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# WOMAN'S WORLD



NOVEMBER • 1928

THANKSGIVING NUMBER

10 CENTS A COPY

*Special Features by—Thomas D. Wood, M.D., and Ethel Hendriksen • Johnny Gruelle  
Agnes Sligh Turnbull • H. N. Bundesen, Sc.D. • Dean Heffernan • Corinne H. Markey  
Priscilla Hovey • Alma Boice Holland • Lily Haxworth Wallace • Sue McNamara*

# Bon Ami



WORKS LIKE MAGIC  
ON WHITE WOODWORK, TOO . . .

“THERE, Betsy dear, the glass is all finished—so crystal clear we hardly know it’s there! And before you can say ‘Jack Robinson’ we’ll have the woodwork finished too.”

A little Bon Ami on a damp cloth . . . a few brisk rubs . . . and away goes every trace of smudgy finger-marks and clinging dust. It’s all done in just a wink, without fuss or muss!

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It’s unequalled for bathtubs and tiling, for fine kitchen utensils, brass, copper, nickel—Congoleum floor-coverings—and dozens of other things throughout the house.

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POWDER and CAKE  
every home needs both



## Three Kinds of Thankfulness

"THANK God," said the man whose crop had been killed by frost, "if I don't have any corn, nobody else has any, either." The miserable old skinflint! What a selfish heart his thankfulness revealed! Then there was the Pharisee of Holy Writ, who, dressed in immaculate white, gathered his garments about him and prayed, "Lord, I thank Thee that I am not as other men," and concluded his prayer with an enumeration of his many virtues. Surely, true thankfulness could never be built on such an egotistical base.

Take a third case, that of Arthur Newcomb, who, broken in health and standing among the ruins of his fondest hopes, yet raised his voice in one of the most inspirational prayers of thanksgiving in all literature: "I give Thee thanks for the heavy blows of pain that drive me back from perilous ways into harmony with the laws of my being; for stinging whips of hunger and cold that urge to bitter strivings and glorious achievement; for steepness and roughness of the way and staunch virtues gained by climbing over jagged rocks of hardship and stumbling through dark and pathless sloughs of discouragement; for the acid blight of failure that has burned out of me all thought of easy victory and toughened my sinews for fiercer battles and greater triumphs." Few of us, perhaps, could acquire this philosophy of life, but all of us can catch something of the spirit it reflects.

Three men journeying through the same old world, witnessing the beauty of the rising sun, gazing up into the mystic grandeur of the midnight sky and looking out year after year on the recurring miracle of spring, each with the same sources to draw from, each with a prayer of thankfulness on his lips, yet only one had learned the lesson that life is intended to convey!

And if you want a moral, it is just this, that riches, beauty and youth are the only things that endure—riches of mind, beauty of soul, and youth and vigor of outlook. These are the possessions that stay with us to the end, that wrest victory out of defeat and serve as an inspiration to all our fellow men. Let us thank God this Thanksgiving for whatever we have of these qualities and then set out after more.

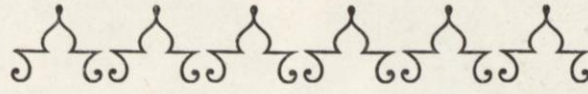
## Pearls and Happiness

FOR thirty or forty centuries the pearl has been mirroring in its iridescent depths the delicate colors of dawn light and the shifting fires of sunset. Kingdoms have been bartered and fabulous prices paid in money and in blood for a rope of pearls one-half the length of your apron strings.

Personally, we always have admired the things, secretly and at a distance to be sure, yet the other day, when a German scientist announced the discovery of a method of sickening oysters and thus causing them gradually to form in their shells genuine pearls comparable in size and luster to the finest in existence, we did thank fortune we hadn't staked our happiness and a cool hundred thousand, as did a friend of ours, on a string of them.

And when you think about it, it is a pretty selfish and precarious sort of happiness that depends for its gratification on the possession of luxuries your neighbors can't afford. Pearls cannot bring happiness, neither can anything else that requires exclusive possession. True happiness is multiplied when it is shared. The more you give, the more you get.

Next time you have a hundred thousand dollars with which to purchase happiness, don't buy pearls. Take a whole cityful of urchins out for a vacation in the woods. Or, try it on a smaller scale; when you bake biscuits tomorrow, make up an extra pan for the Widow Jones and see if it doesn't give you both a glow of satisfaction.



## The Masquerade

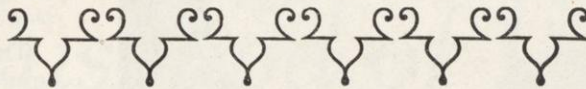
By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

I looked in the mirror, I saw in the glass  
Not me, but a queer little maid;  
For tonight I'm not I but a little French lass,  
The night of the great masquerade.  
I know he is going, he knows I'll be there,  
He says he can tell by my eyes and my hair.  
It doesn't seem likely—this hat and this dress!  
And yet I'm a little afraid he will guess.

He said he would know me, whatever I wore.  
I'll fool him, I'm sure that I can.  
"I'll spot you the moment you step through the door,"  
Now doesn't that sound like a man?  
He never will know me, I'm certain of that,  
Not with this kind of dress and with this kind of hat.  
He says he will see me and know me, and still  
I know that he won't—but I hope that he will!

I hope he will whisper, "You're gorgeous tonight."  
I'm not, but it's pleasant to hear.  
"My little French lady," he'll call me all right,  
For really the dress is a dear.  
I hope he will like it, each ribbon and bow,  
For that is the reason I made it just so.  
Yet I hope, after all, through the whole masquerade,  
That he really likes me, not the little French maid.

(This is one of a series of poems by Mr. Malloch  
interpretative of Woman's World cover paintings)



## To the Left-handers

BE OF good cheer, you "southpaws," and consider your left-handedness as a badge of distinction rather than a mark of inferiority, for science has determined that, as a rule, you are above the average in intelligence and capacity. Furthermore, these same scientific gentlemen have discovered from carefully kept records of infants in hospitals and from an examination of soldiers in the World War that exactly four percent of us humans are naturally left-handed and that the ratio never varies.

Other things being equal, you should excel in competitive athletic sports, because your use of the left hand presents to your opponent an unexpected angle of attack which he has not been trained to parry. Also you are ordinarily able to use your right hand to better advantage than a right-handed person is able to use his left, thus giving you an approach to ambidexterity, which is what everyone should desire even though he does not actually acquire it.

But the point of all this is one which you mothers and fathers of left-handed children should bear in mind. Don't make life a burden to these youngsters and perhaps induce a long line of mental inhibitions and nervous disorders by insisting that they use their right hands. Treat them exactly as you would right-handed children. Let them use the hand which nature has adapted them to use, but also encourage them in the exercise of the other hand so that a fair degree of ambidexterity may be acquired.

## A Little Town

ON PAGE thirteen of this issue of Woman's World is the story of a little town and of the people who make up its life. Change the name of the town and the names of the people and it might be the story of any one of fifty thousand similar towns nestled in green valleys or scattered over the fertile plains of this fair land of ours.

It is a story of tree-lined streets that lead to happy homes where the spicy fragrance of pickles and preserves in the making is wafted out on the air; where mignonette borders the garden walk and mother waits to welcome the children home from school. It is a story of churches and schools, of honest work and cheerful sacrifice, of joys and sorrows and neighborliness and plain, old-fashioned love. It is the story of West Branch, Iowa, the little town that has given to the nation his party's candidate for the presidency in the balloting this fall.

Regardless of your political opinions, read this intimate story of a little town, for it is typical of the thousands of towns that form the bulwark of our national sanity and strength.

## Health and Beauty

SO MUCH drivel is promoted nowadays on the subject of health and beauty that it seems a bit hazardous to bring up the subject seriously on the editorial page of a woman's magazine. But we do know that all women desire to attain and retain beauty, or good looks, and we believe, too, that they all appreciate health, especially when it has fled, and we know that one does not linger long without the other. So we have decided in 1929 to offer you a health and beauty service, each month in the columns of Woman's World, that will demonstrate that while health sometimes appears without beauty, there can hardly be beauty in a wholesome sense without health.

We shall introduce to you in the January issue Dr. Morris Fishbein, Editor of the "American Medical Journal" and "Hygeia"—one of America's foremost medical publicists, whose articles and comments during the year on this vital subject will be as practical as they are dependable.

## The Air We Live In

WITH the approach of cold weather and the shut-in days of winter come lowered resistance and colds and all the varied ailments that follow in their wake. It is a time of activity for coal men and doctors, but a season of misery for the rest of the human race. And, curiously enough, the more coal we buy, the more heat we have and the more doctor's bills we pay.

Men and women who are making a study of this annual increase in sickness and the causes that bring it about say that in homes, schools and offices we overheat and underventilate the rooms in which we live. Because this problem is so universal and so fundamental and so pressing just at this time, Woman's World presents in this issue an article on "The Air We Live In" which should be read and digested and applied by every mother and every school-teacher who has the health of her children and her pupils at heart. Thomas D. Wood, M.D., and Ethel M. Hendriksen, joint authors of the article, are authorities of national reputation in this field of scientific investigation and the important facts they present are worthy of your deepest thought. Dr. Wood is Professor of Health Education at Columbia University and author of many books on hygiene, while Mrs. Hendriksen is a student of child health problems and actively engaged in the organization of playground associations and community health projects. Other articles on kindred subjects by these same authors will appear in succeeding issues.

# "Easier washdays now," ..says Peter's mother "with Peter to carry the clothespins and Pand G to save rubbing!"



© 1928, P. & G. Co.

ACTUAL VISITS TO P & G HOMES No. 15

*and Pand G to save rubbing!"*

"Hello, is your mother at home?" we asked the small overalled figure who stood in the driveway of a pretty little house in a Philadelphia suburb.

A shy nod from a yellow head—then the small figure rushed up the drive shouting, "Mother, mother, *come quick*—lady to see you-oo-oo!"

With such an informal introduction to Peter's mother, it was easy to explain that we were interested in knowing what kind of laundry soap the women in her town used.

"Laundry soap?" she repeated with an amused little smile. "I use P and G because it saves work and makes my clothes so white. Is that the kind of thing you want to know?"

"We're *very* glad to know that," we said.

"You can see for yourself," she went on, indicating her small son who was now sliding down the porch steps, "that I have plenty of washing to do. He's a darling child, but he needs two clean outfits every day—socks included. So each morning he and I do a little washing. I rub out the things with P and G—and isn't it marvelous how *little* rubbing you need do with P and G? Then I rinse them and hang them—and Peter hands me the clothespins. It hardly takes us five minutes. And how much work it saves on Monday!"

"It's *very* convenient too to be able to use P and G with cold water. And the cakes are so nice and large and last so long. How can they sell such a good soap for so little?"

Why *does* such a good soap cost so much less? The reason really is: 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-11, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.



## The largest-selling soap in the world



Now, what did she think of bobbed hair, Black Bottom, monkey glands, beauty contests, sun baths and bandits?

# The Husband of Clara Cate

By PRISCILLA HOUEY

**T**HE Carthania was Europe-bound, Europe-bound with Clara Cate and eight trunks. Others of import were on the Carthania's decks; others with trunks, possibly as many as eight: a count and a countess, an Honorable Somebody returning from a lecture tour, a Mrs. Van de Something with her bud daughters to be broadened by foreign travel, a lumber king and his plump wife, a financial wizard and his thin one, not to mention several nondescript millionaires. But only Clara Cate, America's foremost comedienne, en route for a summer tour of vaudeville, mattered to the enterprising gentlemen who give the world its grist of news. Dutifully these same gentlemen had photographed and interviewed the count and the countess, the Honorable, Mrs. Van and daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Lumber King, Mr. and Mrs. Wizard and a few of the millionaires. Dutifully they had taken polite little poses and asked polite little questions. Now, twenty minutes before the time for sailing, they were with Clara Cate and enjoying themselves immensely. Good old Clara! Always first-class copy. Never huffy. Never high-hat.

First, would she pose a bit? And how about hopping up on the rail and putting her hands on the shoulders of the two friends she was just talking with, Billy Mehan and Jack Fraser of the Roxie Revue? Good enough. Now, had she a field glass? Bravo! Would she take a squint through it like she was sighting an iceberg and an iced Burgundy? Great! Mmmm. Just sit in the deck chair, book in her lap, legs out so. Veree nice. (Darn good-looking legs had Clara Cate for one who was certainly over forty). Now arm in arm with her accompanist, Jan Kubelov.

*Reflected glory? Thrill of possession? Don't you believe it! Only deep oblivion awaits the husband of a famous woman. If you doubt it, here is the tale of Mr. Peters and the dashing Clara Cate, favorite of the vaudeville stage*

Righto. With her Peke? Sure thing. Name of the mutt? Pygmy, short for Pygmalion, eh? Pygmalion and Galatea. How was that for a red-hot title! Splash it across the page of Sunday supplements!

**N**EXT, would she answer a few questions. What did she have in those eight trunks? Would she give them a taste? Stingy! Would she bring them back some, then? Would she describe her costume? Black and white crepe, compose effect, black and white Petoux turban. Uh-huh. Now, what did she think of bobbed hair, Black Bottom, monkey glands, beauty contests, sun baths and bandits? Was she going to dance with the Prince of Wales, swim the channel, see Mussolini?

And Clara Cate bandied their questions, giving them halitosis and moral turpitude for their sun baths and their monkey glands. A great old girl, Clara; always with a come-back. Such a looker for one over forty; as slim and smart as she had been twenty years ago, with skin as smooth and fair, eyes as vivid and warm a

blue, hair as blond and wavy and still with a bit of red in the gold like a dash of piquant paprika, smile as broad and laugh as gay and infectious. Same old Clara!

"Run along, boys," she said, shooing them off with a wave of her hand on which sparkled an immense cluster of diamonds. "There must be someone on this ferry you've missed."

"Let's nab Le Long," said one of the men.

The gentlemen of the press departed, all but four or five, who withdrew themselves at a distance of a few yards from the Cate contingent and stood near the rail. It was known that America's foremost concert tenor was more amenable if approached by merely two or three reporters.

"Well, by-by, everybody!" Miss Cate gave her attention to her friends as the ominous warning came that partings must be made and quickly. "By-by, Billy, and you, too, Jack. See you in the fall, Bennie and Sam. Awfully sweet of you girls to come even if you did bring me candy when you know I'm on a diet. I'll feed it to Pygmy. By-by! By-by!"

**T**HE last to leave was a man in a gray suit, a man with grayish-brown hair, gray eyes, a lean jaw and a rather angular face, a man certainly over forty. Through all the raillery of the posing and the interviewing he had stood to one side, in the group from the point of proximity, yet out of it conversationally and quite apparently from choice. As he stepped forward, some of the heady vitality left Clara Cate. She flung her arms about his neck and laid the Petoux turban on his shoulder. Their lips met. And it was at that instant that the newest reporter near the rail, turning around for a last admiring look, ejaculated, "For the love of tripe, who's the chap doing the heavy necking? Manager, maybe?"

The veteran reporter turned. "Husband," he snorted in disgust.

"Husband! She's got a husband?"

"Yep. Had him for twenty years. Same one, too."

"Secret, eh?"

"Oh, no. It's been in the papers. But people forget. What do they care about him? It's Clara they want to know about. Hanged if I can remember what his name is. He don't cut much ice anyhow. Probably walks the poodle for his lunch money. Uh? What say? Oh." A pronounced prod in the ribs from the elbow of the newest reporter told him the subject of discussion was close at hand. "Here come the boys from Le Long. Guess we better mosey along if we don't want to swim ashore."

ANDREW PETERS, leaving the pier in a taxi and arriving at the office of Kingsley and Peters, frowned; entering his private office with a terse word to his secretary that he was not to be disturbed, he was still frowning. Somehow, he had been more irritated than usual at this sailing. Naturally, he was accustomed by this time to having Clara leave. In twenty years he had grown used to the absences. It was the claptrap that accompanied the comings and the goings, the hooray-boys-let's-go attitude of Clara's friends, who were not bad if you did not see them all the time, the silly posing, the insolent questions of the reporters who ought to be kicked overboard. And through all the hullabaloo, Clara laughing, chatting, chucking this one under the chin, patting that one on the back. Ugh!

Then those two rats talking about him! "Hanged if I can remember what his name is. He don't cut much ice anyhow. Probably walks the poodle for his lunch money." It was ridiculous, of course, to let the vulgar gibes get under his skin, but they got there and they smarted. Here he was, at forty-five, a partner in one of the most reputable firms of corporation lawyers in New York City, and he was not recognized. Was merely the husband of Clara Cate!

As he sat at his desk, his fingers resting on papers he did not see, he realized he was weary of being only Clara Cate's husband. He would like to be Mr. Peters, Mr. Andrew J. Peters and have a wife that was Mrs. Peters. Why, actually, at an idiotic tea that Clara had once taken him to, some driveling fool had called him "Mr. Cate"!

Tracing scrolls with a pencil on the papers before him, he wondered if his marriage had not been a mistake from the beginning. It had not seemed like one at the time, to be sure, but the best thing that could happen to him. He had been one night to the "Princess o' Dreams" and in the chorus, first row, right end, had seen a girl whose name was not in the program. It did not have to be. She was small, slight, with a shock of reddish-gold hair and a personal charm that was of too rich a quality for the chorus. Nightly he had haunted the theater when he ought to have been at his books, for he was then at law school. He had even in his desperation followed the show on the road, but had been sent home at the second stop by Clara.

"Go home and study hard and when you pass your exams, I'll marry you," she had said. "In the meantime, you can look me up to see if I'm O. K., Mr. Andrew Jackson Peters.

My name is really and truly Clara Cate. My dad is Henry Cate and runs a grocery store in Orange, N. J. My mother died when I was little. She used to be an elocution teacher. Dad feels terribly because I went on the stage, but I know I can earn a living making people laugh, so why shouldn't I do it?"

She had certainly made a good one! Peters smiled wryly as he recalled the figures on the last income tax blank he had filled out for her. Too good a one; far better than he had made. His eyes looked speculatively out of the window at the uneven line of office buildings raising their gray stolid level heads skyward. If Clara had never left the chorus, if she had had a meager and not always to be depended upon weekly wage, would she have remained and continued as Clara Cate? He did not think so. Gladly would she have become Mrs. Peters, willingly would she have submerged herself in his life.

Not that he wished to dominate, to impose his individuality on that of another person. He had never dictated to Clara, never—with a few exceptions—criticized her friends, never interfered with her bookings or contracts. But what satisfaction was there for a man to come home to an apartment occupied by servants only, with his wife in some city or other playing vaudeville? In the few weeks she was at home, she was eternally busy with rehearsals, breaking in of new accompanists, interviewing of managers. The few moments of privacy came when both were so exhausted they could neither appreciate nor enjoy them.

Clara was no kind of wife for a man. He was not archaic enough to believe that a woman should stay at home cooking and mending for her husband. The picture of the cheery hearth, the smoking jacket, the warm slippers, was only an advertisement for fireplaces, smoking jackets and slippers, anyway. But a man's wife ought to be on hand once in a while to talk to him and listen to

him. She ought to be ready to work with him, play with him. And, according to the accepted view of things, she ought to be the mother of his children.

Andrew Peters' lips drew themselves into a firm line. During the first five years of married life, when there had been few bookings, fewer contracts, and a pleasurable paucity of friends, Clara had talked a great deal of having children. She had longed for a boy so that she might bestow on him the preposterous name of Peter Peters. He had discouraged the proposition. Better wait until he was making more money with the law, he had said. Then the bookings began to come, the contracts, the friends and seemingly overnight, although it had taken six or seven years, Clara was a star and spoke no more of Peter Peters.

A man knocked and entered as he knocked, a short stocky man, with round rosy face, brown eyes and crisp light hair. Charles Kingsley, as a partner and a senior one, had the privilege of disregarding the holy mandate, "Busy."

"Take a look at this report on that fellow Twombly," he commenced briskly; then hesitated as he caught sight

and gawked while some of the more daring followed with copies of pictures and songs to be autographed.

Clara's identity could not be concealed. The ringing, rippling laugh, the dancing challenging blue eyes, the blond hair which, carefully coiffured though it always was, nevertheless gave the appearance of being rumpled like the tousled head of a mischievous small boy, inevitably gave her away. Soon she was being teared and dined, soon she was giving entertainment for charity and soon Andrew Jackson Peters was walking the beach alone. "Yes," he repeated thoughtfully, "I don't know but what I will go."

He was aware that he had a great deal to think over about himself and Clara and that he needed time and, for some reason, a change of scene in order to do the thinking.

"Good," said Kingsley approvingly. Without a doubt he had done Peters a good turn—the man looked raggy enough—and besides, Mrs. Kingsley had remarked only that morning that she did wish he could get off during August instead of July. "It's so dull anywhere during July," she had complained. "Nothing gets in swing until August."

Peters, at the Maynoma, Fairfield, Maine, found the first week of his leave of absence rather dull. He was in Maine in general, at Fairfield in particular and at the Maynoma in specific detail simply because he had been intrigued by the hotel's advertisement which he had discovered while idly turning the pages of a magazine replete with resort allurements.

In Maine

At the Maynoma

Miss Adelaide May, Fairfield, Maine

IT HAD sounded as prim as a female seminary and it had prudently promised nothing in the way of climate or view, swimming or fishing, golf courses or tennis courts, private baths or cuisines; yet Peters had felt that he would be safe in the custody of Miss May, that he would see no one from Revues or Follies, no one who would connect him with Clara Cate.

He could not, indeed, have chosen a better place, for the Maynoma proffered all that it had not promised. It was a most excellent small hotel, a so-called "family" hotel, of the type that is unfortunately disappearing, and Peters could tell at a glance at the respectable middle class mien of the clientele that no one of the theatrical profession was there. Exquisite relief!

So much of a family affair it was, with mothers, fathers and children, spinster sisters and solidly united groups of school-teachers, that he was decidedly alone. Not that he minded isolation. He had come prepared to do a good bit of reading, having brought a medieval history he reviewed every five years or so and the first two volumes of a new set of "American Law and Procedure." Nevertheless, there were moments when he would like a smoke or two, a walk or two and a hole or two of golf with someone, and the only unattached person about the place, with the exception of himself, was a woman by the name of Laura Smith who sat at his table. In fact, she sat directly opposite him and often made a gentle request for the salt which he was quite apt to appropriate unto himself.

A pleasant little woman, Miss Smith; a brunette of the soft, quiet type, rather than the colorful, forceful one. Her eyes were a deep clear brown, her face rather round in contour, her hands small, soft and gracefully arched. She was inclined a bit to plumpness, but it was very charming. Peters had always been annoyed by Clara's perpetual dieting. A woman was meant to have curves and when she went around looking like an elongated pancake on two sticks, she was ugly and ought to have sense enough to realize it.

Occasionally someone at the table made a sally and Miss Smith laughed. Peters liked her for her laugh. It was low and soft, the quiet chuckle of a brook as it leaves the river and plays truant for a while in the meadows. If Clara had been there and had laughed, ears all over the dining-room would have pricked themselves erect, to share in the joke if they could. There was something about Clara's laugh that made it public property. Miss Smith's laugh was a strictly private matter.

Yes, she was very agreeable, but not one for him to have a smoke with or a game of golf. He had not taken a vacation for the purpose of a summer flirtation but for the thoughtful arrangement of his future life, that is, in relation to the planet he was then on. Already, in rough outline, he had made the arrangement, made it on the train on the way to Fairfield. He was going to divorce Clara or, rather, adjust matters so that she might divorce him. When she returned in the fall, he would tell her his decision, would explain, without rancor and in a business-like manner, how he felt about being legally tied to a woman whose life was entirely apart from his. He knew he had been tending toward divorce as a solution, but he had made his decision suddenly and after he had received Clara's first letter written while she was still on shipboard.

It was a chatty, chaffy, exasperating note, characteristic of Clara's epistles. Pygmy had been sick and a frightful nuisance. She had sung at two entertainments and so had Urban Le Long. (Continued on page 31)

## THE MOON of SNOWSHOES

By Anne Sutherland



I SHOULDN'T like to be a bear and spend the winter in a lair, asleep to all the lovely things the fairy Moon of Snowshoes brings. Imagine never seeing snow, cool, soft and white. You'd never know if little blossom-roots were warm all through a fierce and wintry storm. You'd never know how 'way up high some gray cloud-mother in the sky washed off each tiny snowflake face before she let him leave the place; nor how the Lady Moon forbade each little eager snowflake lad to venture out before the Dawn without his silver jacket on.

One really cannot help but smile, the way the young trees put on style, for miles around in all the lanes they carry cut glass walking canes! A cedar tree's surpassing that—he's gone and got a white top hat!

There's shadow-dancing every night in Forestland—a lovely sight. The music comes across the hill if I stand very bushed-and-still. And once I thought I saw afar a beautiful young silver star come whirling down the ebon stair of heaven, jewels in her hair. And lo! a young tree seemed to stir and open up his arms to her!

of Peters' face. "Sorry," he apologized. "Forgot Miss Cate sailed this noon. I'll send it in later on."

"No, no. Leave it here." Peters wheeled around in his chair. The frown on his forehead had deepened. "Miss Cate," it was; not, "your wife"; not, "Mrs. Peters." "Miss Cate."

"Why don't you come out tonight and have dinner with us?" went on Kingsley cordially.

"No, thanks. Servants will take care of me all right," Peters refused rather curtly. He had on previous occasions dined with the Kingsleys and their three offspring and was in no mood to witness domestic unity.

KINGSLEY, at the door, turned and regarded his partner critically. "Why don't we swap vacations this year?" he suggested. "I know it's your turn for August, but you look as though a change right now would do you good. Why don't you take July and hop off somewhere for a good rest? It's getting so August is a rotten month, anyway; nothing but rain and cold weather.

"Don't know but what I will," Peters replied, "if you don't mind switching."

Now, why was he saying that? He never took a vacation. Ostensibly he was absent a month in the summer and a month in the winter, but he seldom left the city; worked on a minor case or two, spent several hours a day at the library and went down to the office two or three times a week to see how things were going on. Occasionally he went off for a week-end with friends—his, not Clara's.

Ten years ago, during the war, Clara had had no summer tour and they had gone off together. The outing had not been very successful, from his point of view, at least. They had gone to a big hotel on the Sound and in less than a week everybody knew Clara Cate was present; whenever and wherever she went, the hotel guests gaped

"I came up here to end the whole rotten mess—in the rotter's style; to get my miserable self out of it by—the only way left."



Illustration  
by Hanson Booth

# OVER THE CHIMNEY POTS

By DEAN HEFFERNAN



VEN the comfort of the patch of blue sky was now denied to Mary Seaton. In the pitch blackness of the light-well it was merged with its frame of ragged chimneys. Nevertheless, while her lips moved, Mary kept her eyes steadfastly upward; and she managed to revive the old warming thought that up there, just over those ugly stacks, was a vast sympathy, a certain help.

Some time later Mrs. Seaton, looking somewhat refreshed, closed the door of her room and passed down the hall. Food had little appeal for her, but a cup of coffee—rich, fragrant coffee as only Nancy could make it—might restore some measure of physical strength and courage.

She had almost reached the top of the long flight of stairs when a sound halted her.

It was a curious sound, a dry, spasmodic gasping, drifting out over the transom of one of the doors. Mrs. Seaton listened, spellbound, tingling with sudden apprehension. A man's voice!

Eventually, retracing a half dozen steps, she tapped timidly on the panel.

"Arthur!" she called. "Arthur, is that you?"

The sound ceased. There was a stirring within, the creak of a bedspring, but no answer. After a few moments she tried again: "Is something the matter?"

This time a voice, whose hoarseness did not entirely nullify its musical southern accent, made reply: "Who's there?"

"It's I, Arthur, Mrs. Seaton. Can I do anything for you?"

"No, no, Mrs. Seaton. I'm—all right."

"Are you sick?"

"No. Let me alone. And—and go away, won't you?"

She hesitated a second or two; then, impelled by some odd quiver in that muffled voice, she turned the knob and pushed the door open.

"Arthur, something is wrong. I'm coming in."

She entered a spacious, gas-lighted room—her very best

*The story of a human moth that sought the flame of youth and of a woman who sacrificed the dream of a lifetime to heal its flame-scarred wings. Part two of a three-part tale. Synopsis on page twenty-five*

—to find a young man sitting on the bed opposite the door, fully dressed except for his coat. The rumpled sheets, his disheveled clothing and his tousled black hair showed, however, that he must have been lying down. A slender, well-formed youth of about twenty-five, he would have been handsome in a sensitive sort of way had it not been for the rather irresolute mouth and the hunted, hopeless expression which just now filled the large brown eyes.

NOTICING that both of the big gas jets were flaring to the ceiling with the thoughtless extravagance which had always seemed a part of him—a part that he appeared utterly incapable of comprehending—Mrs. Seaton from force of habit turned them down to a normal flame, after which she stared across at him inquiringly. Miserably he returned her stare, only to have his expressive eyes shortly fall and shift away.

"What's the matter, Arthur? Can I—help?"

"No, no," he groaned. "Oh, Mrs. Seaton, won't you please go away? I don't want anything—anybody! I just want to be left alone."

"Something has happened to make you act like this," she responded with a sort of gentle firmness, her own troubles now completely submerged in his. "Tell me what's wrong now, like a good boy, and we'll see what we can do."

"Tell you! No, you don't want to know! If you did, you'd—you'd never—"

He gulped and did not complete the sentence.

"You didn't—lose your job, did you?"

At that the young southerner started as if struck. His eyes swung back to her; and suddenly, with a short, grating laugh, he leaped to his feet and began pacing up and down the room. "Lose it? God no! I didn't lose it. But tomorrow"—he interrupted himself with another burst of mocking merriment—"tomorrow it loses me!"

It was then that Mrs. Seaton saw for the first time something that had been lying on the bed behind him; a blue-black, dull-glinting, sinister thing half buried by its own weight in the disordered covers.

White-lipped, she went slowly over to it. She took it up gingerly in her fingers, horror distending her eyes.

"Arthur," she gasped, "what—what does this mean?"

HIS hot eyes shot a glance toward it. He ran his hand across his damp forehead, but continued his pacing a little more feverishly than before.

"Mean?" he cried bitterly. "Can't you see?"

"You didn't intend—oh, dear God, you couldn't really have intended—"

"Couldn't I? Well, I did—to kill myself! I came up here to end the whole rotten mess—in the rotter's style; to get my miserable self out of it by—the only way left."

"Arthur!"

"Yes, that's what I bought it for—but don't worry!" Again he gave vent to his single hysterical laugh. "I'm not going to. I can't do it—haven't got the nerve. No, damn it, haven't got the nerve even for—that! Now they can all say, 'I told you so!' That bunch of family crows can croak over—"

He choked, and, wilting unexpectedly into the chair beside the table, dropped his face upon his arms. Once again Mrs. Seaton heard those panting sounds that had stopped her as she was passing in the hall.

For several minutes she stood there, her lips parted, a presentiment of the truth making her weak and sick. But at last she conquered her (Continued on page 36)





*But now my love of beauty led me where she might not follow. It was feminine beauty that now allured me*

# APPLES OF SODOM

By CORINNE HARRIS MARKEY



FROM his own particular chair in the Corinthian-columned, coolly exclusive veranda of the Belmont Apartment Hotel, the old gentleman looked up, nodded and waved his hand in greeting to Malcolm Gary. Possibly fifteen minutes later he again looked up, this time in surprise, as, with an unfamiliar gesture of youth, Gary let the screen door of the hotel slap behind him and Adele Rogers, a plus-ultra little flapper, whom he gayly escorted to the front seat of his car.

As the handsome, distinguished-looking man capably steered away from the curb, he turned a challenging, impudent glance on the girl beside him, a glance suggestive of what in some circles is known as a "boy friend" rather than that of a middle-aged admirer.

Malcolm Gary was forty-five years old; but a healthy, vigorous, clear-skinned, bright-eyed, well-groomed forty-five, irradiated with a zest for living, seemed not so incongruous an escort for sophisticated twenty.

But to the palsied old gentleman, whose large-veined, shaking hands one on top of the other rested on his cane, whose thin feet shod in congress boots lay on a hassock, whose dim eyes behind gold-rimmed spectacles gazed out mildly from deep sockets—to this old man, forty-five as an escort for twenty seemed not only incongruous but portentous. And with reason.

When on the next day this performance was repeated, and again on the next and the next, Barton Williams' faded brown eyes fixed themselves resentfully on a phantom of the past. But it was not until the boy, with a flushed air of defiance, of retaliation, piloted the widow through the observing, commenting after-dinner crowd in the lobby, that the old gentleman set his pale lips in a firm line and resolved to take a hand in affairs.

Although the boy, Eugene Hopkins, loudly and frequently called "Gene," and the girl, Adele Rogers, were fellow guests, they came and went their blithe, bizarre way oblivious to the old gentleman. Well, not entirely oblivious—he had once overheard the girl, indicating him

Do you think age can be happily married to youth? Can December ever be a fitting mate for June? Read this dramatic story from the life of a man who at twenty-five married a woman of twice his years

with an oblique glance, ask if that was a real grandpa or an effigy or a painting on the chair.

Barton Williams hadn't minded this impertinence. He rather liked the boy and the girl—that is, liked them at a distance. They were gorgeous splotches of color, literally and figuratively, in the panorama of life that moved past him. And he liked gorgeous colors. He also liked to hear snatches—snatches only, more would have bored him—of their chatter. Sometimes it was apt, pertinent, clever; more often vapid, inane, but always it lilted with youth and was spiked with strange, meaningless words—meaningless to the old man who knew only that they were the slang, the jargon of the younger generation.

But what he liked best was the love drama daily enacted before him. It was such a pretty love drama! So gay! So joyous! The actors so well cast; each perfectly equipped to play opposite the other. There could be no doubt about a happy ending. Long ago, Barton Williams had decided that the much derided happy ending was infinitely preferable to the applauded, artistic though sad ending—in life as well as in fiction. But especially in life, he thought.

YES, Barton Williams was mildly fond of the girl and the boy, and anticipated with a faint pleasurable stirring the announcement of their engagement. But his real affection, his real concern, was for Malcolm Gary and the widow. Particularly for Malcolm. The casual common-

places they had exchanged while the younger man waited for the widow had grown into delightful conversations—conversations which endeared the two men to each other incredibly. Malcolm even got into the habit of calling early that he might enjoy a half hour chatting with the old gentleman.

Inevitably, confidences crept into these talks, warm, complimentary references to Dana Bainbridge, the widow—references that somehow quickened the friendship already remarkable in the light of their half year's acquaintance.

Later, Mrs. Bainbridge joined them. Thereafter she needed no booster. Had there been nothing more, the fine companionship evident between her and Gary would have been enough to commend her. She was not extraordinary in any way, unless it was the extraordinary accuracy with which she struck a happy medium in all things. She was pleasing to look upon without being beautiful. Always well and appropriately dressed without being definitely modish. Intelligent without being brilliant. Gracious without being gushing. An admirable woman. An admirable mate for Malcolm Gary.

MALCOLM himself had said as much. And now this madness. This insane change of partners. Forty-five and twenty. Twenty-two and forty. No wonder the old gentleman shook his head and set his pale lips in a firm line.

It was fully a month after that day on which Barton Williams had looked up in surprise as Malcolm Gary and Adele Rogers left the hotel together, that Malcolm, the gesture of youth a bit accentuated, bounded up the veranda steps and made his way straight to where the old gentleman was sitting. Not once during this entire month, on his hurricane comings and goings with the girl, had he paused for more than a nod, a wave of the hand or a gayly called word of greeting. Now Barton Williams hooked the handle of his cane about the leg of a chair and drew it toward him.

"Be seated, Malcolm!"  
The younger man dropped into the proffered chair. "Gad, Barton, I'm all in! That little devil has worn me down like a thin dime."

Barton Williams inclined his head sympathetically. No need to name the little devil. That was one of his charms as a confidante.

"Have you noticed that the lyricism of the younger set is entirely muscular?" Malcolm Gary stated rather than asked. "In this day, a man wins a maid by exercising his muscles. It's leg work, Barton—leg and arm work—dancing, swimming, hiking, tennis, and driving all over the globe. It's an endurance test, that's what it is! The strong man wins."

"And you, Malcolm—have you proved yourself a strong man?"

The veteran lover laughed easily—the laugh of the victor. "It is just eight o'clock, Barton"—he held his watch in his hand. "At eleven, Adele is dragging me somewhere to dance. We'll finish up not earlier than three. Then at five—or is it five-thirty?—we're to start on an all day picnic. Drive a hundred miles or more up into the country to a resort where we'll swim and dance and tramp all day. But I've a scheme to beat the little vixen at her own game. After I've had a talk with you, I'll go home and get in a couple hours of good sleep."

But Malcolm Gary reckoned without his host. He got no sleep before eleven o'clock that night.

Hitching his chair a trifle closer and dropping his voice confidently, he continued, "And on the way home from that picnic, when it is cool and quiet and we're out of earshot of her gang, I'm going to ask Adele to marry me."

There was no reverberating echo from the explosion of this bomb.

"And I've reason to believe I'll be accepted." Tone a bit piqued. Then with conviction, "Barton, there's nothing comparable to youth! Youth has it all over age—even middle age! And it's communicable! Why, I feel twenty years younger than I did!"

"Yes, youth has its appeal—to women as well as to men," agreed the old gentleman. "There seems to be quite an attachment between Mrs. Bainbridge and the Hopkins boy."

"That's ridiculous!" Gary spoke with warmth. "Why, Dana is old enough to be Gene's mother!"

Barton Williams leaned forward impressively. "Malcolm, it is not only ridiculous—it is wrong. Wrong not only to him and to her—but to you and Adele. It's wrong physiologically, psychologically, even spiritually. I have good reason to know. When I was twenty-five I married a woman of fifty."

"Fifty!" gasped Malcolm.

**B**UT the old gentleman seemed to have forgotten his guest. In a reminiscent tone he continued, "In those days, a woman of fifty did not look thirty-five. Rouge, bobbed hair and short skirts were not fashionable. To say nothing of permanent waves, deep peels and lifted muscles. Mrs. Baker looked her age. She was Mrs. Baker when I married her and I always thought of her as Mrs. Baker, never as Mrs. Williams—as my wife."

"I was a poor boy, an art student. She was a wealthy widow. I liked, admired and respected her. Of course, I was not in love with her; but then, neither was I in love with anyone else."

Malcolm Gary leaned back in his chair and relaxed comfortably, anticipatory of a long, interesting tale. Though he gave no sign, Barton Williams had not so far forgotten his guest as not to note this attitude of attention.

"Marriage with Mrs. Baker," he went on, "meant a mode of living to which I was totally unaccustomed, the luxury of service; but what interested me to the exclusion of all else—it meant study abroad, the realization of my dreams, my ambition to be a great artist. With this I would be content. One couldn't have everything."

"In exchange I was to give my name, my escort, my loyalty. It seemed a fair bargain. No girl of my age and status could mean as much to me as a successful career. I felt grateful to Mrs. Baker, and resolved always to treat her with the same courtesy and apparent devotion that I would a younger woman—more, if anything."

"She in turn was tactful and considerate. On the day of our wedding, a quiet wedding without social flourish, we sailed for Europe. After a tour of the continent, we settled in Paris. During that first year, I think we both were happy—at least I know I was. I plunged into my work with zest and enthusiasm. My imagination was fired. I felt that with my talent and the training I was getting, there were no heights to which I could not attain."

"Mrs. Baker was not jealous of my art, did not demand too much of my time, did not in any way retard my progress. She was not to blame for what happened, for the change that took place in me. Neither was I to blame. It was a natural reaction."

"I had always worshiped beauty—beauty of line and color and texture, beauty of tone. The earth, the sky, the sea, the masterpieces of music, of architecture, of sculpture, of painting—all enthralled me. In my enjoyment of these beauties, Mrs. Baker joined. She often said that my enthusiasm was a renaissance to her own jaded emotions."

"But now my love of beauty led me where she might not follow. Instead of being general, it became specific. It was feminine beauty that now allured me. Not only feminine beauty, but youthful feminine beauty. All about me I saw bright eyes, dancing, sparkling; golden tresses afire with sunshine, crisply curling browns, glossy sables. I saw softly rounded young cheeks, gracefully turned ankles. These youthful charms I found myself contrasting with the dim eyes of half a century, with the dull, lusterless grayish locks, the sunken cheeks and thin ankles."

"This interest, this comparison was not volitional. I remember that when I first became conscious of it, I was a bit frightened, a bit angered. I took myself in hand. I had made a bargain and I'd stand by it. But it is one thing to make a good resolution and quite another to live up to it day in and day out. I could not will young feminine beauty to lose its appeal. It was the inextinguishable cry of youth to youth."

"Then another phase of the situation developed. I wanted to do the things that other young men did—dance, skate, row, play cards all night long. No one will ever know how I envied the fellows who fared forth at night in search of adventure. Paris at night! Nocturnal jollifications! I, twenty-six, chained to fifty-one."

**O**F COURSE, Mrs. Baker and I went about, to the theaters and restaurants and art galleries. But these were tame affairs. I presume the disparity in our ages excited less comment in Paris than it would have elsewhere. Still, I could never overcome a sense of embarrassment when people, as they so often did, referred to my wife as my mother. Or keep down a hot flush when I knew by the glances and lowered voices that someone was being told that the slender, dark young man and the fine-looking, elderly lady were husband and wife. The man an art student who had married for money. I'm sure Mrs. Baker, too, suffered on these occasions.

"Then, despite my most valiant efforts to put it down, a resentment toward Mrs. Baker flared up within me. I felt she had cheated me of God's greatest gift to man—the companionship of the right woman. She had taken advantage of my poverty, of my ambition to succeed at my chosen profession; and I hated her for it. Why hadn't she adopted me? or endowed me? Thus she could have bound me with the ties of gratitude, a gratitude that might have grown into a warm affection. In a foster mother or an elderly benefactor, gray hairs, sagging muscles, false teeth when they came, as they did to Mrs. Baker, would not have repelled me. But in a wife! Ugh!"

After many years, the old gentleman shuddered in recollection of his ancient bride's infirmities. The shudder seemed to bring him back to the present. He shifted his position.

"I'll tell you, Malcolm, it was hell! My kisses had never been more than mere pecks on the cheek. Now even those were omitted. A pat on the shoulder was the best I could do in the way of a caress. And how I shrank from her touch! When she rumbled my hair, stroked my cheek, or, as she sometimes did, held my hand between hers, I had all I could do to keep from wincing, from shouting out my disappointment and disillusionment."

"In my work I was getting along splendidly. I knew the joy that comes only to the creator. This might have been enough for some men, but too late I realized that achievement alone, success without a loved one to share it, would not bring me happiness, not even contentment."

"And then, when we had been married five years—five long, miserable years—I met Polly Spessard. She was an American girl studying at the Sorbonne."

A tender, reminiscent smile illuminated the delicately

chiseled profile. Barton Williams had not been without pulchritude of his own.

"Polly was the loveliest creature I had ever beheld. I wish I could make you see her as I saw her. An exquisite little thing! But it wasn't so much a matter of eyes and hair and skin—though hers were perfect of their kind—cobalt blue, dark-fringed eyes. Golden, glistening, glorious hair. Clear, white, translucent skin. It wasn't the bell-like timbre of her voice, either. No, it wasn't so much her physical loveliness as the loveliness of her mind, soul, spirit, or the composite of these that personalizes, individualizes, makes one person different from all others. But what to me seemed most important—we were almost exactly the same age. There was a difference of weeks only."

"Malcolm, if there is one thing more than another that contributes to marital happiness, it is nearness of age. To have traveled the same distance on the path of life presupposes the same or similar experiences, observations and conclusions—the same anticipations and expectations."

"It was not until I met Polly that I realized that what most offended me in Mrs. Baker was her old mind, her old way of thinking, of looking at things. Polly's mind was young, gloriously young! Young in the same sense that mine was. And this always would be true. We were thirty, we'd be forty and fifty and sixty together. Young together—old together. There'd never be the insurmountable barrier of years between us."

"I could no more live without loving Polly than I could live without breathing. And this splendid, tender passion was reciprocal. She loved me. I learned that when early in our acquaintance I told her of my marriage."

"Barton, you—didn't—wait—for me!"

**T**HAT was forty years ago, Malcolm, yet the memory of that cry still haunts me. Its heartbroken poignancy was not dulled by repetition. Thereafter no allusion to my delinquency ever was made.

"Then came the crowning glory of my life. I painted Polly's portrait. Arrayed in a black velvet evening gown, with a single strand of pearls about her throat, and her glorious curls shot through with a thousand lights and shades piled high on her queenly little head, she was a subject to inspire any artist. And I who loved her . . ."

Again a beatific smile illuminated the narrator's features.

"Malcolm, that portrait justified my pretensions. It was my best piece of work, proclaimed a masterpiece by the critics. When it was completed, I took Mrs. Baker to see it. She was an astute woman. After studying it intently, she asked to be presented to the young woman who had sat for it. I arranged a meeting. It took place in the afternoon."

(Continued on page 34)



# FLASH-BACK

*A Romance of the Civil War with the Colonel's Daughter and an Obscure Young Man from the Ranks Playing Leading Roles*

By ALMA BOICE HOLLAND

Illustrations by Joseph Franke



"My precious, I came tonight because I couldn't wait any longer to see you."

**M**ISS AURELIA ABBOTT stood on her two tiny feet before the long mahogany pier glass and surveyed herself with a pleased yet uncertain air. The picture, truly, would have satisfied a very critical eye. But this was a very critical occasion. Flaxen hair, brushed to gleaming satin and tied back softly with a narrow turquoise velvet snood; a virginal gown, ruffled and voluminous, white lace over turquoise brocade; little white silk slippers embroidered with seed pearls peeping demurely from beneath the billowy folds of the brocade; and with it all a fresh young face, with starry eyes and softly flushed cheeks, rising out of the rippling lacy ruffles like a newly opened rose.

Downstairs a great ball would soon be in progress, a housewarming to celebrate the opening of this grand new mansion with its mansard roof, its bulging cupolas and its handsome velvet-covered furnishings imported direct from Paris.

Already the servants were bustling about, preparing for one of those orgies of eating without which no ball, however magnificent in other unusual details, could be a success. Great platters of baked hams stuffed with chestnut dressing, wonderful cakes piled to the tottering point with layer after layer of alternating pastry and rich, sugary fillings, roast young chicken and jellies and entrées and ices and strong black coffee and much rare old wine with its lighter sparkling accompaniment of crystal-clear champagne.

Guests would be here from all over the countryside, some from as far away as Washington, to look and admire and covet as the case might be, while they whispered aside to each other of the probable source of most of the war-built fortunes—tales of an impotent white powder dealt out to the soldiers for quinine, shoddy uniforms and paper-soled shoes. And when this topic was exhausted, there would still be left the hushed discussions of the scandals which were hovering over the administration of the post-war President Grant.

But it was none of these considerations which was causing the anxious perplexity of Colonel Abbott's daughter,

the Miss Aurelia. The thing which was thrilling her from the tip of her neat white satin slippers to the top of her dainty head was the fact that tonight for the first time she was to see Ronald Cole. And Ronald Cole was the man whom Aurelia intended to marry. Nobody knew it but Aurelia, with the possible exception of Ronald Cole himself. He had intimated in his note to her that he might have an inkling of some such thing. That note was now tucked tightly into the boned bodice beneath the firmly padded busts of the turquoise gown. Aurelia knew it by heart.

"My Precious: Tonight I am coming. I cannot wait any longer to see you, my dear; to truly look upon your vivacious little face. I have a poor picture of you which I cut one time from the society page of a Washington paper and which I have carried until the print is almost worn off. I want to look upon you, my beautiful. I'm tired of writing to you about my love. I want to tell it to you.

"The affairs which have kept me from you since the last days of the war are all satisfactorily settled now. Except for the fact that I must come with a slight limp, I can come with a clean slate and a fairly comfortable living. Not wealth, such as you have been accustomed to, my darling, but enough that you shall not need to dip your lovely little hands in dishwater. You shall keep them soft and white to pet a grizzled old soldier who is counting hours until he is with you.

"Will you arrange an interview with your father for me? Until then, my precious, "Your own, "RONALD COLE."

**R**ONALD, of course, did not know about the ball. There were also other things that he did not know. He was not aware, for instance, that his correspondence with Aurelia Abbott had on her part been a very secret and surreptitious affair of which her parents were not cognizant. A sly little note slipped into a comfort kit and sent along with several hundred others had been the beginning of things. A lark—something to laugh about and to giggle over at the young ladies' sewing circle but something to be kept very darkly hidden from those elders, whose chief topic of conversation anyhow was the social laxity and godlessness of the younger generation.

Imagine it becoming bruited about that the Miss Aurelia Abbott, daughter of Colonel and Lady Joscelin Ab-

bott, was embroiled in a clandestine correspondence with a common soldier! Even recently there had been a great flurry of excited gossip because Rosemary Braxton, following her heart instead of her expensively educated little head, had eloped with a well-set-up coachman of her father's retinue and been disinherited.

Aurelia pirouetted slowly before the old pier glass, adjusting a ruffle here, a bit of lace there, wondering, anxious, excited. From below came the sound of the orchestra which had come over from Richmond, practicing strains of the new waltz, the latest in daring, tantalizing dancing, the subject of so much heated debate from a moral standpoint that everybody was anxious to become adept at it.

A light tap at the door roused the girl from her thoughts. "Who is it, please?"

"It's me, missy," came back the voice of Aurelia's own personal maid, Daphne. "Mister Jimmy is downstairs, miss, askin' how soon he may expect you all to come down?"

"Jimmy?" There was a pleased uncertainty in Aurelia's repetition of the name. "I didn't know that Jimmy was home. Tell him I'll be right down, Daffy." She gave a last careful pat to the folds of the new gown, pushed a fairy wisp of yellow hair back from the high smooth forehead and moved undecidedly toward the door.

**T**HIS rather complicated things. Not that Aurelia was not glad to see Jimmy. Aurelia had grown up with Jimmy. They had lived side by side on the two plantations, learned under the ministrations of the same governesses, joined the same church, attended the same parties; and just as soon as Jimmy acquired his first authentic pair of long trousers, he had proposed to Aurelia that they be married.

But Aurelia had decided that she did not love Jimmy in the way that leads toward marriage and the situation was ripe for the tragic had not Jimmy himself saved it by proposing so often and so regularly that heartbreak and finality were automatically evaded.

"I know too much about you, Jimmy, to ever be your wife. I've always been up too close to you for anything romantic to develop between us." Aurelia had imparted this information with a gravity and determination entirely incongruous with the fair faint vision in pink taffeta which she was at the time.

"But there's lots of things you don't know about me, Rely. I'm sure you don't know how much I love you," Jim had protested.

"No, buddy, it won't do. All my ideals would be shattered by remembrance of just how you looked the day they drained the lake and you fell in the mud, and every time you kissed me, I'd recollect slapping your face because you cut off my doll's hair. For my husband, I want someone who can rouse me to different emotions than these." And Aurelia had laughed her tinkling little laugh and stood her ground.

Then the Civil War—Jimmy gone—and Aurelia writing giddy notes to a forlorn young soldier, and finally finding her heart so besieged that she wanted to marry him, an unknown who could thrill her, who could stir her from the comfortable passivity with which she could regard—Jimmy, for instance. Someone who could stimulate her and cause her to tremble and blush over his written word and make her willing to brave the possible wrath which would fall upon her head when the parents who had so carefully and tenderly reared this only daughter should discover the extent of the affair.

Jimmy Weatherbee was standing beside the mantel in the music room glancing over the words of the newly popular "Darling Nelly Gray." He did not come forward to meet her as Aurelia entered the room. He did, however, lift his dark head and give a little gasp of surprise and delight when the girl stood framed for an instant in the doorway.

"A princess!" he murmured. "Aurelia, you—you have become even more beautiful. What a gown! How delicate you are, and how dear—like a fragile flower." Then he added roguishly, "Rely, will you marry me?"

"Not this evening, Jimmy." The girl was gracious. "It's nice to see you again. You look well. Did they feed you something better than cornmeal mush—or have you gained it all back since the close of the war?"

"Oh, I fared well. I was an officer, you know—or did

you know? You wouldn't write to me. How has everything gone here? Have there been any—changes?" He scrutinized her closely as he asked the casual question and the girl flushed under his glance.

Then she answered carelessly, "Everything as usual even to the extent that, as is customary, I am at present in disgrace with papa."

"What have you done now, madcap?"  
 "Nothing so very dreadful. I went sleighing night before last, unchaperoned, with Marylee Ralston's brother; we drove out past the lake and it was so beautiful out there with the trees all icy and the lake frozen and shining that we stopped to watch it and talk; when I got home it was ten-thirty and mamma was walking the floor and weeping and papa was using all the new profanity that the war brought in."

Jimmy assumed an expression of mock severity. "There is really no doubt but that the nation faces ruin, not only because of the wide prevalence of late hours and extravagance but also by way of the degeneration of its young people. A popular young woman must indulge in low-cut dresses and spooning and wine and the waltz. While the test of a gentleman is whether he can drink and not show it and whether he has a fine taste in horseflesh. Am I right?"

The girl smiled at the familiar indictment, spreading her great lace fan and watching its ripples fold in together. "How have things gone with you, Jimmy? We have missed you. And even if I didn't write often to you, we all kept ourselves informed as to how you fared. It would have hurt terribly—if anything had happened to you."

Aurelia was conscious suddenly that she was telling the truth. It would have hurt terribly had Jimmy been wounded or killed. She had become so used to him somehow that she had never considered going on without Jimmy somewhere in the offing. The fact that, in marrying Ronald Cole, she would be definitely renouncing this handsome young man who had always adored the ground she walked upon, bore in upon her suddenly. She shrank from the thought. "What plans—for the future?"

"I'm going to be married." He told her this quietly with no gesture of the dramatic. "That is the reason I came tonight, so that I could tell you—first."

The great lace fan hid the momentary flurry of panic upon the face of the girl. "Married, Jimmy? Why, how—how wonderful! Who is she?"

"A girl I never knew until I went away, and one who never knew me. You see, I followed your hint and tasted the delirious sweetness of the unknown. I discovered the uncomprehended charm and ecstasy hidden deep in the unfamiliar. I owe this to you, Aurelia."

"You love—her?"  
 "I love her, more than I can tell you. I love her with one of those exalting passions which is strengthened by the uncertainty of the new. I'm staking a rather desperate chance that she loves me in return."

"Oh, she will, Jimmy. Any girl would."  
 "You didn't."  
 "I did!"

"Oh, you did?"  
 "As a brother, Jimmy; as a best friend; as one of the nicest boys I ever knew; as somebody to depend on, somebody to always turn to for everything from a broken skate to a broken heart."

"I admit fixing the broken skate but I never heard anything about a broken heart."

"That may come yet," the girl smiled whimsically. "But if you were married, of course, I couldn't intrude my troubles upon you and your new wife."

"No," Jimmy agreed casually, "you couldn't do that."

AURELIA gasped. It all sounded so very definite—so final somehow. She had been faced so suddenly with something that she had never even considered. She had been so sure of Jimmy. Why, Jimmy had belonged to her since they were babies. But she had never belonged to Jimmy.

Then Aurelia remembered Ronald Cole and was in a measure consoled. Was she not going to marry Ronald Cole? Did his letter not now lie right next her heart? Why should she feel unhappy? The ordinary perverseness of woman, possibly. Aurelia did not want to marry Jimmy Weatherbee—yet neither did she want any other woman to marry him. However, she had made her choice, so now she must be a thoroughbred. She must be magnanimous, kind.

"I hope that you will be—happy, Jimmy."  
 "Oh, I'll be happy all right, if the girl will just consent. You see, I haven't proposed to her formally yet."  
 "But I thought—"

"Oh, I have reason to think she may accept me. If she doesn't—well, I have had considerable experience, both in proposing and in meeting with rejections. My practice will stand me in good stead." He smiled at her.

"Do I know her?"  
 "Very well. And as soon as it is settled, you shall be the first one to hear."  
 "Well, good luck!"

"May I have the honor of this first waltz? Surely an old friend may claim some rights." As he moved toward her, the girl noted an unwonted rigidity of step. "Just a little stiffness," he apologized. "I can assure you that it won't interfere with my dance."

From the ballroom, already comfortably crowded, came the first strains of a new tune. The girl hummed the air

of it gayly, nodded a gracious acquiescence and picked up the skirt of the flowing lace gown. She made him a little curtsy. "If you like, sir."

The young man, still holding something of the bearing of a soldier, even though attired in tightly fitted civilian clothes, extended his arm in courtly manner and they moved out into the majestic ballroom to be greeted on all sides by friendly smiles and knowing nods.

THE brilliancy of the scene, however, was not sufficient to dispel the illusion of gloom which had settled upon the girl. She felt somehow affrighted as though a very substantial prop had been pulled from under her. She began to wonder vaguely what Ronald Cole would look like, how she could distinguish him. But he would know

*The Voice of the Train*

By ANNA NELSON REED

What does it mean to you,  
 When you wake in the night, and hear  
 The shriek of the flying train,  
 Wild and piercing and clear?  
 'Tis an eerie and mournful sound,  
 As it dies on the shivering air;  
 Do you turn on your couch again,  
 Glad in your heart to be there?

Or, does the wanderlust  
 Latent in many a breast,  
 Stirred by the cry of the train,  
 Startle you from your rest?  
 Do you hear the message it brings?  
 Does it speak in your secret code,  
 And make of desire a pain  
 With its "Lure of the Open Road"?

her; he had said that he carried a newspaper picture of her next his heart through the war.

Everywhere there was a riot of color—velvets and laces and satins and brocades—and strong perfumes and the sweet sickening odor of stale wine. Over in one corner of the immense room, papa was discoursing with a group of the older men on the problems to be met in the issuance of pensions; of the various angles of the needed processes of reconstruction. Wallflowers and the older women sat about talking with each other, deploring the craze of the younger generation for speed, particularly as expressed in the mode for horse racing; discussing the present moment's unwholesome impulses, the willfulness of daughters and the stubbornness of spendthrift sons.

Mamma moved about among her guests, determined to enjoy this brief bit of pomp to the fullest, because tomorrow's breakfast table would see a scene where there would be charges of extravagance and countercharges of meanness and miserliness.

Suddenly, color and odor and noise became too much. Aurelia clung for an instant giddily to the strong young arm about her. "Jimmy—I'm faint. Could we go outdoors for a breath of cold, clean air? I've a heavy satin cape somewhere."

The man piloted her skillfully through the laughing, talking crowd and in a few more moments the two were out on the wide snow-covered veranda. The house was a blaze of yellow light against the whiteness of the out of doors. The cupolas hung resplendently upon the massive frame like huge golden gems set in a

castle. And yet, looking at the grandeur and the glory of the new dwelling, Aurelia was filled with a hot aching surge of longing for the old house, the plain and unpretentious Colonial dwelling which they had forsaken for this modern structure, frosted all over with a carved and fancy woodwork. The beauty and the safety and the affection of old things: books, pictures, homes—and friends!

"Feel better now?" Jimmy was solicitous, adjusting the cape snugly about the slender shoulders. "Too much excitement, Rely? Or are you worried or anxious?"

"Both," she breathed. "Jimmy, I'm expecting a stranger here tonight. Somebody I have never seen. Somebody I have made up my mind to marry—but, somehow, I'm sick with apprehension. He thrills me; I believe that I love him; but oh, Jimmy, it's hard to let go of the dear and familiar—for the unknown. My mind is in a panic and my heart is in a flutter. I wonder if you would by any chance know him? His name is Ronald Cole. I've been writing to him, but mamma and papa do not know. You'll have to help me out, Jim—just once more."

Jimmy's eyes lit queerly. "What would you have me do, Aurelia?"

"Find him in this crowd. Tell him that I am suddenly indisposed; that I will see him—tomorrow. Anything—just arrange so that I may have a little more time to consider and to think." And the girl, affrighted, laid a trembling hand on the shoulder of the man and lifted wide, moist eyes to his.

JIMMY caught her close. "My precious, I came tonight because I couldn't wait any longer to see you. I have a poor little picture of you which I cut one time from the society page of a Washington paper and which I have carried until the print is almost entirely worn off." He smiled devotion and tenderness into the words.

"Jimmy!"  
 "I wanted to look upon you, my beautiful. I'm tired of writing to you about my love. I wanted to tell it to you."

"Jimmy Weatherbee!"  
 "The affairs which have kept me from you since the last days of the war are satisfactorily settled now. Except for the fact that I must come to you with a slight limp, I can come with a clean slate and a fairly comfortable living."

"But, Jim—"  
 "Not wealth such as you are accustomed to, my darling, but enough that you will not need to dip your lovely little hands in dishwater. You shall keep them soft and white to pet a grizzled old soldier who has counted the hours until he could be with you."

"James Weatherbee!"  
 "That's only the half of it, angel. James Ronald Cole Weatherbee. You see, there were some things about me that you didn't know.

Kiss me, my own, and then we will go and arrange an interview with your father."



*Miss Aurelia Abbott stood on her two tiny feet before the long mahogany pier glass and surveyed herself with a pleased yet uncertain air.*

# A Spirited Election

By CHARLES DICKENS

"AND what are the probabilities as to the result of the contest?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Why, doubtful, my dear sir; rather doubtful as yet," replied the little man. "Fizkin's people have got three-and-thirty voters in the lock-up coach-house at the White Hart."

"In the coach-house!" said Mr. Pickwick, considerably astonished by this stroke of policy.

"They keep 'em locked up there till they want 'em," resumed the little man. "The effect of that is, you see, to prevent our getting at them; and even if we could, it would be of no use, for they keep them very drunk o' purpose. Smart fellow, Fizkin's agent—very smart fellow indeed."

Mr. Pickwick stared, but said nothing.

"We are pretty confident, though," said Mr. Perker, sinking his voice almost to a whisper. "We had a little tea-party here, last night—five-and-forty women, my dear sir—and gave every one of 'em a green parasol when she went away."

"A parasol!" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Fact, my dear sir, fact. Five-and-forty green parasols, at seven and six pence a-piece. All women like finery—extraordinary the effect of those parasols. Secured all their husbands, and half their brothers—beats stockings and flannel, and all that sort of thing hollow. My idea, my dear sir, entirely. Hail, rain or sunshine, you can't walk half a dozen yards up the street, without encountering half a dozen green parasols."

—From "Pickwick Papers."

NOTE: Seven and six pence in United States money would be about \$1.80, so a parasol at this price in 1874 constituted a handsome gift.

Sketches by Thomas Fogarty

# On Compensation

By RALPH WALDO EMERSON

ALL things are double, one against another.—Tit for tat; an eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth; blood for blood; measure for measure; love for love.—Give, and it shall be given you.—He that watereth shall be watered himself.—What will you have? quoth God; pay for it, and take it.—Nothing venture, nothing have.—Thou shalt be paid exactly for what thou hast done, no more, no less.—Who doth not work shall not eat.—Harm watch, harm catch.—Curses always recoil on the head of him who imprecates them.—If you put a chain around the neck of a slave, the other end fastens itself around your own.—Bad counsel confounds the adviser.—The devil is an ass.

BECAUSE of the dual constitution of all things, in labour as in life there can be no cheating. The thief steals from himself. The swindler swindles himself. For the real price of labour is knowledge and virtue, whereof wealth and credit are signs. These signs, like paper money, may be counterfeited or stolen, but that which they represent, namely, knowledge and virtue, cannot be counterfeited or stolen . . . Human labour, through all its forms, from the sharpening of a stake to the construction of a city or an epic, is one immense illustration of the perfect compensation of the universe.

WHAT must I do is all that concerns me, not what the people think. This rule, equally arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is the harder, because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it.

—From the Essay on Compensation.

How bless'd, how envied  
were our life,  
Could we but 'scape the  
poulterer's knife!  
But man, curs'd man, on  
turkeys preys,  
His feasting shortens all  
our days!



Sometimes with oysters we combine,  
Sometimes assist the savory chine.  
From the low peasant to the lord,  
The turkey smokes on every board.  
—GAY.

# 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



## Mother Love

By JAMES A. REED

A MOTHER will enter prisons of shame and kiss a felon's hand thrust through the bars. She will sit beside the accused in courts of law, when the mob jeers and the heartless machinery of justice grinds its grist of agony, and with unwavering faith maintain her child is innocent. She will stand at the foot of the scaffold and, when the trap has fallen, pillow the condemned and lifeless head upon her breast.

But if the path of life has led her son to the fields of honor, her heart will glow with pride, ineffable, unspeakable. If he is called to war she will bid him goodbye with dry eyes, although her heart is filled with tears. She will maintain a firm and hopeful mien, that he may gain courage from her sublime example. When he sleeps upon the tented field, her spirit will keep watch. Whilst he is slumbering, she will pray. In the agony of waiting, she will die a thousand deaths, but will choke back her sobs and hide her torture.

She will search for him amongst the slain and try with kisses to warm the dead and unresponsive lips to life. She will coffin her heart with the beloved body, and her soul will keep the eternal vigil of a deathless love. This mother love is the golden cord that binds the earth to God.

If you have a favorite poem or short monograph on "Mother Love" that you would like the rest of our 1,200,000 family to read, send it to us with the name of its author.

How dear to this heart  
are the scenes of my  
childhood,  
When fond recollection  
recalls them to view.—  
The orchard, the meadow,  
the deep-tangled wild-  
wood  
And every lov'd spot  
which my infancy knew.  
—WOODWORTH.

## In Merry Mood

HARD-EARNED WAGES

AN ARTIST who was employed to renovate and retouch the great oil paintings in an old church in Belgium rendered a bill of \$67.30 for his services. The church wardens, however, required an itemized bill, and the following was duly presented, audited and paid:

For correcting the Ten Commandments.....	\$ 5.12
For renewing heaven and adjusting stars.....	7.14
For touching up Purgatory and restoring lost souls.....	3.06
For brightening up the flames of hell, putting new tail on the devil, and doing odd jobs for the damned.....	7.17
For putting new stone in David's sling, enlarging head of Goliath.....	6.13
For mending shirt of Prodigal Son and cleaning his ear..	3.39
For embellishing Pontius Pilate and putting new ribbon on his bonnet.....	3.02
For putting new tail and comb on St. Peter's rooster	2.20
For repluming and regilding left wing of the Guardian Angel.....	5.18
For washing the servant of High Priest and putting carmine on his cheek....	5.02
For taking the spots off the son of Tobias.....	10.30
For putting earrings in Sarah's ears.....	5.26
For decorating Noah's ark and new head on Shem...	4.31
Total.....	\$67.30





The house where Hoover was born affords a view of the elderberry bushes along Wopsononoc Creek and out to the waving cornfields beyond. A pastoral scene!



Hoover's birthplace was a Mecca for tourists all summer. Newt Butler, proprietor of the establishment to the left, claims the distinction of having licked young Hoover

# West Branch Gets Its Place in the Sun

A Visit to the Little Iowa Town That Gave Herbert Hoover Birth—Facts and Reminiscences

By SUE McNAMARA

**H**OLLYHOCKS; petunias; elematis. Turtle-doves. The clear, high notes of a church bell. The soft, golden light of a summer sunset across the cornfields and maple and oak wooded slopes surrounding the placid homes of a prairie town.

That's the indelible picture which West Branch, Iowa, the little Quaker village where Herbert Hoover was born, leaves on the mind of the visitor. To be sure, one sees the modern, paved main street with its cluster lights, the up-to-date stop-and-go sign. But these things are just on the surface. It's the deeper note of complete calm and detachment from modern, worldly strife which makes West Branch different from other towns in the country.

It's the heritage left by those of the staunch Quaker faith who carried out their ideals of simplicity and devotion to duty there. After walking through the shady streets and talking with the old residents, one sees what an impress this early environment made on the orphan boy who is now his party's choice for President.

### Influences That Molded Character

If the Herbert Hoover of today is always ready for emergencies; if, as the queen of Belgium says, he saved the lives of Belgium's children during the war, it is largely because he had a good little Quaker mother and because one of the closest associations of his childhood was with the old village doctor who never spared himself to answer calls from the stricken in all kinds of weather.

The road which Hulda

Hoover, Herbert's mother, once trod in bitter winter weather to attend the meeting of the Friends four miles away and as a result of which she lost her life from exposure, is now a main traveled highway. The little mother has gone, but the sunlight still shines as peacefully in the house where Herbert was born. There is still a rag rug on the floor and the same twelve-paned



Bridge over Wopsononoc Creek at West Branch

tiently shows the visiting thousands through it just as a matter of courtesy and patriotism.

### A Stroll Through West Branch

Let us take a walk through the village at sunset on a Sunday summer evening and sense at its keenest that powerful Quaker heritage of simplicity and duty which had such a marked influence on the man who may be the next President of our country. We stroll across the tiny wooden bridge spanning Wopsononoc Creek, so named by the Indians. The water murmurs gently, soothingly now, just as it did for Hoover when he was a little boy and used to go to sleep looking at the shining stars and listening to the voice of Wopsononoc.

"Peace," chimes the distant church bell. "Peace," calls the turtledove. The flaming hollyhocks nod drowsily in the evening light. We pass the square, white Friends' meeting house with its wide porch and its plain glass windows, for frills and fancy stained glass are not a part of the old conservative Quaker faith. The straight-backed pews are ranged primly in rows and there is a partial partition separating the men from the women. There is no pulpit, just a few "facing pews" for the elders. Just as it was in the days when Hulda Hoover, moved by the spirit, used to arise to deliver her message, then go home with a shining face. The old meeting house which she attended has been turned into a garage, but the one of today is like it and the services are just the same. Even today some of the women of West Branch wear the Quaker bonnet and can be seen every Sunday and Wednesday morning going to meeting.

### Character of the Town Unchanged

True, some of the residents who have moved in more recently are of a progressive, commercial spirit and would like to have their town known for its improvements. But nothing can change that still, deep peace, that all-pervading, luminous reflection of the gray and righteous Quaker bonnet.

Though many have passed away, some of the staunch, upstanding characters who so influenced Hoover's early life still live there and are yet busy doing good and affording a wonderful example for a younger generation.

There's Dr. L. J. Leech, who lived near the Hoovers when Herbert was a youngster. Many a meal with high-filled plate dealt out by the doctor's own generous hand the round-faced, chubby little fellow had at the doctor's house. Many a long, happy ride into the country, sitting with Fred Albin and Oliver Leech, their feet stuck straight out on the floor ahead of them in the back of the doctor's single-seated one-horse buggy. On stormy winter nights, young Herbert would often awaken long past midnight to hear the clatter of

(Continued on page 40)



Dr. L. J. Leech, who brought Herbert Hoover through the long line of childhood ills

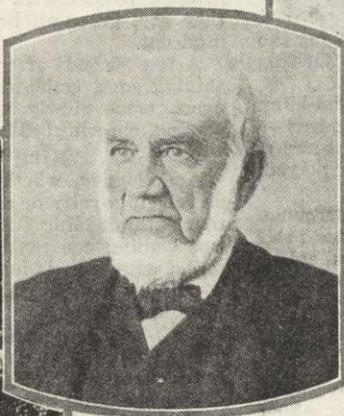
windows afford a view of the elderberry bushes along Wopsononoc Creek and out to the waving cornfields beyond.

"Oh, but theah's nothing but fahms!" said an eastern lady, one of the thousands of tourists who have visited the home since Hoover was nominated, eager to gaze upon the room where he was born and where he played happily as a little boy, absorbing the qualities of mind and heart that were to shape his later life.

### A Panorama of Field and Stream

"She didn't seem to think much of the view," says motherly Mrs. Scellars, who has lived in the house for forty years. "But I think it's a pretty view, and it's home."

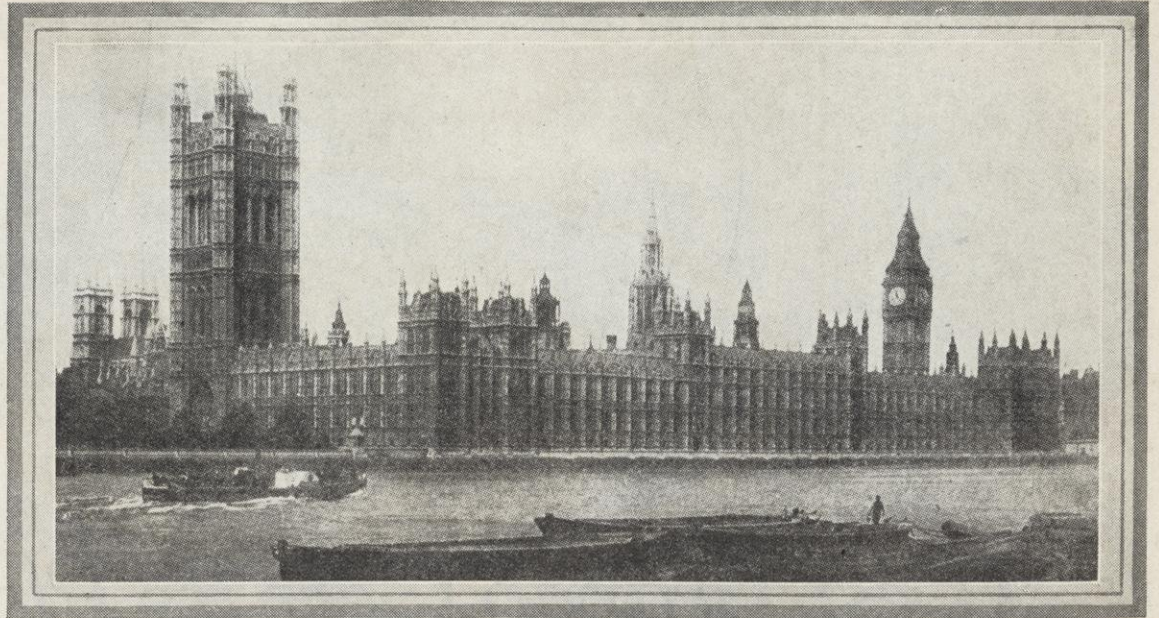
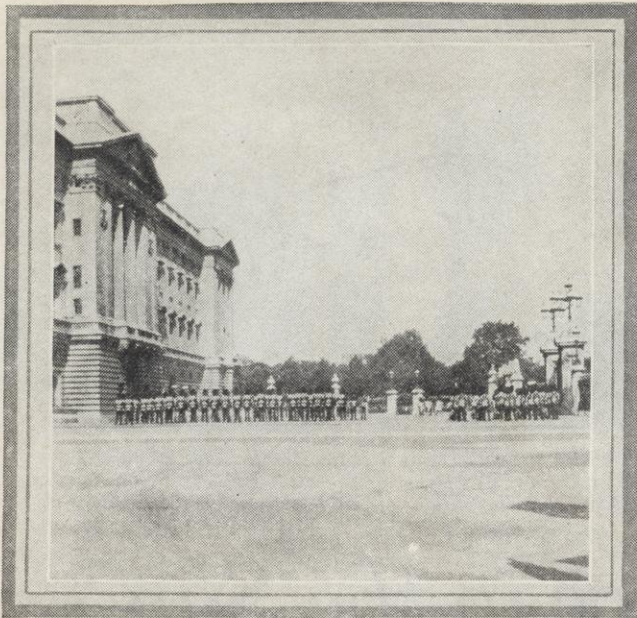
That's the way Hulda Hoover must have felt about it long years ago when she brought up her three children there and her husband Jesse, the jovial blacksmith, would come swinging home for his meals. For there is a tangible presence there in that little house—the presence of a shining spirit of peace and good will. One likes to think it was left there by loyal Hulda Hoover, the energetic Quaker mother, and fostered since by the beaming Mrs. Scellars, who loves her unpretentious home and pa-



Above: Lawrie Tatum, who became Hoover's guardian upon his parents' death.



Left: Mrs. Carran, then Molly Brown, who was Hoover's first school-teacher.



Left: Changing the guard at Buckingham Palace.

Right, above: The Houses of Parliament



A guard at his post before Buckingham Palace

# 'SO THIS IS LONDON!'

Verbal Snapshots and Impressions of the World's Largest City. The Fourth of a Series of Travel Articles

By AGNES SLIGH TURNBULL

There are rows of hotels of the pension type, and we luckily were able to register in one of them and sent the taxi away with our blessing.

We have a room at the back overlooking a green garden, as quiet as the country and yet we are in the heart of a world metropolis! We have our breakfasts and dinners here in the big family dining-room to which we go up steps and down steps in the most fascinating way. The meals are delicious and the people all about us charming and interesting. And for all our comfort we pay only five dollars a day for the two of us! So don't allow any cynic to tell you it costs a fortune to stay in London.

### Changing the Guard at Buckingham Palace

Our first morning here had in it a real adventure. In spite of my boasted democracy, I wanted first of all to see Buckingham Palace. So we took a bus up Oxford Street, seeing all we could of the famous shopping district as we rode, and at last dismounted a square away from the palace itself. As we came nearer, we saw quite a crowd about it, and discovered that the ceremony of changing the guard was just on. Of course, we were delighted, for this is one of the picturesque features of a London day.

The palace itself is a huge, long, plain stone building set in a large courtyard. In this court the guards—really several companies of soldiers—all in brilliant array, were marching and countermarching while a band played. A really beautiful spectacle!

Just near us, outside the tall iron fence that surrounds the palace grounds, a single guard was walking his post. I stared at him, fascinated, for his uniform was so splendid: Bright red jacket with gilt buttons, dark trousers, a belt and cartridge holder of the whitest leather I ever saw, and crowning all, a great black "busby" helmet. When he was standing in front of his box, Jack snapped his picture. I'll enclose it for you to admire.

But, my dear, the changing the guard, impressive as it was, was merely a trifle compared to the big sight which came later.

### When Royalty Rides Out

We noticed that the crowd kept increasing instead of growing less, that there was a faint air of expectancy noticeable even upon the countenances of the imperturbable Britons. So at last Jack approached a huge policeman and in the good American fashion of finding out what he wanted to know, asked him what the crowd was waiting for. The officer seemed slightly secretive but finally brought out politely that he presumed the people might be waiting on the chance of a possibility of seeing the King and Queen.

Even though he didn't exactly commit himself, you can imagine what the mere sound of the words did to me.

"The King and Queen!" I gasped. "Why, are they really coming out?"

The poor bobby looked at me as though I had blurted out all the private secrets of the British War Department, but admitted in a low tone that if we waited half an hour we might possibly be rewarded.

We crossed the street and took up our stand opposite

the main gateway and waited breathlessly. It seemed too lucky to be true that we should happen upon this! The people kept gathering until the sidewalks were lined.

Finally the band marched through the great iron gate. Then next came a procession of horse-drawn, semi-enclosed carriages, which, as a friendly old gentleman near by informed us, contained the personal servants and luggage.

Then, at last, a great shining motor car emerged from the gate. The crowds pressed together, hats off, handkerchiefs waving, until the street was almost blocked. We managed to keep in the front line, so were only about three feet from the car as it rolled very slowly past us. In the back seat sat Queen Mary with a lady beside her.

We had a perfect view of her. She sat very erect, dignified and unsmiling as she bowed left and right to the crowds. Her countenance is of a strong noble cast, as all her pictures show. She was dressed entirely in an exquisite shade of gray—soft gray gown, and small close-fitting gray hat with one of the inevitable plumes which, they say, grace all her bonnets. She looked every inch a queen.

A few seconds after her car had passed, another huge, shining one, emblazoned, too, with the royal coat of arms, came slowly around the drive. Hats off again, waving, cheering! The King!

### "King George Is a Dear!"

And, Nancy, whether it be the proper phraseology to use about royalty or not, I hereby go on record as stating that I think King George is a dear! As he passed by he was smiling constantly, the most genial, natural sort of smile, with a little happy twinkle in his eyes. His beard is pointed and grayish, and his whole aspect most handsome and kindly.

Jack and I are still puzzling over why the royal pair didn't ride in the same car, but there are probably several court customs of which we are unaware.

The summing up of my impressions of their Majesties is that I feel sure I could have a beautiful time chatting with King George without feeling the slightest embarrassment. But I think if I were given an audience with Queen Mary I should be a little panicky and should certainly wait for her to speak first!

After our thrill had subsided somewhat and the crowds dispersed, we decided to go next to Westminster Abbey, which is one of the high spots of every sojourner's stay in London, and of course one of the greatest landmarks of the English-speaking world. I can't even attempt an adequate description of it by letter, but there were some features so striking that I want to tell you about them.

We entered by the north door, close to the lovely church of St. Margaret's which stands in the shadow of the great cathedral, as someone has said, like a maid-in-waiting to her mistress.

When we had walked through the north transept called "The Statesman's Aisle" because of the monuments and memorials to the great lawmakers of England, we sat down for a few moments and feasted our eyes on the beauty of the long lighted altar, shining with gold and white. I thought of the great (Continued on page 24)

### DEAREST NANCY:

"When I go up to London

All the world shall know!"

You remember that quaint poem? Well, at any rate, my dear, in this case you shall know. As a matter of fact, I'm breathless to impart it all to you.

The last I wrote you was from Stratford on Friday, the first of August. I remind you of the date because the first Monday in August is "bank holiday" in England, and no one but two American innocents like ourselves would have started to travel on the Saturday before. Bank holiday over here is a sort of combination of our Decoration Day, Fourth of July and Thanksgiving. It is the time when everybody, especially of the working classes, betake themselves with great baskets and suit cases to some chosen spot for the week-end. Not knowing this, we set out blithely Saturday morning, only to find trains jammed to the point of suffocation. At one point where we changed cars, we had to wait for an hour, and we watched the crowds with interest. To most of them I fancy this excursion was the big event of their whole year, toward which they had saved their money in happy anticipation. Men, women, children; babies and baskets and suit cases, all pressed together in an eager throng. But this is the thing that so impressed us. They were quiet! When at last one train came and the crowd surged toward it, only to find that it would not hold half of them, there was still a restrained silence about them.

Jack and I imagined a like scene in America. The calling, the exclamations, the shouting, the jostling! It gave us the most dramatic picture of English self-control in public. There was, indeed, something pathetic to me about the subdued way those who were left behind on the platform as the train pulled out accepted the fact.

When we reached London, as usual, we had no idea where we would stay. So we piled into a taxi and cast ourselves upon the infallibility of the driver. He at once suggested the Bloomsbury District and thither we went.



# Do you know why good hot soup is so beneficial?

THERE'S nothing like good hot soup to tempt and refresh and satisfy you! What other food offers such an infinite variety of deliciously blended flavors? Soup gives a zest and sparkle all its own and nothing can take its place.

People eat soup because they enjoy it so much. The liquid food delights with its flavor and imparts a comfortable, happy glow. It's a wise meal-planner who selects soup to add its brightness and cheerfulness to the daily menus.

Pleasing the appetite is, as every diet expert knows, very important in making the meals most beneficial. Selecting the right kind of wholesome, healthful food and providing it in the most attractive way—this spells success for your home table. Soup is your daily help in getting this result.

For soup is the great tonic to the appetite. It is eaten eagerly because it tastes so good. It encourages a freer flow of the digestive juices and thus promotes digestion. All



your food does you more good after you've eaten a plate of hot, invigorating well-made soup.

So plan to serve soup for your family every day—for their enjoyment and their benefit. It's such an easy thing to do, now that Campbell's Soups supply this important food in such convenient form. You simply add an equal quantity of water, you know; then bring to a boil and simmer a few minutes. The soup is all ready for your table!

And what delicious soup it is! For today's luncheon, serve Campbell's Vegetable Soup and see what finish and perfection Campbell's French chefs give to this great home and family soup. It contains fifteen different vegetables, invigorating broth, cereals, herbs and seasonings—all blended with the deft hand of the master.

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



My flowers seem to laugh with me  
And wink their eyes in merry glee;  
It's just the way I show delight  
When Campbell's thrill my appetite!





# 56% of America's Women use it



### Suggestions

WE have a new Recipe Book, just full of many wonderful recipes, helpful hints and suggestions. It is beautifully done in colors, nicely illustrating many dainty and appetizing dishes.

I will gladly send you a copy of this book if you will kindly send me the little colored slip that you will find enclosed in each can of Calumet Baking Powder.

If, at any time, there is something special you want for the family or for parties, something extra for the children, write me and I will gladly send you my thoughts, without remuneration. Marion Jane Parker, Calumet Baking Powder Co., 4100 Fillmore Street, Chicago.



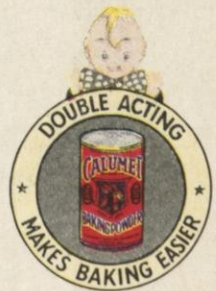
### Calumet Tea Biscuits

2 cups flour	2 tablespoons
2 level teaspoons	shortening
Calumet Baking Powder	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk
	$\frac{1}{2}$ level teaspoon salt

Sift flour once, measure and sift three times with salt and baking powder. Rub shortening in with fork or tips of fingers. Add milk, mix lightly, turn out on a well-floured board and roll or pat  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch thick. Cut and bake in hot oven (450° F).



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**A** SURVEY conducted by one of the leading women's magazines, brought out the outstanding fact that 56% of all those who answered the questionnaire use Calumet Baking Powder. The remaining 44% use approximately 24 various other brands. . . . This overwhelming evidence of Calumet's superiority is conclusive proof that women who take pride in serving their families and guests with only the best foods . . . use Calumet Baking Powder. . . . At the afternoon tea . . . after the last rubber . . . at the party and at the regular family meal . . . nothing lends such charm . . . such appetite appeal as properly leavened and home-baked foods. . . . For unfailing results . . . for bakings that are always uniform and wholesome . . . depend on Calumet . . . the baking powder that possesses more than the average leavening strength . . . is pure . . . economical and double acting.

The whites of more than six million five hundred thousand eggs are used in the manufacture of Calumet Baking Powder each year!

# CALUMET

THE WORLD'S GREATEST  
BAKING POWDER

SALES · 2½ · TIMES · THOSE · OF · ANY · OTHER · BRAND



# Egg Cookery

By LILY HAXWORTH WALLACE



## Delicious Shirred Eggs

The dictionary defines "shirred" as "poached in cream." Generally speaking, however, shirred eggs are understood to be eggs baked in a shallow dish, either large for general service or of individual size for one or two eggs. Shirred eggs are always sent to table in the dish in which they are cooked; where done individually, they are eaten direct from that dish.

Various flavor combinations are provided by the addition of minced meats or fish; sometimes grated cheese is sprinkled over the eggs before baking.

### Shirred Eggs in Pastry Shells

6 eggs  
 3/4 cup minced ham or tongue  
 6 tablespoons stock or gravy  
 Salt and pepper  
 Pastry shells

Bake the pastry over large size inverted muffin pans. When done, lay them on a baking pan, put two spoonfuls of the ham or tongue in each with a little stock or gravy to moisten. Break a raw egg into each shell over the meat, season and bake just until set in a hot oven—400 degrees F. Serve immediately, passing brown gravy or tomato sauce separately, if desired. Cost, 80c; time, 3/4 hour; serves six.

### Shirred Eggs with Cheese

1 tablespoon butter  
 4 slices Swiss cheese  
 4 eggs  
 3 tablespoons cream or top milk  
 1/4 teaspoon salt  
 Paprika  
 2 tablespoons grated cheese

Melt the butter in a shallow baking dish, lay the slices of cheese over it; break the eggs carefully over the cheese, pour the cream or top milk over them and sprinkle with the salt, paprika and grated cheese. Bake in a moderately hot oven—375 degrees F.—until the eggs are just set, and serve immediately in the dish in which they were cooked. Cost, 45c; time, 1/2 hour; serves four.

### Shirred Eggs with Crumbs

6 eggs  
 2 tablespoons butter  
 1/2 cup buttered crumbs  
 Salt and paprika  
 Melt the butter in a baking dish, spread half the crumbs over it, break in the eggs, sprinkle with salt and paprika and cover with the remaining crumbs. Bake just until set in a moderately hot oven—375 degrees F.—and serve immediately. Cost, 45c; time, 20 minutes; serves six.



*A washday message  
 to every woman  
 who has ever bought a hat...*

**Y**OU'VE learned what it is to find a bargain in value. A hat whose style, materials, and smartness make it well worth a bit more—a bit you are glad to pay because of the extra satisfaction the right hat gives you.

Buying soap is a far cry from shopping for hats—but, in soap, too, you are well repaid for seeking out a bargain in value.

And a bargain in value is just what Fels-Naptha brings you—a bargain in washing value. What do we mean by that? Extra help to make your washing easier! Two active cleaners instead of one! Naptha, the dirt loosener, and good golden soap, the dirt remover, combined by the special Fels-Naptha process in one golden bar.

You can tell there is plenty of naptha in Fels-Naptha. You can

smell it. Naptha that joins hands with the rich golden soap. Working together, they get your clothes thoroughly, refreshingly clean with less work and effort. They give you a cleaner wash more easily, whether you use machine or tub—hot, cool, or lukewarm water, or when your clothes are boiled.

That's the extra help that has made millions of women say "Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha." It's extra help that you'd hardly expect to get from any other washing product, no matter what its form. So buy wisely. Take advantage of this bargain in value and get Fels-Naptha at your grocer's today. The 10-bar carton is particularly convenient.

**SPECIAL OFFER**—Free, a handy little device to aid you with your wash. It's yours for the asking. Just mail in the coupon.

## FELS-NAPHTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH  
 THE CLEAN NAPHTHA ODOR

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

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Shirred eggs may be served with various garnishes, first being baked plain in a buttered dish.



Split sausages, crisp bacon, thinly sliced ham and minced leftover chicken make delicious garnishes.

Never cook an omelet until the instant it is to be served. Standing toughens and also spoils it.

The making of an omelet is truly a culinary art, but fortunately one which is easily acquired.

## The Versatile Omelet

Both fire and pan are important factors in omelet making; the pan should be heavy and, if possible, reserved for this one purpose alone; the fire should be steady and rather hot. The omelet should be served the minute it is done.

### Plain Omelet

4 eggs  
 4 tablespoons milk or cream  
 2 tablespoons butter  
 Salt and paprika  
 Beat eggs slightly with milk or cream and seasonings. Melt butter in pan, allowing it to become thoroughly hot but not browned, then pour in egg mixture and stir slowly until eggs begin to set. Tilt pan slightly and gather omelet together with fork so it is cushiony in appearance, shaking pan gently so it may not stick. When golden brown (in about three minutes), turn onto a hot platter, garnish with parsley and serve at once. Cost, 28c; time, 8 minutes; serves two.

### Fillings for Plain Omelets

Cooked minced heated kidneys, ham, tongue or mushrooms  
 Cooked vegetables heated in a little sauce or butter  
 Chopped parsley  
 Chives

Any of these may be blended with the egg before cooking or alternatively spread over the surface of the omelet just before folding together.

### Spanish Omelet

2 large tomatoes  
 1 onion  
 1 small green pepper  
 2 sprigs parsley  
 2 tablespoons oil  
 6 eggs  
 6 tablespoons water  
 1/2 teaspoon salt  
 1/2 teaspoon pepper  
 2 tablespoons butter  
 Crisp bacon  
 Parsley

Chop finely the tomatoes, onion, pepper and parsley and cook gently with the oil for fifteen minutes, seasoning rather highly with salt and paprika. (Solid canned tomatoes may be used if desired.) Beat eggs until light, add salt, pepper and water, then turn into omelet pan in which butter has been heated without browning. As omelet sets, cover with part of prepared tomatoes, fold together, turn onto hot platter, pouring remainder of the tomato mixture around it. Garnish with crisp bacon and parsley. Cost, 70c; time, 35 minutes; serves four.

### Ginger Omelet

4 eggs  
 1 tablespoon sugar  
 Grated rind 1/2 orange  
 2 tablespoons orange juice  
 1 tablespoon preserved ginger, chopped  
 1 1/2 tablespoons butter  
 1 tablespoon cream

Separate whites from yolks of eggs, beat whites until stiff, yolks and sugar until thick, then combine, adding orange rind and juice. Melt and heat the butter in an omelet pan, turn in the egg mixture and cook over moderate heat until the edges begin to set, then place in a moderate oven or under the broiler burner and cook two minutes, or until upper surface is set. Spread with ginger, finely chopped and blended with cream and a little ginger sirup. Fold together; serve at once. Cost, 36c; time, 1/2 hour; serves three.

(Continued on page 21)



A Vegetable Symposium of Mashed Potatoes, Spinach Molds, Asparagus Bundles, Hollandaise Sauce and Carrot Balls

### Breakfast Menus

#### NUMBER ONE

Chilled Grape Juice  
Broiled Ham  
Popovers Butter Marmalade  
Coffee Milk

#### NUMBER TWO

Sliced Oranges  
Homemade Sausage Cakes  
Griddle Cakes Butter Sirup  
Coffee Milk

### Dinner Menu

#### NUMBER ONE

Oyster Cocktail  
Roast Stuffed Turkey  
Mashed Potatoes  
Spinach Timbales  
Asparagus Hollandaise  
Buttered Onions or Carrots  
Cranberry Sauce  
Salted Nuts  
Celery  
Lettuce  
Glorified  
French  
Dressing  
Pumpkin or  
Squash Pie  
Cheese  
After-Dinner  
Coffee

### Dinner Menu

#### NUMBER TWO

Consommé Toasted Crackers  
Fried Chicken  
Cranberry Relish  
Glacé Sweet Potatoes  
Corn Pudding  
Celery  
Ripe Olives  
Individual  
Mince Pies  
Demi-tasse

### Dinner Menu

#### NUMBER THREE

Halves of Grapefruit  
Clear Tomato Soup Croutons  
Roast Duck Raisin Stuffing  
Brown Gravy  
Baked Sweet Potatoes Peas  
Cauliflower au Gratin  
Cider Jelly  
Salted Nuts Olives  
Celery and Pimiento Salad  
French Dressing  
Steamed Pudding with Hard  
Sauce or Mince Pie  
Demi-tasse



# The Last Thursday in November Spells Thanksgiving Day and Turkey Dinner Feasting

By LILY HAXWORTH WALLACE



**E**SSENTIALLY an American holiday, Thanksgiving is perhaps the most universally observed festival of the year. It is the one occasion of which especial note is taken by the government, when the people are called upon by the President to assemble in their various houses of worship to give thanks for the blessings of the year drawing to a close and primarily for the harvest, thus preserving the sentiment of those first Americans who were so grateful for life and food and liberty.

In our own observance of the Thanksgiving feast, it is well to forget for the moment modern things and to get back in thought to those early days, both in religious worship and also as regards the feast itself, for most of our celebrations have as their pivot actual feasting. On Thanksgiving Day especially this seems in due order, for it is the day above all others when the scattered members of the family return home to exchange experiences and to enjoy the old, well-remembered flavor of "mother's cooking."

#### Popular Thanksgiving Breakfasts

Thanksgiving is a day on which in all probability but two meals are planned, dinner being usually so hearty and so late in service that one neither requires nor desires a third repast, a "sit-down" one at any rate, although, for the sake of sociability, some light refreshments toward evening around the fire may be in order.

Breakfast, then, in view of the late dinner, may be a fairly hearty one, yet it should be simple enough not to take too much time for, of course, there is necessarily still much to be done toward getting dinner. Fruit, one hearty dish with a hot bread and good coffee, with milk for the children, will be sufficient. At the left of the top of the page are two Thanksgiving breakfast menus. Note that in both instances an acid fruit is indicated as being better than the more bland ones on account of the hearty meat portion.

#### Preparing the Festive Feast

The dinner is, of course, the crowning event. We who consider Thanksgiving from its traditional viewpoint will build both decorations and menu around traditional things. Why not make the pumpkin or "S. Quash, Esq.," do duty both as a vegetable or in the dessert and at the same time take its part in the centerpiece? We use a squash with sections removed through which the abundant fruits are seen to be overflowing. A handsome bunch of grapes surmounts all and the whole is arranged on a flat basket fringed with grain and autumn leaves. The original feast was probably held at "early candlelight," so what more appropriate than that the centerpiece should be flanked by tall beeswax candles, while favors may be either tiny market baskets or turkey-decorated cups filled with candies or nuts, for in Colonial days there were nuts to be had for the gathering.

The menu itself depends on whether one person must do all the work or whether many hands can be counted on to share in the loving labor.

While the first dinner menu at the top of the page looks like a big one and lots of work, with a little planning and a good deal of detail cared for the day before it will not be found unduly

hard, and here are the necessary recipes to help in its preparation:

#### Oyster Cocktail

½ cup tomato catsup  
2 tablespoons grated horseradish  
4 tablespoons lemon juice  
½ teaspoon celery salt  
Few drops tabasco sauce  
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Blend all the ingredients in a wide-mouthed bottle, shake thoroughly and allow about two tablespoons of the mixture with six oysters for each service. For those living inland where fresh oysters are not obtainable, substitute canned shrimps with a slight grating of nutmeg for the oysters, or eliminate the sea food and serve fruit cocktail instead.

#### Selecting and Cooking the Turkey

Then there is the turkey; some think the cock is the better flavored, while others prefer a hen turkey. Frankly, as long as the bird is plump, young and well cooked, the sex is likely to make little difference. If the tendons are drawn, the drumsticks will be almost as tender as the second joint; your butcher will usually be willing to do this, though, if not asked, he is apt to sever the feet with his chopper, so if there is any question about it, remove the tendons yourself. Make a lengthwise incision between the two bones of the foot, thus bringing the tendons into plain view, then put them (not necessarily all at once) over a strong hook, whereupon a good pull will draw them out and the foot can then be cut off at the knuckle of the drumstick. Remove all pin feathers from the turkey, singe thoroughly and cut the oil bag from that "part which goes

over the fence last." Wipe inside and cut off the neck close to the body, leaving the skin of the neck to be turned in and secured to the back. For the dressing, in view of the fact that there are so many rich things served, we suggest either an old-fashioned bread stuffing or a cornbread stuffing; corn should find a place in our menu on account of Colonial tradition. If, however, a richer dressing is desired, add the meat of cooked chestnuts or pecans or English walnuts (chopped uncooked) to your bread dressing.

#### Bread Stuffing

3 cups stale bread  
1½ cups minced salt pork  
1 teaspoon salt  
½ teaspoon pepper  
2 tablespoons minced parsley  
2 teaspoons poultry seasoning  
¼ teaspoon grated nutmeg

Crumble the bread and add to the pork, which should be tried out in the frying pan until the fat flows freely. Add the seasonings and mix thoroughly. Use as stuffing for the body of the bird, placing a little in the opening of the neck to round out the form. If desired, substitute bacon fat or beef suet for the pork, or add grated onion.

#### Cornbread Stuffing

3 cups crumbled cornbread  
½ teaspoon salt  
2 teaspoons minced parsley  
Grated rind ½ lemon  
1½ teaspoons poultry seasoning  
½ cup melted bacon fat or finely chopped beef suet  
¼ cup scalded milk

Pour the milk over the bread, cover and set aside until cool, then add the remaining ingredients and use as any other stuffing.

In trussing, be careful not to allow the cord with which the bird is fastened to cross the breast. Cook the bird slowly, basting frequently, in an oven at 450 degrees F. for the first fifteen minutes, then reducing the heat to 375 degrees F. and allowing about twenty minutes to the pound. If the turkey is roasted breast down during at least the first half of its cooking, the breast meat will be much more juicy. Giblets? Either add them to the dressing or use them for making giblet gravy, whichever you prefer.

#### A Thought for the Meal's Vegetables

The potatoes, thoroughly mashed and seasoned, form the central mound while the spinach (cooked the day before and reheated) is pressed into small timbale molds just large enough for each service, flanked by the asparagus with Mock Hollandaise Sauce and onions or carrots.

#### Mock Hollandaise Sauce

2 tablespoons butter  
2 tablespoons cornstarch  
1½ cups water  
¼ teaspoon salt  
¼ teaspoon paprika  
Juice ½ lemon  
Yolks of 2 eggs

Blend the butter and cornstarch, add the water and stir until boiling. Season, add the lemon juice; just before serving, pour while boiling hot over the well beaten egg yolks.

#### Pumpkin Pie Filling

1½ cups drained cooked pumpkin  
¾ cup brown sugar  
1 teaspoon ground cinnamon  
¼ teaspoon ground ginger  
¼ teaspoon salt  
2 eggs  
1½ cups milk  
¾ cup light cream

Be sure the pumpkin is thoroughly drained, blend all ingredients, turn into a pie plate previously lined with any favorite pastry brushed over with

(Continued on page 45)

A squash overflowing with grapes,  
apples, pears and grain forms  
the Thanksgiving centerpiece



Look out for

# Sore Throat

—check it with

## LISTERINE

—so powerful  
against germs

**AFTER** one of those late-season football games when the weather is bad, up come the medical reports with their unhappy sequels.

Raw, rasping throats... head colds... chest colds... grippe... "flu".

Yet many of the less serious cases might have been prevented by the prompt use of Listerine, full strength.

Because full strength Listerine is powerful against germs. And most cold weather complaints are caused by germs.

It may interest you to know that full strength Listerine kills even the B. Typhosus (typhoid) germ in 15 seconds. There is power indeed! Yet Listerine is so safe it may be used in any body cavity.

At the first sign of throat trouble, after long exposure to bad weather, or to germ-laden crowds, gargle with Listerine full strength systematically.

Listerine immediately attacks the disease-producing bacteria in mouth and throat. Time and time again it has prevented a cold or sore throat from becoming serious. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

## LISTERINE

*The safe antiseptic*

Have you tried the new

**LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM?**

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



**To escape a cold**  
use Listerine this way:

You can materially lessen the risk of catching colds by rinsing the hands with Listerine before each meal, the way physicians do. The reason for this is obvious:

Listerine attacks the germs of colds on the hands, thus rendering them harmless when they enter the mouth on food which hands have carried.

Isn't this quick precaution worth taking?



# CULINARY LAURELS FOR INDIANA

*Won in Extensive Woman's World Fruit Recipe Competition*

*Versatility Is Coupled with Practicability in These Tempting Recipes Which Entitle the Women of the Hoosier State to a Position in the Foremost Ranks of America's Good Cooks*  
*The Third of a Series of Pages Featuring Prize-winning Subscriber Recipes*

**T**HE women of Indiana hold a thoroughly enviable position in the field of culinary art, as evidenced by the nation-wide fruit competition recently held by Woman's World. From near and far came responses to the challenge, and below in recipe form is the very convincing evidence offered in substantiation of Indiana's claim to priority in the realm of outstandingly fine food.

Among the favorite Middle Western recipes here-with presented are found such palatable delicacies as Fruit Snaps, Persimmon Pudding, Cranberry Salad and other delicious fruit dishes. All of these are prize winners in the recent fruit recipe contest and they have been tested by Lily Haxworth Wallace, of our domestic science department. Prize-winning recipes from other states will appear in future issues of the magazine.

**Fruit Snaps**

- 1 scant cup shortening
- 1 1/2 cups brown sugar
- 1 egg
- 2 1/2 cups flour
- 1/2 teaspoon grated nutmeg
- 1/2 teaspoon ground cloves
- 1/2 teaspoon ground cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- 1/2 cup boiling water

Cream together the shortening and sugar. Add the beaten egg, then the flour and spices sifted together and the soda which has been dissolved in the boiling water and allowed to cool. The dough must be stiff enough to drop by spoonfuls on the greased pan. Bake twelve minutes in moderately hot oven. If preferred, one teaspoon of vanilla extract may be substituted for the spices.

**Apple Pie**

- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup lard
- About 4 tablespoons water
- 3 cooking apples
- 1 tablespoon quick-cooking tapioca
- 1 cup quince jam or marmalade

Sift together the flour and salt, work in the lard and moisten with the water. Roll a portion of this crust out to line a medium-sized pie plate. Peel, core and slice the apples, lay them in the lined pie plate, sprinkle with the tapioca and spread the jam or marmalade over. Cover with a top crust and bake thirty to forty minutes in a moderate oven—350-375 degrees F.

**Apricot Ice**

- 4 cups sugar
- 1 quart water
- Juice of 4 oranges
- Juice of 2 lemons
- 1 quart apricot pulp and juice (strained)
- 1 quart whipping cream

Make a sirup by boiling the sugar and water together for five minutes. When cold, add the fruit juices and pulp, also the cream. Freeze, using three parts of ice to one part of salt and, if possible, let the mixture stand for at least an hour before using, to mellow.

**Stuffed Marshmallows**

- Marshmallows
- Dry, candied or preserved fruit
- 2 cups sugar
- 1/4 cup corn sirup
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract
- 1/2 cup shredded coconut

Place the marshmallows on a baking pan, just far enough apart to get a knife between them. When slightly softened, indent the centers with the back of a teaspoon and fill this cavity with the fruit or preserves. Meanwhile prepare fudge with the remaining ingredients. Pour over the marshmallows and when cold, cut apart with a sharp knife.

**Candied Pineapple**

- 2 cups sugar
- Sliced canned pineapple
- 1 cup water

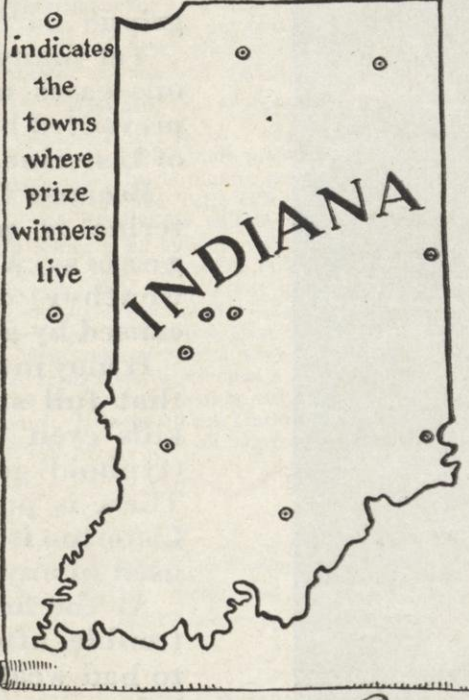
Boil the sugar and water until a little lifted from the pan forms a thread. If using a candy thermometer, cook until it registers 230 degrees F. Cut the pineapple into pieces, then drop it into boiling sirup and cook ten minutes. Lift out of sirup, drain and lay on oiled paper. After twenty-four hours, roll each piece in granulated sugar and repeat this every day until the fruit is perfectly dry, turning fruit over each day.

**RECIPES FOR DAILY USE**

<p><i>Prize</i></p> <p><i>Tested by</i></p> <p>Fruit Snaps Apple Pie Apricot Ice Stuffed Marshmallows Candied Pineapple Crushed Strawberry Rice Patties</p>	<p><i>Recipes</i></p> <p><i>Lily H. Wallace</i></p> <p>Dutch Apple Sauce Cake Cranberry Salad Apricot Creams Persimmon Pudding Toasted Coconut Apple Cream Pie</p>
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**FROM SKILLED HOUSEKEEPERS**

indicates the towns where prize winners live



**Crushed Strawberry Rice Patties**

- 2 eggs
- 2 cups cooked rice
- 1 tablespoon butter
- Crushed strawberries

Beat the eggs until light, add them to the rice, working them in thoroughly. Melt the butter in a heavy frying pan and drop the rice mixture by tablespoons into the pan about one inch apart. Brown on both sides and serve on individual plates, covering with crushed strawberries, fresh or canned. Other fruits may be substituted in season.

**Dutch Apple Sauce Cake**

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup apple sauce (unsweetened)
- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup chopped raisins
- 1 teaspoon each allspice, cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves
- 1/2 cup broken nut meats
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1 tablespoon hot water
- 1/4 cup melted shortening

Beat the sugar into the apple sauce; sift and add the flour, baking powder and spices, add also the raisins and nuts, the soda dissolved in the hot water and the shortening, melted but not heated. Last of all, add the well beaten eggs. Beat the whole mixture thoroughly, turn into a large greased shallow pan and bake about half an hour in a moderate oven—350 degrees F. This cake will keep fresh for a long time.

**Cranberry Salad**

- 1 pound cranberries
- 1 cup hot water
- 2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup cold water
- Envelope granulated gelatine
- 1/2 cup boiling water
- 2 cups diced celery
- 2 cups chopped nut meats

Grind the cranberries and cook eight minutes with the hot water. Add the sugar and cook four minutes longer. Soak the gelatine in the cold water, then dissolve in the boiling water. Strain this into the cooked cranberries and add the celery and nuts. Turn into a mold which has been dipped into cold water and chill. This salad is very nice served with roast chicken or turkey.

**Apricot Creams**

- 4 canned apricots
- 1/4 teaspoon cream of tartar
- Confectioner's sugar
- Remelted fondant
- Chopped pecans

Crush the apricots with a fork or press through a coarse sieve. Add the cream of tartar and mix to a paste with confectioner's sugar; the exact amount cannot be given. Form into tiny balls, drop onto waxed paper, set aside for three hours, then dip in the remelted fondant and roll in the finely chopped pecans.

**Persimmon Pudding**

- 1 pint persimmons
- 1 cup hot water
- 1/2 teaspoon soda
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon butter
- 1 egg
- 1 pint flour
- 1 pint milk

Select ripe persimmons after a good frost, add the hot water and run them through a colander. Stir in the soda dissolved in a little warm water, also the sugar, butter and well beaten egg. Add the flour and milk alternately and beat well. Place in a well greased pan or baking dish and bake slowly for one and a half hours. Stir well about three times during the baking. Chill and serve with whipped cream.

**Toasted Coconut Apple Cream Pie**

- 2 cups chopped or grated apples
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 cup water
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 2 tablespoons cider vinegar
- 1/4 teaspoon mace
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 large red apple
- Plain pastry
- Coconut

Blend all filling ingredients thoroughly and turn into a previously lined pie plate. Over the top of the filling place apple rings, cut from the red apple which has been cored but not pared. Sprinkle shredded coconut generously over the top of the pie and bake until the apples are tender. After cooking, place a red cherry in the center of each apple ring.



**HEALTH & NUTRITION**

*Indiana's Roll of Honor*

MINNIE BOWEN . . . . .	Roachdale
MRS. E. H. SABROSKY . . . . .	Kendallville
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ZADS JOHNSON . . . . .	Aurora
ROXY HATHAWAY . . . . .	Union City
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MRS. MYRTLE SLICK . . . . .	Walkerton
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**ECONOMY • ATTRACTIVENESS**





# Egg Cookery

By LILY HAXWORTH WALLACE



## Special Egg Sandwiches

Of course, the eggs used for sandwiches must either be sliced or chopped, after which they should be moistened with some preferred salad dressing—mayonnaise, French, boiled, Russian, etc.—or with chili sauce or some moist ingredient such as chopped fresh tomatoes, chicken or calf's liver pounded to a paste, olives—plain, ripe or stuffed—or perhaps one of the soft creamy cheeses. For hearty hot egg sandwiches, poached or fried eggs with ham or bacon may serve as the filling, or the eggs may be poached in tomato sauce.

### Egg Club Sandwich

Hard boiled eggs	Sliced tomatoes	Mayonnaise
Thin slices crisp bacon	Seasoned flour	Slices of buttered toast

Cut the eggs crosswise into slices. Keep the bacon hot after cooking. Dip the tomatoes into seasoned flour and cook them in the bacon fat until tender but not broken. Butter the toast lightly, put one or more slices of tomato on each portion, cover with the bacon and arrange the egg over all with a spoonful of mayonnaise on top. Cover with another slice of toast and cut into triangles. Serve hot.

### Egg and Watercress Sandwiches

4 hard boiled eggs	Paprika	Buttered Graham or whole wheat bread
1 bunch watercress	½ cup mayonnaise	
Celery salt		

Chop both eggs and cress quite fine. Season with celery salt and paprika and blend with the mayonnaise. Use as a filling for thin slices of buttered Graham or whole wheat bread, cutting into finger strips for serving. Cost, 65c; time, ½ hour, including cooking of eggs; serves four.

### Olive and Egg Sandwiches

4 hard boiled eggs	3 tablespoons French dressing	Buttered bread
¼ cup minced olives		

Chop the eggs coarsely and blend with the olives, also chopped. Either green, ripe or stuffed olives may be used. Blend with the French dressing, spread between slices of buttered bread and cut into finger strips.

If desired, the sandwiches may be garnished with whole olives of the variety used in the sandwich itself. Cost, 60c; time, ½ hour; serves four.

Egg sandwiches are among the most delicious of those developed for variety in the menu.



Various seasonings and condiments are added to hard boiled eggs to tempt both eye and palate.

The possibilities of stuffed eggs are really limited only by the skill and daring of the cook.

Choice stuffings may be made from bits of mushrooms, pimiento, minced ham and bacon.

## Nutritious Stuffed Eggs

Eggs stuffed by any of the following recipes may be served as a salad with lettuce and with mayonnaise, Thousand Island or Russian dressing.

### Stuffed Eggs with Tomato Cream Sauce

6 hard boiled eggs	1 teaspoon minced parsley	Pepper
½ cup finely chopped meat	¼ teaspoon grated onion	Egg and bread crumbs
1 tablespoon butter	Salt	Frying fat

Halve eggs crosswise, mash yolks and blend them with meat and seasonings. Refill cavities, pressing two halves firmly together. Roll in flour, brush with beaten egg and toss in bread crumbs. Fry in deep hot fat, drain and serve with a border of spinach and pass separately tomato cream sauce, a well seasoned cream sauce with four tablespoons of strained stewed tomatoes beaten into it. Cost, 95c, with spinach and sauce; time, 40 minutes; serves three.

### Baked Stuffed Eggs

6 hard boiled eggs	1 teaspoon mustard	Paprika
3 tablespoons minced ham	Few drops Worcestershire sauce	1½ cups white sauce
2 tablespoons softened butter		Buttered crumbs

Chill hard boiled eggs, remove the shells, cut the eggs in lengthwise halves, take out and mash the yolks, adding to these the various seasonings and flavorings with a little milk or cream if necessary to moisten. Replace the mixture in the cavities in the whites and press the two halves of egg together or lay them by halves in a greased baking dish. Pour white sauce over all, sprinkle generously with buttered crumbs, to which a little grated cheese may be added if desired, and bake twenty minutes in a hot oven. If preferred, arrange for individual service in small glass baking dishes. Cost, 65c; time, 50 minutes; serves four.

### Stuffed Eggs in Aspic

4 hard boiled eggs	1 tablespoon minced pimiento	1½ cups aspic jelly
2 tablespoons minced parsley	2 tablespoons melted butter	Sliced stuffed olives or radishes
4 sardines		

Halve eggs crosswise, remove and mash yolks and add to them parsley, pimiento, sardines (skinned, boned and mashed) and butter, seasoning with salt and paprika. Use this mixture to refill the cavities from which the yolks were removed and chill eggs thoroughly. Pour a little aspic jelly into a previously wet mold, arrange the eggs on this, adding more jelly as that in bottom of mold begins to set, remembering that what is now the bottom of the mold will be the top when turned out. The sliced olives or radishes may be used as a decoration. Chill, unmold and garnish with parsley and additional olives or radishes. Cost, 75c; time, 1 hour, chilling additional; serves four.



# At 2 A.M.

our bakers go to knead the dough



ONLY the moon peeps into the thousand window bakeries . . .

But Sunshine is already there . . . Sunshine Bakers whistling cheerily over huge batches of dough.

At 2 a. m. they come to put it through a second kneading.

This nightly operation is necessary to start the dough on its glorious adventure which ends several hours later in beaming pans of fine, plump biscuits basking in the sunshine.

Want some of these biscuits? One word . . . in your grocer's ear . . . Sunshine.

The name Sunshine in partnership with hundreds of kinds of crackers, cookies and cookie-cakes

means all sorts of glorious things. It means:

- dimpled and plump (soda crackers)
- golden-browned (graham crackers)
- luscious-mellow (fig bars)
- crackly-crisp (Krispy Crackers)
- spick and span (everything!)

It's worth saying Sunshine to your grocer whenever you want any kind of cookie, cracker or cookie-cake. . . . Isn't it?

A suggestion: Sunshine Clover Leaves for teas, parties and desserts. Read about them below . . . order a package today.

# Sunshine

..well worth saying whenever you want

## BISCUITS

Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co.

AH-H and OH-H and UM-M . . . meet them at your table



**ARROWROOT**  
Made of fine grade Arrowroot flour . . . and most easily digested. For babies, invalids, and everybody else who appreciates a subtle, delicious taste.

**CLOVER LEAVES**  
. . . delicious cream-filled wafer dainties. To know how truly good such an airy sandwich can be, insist upon Sunshine Clover Leaves.

**HYDROX**  
Of course you know this biscuit . . . and love it. But do you always get it when you order it? It is so much imitated! Sunshine Hydrox . . . it has no other name. . . . Be sure you get it.

To the mothers  
of America's  
future football stars



... a training table  
suggestion  
from famous coaches

**Y**OUR boy is in training. Perhaps not for the college football team, but for the more important game of *life*. And *you* are his trainer. In selecting his diet, follow the rule which a dozen famous coaches have laid down for their teams: *No caffeine*. Postum instead! Read what three of them say:

"Postum holds an important place in the training diet of my teams. And not merely because it is my favorite mealtime drink. Steady nerves are a first requirement in football, and Postum is one hot drink that does not irritate the nerves. It never interferes with sound sleep."

JOHN F. MEEHAN,  
Head Coach, New York University.

"I don't think there's any drink for athletes that compares with Postum. It has been my own mealtime drink for years, and it has a regular place in the training diet of my teams."

JESS B. HAWLEY,  
Head Coach, Dartmouth College.

"Three times a day for fifteen years, Postum has been served at the training table of my football teams, and I think it has had much to do with the condition of my men."

H. J. STEGEMAN,  
Director of Athletics, University of Georgia.

Instant Postum made with hot (not boiled) milk combines the wholesomeness of roasted wheat and bran with the body-building nourishment of milk. It is prepared in a moment. And it has a smooth, rich flavor that every boy likes — even those who dislike milk alone.

Try it on your table for a month and see the results! Your grocer has Instant Postum—or send the coupon for one week's free supply.

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Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

P.—W.W. 11-28

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM  
(prepared instantly in the cup)

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM COMPANY, Ltd.,  
812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario.



## Earning Money

Practical suggestions  
for organizing home businesses



By Lilian Dynevor Rice

**U**NCLE SAM'S parcel post has started and maintained many a home woman in business. Wholesale buying and retail selling can be carried on through the mails as successfully as when done personally, provided there be a reliable manufacturer at one end and a reliable person at the other, with the advertising columns of a reliable magazine to bring about an introduction. Careful reading will discover many agency offers, so that one may select what she thinks will suit her needs, the goods ranging all the way from greeting cards to tailored costumes. Naturally, she will select what will sell in her community; of especial interest to her will be goods that have a "follow-up," so to speak. For instance, if she begins with hosiery, lingerie will fall into line later, with possibly kimonos, handkerchiefs and corsets; after she has her business working smoothly. Or, if she prefers groceries, she can begin with flavoring extracts and will soon branch out into baking powder, soap, cleaning compounds and new devices for housework. So many articles seem to link together, but it is safer to become familiar with one thing at a time and so exploit it as to create a demand and establish confidence in the seller.

### Manufacturers Cooperate

Some wholesalers only require their agents to send in orders which the manufacturer fills and forwards. He also collects payment, but the agent's commission is paid as soon as the order is verified. This makes the agent's work very simple, but, before she enters upon such an agreement, she should make sure that orders will be filled promptly and satisfactorily, for all complaints will come to her for redress.

### Selecting the Right Wares

Perhaps a woman with a complex household might better work with extracts, sauces, relishes, etc., for these usually come in one size, while more space is needed for handling wearing apparel such as stockings, which are of many sizes, shades, texture, etc., and for the sale of which samples must be on hand for purchasers to make selections. Lingerie is simpler to handle for the sizes are usually small, medium and large, with extra large on special order; the same is true of kimonos. Handkerchiefs are simple, but do not mean much money save around the holidays. Corsets, brassieres, etc., are a line by themselves, and if the agent will read up on the feminine figure of the day and can advise her patrons sensibly as to what each needs to give her the best appearance, she can establish without difficulty a permanent and constantly increasing business.

### Securing Customers by Telephone

The telephone can play an active part in getting an agency started, whether for household commodities or apparel. A good time for talking is about nine o'clock in the morning, when the children are off to school and the home duties are well out of the way, this referring not only to the agent but to her prospective patrons as well. The usual beginning is: "Mrs. Smith, I have just received some delicious new sauce for which I am agent. Don't you want to stop in on your way down town and taste it?" Or: "Mrs. Brown, I hear you are going to be among the guests at the club dance. Don't you want something extra pretty in stockings for that evening? I've just taken the agency for —" It takes assurance, of course, to do this, but if the articles are worth selling, it is really conferring a favor on acquaintances to give them an opportunity to buy.

### Gaining the Buyers' Confidence

To show the right and the wrong way to conduct an agency, here are two actual examples: A middle-aged woman was left a widow with a little home but not sufficient to maintain it. She was an active person, and when she read the advertisement for an agent by a wholesale hosiery

manufacturer, she paid him a call, returning with a box of samples and a list of prices and sizes. She rented two rooms she did not need to two unobtrusive business women, who, because of the moderate rent, attended to their own rooms. Then she took her samples and went visiting. By the middle of the first afternoon she had three orders, wrote them out carefully and caught the evening mail with her letter. In two days she had received the stockings by special mail and delivered them promptly, and had in the meantime obtained several other orders which were attended to with similar promptness. Never once in the four years she has conducted the agency has she disappointed a customer or failed to round up her day's business by supper time.

This agent has earned an enviable reputation for promptness and reliability, has added lingerie to her stock in trade and has made sufficient to purchase a small second-hand car in which she drives once a week to her patrons in near-by towns, getting and delivering orders. Her wholesaler sends her samples of novelties as they appear and she keeps very little on hand save a few stand-bys for emergency calls. She has retained her home, is earning a satisfactory income without devoting her entire time to it and is a fine example of a reliable business woman.

### Indifference Breeds Disaster

Quite a different story is that of a young mother left a widow with two little children and only her late husband's small insurance to keep the home together. A friend of the family was prominent in a new company manufacturing a very fine nut butter which was little known. He suggested to the widow that she take the agency for it in her home town where everyone was anxious to help her, and in neighboring towns, promising that no one else should handle it in that territory if she proved satisfactory.

The arrangement was that amounts increasing with the demand should be delivered to her home twice a week, beautifully packed in pound cartons, the butter keeping perfectly if put in the cold cellar. Advertisements were inserted for her in the town papers stating days and hours when people could call for the butter, or it would be sent by parcel post on the receipt of check or money order.

Things went smoothly for several weeks, then one day the mother went visiting, forgetting it was butter delivery day, and returned to find that several disappointed customers had resorted to a near-by grocer's wares. Then she fell into the habit of keeping the butter money in a box, handy for making change but also handy to apply to when the milkman and the iceman called. At first she put in a penciled memorandum for every withdrawal, then later she trusted to her memory and a bad mixup resulted.

### The Inevitable End of Neglect

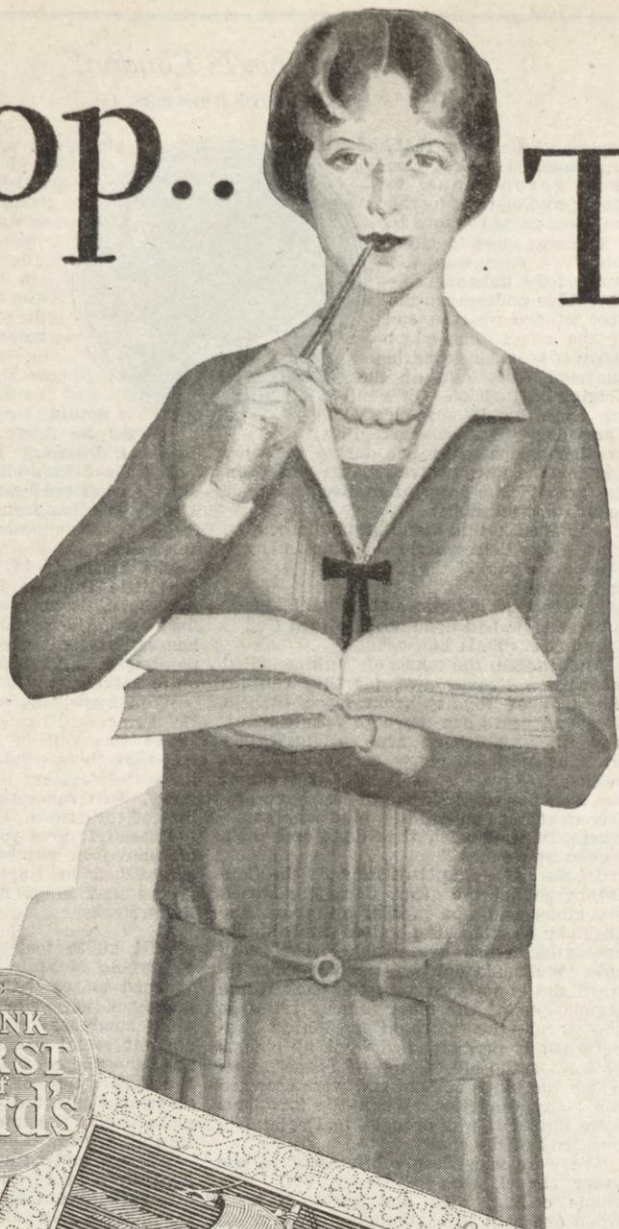
Followed a few weeks later a dreadful day when the expressman, arriving with the biweekly consignment, found nobody home, so left the box on the steps. Several customers called, saw the crate of butter, opened it, served themselves and left the money. Then along came a tramp who took all the money as well as several cartons of the butter. A partially emptied case with flapping lid greeted the horrified agent on her return.

By this time the butter had won for itself many friends, but the agent was losing hers rapidly and beginning to dislike the work heartily. It needed only the final straw in the shape of a disgruntled customer who suggested to the near-by grocer that he apply for the agency that it might be handled competently.

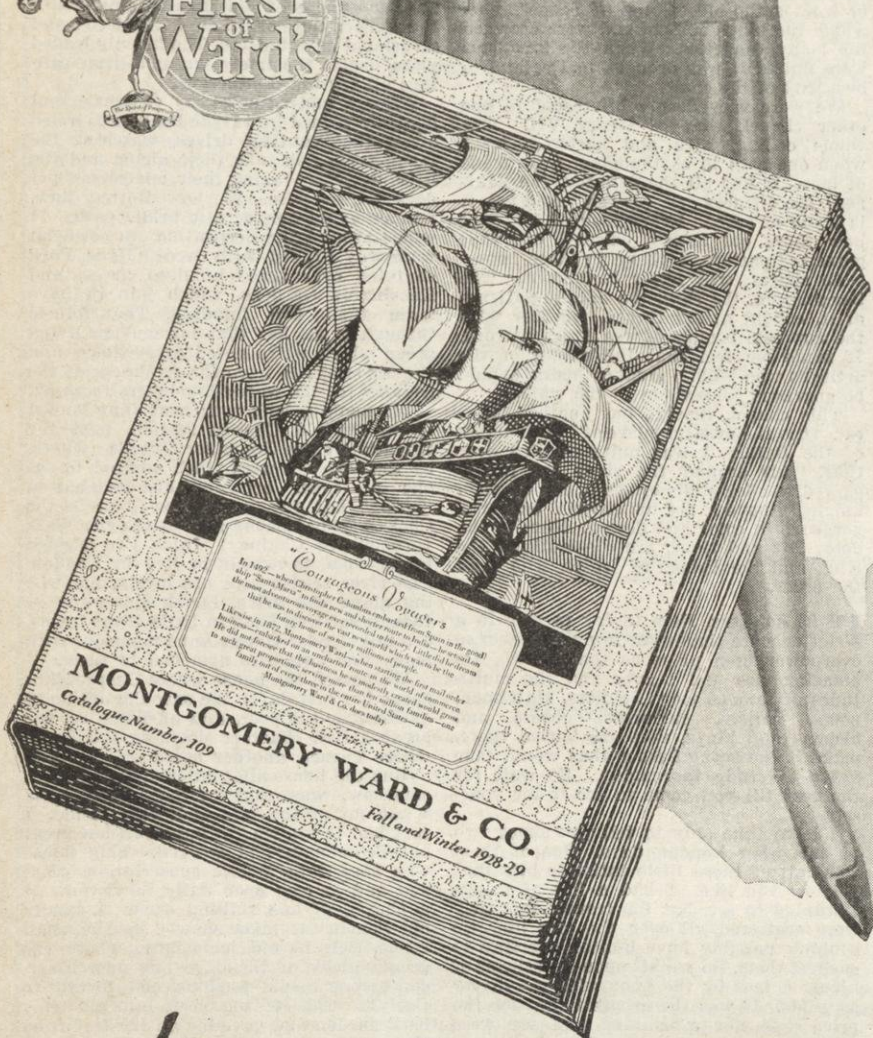
When the young widow was tactfully informed of the impending change in business, she expressed herself as being delighted, said she was going to sell the house anyway and go to her brother out west, as she was never meant for business! And nobody contradicted her.



# Stop.. Think...



## You can save money on everything you buy.... if you think to look first in *The World's Greatest Catalogue*



Do you use your Ward Catalogue as much as you really should? Almost every day you buy something that you need. Do you always remember to look it up in Ward's? You should, for it will save you tiresome shopping trips, and what is more important to the thrifty housewife — it will *save you money on everything you buy.*

Ward's new Fall book has been justly called "The World's Greatest Catalogue." This book will be a delight, it will bring you style news, and be a means of saving to every woman who sees it.

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Look in your Ward Catalogue at the wonderful values offered on such articles as washing machines, kitchen cabinets, living and dining room furniture, rugs, draperies, dishes, stoves and ranges. Or turn to the style departments. Note the correctness of line and color in all our fashions. Read the descriptions of the fabrics and then compare the prices with what you would have to pay elsewhere.

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The savings and convenience offered are not the only advantages in shopping at Ward's. Besides this there is the absolute assurance of quality which you always have when you buy from Ward's.

In your Ward Catalogue you will find careful descriptions, and accurate pictures of the articles in which you are interested. You can rely on these absolutely. The Ward guarantee assures you of satisfaction or you get your money back.

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# WARD'S CATALOGUE



# Vegetables— the "balance-wheel" of modern diet

*How often will you serve them this winter? Have you learned how to be sure of their quality and flavor?*



Del Monte Tomatoes—  
"field-ripened" for flavor

One thing is certain! We all need vegetables in our diet. Particularly at this season. "A starchy vegetable and a leafy green in every major meal" is the rule of dietitians. And a good rule for most of us to follow.

There's just one drawback about it—we sometimes have difficulty in providing sufficient variety, day after day. What vegetables to serve—which vegetables are best—how to prepare them—the most economical way to buy them—these are only a few of many questions which demand a simple, practical answer.

Fortunately for the housewife who has learned to judge values, who knows what

acres," a large percentage of them owned or operated by the DEL MONTE organization itself. Through scientific farming, thorough study of the soil, intensive cultivation and care—from the planting of the seed to the harvesting of the crop—flavor is built "in" before the canning process even starts.

As a result, under the DEL MONTE label you are always sure of sweet, delicious peas—with real pea-flavor in every can! Or solid, red-ripe tomatoes—with nothing in the can but the fruit and its own delicious juices. Or such a useful delicacy as DEL MONTE Asparagus. Or DEL MONTE Spinach, clean and ready to serve.

In fact, DEL MONTE is a "vegetable market" in itself—a wide assortment of almost every vegetable you could wish to serve. Think for instance, of buying beets—sliced, diced or whole! Or DEL MONTE Carrots—whole or diced! You know they're cooked tender when you get them this handy way. DEL MONTE Lima Beans are young, green "limas"; DEL MONTE String Beans, equally tender and fresh. DEL MONTE Corn is always creamy-thick and sweet and DEL MONTE Sauerkraut has just that snap and zest for which we prize this healthful food. Hominy, sweet potatoes, chili peppers and pimientos—these and many others—are always at their best under the DEL MONTE Brand.

As for vitamins, everyone knows that vegetables are one of the richest sources we have—and canned vegetables, when packed from such prime raw materials as go in the DEL MONTE can—with such unending care—insure them to you, often in larger quantities than the finest raw vegetables, cooked in your own kitchen.

With such variety to choose from, isn't it worth while to insist that your grocer supply you with the DEL MONTE Vegetables you want? He should have them—or can get them with little trouble. And many other DEL MONTE varieties, too! The DEL MONTE Brand stands for uniform, dependable quality in every product it marks—a complete line of quality canned fruits, vegetables, canned fish, condiments and relishes, dried fruits, raisins and many prepared foods—economical in cost, ready to help prepare better menus, with less bother and work.

### Send for This Recipe Collection

Our special portfolio contains hundreds of suggestions for serving both fruit and vegetables in new and tempting ways. Prepared with an eye to economical service—and kitchen-tested. May we send it—free? Address Department 918, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.



modern science has done for her table, there is an answer—on almost every grocer's shelf! Fresh vegetables may be out of season, expensive or too much trouble to prepare—but the DEL MONTE Brand still gives you your choice of the very best. Here is the same wide variety IN VEGETABLES, the same un-fading quality you now enjoy in DEL MONTE Fruits.

To bring you just the vegetables you want—to put them on your table at every season—DEL MONTE today draws its supplies from thousands of the finest "garden-



## So This Is London!

(Continued from page 14)

services of the realm that had been consummated there: communions, coronations, weddings; and of the funerals that had passed before it.

The next most touching thing we saw, was the tomb of the unknown soldier. It is underneath the floor at the western end of the nave. The slab above it is of black marble quarried from one of the Belgian battlefields. On a pillar close by is suspended the Ypres flag which was carried by the English troops in France during the war, and for the first twelve months rested on the grave. The inscription itself is most beautiful, beginning:

"Beneath this stone rests the body of a British warrior, unknown by name or rank,"

and ending:

"They buried him among the Kings because he had done good toward God and toward his house."

And, indeed, the tombs of the kings filled me with a strange awe, for they contain the dust of royalty from more than a thousand years ago down to recent times. And the sepulchers are so intricately wrought with carvings and effigies and painting. I wondered though if some of the men buried there might not have preferred to lie under the blue sky somewhere, instead of in that dark and thick walled space.

In the little chapel of Edward the Confessor, behind the altar, there are buried six kings and six queens, all above the ground: so that the raised and highly decorated tombs are visible from every side. We made our way among them toward the stone screen at the back where stands one of the most famous relics in the world—the "Coronation Chair." Underneath it and fastened to it by clamps of iron is the old "Stone of Scone" upon which the kings of Scotland were crowned for many centuries. When the kingdoms were united it was brought to England to be a part of the chair.

We were very deeply interested in one other chapel, that of Henry VII. The whole ceiling, high and battered, looks when one goes in as though it were made of lace. It has all the delicacy, the lightness, the airiness of a cobweb. And yet, it is made of stone. Every inch of it! Just how those old artists chiseled out that gossamer pattern, high up in those impossible spaces, will never be known. The imagination, the skill, the infinite patience of it, caught at my throat, together with the supreme beauty of the finished work. It made me feel that the names of the artisans who build a great cathedral should be engraved somewhere in the walls.

This chapel, though, has another interest. It is the meeting place of the "Knights of the Bath." I was quite thrilled over that. All around the sides are highly carved wooden stalls or seats, one for each knight. Above it are his especial emblems, gorgeous in color and design. Next to the door, left and right, are the stalls of the King and the Prince of Wales, who head the order.

IT IS hopeless, Nan, to try to give in a letter more than these few glimpses of so overpowering a place as the Abbey. Its amazing size and beauty and the multitudes of famous men: soldiers, statesmen, poets, artists, engineers, abbots and bishops and kings, who are buried there, make it the sort of place that would take years to study thoroughly. So wait for the rest till you come to see it for yourself.

I have time only to tell you about two of our other London days. One of them was full of those little intimate bits that I know you like. I had a list of things I wanted to see, but the trouble was they were scattered all over the city and we couldn't possibly have hunted our way to each of them. So we hit upon the scheme of hiring a taxi by the hour with the driver as guide. It was the greatest fun, for the price was not exorbitant and we were whisked over London almost as fast as on a magle carpet.

These London taxis have adjustable tops which when laid back give the occupants all the pleasure of an open car.

We drove along the "Embankment" which is a wide esplanade bordering the River Thames, and saw the houses of parliament rising as though out of the water, incredibly stately and beautiful. To me, it was the loveliest sight in all London. Their grace and dignity as they

gleam above their reflection in the river gives them an ethereal quality as though in a moment they would sink again like the fabled cities under the sea. We heard Big Ben, the famous clock in the tower, boom out the hour.

In spite of Jack's amusement, I held to my desire to see the homes of Princess Mary and the Duchess of York. Our driver found nothing surprising in my request, for he drove us slowly past the home of Viscount Lascelles. To me it looked most forbidding from the outside, a heavy dull red brick mansion set behind a high bristling iron fence, but of course, inside it is supposed to be one of London's finest.

The house at 17 Bruton Place, where the little Duchess lived when her baby was born, is more cheerful. It stands flush with the street, being a typical city house, but its three stories of stone are painted a light gray. The driver was quite naively tender over the place.

"You know," he said, "the day the little Princess Elizabeth was born, this street was full of people standing here watching those windows. I was here. Don't have the foggiest idea why I came, you know. Just came and waited with all the rest of the crowd. Curious, you know."

Doesn't it give you a sweet little slant at the reason why royalty is still so firmly established in England when other emperors and kings have toppled into oblivion?

OUR guide took us next through the whole Mayfair district which I had yearned to see with my own eyes. It is merely a section of London noted for its ultra smartness where many of the important social personages live. There is an atmosphere of old dignity along with the modern note of bright flower boxes and occasional gay shutters. The heavily leaded glass doors, the finely wrought iron railings all cry out distinction.

After I had satisfied my romantic soul here, we turned into Hyde Park and circled about the beautiful drives, watching the fashionable folk take their airing and the little "slavies" taking their mistresses' pet dogs for exercise. We saw Rotten Row, famous as an aristocratic bridge path. It winds around the Serpentine, an artificial waterway draped with trees. Hyde Park contains over three hundred acres, and Kensington Gardens, which join it, have more than two hundred. The foliage through it all has that miraculous living green which we've noted everywhere, and the air seems to have the freshness of the country for the weary Londoners to enjoy.

We made a long tour next that landed us in the old Chelsea section, past the barracks of the Grenadier Guards (where, by the way, we were much amused to see one of them brushing his long-haired "busby" hat out the window), on to the Chelsea embankment and to Cheyne Walk (pronounced Chainey) which I've decided is the spot in which to live in London. The river scenes here are lovely, and rising along the drive, facing the water—though set well back in little front lawns, are tall slender Queen Anne mansions with many fine memories attached to them.

We passed the house where George Eliot spent her last days. We saw the old home of Rossetti, the poet, and of Whistler, the great artist. Farther down is the house where Turner, another noted artist, lived.

But the house that interested me most, somehow, was that of Thomas Carlyle. I got out of the taxi and went inside. I just had to see where that dour, but great old Scotchman had worked. This house was bought by public subscription years ago and is now open daily to visitors at a charge of one shilling each. A kindly old woman caretaker showed me the small room, rich in old mahogany, where the great spirits of the day—our own Emerson among them—used to come to talk to Carlyle. She let me peep into the tiny back garden and gave me an ivy leaf from the wall.

The dining-room recalled to me Carlyle's famous saying that the worst fate he could wish an enemy was to digest through eternity with his (Carlyle's) stomach! Poor Thomas! And poor Jane, his wife! I fancy she suffered more from that chronic indigestion than he did!

I hated to leave this darling Cheyne Row, but we had to, for it was lunch time. A friendly fellow traveler at our

(Continued on page 25)

So This Is London!

(Continued from page 24)

hotel had told us of a quaint eating place called "Simpson's Fish Ordinary" down in Cheapside, a section of business London. So there we had the taxi drop us, and made our way through all sorts of queer entrances and alley courts until we were in the building itself. But once there and in the proper room, we had one of the most delightful hours of our trip.



In the first place, lunch is served at one o'clock promptly. There are no casual comers and goers as in other restaurants. We seated ourselves and found the room filling rapidly. Against one wall stood a long narrow table, behind which were placed three chairs. Just at the stroke of one, three old gentlemen filed in and seated themselves there. The central one was master of ceremonies. He rose with dignity as the room grew quiet and said grace! Then the waiters came rushing in with the soup in a mammoth tureen and placed it and the plates before the old gentlemen, who served them all with the most marvelous blend of dignity and expedition.

Each of the six courses (all fish in some form except the soup and dessert, and excellent) were served in the same way, as though we were all at a private family board. Then when the plum tart was finally finished, the great fun of the hour began. One of the waiters entered with a huge Cheddar cheese on a silver stand, which he placed before the master. The other waiters passed slips of paper to each guest. The trick is to guess correctly the height, girth and weight of the cheese, as the old gentleman carefully measures with a tape. If any guest present guesses all three correctly, "the house" serves champagne free to all present, and the lucky person has his name and the date framed and hung on the wall with the relatively few other names already there. But, they say, it really does happen once or twice a year perhaps, that someone gives a perfect answer and there is a gala time after. When the delicious cheese itself had been served, the old gentleman rose and solemnly "returned thanks," after which the meal was over and people left. But did you ever hear of such a quaint place? It's been there forever, of course, and now attracts people from all over the world. In the room that day were guests from India, Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Scotland, and the United States.

The next day we went to the Tower. Another of those landmarks, impossible to describe but absorbing in interest. My idea before of the Tower was of one single stone edifice. But I found out differently. It consists instead of perhaps a score of towers all part of a huge stone fortification enclosing a more or less open square. Surrounding the walls on all sides is a moat, now drained and used as a drill and play ground, though it could easily be flooded again if necessary.

BEFORE we were more than through the first gates we encountered the magnificent spectacle of a "Beefeater," or one of the wardens of the tower. Their uniform has never been altered since it was first designed in the reign of Edward VI. I could scarcely tear myself away from the sight.

We were interested first in the broad wall top where Queen Elizabeth (then a young girl) used to walk back and forth in the evenings while she was a prisoner in the Bell Tower; then the White Tower where the two little princes were murdered by Richard III, and thrown down the dark, horrible narrow stairs. We went down, down into the dungeon where in those sad bygone days prisoners were thrown to suffer from lack of light and air—a dark, fetid place. We saw—and shuddered at the instruments of torture. Most impressive to me in the room where those old horrors are kept, were the carvings on the walls by long-gone prisoners. Beautiful, touching sentiments of courage and faith cut by sad hands into the stone. But it seemed still a living testimony of the triumph of the spirit over the flesh.

In the White Tower we saw the impressive collection of armor founded by Henry VIII. While Jack sauntered about, I sat down to rest on a seat near where a big guard was shining up a coat-of-mail. He looked friendly, so I remarked that Henry VIII was a little heavier weight on a horse in his old days than in his youth, as the equestrian statues showed.

"Oh, yes, ma'am. That he was. A great old customer that, ma'am."

"Do you know," I went on emboldened, "why he differed from all other men as a suitor?"

The guard relaxed his efforts and concentrated. "No, ma'am, don't believe I ever heard."

"Because he married his wives first and axed them afterward," I announced triumphantly.

He smiled politely and went on with his work. But a few minutes later I heard a hearty chuckle.

"That's right, ma'am! Now, that's good, eh? Married 'em first, you know, and axed 'em afterward. Now that's a good one!"

I left him chuckling, and polishing.

Leaving the White Tower we crossed the Green past a tragic spot, the site of the old scaffold. Queen Victoria had it paved in black granite, and a small sign now tells the passer-by that this is the place where so many noble and beautiful heads fell under the axe. It was here that Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard (both wives of Henry VIII) were killed, and where poor Lady Jane Grey lost her life.

The most gruesome feature of the place now, is the presence of great black ravens that stalk about with a melancholy and funereal air. It really gave me a shiver to see them haunting that old execution site as though hungry for more victims.

In Beauchamp Tower, long the prison for people of rank, the walls are almost covered with inscriptions left by those unfortunate mortals. One pathetic, little word, Jane, cut in uneven capitals, tells its own story of the little nine-day queen.

IN THE Wakefield Tower we left torture and rack behind us, and feasted our eyes on magnificence. For here are kept the crown jewels. The large circular apartment has in the center a double case of steel. The blazing crowns, scepters, swords, and all the rest, are labeled plainly, but a guide we had picked up as we went along, described them more minutely. The imperial crown of King George contains 3,200 jewels, one of the diamonds being 309 carats in size. Just look at your engagement ring and do a little multiplication!

There is one even larger in the scepter, weighing 516 carats. It fairly makes one's head ache to look at them.

Among the coronation regalia are massive gold saltcellars, used at that time.

We were interested in hearing of the amazing protective system in force in the tower. It seems that every bar of the great rotunda where the jewels repose is electrically wired. If anyone attempts to disturb these bars, every door in the tower automatically shuts. We were told later by a young journalist that the thing works only too well. He had been present one night as they tested it, and the sudden mighty clang, clang of iron and steel locking tight all over the tower was enough to make even an onlooker's flesh creep.

And now, my dear, I must stop. I wish I could have crowded into this letter all the rest we have seen and felt in this marvelous old city. But that must wait till I see you. I'll write next from the country where we are going for a few days.

Devotedly,  
"BEGS."

Synopsis of "Over the Chimney Pots"

Mary Seaton had for years practiced the strictest economy to buy back her home, lost through the death of her husband, Richard. Having accumulated five thousand dollars for the first payment, she joyfully started out to tell Mrs. Allen, the owner.

On reaching the gate, a stranger came forward, and, when he learned her mission, informed her that he, Conan Crane, had bought the property, that Mrs. Allen had gone to California, and that he had let contracts to tear this house down, preparatory to building a garage, kennels, stables, etc., for the house he was planning.

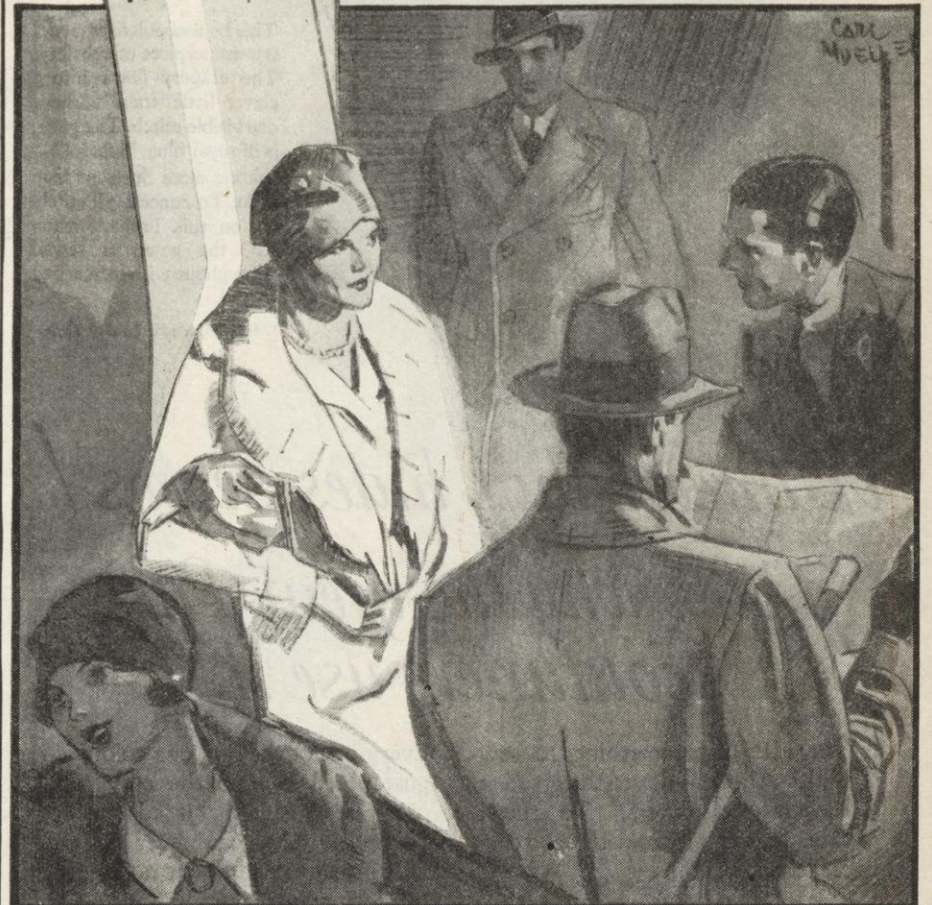
To her story of love for her home he presented a stolid front. After she reached the street, he followed her, induced to do so by the recollection of the death of his unfortunate son. He promised to reconsider if she would return the next day.

Arriving home, she was cheerily greeted by Nancy, one of her boarders, and her doctor friend, Nancy, who had kept her supper, realized that Mrs. Seaton had been through some painful experience.

Teeth may be whiter

STILL...

they are only as Healthy as the Gums



YOU may be in danger, even though your mirror reveals teeth of flashing whiteness.

Dread Pyorrhea, ignoring the teeth and attacking the gums, swoops down on the unwary. And as a penalty for neglect, 4 persons out of 5 after forty, and thousands younger, surrender precious health to this foe.

Take this precaution: See your dentist twice each year. And morning and night, every day, use the dentifrice that keeps teeth clean, and restores

them to their natural whiteness without the use of harsh abrasives and also helps keep gums firm and healthy—the best safeguard against the attack of dread Pyorrhea.

Forhan's for the Gums is designed for the job. Get into the good habit of using this dentifrice morning and night. Brush your teeth and massage your gums daily with Forhan's, following directions in booklet that comes with tube. In tubes, 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.  
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's for the gums

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS



This Louiseboulanger model is a masterpiece of subtlety. The drapery flows into a clever little train without one visible stitch. The gown is of royal blue "lunasol"—a fabric more lustrous than satin. To conceal all stitching on this brilliant material, the gown is sewed throughout with mercerized thread.

Model imported by Lord & Taylor

*A thread that hides seams!*  
*That's why the great Paris*  
*couturiers use it*

Thread! Just something to sew with? Ah, no—not to the greatest French dressmakers. To them, thread is actually *something to conceal stitches with!*

And they have found that there is only one kind of thread that hides itself—a mercerized thread.

Now American women can get a mercerized thread that is not only as smooth and lustrous and seam-hiding as the thread Paris uses—but *boilfast* as well.

Diaphanous chiffons, silk crepes, clinging satins, woolens, cottons, heavy velvets and metal brocades . . . use this mercerized thread for one and all, just as the greatest Paris couturiers do!

Clark's O.N.T. and J. & P. Coats Mercerized Threads come in 150 fashionable, *boilfast* colors for 5c a spool.

Every one of the lustrous colors is guaranteed *boilfast* the *only* colored thread made that is fade-proof. So your stitches can never run or fade into a paleness that no longer matches your materials.

Ask the notion counter of your favorite department store to match your future frocks and lingerie with colorful spools of *boilfast* thread.

The Spool Cotton Company, 881 Broadway, New York.

**"Easy Ways to Pretty Frocks"**

Send for our new sewing book, filled with simple charts and easy sewing directions.

The Spool Cotton Company, Dept. BF7, 881 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find 4 cents in stamps to cover postage on my copy of "Easy Ways to Pretty Frocks."

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

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MERCERIZED THREAD

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

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

**3407**

**3389**

**2865**

**2865**

**2954**

**3138**

**2596**

**Smart Designs for Juniors**

No. 3407. For wee maidens. Designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 2 1/4 yards of 40-inch material.

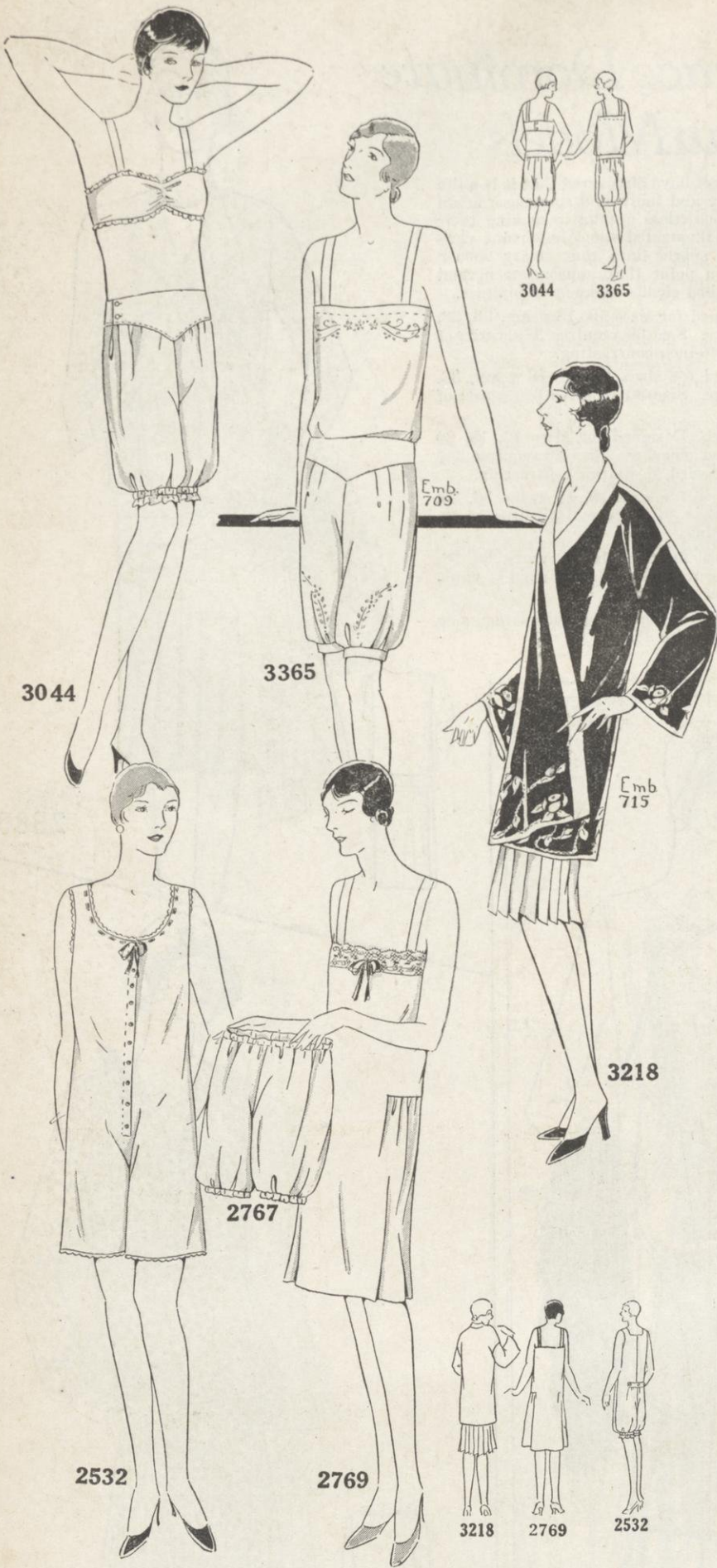
No. 3389. Cute bloomer dress. Designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch material with 2 3/4 yards of binding.

No. 2954. Raglan sleeves. Designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1 3/8 yards of 40-inch material with 3/8 yard of 32-inch contrasting.

No. 2865. Nightdrawers. Designed for sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material.

No. 3138. Dashing junior frock. Designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards of 40-inch material and 3/4 yard of 36-inch lining.

No. 2596. Ideal for classroom. Designed for sizes 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 12 requires 2 1/2 yards of 40-inch material with 1/4 yard of 36-inch contrasting.



*Lingerie with Slim Lines*

No. 3044. Easy to make. Designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 1 3/4 yards of 40-inch material with 3/4 yards of lace.

No. 3365. For slender silhouette. Designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material. Emb. No. 709 (blue).

No. 2532. Comfortable sleep-in. Designed for sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 1/4 yards of 40-inch material with 3/4 yards of edging and 2 yards of ribbon.

No. 2767. Pantalets or bloomers. Designed for sizes 16 years, 28, 32 and 36 inches waist measure. Size 28 requires 1 1/4 yards of 40-inch material.

No. 2769. One-piece slip. Designed for sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch material.

No. 3218. Boudoir smartness. Designed for sizes small, medium and large. The medium size requires 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch material with 2 1/2 yards of 9-inch banding.

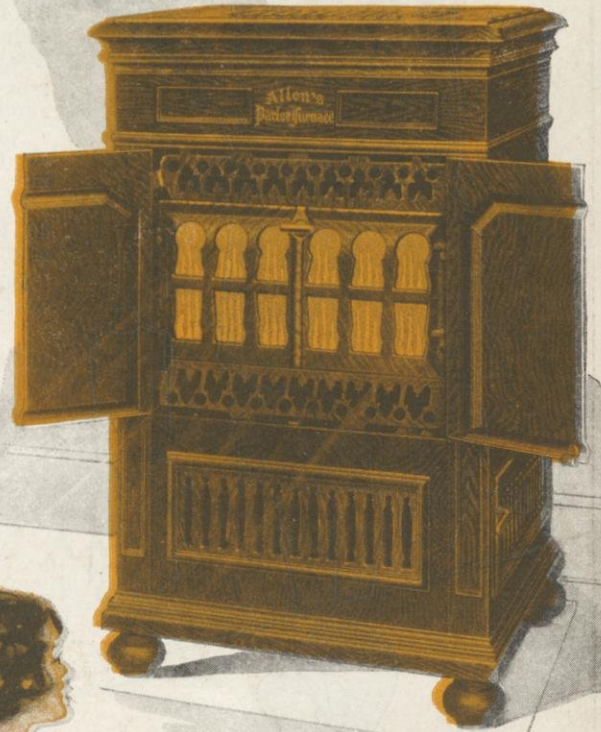
NOTE: Size 16 years is the same as size 34, 18 years the same as size 36.

Patterns and transfers 15c each, prepaid, may be secured from Woman's World, Chicago



**HEATS**  
*the Whole House in Zero Weather*

With the outer doors closed, the ALLEN resembles a piece of beautiful period furniture. Its walnut, porcelain enamel finish is easily dusted.



ALLEN'S circulates healthful, moist warm air to every room in the house with the efficiency of a furnace. Will replace a number of stoves and with greatly improved heating results. Quickly installed without expense.

**ALLEN'S**  
*Parlor Furnace*

Heat radiating fins are built into the heating unit, thereby doubling the radiating surfaces and giving greatly increased heating capacity. Thousands of users in homes, churches, schools and stores testify to its wonderful heating results. Burns any kind of fuel with real economy. Made in a special model for burning gas.



**OLDTIME FIRESIDE CHEER**

Only in ALLEN'S can you get the advantages of a cheerful, open fire with all of the comforts of modern heating. Due to its patented construction, the outer doors may be opened to reveal the fireglow without affecting the full circulation of heat. (Patent Nos. 69,731—16,677. Trade mark No. 202,578.) See this and its many other superiorities at the nearest ALLEN Dealer's.

**ALLEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY**  
Stove Specialists for a Quarter Century  
Nashville, Tennessee



FREE BOOKLET gives interesting, historical sketch on "Heat".

ALLEN MANUFACTURING CO., Nashville, Tenn.  
I am interested in  
 "Oldtime Fireside Cheer" Model  
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City.....State.....

# Youth and Grace Dominate These New Models



ANY women of limited budget have discovered that it is quite possible to have Paris chic and individual smartness at an exceedingly low price by effortless sewing in making their own clothes. The models illustrated show important variations of the mode with subtle lines that smart women appreciate. Belts are raised to a point that approaches normal waistline. Shaped yokes and swathed girdles make snug hiplines.

No. 2582. Good-looking. Designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{7}{8}$  yards of 40-inch material with  $\frac{7}{8}$  yard of 40-inch contrasting.

No. 2580. A favorite. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 40-inch material.

No. 280. Swagger sports model. Designed for sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material with  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of 40-inch contrasting.

No. 2548. Perfect chic. Designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material with 6 yards of binding.

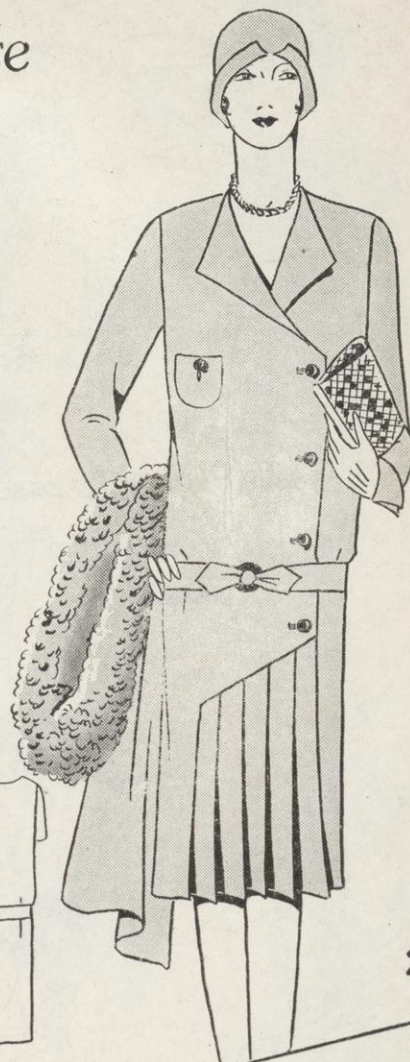
No. 2578. Smart lines. Designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 40-inch material with  $\frac{7}{8}$  yard of ribbon.

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

2582



2580



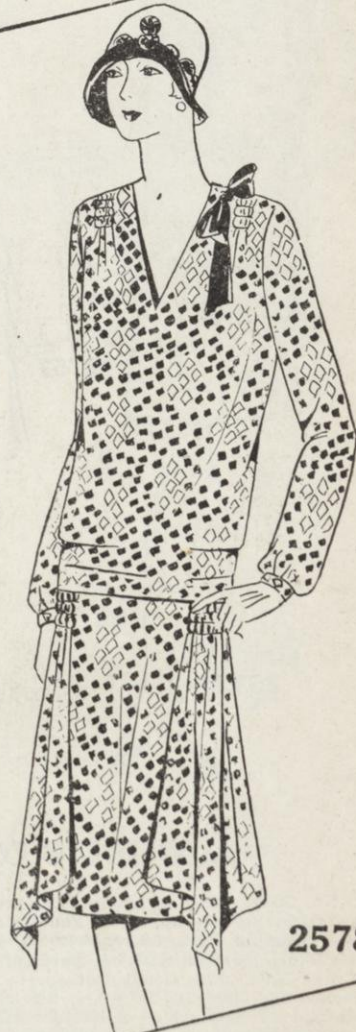
280



2548



2578



# Longer Skirts Point the Way to Chic



WORTHY feature of the new mode is the lengthened skirt line. Skirt width is achieved through circular treatments, pleats and drapes. Points, panels and flounces contribute the dipping hemline, decidedly smart for afternoon and informal evening. The new fabrics, unusually rich in texture, lend the final touch of feminine fashion. Transparent velvets in small printed patterns find a place in every smart wardrobe, as do lightweight tweeds, homespuns and jerseys.

No. 2586. Graceful. Designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 $\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 40-inch material.

No. 277. Chic one-piece dress. Designed for sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 $\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 40-inch material with  $\frac{7}{8}$  yard of 27-inch contrasting.

No. 289. Flattering neckline. Designed for sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 $\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 40-inch material with  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of 40-inch contrasting.

No. 2577. Chic—youthful. Designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 $\frac{5}{8}$  yards of 40-inch material with  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 287. New flare. Designed for sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 $\frac{7}{8}$  yards of 40-inch material and 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards of binding.

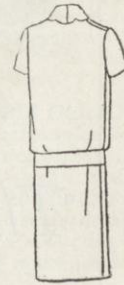
NOTE: Size 16 years is the same as size 34, 18 years the same as size 36, and 20 years the same as size 38.



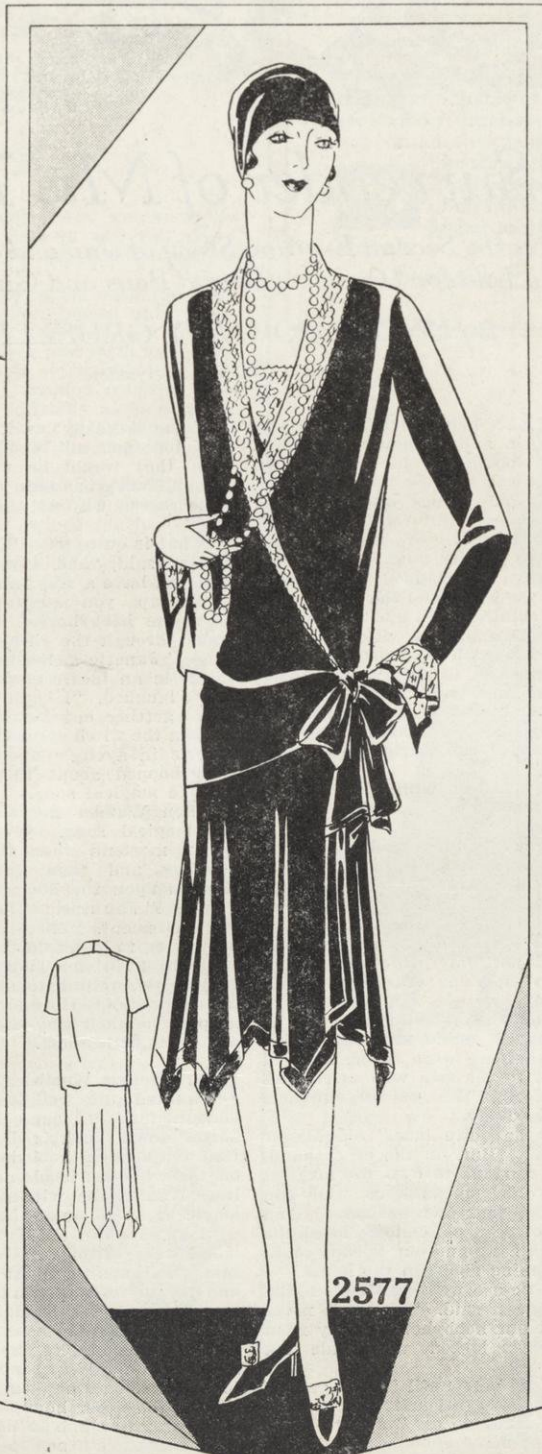
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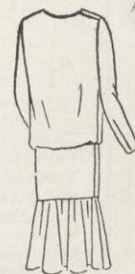
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2577



287



Even flavors can be strong, salty taste that Crystal, like its greater...  
**DIAMOND CRYSTAL SALT IN THE Kitchen**  
 Uses #1 to #43

**THE DIFFERENCE**  
 1. **Brine for Pickles:** Make the brine strong enough to bear up on side, using about 2 1/2 cups of salt to 3 gallons of water. Use the fresh, green cucumbers in this brine as soon as they are ready to use. Do not wash the cucumbers unless absolutely necessary, as this will tend to make them rot. Cucumbers in salt often cause discoloration in pickling. Use Diamond Crystal.

2. **How to Keep Eggs:** Pack fresh eggs small and down hill but do not let the egg touch the other. Hard-boiled eggs should be made in the bottom of the box to allow the moisture to drain off.

3. **To Preserve Color in Boiled Vegetables:** By adding very little more salt than is usual to the water in which these vegetables are boiled and cooking them in an uncovered pan, they will retain their green color. If salt water is used, it will turn the water to red.

...one part of Diamond Crystal...  
 ...of the ordinary...

## How many of these household secrets do you know?

HOW do you prevent cakes from burning and pancakes from smoking? Can you tell an edible mushroom from a poisonous one? Do you know how to beat eggs quickly, stiffen jelly on a hot day and make all the foods you prepare more delicious and flavorful?

This interesting booklet will tell you these household secrets and nearly a hundred more. No woman should be without it. Send for your copy today—there's no cost or obligation—a generous sample of Diamond Crystal Salt will be included.

If you do not use Diamond Crystal Salt, now, a pleasant surprise awaits you. The pure, snowy-white flakes actually bring out the rich, hidden flavors of meats, vegetables and fruits. That's because Diamond Crystal Salt is unusually mild and free from impurities that leave a strong, bitter taste.

Your grocer will be glad to supply you with Diamond Crystal Salt in the handy-pouring Shaker carton, in boxes, or in sanitary cotton bags.

If it isn't Diamond Crystal, it isn't Shaker

Diamond Crystal Iodine Salt, prepared at the request of medical authorities, can also be obtained at your grocer's.

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"The Salt that's all Salt."



FREE

May we send you a generous sample package of Diamond Crystal Salt and the interesting, helpful booklet: "101 Uses for Diamond Crystal Salt"?

DIAMOND CRYSTAL SALT Co., Dept. 733, St. Clair, Mich.  
 Yes; send me the trial package and booklet, free.

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 City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



The stone came bounding and crashing down the hill

## The Surrender of Mr. Tunky

This Is the Second Exciting Story of Jan and Janette, Told for Woman's World Boys and Girls

By UNCLE JOHNNY GRUELLE

The Friend of Children Everywhere

MEAN old Mister Tunky lived in a little house as funny-looking as he himself. It was a house built of sticks and stones and had one room built right on top of another, so that Tunky's house was five stories high. Mean old Tunky had taken the magical hobbyhorses from Wamba the witch and the kindly ragman and the children, Jan and Janette.

"Dear me!" Wamba the witch cried as the four friends with Buttons, the little puppy dog, came up to old Tunky's queer house. "Tunky has gone inside and has locked the door! Now, how shall we ever get our hobbyhorses so that we may follow the three men who carried away little Teely Teely?"

This was a question which the ragman and the children could not answer, so they remained silent.

But old Tunky put his head out of the top window and laughed very rudely. "Ha, ha, ha!" he chuckled, "I have always wanted one of your magical hobbyhorses, Wamba the witch;" he made a face at the ragman as he said this. "And now," he continued, "I not only have one, but I have four. So when one wears out, I shall have another!"

"But, Mister Tunky," Janette said, "it is very unkind of you to take our hobbyhorses just when we were trying so hard to catch up with the men who carried off little Teely Teely. We are very anxious to rescue Teely Teely."

"That may be quite true," old Mister Tunky replied. "But, on the other hand, I am just as anxious to own the magical hobbyhorses! So you may as well run along and mind your own business." And with that, the mean old fellow closed the window with a bang and our friends could hear him tramping about in the house.

"I suppose we are wasting time staying here," the ragman said. "We shall never be able to get our hobbyhorses away from him while he is locked up inside his house."

"We might sit here until Tunky gets so hungry that he has to run to the grocery store for something to eat," Janette said.

"But he may have enough food in his house to last a week!" Jan suggested.

"I could easily work magic upon his food and spoil it," Wamba the witch said. "But that would be unkind, and, even though Tunky has been unkind to us, that is no reason why we should be unkind to him."

"That is quite true, Wamba," the kindly ragman said, "and anyone can easily see that you have a very kindly heart."

"Perhaps you might work your magic upon the hobbyhorses and make them break through the door of Tunky's funny house," Janette suggested.

"Quite an idea, my dear!" Wamba the witch laughed. "I shall try it."

So, getting out her little beaded bag, Wamba the witch spread all of her magical charms in a circle upon the ground and then hopped about the circle singing a strange magical song.

When Wamba the witch had finished her magical song, everything was quiet for a moment, then there was a loud scuffling and then a number of hard thumps upon the door of Tunky's house.

"Wee!" Jan cried as he jumped about in his excitement. "The magical hobbyhorses are trying to break down the door."

Mean old Mister Tunky added his voice to the din, yelling loudly for the hobbyhorses to stand still and trying his best to keep out of their way as they rolled madly about his little room.

BUT though Wamba the witch's magic worked quite well, it did not work well enough for the magical hobbyhorses to batter down Tunky's door; and for fear that the magical hobbyhorses might break off their wooden heads and so become useless, Wamba the witch had to work her magic again to quiet them.

"I guess mean old Tunky has built his house very strongly," Wamba the witch said. "Perhaps we might as well run along and try to rescue little Teely Teely without the magical hobbyhorses."

"There must be some way to get into Tunky's house," Jan said. "If we cannot break in the door, perhaps we may be able to get in some other way," and he walked around the queer house to see if he could find a way to climb to the upper windows.

When Jan returned to where his friends



Helmet and Armor Gloves of the 14th Century

## IF YOU WERE MAKING IT

SUPPOSE you were to make a vault to protect the remains of one of your loved ones. How would you do it?

First, you would design it so there could be no doubt of positive protection. You would plan it according to the immutable law of nature that water can not rise inside an inverted vessel. You would not depend on man-made seals or locks.

You would want material that is not porous. Why have a vault at all if it allows water to seep through the side walls? Therefore, you would use metal.

You would go to the great steel mills for their finest metals to insure rust-resistance and there you would find Keystone Copper Steel and Armco Ingot Iron, especially manufactured according to Clark specifications, meeting your requirements.

And in making the vault, only double-welding of the seams would satisfy you. You would want the vault to endure. You would use oxy-acetylene on the outside, and electricity on the inside—the best welding processes.

Finally, in the finer grade you would have it plated with pure cadmium, to give still greater rust-resistance and for the very finest you would use indestructible Solid Copper 10 gauge.

And, of course, you would test the vault carefully by submerging it under thousands of pounds of water before finishing.

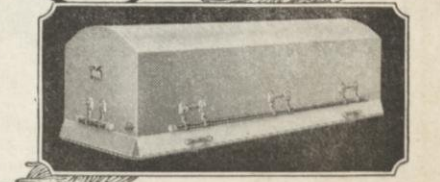
All of these things are done for you in the Clark Grave Vault. That is why it never fails. That is why leading funeral directors recommend it and give a fifty-year guaranty with every Clark.

Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all!

THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT COMPANY  
 Columbus, Ohio

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# CLARK



## GRAVE VAULT

This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark.

(Continued on page 31)

## The Husband of Clara Cate

(Continued from page 6)

High-hat stuff, his had been. She had never talked to him before. Awfully nice chap. She and Jan were rehearsing every day because you always had to make things over and touch them up a bit when you went to London. She expected to be in England through July and was going to France in August.

Nothing intimate, nothing personal. A letter she might well have written, and probably had written, to forty or more of her friends. Surely not a letter from a wife to a husband. Kingsley had from time to time displayed letters from Mrs. Kingsley, letters which, in addition to requests for spools of cotton and samples of silk to be matched, had contained not unpleasant conjugal advice about going to bed early, avoiding pastry and changing socks.

He had been cheated in his twenty years of married life. Married life! It had been as farcical as the very skits of it that Clara acted in. There had not been any at all. He was certainly justified in getting a divorce — although he would let Clara get it. And after the divorce, what? Well, there was always business; it would keep a man out of mischief twenty-four hours a day, if he devoted himself to it. For relaxation there was the club and the few friends he had. The tenor of his life would be very much the same. And he would never marry. Of that fact, he was very positive.

For the first week and the greater part of the second he dutifully continued to read the medieval history and volume one of "American Law and Procedure." He also wrote to Clara so that she might have his address. It was near the end of the second week when he found someone not

associated with family groups or school-teachers' unions and the someone was Miss Smith, who was still asking him for the salt. He met her on the beach and it was only natural that they should stop, exchange civilities and comments on the weather, and that he should join Miss Smith in her task of sifting sand through the fingers.

He found her a very delightful companion. Possibly because she was not so energetically vivacious as Clara and her feminine friends, he thought her decidedly restful. She did not act as if she were talking, walking and breathing under constant pressure. He liked her clothes, too. They were fashionable, without a doubt, and of a distinctive style, but not freakish in color or cut. He frowned as he remembered the black and white costume Clara had worn the day she sailed. Theatrical, garish, pandering to the demands of newspaper publicity.

Miss Smith talked intelligently but not positively of books and plays. She had a keen mind, Peters discovered, and a rather impish sense of humor. They sifted sand and they walked and Peters found himself looking forward to more sifting and walking in the days to follow.

One afternoon—they had taken walks for three days in succession—Peters was absent humming a song, and the woman joined him, her voice low and lilting.

"Now, what is that?" she said, a delicate frown between her brows. She hummed a few bars more. "I know that just as well as anything. Doesn't it irritate you when you don't know what you're singing?" A few bars more, very largo. "I know! It's one of Clara Cate's new songs,"

(Continued on page 33)

## The Surrender of Mr. Tunkny

(Continued from page 30)

sat, he said, "There is a long ladder at the back of the house and I am sure we can put it up to one of the windows and climb inside."

Old Mister Tunkny poked his head from one of the windows and laughed. "Don't you believe it!" he cried. "I can hear every word you say and I know just what you intend doing. So I shall double bar every window and I know you will never be able to get inside! You may as well run on home to your mothers, because you shall never, never get the magical hobbyhorses!" And again he banged the window shut and our friends could hear the mean creature running from one floor to another, barring the windows.

"Oh, I know what let's do!" Jan said. "What shall we do?" Wamba the witch, the ragman and Janette wished to know as they crowded about Jan.

"I can hear every word you say!" Tunkny howled from his keyhole.

"I wish you to hear everything that I say!" Jan replied. "Then you will understand why it will be best for you to give us our magical hobbyhorses."

"I shall never agree to that!" old Tunkny howled.

"You all can see," Jan explained, "that mean old Mister Tunkny's house is right at the bottom of a hill. And, if you look up the hill, you will see a lot of large boulders. Now, if we go up the hill and roll some of the large boulders down against Tunkny's house, they will smash his house to bits and we shall find the magical hobbyhorses in the wreckage." And Jan winked his left eye slowly at each of his friends to show that he really did not mean what he said.

As old Mister Tunkny could not see Jan's wink, he really thought Jan meant to be that unkind, so he opened a window and howled, "If you do that, you know it will be very unkind to me, and even though I

may have been unkind to you, that is no sign you should be unkind to me! That is what Wamba the witch just said a minute ago."

"You wait and see," the kindly ragman replied. "Or, better still, open the door and put the magical hobbyhorses out on your doorstep!"

And with that, our friends walked up the hill until they came to the large stones. "Here's a

nice one!" Jan said. "And we can easily pry it loose so that it will roll down against old Tunkny's house and crash it all to pieces."

So he pushed and pulled upon the large stone while the others helped until it began to move. All together, our friends rocked the stone back and forth as if they were really trying to get it to rolling.

Mean old Tunkny, looking from his window, howled ever so loudly as he watched the stone move. "Don't roll it," he cried. "I will give you one of the magical hobbyhorses!"

"All of them or none!" the kindly ragman cried in reply. And as he said this, he unintentionally pushed too hard upon the large stone and it began rolling, slowly at first, then faster and faster down the hill, straight toward the queer house of mean little old Tunkny.

"Stop it! Stop it!" Tunkny screamed from his window as he watched the stone come bounding and crashing toward him. "I will gladly give you all of your magical hobbyhorses!"

Wamba the witch scarcely had time to feel in her beaded bag and rub one of her charms to try and keep the large stone from striking Tunkny's house squarely at the front door.

In fact, she as well as the others shut their eyes so as not to see Tunkny's house fly to pieces. There was a loud crash and the sound of flying wood and as our friends looked, they saw that the large stone, through the magic of Wamba, had barely missed the house but had carried away one corner of Tunkny's woodshed.

Scarcely had the echoes of the crash died before the front door flew open and mean little Tunkny ran out, pulling the magical hobbyhorses by their bridles. "Here, take them!" he screamed. "And I hope you never bring them by here again!"

"We hope that, if we do, we shall find you in a better temper."

Wamba the witch laughed. "When anyone has been as mean as you have been, they cloud up their lives so darkly, they cannot find happiness in anything!" And as she and her friends hopped upon the magical hobbyhorses, she added to Tunkny, "When one cannot find happiness in such a beautiful world as this, it is simply because they have closed the windows to their hearts and shut out all of the sunshine of happiness."



## Old Dutch brings Healthful Cleanliness in the kitchen—important where food is prepared

"How spick and span everything looks—a wonderful housekeeper"—is the thought that enters the mind when one steps into an Old Dutch kitchen. And there is something too, that the eye doesn't see that is most important—it's *Healthful Cleanliness*. Old Dutch not only removes all the visible dirt and stains, but the invisible impurities as well. This is important where food is prepared.

*Old Dutch* keeps the sink, cooking utensils, refrigerator, cabinet, walls and painted woodwork—floors and kitchen furniture, wholesome and hygienically clean. It is the safe, sure way to spick and span appearance and *Healthful Cleanliness*. Old Dutch gets into every nook and corner.

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*Old Dutch Cleanser homes are Healthful homes*



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physician endorses; that the public has found so helpful. It is a gentle corrective that every stomach needs at times; whenever a coated tongue, fetid breath, and acrid skin tells you the system needs sweetening.

Phillips is the genuine, prescriptional product; physicians endorse; the name is important.



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Jan and Janette



The Ragman



ARGUMENTS  
on INFANT FEEDING RAGED



... but the baby had to be fed

**F**OR over half a century now, learned men have earnestly been studying the science of infant feeding. Testing theories—experimenting with formulas

One food after another has been tried—appraised—accepted or rejected. No universal formula—right for all babies—has ever been found. None ever will be found. But it is interesting to know that the first baby food ever manufactured—Eagle Brand Condensed Milk—has agreed with more babies than any other one food ever tried.

Year after year, with discussions raging, formulas changing, Eagle Brand has continued successfully to feed the baby. To feed millions of babies! Many of them are grandparents now. Still more are young fathers and mothers—feeding their own babies on Eagle Brand. Time after time, in difficult feeding cases as well as under normal conditions, Eagle Brand is prescribed by doctors as the food most likely to agree with the child.

Why is Eagle Brand so successful?

Eagle Brand is pure, fresh, whole cow's milk, condensed by removing most of the water and modified by the addition of refined sugar, to supply the carbohydrates that all infants require. The same nourishing qualities found in certified and pasteurized milk are in Eagle Brand also—bone and tissue-building elements and essential growth-promoting vitamins—but all in a form far easier than ordinary milk to assimilate. In the baby's stomach, Eagle

Brand forms tiny soft curds, very much like those formed by mother's milk.

So, when a baby must be weaned, or when additional feeding must help out the breast feedings, countless mothers turn to Eagle Brand. And Eagle Brand, supplemented at the proper ages by those additional foods now generally prescribed—orange juice, cereals, cod liver oil, etc.—takes baby after baby triumphantly through the bottle-feeding stage to a sturdy childhood.

You know these Eagle Brand babies!

In these very pages, month after month, year after year, you have seen smiling pictures of children raised on Eagle Brand. All are voluntarily sent to us by proud parents! Eagle Brand has always had a wealth of freely offered testimonials to draw upon!

Eagle Brand never varies. It is always uniform—always pure—always safe—for traveling, for use in extreme climates or where the fresh milk supply is of doubtful quality. Even in hottest weather it keeps without ice.

You will be interested to know that Eagle Brand is a wonderful body-builder for the growing child, preventing and overcoming malnutrition. From the age of two years on, serve Eagle Brand as a drink between meals. Use it also as a delicious spread for children's bread.

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Mail the coupon for "Baby's Welfare" and "What Other Mothers Say." They contain practical feeding information and stories of Eagle Brand babies.

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City . . . . . State . . . . .

Before the **BABY** COMES

By HERMAN N. BUNDESEN, Sc.D.  
President, American Public Health Association

The fifteenth 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

When to Call the Doctor and the Nurse

**C**ALL the doctor: 1. As soon as the true labor pains begin. 2. If the "waters" should break, no matter how little comes. 3. If the "show" appears. 4. If anything unusual comes out of the private parts. 5. If the pain is very severe or attended by faintness. 6. If there is any bleeding, however slight. 7. If you have nausea, vomiting, pain in the stomach, headache or spots before the eyes.

What to Do if the Baby Comes Before the Doctor or Nurse Arrives

If the baby comes before the doctor arrives, do not get nervous and alarmed because, when the baby comes quickly, it means that things are normal. When the child comes, have someone see that it does not choke. If the cord is around the baby's neck, unwind it with care.

If the baby is slow about crying or breathing, he must be held up by the heels, with the index finger between the two ankles, in a firm grip. The mucus should be gently wiped from his mouth with a piece of gauze and he should be given a mild "spanking."

See that you and the baby are warmly covered. If the doctor is delayed and the afterbirth comes, too, the navel string should be tied with a strong string or tape. Before doing this, have someone boil the tape and scissors for five minutes; wash the hands thoroughly and sterilize them with alcohol. The navel cord is tied in two places, at least two inches from the baby's body, and cut between the knots. If the stump of the cord on the baby keeps on bleeding, tie it again with more tape. Save the afterbirth so that the doctor may see it.

After-Care of the Mother

The time following the birth of the baby, during which the mother's organs return to normal, is called the lying-in period and is the time of recovery. It took nine

months for the mother's body to adjust itself for the growth of the child. The job should not be considered done when the baby is born.

1. The womb must grow back to normal and become lighter in weight, for when the baby is born the womb weighs over two pounds and about six weeks later it should weigh only two ounces.

2. The diet for the first two days should be liquid as a rule; then semi-solids, such as custards, may be taken and gradually such food as the mother is used to is resumed.

3. The bowels during this time are usually constipated because of: (a) the rest in bed; (b) the loose muscles; (c) the food, which has but little residue (roughage).

4. Rest and quiet are very important. The number of visitors should be very few—one or two a day at most. It is best to limit them to the husband and the mother. Visitors with colds or other illness should be kept away as they are a great source of danger to both the mother and baby. It is now very important that you follow your doctor's orders. The time you must be in bed may be ten days or two weeks. At the end of a week, you may be allowed to sit up in bed; two or three days later in a chair, but to begin with for only five to ten minutes in the morning and afternoon. The doctor will decide when you should get up.

5. The monthly sickness does not return to some mothers while they are nursing their babies, but appears in four to six weeks after the nursing period is over.

In the daytime, while you are lying in bed, there are some simple exercises you may take, with the approval of your doctor, that will help you.

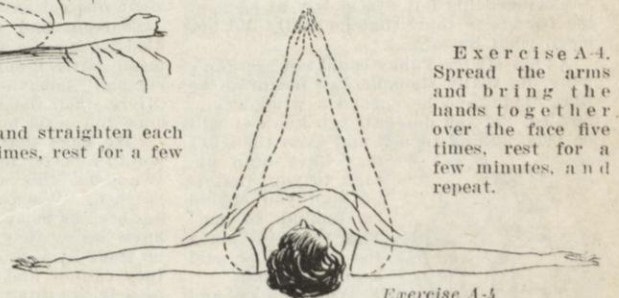
(a) After the second day, do the following arm exercises, making each movement ten times. (Exercises by courtesy of Dr. Joseph B. DeLee.) Do these three times daily and oftener as you grow stronger:



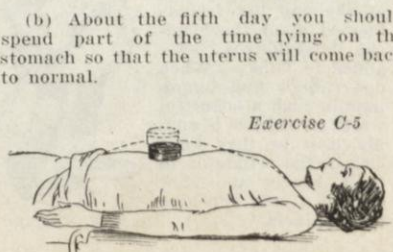
Exercise A-2. Raise each arm straight up slowly five times, rest for a few minutes, and then repeat.



Exercise A-3. Bend and straighten each arm at the elbow ten times, rest for a few minutes, and repeat.



Exercise A-4. Spread the arms and bring the hands together over the face five times, rest for a few minutes, and repeat.



(b) About the fifth day you should spend part of the time lying on the stomach so that the uterus will come back to normal.

(c) After the sixth day, do the following exercise five times, morning and evening:

Exercise C-5. Put a light weight on your stomach and see how high you can lift it with a slow, deep breathing movement.

# Add ONE Pound A Week, Mother To Your Child's Weight —In a Way Youngsters Delight In



I got Ovaltine for my oldest boy, aged 7, who always was a very nervous child. He never would eat as he should or drink milk. Since taking Ovaltine his appetite is not only improved, but he also eats most everything . . . You can gather from the things mentioned here that Ovaltine has done wonders for my boy. We will never be without Ovaltine.  
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## An Utterly NEW-TYPE Food-Drink from Switzerland That Is Working Wonders

Now comes a way of increasing children's weight that you need neither urge nor command your child to take. Thousands of mothers on expert advice are adopting it.

Weight increases of 8 ounces to 1½ pounds weekly are commonly credited to this Swiss creation. "Nervousness" is often noticeably curbed in a few days.

It comes from Switzerland, the country which has done so many wonderful things in child building. And so remarkable have been results that its use has spread to some 50 different nations.

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New to America, it is almost a national beverage in Switzerland, England, and in most of Europe. 20,000 doctors are advising it. A supremely delicious food-drink called Ovaltine.

You give it as a hot beverage at meals; as a food-drink between meals; at bedtime to induce sound, health-building sleep. Soon you notice a change in weight, activity and better nerve balance in your child. Results are marked and noticeable.

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Get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store. Or send coupon for three-day test. Do this today. Do it for your child's sake. But be careful you get genuine "Ovaltine." There is no other drink "like" it. No other drink the "same" as Ovaltine. Watch out if you are told there is.

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I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name.....  
(Print name and address clearly)

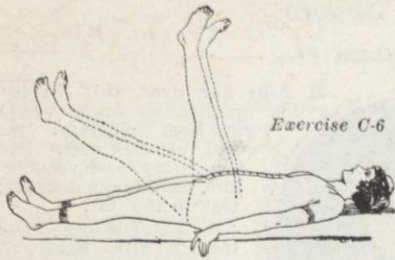
Address.....

City.....State.....  
(One package to a person)



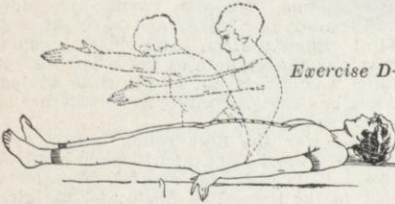
# OVALTINE

BUILDS BODY, BRAIN AND NERVES



Exercise C-6

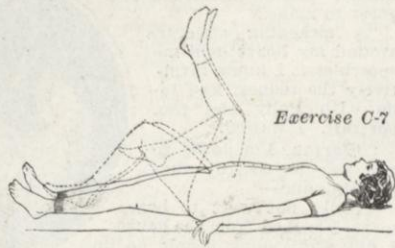
Exercise C-7. Bend the leg at the knee, then bring the thigh up toward the chest and straighten the leg in the air.



Exercise D-8

These exercises strengthen all the muscles, improve the circulation and favor a quick return to health.

Exercise C-6. Slowly raise and lower the legs, held stiff at the knees, five times morning and evening, and more as you grow stronger. At first use one leg at a time; later, both legs together.



Exercise C-7

(d) After the tenth day, if you are no longer bleeding:

Exercise D-8. Raise and lower the body slowly from a lying to a sitting position with the arms out straight in front. Do this three to five times a day, morning and evening.

Keep the bladder empty even though there may be no strong desire to pass water.

Tub baths may be taken after the fourth week.

## The Husband of Clara Cate

(Continued from page 31)

'Slip Away, Slide Away, Glide Away with Me.'

Peters stumbled and flushed, as if he momentarily expected her to look at him and exclaim, "Why, you're her husband!" As she continued to hum the ditty, he smiled at his fear. At the Maynoma he was only a very ordinary Mr. Peters of New York. No one would associate him with America's foremost vaudeville actress.

"She really is wonderful," said Miss Smith, leaving the song on a rather inaccessible high note.

"Who?"  
"Why, Clara Cate. I never miss her. She's always the same, so breezy and buoyant. Better than a tonic if you happen to be at all depressed. And how young she stays. Surely, she must be over forty."

"Forty-two her next birthday," said Peters tersely.

"Gracious," laughed Laura Smith. "You said that with a nasty air of conviction! Do you have the ages of all the actresses at your tongue's end?"

"Ran across it the other day in a magazine," replied Peters uncomfortably. "How about a little high-brow vocalizing? 'My Lover He Comes on the Ski' as Urban Le Long would do it."

"Don't," said Laura Smith quickly and with a grimace. "I'm tired of high-brow songs, and I never could ski. Do look at those men in the launch. One of them just made a beautiful dive!"

Peters neglected "Law and Procedure" and medieval history during the third and fourth weeks. He and Laura Smith, on the backs of two leisurely horses, rode along the shady paths of Fairfield's hills and valleys. He and Laura Smith played tennis, golf and even croquet. They swam together, walked together, talked together until Miss Adelaide May and the guests at the Maynoma began to follow them with pleasant speculative glances. Who could tell? A romance between a very charming young woman and a rather handsome bachelor might be in the making. And certainly they were old enough to know their own minds.

But Andrew Jackson Peters, forty-five and successful corporation lawyer, did not know his mind until it was almost time for him to return to the city. During his last week he had been vaguely troubled. The decision which he had thought was shelved until September was protruding itself and a new and rather disturbing angle was coming to the fore. He was going to have Clara divorce him. That part remained unchanged. But the trend of his life after he was divorced was no longer satisfactory. He had planned to do what? Work. Work and live at the club as a bachelor.

Why should he not marry and make up to himself for what he had missed? Why not have the hearth, the slippers, the smoking jacket? He was only an ordinary man. He should have married an ordinary woman, not a stage celebrity. Of course, he had not known that Clara was going to be one, but he had been perfectly aware from the start that she was different, different from himself, from what few girls he had met. He ought—he ought to have married someone like Laura Smith!

He bit his lips as he stood at the win-

dow, staring fixedly at the bit of clear blue Atlantic visible from his room. After all, it was the sensible thing to do. Laura was the logical wife for him. She would be Mrs. Peters. She would be at home, waiting for him, nights. She would travel with him, go to concerts, plays and dinners with him. She would be an excellent companion, gracious and quiet, yet never boring. She was popular at the hotel, but not conspicuous. There had been at least five "get-togethers," as Miss May termed them, but Laura had not sung, played, read or given imitations. She had been perfectly content to sit back and be audience. Now, if Clara had been there . . . He shuddered.

He had had but one letter from Clara, another short hurried note, as impersonal as the one she had written on shipboard. Clara's letters had always been the same, except for the first five years when she had not been away very often or very long and had been heartbroken on account of the separation. She was having a wonderful tour in London, in spite of the poor theatrical year everywhere. There was quite a colony of Americans over there—Billy and Dolly Donaley, the dancers, Jo Foote, the trick pianist, the Balou Blues Little Symphony and, of course, Urban Le Long. She had met the Prince of Wales at a night club and danced with him. A nice boy. Her plans had been changed a bit. She was to have but one week in Paris and was returning to London for a final booking.

His last week at the Maynoma went rapidly as last weeks always do go. Almost constantly he was with Laura Smith. They walked for miles on the smooth hard beach, warmed by the sun that made of the ocean a brilliant blue mirrored dance floor on which the little white heads of wavelets bobbed now and then, and cooled by the wind which stole from the dark branches of the pine trees on the shore with a mysterious shush . . . shush, then stole back again. They climbed Strawberry Hill, which in July had perforce no strawberries on it, but wild raspberries and thimble berries. On the crest of Strawberry Hill they ate their berries and talked and were silent for long periods, silent in a very peaceful way. You can talk after a fashion with most everybody, but with only a chosen few can you be silent. Laura Smith was one of the chosen few. You simply could not be still with Clara.

In his imagination he saw himself and Laura taking a trip together, possibly to the Mediterranean, there enjoying the sunlight and warm blue sea even as they now enjoyed Strawberry Hill and the crystal cold Atlantic. They would not need to talk constantly to each other, to devise modes of entertainment. There would be no bustle, no confusion, no trying and failing to dodge newspaper reporters. It would be leisurely and restful.

When he thought of the future, he wondered if Laura had any idea of his affection for her. She must have. He had monopolized her for an entire month. Possibly she might expect him to make a declaration of some sort before he left, because, of course, she thought of him as Andrew Peters, bachelor. It would be de-

(Continued on page 51)

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## Clouds of Magic Bubbles

What is the delightful secret? Where do they come from—the magic cleansing bubbles that burst in fleecy clouds from this big, white, wholesome cake?

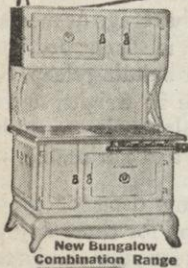
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You will be greatly surprised when you learn how Infra-Red Rays relieve congestion or troubles causing aches and pains in the body. The Campbell Infra-Red Ray Lamp concentrates a mild beam of Infra-Red Rays upon any part of the body.

These rays penetrate deeply into the tissues. As they penetrate they create an active circulation of the blood. Most ailments are due to congestion—relieve the congestion and you relieve the ailment. Nature herself does the healing by active, normal blood circulation.

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## Apples of Sodom

(Continued from page 9)

"That evening, Mrs. Baker said calmly, 'Barton, I have a request to make.'

"A sickening stricture around my heart held me speechless. I knew intuitively the request had to do with Polly and the portrait. I waited.

"'Barton, I'm going to ask you to destroy that painting and—'

"I did not wait to hear more. I rushed from the house. I did what many people do under stress of emotion—walked until I was ready to drop. And when I did drop, it was at the pension in which Polly lived.

"I told her of Mrs. Baker's cruel request. I cried out that I could not do this monstrous thing. I cried out my love for Polly. She cried out her love for me. In each other's arms, with the rapture of that first kiss going to our heads like wine, we vowed we'd never part.

"Then our racial inheritance, the blight transmitted no doubt from our Puritan ancestors, like a hot fetid wind from a poisonous swamp, blew over our young hopes and plans, withering them, killing them in the hour of their birth. We drew away from each other, conscious of our sin. We talked the situation over. We decided, never doubting our ability to decide rightly, that there could be no happiness built on a foundation of wickedness such as was our illicit love. We decided to give each other up—once and for all. She would leave Paris. I would go back to Mrs. Baker.

"I presume we did what today you call dramatizing—we dramatized ourselves. I know I felt very lofty, very righteous as I walked home, stopping at my studio to get the portrait. Mrs. Baker was sitting up, waiting for me. Malcolm, it was not until a quarter of a century later that I realized that she, too, had suffered on that night—and the days and nights preceding it—and following.

"Had I waited until the next morning, I would never have done what I did. But with my high purpose still flaming, I placed the painting before her, telling her it was hers—to do with it what she wished. I never saw it again. There was a stove in our sitting-room. The following morning the acrid odor of burnt paint and canvas assailed my nostrils with sinister import.

"As I lay there sniffing the evil smell and getting no solace from my sacrifice, I knew I had painted my last picture. The one thing Mrs. Baker had given me, she had now taken away. That was enough; that paid my debt. If I could not have my art, I could have my love.

"In the morning light I saw things clearly. Hastily I dressed and made my way to Polly's pension. Hope beat high in my heart, my head swam with gladness. I had all I could do to keep from breaking into a run. But when I got there, Polly was gone. And, according to our arrangement of the night before, she had left no address."

**BETWEEN** the two men seated on the hotel veranda there fell a pause freighted on one side with memory, on the other with an unspoken question. This was characteristic of their conversations—conversations that were not discussions—no exclamations, no promptings, no comments. At length:

"No, I did not try to find her. I felt it would be useless. A woman's ethical sensibility is finer than a man's, her moral obligation stronger. Polly had not suffered a reaction such as I had. She had the strength to keep her part of the compact, to go where duty led. Perhaps I did not want to appear less noble, perhaps I realized the futility. At least I did not pursue her.

"During the following twenty years, Mrs. Baker and I traveled about, stopping wherever we wished, or rather wherever she wished. I had no wishes, no preferences, no desires. I thought I had lost the capacity for all emotion. But in that I was mistaken. We never lose that, Malcolm. It only varies in degree and kind.

"When she was seventy-five and I fifty, Mrs. Baker died. It was then I learned that ours was the exception that proved the rule—that we had lived together happily for twenty-five years, despite the difference in our ages. Of course, I said nothing to disprove this. So that, Malcolm, is the story of my first marriage.

"Freed at fifty, I deliberately set about to obtain all that I had been cheated of.

If Polly had lived, this chapter of my life, no doubt, would have been different. But word of her death had come to me three years before. She was unmarried; true to the last.

"So at middle age—I had thought Mrs. Baker elderly at fifty, but myself scarcely middle-aged—I journeyed home to the States. It was in New York City that I met Gretchen Semple. She was twenty-five, blue-eyed, fair-haired and clear-skinned. Vital. Eager. Alert. And smart. Smartness was the keynote of her existence. A thing was or was not worth while having, doing or being, according as to whether or not it was smart.

"She was the first young lady I ever saw in a short skirt, and it made her look like a little girl. By short I don't mean just to the knees like Adele and the girls of today are wearing. I mean clearing the floor about six inches. Heretofore, young ladies, as young as eighteen, wore their gowns, even their tailored suit-skirts, trailing. Demi-trains, I think they called the ones that didn't trail so far behind them. But short skirts were coming in; they were smart. Therefore, Gretchen had hers bobbed or bought new ones. Bobbed, I'm inclined to believe. Père Semple was in no sense of the word plutocratic.

"**LESS** than two months after we met, Gretchen and I were married. I traveled all the way to her home, a small town near Chicago, to ask her father's permission. A useless trip. Gretchen made her own decisions. She felt it was smart to marry me. I was rich (Mrs. Baker's sole beneficiary), foreign-flavored, distingué. She told me frankly she thought it was smart. I laughed, well pleased with the compliment. It was just another way of telling me that I was worth having, that I had been selected.

"'And, Lover-duck, we'll go abroad for our honeymoon trip?' she suggested.

"Europe had no charm for me; but, of course, we went. Through England, Scotland, France, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland and Italy we raced. Raced. There is no other word for it. No other word expresses the rate of speed at which we went.

"While crossing, I pictured myself in the role of guide, courier, mentor. With my knowledge of Europe and of art, I felt well qualified to conduct my bride on this tour. It was my idea to travel leisurely. But not Gretchen's. Speed was the motif of her travel plan—of her life plan, I came to think. She did everything at top speed, while I panted in her wake. We sped through miles of art galleries, swiftly and unseeing past the world's masterpieces. Through cathedrals and castles.

"I had been accustomed to sleep late, to loiter at my bath, to dawdle through my breakfast, to linger over my paper. To fill the hours interestingly had been my problem. But my young wife changed all that. Her vitality, her superb endurance at first amazed, then surpassed me. No matter what time we had turned in, she was awake and up before seven with:

"'Hurry up, Barton! We've flocks of things to see today.' A splash in and out of the tub. 'Gracious, Loverkins, aren't you dressed yet?' A half dozen brisk strokes of the comb through curling locks, a deft twist, a pat of the powder puff on a gleaming cheek; then, 'If you don't speed up, dearie, we'll never get off.'

"I speeded up. By noon my head, back and feet would ache.

"'Sweetheart, let's stop and have luncheon,' I'd suggest.

"'Luncheon!' she'd answer distastefully. 'Well, just a bite somewhere. We can't take much time—a multitude of things to see!'

"'We'd have a bite somewhere, which meant anywhere near by. Then would follow the long, tortuous hours of the afternoon when my mind was filled with schemes—schemes to sneak back to the hotel and get a little snooze, this when I was dizzy from lack of sleep; schemes for a whole day off, schemes to get a decent meal at noontime, for refreshments between four and five, when I was faint and exhausted. I even thought of carrying a sandwich in my pocket and of eating it hidden behind a sculpture. I schemed for a whisky and soda.

"'At last I could understand, could sympathize with Mrs. Baker. I recalled how when we were on our honeymoon she

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## Apples of Sodom

(Continued from page 34)

would find a seat while I lingered over a painting. And how weary she appeared at night, while I chafed to fare forth in search of adventure. Now, no matter how gruelling the day, no matter how my flabby muscles and brittle bones rebelled, when night came a lovely young woman needed an escort. And had one.

"My favorite scheme for a few days' rest from this damnable sight-seeing—one day I now realized would not suffice—was to turn my ankle, or rather to pretend to turn my ankle. I rehearsed this in detail. I set the time. It was to happen in front of our hotel as we stepped from a cab.

"Then at the end of an unusually wearying day, when I was dragging along and thinking the time had come for my little act, an impish voice behind me said, 'That pretty girl's old man is all in!' I glanced around guiltily and saw a sleek young fellow that we'd been running across everywhere, and who had been eyeing Gretchen admiringly. He thought I was her old man, her father! The impudent young pup! I'd show him! With a youthful swinging stride I achieved the short distance to a waiting cab, the turned ankle entirely forgotten.

"I thought that when we got home, I'd have a chance to rest. In fact, there'd be nothing to do but rest."

He paused and a grim smile distorted his sensitive lips.

"We built a house, Malcolm, just an eight-room, stucco house, in Gretchen's home town. From the moment it was completed, it was overrun with young folks—girls and boys, young men and women rather; they ranged in years from twenty to thirty. The most shockingly unconventional young folks it has ever been my misfortune to know.

"THE continual turmoil, the lack of sleep, the distressing emotions—all told on me. I grew nervous, irritable, fault-finding. I thought I couldn't endure always having a mob swarming over our house as though it were a public place, a restaurant or a dance hall. Their high-pitched voices, their banal chatter fretted me.

"But it was Gretchen, strangely enough, who fretted me most. She wasn't neat. Her dressing table always was cluttered with creams, lotions, a half-eaten apple, a box of candy with the lid off, an inadequate hair receiver, letters out of their envelopes, powder puffs, etc. Her impulsiveness, too, annoyed me. I liked affairs prearranged. Jumping up from the dinner table, she'd say, 'Come on, let's drive over to Lake Geneva—a distance of fifty miles—or, 'If we hurry, we can catch the train to Chicago and see that new show at the Studebaker. I'm just dying to see it!' I tell you, Malcolm, to a methodical person of my years, this was excessively annoying.

"When Gretchen and I had been married nearly five years, Doctor Lloyd, Doctor Bertram Lloyd, came to our little town to take over the practice of old Doctor Blair. The young doctor—he was about thirty—was immediately one of what we were pleased to call 'our set.' It did not take me long to see that he and Gretchen were to each other what Polly and I had been. The invariable repetition of design. The duplication of experiences.

"I think I was aware of this before either of them. I observed them together. Their innuendoes were often totally unintelligible to me. Their eyes would meet, sparkle; then they'd giggle. Giggle. There is no other word for it. They enjoyed the same things. Getting up early in the morning—he was sometimes at our house before I had left my chamber—dancing, playing tennis, hiking. Her untidiness did not annoy him. He invariably left a trail of ashes behind him. Her impulsiveness pleased him. He met her suggestions halfway, when he didn't anticipate them. They were the same age, of the same generation.

"Wretched as was my life with Gretchen, more acutely wretched than it had been with Mrs. Baker, the knowledge that she loved another man, the thought of giving her up, was bitter indeed. After all, she was my wife. Not only my wife, but my youth.

"It was the night of the charity ball, the opening social event of the season. As I watched them dancing together, saw her glance flutter up to meet his, saw him stoop to whisper something in her ear, saw

the light of love in both young faces, then I had it out with myself. I resolved I'd not hold her captive as I had been held.

"I tell you, Malcolm, giving up Polly had been hard, but then I was young, warmed with the glow of righteousness—but renouncing my claim on Gretchen and all she stood for when I was fifty-five—well, it was simply signing my own death warrant.

"But I might have saved myself the trouble. As usual, Gretchen made her own decisions. The morning after the charity ball she came to me, looked me squarely in the eye and said, 'Barton, I want a divorce.'

"Then, as I did not immediately reply, she went on, 'I want a divorce so that Bertie and I can marry.' (She called Dr. Lloyd Bertie.)

"But, Gretchen! I exclaimed. 'There's no use to 'But, Gretchen' me. We made a mistake when we married; now we'll correct it.'

"But you told me you thought it was smart—marrying me?"

"She laughed, then grew serious. 'Yes, I thought it was smart—but smartness isn't the right basis for marriage.'

"What is the right basis? I asked.

"For a moment she seemed to consider. Then: 'There should be love, Barton, good, old-fashioned love—and a man old enough to be a girl's father can't inspire that sort of love.'

The pause which followed was so long as to indicate the story's end.

"Did they marry—Gretchen and the doctor?" Malcolm Gary asked.

"Yes—yes, they married. They have three lovely children now—three lovely children."

"And you, Barton?"

Suddenly the old gentleman's voice was energized, vibrant with feeling. "I, Malcolm, I've been married twice, and twice cheated of God's greatest gift to man—the companionship of the right woman. Apples of Sodom—both marriages—apples of Sodom.

"Never before have I related my personal history, and probably never shall again. It seems an indelicate, almost a sacrilegious thing to do. But there were you and Mrs. Bainbridge, the boy and the girl—four lives. Could I sit by silently and let them all be ruined? Let you all make the frightful, odious mistakes that I had made? For, believe me, Malcolm, regardless of what anyone says—it is a mistake—a hideous mistake to try to mate June with December. It can't be done! It's contrary to the laws of nature. Something stronger than will, stronger than a sense of duty, stronger than a man himself, rises up in revolt against this outrage.

"And can't a man profit by another's experience? Must every pig burn its snout in the hot swill? Can't it see the writhings and twistings of its scalded fellows?"

Again the voice was devitalized, thin, the tired voice of seventy. Placing his palsied palms on the arms of his chair, the old gentleman hoisted himself to his feet. "Good-night, Malcolm. It's past my bedtime. Way past my bedtime."

IT WAS the day after the picnic—the picnic of Adele Rogers and Malcolm Gary. From his own particular chair on the Corinthian-columned, coolly exclusive veranda of the Belmont Apartment Hotel, the old gentleman looked up as a fresh young voice, a voice that lilted with joy, floated to him: "I'm still wondering if that grandpa is real or a painting on the chair?"

But the grandpa didn't hear the impertinence. He heard only the happiness. He saw a pretty girl, her smooth, petal-like cheeks glowing. He saw a young boy stop to hold a match to his cigaret, then laughingly catch up with the girl. He saw a happy ending to this pretty love drama.

Possibly fifteen minutes later the old gentleman again looked up, this time to see the widow, graceful, composed, yet radiant. And Malcolm Gary, impeccably groomed, soigné, yet with a new air, a proprietary air. They were walking toward him. The widow was without a hat. It meant an evening together, a delightful, three-cornered conversation. But, oh, dear God, it meant more, infinitely more—it meant for Malcolm Gary and for Dana Bainbridge—but they were near. He stretched out a hand to each.



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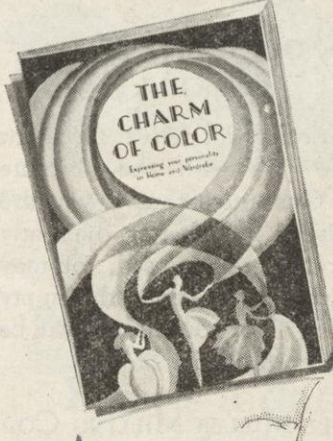
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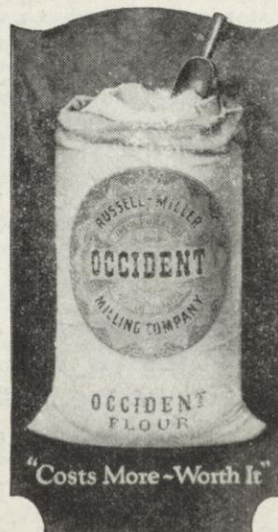
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## Over the Chimney Pots

(Continued from page 7)

panic. She drew a deep breath. Taking up the ugly black thing with an involuntary shudder, she carefully set it on the mantel where it would be out of harm's way. She closed the door and locked it, then pulled the transom shut tight. Finally she crossed to the table.

"Arthur, tell me about it."

He did not raise his head. After a moment she pulled over another chair and sat down beside him. She placed one thin hand on his heaving shoulder.

"Now, now, there's no need for all this, Arthur. Whatever it is, we'll—we'll fix it some way. It can't be so bad as it looks. Of course not. There's nothing so bad as to call for what you were—were—"

He interrupted by halfway straightening up. He turned dry, tragic eyes upon her.

"This is! It's the only way out for me—if I wasn't such a damned coward. I can't take it! You don't understand. You'd better go."

"Yes, yes, in a minute, as soon as you let me know what the trouble is, so we can see what we'll have to do."

He tossed his arms in a despairing gesture of surrender.

"All right, then, all right, I'll tell you—you'd learn tomorrow anyhow! But you can't fix it. You? I haven't got a friend on God's earth who can now! I'm a thief, Mrs. Seaton, a common crook! Do you understand? An—embezzler!"

THE last bit of color left her face, and her eyes closed for the tiniest fraction of a second; but otherwise she betrayed no sign of the shock. She waited, silent.

"Yes, an embezzler!" he babbled on when she did not reply. "I've stolen money—the bank's. I only intended to take a little at first to help out—to pay it back each payday, but—" He checked himself and smiled cynically. "That's old stuff, isn't it? That's what they all say—after the cops come! Well, it's true anyway. But when payday came I couldn't pay it back. I couldn't save. Save from a hundred and ten a month? Gad, before dad died down home I used to spend that much for one decent evening! I—I'd been used to having so much of it that I couldn't get along without it. I had to have it, lots of it!"

Still she did not speak, and, with her pain-narrowed eyes upon him, he quickly resumed his disjointed narrative:

"So I kept on taking it, more and more. That part was easy. I got by all right—covered it up nice, too. But today the bank examiners walked in on us without a second's warning. I had a hard time stalling them off. Tomorrow they'll find it all—they're bound to—and—he faced her abruptly with a flash of sardonic humor—"here, take a good look, Mrs. Seaton—at your boarder—your star boarder! That's rich, isn't it? You won't see him again for quite a while. Tomorrow at this time he'll be where he ought to be—with the other jailbirds, on the inside looking out! And after that—after that the whole rotten world—" The wild mockery all at once vanished from his tone. The bitter grin was wiped from his face. His chin dropped on his breast.

"Arthur, don't!" Her voice was so low that he barely heard her. "How much was it?"

"Forty-one hundred dollars," he answered dully. "It's all gone but about seventy—God knows where!"

"But can't you get somebody to lend it to you till you have time to save up and pay it back? Some of your friends?"

The southerner shook his head without looking up. "No chance! It's too much to hope for on such short notice. There isn't that much in the whole crowd, anyway. Even if there was, they're not the kind I'd expect it from."

"Not the kind?"

"They get all they can while the getting's good, but they're the first to leave the ship when it begins to sink. Oh, yes, I can see things as they are now! Besides, if I asked them for anything like that they'd get suspicious and talk. I think some of them are already."

"Your relations, then? Can't they make it up between—"

He stopped her with a sharp wave of the hand. "Don't talk to me about them! They're the last bunch in the world I'd think of asking."

"Oh, but surely they'd help their own flesh and blood!"

"Flesh and blood! Say, you don't know them! They've always been poor as church mice, and we were rich—till dad died. So they hated me and mother. Called her an—upstart, the harpies, and me a waster, spendthrift, playboy—everything. I haven't seen a single one of them since her funeral. Hope I never do. The worst of it is"—with that wry smile about his lips again—"they were right about me, only they didn't go far enough. They forgot to mention 'crook,' and 'convict.' But they'll be quick enough to learn now. Oh, won't they eat that up, though! Just watch them!"

She sucked in her breath sharply. "Arthur, you mustn't talk like that! What—what are you going to do about it?"

"What am I going to do? Nothing. What can I do?"

"There must be something. You mustn't let them find out now, till you've had time to—get it all straightened up again."

His answer in its despair was almost indifferent. "It's too late to get it straightened up again. The money's gone. Tomorrow I'll tell the whole thing, and after that—after that—well, you know the rest."

Mrs. Seaton sat perfectly still for a full minute; then the hand which had been on his shoulder dropped into her lap. She felt suddenly old and helpless—and cold. Once she started to speak, but the words somehow would not pass her lips.

After a time she got to her feet. She stood before the wide window. Vehicles were spinning by on the asphalt street under the arc lights—a "divver" rattling along with a crowd of happy-go-lucky university boys, a glittering landaulet bearing a regal woman in white satin to her box at the opera, an open touring car filled with gayly dressed young men and women off to a dance or a party. Just below, a belated organ-grinder, his red-jacketed monkey swaying as he rode the instrument, plodded homeward, while a number of hopeful urchins revolved like satellites about him. On the other side a policeman nodded to a passing acquaintance and cheerfully rapped his nightstick on the pavement. The drab, solid row of ancient dwellings opposite was checkered with yellow squares of light.

IT WAS an uninspiring scene, even a shabby one, and at that moment its one virtue, its homely air of normality and peace, seemed cruelly incongruous. What a strange world it was—one half so light-hearted, so unconcerned, and the other plunged in trouble and tragedy! Why he—this mere boy—faced . . . Through the scene before her, like those double-exposure artifices she had watched, fascinated, on her rare visits to the picture shows with Nancy and Tom, another scene began to take form and outline, one that she had once viewed from the window of a hurrying train—long, high walls of yellowish stone, dotted with small round turrets, and with the upper stories of a group of blank-windowed, square buildings showing through.

Oh, he must be saved from that! Those big iron gates mustn't close in front of this boy! Once behind those walls, nothing could ever give him back that intangible something that had been taken away. No power on earth! But who could save him? Who?

Realization suddenly surged over the beating heart of little Mary Seaton, stopping it. Conflict followed, tearing it and trampling it. She could—she of all the world!

But no! Such a sacrifice was not expected! Years and years had she laid all on the altar of that one hope. It would only be folly, senseless, quixotic folly, to toss the reward of them away, the slim chance that could never come again, to rescue an irresponsible youth who knew nothing of suffering and sacrifice, who had ignored advice, who had squandered and sinned! He wasn't worth it. He had

brought it down on his own head . . . Once again the double-exposure effect—the yellowish walls fading, another vision emerging—sunlight drifting through vaulted elms, lying warm on red-wood shingles; a thrush on the antlers of an iron deer; a trellis heavy with roses; a pool of gold in a diamond-paned tower window.

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## Over the Chimney Pots

(Continued from page 36)

She stood motionless, gazing straight in front of her. The scene before the window changed—new figures on the sidewalk, new strings of motor cars, new designs in the yellow squares across the street; but of this Mary Seaton saw nothing at all.

At length, rousing herself, she returned to the young man's side.

"Arthur," she asked quite steadily, "could you make it look all right at the bank if someone loaned you the missing money till you could pay it back?"

He nodded lifelessly. "I could still fix it up if I had the cash, but—what's the use of talking about it? I'm caught, that's all. Where could I get hold of forty-one hundred dollars before nine o'clock tomorrow?"

"Why, I'll lend it to you, Arthur."

He did not seem to understand at first. He remained still.

"What?" he inquired in a flat tone.

"I'll lend you the money."

"You?"

"Yes."

His head came up from his breast with a jerk. His eyes, startled, flamed upon her. Next instant he was upon his feet.

"You!" he repeated. "Where—where did you get so much money?"

"Oh, I've had it lying in the bank," she told him cheerfully. "I've been doing pretty well, you know."

"You're—not fooling me?"

"Fooling you? Why, of course not, Arthur."

"I—I mean, you're really sure you've got it—and you'll lend it to me till I can pay it back?"

"Indeed I will."

There was another brief pause. He licked his lips.

"Oh, if you could, Mrs. Seaton," he muttered in a shaking voice, "if you would, it would just—just about—"

"Yes, yes, I know. Now just sit down there till I get my little book, and we'll have it all fixed up before you can say 'Jack Robinson'."

Limply, dazedly, he sank back into the chair; and Mrs. Seaton quickly left the room.

IN FIVE minutes she was back, a narrow slip of gray paper in her hand. She placed it upon the table before him.

"There you are, Arthur, all filled out," she said in the same reassuring way. "It's on the Day-and-Night Bank, too, so if you want you can get the money now—the bank's right around the corner and it doesn't close for almost half an hour yet. Or you can wait and get it the first thing in the morning. You see, it's not so bad after all, is it?"

He was holding the slip of paper in his fingers, staring at it like one in a trance; then he lifted his eyes to the tired, smiling face above him. And thereupon the tears, long denied to him, gushed up.

"Oh, Mrs. Seaton," the words came between strangling sobs, "why are you—taking a chance like this for me? I don't deserve it. I haven't any security—anything! You know me, too. You know I'm just—a miserable dud! I may never—be able to—pay it back—"

Again his head fell forward on his arms.

"There, there!" she comforted, running her hand gently over his disordered head. "It's all right. Just pay it back when you can. You'll get back on your feet soon now, and you'll have it all in no time. Of course you will."

His sobs shook him for a full minute longer; then, unexpectedly, he dashed a hand across his eyes and sprang to his feet. He seized her by the shoulders in a biting grip.

"Listen!" he ordered, almost fiercely. "Listen, Mrs. Seaton! I will pay this back, every penny! I will, I will! I've been a cad—a rotten coward and weakling, but I'm going to change—I'm through with all that. I'm going to show them all that I—I'm as big as any of them. I'm going to—to—" Glaring into her eyes, he found himself at a loss for words, and his fierceness began to subside. Hope and relief, pouring into his soul as through an opened dam, were flooding away everything else.

Finally he sighed heavily. "I—I mean it," he went on, but in a different tone. "Now I'd better be hurrying around to



your bank and cashing this before they close—thank God they know me there! In the morning the money will be back and everything shipshape before the examiners get to me. Then I'm going to—to start all over. I'm going to work for—you! And oh, Mrs. Seaton, I—I—I can't tell you how—"

He could not finish it. Flinging his arms around her he crushed her to him so hard that it sent a little spasm of pain darting through

her. He pressed a kiss squarely upon her lips.

A short while afterward Mrs. Seaton was back in her own room in the dark. Habit had led her to the window, but—for the first time in years her face was not turned upward. For the first time in years, also, her spirit had utterly surrendered.

What was there to ask for, to hope for, now? It was all over. True, the southern boy's rapturous kiss was still tingling upon her lips, his words of fierce determination still ringing in her ears; but—she knew Arthur Hunt. She smiled a queer little smile. Generous at heart, impulsive, winning, capable of flashes of real nobility, he was still the very thing he had called himself—a weakling. He could never stick to anything long. He would try for awhile, honestly, feverishly; but soon the old craving for the things he had once had, and had never schooled himself to deny himself, would be upon him. He would sink back. Even if by some miracle he did keep on, it would be years—years— Yes, it was all over, all over.

There wouldn't be any use now in going out to the old place on the hill tomorrow. What if that stern-faced old man did relent during the night? He'd never accept her pitiful remainder, less than a thousand dollars, on a ten thousand dollar house. He'd wait for her, perhaps, but when she didn't appear, he'd swear at his foolishness and give the order to go ahead. In a few days they'd begin to rip and tear, rip and tear, and—no, she'd never go back there at all now! Never—never! She couldn't bear to see—

"A garage!" It escaped in a whisper through lips that she tried to bite shut. "Stables—kennels. Oh—oh, God!"

Mary Seaton sank slowly to her knees. Her head drooped against the sill.

But not for long. In the heart of this diminutive woman was the fiber that had given to the world its heroines, its martyrs. Her spirit began to fight back, an uphill struggle. Desperately, she raised her head. Anyway, what good would it do her to spend her days in the old home-stead if the vision of a youthful tragic face and grim yellowish walls was rising up hour by hour to beleaguer her? What was an old house to—a soul? No, it was best as it was. Even if the boy never understood what it all meant—and of course he wouldn't—there was One Who would understand. And that was enough for her.

LIKE a cool and healing breath, the words of an old song drifted across her memory. She murmured them softly, a little unsteadily:

"I know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall."

Mrs. Seaton smiled and started to draw herself up. She was very tired now—so strangely and heavily tired that it seemed an almost impossible task even to move; but—this wouldn't do, this running off to a corner and—and getting sorry for herself! Why, what was coming over her to—let go that way! She'd never done that before. Richard would never have done it, either. It was childish. She must be up and about her duties. Lifting herself to her knees, she once more turned her eyes upward.

And then they widened to a wonderful sight. For the little patch at the top of the light-well, as if in answer to her prayer or in celebration of her victory over self, was this time full of jewels, stars that were sharp little twinkling points, planets that were big and blue-white and calm. One brilliant orb, steady and serene in the very center, seemed to hang almost within reach.

Mrs. Seaton gazed at them a moment or two, astonished. Then, feeling all her

(Continued on page 38)

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Foot Stool See LePage's Book, Page 17

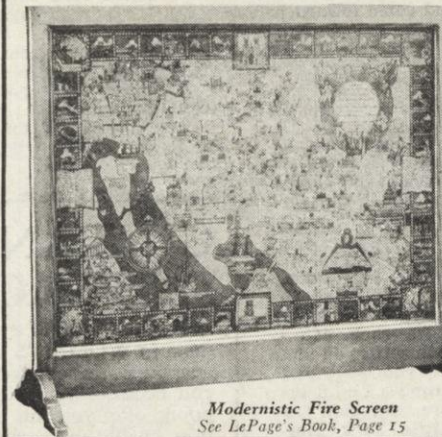
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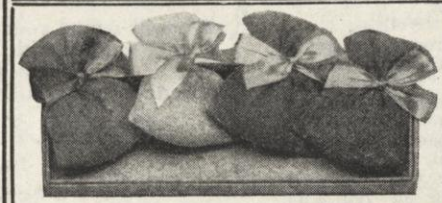
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Modernistic Fire Screen See LePage's Book, Page 15



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# 20 MULE TEAM BORAX



## Over the Chimney Pots

(Continued from page 37)

courage come back in an inspiring flood, started to get to her feet. And that moment something happened. The patch of sky became blurred, vanished. The stars, even the brilliant one in the middle, went out.

THE room seemed unfamiliar, but pleasantly so. It was large and airy, warm with cheerful, though subdued, light. The walls were a restful, pearl-gray tint, and the woodwork a satiny white. There was an inviting white dresser, comfortable white furniture, and, centered on a slender white table, a bowl brimming over with gay little flowers.

Through a large open window at one side sunshine poured in, streaming in a long yellow bar across the floor to the opposite wall; while a giant sycamore, gilded all down its shaggy side, gently rustled its burnished foliage against a sapphire sky. The languishing rasp of a locust told of approaching night.

Mrs. Seaton gazed around her, mystified and wondering. Then, in a big chair in a shadowed corner near by, her eyes discovered a figure in white. This figure, rather tense at first as it sat up, was watching her with keen, anxious eyes. But the eyes quickly softened, the lips curved into a relieved smile, and the figure rose and came toward her.

"Nancy!" breathed Mrs. Seaton. "Right the first time," admitted Nancy. "How is our little lady feeling this evening?"

"Why—all right, I guess. But where am I, Nancy?"

"Where are you? You're in one of the nicest and sunniest rooms in St. John's. I picked it out for you myself."

"St. John's! The hospital?"

"The very same. And I'm going to spend a couple of hours each afternoon with you and get you well and strong again before you can say 'Little Jack Horner'."

"Well . . . and strong? I'm not—sick, am I, Nancy?"

"We-ell, a teeny-weeny bit. But not enough to worry about. Of course not. With the great Dr. Channing waiting on you and Miss Cullinane herself coming over every day to see that you toe the mark, why you just haven't got a chance to stay sick, not a chance in the world!"

Mrs. Seaton smiled uncertainly. "But what happened? How did I get here?"

"It's like this," Nancy explained, shaking a finger at her. "America's foremost physician and surgeon told you—oh, lots of times—that you'd just have to take it easier and not work so hard. And instead of obeying that—that great man, you went right on working harder and harder until all of a sudden you sort of—of tuckered out. So he and I brought you over here where we can keep an eye on you."

"You and Tom brought me here?"

"We did, and that's only the first part of what we're going to do. From now on we're going to build you up all over again. We're going to make you eat what we tell you, and drink what we tell you, and do what we tell you till you'll wish you'd been obedient in the first place. But when we get through with you you'll never know yourself. You'll be—a regular roly-poly."

"That's good of you and Tom, Nancy, but—you know I can't stay here."

"Why not, honey?"

"Because—oh, don't you see?—my boarders! I don't feel sick, and what will they be doing while I'm lying around taking it easy like this?"

"They'll be doing just the same things they've always been doing. I ought to know because I'm taking charge of them, myself."

"You, Nancy?"

"Yes, sree! Nancy Cullinane, and no other. I'm going to be their guardian angel till you're well enough to leave here. So you see there's not a thing in the world for you to worry about."

"Oh, Nancy, you mustn't waste your time on me like this! You have your own cases. What about that Mrs. Morley you

have been nursing the last few weeks?"

"Mrs. Morley is so nearly well she doesn't have to have a nurse at all. She's simply spoiled with too much service. Anyway, I turned her over to one of the girls who just got her diploma and needs the money a good deal worse than I do. Now I think you've talked enough for today, honey, and you'd better let the sand-man come again."

Mrs. Seaton was silent a moment. Then, "When did you bring me here, Nancy?"

Nancy hesitated. "Oh, not very long ago."

"It's strange," Mrs. Seaton remarked, with an embarrassed smile, "but I don't seem to remember. I'm all sort of—mixed up. Have I been here long?"

"No," answered Nancy evenly. "Only since last night."

"Last night," murmured Mrs. Seaton. "Last night? What was I doing? Let me see! I—I seem to recall—"

She suddenly faltered. Then, drawing in her breath sharply, she stiffened. While the blood drained from her face, her eyes widened, stared for a moment at Nancy, and closed.

"Now, now, honey," said Nancy anxiously, "you're not to worry yourself about anything—not the least bit. You just leave everything to Tom and me and go to sleep again. We'll see that nothing goes wrong."

"Nancy, you and Tom are too good to me. I—I'll never forget it, dear, but—I really can't stay here like this. It's imposing on both of you."

"Imposing!" echoed Nancy, squeezing the thin hand that lay on the coverlet. "Push and a couple of tushes! Not a bit of it. We'll have you out of here in a few days."

But Nancy's "few days" slipped away, and others with them; and still Mrs. Seaton found herself in the pearl-gray room. She had failed to respond as Tom and Nancy had hoped. Then there had been a wearisome series of examinations, and after that she had detected, in spite of their cheerfulness, an atmosphere of gravity about both of them. Just what was wrong with her she did not know. Strangely enough, it seemed to her, she was not very curious to know. It was something about her blood, she gathered vaguely.

"Look here, milady!" Tom said to her one afternoon, masking his earnestness behind his easy good humor. "This won't do. This won't do at all! How in Jericho am I going to get you out of here, all well and strong again, if you don't want to get well? You've got to want to hard!"

"Oh, I do, Tom," she had hastened to assure him. "I'll be up in a day or two now. You wait and see."

"All right, it's a promise. Don't forget it, because Nan and I are nearly—er—"

He had checked himself, and, suddenly flushing, reached for his watch, remarked that he had to be at a meeting of the staff in just three minutes, and hurried out.

MRS. SEATON thereafter resolutely struggled to rouse herself from her apathy. She tried very hard to want to recover, at least enough to take the burden of her illness from Tom and Nancy. She tried to feel better, to look better.

Ultimately, in a measure, she succeeded. She became strong enough to leave her bed for an armchair near the window overlooking the rolling green stretches of the park. Later still, leaning on the arm of an accommodating little student-nurse who had shown a kindly interest in her case, she was able to take short strolls through the halls. But there were times in the night watches, while Nancy and Tom were gone and the still hospital was lighted by only the dim lamps on the night-nurses' desks at intersecting corridors, when sleep spurned her, when the future, like a foreboding specter, could not be thrust away or ignored. Then it was that her resolution battled for its very existence. But always, as dawn came out of the east, it emerged from the battle living and stronger.

(Continued in December issue)

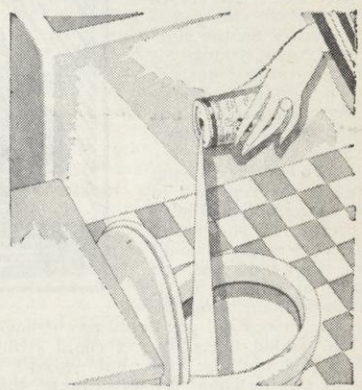
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## The Gray Hair Problem

How to care for it and to select harmonious colors

By Jane Guthrie

GRAY hair is nature's own artistic method of softening with silver tones the lines that thought and care and experience write into every mature face. Once having accepted gray hair, make it a crown of glory, your greatest beauty, for it can be done.

### The Care of Gray Hair

Gray hair should always be kept spotlessly clean, and therefore must be washed often, though after traveling or motoring a sponging off with alcohol will often take the place of a shampoo; but when shampooing it, wash it with the very best liquid soap with as little alkali in as possible, and treat it as the laundress does her fine linen. Put it through many rinsings of clear water to take away every particle of soap, cooling the water with each rinsing until it is quite tepid, and then put it into a cool indigo bath which is deep blue in color. Let the hair rest in this for a few moments, moving it around in the bath, and then dry it thoroughly with warm towels and vigorous rubbings. The bluing serves to soften the dulled look which results from washing gray hair and gives the hair uniformity, for it is a sad fact that the hair is not always all gray; it often has yellow streaks in it that are disfiguring. These sometimes result from hot irons, or are natural changes of color, especially in blond gray hair.

Brush it then vigorously, night and morning, using a bit of white vaseline to nourish the scalp and give it the silvery gleaming that is so beautiful in well kept gray hair.

### Arrange It Becomingly

Gray hair is very becoming to most women when worn well up on the head, brushed up from the nape of the neck and rather elaborately arranged and waved, the wide waves around the head, not the close marcel we used to see. It thus catches the light in many gleaming curves.

If worn low about the face and neck, it offers little contrast to a faded complexion and always accents the drooping lines of the face if it does not actually suggest them. Worn high, it displays a shapely head and takes away that rather thick look about the shoulders which years are apt to bring along with gray hair.

And since gray hair is rather brittle and made more so by frequent shampooing and quite apt to fly at loose ends, it should occasionally be smoothed down with brilliantine and always covered with an invisible net to give that finished, perfect appearance which is the mature woman's greatest charm.

### Play Safe and Keep It Long

In some rare cases, shingled gray hair is becoming. The tall, slender woman with the deer-like carriage of the head wears it with distinction, but there are so many travesties of youthful aspirations presented in bobbed gray hair, so many sad hints of the years that have passed in the elderly women who have bobbed their hair, that one hesitates to commend it. Psychologically it presents its own question. Gray hair is undoubtedly suggestive of maturity. Bobbed hair is of the youth, youthful; it has a hint of spicy, adventurous youth, but shingled, it leaves a sort of shorn, pathetic look in the elderly woman, as one who seeks to turn back the hands of time and has failed. Yet there are shingled gray-haired women who carry it off well.

### Colors and Clothes to Harmonize

So much for the hair itself. Now for the rest of the problem. Dress up to it. Treat it as a musician does a theme upon which to build a lovely melody, or an artist a color scheme for the composition of his pictures. Never think that gray hair can stand the baby blues and pale pinks

and bluish lavenders, or the hard greens and blues that youth can claim for its own. The reason for this is not difficult to define. The years have added depth to the character; thought has written its own grooves into the mind and the eyes reflect it, the mouth has felt the indelible impress and shows it, so the deeper shades must be appropriated by the mature woman. She may wear the deep shades of rose, the amethyst tints, never the hard purples and violets, the dull blues and those shades the Orientals use with such cunning and call "old blue," and the lovely deep greens, yet not too deep, never the lighter, thin greens. Green and blue may be brought into a lovely harmony together; they are a sort of mysterious combination.

### Colors to Avoid

But the gray-haired woman must shun oranges and yellows and neutral tints of all kinds with the exception of thin grays. The gauzy gray of georgette with silver laces is most becoming. All thin grays bring out gray hair beautifully, especially if one is of brunette coloring, with dark eyes and dark eyebrows. Thick grays are not so good. Shun them.

Sand tints are not for the gray-haired woman; they are neutral of another composition than her own gray hair. But if she will take them, let her add black velvet near her hair and face in order to secure some sort of a background of solidity against the shifting shades that leave the gray-haired woman with a lack of tint and make her utterly lacking in character suggestion. Nor is brown to be considered.

But black and white in combination are always to be had for the taking and are the mature woman's real stand-by, especially if one has taken life healthily and saved the soft tints of complexion and enthusiasm which is the youth of the spirit, and has been brave enough to keep the sparkle of the eye unsaddened and the tender curves of the mouth without the dispiriting downward curve.

And let the gray-haired woman remember that she is not pitted against youth in life's merry-go-round, but has her own place. She should supply the note of repose, of restfulness, of a fascinating mystery, suggested romance. Has she not lived in many phases of feeling and events? There is no hint here that she should be relegated to the background. She has her own place in life's picture; let her fill it gracefully.

### Forget Yourself and Keep Busy

But she must keep her face young. Enthusiasm must look from her eyes, not weary disenchantment, for it is no longer smart to be indifferent to any of the harmonies or discords of life, and even the quietest life touches some means of outlet for one's good intentions, some way of forgetfulness of self. For this latter is the vivifying power that more than anything else keeps one's spirit young and successfully staves off the old age look.

Selfishness and discontent or an unfeeling heart write their indelible lines on the face, and a too indolent life is bound to show the coarsening effects of self-indulgence and the lack of fresh air and healthful exercise in the thickening of the features, the surest sign of the hopeless departure of youth and that indefinable thing we call charm. But gray hair above a youthful, interesting face with a happy outlook on life, and some mature faces have this written all over them because the owners refuse to be cast down or to depress others by a dreary outlook on life, is one of the most beautiful and most inspiring things in life. And after all, isn't that what the years should bestow along with gray hair—the knowledge of how to be an inspiration to others?

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## West Branch, Iowa

(Continued from page 13)

hoofs and the quick words, "Giddap." The doctor was leaving his warm bed and going out into the storm because someone needed him. And the little fellow would cuddle down beneath the blankets and think about the doctor and what it was that made him forget his own comfort and go out to help others. For very often the calls were upon people too poor to pay.

I called on the doctor, now eighty-three, in his West Branch office. He is just as busy and efficient today as he was forty years ago. During the flu epidemic, when he was past seventy, he took care of seventy-three cases alone and single-handed, both of the other much younger doctors of the town having either succumbed to the disease or become utterly worn out through constant attendance on patients.

**BUT** let Mr. Ensler, who used to be the town liveryman and now has a taxi service, tell it as we rattle along the gravelled highway in a black flivver: "There was ten days during the flu that Doc didn't even have his clothes off. He used to start in at one end of town and work clear down to the Mexican camp by the railroad tracks and then out into the country. He was on the go night and day. He never lost but one case of those seventy-three, either. He'd do his sleeping in my car between calls. He'd tell me: 'Now, be sure and wake me up when we get to So-and-So's place. There's a mighty sick boy there.' Or a man, or woman or child, as the case might be. But I seldom had to wake him up. About the time we would be turning into some farm, Doc would brighten up and take a big chew of Boot-jack tobacco which he'd chew hard till we reached the farmhouse door. Then he'd roll up his sleeves and start in savin' lives. And he gave just as much care to those Mexicans as he did to anybody else."

I was thinking of these things as I waited in the doctor's office—two rooms in the lower part of a two-story white frame building on Main Street, or Downey Street as West Branch prefers to call it. A solemn stuffed owl alongside a picture of President Coolidge looked down from over the door. On the opposite wall was a picture of Lincoln. Through the windows of the back room beyond one caught a glimpse of vines and a garden.

The doctor's worn old black satchel was on the desk and a sign: "The doctor is in. Be seated", was above it. This told the casual caller that the doctor was somewhere in town, not out in the country. The office is never locked. For years, Dr. Leech has carried a key to "Doc" Gill's drug store across the street so he can go in at any hour and mix his own prescriptions, as he is a registered pharmacist. There are no important, white-clad assistants around the little office. The doctor attends to everything himself. Just as in the days when Herbert Hoover was a boy, he still answers calls, when the roads are too muddy for an automobile or a team, by going on horseback.

It was not long before the doughty old cavalryman physician who was with Sherman on his march to the sea came in briskly. He is a medium-sized, wiry man with keen eyes, slightly bald, but with black hair and mustache showing only a little gray. He looks twenty years younger than he is. A life of constant service for humanity has proved a wonderful elixir of youth in his case.

Like Hoover himself, Dr. Leech is not long on conversation. Yet he is a gifted, well educated man. He served in the Iowa

legislature for several terms. He will not talk about himself and not much about the Hoovers, save to say that they were a fine family and Herbert a good little fellow.

"And when Herbert used to come to your house for dinner, did you talk to him about the kind of man he should grow up to be?" hazarded the exploring caller.

"Didn't have to," replied the doctor, busily packing his satchel for another call into the country. "His mother taught him all of that and manners, too."

His mother taught him all that! What a tribute to the little Quaker mother whose son may soon be in the White House!

The next minute the doctor was climbing into the automobile of an anxious-looking farmer who had been waiting for him. No, not much on conversation is the old doctor, but all of West Branch honors him. Anyone in the village will vouch for the stories of his long night rides on horseback through snow and mud in answer to some call of distress.

The old doctor plowing his way through snow and mud to save the life of an Iowa baby. Herbert Hoover plowing his way through wartime problems to save the lives of the children of a nation.

Precept and example. Memories of unselfishness and self-sacrifice impressed on him in boyhood.

At the north end of West Branch lives Mrs. J. K. Carran, another of the wiry, ageless, keen-eyed type which seems to thrive and keep young on service to others. In the days when she was Molly Brown and was given one of the hardest rooms in school to teach, Herbert Hoover was one of her pupils.

**HE NEVER** gave her any trouble, according to Mrs. Carran. But there were plenty who did. The room had run out the previous teacher and on the day Molly Brown took charge, crab apples whizzed through the air like bullets. Sedate, prosperous men who now have grown children of their own will tell you with a chuckle of that day when Molly Brown got the upper hand of the group of mischievous boys who had prepared to run her out.

"She called on me to help her tie up the leader of the gang with rope," says a former pupil. "We tied his hands and feet and laid him on the floor and then Molly Brown put her foot on him, picked up her book and went ahead with the lesson."

But today, sitting on her porch festooned with morning glories and petunias, Molly Brown will not admit that any of them were bad boys. Even tall, sinewy Newt Butler, who now runs a small restaurant and soft drink parlor and who says he once licked Hoover, gets no censure from Molly Brown except on the ground that he is a Democrat and has declared he will not vote for Hoover.

"Newt was a good boy," she asserts. "Just a little mischievous, that's all."

But it is when you mention Herbert Hoover that all the loyal enthusiasm of years past expresses itself. Molly Brown is not a bit surprised that her former pupil has won such success. For years she has confidently expected that he would one day be President of the United States. And her loyalty is reciprocated. In a recent address, Mr. Hoover referred to Mrs. Carran as "the sweet-faced, patient teacher who drilled into me the foundations of present knowledge." On his last visit to West Branch as Mrs. Carran was seen approaching through the crowd, someone

(Continued on page 45)

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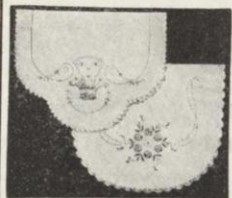
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Valuable aids to easier cake-making are included in this Cake Set—a bargain! For just what it costs us—\$1.00 (\$1.25 at Denver and West, \$1.50 in Canada, \$2.00 elsewhere, including U. S. possessions)—we will send the kind of cake set we use in our 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 the 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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**LEBKUCHEN**  
8 cups sifted Swans Down Cake flour  
2 cups brown sugar  
1/2 cup water  
1/2 teaspoon soda  
2 eggs, slightly beaten  
1 1/2 teaspoons cinnamon  
1 1/2 cups candied orange peel, shredded (6 oz.)  
1/4 teaspoon cloves  
1/4 teaspoon nutmeg  
1 1/2 cups candied citron, shredded (6 oz.)  
1 1/2 cups strained honey (1 lb.)  
2 cups almonds, blanched and shredded (3/4 lb.)  
Sift flour once, measure, add soda and spices, and sift together three times. Boil honey, sugar, and water 5 minutes. Cool. Add flour mixture, eggs, fruits, and nuts. Work into loaf and place in refrigerator. Let ripen 2 or 3 days. Roll on slightly floured board to 1/4-inch thickness. Cut in strips, 1 x 3 inches. Bake on greased baking sheet in moderate oven (350° F.) 15 minutes. When cool, cover with Transparent Icing. Lebkuchen should ripen in cake box at least one day before they are served. Makes 10 dozen lebkuchen.

**Transparent Icing for Lebkuchen**  
2 cups confectioners' sugar  
3 tablespoons boiling water  
1 teaspoon vanilla

Combine sugar and water. Add vanilla. Beat thoroughly. Drop from teaspoon on lebkuchen. Makes enough icing to cover 10 dozen lebkuchen.

**SUGAR COOKIES**  
2 1/2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour  
2 teaspoons baking powder  
1/2 teaspoon grated nutmeg  
1/2 cup butter or other shortening  
1 cup sugar  
2 eggs, well beaten  
Grated rind 1 lemon  
1 tablespoon cream  
Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and nutmeg, and sift together twice. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, lemon rind, cream, and beat well. Add flour mixture gradually. Beat until smooth. Roll a small amount at a time, on slightly floured board, to 1/4-inch thickness. Cut with floured cookie cutter, and dredge with granulated sugar. Place on greased baking sheet and bake in hot oven (425° F.) about 7 minutes. Makes 2 1/2 dozen 3-inch cookies.

**SWANS**  **DOWN**  
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IT is so good to look at! The graceful, cabinet-like Estate Heatrola with its air of honest quality, its simple, clean-cut lines, its softly gleaming finish of rich mahogany!

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For then the handsome Heatrola demonstrates the magic of modern home-heating methods. No more shut-off rooms. The whole house, upstairs and down, is fairly flooded with genial, breathable warmth . . . the balmy, moistened warmth of tropic isles . . . so good to the nose and throat . . . so healthful.

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Your husband will tell you

Beauty, cleanliness, healthfulness . . . these are things about Heatrola that appeal to women. It remains for the man of the house to discover its hidden virtues.

Your husband will be quick to note the substantial perfection of Heatrola construction. He will like the ball-bearing grate that even a child can shake . . . the one-piece, air-tight ash-box . . . the smoke curtain and fuel chute . . . the easily-filled vapor tank that keeps the air healthfully moist . . . but, most of all, he'll approve the Intensi-Fire Air Duct—for this exclusive Heatrola feature will actually cut fuel bills nearly in half!

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It seems that as soon as anything makes a name for itself by sheer merit, imitators take advantage of that Good Name. So remember, please, there is only one Heatrola—Estate builds it.



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



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Your local Heatrola dealer or gas company will gladly show you the Heatrola—tell you about the new low prices, and the convenient terms of payment that make it so easy to own. Or, if you prefer, mail the coupon direct to The Estate Stove Co., Dept. 7-E,

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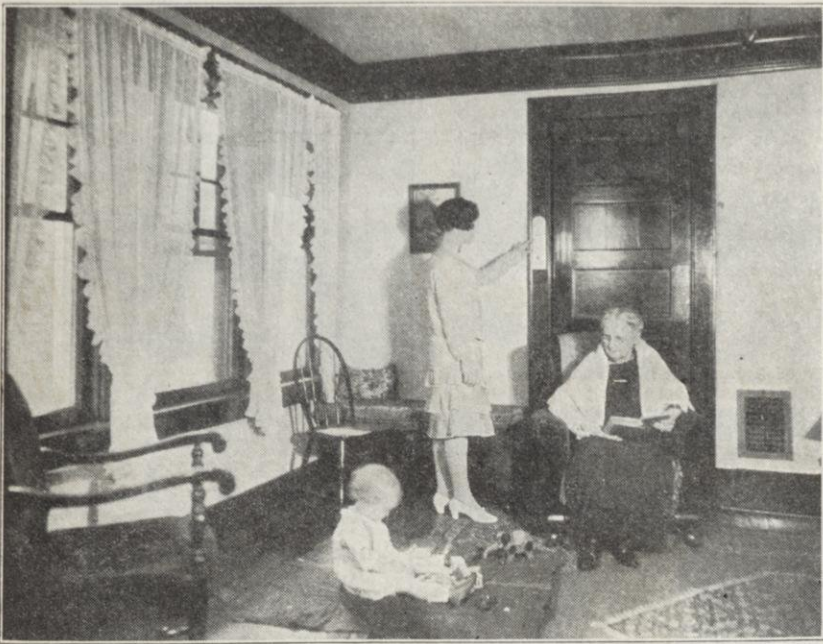
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No room is large enough to house healthfully, in cold weather, three generations unless grandparents are vigorous enough to be comfortable in cool temperatures

## The Air We Live In

A practical discussion of the importance of good ventilation and of ways you can obtain it

By Thomas D. Wood, M.D., and Ethel Hendriksen

**Y**OU may have the most attractive home that modern architecture can provide, it may be equipped with every known sanitary device, but in order to keep your home really beautiful, constant care must be given to cleanliness, sunlight and fresh air.

Cleanliness is usually assured in the modern home, while practically every housewife is eager to have sunlight in her rooms, but most homes lack that far more necessary health-giving quality, fresh air. A modern home with the best heating, plumbing and lighting systems may be far from healthful if it has not a continuous supply of good air, secured by correct ventilation.

Overheating in the winter months is notably characteristic of American homes. A home that is overheated, having a temperature above 70 degrees F., is endangering the health of its occupants. Children are the first to suffer because their bodies, being smaller than the bodies of adults, are more quickly overheated or chilled. A child's circulation, however, is more rapid than that of an adult and so he is able to live comfortably in cooler temperatures than can most adults. A health tragedy in home life is enacted when grandfather or grandmother must occupy the same living-room with the child and its parents. No room is large enough to house healthfully, in cold weather, three generations unless the grandparents are vigorous enough to be comfortable in the cool temperature advantageous for children.

### Extremes of Heat and Cold

A common fallacy is the current belief that with plenty of heat it will be possible to open the windows and thereby secure a good flow of fresh air. Most modern apartment houses are built on this theory, and many detached homes, as well. Nothing is farther from the actual experience. Observe what happens in a home where the heat is not carefully regulated! The room temperature goes up and up, and windows are not opened until the point of extreme discomfort is reached. Then the heat is so unbearable that windows are opened wide and the cold air pours in and falls to the floor, as cold air always does. When the air becomes noticeably and uncomfortably cool, the windows are closed tightly again. The floors remain cold for a time until the fresh air is heated. Again the room air grows warmer and warmer, even to the floor, until the process of opening the windows to cool off is repeated. All of this is a waste of fuel, a waste of energy and, what is more serious, a menace to health.

There is a correct way to open the windows in order to keep the air of a room constantly fresh. Heating also can be

managed scientifically. The householder must learn these processes for himself. Just as plumbing must have intelligent care and lighting must be managed properly to secure the best results, so the ventilation of rooms is a household art which intelligent home-dwellers should master.

### Watch the Temperature

Since temperature is the first consideration in ventilation, every room should have its thermometer. Living-rooms should maintain a temperature between 66 degrees and 70 degrees F. Usually 68 degrees F. is spoken of as the health temperature, since experiments with groups of school children and indoor workers have shown this to be the best suited to health and comfort. Sleeping-rooms, it goes without saying, should have a much lower temperature than living-rooms. It is no longer considered necessary or advisable, however, for persons to sleep in zero temperatures. Let the temperature of the sleeping-room in cold climates be regulated so that the sleeper is comfortable when covered with not more than two pairs of double woolen blankets over which a thin cotton quilt or blanket is thrown, cotton being a non-conductor of heat. To feel chilly in bed is to lower one's resistance and thereby to more than counteract the benefits of fresh air. On the other hand, to sleep too warmly is unhealthy and conducive to restlessness and to bad dreams.

Windows are depended on for ventilation in homes, almost without exception, although mechanical ventilation, still largely unsatisfactory, is being used in some public buildings. The window is the one sure source of fresh, outdoor air, even though such air may be laden with dust and soot at times. There is not so much danger to health from these unpleasant contaminations as some would have us think, although the elimination of dust and smoke should be sought for economic reasons.

### Open Windows at Top

Windows, to be most satisfactory for cold weather ventilation, should be adjustable to very small openings. These openings should be at the top rather than at the bottom of the windows, in accord with the principle that cold air falls as it enters a room and thereby tends to freshen the air through which it passes. Warm air, on the other hand, is lighter than cold air and rises to the top of the room. Since it is the overheated air which is harmful, a high outlet such as a top window opening will enable this air to escape or be dismissed from the room. It will pass out of the same opening through which the cold air enters.

Some individuals object to a top window opening, saying that it creates a draft.

(Continued on page 44)

What! Soft white hands from a power house?

**Y**ES, because those hands are snapping electric switches instead of being parboiled in greasy dishwater three times a day, scrubbed in laundry suds once a week, and calloused by the daily ordeal of dustpan and broom.

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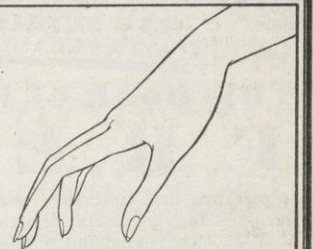


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DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE  
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## The Air We Live In

(Continued from page 43)

Schoolrooms and homes where there are small children may guard against high temperatures by hourly thermometer readings. A chart for this can be secured from school publishing companies.

To open a window properly for winter ventilation, lower it slightly from the top. Notice that the window shade is set down from the top about two inches. When sash is drawn down, air passes over the roller, either into the room or out of it.



The reason for this usually can be traced to the position of the window shade, or to the size of the window opening. Window shades should be set down several inches from the top of the windows where they usually are secured, thus allowing for the passage of air over their top rather than below them. Setting window shades down from the top of windows in this manner also prevents them from rattling when the windows are open.

The merest crack of an opening will provide sufficient ventilation on a cold day with the heat properly controlled. This presupposes that the windows are set open slightly before the temperature rises to 68 degrees F. and that they are opened slightly in this way for the definite purpose of supplying the room with in-coming fresh air rather than to cool the room after it is overheated.

It will be seen from this description that the double-hung, vertically sliding window is best for cold weather ventilation, a fact for householders to remember when building. The casement window, often sought for its artistic appearance, is ever a trial in winter. Sometimes a sliding pane of glass is provided in casement windows for slight openings. Without this sliding pane of glass, casement windows must be opened at too wide an angle for indoor comfort in cold weather. Transoms sometimes are placed over casement windows. These help to solve the problem, but even here the opening usually cannot be made small enough to serve the best purpose in cold weather.

### Ceiling Outlet for Overheated Air

A help to ventilation which some homes are introducing consists in a ceiling outlet for overheated air. This device is especially effective when used in kitchens or bathrooms; by this means, odors are carried out of the room quickly without penetrating to other parts of the house. Every room in the house which is much used would benefit by such an outlet. Very good results can be secured, however, when one such outlet is provided near the top of the house, at the highest point. This is only effective, however, where there are open stairways and all rooms are open to allow a free circulation of air through the house. If there is an attic, the opening can be provided there with attic windows kept open partially at all times. Otherwise, the opening must lead out through the roof. Such ducts or outlets should be equipped with dampers to close them when the rooms which they serve are not being heated.

But the real science of ventilation in winter is no more concerned with opening windows than with proper control of heat. There will be plenty of weather in some sections of the country where no window openings will be necessary, for fresh air will be secured through leakage about windows and doors. It goes without saying, also, that some homes meet their greatest problem, not in overheating, but in underheating. Modern buildings, however, especially in colder latitudes, are usually over-supplied with radiation against just such an emergency. Consequently, in mild weather the problem of overheating in such buildings is ever present.

Radiators or other heating devices should be well regulated so that too much heat is not given off. In an apartment where too much radiation is provided, it is often best to keep some of the radiators shut off all the time. A properly adjusted thermostat will provide for the heat control more satisfactorily than to depend upon hand control. Usually, however, thermostats are set for too high a temperature. A living-room thermostat should not be set for a temperature higher than 67 degrees F. Keeping the room temperature under control not only is a benefit to health but it assures a saving of fuel. Millions of dollars are wasted annually in the United States through overheated homes, schools, offices, hotels and public buildings. Health may be seriously damaged also in the process.

"But just what are the effects on the

body of living in a high temperature, and why do we not become ill in summer if heat is so bad for us?" someone may ask. Living in overwarm atmospheres in winter increases the susceptibility to colds and is the principal reason why colds are more prevalent in winter than in summer. The ill effect of overheating is chiefly through the skin. In winter, the temperature changes in going from an overwarm room to the cold outdoor air cause a severe strain upon the body, especially when repeated day after day and several times a day. In summer, these extremes between indoor and outdoor temperatures are not experienced. Then, again, our bodies become acclimated to temperatures in which we habitually live. When cool air is maintained indoors in winter, the difference noticed in going outdoors is not so marked.

### The Ill Effects of Cold Weather

It has further been observed that the mucous membranes of the nose show a swelling and redness when persons in normal health are confined in hot rooms. On the other hand, a sudden change from overwarm to cold air produces a contraction of the blood vessels so that the mucous surfaces become pale, while the swelling and moisture increase. In this condition the mucous membranes are highly susceptible to the invasion and growth of the germs of disease. It is possible to diminish the ill effects of cold weather on the mucous membrane of the nasal passages by maintaining a cool atmosphere indoors. Parents and school-teachers should be particularly concerned to protect children from exposure to overwarm air. Chronic catarrhal conditions may result from habitually living in too warm air. Schoolrooms and homes where there are small children may guard against high temperatures by hourly thermometer readings. Such readings should be recorded on a temperature chart until the habit of living in healthful temperatures is firmly established. A chart of this kind can be secured from school publishing companies.

Individuals who have become accustomed to fresh air will be so uncomfortable in overheated rooms that they will demand improved conditions in public auditoriums as well as correcting them in their own homes. The next generation will recall with horror the overheated homes and public buildings so common everywhere today.

Since the skin is an important organ in body heat regulation, it becomes increasingly important to clothe the body in such a manner that the skin will have an opportunity to perform its function as a body temperature regulator. The popular recognition of this fact is reflected in the changing customs in dress. Clothing worn is of lighter weight than formerly. Even fur coats are made from lighter weight skins than formerly and heavy woolen underwear is almost unknown.

### The Hygiene of Fresh Air

To live in fresh air, with the body clothed in such a manner that air is allowed to play upon the skin, keeping it comfortably cool and stimulated, is of greater hygienic importance in the care of the skin than frequent bathing, as important as this is. Benjamin Franklin took an air bath every day in his room, without clothing and with windows open.

Dressed in light, porous clothing no warmer than the actual comfort of the body demands, the skin secures a continuous benefit, although the frequent exposure for short periods of the unclothed body to the sun and air is of undoubted benefit.

Parents may observe, by the condition of the child's skin, whether or not it is comfortable. If the skin perspires, too much clothing probably is responsible for it.

The hygiene of fresh air is comparatively new in its application to health. Air no longer is thought of merely as something which should be fresh to breathe; it must be fresh to live in, as well.

NOTE: Other articles on kindred subjects by these same authors will appear in succeeding issues.



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MISS COLLETTE FRANCIS

## Proposals!

A glance at her blonde loveliness tells better than words why this beautiful New York City girl has received such flattering proposals from kings of movie and stage land. She's Collette Francis, of 255 East 25th St., Brooklyn; now one of the charmers in the Broadway hit, "Rio Rita."

Miss Francis says: "Since I've been on the stage, so many people have asked me what I do to get the beautiful golden gleam and sparkle in my hair that I am beginning to think I'm really taking wonderful care of it. I really never thought much about it. What I do is so simple. Like so many of my girl friends here in New York, I just put a little Danderine on my brush each time I use it. That keeps my hair silky and gleaming, makes it easy to dress and holds it like I arrange it, for hours. My scalp was very dry and I had a lot of dandruff when I first started on it, but all of that trouble stopped quickly. And Danderine keeps my hair so clean I don't need to shampoo half as often, now."

Danderine removes that oily film from your hair and gives it new life and lustre. It isn't oily and doesn't show. It gives tone and vigor to the scalp. The generous bottles are just 35c at any drug or toilet counter. A delicately fragrant necessity for the well-groomed girl.

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## Marble-Like Beauty

By Edna Wallace Hopper

To lend to your face the even-toned really smooth skin you must have a perfect powder base.

I have spent years looking for a cream to enhance the loveliness of my own skin, which has always had the best care. In France, where I have always found my hopes realized, I found what I wished. Now you can have it, too.

Simply ask for Edna Wallace Hopper's Youth Cream.

To take care of the many women whose skin has an abundance of natural oil, I have it made in the Vanishing type. For my own use, and for skins like mine, I recommend the Cold type.

Both types are available on any toilet counter—several sizes.



Edna Wallace Hopper as she looks today

## West Branch, Iowa

(Continued from page 40)

asked him if he remembered Molly Brown "Molly Brown?" he said, his eyes twinkling. "Why, I loved Molly Brown." And she was called upon to present him to the crowd.

On the wall of the cheerful living-room with its pink curtains, its piano and radio, is a large autographed picture of the man whose fame has extended to all parts of the world.

"He was a good boy, a little extra," she says. "He was such a busy little fellow that I had to advance him ahead of the rest of his class. Two things you can say about him and they are as true of the man today as when he was a boy. He does not talk unless he has something to say and he never forgets those who have befriended him."

THE day after he was nominated, his former teacher, to her great surprise, acquired national distinction. Newspaper and cameramen flocked to West Branch. Molly Brown was interviewed seventeen times in one day and had her picture taken twelve times. The gentle little lady was almost bewildered. She came very near getting her hair marcelled, but Quaker simplicity prevailed and she gave it up. Any inclination to vanity, too, was sternly squelched and she finally turned her back on the reporters and gave her whole attention to the Sunday school class of elderly women whom she had invited to her home to spend the day.

"Believe me, when she taught school, she taught! She made us get our lessons," says a former pupil earnestly.

Molly Brown in the classroom with her shrewd, kindly eye and a birch rod under her arm. Herbert Hoover in China, in England, in Belgium, developing into action those early foundations of knowledge which she gave him.

Two others there are who had a marked influence on Hoover's life. One was Dr. William Walker, a West Branch dentist who first got Herbert interested in geology. As a boy he used to stand for hours in front of the cabinet of specimens of rocks and fossils which the doctor had collected. He would dream of far places and the mysteries concealed under the earth's surface. Then he would go down to the Burlington Railroad tracks and hunt for old stones. On a visit to West Branch a few years ago, Mr. Hoover went to see Dr. Walker and afterward sent a substantial gift of money which went far to ease the old doctor's last days.

The other who played an inspiring part in the life of the famous mining engineer was a rugged old Quaker, Lawrie Tatum, who was appointed as the boy's guardian when his parents died. Perhaps the most

illuminating light which can be thrown on the character of Lawrie Tatum is an incident which occurred when he was appointed Indian agent under President Grant. He left his home in West Branch and went to Oklahoma, where he had charge of some of the wild "blanket tribes" of Comanches, so called because they were still in the most primitive savage state and wore blankets. They tried to intimidate the white man by threats and by brandishing weapons. Seeing that he remained calm and apparently unafraid, one of the chiefs asked him if he had no fear. The old Quaker replied that he had not. Still the Indians were unconvinced. Several approached him and laid their hands over his heart to see if its fast beating would not give the lie to his words. It beat as evenly as though no danger threatened. They looked at each other wonderingly. What kind of white man was this? "My faith in God keeps me unafraid," said the old Quaker stoutly.

When Herbert Hoover, a boy of ten, departed to live with an uncle in far-away Oregon, Lawrie Tatum gave him two admonitions, "Thee must be a good boy and thee must keep an account of all thee makes and spends in this book."

With that he handed the boy a little black book, in which was written the amount of the fortune he had with which to face the world—only a few hundred dollars.

Good old Lawrie Tatum of the staunch faith and the shrewd business sense. Herbert Hoover, grown to manhood with an extraordinary grasp of finance and organization.

WHEN word came to West Branch that a home town boy had been nominated for the presidency, the little Quaker village suddenly emerged from its enfolding mantle of gray and blazed forth with scarlet brass bands, skyrockets, oratory and street parades. Though a village of only seven hundred inhabitants, it fittingly celebrated its place in the sun as the birthplace of the first man west of the Mississippi to be nominated for such a high honor. Newt Butler, though a Democrat, supervised the setting off of dynamite at street intersections all over town about midnight. Word was sent to Hoover that the old home town was right behind him and he sent back an appreciative telegram in response.

No wonder that with such a loyal spirit manifest, he chose to journey back to the scenes of his childhood for his first speech after he received his notification in California. Back where the hollyhocks nod in the peaceful sunlight and the elderberry blossoms bend above the drowsy rippling of Wopsonoc Creek.

## The Last Thursday in November

(Continued from page 18)

white of egg; pour three additional tablespoons of milk over the top of the filling to make a rich glossy surface, and bake about three-quarters of an hour in an oven at 400 degrees F. for the first ten minutes, then reducing to 325 degrees F.

### For Kitchenette Apartment Dwellers

The second dinner menu at the top of page 18 is suitable for two or four in a tiny kitchenette apartment. Quite a few of these good things may come out of a can, so the meal will require the minimum of work. The consommé, for instance, may be canned, although cubes will serve fully as well. Be sure that the crackers are crisp and here is a suggestion—if you have a scrap of cheese, grate it, butter the crackers and sprinkle with the cheese and a dash of paprika before crisping. The chicken will cook slowly with hardly any attention and, of course, the celery and olives are prepared beforehand.

For the cranberry relish, pass a cup of the cranberries through a food chopper, add one-half cup of sugar and chill thoroughly. To make corn pudding, season a can of corn with salt, paprika and butter, add one beaten egg and one-third cup milk, turn into a shallow baking dish, cover with crumbs and bake twenty to twenty-five minutes while the glacé sweet potatoes are baking; these are boiled until just

tender, then sliced, made rich and flavorful with brown sugar and butter, then baked slowly in a shallow dish. Mock Cherry Pie is a favorite at this season.

### Mock Cherry Pie

2 cups cranberries ¼ teaspoon salt  
 ¾ cup seeded raisins ½ teaspoon almond  
 1 cup sugar or vanilla extract  
 ½ cup water Pastry  
 1½ tablespoons flour

CHOP the cranberries and blend with remaining ingredients. Turn into a pie plate previously lined with any preferred pastry, wet the edges and cover with top crust. Bake in moderate oven—350-375 degrees F.—thirty-five to forty-five minutes. Serves six.

The third dinner menu at the top of page 18 is a more elaborate one than the one first described, and consequently requires more work in preparation.

The Thanksgiving dinner should be an old-fashioned one made as far as possible of entirely American foods—the choicest of their kind, it is true, but not the exotic or imported foods. Mellow apples and pears seem more fit than hothouse fruits, and by the way, for that social round-the-fire evening refreshment, why not hunt up the corn popper and have corn, apples, cider and doughnuts for those who desire them, for Thanksgiving, after all, is a home feast and best kept in homely ways.



## Just what do the other wives mean

when they talk together about feminine hygiene?

WHY do the others seem to know so much more than she does about this delicate subject? And with all their secrecy, do they really know the truth from the modern, scientific standpoint? Probably not.

In a matter so intimate as feminine hygiene, any piece of information is likely to be accepted. Open questioning is rare. Theories are garbled. There are too many "facts" that are not facts."

### A few statements of plain fact

Physicians and nurses in general approve the feminine hygiene routine as a healthful practice for mature women. They approve the practice, but not the old-fashioned methods, because these methods involved the use of caustic, poisonous germicides such as bichloride of mercury and the compounds of carbolic acid. No germicide was known which was strong enough to be effective in use without being at the same time a menace in the household, especially with little children.

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The Ship Panel must be painted on pure white silk; nothing else would do for the billowy sails, the streaks of cloud or the foamy waves. Imperial blue, diluted a bit for the sky and greened for the sea, covers the majority of this panel. Orange, yellow and brown with green shadows make the ship itself.



This Fruit Panel has quite a bit of cubist feeling; one hardly senses which is background and which is fruit, so riotously do the prisms of color interweave. The material is a raw silk in topaz color and all the hues in the box are used on it.

*Painted Wall Panels*  
Novel art pieces which are easily made at home  
Designed by Ruby Short McKim

**PAINTED** wall hangings are akin to tapestry, but not cheap imitations of it. They are frankly themselves and fit into our modern everyday homes as such. In the corner by the easy chair with its little table and lamp, it would be fitting to hang the "Tree of Life" panel. Over the buffet where you have the compote of gay fruits flanked by tall orange candles, hang the yellow silk panel of brilliant-hued fruits and see what colors its smart prismatic background radiates into your room! Then there are many places that need two instead of one, such as either side of a door or window, with a panel mirror for a larger wall group, or placed each side of some tall furniture unit.

they may be readily laundered. There are fabric paints on the market now accompanied by full instructions for their use.

**Tree of Life Design**

Classic in design is the silken panel in the center below whose source material was a priceless museum piece, a prayer rug from Persia that is several hundred years old. Almost always the Tree of Life designs have a blood red trunk, edged in blue, but they bear many sorts of fruit and blossoms. Bird and animal life are formally portrayed in the setting, and in this one a gazelle stands out in the natural silk color against an orange disk background.

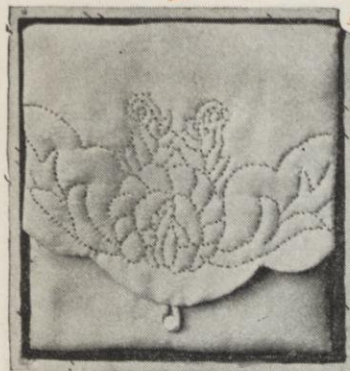
**A Pair of Parrot Panels**

The pair of parrot panels below are on natural color raw silk and the color scheme used is the triad of yellow green, red orange and blue violet. The parrots are yellow green with a bit of green and blue green added for topknot and tail feathers. The berries growing on the trees are three-fourths red orange and one-fourth rose. All of the structural parts of the tree are the blue violet, and all colors are repeated in the decorative disks at the bottom of the panel.

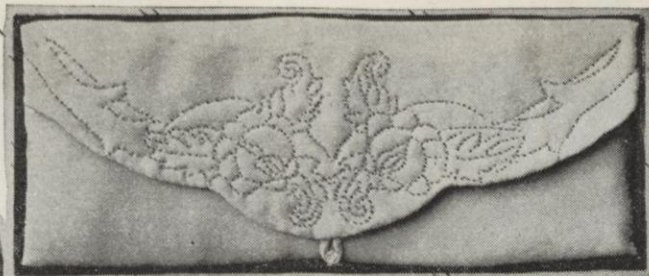


Above—Tree of Life Panel on natural color silk. Left and right—Pair of Parrot Panels for use together.

Handkerchief Case—No. 1



Pin Cushion—No. 2



Glove Case No. 1



Sachet Bags—No. 3

# Colorful Quilted Gift Suggestions

*Dainty and Useful Accessories Which Will Delight Those Favored with Them*

*Designed by Sadie P. Le Sueur*



Dress Hanger Cover—No. 4



Boudoir Slippers No. 4

**T**HE increasing popularity of quilting is due to the ease and speed with which the work is done, and to the fact that scraps of material can be utilized in making many attractive articles.

Silk, satin, rayon and sateen are popular for the outside materials, while sheet wadding or cotton or wool batting are used for interlinings. Matching or contrasting thread may be used in quilting.

To begin, lay the material to be quilted face down on the table, over this the layer of sheet wadding, and on top of it a layer of thin muslin or a layer of thick cheesecloth on which the design to be quilted has been stamped. The design is stamped on this under layer of material so the work may be done from the wrong side and no lines will show on the top side of the article between stitches. Baste the three layers together smoothly, not only on the outside edges but through the center, diagonally and crosswise, and, if the piece is a large one, put in extra bastings wherever necessary. The rest of the work is very easy when the basting is carefully done. The quilting is done by following the design with small simple running stitches and pulling the thread just the least bit tighter than the material.

**No. 1—Handkerchief and Glove Cases**

A handkerchief case of blue is quilted in blue and lined with shell pink. The finished case measures 6½x6¾ inches.

A matching glove case is 5x12 inches.

**No. 2—Pin Cushion and Boudoir Pillow**

A pink rose is appliquéd to the center of the top of this quilted blue pin cushion which measures 4½ inches across and has 1½-inch box sides. A boudoir pillow, 9 inches in diameter, with 2-inch box sides (not illustrated), may be made to match.

**No. 3—Sachet Bags**

Crepe de chine fashions the four 5-inch sachet bags above. They are orchid lined with pink, light green lined with yellow, pink lined with pink and light blue lined with orchid. The linings are of taffeta.

**No. 4—Dress Hanger Cover and Boudoir Slippers**

Pink crepe de chine is the material for the dress hanger cover which is made in two pieces with a quilted design on both sides. Top and bottom are finished with a row of quilting.

Quilted changeable taffeta slipper tops are attached to matching quilted soles bought ready-made.

**No. 5—Baby Coverlet**

The coverlet at the left is made in two sections, both front and back being quilted, thus allowing for the use of two thicknesses of sheet wadding, which adds to the warmth of the quilt. The design for the center of the underside of the coverlet is very simple and the corner designs of the top are repeated on the back. A row of quilting 2 inches from the edge through both top and bottom layers forms a puff all around. The coverlet measures 24x36 inches.

**No. 6—Handy Sewing Bag**

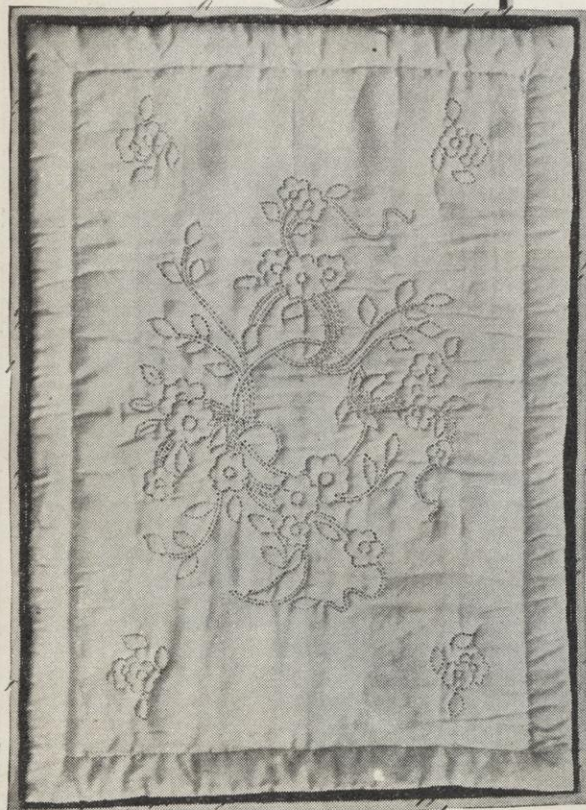
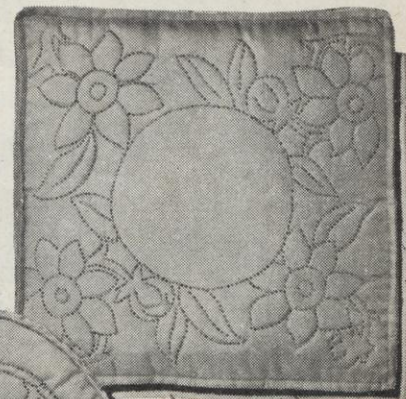
This bag is very attractive made from changeable green taffeta and lined with changeable yellow. The design appears on both front and back and the handle is quilted. The bag is 11x13 inches.

Sewing Bag No. 6



**No. 7—Square Sofa Pillow**

Only the top of this 12½-inch square changeable blue pillow is quilted. It has 2½-inch box sides. After the pillow is completed a seam is made on the outside all around the edge to give a corded effect.



Baby Coverlet No. 5



**No. 8—Oval Boudoir Pillow**

The quilted design appears on both sides of this 11½x17½-inch peach-colored oval pillow. It has 2½-inch box sides.







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to Live—  
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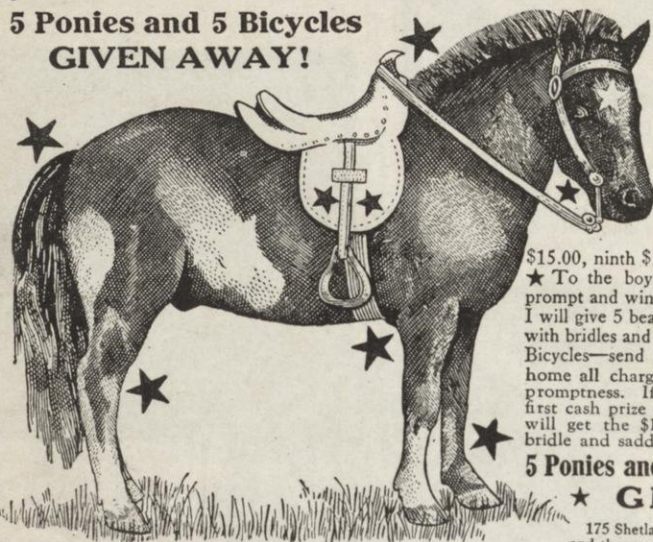
Name.....  
Full Address.....

- Salads and Sandwiches
- 52 Sunday Dinners
- The Candy Calendar
- The Cookery Calendar
- Cakes and Desserts
- Book of Can Cookery
- The Fish Book
- The Vegetable Book
- The Fruit Book
- Children's Party Book

RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION PROMPTLY IF IT EXPIRES WITH THIS ISSUE!

# \$415.00 Cash Given

5 Ponies and 5 Bicycles  
GIVEN AWAY!



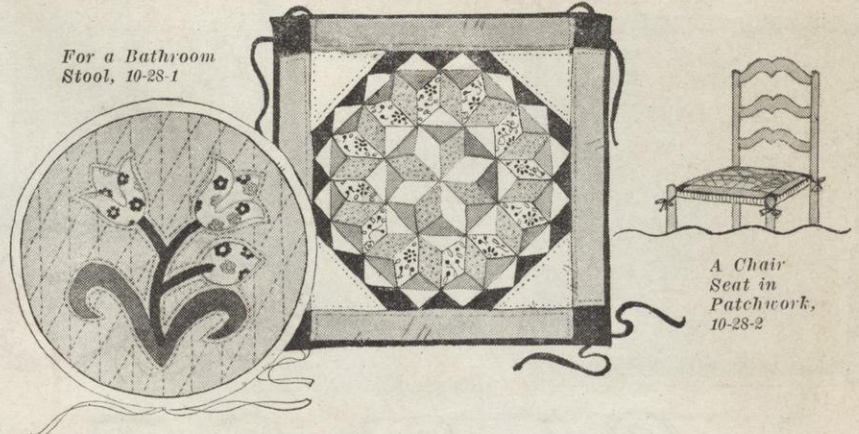
TO make more friends for my company among the boys and girls, I will give \$415.00 in prizes: First prize \$150.00, second \$75.00, third \$50.00, fourth \$35.00, fifth \$30.00, sixth \$25.00, seventh \$20.00, eighth \$15.00, ninth \$10.00 and tenth \$5.00. ★ To the boys and girls who are prompt and win one of these prizes, I will give 5 beautiful Shetland ponies with bridles and saddles and 5 elegant Bicycles—send them right to your home all charges paid just for your promptness. If you win the \$150.00 first cash prize and are prompt, you will get the \$150.00 and the pony, bridle and saddle.

5 Ponies and 5 Bicycles Are  
★ GIVEN ★

175 Shetland Ponies, 50 Bicycles and thousands of dollars in cash, have been given to boys and girls all over the United States. Sharp Eyes May Win—Hidden in this advertisement are 20 stars. ★ 19 stars have five points—one, and only one, has SIX points. The six-pointed star is the lucky star. Look carefully—see if you can find the lucky star. If you do, you will be well started towards first prize. ★ Put an (X) over the lucky star. Put your name in the Lucky Star Coupon and mail to me at once. Do it today. 10 cash prizes, 5 ponies and 5 bicycles will be given promptly, and besides, everybody can get \$1.00 right away. ★ A big \$250,000.00 business house stands back of every offer made in this advertisement. DUPLICATE PRIZES IN CASE OF TIES. Be a winner—send your answer today.

★ Lucky Star Coupon ★  
G. M. LEWIS, 363 Popular Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa.  
Here is the Lucky Six-pointed Star. Tell me all about the \$150 prize and pony. Also the other prizes.

My Name..... Age.....  
St. & No..... R. F. D.....  
P. O..... State.....



## Chair Seats and Footstools

Old-fashioned designs are the latest fad, yet economical

By Sadie P. Le Sueur

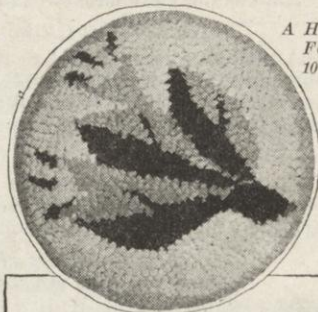
COFFEE cans, doorstops, a bread board, together with odds and ends from the scrap bag, are ingeniously resurcted in these up-to-the-minute accessories for the home.

10-28-1. For a bathroom stool, the cover is a circle of rose gingham. Appliquéd tulips of pink-flowered print have stems of green bias folds and leaves of green gingham. After appliqué are made, the circle is put over white outing flannel and quilted to it with tiny stitches outlining flowers and leaves. Then the circle is quilted diagonally, around flower and leaves. The back is pink gingham. A pink bias fold around the edge has a white tape run through it. The circle is placed over the stool, and will fit a larger or smaller size by adjusting the white tape on the underside of stool.

The circle is 14 inches in diameter and may be used for a pillow or footstool. 10-28-2. A patchwork chair seat is 16½ inches square. The 2-inch border of rose gingham, with black squares at the corners, may be made wider or narrower to fit your chair. Inside this border, the small diamonds and triangles are

green, black, yellow, rose, blue and a flowered print. Rose gingham is used for the underside and the edges are bound with black bias. Black tapes at each corner are tied around the chair leg. This pattern may also be used for a pillow or a footstool like 10-28-3.

10-28-3. The patchwork top is 12x9 inches. It has squares in light and dark prints, with triangles of rose, yellow and blue gingham. The patchwork sides are a box effect



A Hooked-in Footstool, 10-28-4



A Hooked-in Chair Seat, 10-28-4

with a black bias fold stitched flat at top and bottom. After the top is pieced, cut a board, exactly the size of the top, at least 1 inch thick. Doorstops for legs are enameled any color. This one is yellow. After enameling, the top of board should be heavily padded with layers of cotton batting. Then put on top and sides, previously joined together. A chair seat or cushion to match should have enough patches in the center to form a 12-inch square.

10-28-4. The burlap mat for the footstool has rose flowers with yellow centers of yarn, "hooked-in" the same as in a rug. Leaves are two shades of green with black veins. The background is ecru, with a rose border.

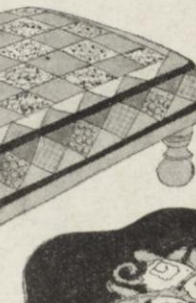
The stool is a round bread board, 11 inches in diameter, and has four doorstops for legs.

For a "hooked-in" chair seat, the flower design is used on a 16-inch circle of burlap as shown in the illustration. It is lined with saten.



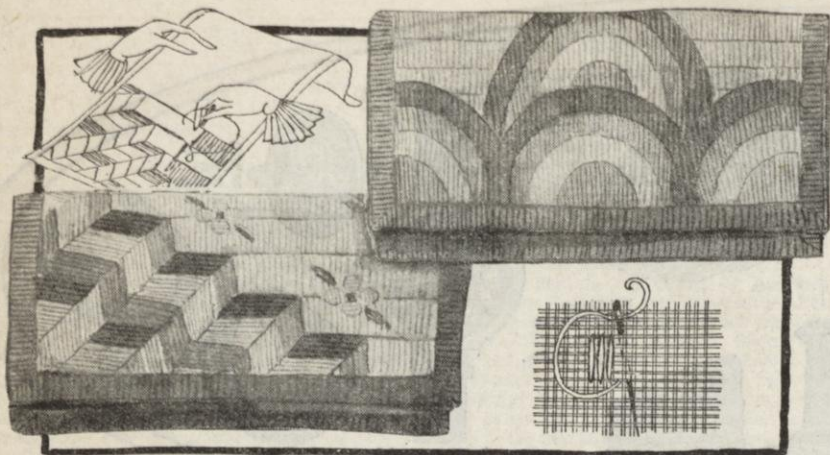
A Patchwork Footstool, 10-28-3

10-28-5. A black saten stool has a petit pointe design. This is the first stitch taken in cross-stitch. It is done with embroidery wool. Flowers are blue, orchid, rose and green. The stool is made from seven 1-pound covered coffee cans.



A Cross-stitch Footstool, 10-28-5

A perforated pattern with stamping paste and felt, with full directions for making, may be secured for 20c from Woman's World, 4223 West Lake Street, Chicago.



Marigold Purse

Concentric Circle Purse

## A Yarn Purse Lends Chic

An important accessory which satisfies the mode's demand for color harmony and contrast

**H**ANDMADE yarn purses of the envelope type are a real inspiration for supplying exactly the right note of color to autumnal costumes. Such a bag is extremely smart when it matches a felt hat or when it affords a bit of contrast to a somber-hued ensemble. Best of all is that these purses are so easily and quickly made that absolutely anyone can do it.

### How They Are Made

The bag is stamped on an open mesh canvas, then embroidered solid in yarn. The work progresses very rapidly because the stitch is a simple over-and-over one, and each stitch is a half inch long, or longer. The diagrams at the top of the page show how the yarn is pulled through the canvas and how the wide rows of the design follow the rows of mesh.

When the embroidery is completed, the edges of the bag are turned in and a layer of muslin stitched to the underside of the canvas, leaving one end open. A flexible composition inner lining is slipped between muslin and canvas, then a rayon lining is put in. The purse is then folded into an envelope and the ends sewed together. The finished bag measures 4 3/4 x 9 inches.

### Marigold Design

The conventional flowers on the bag at the left of the top of the page are orange with light brown centers and green leaves on a background of light tan. The block design across the corner is in orange, pumpkin, light tan, dark tan and light brown. The border is dark brown, and the lining is orange rayon. The same design appears on both front and back.

### Concentric Circle Design

The center of each series of circles is green, the next circle is

sand, the next tan and the outermost one is henna. The straight lines of embroidery making the background are green and the border and rayon lining are henna. See illustration in upper right-hand corner. The design is the same on front and back.

### Modernistic Purse

Each of the three large triangles which appear on both front and back of this envelope bag is made up of five or seven smaller triangles embroidered in six different harmonizing shades of green, ranging from Chinese green to emerald green. The background is tan and the border brown. The rayon lining is green.

### Navajo Design

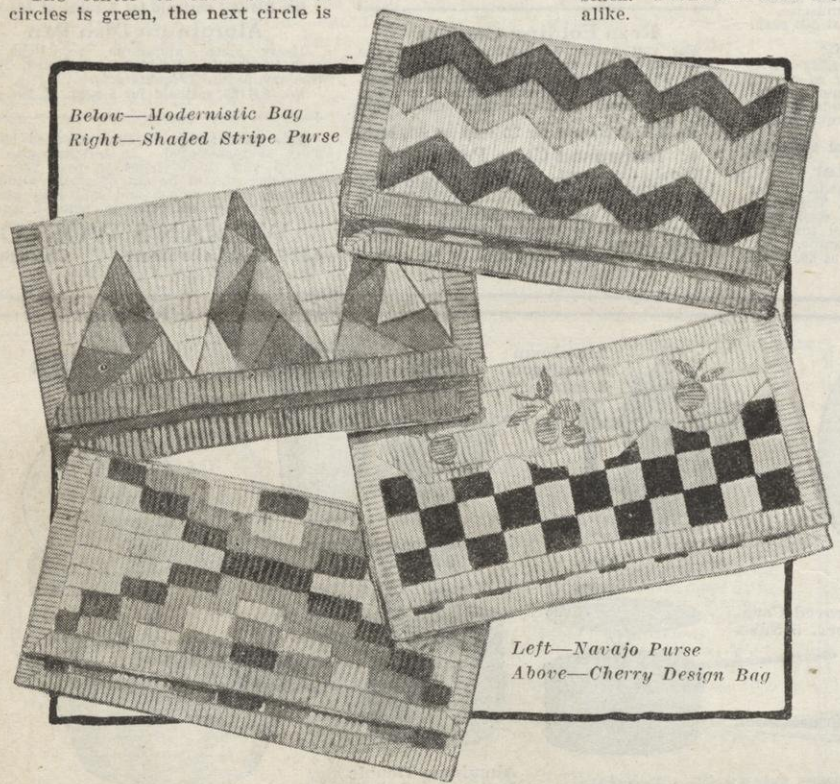
This conventional block design is effectively brought out in three shades of one color, lavender, light purple and dark purple. The block design, standing out boldly in the darkest tone, shades out on each side in rows of the lighter colors. The border is gray and the rayon lining lavender. The same design appears on front and back.

### Shaded Stripe Purse

Successive rows of this allover zigzag design are light coral, dark coral and scarlet, giving an unusual shaded effect. The border is gray and the rayon lining coral. Back and front are alike.

### Cherry Design

Each cherry is shaded, light coral, dark coral and scarlet, and has green leaves. The scalloped portion forming the background for the cherries is gray, as is also the border, which is edged in white. The checks are black and white and the lining black. Front and back are alike.



Below—Modernistic Bag  
Right—Shaded Stripe Purse

Left—Navajo Purse  
Above—Cherry Design Bag

Bag stamped on canvas with yarn, needle, rayon lining and interlining may be secured from Woman's World, Chicago, Ill., for 95c.

# Here's an Easy, Quick Way To Earn \$15 a Day!



**YOU** can make \$15 a day taking orders for Jiffykake—the marvelous, new prepared cake flour that has taken the country by storm. Makes the most delicious, light, fluffy cakes—loaf cakes, layer cakes and cup cakes—in just a few minutes. No eggs, milk, sugar or shortening needed. Even the most inexperienced housewife can make perfect cakes in a jiffy with Jiffykake. No guesswork—results certain. It's so easy to use—quick, convenient and economical!

## No Experience or Capital Needed

You don't need previous selling experience, capital or special training to make big money with Jiffykake. Just show it to housewives and take their orders. Everybody buys from you. Jiffykake is made from the same pure ingredients used in the home—but it is scientifically prepared by expert bakers—that's why Jiffykakes are always successful! Contains eggs, flour, sugar, shortening, baking powder and flavoring—everything completely mixed—ready to use. Just add water and bake. Two flavors, vanilla and chocolate.

this same proposition! Albers cleared \$47 cash profit in a day; Mrs. Hodges earns \$18 to \$20 every day; and Mrs. Roof earned \$50 the first week in her spare time. You can make these big profits—even bigger earnings!



### GIVEN

I give this high-grade Hudson Coach to husters to help them develop their business. The car is given to you without restrictions and becomes your permanent property. Send coupon for details.

**NO CONTEST**

### Try It at My Risk!

I want you to try out this money-maker to convince yourself of its tremendous possibilities. You'll be amazed to find how easily you can make \$15 or more, a day. You positively don't need any experience. All I want you to do is introduce Jiffykake to house-

## \$125 a Week!

You can make amazing profits with this money-making proposition—in spare time or full time. Jiffykake is only one of my 350 fast-moving, profitable products. Vaughn has made \$125 a week with

wives in your community. You can carry a sample right in your pocket.

## Send No Money—Just Mail Coupon

I send you all details immediately upon receipt of the coupon. No cost or obligation to you—no red tape or delay. I furnish everything you need to make big money. If you would like to make \$50 a week in spare time or \$100 a week in full time, mail the coupon. Don't delay—every day you wait costs you many dollars. Be sure to be first to introduce Jiffykake in your locality. Mail the coupon today—Right Now!

**THE JIFFYKAKE COMPANY, Cincinnati, Ohio**  
5726 Moundtown Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio  
Please send without cost or obligation details of your proposition. Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

## GRAVIES

make or break the appetizing quality of a dish. Many a cook has won an enviable reputation because she seasoned her gravies and dressings with fine old

## LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

Send postal for our free recipe booklet. Lea & Perrins, 262 West St., N.Y.

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Attractive basket design stamped on high-grade fine finish WHITE SATIEN. Full size nine inch blocks. Complete instructions for putting together; color chart; quilting chart; chart of other new designs included. Why work on muslin blocks when sateen costs no more? We'll refund your money if you don't say this is best bargain you ever saw. We pay postage. Send your \$1 today. Quilt Block Co., Dept. L, Box 707, St. Louis, Mo.

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The D·M·C Threads and Tapes can be procured from all Art Needlework Stores.

# It Seemed So Strange to Hear Her Play

## We Knew She Had Never Taken a Lesson from a Teacher

**T**HAT night of the party when she said, "Well, folks, I'll entertain you with some selections from Grieg"—we thought she was joking. But she actually did get up and seat herself at the piano.

Everyone laughed. I was sorry for her. But suddenly the room was hushed.

She played *Anitra's Dance*—played it with such soul fire that everyone swayed forward, tense, listening. When the last glorious chord vanished like an echo, we were astonished—and contrite. "How did you do it?" "We can't believe you never had a teacher!"

"Well," she laughed. "I just got tired of being left out of things, and I decided to do something that would make me popular. I couldn't afford an expensive teacher and I didn't have time for a lot of practice—so I decided to take the famous U. S. School of Music course in my spare time.

"It's as easy as A-B-C. I began playing almost from the start and right from music. Now I can play any piece—classical or jazz."

### Booklet FREE

You, too, can quickly teach yourself to be an accomplished musician right at home. To prove that you can, let us send you our booklet and valuable Demonstration Lesson—FREE.



Read the list of instruments to the left, decide which you want to play, and the U. S. School of Music will do the rest. And the cost averages only a few pennies a day! Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 17011 Brunswick Building, New York City.

**U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC,**  
17011 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Send me your amazing free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane; also Free Demonstration Lesson. This does not put me under any obligation.

Name.....  
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Instrument..... Have you this Inst.?  
.....

- CHOOSE YOUR COURSE**
- Piano
  - Organ
  - Violin
  - Banjo
  - (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor.)
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  - Flute
  - Harp
  - Cornet
  - Cello
  - Automatic Finger Control
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Also for advanced pianists a special course including 24 famous classics—a distinctive addition to any pianist's repertoire.

Give Woman's World to Your Friends This Year



Smart Cameo Brooch, 2 Subs.



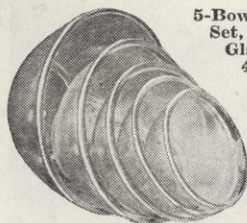
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Onyx Ring, 3 Subs.



Metal Jardiniere, only 2 Subs.



5-Bowl Mixing Set, Heat-Proof Glass, 4 Subs.

9-piece, Crystal Glass, Cereal Set, only 5 Subs.



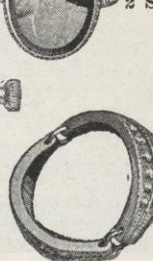
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A Thoroughly Guaranteed Watch



Cameo Ring, 2 Subs.



Eight-in-One Ring, only 5 Subs.

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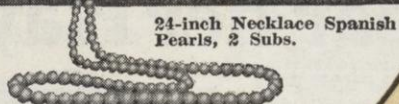
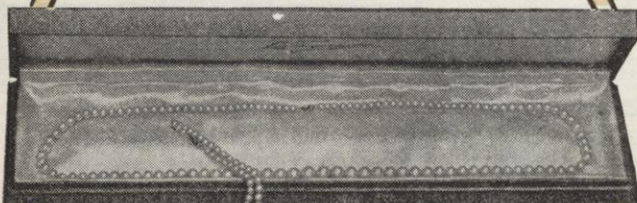
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New! Smart! Beautiful!

60-inch Rope of Milk-white Pearls, Postpaid for only 4 Subs.

OUR SPECIAL OFFER!  
Only One to Any Subscriber

The Necklace Comes Packed in This Handsome Case



24-inch Necklace Spanish Pearls, 2 Subs.

Given for Only Two 50-cent Subscriptions

# Now You Can Have Your Wish!

Save Money, Time and Trouble! Your Choice of These Splendid Rewards Postpaid—Without Cost!

### Smart Cameo Brooch

An exquisite bit of carving mounted on silver circlet with patent clasp. Tiny chip diamond in necklace. Size of brooch, 1 3/16-x1 1/16 inches.

No. EH1275 postpaid for 2 subs. at 50c each.

### Electric Lamp

19 inches high over all. Genuine parchment shade. Heavy wood base finished in bronze and black. Complete with plug and cord. A beautiful thing.

No. EH1276 postpaid for 10 subs. at 50c each.

### 9-Piece Cereal Set

Crystal clear glass! Large bowl 7 3/4 inches diameter. Small dishes 4 3/4 inches diameter. Cream pitcher and sugar bowl to match. A handsome set.

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### All Metal Jardiniere

Heavy, durable. Richly lacquered in black, gold, green and rose. 7 3/4 inches high. 7 3/4 inches across top. A work of art.

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Made of fireproof glass. Largest bowl 9 1/4 inches in diameter. Smallest bowl, 5 1/4 inches. Practically non-breakable.

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### Cameo Ring

An exquisite cameo carving in ivory white on a synthetic coral base. Mounted in sterling silver ring of artistic design.

No. EH798 postpaid for 2 subs. at 50c each.

### Smart Rubberized Apron

Made from rubberized cloth in small gingham checks, turned edges, tape shoulder straps.

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### Fruit Tray

Rolled edge, 10 inches in diameter. Basic metal is steel, copper stripped and beautifully etched and nickel plated. Handsome.

No. EH1241 postpaid for 2 subs. at 50c each.

### Eight-in-One Ring

Made of exquisitely etched, sterling silver in 4 strands, each strand pivoting on a ring at either end, thus enabling wearer to display either one, two or three strands at will. Set with synthetic diamonds, turquoise and emeralds.

No. EH558 postpaid for 5 subs. at 50c each.

### Blue Streak Scooter

One of the speediest scooters made. It has rubber-tired wheels, 5 1/2 x 3 1/2 inches. The length is 29 inches; height, 30 inches; steel foot-board 12 inches long. Heavy steel fork and frame. Natural wood adjustable handle.

No. EH1254 postpaid for 10 subs. at 50c each.

### 60-Inch Rope of Pearls

Never has the demand for pearls been so great as at the present time and never has a necklace so captivated the feminine eye as has this 60-inch rope of lustrous, shimmering beauties. Each pearl is 5/16 of an inch in diameter, evenly matched, perfect specimens—heavy, solid, indestructible.

No. EH1280 postpaid for 4 subs. at 50c each.

### 24-Inch Pearl Necklace

White, Spanish pearls—heavy, solid, indestructible. Fastened with white gold clasp with chip diamond mounting. Comes in padded box.

No. EH111 postpaid for 2 subs. at 50c each.

### Self-Feeding Fountain Pen

Neatly designed, black rubber barrel, hammered gold point, iridium tip to insure smooth writing.

No. EH8 postpaid for 3 subs. at 50c each.

### Radium Dial Wrist Watch

Dependable, accurate, guaranteed. Luminous hands and numerals. Case heavily nickle-plated, beautifully finished, thin model. Black leather wrist strap.

No. EH1272 postpaid for 8 subs. at 50c each.

### Onyx Ring

Synthetic onyx mounted in sterling silver and surrounded by 20 Mexican diamonds.

No. EH161 postpaid for 3 subs. at 50c each.

### Decorated Clutch Pencil

Silver and gold plated pencil. Propels, re-pels and expels lead. Extra leads. Pocket clip. Handsome. Serviceable.

No. EH1255 postpaid for 2 subs. at 50c each.

### 8-Cup Aluminum Percolator

Beautifully designed and polished. Stands 9 inches high and makes 8 cups of coffee.

No. EH1240 postpaid for 3 subs. at 50c each.

### Aluminum Beverage Mixer

Complete with extractor and strainer. Capacity, 22 ounces. Strainer and cap fit snugly to prevent leaking.

No. EH1253 postpaid for 2 subs. at 50c each.

### Household Scale

Full size scale, grey enamel finish with 5 1/2-inch round steel top; weighs up to 25 pounds by ounces. Durable, well made.

No. EH797 postpaid for 4 subs. at 50c each.

### Aluminum Double Boiler

1 1/2-quart size. Colonial style, highly polished finish with cool hollow rust-proof handles. Large bottom vessel to avoid cooking dry.

No. EH1257 postpaid for 3 subs. at 50c each.

### Aluminum Dish Pan

Heavy gauge aluminum, yet light and easy to handle. Beautifully polished, inside Sun-ray finish. 10-quart size.

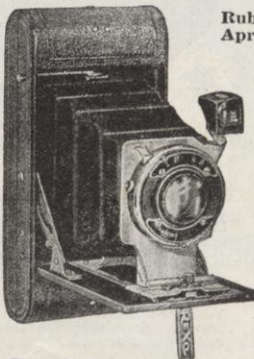
No. EH136 postpaid for 4 subs. at 50c each.

This merchandise is guaranteed to be exactly as represented. In ordering give first second and third choice in case your first preference should be out of stock. Order by number, write names and addresses plainly. Be sure remittance is enclosed. Address

WOMAN'S WORLD

4223 West Lake Street Chicago, Ill.

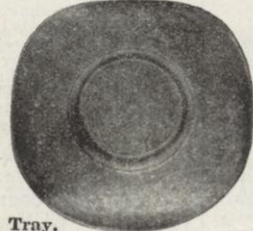
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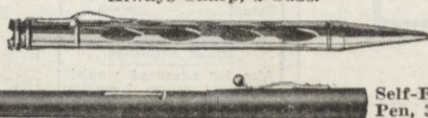
Rubberized Apron, 2 Subs.



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Household Scale, 4 Subs.



Improved Corn Popper, 5 Subs.



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Aluminum Dish Pan, 4 Subs.



Blue Streak Scooter

10 Subs.

Self-Feeding Fountain Pen, 3 Subs.

### The Husband of Clara Cate

(Continued from page 33)

cent, especially decent, if she cared at all for him.

On his last night he knew she did care. They were walking on the beach with the waves, suppliant courtesans, kissing the pebbles at their feet. There was a moon—there usually is at such times—either on the wax or on the wane. Laura was in white, filmy draping white that bared her smooth rounded throat. She wore no hat and her brown hair, usually pinned in modest restraint, was loosened. Little curly strands of it blew across her eyes and about her ears. It was charming, that way. A mist was rising from the sea and she drew a gossamer silk scarf about her shoulders.

"You look like Annabel Lee," he said suddenly. "The mist, the twilight, and you, all in white." How feminine and appealing she was!

He paused, seeing the tremor on her lips and the ebbing of color from her cheeks.

"Like to turn back?" he asked gallantly. Had he been twenty he would have taken advantage of such a moment.

"What time does your train leave tomorrow?" said Laura Smith nervously.

"At the impartial hour of six-thirty," he replied. "A. M., I might add. And I have no desire to take it. Usually I am only too glad to return to the office. A man always makes a great stir about escaping from the grindstone but he's wretched until he gets back to it and puts his nose down closer than ever. This time, however . . ."

"I shall miss you, too, Andy," she said simply.

Andy! Never before had she called him that. A plan sprang into his mind. August in New York alone seemed suddenly unendurable.

"I'm coming up week-ends through August," he said. He could leave the city Friday night, have Saturday and almost the whole of Sunday with her. He knew Miss May could accommodate him. He would speak to her that night.

"Why, that will be nice," commented Laura, fumbling for the scarf that had slipped from her shoulders. Protectively Peters adjusted it about her throat.

"Yes, I think so," he agreed.

SATURDAY and Sunday were the only days in the week that existed for Peters during August. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday he automatically transacted the routine business at the office, which, although doubled by the absence of Kingsley, was not especially heavy. August was always a depressing month in the matter of business as well as weather. The days of grace he spent with Laura Smith, walking on the beach, sitting on Strawberry Hill, riding and bathing. He had definitely decided to marry her. She was just what he desired as a wife.

If only he were not deceiving her! He would feel infinitely more at ease mentally, if he could tell her of Clara. There was an alarming possibility, however, that she might have nothing more to do with him. An honorable woman, and Laura certainly was that, would not wish to ally herself in a sort of conditional engagement with a married man. No, it was more diplomatic not to tell her. Before he left he would declare himself, see her a few times during the winter, write her. Then when the divorce was absolute, in a year probably, he would ask her to marry him. Clara, with her influence on the press, would be able to confine the announcement

to a few inconspicuous lines and Andrew Peters was such a common name that should Laura see the news item, she would never associate Andrew Peters who spent his vacation at little Maynoma with Andrew Peters, husband of the famous Clara Cate. He would tell Laura he loved her and say no more.

He told her on the night of his last Saturday at Fairfield, told her as they sat on the sand, the mist from the sea stretching its white fingers toward them, the pines whispering secrets at their backs.

"Annabel Lee again tonight," he told her softly. Her brown hair was in moist little curls on her forehead, her eyes glowed and her soft lips were parted and rather pleading. The scarf slipped and as he raised his arm to adjust it, her head sank back on his arm. He knew what he was expected to do, what he had rather planned to do anyway, so he drew her to him and kissed her.

AS SHE gently pulled herself from his embrace, a wave of annoyance swept over him, annoyance with himself. Heavens, he was getting old to be so cold, so sterile of emotion! He had held in his arms a very pretty woman, a woman he intended to marry, yet proximity had played no tricks with him. He had felt no quickening of the pulses, no tingling of the senses. Of course he was forty-five, but he had thought . . .

"I love you, Laura," he told her defensively.

"Do you?" she queried surprisingly and looked at him with her steady brown eyes.

"Why, of course," he answered rather sharply.

"Mmmn. We'd have to wait a year, maybe longer," she said hesitantly.

"That's all right." He did not ask her reasons for a delay. He had not intended to mention the subject of marriage, but she had introduced it and very happily placed it in the future. His divorce could now be easily arranged. "I don't want to hurry you. When you're ready, I'm ready. We'd be very happy together, Laura."

"Yes, I'd be Mrs. Peters and you'd be Mr. Peters." Her voice was dreamy. "Peters. A nice name. It wouldn't be Petersohn or Le Petre. Peters."

"That's my name."

"Don't mind me, dear." Lightly she patted his hand. "I'm just being a bit silly. You'd be Mr. Peters and you'd come home from your office the same time every day. After dinner we'd sit and read or go out and call on some friends. We'd go on vacations together, travel together. Mr. and Mrs. Peters. Yes, we would be happy." Her head sank back on his shoulder.

Miss May was sorting the evening mail as they returned to the hotel.

"Such a nice fat letter for Mr. Peters tonight," she cooed. "I was just going to put it in your box. And there's something for you, too, Miss Smith."

As Peters took the thick white envelope he was irritated to find that his heart was thumping and his throat was dry. For what reason? A letter from Clara. Probably chock full of clippings. He turned to Laura. She had torn open the envelope of her letter and inside was a second envelope. This she tucked in the folds of her scarf which now lay over her arm. Her face was pale. Poor little woman! She had evidently not been too old, too cold, too sterile of emotion to feel the power of their moment on the beach. He looked at her tenderly, contritely.

(Continued on page 52)

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**The Husband of Clara Cate**

(Continued from page 51)

"Go off in a corner, Andy, and read your mail," she said, smiling at him, "and I'll read mine. It's the first I've had for an age and I can't let it wait. I'll see you in the morning."

Dismissed, he went to his room. As he briskly tore open the envelope, he was angrily aware that his fingers were trembling. It was time she was writing! Probably there would be one page from her and a dozen or two pages of clippings. No, sheet after sheet of the familiar uneven handwriting. Clara must have had a great deal on her mind. She had not sent a letter like that since they were first married. Maybe she was suggesting a divorce. Possibly she also realized the unsatisfactory nature of their union. Possibly she had met somebody. He frowned and commenced to read.

Darling Andy:

Only one more week of struggle and I'll be on my way home. The S. S. Republica this time and it reaches New York September eleventh. Don't forget! I want you to be the first one I see outside of the customs. I've never been so glad to get home. I've minded this summer more than ever before. It's been so wretchedly hot and rushed. I've been troubled with fainting spells, too. One came when I was on the stage at the end of "Slip Away." Jan caught me just as I was going to do a backward dive on the head of the drummer. The audience thought it was part of the song and howled for an encore.

PETERS looked up from the letter, his eyes grave. The crazy girl! What was she thinking of, keeping right on when she was not well. As soon as she landed he'd see that she had a good going over.

A summer tour is always exhausting, but this has been especially so. Thank heaven, it's the last. You've always been such an angel, never asking me about my contracts and so on, that you probably don't know you'll have your Clarabelle tagging after you the next time you skip off to the wilds of Maine. Or is it the wiles? They wanted me to sign on the dotted line for five more summers, but nothing doing! My contract in America runs out in January and I've finished with that, too.

The reason is, I'm getting on, Andy, and I realize it. Of course, I'm only forty-two, which is far from senile, but I want to quit with the bloom of youth on my cheek, as 'twere. The other day I overheard two young things in a tea room. "Let's see Clara Cate this afternoon," said one. "Clara Cate!" puffed the other. "We've got the next twenty years to see her!"

So, Andy, dear, I think there'll be an end to Clara Cate. I want to be Mrs. Peters now, if you're willing. Heaven knows I haven't been that for many a year. Sometimes I wonder how you've stood me. I haven't been a bit good wife. Maybe if we'd had babies those first five years I wouldn't have cared about the stage, but I'm afraid it wouldn't have made any difference. It was in me to be the fool and make people laugh, and I had to get it out of my system. It's out now.

I'm saving my most important news until the last because I'm afraid to tell you about it. Please tell me it's all right, that you approve! I'm bringing home a new mascot. Pygmy, I gave to a yapping idiot of a female admirer. They'll make a good pair. My new mascot is a two-legged affair, six years old. I found him at an Orphans' Home where I went to do my act one day. He was a little brown-eyed kid with a thin face and flat brown hair and what do you suppose! His name, his real name, was Peter Peters! I was wobbly all over when I heard it and I couldn't keep away from the place. I went four times to see him and the fifth time I up and adopted him. He's O. K., Andy. His dad got the V. C. at Vimy Ridge and his mother died when he was born.

Now this is important. I don't want the newspapers to know about Peter. The boys mean well but they'd splurge so and I want to keep Peter private property, yours and mine. Nobody notices you, you self-effacing

old darling, so will you be on hand to take him to one side and keep him hidden while I string the keys along?

I'm so crippled I can't write another line. The eleventh, then!

Your own CLARATEA.

Andrew Jackson Peters sat motionless, the crumpled sheets of paper tightly clenched in his hands. Clara was coming home; Clara, bound by no more contracts; Clara, leaving the stage to return to him. He bent his lips to the paper. He could feel her as if she had been before him, feel her vitality, her warmth. Ravishing, inimitable Clara Cate. Right, indeed, was the press!

He rose and paced the floor. The eleventh. Only two weeks more. She had bookings until January. After that she was free. They would go south together in the winter. In the summer they would go to the cape, the mountains, out west. They would have a glorious time these next twenty years and more. It would more than repay the brief period he had given her to the stage. He was glad he had given her. Who was he to expect that her beauty, her laughter, her songs should be for him alone! Quite rightly they were public property. Peter Peters, however, was going to be private property, his and Clara's. A little brown-eyed kid with a thin face and flat brown hair. The nerves in his body tingled. Why, it probably looked just as his own child would have looked!

Suddenly he paused in his course about the chamber. He gripped the foot of the bed and beads of moisture stood on his forehead. He had completely forgotten Laura. He had proposed to her, had been accepted and he had no more intention of divorcing Clara. He knew now why he had failed to respond to the charms of the woman whose head lay on his arm, why the sparks of passion had refused to kindle, why he had felt vaguely chilled. He did not love her, could never love her.

The next morning on the sand where he had the night previous declared his love, he declared his infidelity. He hoped he did not show the strain of his all night vigil. Laura might think it had been on her account. Well, it had, more or less. Laura herself looked tired and colorless and had accepted his suggestion of a walk with apathetic acquiescence.

"Laura," he said abruptly. He would waste no time in overtures, he decided grimly, but would get the unpleasant business over with as soon as possible. "I've a great deal to tell you this morning, all of it very disagreeable. I want you to do me a favor, although I don't deserve favors. Listen until I've finished and then thumbs down all you like."

HE KNEW Laura would create no scene for she was too much the gentlewoman, but she would be hurt and he dreaded meeting the sorrowful questioning in her quiet brown eyes.

"You have something to tell me," Laura repeated, looking from the sea to him. "All right, go ahead. I won't say or do a thing until you're through and then it'll be thumbs up instead of down."

"No, it won't," Peters insisted savagely. He fixed his eyes on a small boat bobbing on the waves at a short distance from the shore. He would look at that until he was through, would not glance at the woman he had treated so shamefully. "You'll despise me and you'll be quite right in doing so. I despise myself. I've acted abominably. I—I hadn't any right to kiss you last night, to propose marriage. I hadn't any right to receive the generous gift of your friendship. You see," he swallowed and forbore a temptation to look at her, "I'm married. I'm the husband of Clara Cate." Unconsciously he straightened his shoulders.

"And I've been that for twenty years," he continued. "I've been a lucky dog, but I didn't appreciate the fact. I had an idea that the public meant more to my wife than I did inasmuch as she saw far more of it than of me, and this summer I came to the conclusion that my wife meant more to the public than to me. I thought I deserved someone who'd sew the buttons on my shirt, mend my stockings and rub my head when it ached."

"So you picked out me?" came the gentle voice of Laura Smith. Peters winced, but went courageously on, his hands digging in the hot sand.

"Yes, I picked out you. I

(Continued on page 53)



**Starts Hens Laying**

Here's a New Way to Get Eggs in Winter. Costs Nothing to Try

A letter from Miss Dama Wright, Vancouver, Wash., has a real idea for chicken raisers who are not getting plenty of eggs. She says: "Late in October, our fifteen hens were not laying at all. I started giving them Don Sung, and for ten days they still didn't lay. But on the eleventh day they laid thirteen eggs, and it is wonderful what Don Sung has done for our egg basket."

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### The Husband of Clara Cate

(Continued from page 52)

had decided to divorce Clara. I said nothing to you because I thought the divorce could be arranged without your knowledge. When I was free I was going to marry you. I was tremendously fond of you. I thought we'd be very companionable, as companionable as we've been this summer. But I received a letter last night and I can't go on with the divorce. I'm really in love with Clara still, I guess. Besides, she's bringing home a little chap with her, a six-year-old boy she's adopted and I ought to be around to help with him. We never had any children, although Clara always wanted some." He paused. "That's all there is to tell, except that I never can forgive—"

The sound of a sob choked with laughter checked him. Heavens, was she going to have hysterics!

"Laura," he begged, turning toward her. Then he drew back in bewilderment, for although her lashes were wet and the trace of tears was still on her cheeks, there was a smile, an undeniable smile on her lips.

"Oh, Andy," she said, looking at him earnestly and dabbing at her face with a handkerchief. "I'm so glad you said what you did! And you beat my confession by only a few minutes. I was just on the point of giving a valiant ahem and saying in a throaty voice, 'Andrew, there is something I must tell you!'"

"But I don't quite understand," he stammered. "You're glad?"

"So glad I could dance," she said breathlessly. "All last night I stayed awake. You see, I had no right to let you kiss me, no right to accept your proposal of marriage, no right to receive the generous gift of your friendship this summer." Mischievously her brown eyes twinkled. "That's cheating, cribbing from your speech, but yours was so much more polished than mine. I am also married. I'm the wife of Urban Le Long!" Her shapely head flung itself back, proudly.

"I've been that for twelve years, too," she continued as he made no reply, merely sat staring at her. "And if you think it gives you an inferiority complex being married to a vaudeville star you ought to try being married to a concert artist. Humph!" Her voice was animated, her cheeks flushed. Never had she been so pretty, thought Peters. What was Le Long thinking of, leaving her alone! "Nothing but rehearsals and tours all the time. Hours of practice a day and notes from silly women!"

"WE DID have a few years to ourselves when we were first married, before he was famous. He was John Urban Long, I was Mrs. Long and we had two babies who never lived." Rather mercilessly she poked a starfish. "When Johnny commenced to be noticed he thought he ought to change his name to something more professional. I've always hated being Mrs. Le Long, though. It hasn't been much fun. I've seen so little of Johnny. I used to go on tours with him, but it was deadly just sitting and tagging around and feeling stupid. And it seemed to me that the public was given the best side of Johnny and I, the worst."

"I'd reached the point this summer where I knew I'd made a mistake ever marrying him. I wanted to be Laura Smith and have people know me for myself. I'd been feeding my little ego on a prunes and spinach diet long enough; I wanted to give it chocolate marshmallow sundaes and French pastry. Only my sister knew I was here. She had to know because I wanted her to send me Johnny's letters, but she had no idea I came to think about my divorce. I thought I wanted a husband who'd come home nights to praise my cooking, sit beside me and read during the evening, take me to the theater, concerts and dinners, and bring me flowers when I had a headache."

"So you thought you'd take me?" said Peters maliciously.

"You, exactly," admitted Laura. "You were the most companionable man I'd ever met. Johnny was never especially companionable, but most stimulating. I thought I was too old for stimulation . . ."

"But you received a letter last night," prompted Peters.

"Villain! Yes, I received a letter. Johnny loves me and I love him. I could never divorce him. He's coming home the eleventh on the S. S. Republica and . . ."

"Good Lord!" "Going to take me back with him in a month. He wants to spend a year abroad studying, digging up old manuscripts

and what not and he's rented a studio in Paris. We're going to be there alone. Oh, Andy, I'm so happy." Suddenly she leaned her head on his shoulder. He took her chin in his hand, raised her face and kissed her squarely on the lips. A different kiss from that of last night and somehow much more enjoyable.

"Good girl," he said warmly. "I'm glad for you."

"Ditto for you," she seconded. "Let's go back to the hotel. I want to send a cable. I was too upset about you last night."

"That's an idea," commended Peters.

The eleventh of September and the S. S. Republica at the pier and on the pier with eight trunks, Clara Cate. Others there were of import on the pier; others with trunks, possibly as many as eight: a count and a countless, an Honorable Somebody en route for a lecture tour, a Mrs. Van de Something with her bud daughters broadened by foreign travel, a lumber king and his plump wife, a financial wizard and his thin one, not to mention several nondescript millionaires. But only Clara Cate, America's foremost comedienne, returning from a summer tour of vaudeville, mattered to the gentlemen of the press.

FIRST, would she pose a bit. And how about sitting on one of the trunks and extending her feet to show the python skin pumps bought in Paris. Mmm. Good enough! (Darn good-looking legs had Clara Cate for one who was certainly over forty.) Now, a la Goddess of Liberty. Fine. Arm in arm with her accompanist, Jan Kubelov. Enough?

Next, would she answer a few questions. What did she have in those eight trunks? Would she give them a taste? Customs got it. Tough luck! Would she describe her costume? Gooseberry crepe faille, gooseberry hat and a scarf that an Indian prince gave her. Hot doggy! Now what did she think of bobbed hair, Black Bottom, monkey glands, beauty contests, sun baths and bandits. Had she danced with the Prince of Wales, swum the channel, seen Mussolini?

And Clara Cate banded their questions. A great old girl, Clara; always with a comeback. Never huffy, never high-hat.

"Run along," she said, shoeing them off with a flip of the royal scarf. "There must be someone on the pier you've missed."

"Let's see if we can nab Le Long now," said one of the men.

The gentlemen of the press departed, all but four or five who withdrew themselves at a distance of a few yards from the Cate contingent. America's foremost concert tenor was more affable if approached by merely two or three.

"Hello, everybody!" Miss Cate gave her attention to her friends. "Hello, Billy and you, too, Jack. And Bennie and Sam! Awfully sweet of you girls to come. Now you won't mind if I skip off. I'm dead, simply dead, and Andy's waiting around the corner with a taxi he's going to chuck me into. There he is now!"

Joyfully she ran to meet a man in a gray suit, a quiet-appearing man, a man certainly over forty. On his shoulder she laid the gooseberry hat. Their arms went about each other, their lips met. And it was at that instant that the newest photographer turning around for a last admiring look, ejaculated, "Who's the daddy that's getting the juicy welcome? Manager, maybe?"

The veteran photographer turned. "Husband," he snorted in disgust.

"Husband! She's got a husband!"

"Yep. And had him for twenty years. Same one, too. No, it's no secret. But people forget. It's Clara they want to know about. Hanged if I can remember what his name is. He don't cut much ice anyhow. Probably shines Clara's shoes for his lunch money. Huh? He can't hear."

But Andrew Jackson Peters did hear and he smiled.

"Hello, boys," he called cordially and waved his hand.

He could afford to be magnanimous. In the taxi, waiting around the corner, guarded by a detective, was a little chap with brown eyes, thin face and flat brown hair, a little chap who had kissed him and clung to his hand—Peter Peters, private property.

He took the arm of the ravishing, the inimitable, the ever young Clara Cate, America's foremost comedienne, and escorted her from the pier and from the gentlemen of the press.

"My dear Mrs. Peters!" he murmured worshipfully.



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# The POSTMAN'S WHISTLE PAGE

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

## Prize Contest for Postman Whistlers

WITH the advent of Thanksgiving we know that housekeepers are preparing to use their favorite recipes, so we are taking this opportunity to announce another contest. We want recipes that are new, exclusive and easy to make, using ingredients that are readily obtainable. The recipes must be mailed by December first, with a statement that they have not been taken from any magazine, newspaper or current cook book. For the best Cooky Recipe: 1st prize, \$3; 2nd prize, \$2; 3rd prize, \$1. For the best Salad Recipe: 1st prize, \$3; 2nd prize, \$2; 3rd prize, \$1. For the best, easily-made Pudding Recipe: 1st prize, \$3; 2nd prize, \$2; 3rd prize, \$1. For the most novel Sandwich Recipe: 1st prize, \$3; 2nd prize, \$2; 3rd prize, \$1. For the best Cake Recipe: 1st prize, \$3; 2nd prize, \$2; 3rd prize, \$1. For all other recipes under these five subjects that are accepted, 50c each will be paid. Address contributions to Mary Ames Adams, Woman's World, Chicago.

### The Installment Age

"Joseph, if your father could save a dollar a week for four weeks, what would he then have?"  
"A phonograph, a new suit, a refrigerator and a set of furniture."  
—Mrs. H. E. C., Nebr.

### Pockets that Don't Rip Off

When stitching pockets on children's clothes, begin in the middle of the bottom of the pocket, stitch to the top on one side, then turn and stitch down again. Repeat for the other side, beginning again in the middle. A pocket stitched in this way will not rip off as they usually do.  
—Miss F. M. P., Texas.

### A Step Saver

Fix your thermometer on a bracket just outside of your window so that a glance out of the window will tell you the temperature. It will save the trip of going out of doors every time you want to look at it.  
—Mrs. G. L. P., Iowa.

### When You Wash Woolen Blankets

Stretch them on a curtain stretcher. This will prevent them from shrinking.  
—Mrs. H. E. C., Nebr.

### Changing Jugs to Vases

If you have a small jug that vinegar came in, you can make it into a very pretty vase by cutting small pieces of different colored paper into many shapes and pasting them on the jug. Over this put a coat of shellac. The neck and base of the jug can be enameled to match the color scheme of your room.  
—A. W., Ind.

### Always Late

A weather-beaten tombstone in an old Virginia cemetery bears this inscription: "I await my husband, May 26, 1840. Here I am, December 14, 1861."  
A wag passing by, added: "Late as usual."—L. S., Ky.

### To Sharpen Needles

Stitch a few inches through a piece of fine sandpaper and your blunted needle will be ready to use.  
—Mrs. R. B. J., Texas.

### Kidney Bean Salad

1 can kidney beans, drain  
1 cup shredded cabbage  
1 cup chopped celery  
½ cup sweet pickles, cut fine  
3 hard boiled eggs, chopped  
Mix all together with salad dressing. Serve.  
—Mrs. I. F. S., Ind.

### Raisin Sauce for Shoulder Ham

1 cup seedless raisins  
1 cup cold water  
¼ cup sugar  
1 orange, juice  
1 lemon, juice  
Simmer raisins in water till soft, add sugar and bring to a boil. Add fruit juices just before serving hot with the ham.  
—Mrs. A. K., Wash.

### Oatmeal Macaroons

2 cups brown sugar  
1 cup melted shortening (¾ cup butter and ¼ cup lard)  
2 eggs, whites and yolks added separately; add whites last  
Drop from a spoon and flatten with a knife. Bake in a moderate oven.  
1 cup coconut  
4 cups oatmeal  
2 cups white flour  
Pinch of salt  
½ teaspoon baking powder  
1 teaspoon soda  
—Mrs. E. R., S. Dak.

### What Do You Mean, Honor?

Prof.: "This examination will be conducted on the honor system. Please take seats three apart and in alternate rows."  
—L. K., Mo.

### Apple Pudding

Grease a pan with butter. Then put into the greased pan 1 cup of brown sugar. Dot the brown sugar with 1 tablespoon butter. Then pare and core and cut in eighths 8 or 10 apples (according to size of pan) and place on brown sugar. Then over the apples pour the following batter, mixed well: 2 eggs, beaten, 1 cup brown sugar, 4 tablespoons water, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder. Bake 55 to 60 minutes. Turn out on platter while hot.  
—Mrs. A. L., Pa.

## UNCLE JEFF—POSTMAN



### His Philosophy on HABIT

YESTERDAY everybody was over at th' Two Forks' schoolhouse to th' exercises attendin' th' closin' of th' classroom for th' Thanksgivin' holidays. One piece in particular struck me. It was a tale about a fellow named Gulliver that was bound as fast by th' Lilliputians with multiplied threads as if they had used ropes. Th' thought come that, that is just about th' way most of us mortals is habit-bound.

Custom looks t' things that are past, fashion t' things that are present. Both are blind as t' things that are t' come. Th' law of opinion goes forth. We do not question it but fall obedient into th' line of its followers. Novelty is th' show. Conformity is th' law. And habit c'n be such a good thing—or a bad. How we live is sent out in echoes th't will never end. No man or woman is neutral. And habit is our second nature.

I'VE lived here in Elbow Hollow all my life. When I was a little lad I cut my initials with a pen-knife in the bark of a tree down by th' Gap. Today, I'm well past sixty and each followin' year has seen those letters grow and wider with age. Just so have th' customs which are part of me, deepened and spread out over my life.

It is easy when young t' cultivate good habits. If you would kill a hydra, it is easier t' strike off one neck th'n five heads. Th' measure of a man or woman's interior richness and worth is taken by th' things th't are habitual with 'em. Habit makes character and character is th' greatest motive power in th' world.

Th' flower cannot tell what becomes of th' odor wafted away from it on each breath of th' wind. So may no man measure th' influence of his habits; but there is a moral suasion in a decent person's life passin' th' highest efforts of th' orator's genius.

*Jeff J. Lincoln*, U. S. A.

### Mystic Thoughts

A "STUNT" game is played by two persons working together. They tell the company their success depends on concentrating.

One of the two disappears and the other stays in the circle to think of a certain trade, which he tells them all to think about so hard that the one who has left the room can read their thoughts when he comes back. The absent one is called back and his partner says:

"We have chosen a trade for you. Is it a painter?"

"No," the other replies.

"Is it a minister?"

"No," the other replies.

"Is it a blacksmith?"

"Yes," the other replies, although he was out of sight and hearing when the group decided for him to be a blacksmith.

The trick, of course, is to mention a profession, just before the trade previously agreed upon is mentioned. In other words, whatever trade is mentioned after "minister" will be the one to answer "yes" to.  
—A. J. K., Ind.

## Watering Plants

The proper way to water potted plants is to let them get sufficiently dry, and then to give them a thorough watering, filling the plants up full. If this amount is not sufficient to pass right through, fill them up again until the water is seen to run through the bottom of the pots. This treatment will clear the crocks of anything lodging in them, and if the crocking has been done properly, the plants will not become water-logged.

To ascertain whether or not a plant needs watering, lift it, and after you have had a little experience, its weight will tell you what you wish to know. Another method is to knock the side of the flowerpot with the knuckles. If you get a clear ring, the plant requires watering, but if the sound produced is dull and heavy, then the plant is wet.  
—Mrs. A. M., Ill.

### Bran Gems

2 tablespoons brown sugar	1 teaspoon soda
2 tablespoons shortening	1 cup sour milk
1 egg	1 cup bran
Pinch salt	2 cups flour

Mix sugar shortening, beat in the egg, add soda to sour milk, then to the mixture, then the other dry ingredients. Bake in gem pans. Very good.  
—Mrs. D. P., Mich.

### Cheese Soufflé

1 cup milk	3 eggs
3 tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca	1 cup grated cheese
	¼ teaspoon salt

Mix tapioca, milk and salt together and put in double boiler and cook 15 minutes after water in double boiler is boiling. Stir in cheese and let it melt through tapioca. Take off stove and let it get cool and stir in beaten egg yolks and then the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour mixture in buttered baking dish and bake 45 minutes in moderate oven.  
—Mrs. J. R. B., Ohio.

### Give Her Time

Host: "That whisky, sir, is twenty years old."  
Guest: "That so? Rather small for its age, don't you think?"  
—E. K., Wis.

### Protecting Jellies from Light

Fasten an old roller window shade at top of the jelly cupboard. It is easily rolled up and keeps out the light.  
—Mrs. L. F., Pa.

### A Good Luncheon Dish

1 box spaghetti	1 small onion
1 can tomatoes	Butter
1 pound hamburger	

Cook spaghetti in salted water until tender. Put in greased casserole a layer of spaghetti, a layer of hamburger, a layer of tomatoes, etc. Use onion with hamburger. Cheese may be used on top. Bake about one hour.  
—Mrs. C. B. H., Wash.

### Another Time-Saver

Try mixing pie crust with a wire potato masher. You will find this saves time as well as your hands.  
—E. M. B., N. Y.

### Ginger Cookies

1 cup brown sugar	1 cup baking molasses
1 cup shortening	1 teaspoon ginger
3 teaspoons of soda dissolved in a little hot water, then fill the cup full of cold water	Pinch of salt
	Flour enough to roll, 5 to 7 cups

I sometimes beat an egg and rub on the cookies before putting in the oven, which gives them a delicious brown color. This is very inexpensive, as it makes many cookies.  
—Miss R., Ohio.

### Grandpa's Silver Thatch

Father: Every time you are bad I get another gray hair.  
Son: Well, you must have been a corker. Look at grandpa.  
—Miss M. B. J., Ky.

### Removing Stains

Fresh paint may be easily removed from fabrics by rubbing with turpentine. If the fabric is delicate or light colored, use commercial alcohol. If there is any mark after paint is removed, sponge with chloroform. Varnish stains may be removed in similar fashion. Chewing gum may be removed with alcohol, as may fly-paper marks.  
—L. D. R., N. Y.

### Went Him One Better

One hot summer day a gentleman who was waiting for his train at a certain railway station asked a porter who was lying on one of the seats where the station-master lived, and the porter lazily pointed to the house with his foot. The gentleman, very much struck with this exhibition of laziness, said: "If you can show me a lazier action than that, my good man, I'll give you a quarter."  
The porter, not moving an inch, replied: "Put it in my pocket, gov'nor."  
—L. L. D., Mo.

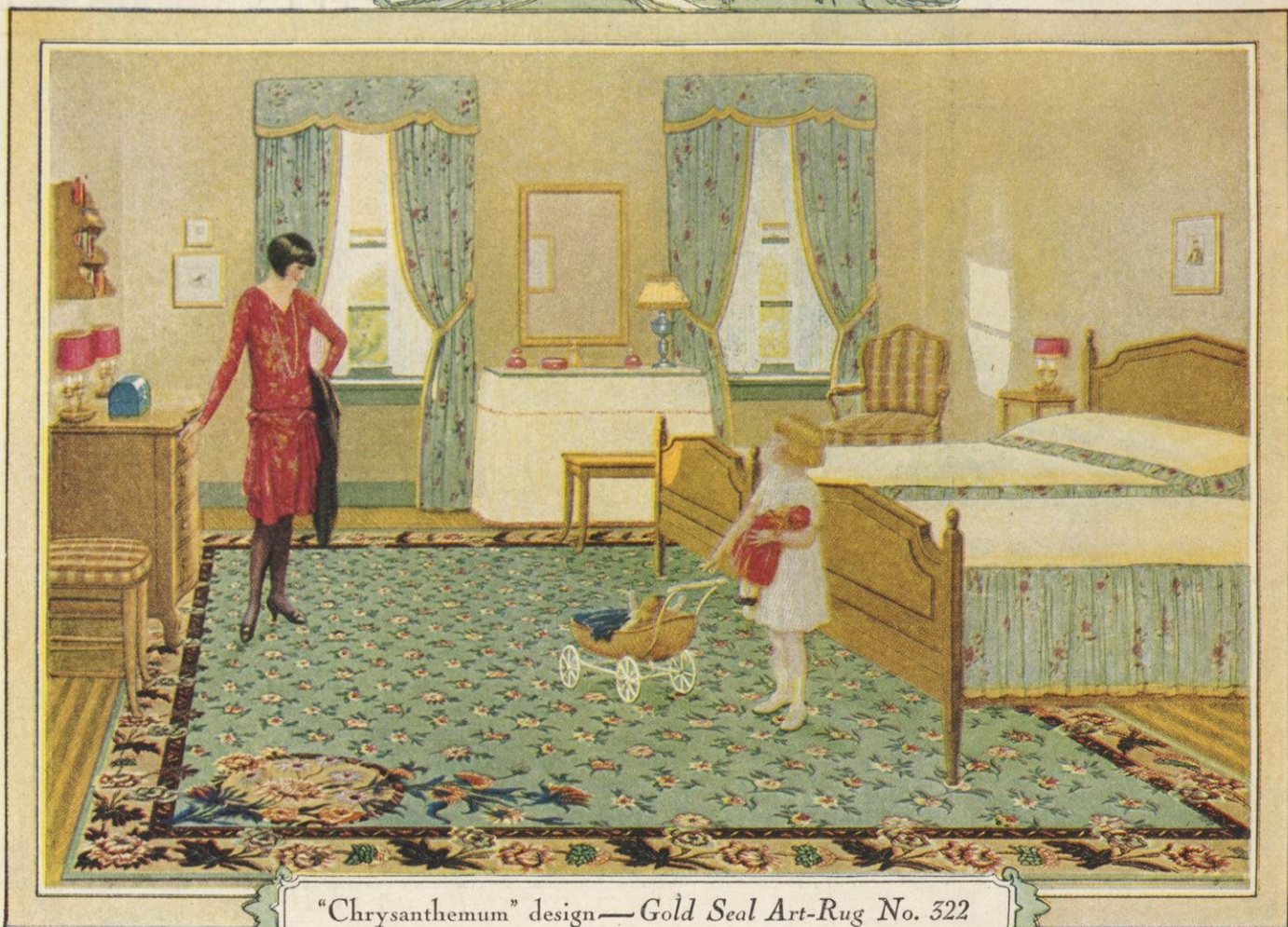
### Sour Cream Cake

1 cup sugar	1 teaspoon soda
1 egg	1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 cup sour cream	

Cream sugar and egg; add sour milk and soda; then add enough flour to make a rather stiff batter. Flavor. Place in round cake pans and bake in a moderate oven.  
—Miss M. H., Colo.



NOTE the effect of real hard-wood flooring that has been achieved by surrounding the rug in the illustration with Congoleum Rug-Border No. 50. An inexpensive solution of what to do with old, badly scarred and stained floors.



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in everything you bake—  
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