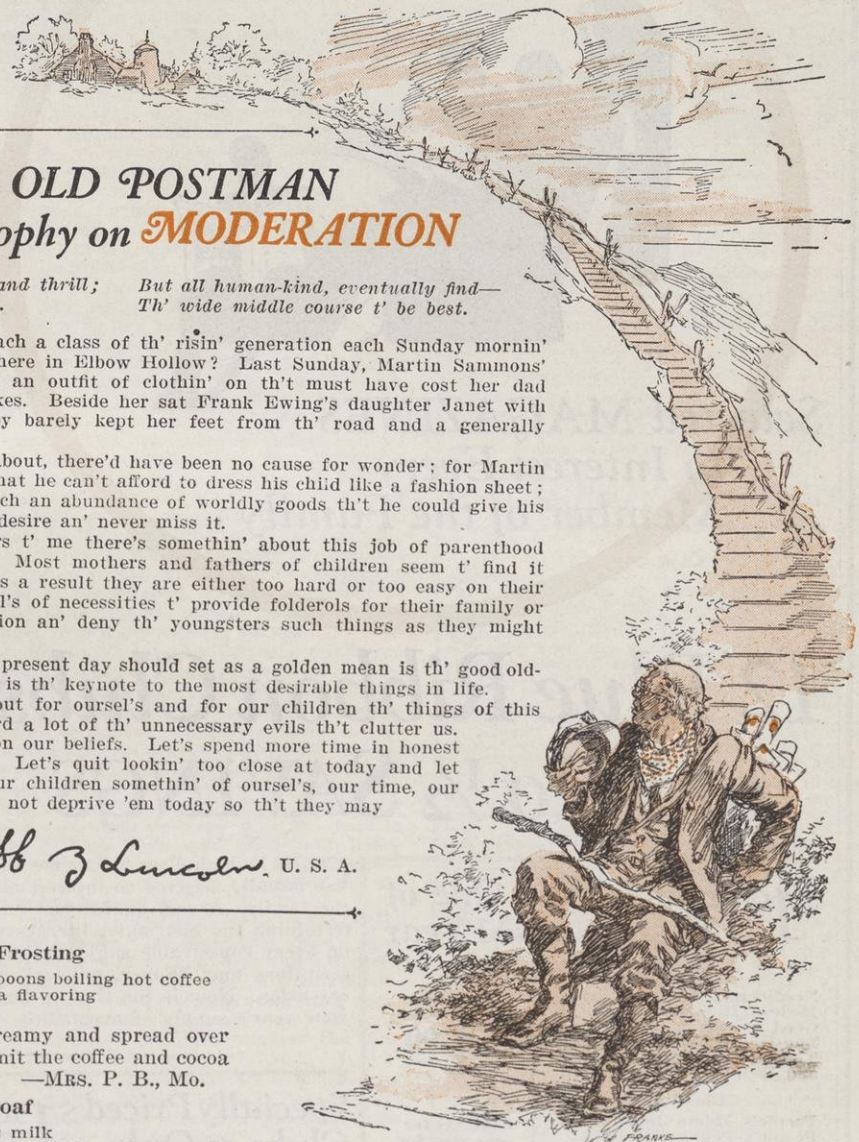
—THE ZODIAC.

There's Wisdom Here

My doctor told me that many of the digestive ailments in the summer months are due to the fact that people make meals entirely of cold meats, salads, iced drinks and chilled desserts. Even on the hottest day, he said, a meal would be more enjoyable and beneficial when at least one hot dish was served. Since then I have been preparing soup as our "one hot dish" for light summer meals and I am sure there is an improvement in the family's general health because of it.

—Mrs. J. D. K., Ill.

A September Message to Postman's Whistlers



UNCLE JEFF, the OLD POSTMAN His Homely Philosophy on MODERATION

On top of the hill, there's toil and thrill; But all human-kind, eventually find—
Th' valley holds peace and rest. Th' wide middle course t' be best.

Did I ever tell you that I teach a class of th' risin' generation each Sunday mornin' at our little meetin' house here in Elbow Hollow? Last Sunday, Martin Sammons' girl Sarah breezed in with an outfit of clothin' on th't must have cost her dad enough t' pay his year's taxes. Beside her sat Frank Ewing's daughter Janet with shoes so worn an' shabby th't they barely kept her feet from th' road and a generally neglected appearance.

If th' situation had been turned about, there'd have been no cause for wonder; for Martin Sammons is poor and we all know that he can't afford to dress his child like a fashion sheet; but Frank Ewing is blessed with such an abundance of worldly goods th't he could give his daughter anything her heart might desire an' never miss it.

What do you make of it? 'Pears t' me there's somethin' about this job of parenthood that is apt t' drive it t' extremes. Most mothers and fathers of children seem t' find it hard t' strike a middle course an' as a result they are either too hard or too easy on their offspring. They either strip themselfs of necessities t' provide folderols for their family or else they err in th' opposite direction an' deny th' youngsters such things as they might properly be allowed t' really need.

Strikes me th't what we all of th' present day should set as a golden mean is th' good old-fashioned quality of moderation. It is th' keynote to the most desirable things in life.

Let's pause long enough t' pick out for oursel's and for our children th' things of this earth th't are essential and t' discard a lot of th' unnecessary evils th't clutter us.

Let's bring moderation t' bear upon our beliefs. Let's spend more time in honest decidin' as t' th' worth of things. Let's quit lookin' too close at today and let tomorrow have a say. Let's give our children somethin' of oursel's, our time, our money, so long as we shall live; and not deprive 'em today so th't they may have plenty tomorrow—nor so provide for tomorrow th't they must be denied today.

Jeff J. Lincoln, U. S. A.

A Delicious Cake Frosting

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|---------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 cup powdered sugar | 4 teaspoons boiling hot coffee |
| 2 teaspoons melted butter | Vanilla flavoring |
| 4 teaspoons cocoa | |

Mix all together till rich and creamy and spread over cake. To make a white frosting, omit the coffee and cocoa and add sweet cream or milk. —Mrs. P. B., Mo.

Fluffy Meat Loaf

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|---------------------|---------------------------------|
| 5 pounds hamburger | 3 cups milk |
| 1 pound ground pork | 1/2 pound rolled cracker crumbs |
| 2 minced onions | 1/2 teaspoon pepper |
| 1 tablespoon salt | Dash of sage, optional |
| 3 eggs | |

Mix with two cups of the milk and beat with a spoon. Grease and flour an oblong bread pan; pack in the meat and cover with the rest of the milk. Bake in medium oven. —L. K., Ill.

Presence of Mind

Mrs. Peck: "We have been married twenty years to-day, John."

John (with a sigh): "Yes, for twenty years we have fought—"

Mrs. Peck (scowling): "What?"
John (quickly): "Life's battles together, Maria."
—Miss H. R., Calif.

Apple Dumplings

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|---------------------------|---------------------|
| 2 cups flour | 1 tablespoon butter |
| 1 teaspoon salt | 3/4 cup sweet milk |
| 3 teaspoons baking powder | |

Mix dough lightly—something like biscuit dough—roll in sheet and cover thickly with diced apples. Sprinkle with cinnamon, roll up as though you were making a jelly roll, cut in pieces two inches thick and lay in buttered pans. Pour over them the sauce made as follows:

One cup sugar, one tablespoon flour, one cup cold water. Place this on the stove and let come to boil. Then pour over the dumplings and bake in moderate oven.

—Mrs. B. D., Ohio.

French Pancakes

- | | |
|--------------|---------------------------|
| 4 eggs | Flour to make thin batter |
| 1/2 cup milk | 1/2 teaspoon salt |

Beat eggs until very light; add salt and milk and beat again. Add flour and continue beating until the batter is bubbly and light. Bake on hot greased griddle. The beating in this recipe means the success.—Mrs. L. J. V., Ill.

The Reason for His Failure

A colored agent was summoned before the insurance commissioner.

"Don't you know," said the commissioner, "that you can't sell insurance without a state license?"

"Boss," said the ducky, "you said a moufful. I knowed I couldn't sell it, but I didn't know the reason why."
—R. M. C., Ind.

Toasted Cheese Sandwiches

Mix together enough grated American cheese and mayonnaise to make a smooth filling. Spread between thin slices of bread, leaving crust on, then toast on both sides. Serve hot. —A. M. C., Mass.

Berry and Cherry Stains

Remove berry and cherry stains before article is washed in suds. Boiling water poured from a height will usually do it. —L. D. R., N. Y.

Same Old Kid!

One of my friends likes to tease her little boy, Rodney, aged five, by pretending that she doesn't know who he is when he comes in the house. One day she said, as he stepped inside the door: "Well, who can this be? I don't think I ever saw you before."

"Mamma, don't you know me?" he tearfully protested. "This is Rodney—this is just the same old kid!"

—Mrs. H. E. C., Nebr.

Tomato Flour Salad

Make a nest of shredded lettuce on each salad plate. Select medium-sized round tomatoes and peel carefully by first bruising the skin with back of knife. The skin will easily come off. From the blossom end make four or five slits through the fleshy part but not into the pulp. Carefully turn back to form petals so that when the tomato is put on the plate the petals will lie flat and the pulp stays in a little round ball. Grate cheese over tomato and lettuce and add a dab of mayonnaise on top of center. —Mrs. S. B. E., Mo.

A New-Fashioned Boiled Dinner

Select the amount of vegetables required. Shred cabbage, dice carrots and cut the turnips in slices. Adding a bit of vinegar helps to soften them. Cook beets in another kettle so as not to color other vegetables. When well cooked, remove turnips, mash, season with butter, salt and pepper and keep warm. Cook as much of the water as possible out of cabbage and carrots and drain off the rest. Add generous pieces of butter and enough thin white sauce to cover. Simmer a few minutes. Butter the beets. Serve vegetables with baked potatoes and canned corn beef, which may be heated if desired.—D. C., Mass.



This pretty design is "DU BARRY"—Rug 326. If you like an oval rug effect, just cut along the rounded lines at the corners of this rug—and there you are!



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Little Peggy's mother has learned the lesson of easy housework

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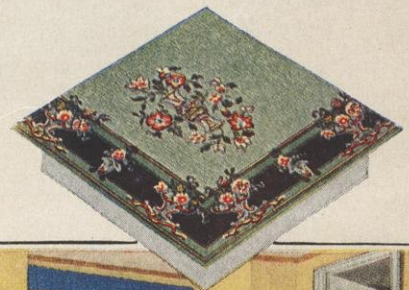
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most exacting taste: rich Orientals, dainty florals, neat tiles—sizes up to 9x15 ft. Prices lower than ever before.

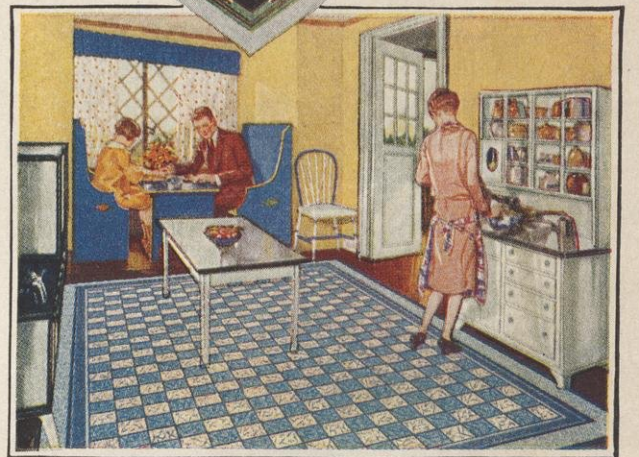
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Keep your hands lovely by protecting them this way all day long ...



HANDS are so eloquent . . . and when they are smooth and white, their smallest gesture will often linger in the memory like a perfume. True, hands are not flowers or jewels, set aside for beauty only. They *do* things. Often they are busy all day long. But even the busiest hands can stay smooth and fine and charming if they are *protected*.

It has probably occurred to you that the one thing most destructive of your hands' beauty is harsh soap. Harsh soap robs your hands of their youth-giving oils. It reddens them and parches the skin into a cobweb of tiny lines, making them look old and workworn.

Ivory—whenever hands touch soap

For the sake of your hands, then, why not use Ivory whenever your hands must touch soap? Ivory is a *toilet soap*, pure and kind

A gesture may live longer in the memory than words..

to complexions, as fine a soap as can be made. So you *know* that it will protect your hands. And it is so very reasonable in price and so rich in lather and cleansing ability that when you change over to "Ivory for everything," you have the one perfect combination of efficiency and safety.

Ivory makes soap-and-water tasks pleasanter in many other ways, too. Doesn't it seem nicer to use so clean and pure a soap for your dishes? Of course, Ivory is safer for your cheer-

ful cottons and fine linens.

It protects creamy woodwork and gay lacquered surfaces. And it never leaves a "laundry-soap" odor behind.

But most important—**Ivory guards your hands.** It keeps them smooth and white so that their every gesture may speak of loveliness.

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