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# WOMAN'S WORLD



NOVEMBER

Painted for Woman's World

By MIRIAM STORY HURFORD

NOVEMBER • 1927

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**YOUTH WANTS A FRIEND** — A Message to Parents from the Deans of a Great University

Features by — Priscilla Hovey • Helen St. Bernard • Jennie Harris Oliver

Kate Corbaley • Harry F. Smith • Lily H. Wallace • Anna W. McNeil • Blanche G. Spinney

**CHRISTMAS GIFTS YOU CAN MAKE** — An Exclusive Presentation of Novel and Artistic Ideas



# Bon Ami

## Mother wants Bon Ami Powder too!

**M**ORE and more women are finding how convenient it is to keep Bon Ami *Cake* and Bon Ami *Powder* always on hand. Each has its particular advantages that help you lighten and quicken every cleaning and polishing task.

For nearly forty years the compact Bon Ami *Cake* has been America's favorite window and mirror cleaner. Used by millions of women daily, its popularity is unequalled.

And what a multitude of uses you'll

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One little sprinkle—  
One little rub;  
Not a speck left  
On the Bon Ami tub!



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Cake and Powder  
most housewives use both



PRISCILLA HOVEY

Popular writer of short stories and verse, and author of "Jone Plays the Fiddle" in this issue



HELEN ST. BERNARD

Author of a new series of small town stories which will endear her to Woman's World readers

### The Spirit of Thanksgiving

**T**HE more people have, the less as a rule they can find for which to be thankful, and the reason is that thankfulness comes from a full heart rather than a full purse.

Health, home, family, friends who believe in us—these are things for which most of us can and should be thankful. But pain, discouragement, defeat, temptation, sorrow, loneliness! Can you face them with a smile or endure them with any feeling of thankfulness in your heart? Occasionally there is a rare soul who can rise above them and see and understand the lessons they convey—who can say, as did Arthur Newcomb 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; for mistakes I have made, and the priceless lessons I have learned from them; for disillusion and disappointment that have cleared my vision and spurred my desire; for strong appetites and passions and the power they give when under pressure and control; for my imperfections that give me the keen delight of striving toward perfection.

"God of common good and human brotherhood, I give Thee thanks for siren songs of temptation that lure and entangle and the understanding of other men they reveal; for the weaknesses and failings of my neighbors and the joy of lending a helping hand; for my own shortcomings and sorrows, that give me a deeper sympathy for others; for ingratitude and misunderstanding and the gladness of service without other reward than self-expression."

Such a philosophy of life renders its possessor invincible and sends him back again and again into the fray with a song of victory on his lips. Few of us could acquire it, but all of us can catch something of its spirit and through that find a new reason for thankfulness which shall long outlive Thanksgiving Day this year.

### The Cover Poem for November

#### November

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

"What shall we do when the trees are bare,  
And the garden's cold, and no flowers there?"  
I asked my mother one summer's day.  
"Just wait and see," I heard her say.  
"My dear, whenever a month takes wings,  
And a new month comes, the new month brings  
Some sort of a joy that we haven't had,  
Some different reason for being glad."  
"What will it be?"  
"Just wait and see!"

The leaves have fallen the way I said,  
And the garden's cold and the flowers dead,  
And November's here, but mother and I  
Just laugh and laugh, and you can't guess why.  
For I am making gingerbread men,  
And I'll give you some, but I won't tell when,  
And mother's fixing the turkey, too,  
For tomorrow's a day with lots to do.  
What will it be?  
Just wait and see!

Mother was right. When a month takes wings,  
And a new month comes, the new month brings  
Some special day like Thanksgiving Day  
In place of the joy that has passed away.  
She says it's the same way all along,  
When anything else in the world goes wrong.  
Whenever a joy you had has fled,  
There's always a new joy just ahead.  
What will it be?  
Just wait and see!

This is the eleventh of Mr. Malloch's series of poetic interpretations of Woman's World cover paintings, supplementing in words the thought the artist has conveyed in color on her canvas.

### Introducing Priscilla Hovey

**S**URELY these are remarkable times! Here is Priscilla Hovey, still on the sunny side of thirty, a home maker and mother, with her name emblazoned at one time or another across the feature pages of most of the standard magazines of America, a college education tucked under her bonnet, figuratively speaking, and the lurid sights and scenes of a newspaper reporter's career mentally placed where they can be summoned at will. Furthermore, to quote this surprising young woman, "I have found pounding the typewriter perfectly compatible with marketing, mending, dishwashing and straining prunes for the baby."

It simply couldn't have been done a generation ago. Conventions restricted thought, dwarfed initiative and closed many a door on woman's mental and spiritual development. But today, who shall say what is impossible for woman's nimbler, subtler mind to bring about?

Priscilla Hovey was born in Whitman, Massachusetts, and, with one brother older and one younger, composed the middle member of a trio which found life interesting and kept it so. Her college training was received at Mount Holyoke, her reportorial experience was acquired on the Brockton "Daily Enterprise" and her career as wife, mother and neighbor is being worked out in Braintree, Massachusetts, where she is known as Mrs. Howard Franklin Wright. Now turn to page twelve and read her story, "Jone Plays the Fiddle."

### The Nineteen Twenty-Seven Dollar

**T**HERE is a bit of Thanksgiving cheer in the fact that our dollar is worth more this year than last. According to the Department of Labor, it will buy two cents worth more of foodstuffs than it did in 1926, and, while its purchasing power is still only sixty-four cents as compared with the 1913 valuation, wage scales and standards of remuneration are sufficiently high to enable almost every family to operate an automobile and to spin the dials of a radio for its entertainment.

To be sure, most of us can show no greater net at the end of the year than we did in 1913, still life is fuller, richer, broader than it ever was before. We are multiplying our experiences, extending our interests, advancing our standards of information and that, with the mental and spiritual quickening which must surely follow, is of greater value to our children than any gold bonds we might bequeath them—for it is mind, not money, that will determine the future of the race.

### The Small Town and Its New Interpreter

**N**OTHING ever happens in a small town, you say? The romance and sparkle of life are not for the hillside hamlet, you believe? Well, then, prepare for an entirely new view of Main Street—for Helen St. Bernard, who makes her debut to Woman's World subscribers with this issue, has opened up an unsuspected mine of adventure at your very doorstep. In "Real Folks," the first of a new series of small town stories, she weaves a magic web of romance over persons and places you thought were dull and drab. Love, hate, heroism, sacrifice, defeat, tragedy—the whole gamut of human emotions, the material for a thousand novels—may be found in any town, awaiting but the discerning eye and the chronicling pen to give them immortality.

Helen St. Bernard was born and raised in St. Clair, Michigan, a small river town which supplies the inspiration, if not the actual locale, for her new series of tales. Her earlier stories, she says, were of kings and queens and princes with silver crowns and flowing robes, then later, at about high school age, pirates and flaxen-haired maids served as the heroes and heroines of her tales, but now, with a mature outlook on life and after traveling and studying in many foreign lands, she returns for her inspiration to the little town that gave her birth, for there she finds mirrored in diminutive size all the elements that give life its beauty, zest and fund of infinite surprise.

You will like "Real Folks," you will like the stories that follow it and you will feel, as you read them, a revived interest in your home town and a new regard for the people who carry on its life.

All of us at some time in our busy lives have known the peace and quiet of a "Midhill"—a little village somewhere whose tree-shaded streets and splintered board walks are redolent with memories that money could not buy. It is of such as these that Miss St. Bernard has written in the picturesque group beginning this issue.

# Three weeks without salary



In the  
**THROAT**  
and nose  
more than  
**50 diseases**

have their beginning or development. Some, of mild character, yield to an antiseptic. Others, more serious, do not. At the first sign of an irritated throat, gargle frequently with Listerine, and if no improvement is shown, consult a physician.

**watch your throat!**

## Guard against sore throat

**WE'VE** rolled around to it again—the season when a wicked cold or a nasty sore throat may lay you up for weeks. Most of us can't afford that; nothing coming in; everything going out.

In avoiding colds and sore throat, one of your most valuable aids is Listerine, the safe antiseptic.

After exposure to cold weather, or sudden changes in temperature, after mingling with crowds, after your feet have been wet—gargle with Listerine when you get home.

**SOUNDS LOGICAL**  
The great success of Listerine Tooth Paste has proved that the idea of a scientific dentifrice at 25c (for the large tube) is a popular one.

It may be—and very probably will be—the means of saving you a trying siege of illness. Listerine, being antiseptic, immediately attacks the countless bacteria that lodge in the mouth waiting until bodily resistance is low to strike.

For your own protection against cold weather complaints you ought to make a daily habit of rinsing the mouth and gargling with Listerine. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

# LISTERINE

—the safe antiseptic

# YOUTH WANTS A FRIEND

Is the moral training of youth solely a matter for the schools? Are we remiss as parents? Read what the Deans of a great university say about your children.

By FRANK MAXWELL CHASE

THOSE who have seen David Belasco's play, "The Return of Peter Grimm," will recall the unforgettable scene in which the old man reappears on earth to release Kathrien from her promise, which he obtained before his death, to marry the unworthy Frederik. Kathrien, troubled, does not understand, and for a time it seems that Peter will fail. "I have a message to deliver," he cries in his distress, "but I can't get it across."

The youth of America, it seems to me, is in much the same predicament. It has something to say to the rest of us, something that we need to know. But, like old Peter in the play, it can't get its message across.

Youth has its problems, its aims and ambitions the same as other human beings. It tries to say what it wants, what it hopes to do and to give to the world; but middle age cannot or will not understand. Meanwhile the gulf between parents and their children grows wider, and criticism of youth and all that pertains to it runs on apace.

In the play, Peter is finally understood through the medium of a child, a so-called "sensitive." There is, of course, no magic means by which parents can gain a perfect understanding of their children thus simply. But there are persons who by experience, position and temperament are especially fitted to speak of the needs and problems of youth, and it is from two of those that this article would bring a message.

### Adviser and Champion of Young People

One of these is Miss Maria Leonard, dean of women at the University of Illinois. Upward of three thousand women attend this institution and Miss Leonard is their guiding hand; their calls at her office each month average more than one apiece for each of them. The dean, however, is more than an adviser. She believes unreservedly in young people and is their outspoken champion.

"Those who engage in general denunciations of youth," Miss Leonard said to me, "simply do not understand. While there is the occasional derelict, the great body of young people are earnest and sincere at heart. With very few exceptions, the girls whom I know need a friend far more than criticism or a penalty, and this, I believe, is true of young people generally.

### Boys and Girls of "Nerves" Instead of "Nerve"

"Youth is confused by the complexities of modern life, and in need of straight thinking on fundamental questions. Let parents think back over their own youth. Were there not times when they did not know which way to turn; when they felt the need of better guidance than their own judgment afforded? The young people of today, born into an over-stimulated world, have even greater need of wise counsel. I sometimes think we are producing boys and girls of nerves instead of nerve. It is our duty to protect rather than blame them.

"After all, who is responsible for the fact that our young people do not always conduct themselves as we



9:45 a. m. campus scene at the University of Illinois

would have them? Who made the world what it is, anyway? Certainly not our young people; they, indeed, were brought into it without being asked whether they wished to come. No, it is we, those now of middle age, who are responsible for the conditions with which youth must cope. We had our chance to shape the world as we wished. If we have misused the opportunity, the fault is ours.

"'Forty-one,' a discerning individual said to me recently, 'tries to get by with more than twenty-one.' There is truth in that statement, truth which is made more regrettable by the fact that forty-one knows what the penalty will be while twenty-one does not.

### More Spiritual Light Needed

"I often feel much discouraged with middle age. Our generation, it seems to me, has not kept far enough ahead of its young people. It has not given them sufficient spiritual light. These young people, half our age, are trying out things in a world which often baffles us. We ought not to blame them if they make mistakes when we ourselves have not given them the proper light by which to see. How could our young people inherit a spiritual mantle which we ourselves do not possess?"

Miss Leonard's ideas on the need of youth for friendship are well exemplified in her own work. She makes it a point to run faster with good news than with bad, and is quick to speak a word of praise. She is also a woman of much charm and exerts her influence more through

Maria Leonard, dean of women, U. of I.



sympathy and understanding than through the exercise of authority.

### Discipline 5%, Friendship and Service 95%

As she spoke, she drew a rough circle upon a sheet of paper: "I look upon my job as one of three hundred and sixty degrees, and the disciplinary part of it amounts to about that much;" she indicated a shaded segment of perhaps five percent of the whole. "The rest I try to make an expression of friendship and service I want girls to think of me as their friend and advocate, rather than as a disciplinarian. Besides, as friendship and service increase, discipline decreases. This is as true in the home as on the campus. Make a chum of the boy or girl and punishment may be forgotten."

A prevalent idea is that education is somehow responsible for the shortcomings of youth. Attacks upon educational institutions — either directly or by inference — are of frequent occurrence. Is this fair? Is the moral training of youth solely a matter for the schools? What are the aims and responsibilities of high school and college?

Miss Leonard has served as dean of women since 1910. She has also been a teacher and a lecturer upon educational subjects. Thus she not only knows a great deal about young people and their needs, but has given much thought to the aims and responsibility of education.

"Education as I see it," Miss Leonard declared in discussing the foregoing questions, "is something to be evolved, not bestowed, as a gift. In other words, school is not a place merely for the acquiring of credits and of a diploma when a sufficient number of 'counters' has been gathered. It is a place for growth of character, for the development of mind and body to the highest possible point.

### The Responsibility of the Home

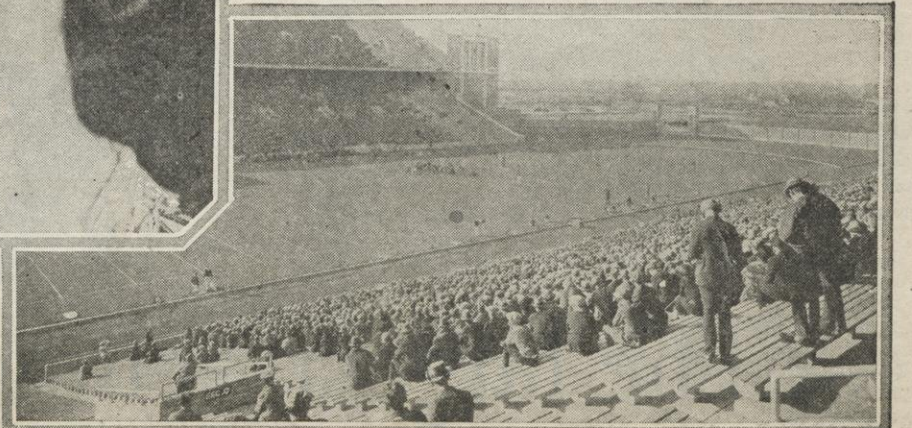
"In all this, moral training has a place, to be sure, but school cannot carry the entire load. The home must do its share.

"College can only build upon the foundation laid by the home. It is the amplifier of home training. Ninety-five percent of the training which the child receives before he is of college age is given by the home. Upon the quality of that training depends, in large measure, what college can do for him. If the home has done its part, college training will be an asset. If the home has failed to do its part, he may twist the fine opportunities of college into harm which will weaken his life.

"We teachers in high school and college see far more than the individual John or Mary who comes to our doors; for every child, back of the shield which dress or manner may afford, is a walking reflection of the home from which he came. He mirrors daily the amount of honesty, integrity, self-control, industry, obedience and respect for law which his home instilled into him. Parents should not expect him to be different from what they have made him; he is their product. We, the teachers, build on their foundation. (Continued on page 24)

The U. of I. stadium with football game in progress

Colonnade of the woman's building, Illinois University



ACTUAL VISITS TO  
P & G HOMES No. 11



# French frocks? mere trifles to a four-year-old

who doesn't have to think  
about washing problems

IT was a brief affair to be called a frock, but then you see it came from Paris. We saw it one day when we were out asking women here and there about laundry soap.

"Won't you come in?" said a pretty young woman when we explained our visit to her. And there in her living-room we saw the frock. Its sturdy four-year-old wearer was sitting on the floor—quite careless of handkerchief-linen elegance—cutting out paper dolls.

"Clothes are nothing to Jane," smiled our pleasant hostess, "... even the French dresses her aunt sends her from Paris. And I just don't ask her to keep them clean ... not when she's happier on the floor and

the dresses are so easy to launder with P and G."

"You do use P and G?" we asked—quite pleased, of course.

"I began using it when I was married," said Jane's mother. "I really didn't know much about housekeeping then and the first time I ordered soap, I told my grocer that I wished somebody would make a nice *white* laundry soap. You see I remembered visiting my grandmother as a child, and noticing the awful color of the homemade soap she used. My grocer said, 'I'll send you the best laundry soap there is.' He sent me P and G, and except for trying other soaps now and then, I've used it ever since.

"P and G is so fine and white," she went on, "and gives the clothes such a clean, fresh smell. My laundress likes it too, be-

cause she can get Jane's underwear white without a lot of rubbing. And when I wash the dresses myself, as I do now and then, I'm delighted to be able to get suds in lukewarm, or even cold water."

P and G is a good soap, as millions of women have discovered. It gives fine, quick, rich suds in any kind of water—hard or soft, hot or cold. It gets clothes clean without hard rubbing, and keeps their colors bright. Do you wonder that it is the largest-selling soap in the world? Don't you think that it should be helping you with your washing and cleaning too?

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 postcard to Dept. NW-11, Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, O.

P and G became popular because it is such a fine soap. It is now the largest-selling soap in the world, so you can buy it at a price lower, ounce for ounce, than that of other soaps.



# The largest-selling soap in the world



"Dinner is ready," sang out Mollie Dean. "We'll come," muttered Connie darkly, "when this bird takes off his coat and rolls his sleeves"

# REAL FOLKS

By HELEN ST. BERNARD

**M**RS. GLENDENNING? Apartment A, third floor—elevator, please," intoned the pompous colored dignitary in answer to Marcy Dean's inquiry. A few moments later, when Marcy found herself sitting on the edge of a luxuriously upholstered chair, in a room whose dimensions and very elegance awed her, she understood why Mrs. Norton at the college had been so solicitous in her repeated advice: "Appearance and poise are great factors in this position, my dear. Neatness and simplicity in dress."

Marcy smoothed her skirt over her knees and brushed an imaginary atom of dust from the sleeve of her tailored jacket. She had indulged in a shine the evening before to which her brown oxfords gave bright evidence; her gloves were well-fitting and almost new. A long mirror at the farther end of the room was offering tempting possibilities for a final inspection when the maid reappeared.

"Mrs. Glendenning is at breakfast but will talk to you, Miss," she informed, and Marcy followed her, bewildered at the number of rooms through which they passed. She had always thought of apartments in terms of four or six rooms and bath—never over eight! Overlooking the gardens at the rear was the sunroom, gay with chintz hangings and gray and orange wicker; it was here that

**T**he story of a girl who was ashamed of her mother—and of the lesson she learned at the hands of strangers regarding the true measure of human worth.

Mrs. Amelia Glendenning sat before a breakfast tray, the sun shining through the French windows on her white hair, the morning paper propped against the silver coffee urn.

"Good morning, Miss Dean," she smiled. "You will excuse me while I finish my coffee? This is a ridiculous hour for breakfast but I overslept and must hurry to keep a noon engagement."

MARCY breathed a silent little prayer that Mrs. Glendenning would like her.

"I see by the paper this morning that it is suggested the motives and aims of the Ku Klux Klan are again to be investigated," Mrs. Glendenning continued and added with a chuckle, "I wish they would turn it over to the clubwomen. We would soon find out if they are living up to their ideals and principles."

Marcy was relieved that the matter was not further discussed, for up to that moment she had not been interested in the K. K. K. problem. She would buy a paper at the corner. She must keep abreast of current events!

MRS. GLENDENNING pushed back her tray and rested her elbows on the table, an old-young woman in her middle sixties with hair of a powdery silver whiteness. Little lines crinkled about her eyes as she talked. "Mrs. Norton told me she was sending you and that she had given you a brief outline of the duties required," she remarked, and Marcy knew that the kindly gray eyes were missing no detail. "I am an old woman, Miss Dean, and my memory is atrocious."

"Righto!" came a masculine voice from the next room.

Mrs. Glendenning laughed. "My son," she volunteered. "He loves to tease his old mother. As I was saying, my memory is terrible and I am forever getting my bridge mixed with my clubs and am never on time for either. The other day I was playing a rubber at Mrs. DeHaven's when I recalled that I was scheduled to speak down at the Women's City Club. They will never forgive me! My son thinks he has solved the difficulty by suggesting a secretary. Let's hope so!"

It was then that Marcy decided there was no alternative but that Mrs. Glendenning must like her.

"I can assure you, however, it will be a complicated position. I will have to be kept straight on my appoint-



ments, which are many, and assisted in outlining my talks. You know, Miss Dean, I am one of those women who are called on to make speeches that no one else wants to make. A clubwoman's life is hectic! They call on me because they think I have so much leisure, while in reality I actually have to neglect my home to talk before the literary clubs, mothers' clubs, garden clubs and civic clubs. I forget my notes sometimes and am always in trouble," she laughed. "Then, too, I want to be relieved of the financial matters here—paying the servants, household bills and all that. I am getting old and want a rest."

There was a chuckle from the doorway. "My son, John," introduced Mrs. Glendenning. "He needs straightening out, too, but only his mother can do that."

"Anyone who keeps you on the straight and narrow, mother, will have her hands full. She is terribly irresponsible, Miss Dean." He bent and kissed his mother. "I'm off. Sorry you cannot see the game, mother. It looks like a stiff fight."

"Cannot make it today, son. I promise to go the next time, but do be careful. Polo is so hazardous and I do worry about you."

He laughed, nodded to Marcy and was gone. "Do you want the position, Miss Dean?" asked Mrs. Glendenning crisply.

"I would love it, Mrs. Glendenning," and right there Marcy realized that she was not observing Mrs. Norton's thoughtful advice. "I mean—I am sure—I can please—"

"So am I," finished Mrs. Glendenning promptly. "When can you come?"

"Monday?" queried Marcy. "I would like to go up in Pennsylvania and see my mother for over Sunday."

"Monday? Splendid! Goodbye, Miss Dean. Ellen will show you out."

MARCY wired her mother she would be home on the six o'clock train, packed her bag and at two o'clock was on her way to Midhill. She bought a paper and dutifully read the column regarding the latest information on the Klan. The League of Nations question she found hard to understand, so settled down comfortably and closed her eyes. Mrs. Glendenning had placed within her reach an opportunity of which she had always dreamed, had stretched her arms to, but had considered unattainable. Beauty, culture, refinement! Midhill and her family's limited resources had denied her these. She had been sick with the dread that she might have to return to Midhill and accept the position as stenographer in the Pennsylvania Knitting Mills, which her mother had written was available.

As they rounded the big curve outside of Midhill and the whistle screamed approach to the little town in the valley, she gathered up her belongings and was ready to climb down when the train came to its usual shuddering stop. She had not been home since Easter and her eyes eagerly scanned the assembled group of loungers on the station platform. Her brother, Conrad, was there, tall,

*"Good morning, Miss Dean," she smiled; "you will excuse me while I finish my coffee?"*



brown and hatless. He gave her a hasty kiss and took her suitcase.

"Mother Moll has supper ready and told me to hurry," he cautioned as she stopped to shake hands with Clem Evans, the station master.

In the dilapidated and decidedly noisy conveyance which Conrad had recently acquired and to which he referred with pride as "the bus," Marcy imparted, with enthusiasm, details regarding the new position.

Conrad gave a skeptical snort as he turned from Main Street into Prospect Avenue. "Hm-m-m," was his reply. "I'll bet it won't be so fine when you know the old dame better. Those society birds—"

"Connie! Mrs. Glendenning is a perfect lady, refined, lovely—and not a bit snobbish!"

"Well, you'd better go slow on telling Mother Moll. She has her heart set on your taking the job down at the Knitting Mills. Twenty a week is pretty good for Midhill."

He brought the car to a jerky stop before the old-time curbstone which bore the name "Dean." The house, badly in need of paint, was half hidden behind the low-hanging branches of two splendid old pines on the lawn.

"Goodness, Con! Don't you mow the grass any more?" she exclaimed.

Her brother, in the act of lifting her suitcase from the back of the car, stopped and glared. "You just try walking twenty miles a day, carrying a tripod and all the rest of the stuff that goes with an engineering job, and see whether you feel like pushing a lawn mower at twilight for exercise," he growled. "Hurry up and tumble out, I'm hungry! And Marce, don't you—find—fault—with mother!"

Marcy went into gingham-clad arms on the porch and they held her tight.

"It is good to have you home again, daughter," was her mother's greeting. "I meant to change my dress before

## For This Day

By H. H. FARISS

Give me this day my daily bread,  
Enough that I may freely share;  
A healthy body, too, good Lord,  
And may I give it proper care.  
I humbly ask, let me be wise  
To seek the better things to win,  
And seeing error, find some way  
To lead the erring from their sin.  
Give me a mind that cleanly thinks  
And grasps life's problems, old and new;  
Don't let me think of self too much,  
But serve, as Thou wouldst have me do.  
Grant me the grace to laugh and sing,  
Enjoy a good joke now and then,  
For life was made for happiness:  
For these I thank Thee, Lord, Amen.

you got here, but I have been working in the garden and the time went so fast."

Marcy patted her cheek and then reached up and dextrously caught some loose ends of graying hair under a hairpin and fastened them securely above her mother's neck. "I do wish those ends would stay up, mother. You should wear a hair net." She caught Conrad's scowl and slipped her arm through her mother's. "I'm starved and so is Connie. Dinner ready?"

MOLLIE DEAN was forty-five when her husband had been laid to rest over in the hillside cemetery and she faced the world bravely with but few assets: a stout heart, her home and her two children, Conrad, a sturdy lad of sixteen, and Marcy, thirteen. She pulled down the sign from the pine tree in the front yard that for years had proclaimed the fact that Conrad Dean, Sr., was a carpenter and contractor; a week later the same board went into one of the many chicken houses over which she and Conrad, Jr., labored tirelessly. Then the chickens! It was slow and discouraging work the first year, a little better the second and at the end of the third, Connie was able to give up his position as clerk and delivery boy in Hawkins' grocery and go to the University of Pennsylvania. Those were hard years. Every month a check went forth from Midhill to help out the boy's limited stipend, earned at odd jobs between classes, but it was worth it all when he came home at twenty-five with the diploma of a civil engineer and almost immediately obtained a position up in the hills, where the new railroad was going through.

Then Mollie Dean and Connie took stock of their resources and decided that Marcy should have her chance. It was their wish that she attend the State Normal and prepare for a teacher's diploma, but Marcy decreed otherwise, and, as usual, won. She chose a business course, holding out insistently that such a course meant only a year's sacrifice on their part against two years at the State Normal. September found her at Columbia University.

Mollie Dean had established a fairly good market for her chickens and the big white eggs she sent out in pasteboard boxes, but in the meantime she did not neglect Midhill. Her willing hands always helped prepare the monthly church suppers; she delivered papers, written with Conrad's help, before the Ladies' Improvement Society and the literary club meetings; she could tie a quilt faster than any other member of the "Aid," which met in the church parlors every other Wednesday afternoon; many were the little lives ushered into the world under her ministering care, many the tired hands she folded over silent breasts.

It was a raw-boned, middle-aged, sun-browned woman that Marcy faced across the table that night, a woman whose ambitions and ideals had kept her buoyed up through years of care and struggle. But her daughter was not thinking of that. She was comparing this plain woman in the severe, homemade gingham house dress with the woman on whose white hair the sun had shown through chintz-hung windows that morning; a woman whose skin was white and soft, whose dress was of orchid-colored silk and whose voice was low and pleasing.

THE supper table was in the kitchen, the big, roomy, sun-filled kitchen into which Mollie Dean had come thirty years before as a bride. It was spotlessly clean, a bright-colored rag rug on the floor, geraniums blooming on the windowsill, Midhill fashion.

Through the open door came the incessant, restless gabble, and cluck of Mollie Dean's chickens from their wire enclosure, as they plucked greedily at the corn which she had just finished scattering lavishly with a peculiar, wide-sweeping motion of her bare brown arm.

"Mother, why don't you use the dining-room? It is much more—refined—than eating in the kitchen," suggested Marcy, as her mother slid into the chair opposite her and started to pour the tea. "I am sure you would enjoy your dinner more."

Mollie Dean rubbed her hand wearily across her forehead and smiled. "I presume we should, dear, but this saves so many steps and I am so tired at night. This really seems more cosy, too, for just Connie and me."

Conrad had stopped eating. "Dinner!" he snorted. "Kitchen suits me fine for breakfast, dinner and supper," with particular emphasis on supper, "and you are the boss, Mother Moll."

Marcy watched him for a moment as he resumed his attention to his plate, the contents of which were rapidly disappearing under the onslaught of a healthy young man who had spent a long day in the open. There was a scowl on her forehead.

"Did I write you that Prissy Pratt was all ready to go around the world last winter and then decided not to go? She said she was going to use her uncle William's legacy to find romance, to see life, and then she decided that John Blake was the romance she was looking for. He has been so good and loyal all these years since Lyddie died, and Prissy will make a good mother for little Johnnie. They plan on being married this summer."

Marcy laughed. "Poor Prissy. To think that John Blake is romance."

"You would think so to see the old girl hanging to his arm down the street last night when I was coming home," chuckled Connie. "John's face looked like one of the smiling jack-o'-lanterns we used to make at Hallowe'en, Marce."

Mrs. Dean laughed heartily. "Dear Prissy. I am so glad she is happy. John is having his house painted and fixed up and they are going to New York and take little Johnnie with them."

Marcy wiped the dishes for her mother and helped finish packing some eggs to be taken to the store in the morning for the Saturday trade. Then they sat together on the porch and Marcy slipped her hand into her mother's and told her she was not coming back to Midhill. A lilac twilight was fast fading before a purple dusk and the lamps down on Main Street threw out a friendly glow in the distance. The air smelled richly of growing things—swelling buds and honeysuckle and freshly turned earth. The only sound to break the contented quiet of early evening was the clear whistle of a far-away train, an occasional contented cluck from the chicken houses in the back yard and the throaty chirrup of frogs in the ditch along the roadside. Occasionally a motor whizzed up Prospect Avenue, headed for the open country. Conrad had driven away a few minutes before, bareheaded and whistling, and they heard the rattle long after he had turned the curve in the road and was out of sight.

Mollie Dean drew a long breath. "This is the time of day I love best," she said simply. "Soft twilight—peace—contentment. Tell me about Mrs. Glendenning, Marcy."

Her mother had always made things easy for her and Marcy squeezed the big hand in hers. "You have seen her pictures in the papers, mother," she said. "She is very well known and very brilliant. Always making speeches before the clubs and does heaps of social welfare work. Don't you remember, she sponsored the bigazaar at the Walbrook Hotel last winter for the Children's Hospital? She is so lovely, with her hair done in a French roll and her hands are so white and soft—"

Mollie Dean looked down at the free brown hand in her lap and turned it over, palm upward, calloused and red. "Mrs. Glendenning probably never weeded a garden or fed a chicken in her life," she laughed a trifle awkwardly, but Marcy caught (Continued on page 43)

*In the warped shadow of the oaks, she held him fast. "I'm not cold," she insisted. "Oh, Arry, Arry, listen to me"*



*Well, he'd listen; then he'd talk. He'd beat The Woman to it. Arry was steady now, benumbed. A sufferer, drugged*



# God's STEPCHILD

By JENNIE HARRIS OLIVER

**L**T IS an unwritten law that a man may have secrets from his wife, but Arry McConnell was a law to himself; he let a secret eat his heart out. It was strange, everyone said, what life had suddenly done to Arry. Married men change, but not as he did; not that freezing of the lips, that brooding of the eyes. Friends thought the boy—Arry was but twenty-one—took his new responsibility too seriously. They dubbed him, affectionately, "Old Man Arry."

Girls who had known Arry in his gay, wild days tried vainly to cheer him by a little harmless flirting. Arry McConnell never had cared for girls; they disturbed him. Nature had it that if the wrong one broke him in, he would be a "regular little devil with women." He had married Lucy Love—Lucy with the true-blue eyes and wild honey lips. It was believed that Lucy was the only girl Arry had ever kissed—but wait.

Two there were in this city of turquoise sky and red blown sand who knew. One was an old policeman, Pat-

**Q**Men predicted great things for Arry McConnell, but in his heart Arry knew that day by day and hour by hour his time of reckoning drew near. A dramatic, thought-provoking, moral sermon. A fitting sequel to "The Woman."

rick Esel; the other, The Woman of the stealthy house on the corner of Second and Ash. These two recalled the night before Arry's wedding day.

**T**HE Woman was at the bottom of it. Whatever caused her to stop Arry and offer him a string of pearls for Lucy's wedding present was known to herself and the devil. Arry had never stepped inside her place till then;

she had had to look through a cabinet for the pearls—Arry didn't want to be seen standing outside! The Woman had cake for Arry, and punch—cake that was a little dry; drink, stale and bitterish, that aroused a new Arry. There was dancing—a girl with long nails and strange perfume—

**T**HEN, the tang of before dawn in The Woman's back alley, stumblings, fallings, the arousing shock of a dog's cold nose. The pearls! He had found the gate again and hurled The Woman's gift back into her yard. So it happened that Patrick Esel, walking his early beat, had seen the boy in his disheveled white silk shirt, white trousers and shoes, bareheaded, stealing home.

Arry had married Lucy after that. But, save for breathless dreams, where he lived over that early dawn in his own room, trying to wash his mouth clean, trying to rid himself of the taint of the stealthy house before going to Lucy, he might have forgotten, had not the keeper of the stealthy house taken pains to keep the occurrence fresh in his mind.

The first time The Woman came to the store where

Arry worked was to learn where she stood with him; had he meant to pass her up as if she were dirt? She had known Arry on the street ever since he and his playmates—"the dirty dozen"—had fought Patrick Esel for the right to "hop-scotch" on her tabooed corner. She had been attracted by the boy Arry, his dark, vivid face. Women, all of them, liked Arry McConnel.

Arry hadn't fancied The Woman—her smile that wasn't a smile. Heeding Patrick, he never would have spoken to her, but Arry was his own law. Because of the noise he made around his Aunt Sarah's house, he had lived mostly "uptown"—his aunt had raised one family! She did her best by her dead sister's son, but that best had made Arry seem akin to outcasts. The Woman was no worse than men who found their way to her alley!

Oh, Arry spoke to The Woman! For the generous sum of a dollar a trip, he had taken sacks of clothes to the laundry for her. Her corner was so much more like home than his aunt's that he had been strolling there under the guarding trees, bidding farewell to the lonely boy "who was" before entering love's eternity with Lucy. Lifted to the stars, he had entered the stealthy house. Sneakingly, like a thieving dog, he had left it.

He had been married a month when The Woman came, bringing her trade to Meacham & Meacham's. Arry had no right to turn down a new customer. Silently he had filled out her scribbled order: stuffed olives, preserved ginger, little snails in bottles of oil—high-priced stuff like that. While his back was turned, The Woman watched his thin, aggressive young shoulders speculatively. When he laid down her bill in stony silence, did not even look at her, she gave him another chance.

"Slip this in your pocket, Arry." She laid a narrow velvet box on the counter. "You lost it in the path."

Arry would not touch the pearls with his hands. When he pushed them away with his carbon pad, she swallowed the insult and got a bill from her pocketbook. Another customer came just then; Arry did not see her leave.

**A**FTERNOON trade was a jam. It was not till he locked up for the evening that the boy allowed himself to think. Before this, his secret from Lucy had destroyed him; now it would be the secret and The Woman. Arry thought of taking Lucy and running away, but The Woman would follow him. She was that kind of an enemy.

Lucy knew something was wrong the minute he got home. "Headache again?" she asked anxiously from the curve of his arm. "Want coffee for supper?"

Arry thought coffee might help and it did. Still, he couldn't quite steady himself. Wiping dishes for Lucy, he broke a choice little cup and almost had a chill.

"What's the matter, Arry?" Lucy asked, flat. "Scared?"

"You bet I am." Such a choked laugh as Arry gave!

"If that had been Aunt Sarah's cup, she'd have had a fit."

"Would she?" Scoffing such an aunt, Lucy pranced about the kitchen, singing to a doleful tune:

"Go tell Aunt Sarah; go tell Aunt Sarah;  
Go tell Aunt Sarah: 'Arry broke a cup!'"

Then she ran and hugged Arry within an inch of his life. She was so little and cunning and dear that Arry laughed with her. It is wonderful to be young and in love.

After they had swept up the broken china and flipped out some crumbs, they wrote the daily page to Lucy's mother, who was away East, caring for a sudden illness of Grandmother Love, and ran out to mail the letter. Lucy thought they oughtn't to go anywhere else, but Arry was all right! Where would she like to go—musical, movie, tabernacle meeting? It was up to her. Lucy didn't care where, so they just strolled around.

They went a block east, then turned south to a wild little ravine on the edge of town and climbed their old trysting place, Moonrise Hill. Moonrise was walled in on three sides with stunted oaks but was so close to the heart of the city that one could see up and down the avenues and hear a clock strike the quarter hours. It was September, not yet night—just a slipping from sunset into the glory of the hunter's moon. With Lucy snug in her husband's arm, they sat on a flat rock and talked about everything.

First it was clubs: should Lucy join the Shakespeare? Arry decided she might—in time. Clubs were all right for grown-ups. It pleased Lucy to be thought little. Arry was growing right away from her. Hadn't he made a speech before the chamber of commerce? Just something about a system for cleaning up the alleys, but it had gone through. She made so much of this that Arry puffed himself comically. "Huh, he was thinking of running for Congress!"

Something came up to hurt Lucy; it was the big life insurance Arry had that day taken out. What if it meant that Arry was going to die? Of course, he was better than other men, even if he hadn't joined church; still—here she broke down, weeping against Arry's shoulder, and there had to be some swift planning.

From Moonrise they could see the lights of the tabernacle, could hear the songs and shoutings. Arry wasn't a believer, but he said, if Lucy didn't mind going over there, he'd join; so they hurried right down. Arry McConnel had scorned the "sawdust trail," but now the cries of "Good for Arry! Good for Arry!" didn't bother him at all. Lucy was satisfied and happy.

It didn't make any outward difference, Arry's joining church. Lucy knew it couldn't. He wasn't like other

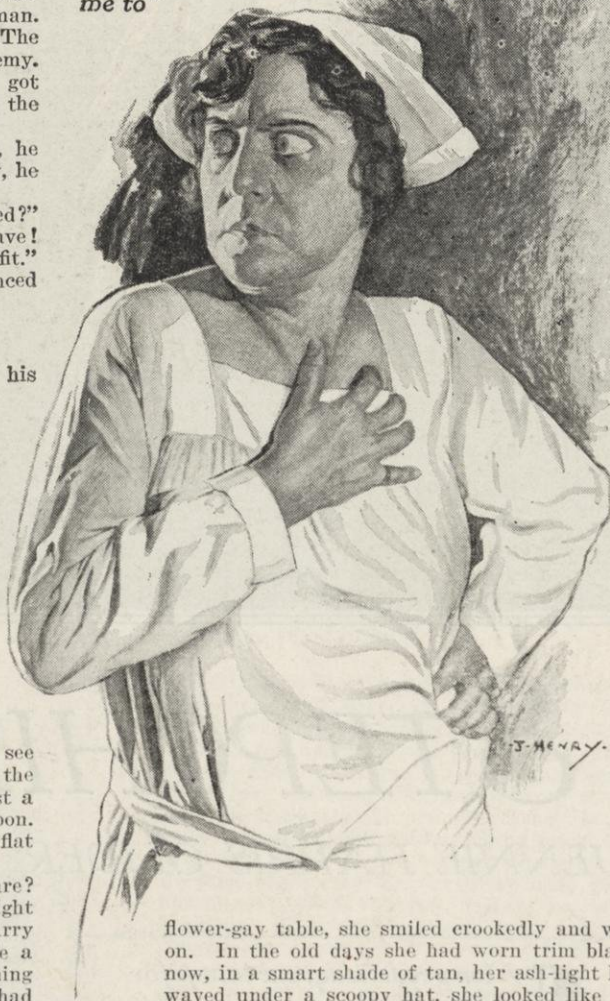
married men; he never got to be like them. He and Lucy had been married a year and more, without his telling her one smutty story, such as her friends were always whispering as "the most killing thing yet," Red, or Joe, or Hal, had told them. Arry thought everything she did perfect, and that wasn't the married man of it. Take her own father—dear old Dad had been cross, often; had made her mother cry. But if Lucy shed tears, it was because she wasn't half good enough for Arry McConnel.

**T**HERE came a time when Lucy's mother should have been there. Then, they got a letter saying grandmother might go any minute and they didn't write back what was going to happen. Lucy seemed well. She sewed a little, cooked when she wanted to. Mostly they dined out. It was fun to sit in a bright restaurant, dressed in their best, and order just anything Lucy happened to want. To Arry, an uptown cafe seemed safe; certainly it was the last place he looked to see The Woman.

But, with new legislation, things had changed. Anticipating the groping hand of the law, the keeper of the stealthy house had balanced her books. Under a new name, she had bought herself a pretty home in the best part of town. The lift of her chin, the flick of her retreating eyes now challenged Patrick Esel and the world: "Don't you 'That Woman' me!"

Her victims? Where go all the singed songbirds after a forest fire? Arry had nothing to fear from the girl with the long nails. But The Woman—it became a hateful obsession with her to track down the boy who saw her as dirt. Evening after evening, passing the brilliantly lighted restaurant where the young people sat at their

*"You haven't anything to say about it. I'll go when the doctor tells me to"*



flower-gay table, she smiled crookedly and went on. In the old days she had worn trim black; now, in a smart shade of tan, her ash-light hair waved under a scoopy hat, she looked like any other fashionable woman on the avenue. But her personality was unchanged. The evening she turned and entered the cafe, Arry felt her coming. Before she had reached him, he saw her and the room around her in a haze of repulsion.

"Well, Arry," she spoke familiarly, "how's everything? Going to make me acquainted with your wife?"

Lucy had a special smile for Arry's friends, and it now blossomed like a rose. From The Woman she looked at Arry—strange that Arry didn't answer. But when he stood up so violently that the water slopped in the glasses, his bruised whiteness told her what was wrong. The "mean old headache" had struck again and struck hard. There was nothing to do but tip the waiter and get right out.

Arry stumbled on the way home, but the fresh air helped his head; nothing to actually worry about. When Lucy wondered what his friend thought of their running

away from her, Arry said she wasn't a friend, just the strange woman who cared for his ankle after the big fight with Patrick Esel. Lucy might have forgotten all about it, but The Woman followed them up. Not that night, but the next day she came over on Maple, selling a special brand of face cream. She had been there and gone when Arry got home.

They cooked their own dinner that evening and Arry had to hear all about The Woman who had cared for his ankle. Melloy T. Webber was her name. Odd! She lived up on Cypress in that shingled house with the glass wing. She didn't have to sell anything, just did it to get acquainted. When Arry remarked, discouragingly, that the city was full of queer people, Lucy admitted that Mrs. Webber had a queer smile. No wonder, though; she had been through enough to queer anyone. "Really," Lucy summed up, "she was a professional nurse and was after a job in the city hospital. Methods had changed in the past seventeen years, so she was going away to study up. When she got back and—and they needed a nurse—"

Here Arry could bear no more—he broke a glass water pitcher.

It was while scurrying around to keep water out of the sideboard that Lucy stopped, frightened. "Arry, Arry," she begged, "don't look like that. Are you worrying about mother's cut glass pitcher?"

"But if I keep on breaking," Arry played up, "she won't have anything to come back to. Now here's something she'd help me smash." He snatched up the jar of face cream left by The Woman and, with Lucy tagging like a kid, went out and dumped the purchase into the garbage can. "Not going to have your blessed little face messed up with that stuff," he said with mock severity. "Here, littlest, you kiss me."

Lucy went into her husband's arms as a wave to the sea, but she yearned mightily over the bones she felt beneath his coat. Her poor Arry, he was working himself to death! Arry had to remind her for the hundredth time how many years—vacations, after school hours, and all day Saturdays—he had driven a delivery wagon. What she took for paleness was just loss of tan. Now, would she stop worrying?

When it was in the papers that Melloy T. Webber had gone East to study nursing, Arry whistled all over the house. He carried Lucy in his arms like a baby; he upset the button box. It couldn't last, but he made the most of it. Now he and Lucy could really get acquainted. They had grown up in the same part of town, but, you remember, Arry had no use for girls.

In sudden hilarity they went over Lucy's keepsakes, got out her baby clothes. Arry's autograph album, so popular in its day, was read from cover to cover; his porridge dish, with the misnomer: "For a Good Boy," brought in his pocket to Aunt Sarah's when he was seven, was placed on the mantel. High school trophies flaunted along the walls. Even the revolver Arry had carried on the delivery wagon was locked importantly away in the hall table drawer.

Lucy forgot all about The Woman; but call it fate. When, in early August, the boy, Aaron McConnel, Junior, was born and the doctor brought with him "the best nurse in town," the nurse was Webber.

**I**T HAD been a mistake, not sending for Mrs. Love. But, while Lucy went down into death, she did not die. A miracle of nursing might bring her back to health; time would tell. Arry went back to the store, the doctor came less often, but Webber, like a white, starched machine, working to the minute, stayed on. She it was who now wrote daily to Lucy's mother; gave orders to the white woman cook and the colored dishwasher; marked any suspicion of spot or speck left by the scrubbing brush.

Even the bills, which mounted high—though, as Mrs. Love kept up the gas and lights and water, there was nothing to worry about—even the bills were checked up by her efficient hand. Arry might see Lucy briefly—remote and shining she seemed, like a sacred fire. At this time, Arry McConnel was beyond The Woman. He thought only of Lucy and of the black doubt that hovered over her. The day he knew she would be as well as ever, The Woman's presence took him by the throat.

The Woman bathing Lucy—and Lucy's baby—wearing white over her blackness—waiting!

But another month passed with the boy holding himself still, still as ice packed between boulders. Then, it was the night after Lucy had been up and around, poking into things, laughing and talking until put back to bed, that Arry went all to pieces. He had been upstairs trying to read, when suddenly he found himself below in the hall. Lucy's door was closed and he went on down the passage to the nursery. This room was open—the night lamp shaded. In starched uniform, cap ends sticking up like the ears of a cat, Webber stooped to tuck Junior in his blankets. As she straightened and turned, Arry closed the door behind him and stood against it. His face was ashen.

"I can't stand it any longer," he said, "and—this with terrible emphasis, 'I won't.'"

"What?" asked The Woman. "Stand what?"

"You, in this house, with Lucy."

"Oh!" The Woman's eyes narrowed to slits. "But you haven't anything to say about it. I'll go when the doctor tells me to."

"You'll go now." (Continued on page 14)

# Gardens of Asphodel

A Story of Early Mining Days and of a Golden Flood That Left the Wreckage of Human Happiness in Its Wake

By KATE CORBALEY

**T**HAT was the loveliest wedding I ever saw! There's something beautiful about spring weddings." Mrs. Pierce paused on the top step and steadied herself for the descent with a hand on old Judge Higbee's lean, strong arm. "I suppose I'm a sentimental old fool," she added, "but the way Ken Harding looked at Davida, when they threw her veil back, made me cry like a baby."

She let her great bulk slowly and cautiously down the broad, shallow steps of the cream stucco house and Judge Higbee brought her safely to anchor on the garden walk.

"She was the loveliest bride I ever saw," he said gently. "I'm glad her grandfather could see her married; he's almost at the end of the journey."

Mrs. Pierce nodded speechlessly and drew a long breath. The California May day sun set the beads on her jade georgette glittering as she turned so that her keen little eyes could sweep the garden and porch in a shrewd appraisal of the wedding guests, eddying slowly out of the huge stucco house.

The house, companioning its neighbors in their stately march down the city blocks, was withdrawn a haughty distance from the street. All the others joined green and friendly hands, but the yard of the square stucco house broke the endless green chain of lawn, for it flamed with flowers set in the old-fashioned oval and rectangular beds of fifty years ago. Purple and pied petunias, orange and tawny marigolds and spikes of the vivid, arresting blue of larkspur played out their drama of color against the back-drop of yellowing stucco walls, that were an essential part of a glorious whole.

The garden had a look of gay defiance, as if it knew itself an intruder of uncertain tenure, and it had, too, a strange and inexplicable quality. Under its present, obvious loveliness there lay some long memory of a secret and poignant sweetness, just beyond human comprehension, at which the garden smiled. A shining web of mystery enveloped it that dissolved at the approach of voices.

Davida's little, wren-like, ineffectual mother darted out of the shadows of the porch with a flutter and swish of her orchid silks and joined the group nearest the house.

Judge Higbee smiled sardonically as he heard her rapid, light syllables, "Don't catch that lovely lace on those spiky larkspurs, Mrs. Pierce. Grandfather Halstead will not have a lawn like the rest of the world. You know how set old people get." Her eyes swept porch and garden. "Why," she exclaimed impatiently, "where is Mother Halstead? She was right behind me."

As she fluttered back into the shadows of the deep porch, Mrs. Pierce and Judge Higbee exchanged amused glances.

"Flighty!" said Mrs. Pierce, powdering her nose. "If David Halstead wills her any of his money, he's a fool and you're another."

Judge Higbee smiled noncommittally, wondering where black-eyed, erect old Grandmother Halstead, a foreground figure in all family affairs, had gone. In the nature of things, she would have been entertaining them with sardonic, amusing comments on her guests and on weddings.

She had been a conspicuous figure at the ceremony in her dress of priceless, old, black Spanish lace and her wonderful diamonds, in the black onyx settings of fifty years ago, diamonds bought with the first, unmined gold washed out of the richest placer mine in California.

She was a noticeable and an unforgettable figure at any time, in any dress, with her tight-lipped, secretive mouth, her great coils of iron-gray hair and her terrible, old eyes.

At that moment Martha Halstead, with a look in her eyes no one had ever seen there, was standing outside Grandfather Halstead's door, trying to hear what was going on inside. She had tried the door gently and found it locked. It was the first time she had ever been locked out of her husband's rooms and it frightened her.

She knew her granddaughter and Ken were behind that locked door with him. Was he giving them something that should by rights be hers, or was he telling them—?

Well as she could love anyone, she loved Davida, and she felt she would rather die than have Davida know the thing that only her husband knew.

At the hiss of her daughter-in-law's orchid silks and the quick tap of her approaching heels on the tiled corridor, she turned swiftly to meet her, schooling her face into its expression of serene indifference, only to halt a stricken second, for she caught two words, spoken behind the door: "Luella Baker," two words that had echoed in her heart for fifty years. Did someone really speak them or had her dim, old ears tricked her?

As she moved slowly forward, her limbs trembled beneath her, but her daughter-in-law caught no difference in her firm step. "For goodness sake, Belle," she said irritably, "tell Sing Lee to have those altar candles put out before they start a fire."

She swept past and Davida's mother fluttered in indecision, looking curiously from her father-in-law's closed door at one end of the corridor to the altar, visible through a door at the other.

Serene and lovely it stood, in the long, empty room, its tall

white candles blazing among straight, slim ascension lilies and low masses of white lilac. It had been placed so that Grandfather Halstead, propped up against the pillows of his great, throne-like bed on its high dais, in a room that might have been the bedroom of a king, could see and hear the wedding ceremony.

After Ken's kiss, Davida had turned toward him and the misty, young eyes had met the misty, old ones across the long tiled corridor in a flashing look that made Davida feel closer to her grandfather than to her mother and grandmother, whose arms were reaching toward her.

For the last fifteen minutes, Davida and Ken had been sitting, one on one side and one on the other, of the great bed. Slowly Grandfather Halstead turned and laid a gentle hand on Ken's. "I would have chosen you out of all the world, Ken, for my Davey," he said with a smile, the heart-warming smile that rose from the golden thing within, that made people adore him.

"Where are you going?" he asked after a pause, with an undercurrent of wistfulness that Ken caught.

"Hotel Rocky Point," began Ken, and Davida interrupted, "It's the most gorgeous place, grandfather. It's built right out over the sea. You can feel it breathe under the rooms, and they've got Jackson's orchestra this summer."

**T**HE eyes of the two men met in a smile over her sleek brown head as her little gray suede shoes shuffled on the dais to unheard music.

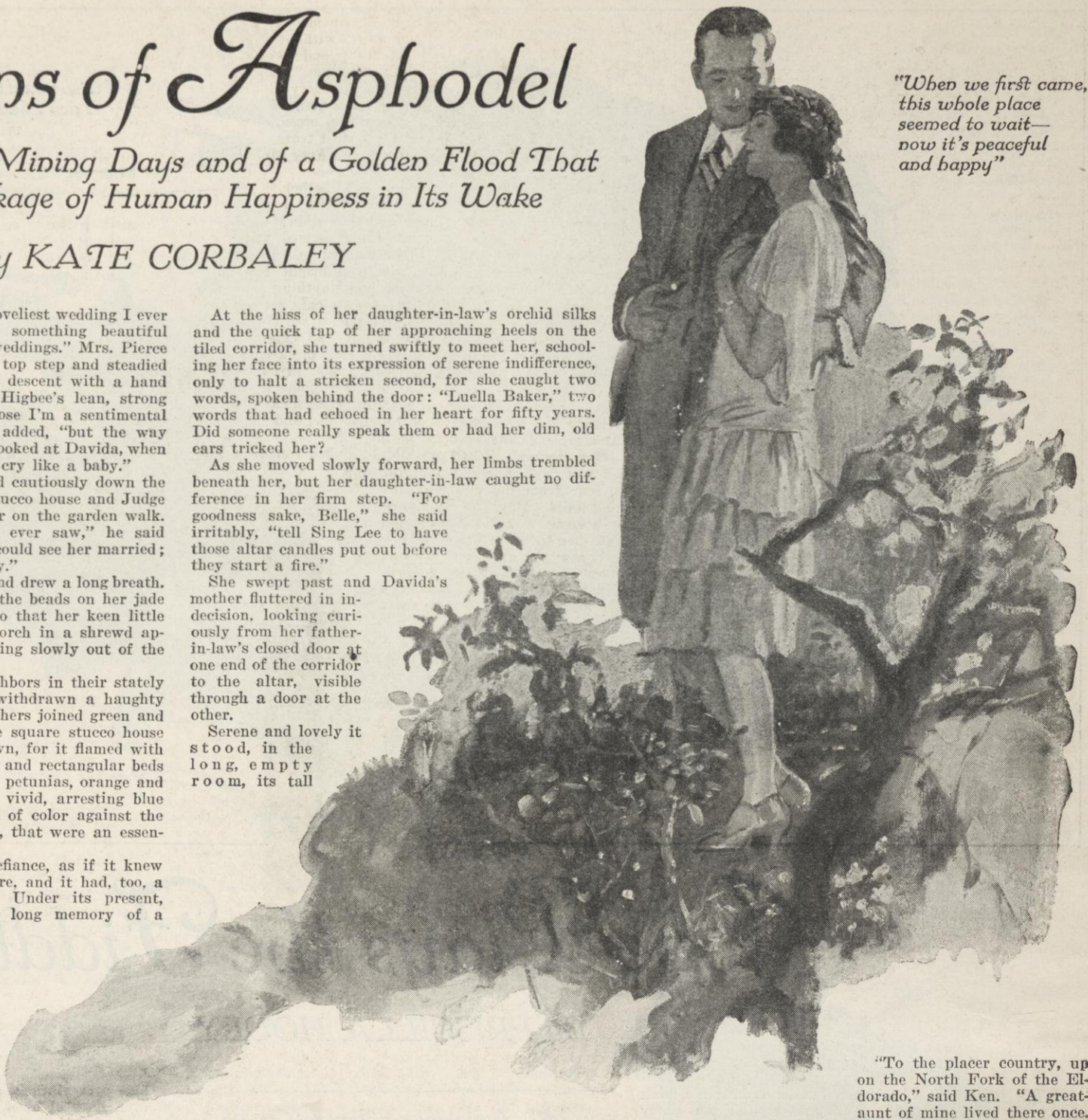
"Will you wear the green dress to dinner, the frilly one?" Grandfather Halstead asked.

Davida nodded and Ken went on:

"We tried 'em all on last night. We had a fashion show all to ourselves in here, Davey and I. I like the green one best. There's silver leaves for her hair and green and silver slippers to go with it."

"You didn't tell grandfather about our detour, Ken," smiled Davida.

"When we first came, this whole place seemed to wait—now it's peaceful and happy"



"To the placer country, up on the North Fork of the Eldorado," said Ken. "A great-aunt of mine lived there once. She died before I was born

and left mother her share of the place back home and a cabin up on the North Fork—I've always wanted to see the place."

"What was your aunt's name?" asked David Halstead, with a strange note in his voice.

"Luella Baker," answered Ken.

**I**N THE silence that fell, David Halstead turned and looked out of the great windows that framed his garden. The room was full of the drone of insects that sounded like the far-off murmur of many voices; the mystic, ancient sweetness of the garden drifting in through the open windows encompassed them.

After a long moment, his eyes returned to Ken's face and studied it with a strange and hungry intensity. Slowly a great peace wiped incredulity and longing from old David Halstead's weary face.

He drew Ken and Davida's hands together and locked them in a firm clasp under his own, over his old heart, before he spoke.

"Children," he said slowly, "there are a lot of wonderful things in the Bible about love. I guess, in the course of a long life, I've lived through dozens of sermons on all of 'em, except one. There is a verse that begins, 'Love suffereth long—.' People love to hear about suffering for love and it makes a grand sermon, but nobody ever appears to notice the part of the verse that reads 'and is kind.' Three simple, everyday sort of words, nothing splashy about 'em. But that's the whole secret of love. Remember, children, love, real love, is always kind."

They nodded solemnly. There was something awe-inspiring about Grandfather Halstead in those last few moments. Ken had a fleeting fancy that Moses must have looked like that after he had seen God.

After a second, David Halstead dismissed them with an impressive gesture. They looked back from the doorway, but his face was turned toward the garden, on it a smile beyond their comprehension. (Continued on page 38)



"I wish you'd understand that  
I don't fiddle. I play the  
violin"

# Jone Plays the Fiddle

By PRISCILLA HOUEY

**W**ISH you'd understand that I don't fiddle. I play the violin!" The party of the first part spoke quickly, coldly, decisively.

"My error! I thought you played the ukulele." The party of the second part retorted pertly, provocatively, defiantly.

Then, while the party of the first part stirred his coffee in good imitation of a miniature typhoon, the party of the second part gazed critically at her nose in a small mirror attached to her handbag and added a wholly unnecessary dab of powder. The team of Dubois & Dubois, dining according to custom at Freiker's Patisserie after the evening performance, were having, what is politely termed, words.

The party of the second part, she who was Diane Dubois—in private life Miss Kitty Cummings—spoke first in a conciliatory tone, after the manner of women.

"Don't mind me. I was only jokin'. I s'pose it is your big chance."

"You bet it is," fervently replied Duval Dubois—Mr. Jonas C. Wales in the census reports. "It's what I used to dream would happen. Why, Kit, some day I may really be known! I won't be playing for so much per." His lips curled in contempt. "I'll stand for something big. I'll make people happier by my playing. I'll—"

"Go in for long distance hair and hang black crepe under your chin," Kit interrupted dryly.

Jone flushed and bit his lips. Honestly, there were times when he'd like to adapt the good old tale about the checkered apron to Kit! He forbore further conversation and indulged in a fulsome and hastily repented gulp of coffee.

"I thought we was on the road to gettin' known ourselves." The voice of the girl was no longer saucy, assertive. It was quiet, even shy, with a vague hurt in it. "We'd be on the big circuit in another year, if—" She stopped suddenly, for there was a small, unruly sob in her throat which she might not be able to keep submissively in its place. A tear quickly fled down her cheek,

**A** vividly realistic tale of life and love behind the footlights of the American vaudeville stage, where breaking hearts are sometimes hidden with brave songs and merry laughter.

as if ashamed to be seen, and died a natural and absorbable death on Freiker's tablecloth.

Young Jone Wales looked sharply at his partner. Could it be possible Kit thought he was playing a mean trick by breaking up the team? An uneasy feeling, which vanished as soon as it came. Why, there were any number of fellows who would be glad to go on with Kit, chaps who could carry the act off better than he. He certainly had a right to his own chances to make good! The joy of that meeting with Mr. Calder, the dignified gentleman who had waited to see him at the close of the act, was still upon him. He could feel the firm, friendly clasp of the hand, hear the kindly voice and the breath-taking words, "You don't want to stay in this, son. You're too good. I'll see that you get a start."

**H**E WAS too good for it. He had always known that. The life was cheap, the people were cheap. So, too, was the Dubois act, with its common songs, its even more common jokes. He was glad he was leaving it. Yet, if Kit were going to be high-hat, he would buy a present to appease her. Women were queer. Always willing to boost you when you were down, but only too ready to stick a pin in your balloon the minute you started to rise.

Jone looked and found everything as it should be: the green hat quite on one ear; the bobbed coppery-blonde hair ruffed and fluffed to such an extent that the little hat reminded one of a pet poodle perched on a cushion; the

blue eyes vibrant with electric alertness; the eyebrows, even lines of black; the cheeks, the height of decorative perfection. To be sure, he could not see a pair of hard, tiny, twitching hands which were working devastating results on Freiker's napkin under cover of the table.

He was relieved, vastly so.

"You'll get to the top, all right," he said generously. "It won't be hard for you to get a side-kick. There's Eddie Loomer, now. He'll be crazy to go on with you and he's a clever kid, too. I tell you—we'll hunt him up right away and break him in so he can open with you in Chi week after next. I'll fix the thing up with Orcut for you." Orcut was the manager of the circuit.

"Thanks just the same," replied Kit with admirable unconcern, "but don't bother. I can see Eddie myself and I can also break the sad news to Orcut. You'll be wanting to start your fiddling lessons with grandpa right away, I s'pose?"

**J**ONE rose in exasperation. Fiddle, again. And she said it, the little demon, just to watch him boil! Lessons with the great Lausson, to whom Mr. Calder was going to send him, fiddling lessons! "If you're through, we might as well go," he remarked ungallantly.

Across the street from Freiker's was Louie's Orpheum. The row of lights which had twinkled so enticingly from the corner of the street to Louie's box office was dim, its duty of allurements done until Monday evening. Men were energetically and unceremoniously removing the bulletins of the past week—fame was indeed short-lived—and Kit shivered slightly as she saw the sign of Dubois & Dubois carelessly askew on one remaining nail waiting a final wrench from the hammer.

She had always liked that sign. She had worked out the idea herself, and Orcut, good old scout, had seen that she had it all along the route of the Orcut playhouses. It was bright green on a yellow background. In the center was "Dubois"; on one side, "Diane," on the other side, "Duval." Then, beneath "Diane," came in quirky letters, as if the painter had nobly persisted in his task although in the throes of palsy, "The Paris Peach."

Subordinated to "Duval" was the inscription, also in St. Vitus, "Her Funny Fiddler."

Kit always had a sensation of creative pride when she beheld it. When displayed in front of one of Orcut's theaters, it looked something like this:

DIANE DUVAL  
The DUBOIS Her  
PARIS PEACH FUNNY FIDDLER

This on the most audacious of yellows with the most impertinent of greens, and you have it. Neat and snappy, what!

Of course, she would keep the old team name, so that the sign would still be hers, unless she reached the top circuit, where something even more startling and distinctive would be required. Nevertheless, the placard did not seem so comforting tonight, did not give rise to the glorious feeling: "There, Kit Cummings, that's you!" It looked even a bit forlorn, dangling on its last nail.

The team of Dubois would go on, however. Loomer was clever. She knew that. He could not play highbrow stuff like Jone, but he was there with all the light, tricky tunes and he knew the familiar lines and gags. He had experience, which Jone never had except for the two years he had been with her. There were things about him she did not like, things Lill Steiner, her best girl friend, had told her, but she had made many a hard proposition right-about-face in her time of twenty-two years. Ed Loomer would discover that the firm of Dubois was conducted for business only.

Thus, Kitty Cummings as she walked in decisive staccato motion at the side of the angular and rangy Jone Wales. And thus, in a similar fashion, Jone himself.

He, too, had seen the sign and had rejoiced in its downfall. He had never liked it, had winced whenever he beheld it. It was cheap, just like the Orcut playhouses, restaurants such as Freiker's and everything connected with his life for the past two years. Thank goodness, he would no longer write on seeing the green and yellow atrocity, no longer mourn to himself: "There, Jone Wales, that's you!"

He mused momentarily on what his own notices would be a few years in the future. Nothing to tickle the popular taste of vaudeville audiences. He had been to symphonies and operas—as near the roof as possible, to be sure—and he knew what they would be like. Quiet and dignified. Say like this:

Jonas C. Wales, the Renowned Violinist, Will Play in This Hall Wednesday Evening. Mail Orders Will Receive Prompt Attention.

He did not altogether approve of his name. It was his own, given in baptism and all that sort of thing, but it had always made him the butt of those of inferior wit. Just because his Uncle Jonas had had all the money in the family and no direct heir, one would have thought that his parents might have shown more consideration. As it was, their iniquity had been repaid, for Uncle Jonas had indulged in an unwise investment prior to making his will.

HOW would it be if he changed his last name? How would Waleston do, or something like that? Rather heavy. An idea! Omit the Jonas and use his middle name, Cartwright. J. Cartwright Wales. Not bad at all. "J. Cartwright Wales, the Renowned Violinist, Will Play—"

"If you don't mind, this is as far as the car goes," came the mocking voice of Kitty Cummings.

Jone came to an abrupt halt and looked about him. Sure enough, they were at Kit's lodging house. Ordinarily he would have sped on his way with a comradely, "See you tomorrow." Suddenly it occurred to him that there would be no more tomorrows, so far as he and Kit were concerned. The realization hurt him more than he cared to acknowledge. After all, there had been something mighty pleasant about working with Kit. He extended his hand rather awkwardly. It seemed strange to be formal with Kit!

"Well, so long," he said casually. No need to be sappy about such a simple matter as closing relations with a girl who was no more than a business partner. "Here's wishing you and Ed the best of luck. You'll reach the top round sure."

He paused. Somehow he wished to say more, yet there was nothing he could say. He hoped Kit would pass off the silence with one of her jokes, but she seemed disconcertingly quiet, and the hand she offered him, one of those hard, usually restless little hands, was unwontedly soft and limp in his grasp.

"Same to you," she replied.

Her voice sounded as if she were catching cold. Jone looked to see if her fur scarf was wrapped around her neck and involuntarily raised his hand to adjust it properly. Kit was so careless, always running around with not quite enough clothes on, according to Jone's point of view, and minus rubbers when it rained. There was that time in Denver when he had purchased a high-necked, long-sleeved flannel nightgown and had bribed the landlady at Kit's apartment to make a mustard plaster and inflict both nightgown and plaster upon Kit. Thus had pneumonia been foiled.

Kit recoiled from Jone's hand and laughed a bit shrilly. "Run along," she ordered. "See you sometime, maybe."

As Jone walked on to what, for a few weeks in the year, was home, he felt a qualm of uneasiness. He hoped Loomer would take good care of Kit and yet he wished

Kit would do those little things for herself, things like wrapping the scarf around her neck. He had done them in the interests of good health; good health, of course, meant good business. But Loomer— Oh, well, Kit was old enough to look out for herself.

THE mandate of the footlights, most cruel of martinetts, did not release Kitty Cummings until she was in her room with the door securely locked. Then the little green hat left its soft cushion and was violently trounced on the dresser, the hard hands were buried in the coppery folds of hair and Diane Dubois, the Paris Peach, lay on the bed, sobbing.

It was she who had made Jone Wales what he was, she told herself passionately. What had he been doing when she found him? Getting ten dollars a week sweeping out the kitchen and playing the violin during lunch hours at Roster's. Now he was getting forty a week when they were booked, which was nearly all the time lately. He would have had a chance to break into the big circuit and pull down maybe a hundred a week, if he had stayed with the act!

She recalled the day she and Lill Steiner had gone to Roster's. There she had seen Jone, a tall, dark, hungry-looking fellow. How he had played—jazz and everything else! It was while eating, talking to Lill and looking at Jone, that the idea had come to her. She was then with a musical comedy chorus but was working on an act, and Orcut, who had been a friend of Ma's—the best xylophone player of her time—had told her he would give her a trial. She had some songs and a fairly smooth line of chatter, she figured, but she needed a partner to play and feed her the cues. She had thought of a pianist, but a fiddler would be much better. Maybe she could work up some novelty. A fellow such as this one, with no experience, would be easy to persuade and not too cocky.

Later, she had come back alone and sought him out. He was just packing his violin in the case, for the lunch hour was over. In her brisk and smiling manner, she had explained the situation, outlined the act and its sure-fire possibilities.

"I want you to fiddle for me," she had said, in a tone which left no room for protestations. "You've got just the right style. You're to play for my songs; they're sorta Frenchy—Ma was French, so I know some of the lingo—dance around with me and feed me the lines for the jokes. The straight, y'know."

"The what?" young Jone Wales had ejaculated.

"The straight," she had patiently elucidated. "You see," she quirked her forefinger against her curved lips and smiled, "here's the original mossback that Cain sprung on Abel: 'I seen you out with a lady last night, didn't I?' says Abel. 'That wasn't a lady. That was my wife!' says Cain. Abel was the straight. See? He gave the line and Cain got the laugh. Well, what do you say?"

And Jone Wales, who had come from Hollis, New Hampshire, and had begun to think he would never see beyond the walls of Roster's kitchen, blushed, nodded, gulped and said, "Yes."

That month of breaking-in Jone! How she had struggled to overcome his awkwardness, to give him the "stage presence." It had been in vain. Jone came on for the act in the little room where they rehearsed as if he were facing a firing line. He did not seem aware of the location of his hands and feet and was never sure of the range of his voice. Kit had been ready to give up in despair, when one day she found herself weeping with mirth at the way Jone delivered his lines, and suddenly realized that his very clumsiness made him funny. Thereafter, she had concerned herself with making her costumes, elaborating her songs and generally perfecting the act.

As an accompanist, however, Jone had needed no coaching. The crude little songs she had composed went with an unmistakable zip when Jone played them. He also did some trick stuff while she changed; in the finale, he played a medley of national airs, while she, in what she called her "Star Spangled Banner Suit," executed a spirited dance.

No wonder Orcut had booked it right away. She had smiled when Orcut had said, "Smart fellow you've got there. Great little player."

Jone was all right, of course; just what she wanted. But she, she was the show.

He had been such a queer kid, honest and old-fashioned, she reflected. He had not liked the name she had selected for him, "Duval Dubois," which anyone would agree was a knockout. And the term, "Funny Fiddler," he had been a bit disagreeable about, insisting that playing the violin wasn't fiddling. As if a mere word made any difference! He had also remonstrated with her about the "Paris Peach," just because her birthplace happened to be Jersey City. That was Jone, decidedly irritating at times. Yet his usurpation of power had come about gradually, so gradually that she had been blissfully unconscious of it, until tonight, when he had thrown her aside.

She curled on the crumpled bedclothes, laid her head against the wet pillow and tried to think how it had happened.

There was that time out West, six months after they had launched the act, when he had asked her if he could play a piece he had been practicing instead of the popular tunes he usually played while she made her changes. She had not paid much attention to it herself, for she

had been busy struggling with the intricacies of the "Star Spangled Banner Suit." After the performance, however, the manager had said to Jone, "You might play that little piece again tomorrow. They seemed to like it. That 'Auld Lang Syne' stuff goes good once in a while."

"'Auld Lang Syne,'" Jone had muttered in contempt as they had left the theater. "That was 'Humoresque'."

"You don't say!" Kit had replied, clutching his arm in mock horror. Let him play all the "Humoresques" he wished, so long as she had time to hook her clothes together!

That had been the insidious start. Soon Jone entirely omitted the jazzy numbers and played those which he called "classics." She had regarded them merely as convenient means of bridging her absences, until the day Jone received an encore, an enthusiastic one, no mere polite clapping of hands. As she had waited in the wings, her entrance delayed, she had experienced a tiny twinge of jealousy. Jone, the background, was becoming too prominent.

Nevertheless, his joy had been so boyish, so untouched by self-importance, that she had condemned herself for a cat. She realized that the "funeral rags," as she termed Jone's numbers, made the act better balanced, gave it a distinctive touch. Orcut, too, was pleased at the popularity of the team and booked it for a second year.

An innovation came at the start of the new tour. On the bills of the Orcut playhouses was this notice, "Say the song and Mme. Diane will sing it. Monsieur Duval will also play any song you request."

There had been innumerable calls for the popular songs of the day at Kit's every appearance, but for a long time no numbers were requested of Jone. Finally, however, a timid voice had asked for "Suwanee River," a second for "Annie Laurie" and a third for "Home Sweet Home." Mushy stuff, and yet it seemed to carry.

THE day someone had asked for one of Schubert's serenades, Jone had been almost stammering with joy. "Gee, I wish they'd ask for things like that all the time!" he had told her excitedly.

And still she had thought that Jone's success was for the good of the act, and that she was the headliner! One night, to be sure, she had received but one encore on her hit, "You'd Better Catch Me While the Catching's Good," while Jone had had two calls on a barcarolle by somebody or other.

She had felt rather bitter about that, especially when she had learned the following day that the spotlight man was throwing a light on Jone. (Continued on page 26)



"No—no, I won't." And now The Woman looked at Arry with undisguised hatred. "Before I go, I must tell your wife where you were the night before you married her. She isn't quite strong enough to bear that yet." She paused, groping for how much more she would say or how little. "You haven't a chance, Arry," she finally told him and turned back to finish tucking the little blanket.

"When you go upstairs," she added, "try to go quietly. Lucy needs her sleep."

WHEN Arry reached the store next morning, he was given a day off. "You look awful, Arry," "Dad" Meacham told him. "Go out and loaf awhile, take a week if you want to; pay'll go on." He gave Arry a friendly shove. "Git," he ordered.

Arry was glad to "git." There were things that had to be attended to. Most of the forenoon he spent around town. He visited Lucy's doctor and settled up at the bank. After he had bought Junior a jumper-swing and picked out a pair of quilted satin slippers to match Lucy's new blue kimono, he telephoned he would not be home for lunch and went away into the park.

All the afternoon he walked around in the deep shade or sat hunched on a bench. The neighbors were running in now and The Woman would not tell things before them; that gave him time to think. Lucy would have to be hurt, no getting out of that; but, if possible, the wound must be one that time would heal. The way to spare her, that was what he sought.

A man accustomed to what he had done once, would have lied out of the whole thing. Strange how he was having to pay for one sin. Didn't he know men who boasted openly of sins, fine women who went on living with men who had been found out? Lucy might go on living with him, loathing him. He shuddered.

Arry recalled the wedding night: Lucy in her lacy robe and loose braids, kneeling bashfully to say her prayers; how, to save her embarrassment, he had knelt with his arm around her while she thanked God for him—Arry McConnell!

And there had been that unspeakable thing between them!

Arry looked at it squarely now: not The Woman, but his own guilt, was hounding him off the face of the earth.

The boy's dark cheeks were wet when Patrick Esel strolled in and sat with him. Arry didn't mind, he liked Patrick now. He might have poured it all out, his tragedy, but the officer had troubles of his own—whiskey runners, they were. That night he was taking a beat across Moonrise Hill.

Moonrise Hill! After a silence, Arry asked what time he crossed Moonrise. The old man didn't think of it then; but it came to him later, why should Arry be anxious about the time for crossing the hill?

When they stepped out of the park together, Patrick said he'd run in and see Junior, so they turned in on Maple. Arry led the way in where Lucy, all big eyes and blue robe and shimmery braids, smiled from her nest of pillows. He then brought in the baby. It was a celebration. Esel looked at the youngster's considerable lot of dark hair and said he was Arry, all over. Then he discovered a mite of a nose and decided, "No, he is the very picture of his mother," which caused a big laugh.

Lucy was greatly taken with Patrick Esel, who had not meant to break Arry's ankle. She wondered if Junior would fight policemen, and the officer, beaming down at the kicking bundle in the crook of his blue-sleeved arm, shook his head. "Them bold, free days is gone," he lamented. "A kid, these days, hain't got gumption to fight his grandmother!" Which broad compliment to Arry pleased Lucy mightily.

"It's a cruel world," Esel mused, rolling away from the house on Maple; "a cruel, cruel world!"

Lucy had eaten dinner under Webber's eyes and Arry wasn't hungry, so they just shut the hall door and "took comfort." Arry got the blue slippers out of his pocket and they were a perfect fit. What did Lucy think of the jumper-swing? "Oh, fine!"

## God's Stepchild

(Continued from page 10)

So they talked with their faces close together, told about how wonderful it was for Lucy to be alive. Lucy murmured that her last thought, waiting for Junior, was that Arry had joined church. If she had to leave him, he would be certain of finding her. They fell to discussing Junior—should they be more crazy about him? Some day, of course, he would rule the roost; now they couldn't help forgetting, at times, that they had him. They hoped he would be a lawyer. Lucy was for sending him to Columbia; but Arry didn't know—the Middle West had been good enough for them. They laughed immoderately about Aaron McConnell, no longer than one's arm, going to college, laughed till Webber was likely to come in and take Lucy's temperature.

Wasn't it odd that the stranger who had cared for Arry's broken ankle,

must read simply: "Arry McConnell killed by hijackers on Moonrise Hill!" It was no crime deceiving the insurance company—not for Lucy. It wasn't quite fair to Patrick, but he would understand; he would stand by Lucy.

And it might be, so Arry argued desperately, that at the last he could manage to throw the gun into the brush. It had been done. Then the old policeman could make his report honestly.

There was nothing now to do but watch the side trail where the policeman's awkward, helmeted figure would heave noiselessly upward toward the rendezvous on east. This beat started on Ash, crossed Second and Third and wound among the rocks and trees of an unopened avenue. Arry could see down a tunnel of stunted jack oaks to where the shadows gave place to a broad lighted space. The moon, near-

could be hidden. Since there is honor among thieves, he might force The Woman to keep his secret here; but in the hereafter—if there were a hereafter—Lucy would have to know. Facing this terrible possibility, the boy came to himself. Cheap—that is what he was—a cheap coward. Why, he had to wait and tell Junior about The Woman! He had to keep Lucy, not as Lucy's ideal, but as one keeps something small and very precious. In that broad flash of reality, Arry McConnell saw death, as a friend, dismissed. Life—he must carry on!

He was peering down the green-tunneled way, as yet lonely in the fretted moonlight, when he leaned and jammed the revolver under the roots of an oak and raked the dead leaves over it. The next he knew, he was stumbling down the red earth trail. He was going to tell Lucy about that night in the stealthy house.

Life has infinite surprises. Arry had thought of Lucy as asleep, palm curled under her cheek, one long braid on her shoulder.

He had wondered, should he awaken her or sit by the bed and wait for morning? When he heard her coming to meet him, he knew he must be dreaming. But that was her voice, clear, yet guarded:

"Arry, Arry, Arry!"

## She Improved Her Husband's Disposition

MRS. J. M. BAILEY  
LA CROSSE, WISCONSIN

Woman's World, Chicago.

Dear Editor:

A recent advertisement of a knife sharpener in *Woman's World* interested me very much, for one big reason. Every time my husband was called upon to do carving of meat, he complained about our carving knife being so dull. He always grew really impatient about it, so you can realize my interest in this advertised knife sharpener.

I visited several stores before I found one carrying this particular kind of sharpener, but it was worth it. We have it today and I can't tell you how much it has improved my husband's disposition when he is called upon to carve the meat. It is a dandy sharpener and the last thing I'd part with in the kitchen.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. J. M. Bailey

## By Keeping the Carving Knife Sharp

when he was twelve years old, should be there now bossing his wife and baby? To speak low—wouldn't it be wonderful when she was gone and they were alone?

When Lucy's strict bedtime came, Arry wasn't sleepy. Maybe he'd stroll up Moonrise. Lucy urged him to do that. "I'll go with you," she nodded, make-believe. Then Arry looked at her through a blur and for a hushed moment hid his face on her shoulder.

"Arry, Arry," whispered Lucy, "are you crying?"

"Uh-uh," he denied, "I'm laughing—about Junior going to college—in his pinning blanket. Want me to turn off the light?"

"I wish you would."

FACE still hidden, Arry reached and snapped the bulb on the headboard. In the dark they held each other tight and kissed, then Arry went right out. The boy found Webber in the hall consulting her slate, met her narrowed gaze briefly. When she was gone, he unlocked the table drawer and got out the gun he had carried on the delivery wagon.

It did seem, going up Moonrise, that Lucy was with him, her soft arm under his coat, holding tight his skinny body. He told her about the bitter punch and the girl with the long nails, and she understood. She—but that, too, was make-believe.

It was early on Flat Rock; Patrick would not be crossing there for a half hour. Arry took the gun from his pocket and looked it over carefully. It was a good weapon; he had killed a mad dog with it, first shot. The morning paper

ing the full, was blossoming there and he knew he could sight Patrick's huge figure in time to have it over with, plenty of time for Patrick to reach him before anybody else could.

The watcher sat facing the west, the gun held carefully on his drawn-up knees. He heard the clock in the city hall strike half-past eight and then a quarter of nine. The waiting was short now, but thought crowded upon him, a lifetime for each passing moment.

A dog's friendly nose in his palm—he had loved it. To whistle and sing and laugh; to feed his starvedness by worshipping Lucy—how he had lived, Arry McConnell!

Now he was dismissing life! Choosing the best way to spare Lucy, he still argued with himself, was he right or was he wrong? Which was better, to die Lucy's ideal or to live on, disgraced, but taking every other burden from her little shoulders? Wasn't there a love that, knowing all, forgave all? If anyone had that love, wouldn't it be Lucy?

He tried to put himself in Lucy's place; would he forgive her—that, and the thought so sickened him, he couldn't tell.

It was time to think of God. Something had made a boy with emotions that at one time were a sacrament, at another time a debasement. Arry had to admit it, there surely was a God and a heaven—for Lucy. He wondered, could he make terms with Lucy's God to be a sort of stepchild—outside, but never quite shut away from sight of her? Foolish, childish hope!

There was something else. The Bible had it that in the life to come nothing

THEN he saw her running. Oh, she shouldn't be out here in the night! The rain-coat she had flung on whipped back from her blue robe; she wore the quilted slippers. From the coat's cowl-like hood, her face shone as a soft flame. Then she was in his arms, her heart tripping against his own. "I've got to take her through—hell," Arry reminded himself. "She'll never hold me this way again. But not here, where she might catch cold; it can wait."

But Lucy would not go right home. In the warped shadow of the oaks, she held him fast. "I'm not cold," she insisted. "I've been out before, when Webber didn't know it. Huh! She won't boss me again; I've had it out with her. Arry, listen to me."

Well, he'd listen; then he'd talk. He'd beat The Woman to it. Arry was steady now, benumbed. He was a sufferer, drugged; the agony was there. He just didn't feel it anymore. He heard Lucy talking.

"When you left me to go up Moonrise," she said, "I felt of my shoulder and it was wet; you had been crying. I got up and peeped through a crack in the door, you know how it doesn't always catch, and I saw you take the gun with you, maybe to shoot a rabbit. Then something—it must have been God—told me it wasn't a rabbit you were after."

"Things that had tormented me, things that you were always explaining away, came back. I ran to the nursery and told Webber she had to do something for you and do it quick. And, Arry, she laughed. She didn't want to wake Junior, so we went into my room and she told me—everything."

"No!" Arry cried. "No!"

"Everything. She was going to, anyway. The pearls, the stuff you drank, the girl; she blurted it all out, coarse, ugly, terrible. But she overstepped herself. I made her so mad, she talked too loud and Patrick—he had been watching around—came in and told me to pay her off. He said, if she wanted to keep her job at the hospital and stay out of jail, to get right out of the house, and she did. Patrick stayed with Junior because I could run the fastest. You see—we—we guessed why you took the gun."

"I couldn't do it," Arry mumbled. "You are so little—you would have to know sometime. I—I was coming to tell you, myself."

"Oh, you should have told me before," Lucy wept. "You should have told me that very night. My poor, poor Arry!"

Arry turned his face away to hide its shame. But Lucy forced it down to her own, kissing him hard. "Arry," she cried, "Arry!"

The taint of the stealthy house was gone. Walking home with Lucy, Arry faced the city lights—a dazzle of whiteness. Beyond them was the purple night sky—and still beyond was something that he knew and owned, at last. It was God.

# What is the food called Soup?

**S**OUP IS FOOD in liquid form. This gives the skilled chef the chance to combine many different nourishing and tempting ingredients. And because they are blended in a liquid, their savors and their flavors unite as in no other food. So the appetite finds in soup a stimulation and an enjoyment which other foods do not supply.

Choice, nourishing meats. Wholesome, delicious vegetables. Substantial cereals. Fresh herbs from the finest gardens. Dainty condiments, precious seasonings of East and West. The whole world is searched for its most precious and beneficial foods, to be combined and blended in this wonderful food called Soup.

No wonder the appetite responds! No wonder that soup arouses the sense of taste and makes the digestive juices flow more freely! Whenever sensations of special pleasure are felt by the taste, the digestive juices become more active. So the food is enjoyed more and benefits you more. Eating soup regularly every day keeps the appetite healthy and

normal, and it promotes digestion. So you should think of soup as the delightfully refreshing food which has its own special usefulness in the daily diet—a necessary part of the rightly selected menu—both for good health and the most attractive meals.

No soup proves this better than Campbell's Tomato. Its tonic, invigorating flavor challenges the appetite at the very first spoonful. A new brightness is given to your meal. As all good soup should, this famous Campbell's blend gives you a happy glow.

Red-ripe, luscious tomatoes, sun-sweetened right on the vines, and made into Campbell's Tomato Soup the very day they are plucked. Each tomato is washed five times in crystal-clear running water and strained through colanders of solid nickel with mesh as fine as pin-points. Only the pure juices and rich tomato meat are saved for Campbell's—all else is discarded. Golden butter and skillful seasoning complete this charming blend.

*A different soup for every day. See list of 21 kinds on label.*

Serve it also as a Cream of Tomato Soup so easily and quickly prepared according to the simple directions on the Campbell's label. This is an especially nourishing and wholesome dish, which you will find splendid for the children also.



**12 cents a can**

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET



# Recipe for becoming a successful cake-maker

by  
*Frances Lee Barton*

**A** first, you may think the recipe on this page is only a cake-recipe. You cream the butter and add the sugar . . . the eggs . . . the flour . . . "Exactly the way I've made cakes before!" you'll say to yourself. You won't be very hopeful, perhaps, when you close the oven-door.

But wait—and open the oven-door! It wasn't just another cake-recipe. It was a recipe for becoming a successful cake-maker! Your cake will be *perfect*.

There is nothing new about the directions, but there is one new ingredient in this recipe—*Swans Down Cake Flour*. You can *always* count on success with Swans Down if you follow directions. Your cakes will be light, fine-grained and velvety. They will be delectably tender. That is what it means to use the right kind of flour!

There is more than one kind of flour. There is *bread* flour—meant for bread. It contains a type of gluten which, to give the best results, must be leavened from three to five hours by yeast.

Then there is Swans Down Cake Flour, an entirely *different* kind of flour, made expressly for cakes and pastry. It is made from a special soft winter wheat that grows near the Swans Down mills. This wheat contains a delicate, tender gluten that gives perfect results with the "quick" leavens—baking powder, egg whites, etc.

There is also an important difference in the milling of Swans Down. Only the choicest part of the wheat kernel is used. Of the flour milled from 100 pounds of this specially selected wheat, *only 26 pounds are good enough for Swans Down!* And Swans Down is sifted and resifted, until it is *27 times as fine as bread flour!* No wonder Swans Down cakes are feathery-light and delicious!

It's a real economy to use Swans Down Cake Flour. It costs only 3½¢ more per cake than bread flour, and makes the simplest cake delicate and fine enough for "company" cake. Best of all, *you know your cake will be perfect!*

## SWANS DOWN CAKE FLOUR

IGLEHEART BROTHERS, INCORPORATED

Established 1856  
EVANSVILLE, INDIANA

### Send for this splendid Cake Set!

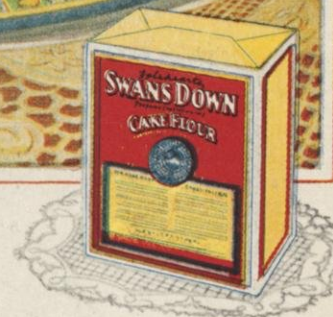
For just what it costs us—\$1.00—we will mail you this cake set—the very kind we use in our own kitchens . . . *Set consists of:* set aluminum measuring spoons; wooden slotted mixing spoon; wire cake tester; aluminum measuring cup; steel spatula; heavy square cake pan (tin); patent angel food pan (tin); sample package of Swans Down Cake Flour; copy of recipe booklet, "Cake Secrets."

("Cake Secrets" is the only item sold separately. Send 10¢ for your copy.)

An oven thermometer is essential to proper 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).



Try this recipe for *Red Devil's Food*. Follow the directions carefully . . . . you'll be delighted with the cake that comes out of the oven!



RED DEVIL'S FOOD		
¼ cup shortening	1½ teaspoons baking powder	½ cup boiling water
1 cup sugar	2 eggs	2 squares bitter chocolate
1½ cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour	½ teaspoon salt	1 teaspoon soda
	½ cup thick sour milk	1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream shortening, add sugar gradually. Continue creaming until mixture is light and fluffy. Add well-beaten eggs. Beat mixture vigorously. Sift together three times the flour, baking powder, and salt and add alternately with the sour milk to the butter mixture. Pour the boiling water into the melted chocolate; mix quickly. Add soda to chocolate and stir until thick. Cool slightly before adding to cake batter. Mix thoroughly. Add vanilla and pour into two medium size layer cake pans. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for 25 minutes. For large three-layer cake, double recipe. Put a fluffy boiled frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake.

IGLEHEART BROTHERS, INC., Evansville, Indiana. 9—W.W. 11-27

Attached is \$1.00 (\$1.25 at Denver and West, \$1.50 in Canada, \$2.00 elsewhere) for which please send to address below one full set Swans Down Cake Making Utensils—with which I am to receive free of charge, "Cake Secrets" and sample package of Swans Down. If not entirely satisfied with set I may return it, carrying charges prepaid, and my money will be promptly refunded.

Name..... (Write plainly)

Street.....

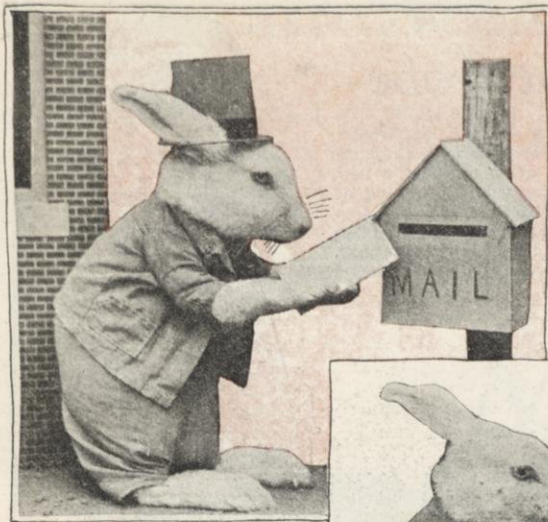
City..... State.....  
© 1927, P. Co., Inc. in full



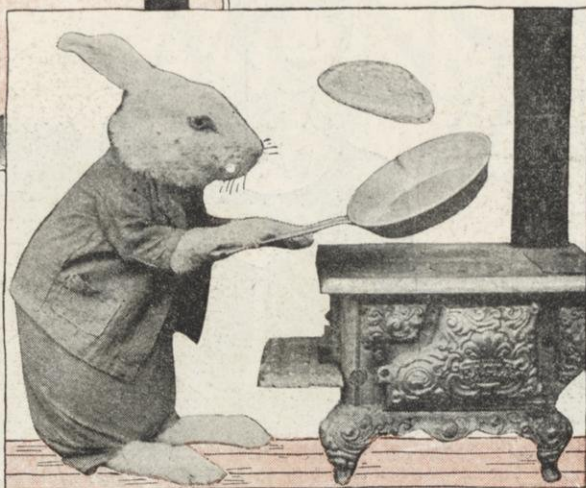
# The People of Petland

A Story of Thanksgiving Day in Petland and of Grappa Bobber-Bunny's Thanksgiving Surprise. Written Expressly for Good Little Boys and Girls

Story by MIRIAM C. POTTER  
Photographs by HARRY W. FREES



He put a big purple Petland stamp on it and went to the mail box on the corner.



Grappa Bobber-Bunny woke up early and got a scratchy breakfast. He drank some herb-coffee, he fried some flapjacks and he sang as he did it.

When they got home, they said to their mother: "Grappa Bobber-Bunny is all alone for Thanksgiving. He looks very sad."

"I am going right over to ask him to dinner." Mrs. Tabbytail took off her gray striped maltese apron. "The poor old thing!"

When she got there she found Grappa Bobber-Bunny sitting in his rocking chair.

"Hello!" she said to him. "We are going to have a large family

party at half-past six today. All our cat cousins, who live near the mill pond, are coming. Won't you join us? We should be very happy, indeed, to have a rabbit gentleman in our party."

"Thank you so much, Mrs. Tabbytail," Grappa Bobber-Bunny told her. "But I have my dinner all planned, and I am quite used to being alone."

"I have not always been alone," continued Grappa Bobber-Bunny. "Way down in the other world, before I came to Petland, I belonged to a boy named Jimmy; Mrs. Bobber-Bunny and I lived in a rabbit house in the back yard, and we were both very young."

"Thank you kindly, but I think I will stay alone," Grappa Bobber-Bunny told her, sniffing, too.

She went, and he began to poke up his little fire. He poked and poked and he chirruped to himself and tried to feel happy. Good-smelling dinner smoke was rising from all the little chimneys in Petland. "And I'm all alone," said Grappa Bobber-Bunny. "My wife did not come back to me. Well, here goes for cooking my own Thanksgiving dinner! I'll have a carrot pie—" and he started down to the cellar to get the carrots.

THE cellar opened with a little trapdoor in the middle of his kitchen floor; Grappa Bobber-Bunny pulled it up and went down the little ladder into the cool, moisty darkness. But as he was getting the carrots out of the vegetable bin, he heard a bang; he knew that the door had shut and the lock sprung. There he was, shut up in his own dark cellar on Thanksgiving Day, with no one in the house to hear him call!

He climbed the little ladder and shouted: "Let me out! Hoooo-Hooooo! Let me out, I say! Come and help an old bunny man, shut up in a dark stone cellar!"

But there was no answer; only a sighing of the wind in the trees outside.

Then Grappa Bobber-Bunny felt very sad, indeed, and even wept an old bunny tear. But presently when all was still he heard a strange scratching at his front door. There was a tapping, too; someone was trying to get in.

"Who's there?" called Grappa Bobber-Bunny, in a frightened, squeaky voice.

There was no answer. The noises stopped, but after a minute they began again.

"A thief," shivered Grappa Bobber-Bunny, "for anyone else would call out who he was. And here I am, shut up in my own cellar!"

"Who's there?" called Mr. Bobber-Bunny again, trying to be brave.

Then he heard the sound of a window going up and a soft, heavy body jumped in upon the floor and drew something in after itself.

"It is a thief," chattered the old gentleman rabbit through his teeth; "he drew in his pack—I heard him! He is going to carry away all my poor little things—he is going to rob my house. Perhaps he'll carry me away, too, if he finds me!"

There were feet on the floor upstairs; Grappa Bobber-Bunny could hear them walking about over his head. Now they were by the stove; now they were by the bed; now they were by the cupboard.

The feet stopped; then they began to tiptoe. Grappa Bobber-Bunny hoped the thief was going. Then the trapdoor to the cellar was opened and the old gentleman rabbit saw an old lady rabbit's face looking down at him.

Then—"Bobber-Bunny, is it really you?" said the lady rabbit.

And Mr. Bobber-Bunny leaped up the cellar stairs in two bounds and cried: "Nibbynose! Is it really you? You got my letter after all? You were in Petland?"

"Of course," the old lady rabbit answered him. "I did not stop to answer it—I just came. Yes, I've come to stay," she said, taking off her hat, "and I've brought a good dinner for us in my little straw bag. Come, let me get right to work and heat up the pudding!"

"THANKSGIVING is nearly here," said Grappa Bobber-Bunny. "It is rather lonesome, living all by myself. Mr. and Mrs. Tiger Tabbytail are going to have a family party, with all their cat cousins from over by the mill pond. My rabbit neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Hurry G. Hoppity and all their little bunnies, are making fat clover pies and laughing together. Yes, it is a little sad to be all alone!"

He began to think hard, leaning on his hoe. He was covering up his garden for the winter.

Grappa Bobber-Bunny had a secret. All his plants knew it, and the fairies who came to his garden at night knew it, and the round Petland moon knew it; but he had told it to no one at all.

He thought some more, and his pink nose wiggled, as though he were sniffing his thoughts. Then—"I'll do it!" said Grappa Bobber-Bunny to himself, and he scampered into the house.

He went to his wee, funny writing desk, took out birch bark paper and a goose quill and began to write a letter. He worked over it for a long while, tearing up the birch bark paper and starting over again. Finally he finished it, put a big purple Petland stamp on it and went to the mail box on the corner. He stood there thoughtfully for a few minutes.

Sniffy and Snuffy, going by just then with some catnip for their mother, watched him. As he dropped the letter in, they saw that it was addressed to somebody "Behind the Blue Elephant Hills." "Who can he be writing to?" they asked each other. "We will ask mother; perhaps she will know."

But their mother said that she could not guess. "But I do know," she told them, "that two days after tomorrow is Animals' Thanksgiving Day, and I am very, very busy and must hurry to get the baking done. Please wash the pans, you two kittens, while I mix up the pudding."

So she whisked about the kitchen, in her gray striped maltese apron, and Sniffy and Snuffy splashed about with the dishes and frying pans.

Thanksgiving morning came. Grappa Bobber-Bunny, who cooked only the simplest kind of things for himself, woke up early and got a scratchy breakfast. He drank some herb-coffee, he fried some flapjacks and he sang as he did it:

"I'm all alone, I'm all alone,  
Alone for my Thanksgiving;  
I'm old, old, old, with snow-white hair;  
But how I love a-living!"

This made him feel a little bit more cheerful, but his whiskers drooped as he ate his flapjacks.

SNIFFY and Snuffy, at their house, sat in the corner by the fireplace.

"Who was Grappa Bobber-Bunny's letter to?" Sniffy asked Snuffy.

"I don't know," Snuff replied. "Let's find out."

"He must have a secret," Sniffy said, and her eyes grew round and shining. "Let's go over and see if he won't tell us!"

So they scampered over. He opened the door for them, and they sat down by his fireplace.

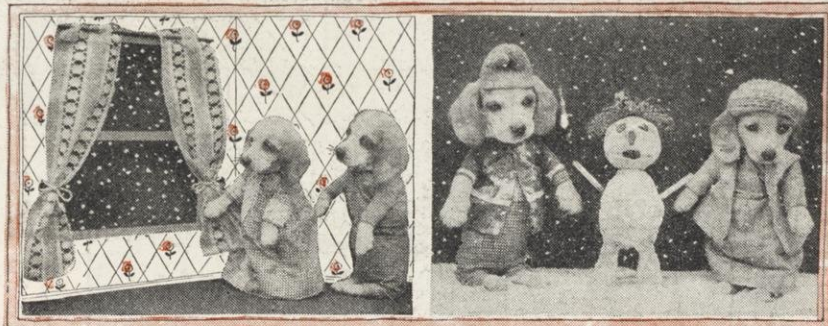
"We saw you post a letter," said Sniffy. "And we are very interested, indeed, to know who you wrote to."

"We thought we would ask you," said Snuffy.

"It is not very polite," Grappa Bobber-Bunny told them, "to come sniffing around like this, to try and find out things."

Sniffy and Snuffy looked ashamed.

"I have a secret," said Grappa Bobber-Bunny. "Perhaps you shall know it sometime. But not now. Run along home, like good kittens."



The First Snow

What is snow? We're wondering. Feathers? Rabbit tails? Fairies in their overcoats? How it dips and sails! Let's put on our warmest things, now the weather's brisker, Let us feel this magic snow drop on paw and whisker.

Here's a snowman: what a sight! Here's his hat; that's funny; Oh, what lovely stuff is snow, fluffy like a bunny! Freecy, squeezey—lots of it! Whirling, dancing, blowing. Our poor paws are very cold. Winter's come. It's snowing!

"Ohhhh; then there is a Gramma Bobber-Bunny?" said Mrs. Tabbytail, very surprised.

"Yes," said the old gentleman rabbit. "Only she was very young then, and not like a Gramma at all. Her name was Nibbynose. She had beautiful pink eyes, a bobby tail and white fur; the boy named Jimmy fed us cabbage and gave us water in a tin dish. But one day we quarreled."

"What about?"

"Oh, just nothing at all. She said cabbage was better than clover. I said clover was better than cabbage. We kept fussing about it, and I told her that I was going to hop away and live in the woods and never come back. She said, 'Hop away, then!' That night I chewed a hole and got out. I saw the Animal Star shining up here in the sky, and I knew it must be a land for pets. So that is how I happened to come here."

"But she did not come, too?"

"No—unless she lives back of the Blue Elephant Hills, way over there on the edge of Petland. I wrote to her a few days ago."

"So that was the letter!"

"Yes. I get very lonesomish at times, and, besides that, I want to make up with her after all these years. I told her that it was all my fault, and that, if the letter reached her, to come to me by Thanksgiving Day, and that it would be a real Thanksgiving for me."

"But she has not come!"

"No."

"I wish you would come back to dinner with me," said Mrs. Tabbytail, wiping her eyes on her paws and sniffing a little."



"Nibbynose! Is it really you? You got my letter, after all?"

# The Well-Dressed Woman's Wardrobe

**C**OLORS are restful, with no tendency yet apparent to any one color. Black is much in evidence and every smart Parisienne is wearing it. The secret of good taste lies in having everything in harmony. Browns always seem appropriate for fall and winter. Other shades are Belgian blue, navy, marine blue, cherry, Napier green, bronze, sumac red,

beige, chestnut brown, rose brown and oak leaf brown. Nude stockings are worn for daytime, with the sun-burnt cast for evenings. Shoes often match the new frocks. There seems to be a decided lengthening of skirts. For sports they have dropped at least two inches. For evenings, the bouffant types are short in front and long, practically to the ground, in back.



3169

3152

2859

2858

3165

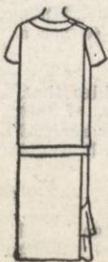
3169. One-piece type. Designed in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 7/8 yards of 40-inch material with 1 3/4 yards of 40-inch contrasting.

3152. Distinction and luxury. Designed in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5 yards of 40-inch material with 1 yard of 32-inch material for camisole.

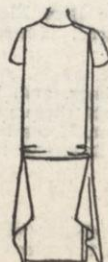
2859. Typically Parisian. Designed in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material with 1 yard of 27-inch contrasting.

2858. Afternoon frock. Designed in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 7/8 yards of 40-inch material with 3 3/4 yards of ribbon.

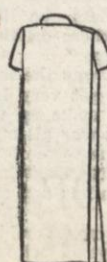
3165. Beautiful lines. Designed in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 1 3/4 yards of 40-inch material with 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch figured material with 3/8 yard of 36-inch contrasting.



3169



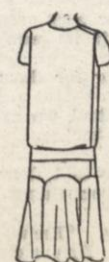
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3165

# LET MUNSINGWEAR COVER YOU WITH SATISFACTION

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*If you want the utmost in quality and appearance, durability and satisfaction in hosiery, ask for Munsingwear full fashioned silk hosiery.*

*Munsingwear quality and workmanship assure service and satisfaction.*

## MUNSING Wear



Above  
Munsingwear style 348 Vest and style 391 Bloomer, made in silk or rayon, in a large assortment of pastel colors.



Above  
Munsingwear style 170 Step-In Chemise with brassiere top, made in maize, flesh, peach and orchid shades in rayon.



Right  
Munsingwear style 155 Bodice Top Union Suit, made in silk, rayon, lisle, cotton and mixtures of cotton, wool, silk and rayon.

- VESTS
- BLOOMERS
- STEP-IN PANTS
- STEP-IN CHEMISES
- UNION SUITS
- BANDEAUX
- PRINCESS SLIPS
- NIGHT GOWNS

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Sold only through retail merchants.

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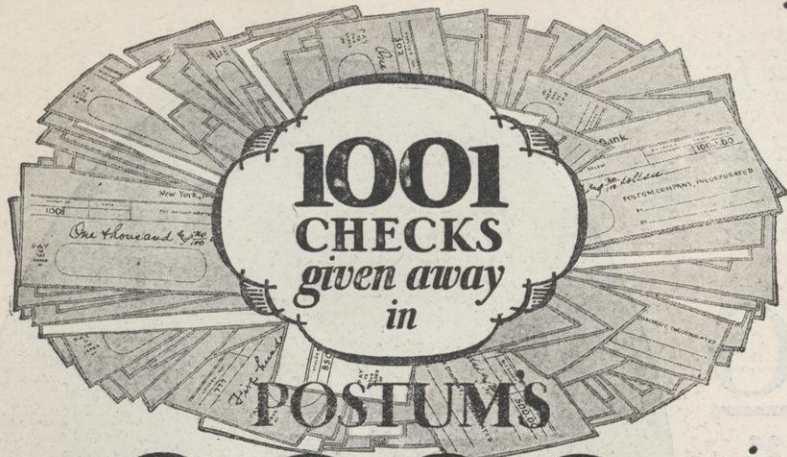
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Wear

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Women's full fashioned silk hose are made in chiffon and service weights and may always be had in the newest and most fashionable shades.

WILL YOUR NAME BE ON ONE OF THESE?



POSTUM'S \$10,000 prize contest

ONLY a few weeks more and Postum's \$10,000 prize contest comes to a close. One thousand and one money prizes will be given away—prizes simply for writing letters! These prizes will be won by persons like yourself. Some will win \$1000 each—others \$500! Why not be one of them?

All that is wanted is a letter on any one of the three Postum subjects given below.

Others have told us, before this contest started, how they used Postum in place of caffein beverages for thirty days—and became regular Postum users forever after! "I sleep better"—"No more indigestion." Typical comments. Give us the results in *your* case—whether you are an old-time Postum user, or only a beginner. Hundreds of prizes for the best letters!

Or write a letter about Instant Postum made with milk for children. Mothers have written: "My little girl has gained weight wonderfully"—"My children couldn't drink milk until I discovered Instant Postum made with milk"—"No more worries about coffee for the children in *this* family!" Win a prize by writing a good letter!

In addition, hundreds of prizes for letters on "How I make Postum—and why I like it best made *my* way." Some Postum enthusiasts won't have anything but Instant Postum, prepared instantly in the cup with either boiling water or hot (not boiled) milk. Others like Postum Cereal much better—prepared by boiling, or in a percolator. Some people like Postum strong, others weak, others "in between." Just as with other hot drinks, individual tastes must be suited in preparing Postum. How do you prepare Postum? A thousand dollars for the best letter!

The prize money is waiting to be won! Don't let another day go by! Read the rules on this page, and enter the contest!

Subjects and Prizes

1. "What the 30-day test of Postum has done for me."
2. "Why I think Instant Postum made with milk is the best hot drink for boys and girls."
3. "How I make Postum—and why I like it best made *my* way."  
(Letters on any subject not to exceed 300 words in length)

For the best letters on *each* subject: First prize, \$1000; second, \$500; third, \$250; fourth, 3 prizes of \$100 each; fifth, 4 prizes of \$50 each; sixth, 5 prizes of \$25 each; seventh, 10 prizes of \$15 each; eighth, 25 prizes of \$10 each; ninth, 35 prizes of \$5 each; tenth, 35 prizes of \$3 each; eleventh, 68 prizes of \$2 each; twelfth, 146 prizes of \$1 each for first and second subjects, 145 prizes of \$1 each for third subject.

RULES

- 1 You may write on any one or all of the subjects, and submit as many entries as you care to.
  - 2 Write the subject at the top of the first page of each manuscript you submit.
  - 3 Write plainly on one side of the paper only. Neatness counts.
  - 4 Write your name and address on each manuscript.
  - 5 In case of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the full amount of each prize tied for.
  - 6 Contestants agree to accept the decisions of the judges as final.
  - 7 No communications will be acknowledged, and no manuscripts will be returned.
  - 8 Employees of the Postum Company, Inc., are not eligible.
  - 9 Address envelopes to "P. O. Box 594—W, Battle Creek, Michigan."
  - 10 Manuscripts must be received before 5 p.m. December 31, 1927.
- (Prizes will be awarded, and the names and addresses of prize winners announced as early as possible in 1928.) This contest is not limited to residents of the United States—it is open to everyone everywhere.

THE JUDGES

U. S. Senator Royal S. Copeland, M. D., former Health Commissioner of New York City; Alice Bradley, Food Editor, Woman's Home Companion; Sarah Field Splint, Home Economics Editor, McCall's Magazine.

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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 instantly in the cup, and Postum Cereal, the kind you boil. If you are not one of the millions who now purchase Postum, you may obtain a sample of either Instant Postum or Postum Cereal by addressing the manufacturer.



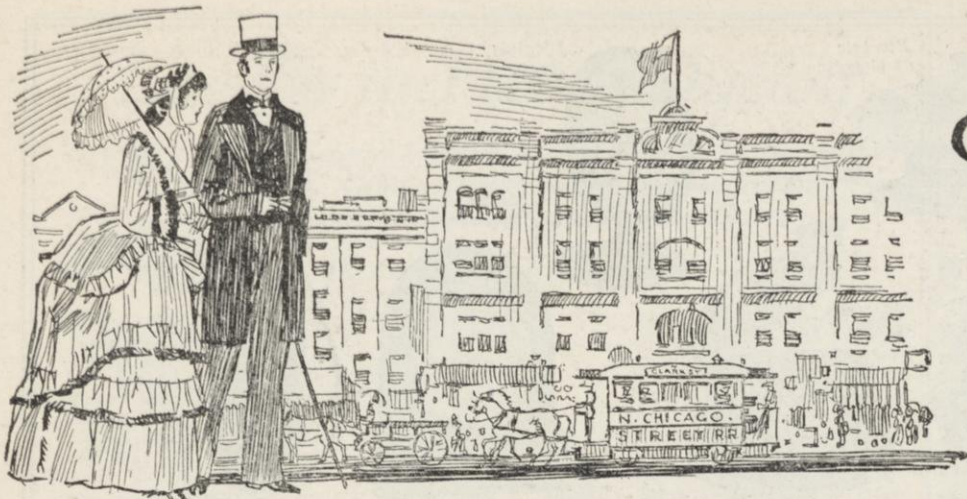
TOO much cannot be said about the popularity of plain, printed and fawn velvets. They are quite as thin as silk. In prints, the polka-dots are extremely smart. There are also charming figured velveteens, in self or contrasting colors, in bright or subdued effects. The geometric influence is seen in a great many afternoon dresses in velvet, achieved through irregular treatment of fabric. Beige, gold and brown as a color theme is really stunning. The dress is of the brown accented by bands of the beige and gold. Every well-balanced wardrobe requires at least one serviceable and attractive woolen dress, for outdoor sports activities. And the tweeds, with a new softness, lightness and suppleness, will answer many purposes. The patterned jerseys are also fetching. Lace and metallic trimmings are used.

No. 3151. Looking slender. Pattern is designed in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 1/4 yards of 36-inch material with 1/2 yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 881. Slender lines. Pattern is designed in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material with 1/2 yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 3163. Cleverly designed. Pattern is designed in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 40-inch material with 1/2 yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 899. Graceful lines. Pattern is designed in sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch material with 1/2 yard of 36-inch contrasting.



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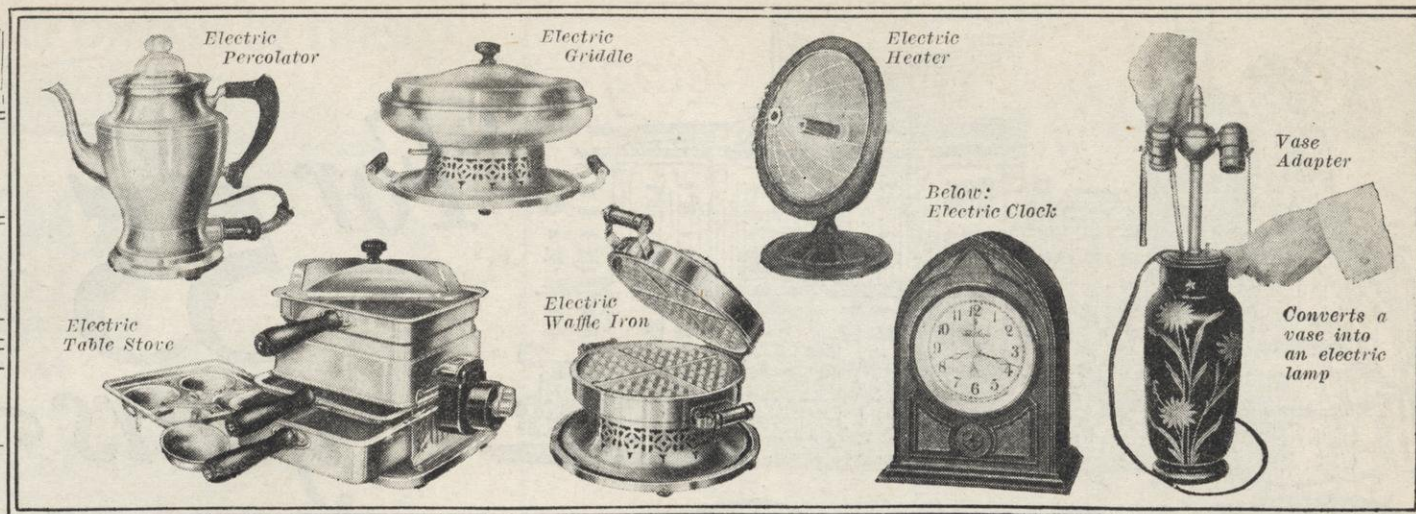
You may as well have the satisfaction of knowing that everything you buy will prove to be of reliable quality. You may as well get a heaping measure of value for every dollar you spend. And you too may as well save on the price of every article you buy. So use your Catalogue. Take full advantage of the savings and the satisfaction that may just as well be yours.



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## Electricity and Your Gift Problem

This Is the Second of Six Practical, Authoritative Articles on the Many Ways in Which Electricity May Lighten Home Duties—By Anna Williamson McNeil

**T**HE Christmas season is the joy-time of the year. But we certainly cannot "move among our race and show a glorious morning face" if the matter of Christmas giving has become a sorry problem instead of a pleasure. Too often, we find ourselves rushing about at the last moment, hoping that some bargain counter will offer a five-dollar suggestion for \$1.98. We worry over having made unsuitable selections. We discover that our crisp, green paper money has been magically transformed into small coin, ere ever our purchases are half made. Worse, we have the haunting suspicion that our friends may look upon our well-intentioned gifts in the frame of mind of the little bride who wrote pitifully to an etiquette editor: "How long must I keep my presents displayed in my home?" To which the hard-hearted one made answer: "Five years is the correct time."

If we will summon electricity to our aid, we can make ourselves and others happy and enter into the full measure of the Christmas spirit. Electrical gifts meet the three essentials: they are attractive, useful and lasting. It is easy to find out beforehand, without giving our secret away, if the article we have in mind would be acceptable. And, Oh! the thrill when the wrappings are removed from a mysterious big box and our friend beams with delight over the electrical something she has longed for.

There is more satisfaction in making one really worth while gift than in a dozen pretty trifles. The cost is not large when measured by the convenience represented. Since there are more than one hundred applications of electricity to home use, it ought not to be difficult to make a choice.

### An Electric Percolator

Gifts that may be added to from time to time are interesting. An electric percolator answers this description. The better ones are matched with a sugar and cream set and a tray. Since the four pieces bring the price beyond the means of many of us, we can present the percolator first, then at the next anniversary the sugar and cream partners, and finally the tray. Whoever is fortunate enough to possess all these will realize what is meant by the oft-heard phrase, "pride in ownership."

Questions will be asked about the care of the percolator, so it is well to be prepared. The base, which contains the heating element, must never be placed in water. Some of the recent types are designed so that the upper part can be removed for washing. The first coffee made in it should be an experiment, not to be used as a beverage.

### The Modern Waffle Iron

A waffle iron is something that the popular hostess can hardly get along without. In olden times, flat stones were heated and the batter poured over them, but one can imagine how messy the result must have been at times. Then came the real griddles, that turned out an appetizing product but filled the kitchen with smoke. The electric iron means perfection itself, both in the waffle and the manner of cooking.

All women do not know how to "season" the waffle iron; if the batter sticks with the first attempt, they hesitate to try again. First, the grids should be carefully wiped with a damp cloth. Then the iron should be heated. When thoroughly warmed, the current should be turned off and the grids greased until every particle of their surface is thoroughly coated. Much of the grease will be absorbed. The current is then turned on for about ten minutes until the grids smoke. Two batches of waffles should be baked merely as a test and not eaten. By this time the iron will be seasoned and need not be greased in future use. It is important that it should be hot enough in every instance before the batter is poured. In fact, it is a good idea to turn the current on and let the iron heat while mixing the waffles. They should be crisp and delicately browned.

### The Electric Griddle

An electric grid fries pancakes, bacon, eggs, steaks and chops without grease or smoke. The cooking surface is a smooth, flat aluminum casting. It is a handsome appliance, sturdily constructed. The grill answers the same purpose

as the grid, differing from it in that it has two pans, one slightly deeper than the other. These can be used above or below the coils, so that while steak is broiling underneath, potatoes can be creamed or fried in the upper pan. With an ovenette of the proper size, the grill will perform all cooking operations. A woman can preside far more graciously when the meal is cooked and served at the table than if she is obliged to make numerous excursions to the kitchen. The time saved in the morning, when every moment is precious, is another argument in favor of table cookery.

### Electric Cookers and Toasters

Even a small amount of money buys an electric cooker with a capacity large enough to provide a full meal for five people. It roasts, bakes, boils and stews at the same time. One can plan meat, potatoes and vegetables for the evening meal, regulate the heat at "low" and go to business for the day. When she returns, the food will be ready to serve, hot and delicious. Or, with the regulator turned at "high," the cooking can be done speedily. This saves innumerable steps.

Toasters galore are inviting purchase, and it is fascinating to see how they automatically turn the sliced bread without the touch of one's finger. Some are provided with little racks which keep the toast warm. There is a new knack of making the ever popular cinnamon toast. Butter the bread and spread it thickly with the sugary, spicy mixture. Then toast it. The heat will form a toothsome cinnamon crust. With the toaster it is well to give a long-handled brush with a tiny cylinder of bristles. This gets into all the difficult crannies and keeps the toaster spotless, since it cannot go into the dishpan.

### Electric Heater Dispels Chill

There are "cold spells" when the furnace is not in operation that lose their chilliness when an electric heater is plugged into the nearest outlet. Its shining copper bowl is cheerful to look at and its genial warmth is just the thing for the bathroom, a drafty corner, or on those uncomfortable occasions when one's feet are cold. Coming in damp and shivering from a storm, it restores one to good humor and dryness to bask in its glow. It does not heat an entire room but serves its purpose in a limited space.

### Marcelling by Electricity

To make Milady even more beautiful, there is an electric marcel waver, designed by a Parisian hairdresser, who claims

that the whole secret of success in doing the hair lies in the making of the first wave. After that, it becomes a simple matter to follow the lines with succeeding waves. The iron is equipped with two levers, to slide the curler back and forward alternately, thus forming the deep, wide wave that is now popular. It takes care beautifully of those bothersome ends. Moderately priced, too! Then there are many styles of simple curling irons, some equipped with a metal comb that slips over the curling rod and dries the hair quickly after a shampoo. The temperature is automatically controlled so that these irons never get hot enough to burn the hair.

### Another Electric Beauty Aid

The electric vibrator belongs among every woman's toilet accessories. It gives the complexion a glowing, youthful charm and wards off the dreaded day of the wrinkle. It takes no longer to use than the ordinary face-cleansing process. Cold cream is applied to face, neck and arms. The proper device for massage is attached to the vibrator and it is passed over the skin several times. The cream is then removed, preferably with soft cleansing tissue instead of a towel; if a piece of ice is available, it is rubbed over the face. Presto! The years fall away like a cast-off garment. Another attachment stimulates the scalp and makes the hair thick and healthy. For the inevitable aches and pains, the vibrator performs a comforting and healing service.

### Ice Cream at the Turn of a Switch

Every woman who prides herself on her culinary skill longs to try the tempting desserts which are possible with an ice cream freezer. But turning the crank is a task from which members of the family invent some excuse to escape. An appreciated gift would be an electric ice cream freezer. Its capacity is three quarts. A tiny motor attached to any light socket or outlet does the work and an automatic indicator announces when the cream is frozen to exactly the right consistency. The pure, rich, velvety product that results will make the household demand a frozen delicacy seven days a week.

### A Clock That Won't Run Down

There is a new electric clock, the mainspring of which is wound by a wee motor built into the movement. In the course of a year it consumes only fifty cents worth of current. It cannot stop unless the electrical connection is shut off, it never has to be wound by hand and cannot get out of order. It is always accurate and is just what the household needs where one has to make a certain street car or train on workaday mornings.

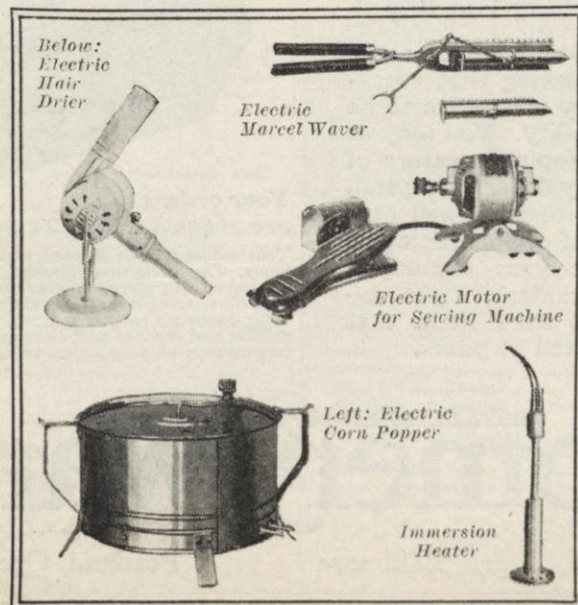
### Making Lamps of Old Vases

Perhaps we have admired a lovely old vase or quaint piece of pottery in the homes of our friends. With an electric adapter, a pair of pliers and a screwdriver, these could be wrought into table lamps. We would probably buy an extra adapter for ourselves.

### Heating Pads and Warming Blankets

The heating pad is something that old and young find use for. Being soft and flexible, it is far more "comfy" than the hot water bottle, which is apt to spring a leak and undo the good it has done. Several new warming appliances have lately been devised and they are sure to put rheumatic twinges to rout. An electrically heated blanket is too highly priced for an ordinary gift, but for the loved invalid or elderly person for whom we can never spend or do enough, it would probably be more prized than anything we could find, though we sought the world over. It is placed under the bottom sheet when making the bed and attached wherever current is available. The heat is controlled by two thermostats, so there is no danger of fire and the bed cannot get uncomfortably hot. This is likewise fine when one sleeps on an outside porch in cold weather.

The new hand flashlights are so acceptable that we can safely jot them down after several names on our Christmas list. They are fifteen inches long, use five batteries and so have considerable power. The beam can be narrowed or widened by turning the end cap. (Continued on page 24)



# Lessons in Home Dyeing

Bringing Out-of-Season Dresses Up-to-Date with the Aid of Reliable Dyes. Giving Venerable Home Decorations a New Lease on Life with Well Applied Color

By Lilian Dynevor Rice

WE WILL take it for granted that the reader has familiarized herself with the very simple details of dyeing as described in a previous number of Woman's World, and that she is no longer timid as to working out schemes for this renovation of garments and other articles. Fashions this year play right into her hands, for plaits, tucks and shirring are paramount. She can rip apart and dye several garments of similar material, which are hopelessly out of style, then reconstruct by some one of the present season's patterns, feeling sure that any slight difference of shade will not be apparent when plaited, tucked or gathered. Of course, if she be careful, there will be no difference, but there is just the possibility when several baths must be prepared for a quantity of material.



or sand. The plaited portions are to be used for full peasant sleeves, attached beneath the slightly shortened old sleeves, and for a jabot extending from the round collarless neck to the skirt bottom. The wristbands are to be made of light green material and the jabot finished with a narrow fold of the same. Made up in this way, the old effect is quite lost and Milady steps forth in a brand-new costume, to all appearances. Her trim cloche hat should match the sleeves, etc., in color, with just a touch of the brilliant green, and her loose-wristed gloves should be beige or sand. If last season's hat was of felt, she can redye it the color of the dress itself, but better use a separate bath so as to get it sufficiently dark. It should be reblocked in the newest shape.

### A Pretty, New Party Frock

Hundreds of new colors are put forth every season. It would be impossible for the maker of dyes to supply a different dye for each of these in package dyes, but every one—those that have been, those that are and those that are to come—can be produced by mixing the standard colors and experimenting with a small sample of the material to be worked upon until just the desired hue is obtained; then let the worker make an accurate memorandum of the proportions and package number of each dye used and follow it strictly in the actual dyeing.

This developing new colors is really fascinating work, and the experimenter feels the thrill of the artist while engaged upon it. Very soon she will realize that certain shades will not appear save on white or almost white material, hence, if she wishes to employ them, she must bleach out or strip the original color from the goods to be made over. If it comes out nearly white or very pale, she can redye almost any shade she wishes, except light blue, which can only be produced on actual white. Light blue that has faded or grown dingy can be dyed any shade of darker blue or almost any other color from light or dark green, burgundy, henna and taupe clear down to black, but not a brilliant orange or red, nor a clear pink. It will, however, take an exquisite shade of that very fashionable color—bois de rose or rosewood.

### Rejuvenating Old Dresses

Just as an example of what one can do with out-of-fashion dresses with the aid of a reliable dye, let us suppose a woman has a one-piece crepe frock with plaited side panels, elbow sleeves with plaited frills and a round neck with a deep plaited bertha. It is a light taupe and looked well last year, but is hopelessly out of style at the present time. She need not rip the dress apart, provided it be in good condition, but the bertha, sleeve frills and plaited side panels must be removed, as they are to be dyed of contrasting color to that chosen for the dress and combined with it as described later. The taupe coloring is stripped as far as possible by gently boiling the material in white soap and water, using 1/2 inch of soap for each quart of water, heating the water and dissolving the soap in it, boiling the material in this for ten or fifteen minutes and renewing the bath as often as it becomes deeply colored. Then rinse well in clear hot water. If the material is silk, cotton or linen, use only the soap and water. If of mixed cotton and wool or all wool, a tablespoonful of household ammonia to each quart of water may be used instead of the soap. Unless the stripping bath is renewed as often as it becomes discolored, there is danger of boiling the color back on the material. The material may be dried or left damp before redyeing.

This stripping should render the taupe dress a very light gray or sand, according to whether brown or black predominated. Over this tint may be used a deep shade of heliotrope or blue, violet or navy, and the other portions may be dyed deep beige

or sand. The plaited portions are to be used for full peasant sleeves, attached beneath the slightly shortened old sleeves, and for a jabot extending from the round collarless neck to the skirt bottom. The wristbands are to be made of light green material and the jabot finished with a narrow fold of the same. Made up in this way, the old effect is quite lost and Milady steps forth in a brand-new costume, to all appearances. Her trim cloche hat should match the sleeves, etc., in color, with just a touch of the brilliant green, and her loose-wristed gloves should be beige or sand. If last season's hat was of felt, she can redye it the color of the dress itself, but better use a separate bath so as to get it sufficiently dark. It should be reblocked in the newest shape.

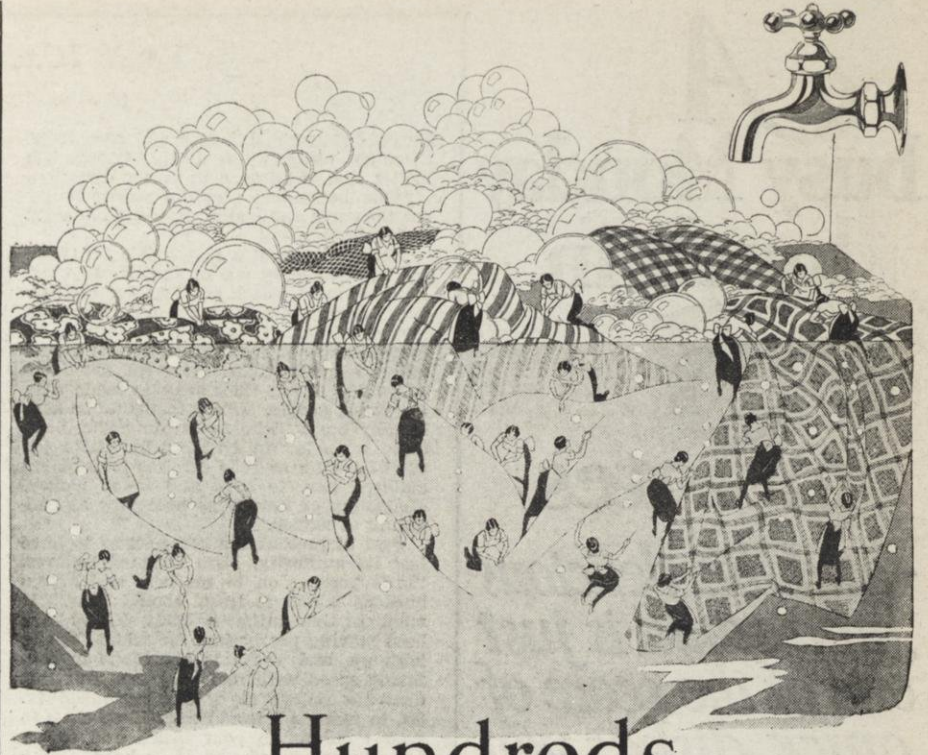
For a party frock for a young girl, assemble all the light-colored chiffon and crepe and satin on hand. If of different light hues, better strip to get of a universal tint. Then dye the crepe or satin to whatever bright color is preferred for the slip, and over any demonstrative but necessary seaming appliqué or embroider flat flowers in scattered effect. The chiffon may be dyed in three tones, pale, medium and dark, or some new color, deftly joined, then draped in the new tier effect, the light for the upper part, the medium for the short tunic and the dark for the lower portion. Made up in this way, no hint appears of the original diversity of pieces. Crepe and chiffon may be draped together for a frock of this pattern.

Changing from the heavier dresses of every day, little folks may flutter about in gay party costumes, rainbow-gay, made from remnants of crepe de chine, voile, batiste or even light weight unbleached muslin, dyed of becoming color and made up very simply, with a little embroidery as a finish. Rayon, figured or plain, may be dyed to give an entirely new effect: it is as pretty as silk, very light and durable; good quality scrim takes on exquisite beauty when colored delicately. Also, if the dye is, as it should be, fast-colored, these inexpensive and lovely little frocks may be laundered as easily as a handkerchief.

### Home Furnishings

For the sake of simplicity and cleanliness, you might take down the customary heavy draperies, brush them, go over them with the vacuum cleaner and put them aside in moth-proof wrapping for a while. Very light weight cretonnes may then be put up fresh at the windows and used for covering the upholstered furniture. If these have faded from laundering, brighten them with a dye bath of any preferred color, which will bring out the pattern in quite new effect. Bright colors are most popular for living-rooms at present; any of them can be obtained in fast dyes or made from the standard colors in those dyes.

For the bedrooms, where all the air obtainable is welcome, try eliminating the graceful frill curtains with valance ruffles at the top, made of scrim, dyed some one of the beautiful light colors, as rose pink, powder blue, apple green, all being obtainable in the dyes. The material may be dyed in the piece and made up afterward, or curtains which have seen considerable wear—white scrim, of course—can be darned, patched and renovated with ruffles, then dyed and will look like new. Most charming bedrooms can have curtains of the dyed scrim, a different color for each room, then the bedspread, the cushions for the chairs, etc., can be made of unbleached muslin dyed to match or in good contrast, the muslin being softened by boiling for ten or fifteen minutes in soap and water before being put in the dye bath. For the dresser covers, lamp shades, etc., the scrim, dyed as for the curtains, may be used.



## Hundreds of extra helpers under the suds

PLENTY of napha—brisk and busy—down under the suds loosening the dirt. As if you had hundreds of tiny helpers doing the rubbing for you. That's the extra washing help Fels-Napha brings you!

Napha is a marvelous cleaner! It is the basis of dry cleaning. It is far and away the leader among harmless dirt-looseners. It takes out grease without an effort. It quickly loosens the clinging dirt.

There is lots of napha in Fels-Napha. It is held in by the natural cleansing elements that give Fels-Napha its golden yellow color. You can smell the napha—and it stays in until the bar is down to its last thin sliver.

So Fels-Napha gives you extra help—two helpers instead of one. Napha to loosen the dirt—unusually good soap to wash it away. And they work together to give you clean, bright, sweet-smelling clothes with heaps less work and rubbing. Isn't that extra help worth a penny or two more a week?

Fels-Napha works perfectly in cool, lukewarm or hot water, so colors stay fresh. It is bland and mild—kind to your hands as well as your clothes.

In machine or washtub you need the hundreds of extra helpers that are under Fels-Napha's suds. Order from your grocer and have Fels-Napha ready for your next wash.

FELS & CO., Philadelphia

# FELS-NAPHTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPHTHA ODOR





# A busy Monday lunch in 5 minutes

*-and this delicious Lima salad is just one of the score of quick dishes you can have*

That's one splendid thing about California Limas you can plan two menus without extra work—a Sunday dinner dish, and a Monday luncheon salad.

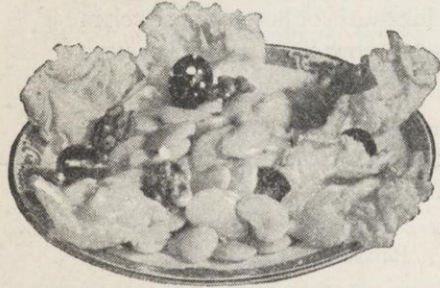
Just cook up one cupful more than your Sunday recipe requires. Put them in your cooler. On Monday you've a salad all ready in five minutes—for instance, cold Limas on lettuce, topped with walnut meats and served with your favorite dressing.

There's health in that salad, too—new strength to master Monday's tasks. Limas give proteins, vitamins, carbohydrates and vital mineral salts in unusual abundance. And because they are one of the highest alkaline-ash foods, dietitians recommend them to offset the acid-ash resulting from so many staple foods—those body acid conditions generally referred to as some form of acidosis. Limas help keep well folks well by giving them a better balanced and more healthful diet.

California Limas (Large or Baby Limas) are reasonable in cost. And there's no waste—they're all food. They save time and work, too, for they're so easy to prepare. Your grocer has them. For extra-fancy quality ask for SEASIDE Limas.

For food facts about California Limas—the matchless year-round vegetable—with tested recipes and suggested menus, write for our free book, "How Ten Food Editors Serve California Limas." Address Department 20.

CALIFORNIA LIMA BEAN GROWERS ASSOCIATION  
Oxnard, California



# CALIFORNIA Limas

THE BEANS WITH THE NUT-LIKE FLAVOR

## Youth Wants a Friend

(Continued from page 5)

Parents give him his first and permanent direction, either up or down. College life makes him the firmer in either direction.

"The home has absolute responsibility for the early and lasting lessons in honesty and integrity.

"The home is also responsible for training in the proper use of the leisure time. America must watch out lest her civilization decay under our ever-increasing leisure. Effort, it is said, is the price of everything; yet today everything that requires effort is lifted from the shoulders of youth. Even their play is made easy for young people. Children should be kept happily busy. The American home, however, is as lax in training for the right use of leisure as it is careless in teaching children how to save and spend money. Budgeting of time is as necessary as budgeting of money."

Just at present the home seems to have lost its authority, Miss Leonard believes. "It is passing on to teachers and others burdens which it itself should bear. It must get that authority back. Times have been moving pretty fast for middle age to keep up, and youth is not alone in confusing speed with real progress. But this does not relieve us of our responsibility. So, to parents I would say: Keep close to your children, to your ideals and to the job of motherhood and fatherhood. Keep your own life as parents steady, firm, gentle and high, and it will be reflected in the lives of your children—a heritage which youth has a right to demand."

### Dean Clark, a Friend of Youth

Only a little way from the woman's building, where Miss Leonard extends her cordial hand, is the office of the dean of men, presided over by the well-known specialist in human nature, Thomas Arkle Clark. Dean Clark has been in intimate contact with the student life of the University of Illinois for forty years, more than half of the time in his present capacity. During his long career he has probably known more than fifty thousand students. But his knowledge of them does not end there. As he has talked with them in his office, seen them about the campus, in fraternities and on social occasions, they have revealed to him the homes from which they come.

"There is less home life now than twenty or thirty years ago," he said. "Parents do a great many more things than they did a generation ago, many of which take them out of the home and away from the primary interests of the family. This is a chief cause of the present breakdown in the home, the results of which are seen so plainly in our youth.

"The failure of a home which happened to come under my personal observation will illustrate what I mean. In this home, the parents were of widely varying religious belief and social inclination. The father spent most of his time at his club, while the mother was almost constantly away from home, doing church work and attending parties of various kinds. Often there was no fire at home in cold weather, and meals were uncertain and irregular. Out of sheer necessity and desire for companionship, the children—both boys—would go to a neighbor's, where they would play or curl up on a sofa. They were not naturally 'bad' children. They were easily entertained and easily satisfied, but the

little that was necessary was not provided in their home.

"These children early sensed the lack of agreement between their parents. As a result they became selfish. They obtained everything possible from their parents in a material way, but without the slightest sense of gratitude. Liquor was always about the house and these children learned early to drink. In college they were often drunk, though, due to the fictitious names given when arrested, their parents did not know of this. The story of these two boys is not, to be sure, an inspiring record. Yet, who will say they were not the legitimate children of the home from which they came?"

"The business of parenthood is no easy job. Often it calls for the sternness and the nerve to say no. A Chicago father allowed his son to bring an automobile to the university this fall in violation of our no-car regulation. 'I realize that this is against your rule,' he said, when I called his attention to the infraction, 'but I wish you would send the car home.' Perhaps this man did not realize his pitiful lack of parental authority and responsibility. Perhaps he did. But in either case he was shifting to others a duty rightfully his.

"Other parents, especially fathers, are too harsh in judging their children. Because of certain irregularities, the father of a boy who graduated last year threw him over. He would give him not the slightest help or encouragement. The boy made a wonderful effort both to live down his former transgressions and to make his own way through school, but to all this the father was blind and deaf; he would not admit that anything good could come from the son who once had erred. As a result, the boy became pathetically discouraged. 'I wish father could understand and sympathize with me as you do,' he said to me one day.

"That father had neither forgiveness nor faith in his heart. A different attitude on his part would have made his son's hard road immensely easier."

Along with sympathy and understanding, Dean Clark suggests that parents remember also to bestow upon their children an occasional word of praise. Young people have their dark hours and discouragements the same as the rest of us, and to know that an older person, especially a father, thinks well of them, makes the world a brighter place. Used with discretion, praise is also a splendid incentive.

"The showing of a proper interest in the boy is, I admit, a delicate matter, but one well worth the necessary pains. Mothers are inclined to overexpress rather than hide their sentimental feelings toward their children. I can recall now the agonies of hell that I suffered time and time again when, as a child, I heard my aunt—my foster mother—review the 'winning ways' by which I influenced her to adopt me. I was humiliated almost to death.

"No boy, young or old, cares for that kind of praise. But he does appreciate a judicious amount of honest compliment. Parents will do well to perfect themselves in the fine art of giving praise. Nobody sees through hokum, gush and hypocrisy more quickly than young people. On the other hand, they crave friendship, sincerity and frankness, and respond to it amazingly."

## Electricity and Your Gift Problem

(Continued from page 22)

An immersion heater is a small but useful device when hot water is needed in a hurry and when it is off season for furnace operation. It will save the man of the house the trouble of carrying the teakettle from the kitchen to the bathroom when he wants to shave.

An electric fan for Christmas? What an impossible suggestion, you say, with disdain! So it would be if providing cool breezes were its only function. But there are at least eighteen uses for a fan, so that it really is a seasonable gift, any month of the twelve. It freshens the air in a room when it is too cold or stormy for ventilation from outdoors; it stirs the air of a sluggish furnace when placed near the opened bottom door, so that the coals kindle redly no matter how black and dormant they have lain; and it is excellent for all drying purposes.

For boys and girls past the toy age, an electric corn popper, costing little, furnishes amusement and something good to eat at the same time. It is six inches high, twenty-five inches around, and

weighs only three pounds. The corn is put into it, the current applied, and in no time at all a jolly little "pop-pop" is heard. When the cover is removed, there is a pile of fluffy whiteness, waiting the seasoning of salt and butter.

There is one thing that we simply must forbid ourselves to do, in so far as electrical appliances are concerned, and that is to invest in low-priced ones. The other day the newspapers told of the rush to a chain store where a toaster was advertised for fifteen cents. When the fire authorities heard of it, they took prompt action to stop the sale, because such a cheap device would be extremely dangerous to use. The safe thing to do is to watch our home magazines for advertisements. We will soon learn the names of reliable manufacturers. "The best is always the cheapest in the end."

The five biggest and best electrical things are the washer, ironer, dishwasher, range and refrigerator. You might tell Friend Husband to look them over before buying his present for you.



Only 1 in 3 reaches maturity



without running the risk of Goiter

Few mothers realize the alarming prevalence of simple goiter, with its ruinous effects on body, mind and looks. It threatens two out of every three children between 10 and 18, girls particularly. Health authorities say that the surest way to prevent goiter is to use a reliable iodized salt. Morton's Iodized Salt is such a product, for it is merely our famous salt that pours with a trace of tasteless iodine added.

Get Morton's Iodized Salt from your grocer at once and use it on the table and in cooking. It costs no more than ordinary salt, yet the protection it affords makes it priceless.

Morton Salt Co., Chicago  
**MORTON'S SALT**



WHEN IT RAINS —IT POURS

You can still get Morton's Salt without iodine if you wish. Both plain and iodized come to you in a triple-wrapped package with a handy hinged spout.



IODIZED OR PLAIN

# Visits and Visiting Cards

A discussion of social amenities that are often neglected

By Edith Schuyler King

WHEN people talk on "how times have changed," they usually do so in criticism of modern customs; but one thing you seldom, if ever, hear anyone complain about is the disappearance of punctilious form and ceremony. For instance, no one seems to regret that not very much time is given up to paying visits these days, whereas they used to be a great social burden.



Our grandmothers, two or three afternoons a week, if they were not staying at home to receive themselves, got dressed in stiff crinoline or baize and stepped into their carriages to start out for an afternoon of duty calls. And even in our mother's day, it would have been thought very rude to let a week go by after a dinner or other party without paying a visit to the hostess. No woman would have thought either of inviting another to her house until after she had formally been to see her.

Of course, women still pay some visits, but they are not so strict in these matters either for themselves or for others. There are so many other ways to meet your friends and so many other things to gobble up the minutes that there is less interest in this not too lively method of keeping up with those who are more acquaintances than friends. It is polite, however, to go personally to see a woman you wish to invite to your house, and it should be done, even in this age, unless a very good reason prevents it; and after an entertainment your hostess is due a visit, unless she is an intimate friend with whom you exchange visits frequently any way.

### Necessary Visits

Besides the before-party call and the after-party call, which the French wittily call "visite de digestion," there are some other necessary visits which no one ought to neglect if she cares anything about social niceties. There is the visit of condolence, which at some time forces itself upon us. When one of our friends loses a dear one, we can do no less than go at once to her house and leave a card or message to convey our sympathy, although we may not see her at this time.

The mother with a new baby also has a right to expect her best friends to come to see her after a reasonable time has been allowed for the recovery of her strength. Some like the idea of taking with them a present for the little arrival, but the thing which is really important is to show interest in the event itself, and this may be done by a personal greeting.

### Courtesy Calls

Let us hope that it will always be customary for the women in a town to pay visits to a bride who comes as a stranger to make her home there, for nothing is lonelier than trying to get settled under new circumstances among new faces if they all remain strange. But even the bride who continues after her marriage to live in the community where she was brought up is shown more than ordinary attention, and her friends are careful to pay her a visit in her new home as soon as they think it convenient for her to have them.

If you receive a letter of introduction to someone who is staying temporarily in your town or has moved there, this calls for a visit at least, although an invitation to tea or for a ride may take the place of a regular call.

"Suppose I go to see a person to whom I have a letter of introduction, how long should I stay?" someone asks me. All visits depend in length first upon the intimacy of the people concerned and then upon how mutually pleasant the talk happens to be, but ordinarily a visit lasts about twenty or thirty minutes. Whether you stay half an hour or an hour or more, though, be sure that when you get up to go, you go as promptly as you can gracefully. Long leave-takings, extended conversations while everybody stands about, are always tedious if not painful. If you are the hostess, it is not necessary for you to urge your visitor to stay longer when she has decided she must go. If you wish to be cordial, you can say, "I am sorry you feel you have to go," or "Must

you go?" If she wishes to take advantage of your invitation, she will then be free to do so. Have you not found some homes so hard to get away from you were tempted not to go there? Sometimes, a woman will say, "What! you are not going so soon? Why, you haven't been here any time yet. Sit down now and stay awhile," and perhaps you will yield to these entreaties, though she may not really mean them and you may be eager to be off.

In most places, the visiting hours are from three to five in the afternoon. Formal visits are not paid in the evening, and it is usually better not to drop in on people at this time without special arrangement, since it may usually be taken for granted that families have plans for the evening and you may interfere with them.

Even in the afternoon, you may ring a doorbell at an inopportune moment and go in to find your hostess almost ready to go out or in the midst of pressing duties. Perhaps, you will leave at once, or she may insist that you sit down for a few minutes, in which case, take care that you do not seem fidgety or uneasy during the short stay but that you appear to enjoy the short time which you have for talk.

### The Matter of Visiting Cards

As soon as we begin talking about visits, the necessity for visiting cards is suggested, for they are the currency of visiting. There is sometimes a question as to how many cards should be left in a household of several adults. The rule about cards is: leave one of your own and, if married, one of your husband's for each woman in the house you have asked to see and then another of your husband's for each man in the family.

Here is the way the rule works. If you are a married woman and pay a visit to another married woman, you leave one of your cards and two of your husband's. If single, of course, you leave only the one card. If there are two married couples in the house, you leave two of your cards and four of your husband's. That is to say, women leave cards for women only but they leave their husband's cards for both the women and men. Naturally, you can't keep up a thing of this sort when there are several married sons or daughters living in the same house, and one set of cards may be expected to serve. The cards are usually left in a tray provided in the hall as one goes out, but they may be placed quietly on any convenient table.

### Sizes of Cards

Of the various-sized visiting cards, the largest is that of a married woman; a young lady's is a little smaller, while a man's is shorter and narrower than either. Most married people have a joint visiting card: "Mr. and Mrs. George Henry Slight" which may be a trifle larger than any of the others. This is convenient both for paying visits, and for sending joint presents.

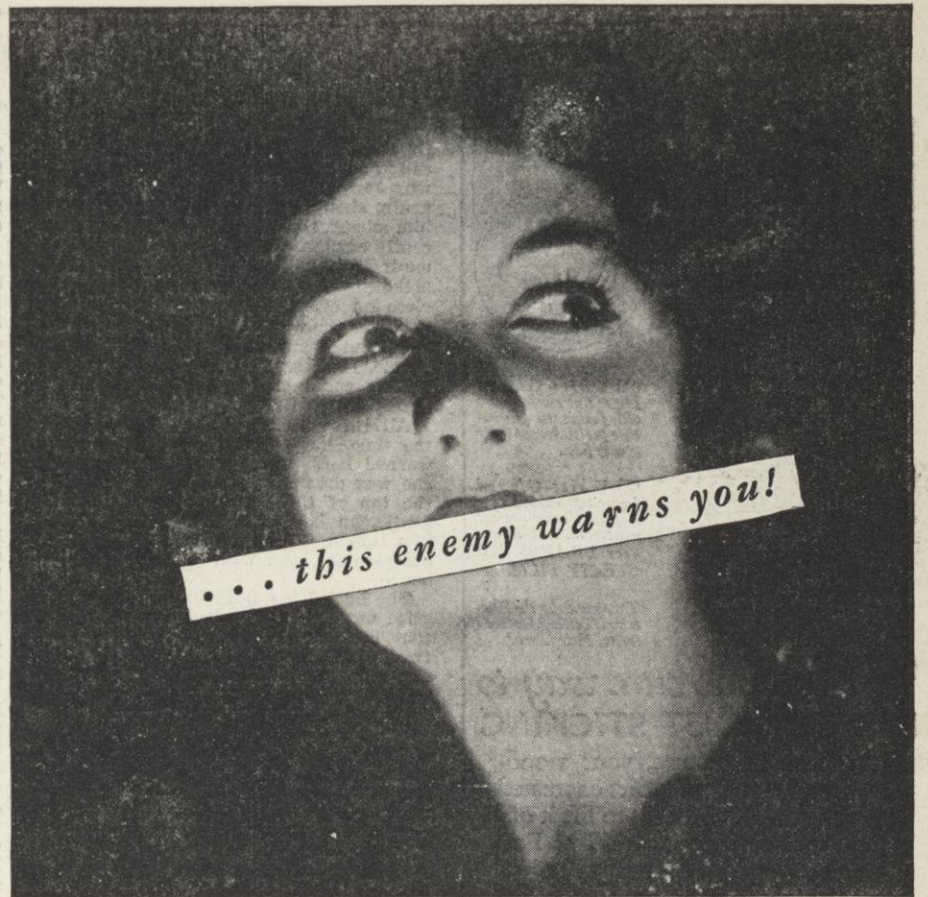
A visiting card should always be engraved rather than printed, and it should bear the full name of the possessor. Initials or nicknames, such as "Miss Jackie Way," are both out of place.

Those who have a permanent street address should have it put on their visiting cards. In small towns where there are no numbers for the houses, this can be left off; although the name of a section of town may take its place. Two examples are:

MRS. ROBERT JAY LUND  
1604 Driftwood Road  
MRS. ROBERT JAY LUND  
Mayflower Heights

Visiting cards for children are in bad taste. They do not need anything of the kind until they are old enough for young women's or young men's cards.

A widow uses her husband's name just as she did before his death, unless she decides to take the name of another, so her cards would read: "Mrs. John Weatherly." It is the custom for a divorced woman to use her maiden surname combined with her married surname.



## 4 out of 5 start too late

Among the people you see today, four out of five past forty (and many younger) are victims of Pyorrhea—simply because they started too late to protect teeth and gums.

Pyorrhea starts with tender, bleeding gums. Unchecked, it undermines youth, health and beauty. Too often it results in loss of teeth, neuritis, ulcers, rheumatism or other serious diseases.

But have no fear. If you start in time, you can prevent or check the vicious inroads of Pyorrhea. If your gums are spongy or bleeding, see your dentist at once for examination. And start now using Forhan's for the Gums.

Used regularly and in time, Forhan's thwarts Pyorrhea or checks it. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., a recognized specialist for years in Pyorrhea.

Forhan's firms the gums, keeps them healthy. It protects teeth from acids which cause decay. It keeps them snowy white. It guards your youth and health.

Don't gamble with your health. See your dentist twice a year. And start the Forhan morning-and-night habit, now. Teach your children to use it, too, as health-insurance. Play safe. Get a tube today. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.

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

## Forhan's for the gums

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . . IT CHECKS PYORRHEA



You can be sure of this



Thousands are keeping their breath sweet and fresh this new way. We promise that you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only conceal unpleasant breath with embarrassing odors of their own after you have used this new Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant. Try it. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.



# Before the BABY COMES

By HERMAN N. BUNDESEN, M.D.

Vice-President, Public Health Association of America  
Commissioner of Health of the City of Chicago

The third 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

## Eat Wisely and Well

THE unborn baby depends upon the mother for his food. The child is attached to the mother in her womb by a cord through which the baby's food is carried by the blood, and through which the waste material is also carried away to be thrown off by the mother's bowels, kidneys, lungs and skin.



Cod liver oil is good for you

The baby's growth and development require plenty of lime, iron and phosphorus to form strong bones, firm muscles and sound teeth; therefore, the mother should eat foods that contain lime, iron and phosphorus. If she does not, the supply will be taken from her own body. The first sign of this is shown in the rapid decay of her teeth. Many infants are born with a tendency to rickets because of faulty diet of the mother.

The short or ultra-violet rays of sunlight help the body to take up and use the minerals in the food, such as lime and phosphorus. Cod liver oil (bottled sunshine), which is rich in the life-giving substance called Vitamin D, acts a good deal like sunlight and should be added to the mother's diet. It is especially needed if she is weak and undernourished and there is not enough sunshine.

### Special Food Longings

Pregnant women, at times, long for or crave pickles, sharp, spicy foods, berries out of season, or odd things, such as

(Continued on page 44)

Foods graded to show their value as a source of the various elements needed for growth

FOOD	Carbo-hydrates	Pro-teins	Fats	Minerals		Vitamins			
				Iron	Calcium	"A"	"B"	"C"	"D"
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
<b>Cereals</b>									
Farina.....	good								
Hominy.....	good								
Oatmeal.....	exc.	good		fair			good		
Rice.....	good	fair							
Rye.....	exc.	good					good		
Wheat									
kernel.....	exc.					good	exc.		
bran.....	exc.	good		good			exc.		
<b>Fruits</b>									
Apples									
raw.....	good						good	good	
cooked.....	good								
Apricots (stewed).....	good								
Bananas.....	good								
Blackberries.....	good								
Cherries.....	good								
Dates.....	exc.		fair	fair					
Figs.....	exc.				good				
Grapefruit.....	good						good	good	
Lemon.....							good	exc.	
Orange.....	good				good		good	exc.	
Pears.....	good								
Peaches.....	good					good	good	good	exc.
Pineapple.....									
Plums.....	good								
Prunes.....	good			fair					
Raspberries.....	good								exc.
Raisins.....	exc.		fair						
Strawberries.....				good					
<b>Meats, Fish, Etc.</b>									
Bacon.....		fair	exc.						
Beef (lean).....		exc.		exc.					
Chicken.....		exc.	good						
Ham.....		exc.	good						
Kidney.....		exc.				good	good		
Liver.....				exc.		good	good		
Mutton.....		exc.	good						
Veal.....		exc.							
Codfish									
fresh.....		good	good	fair					
dried.....		exc.							
Herring.....		exc.	good	fair					
Mackerel.....		exc.	good						
Salmon.....		exc.	good						
Whitefish.....		exc.							
Oysters.....				exc.					
Eggs.....		good	good	good		exc.			
Nuts.....	good	exc.	exc.				good		

"fair" means: contains some of the substance; "good" means: has plenty of the substance; "exc." means: is very rich in the substance. Use the chart to assist in selecting those foods which will supply all of the needed elements, giving preference to those foods graded "Excellent" and "Good."



# You wouldn't buy canned fruits without a label!

—and yet, what difference does it really make, unless you know exactly what the label stands for?

To be sure of quality you must buy canned fruits on the reputation of the brand. It's the quality inside the can that counts.

That's why it's so important to insist on DEL MONTE—and to be certain that you receive this dependable label.

By specifying DEL MONTE you are always sure in advance of getting exactly what you want—tree-ripened fruits from the world's finest orchards—the same uniform goodness in every variety—the same certainty of satisfaction, no matter when or where you buy.

Why not order a supply of DEL MONTE now—and be ready for the months ahead? A well-filled pantry is a never ending convenience! Tell your grocer your requirements—but be sure you say DEL MONTE.

### PEACH WHIPPED CREAM CAKE

Drain DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches. Cut a loaf sponge cake in two. Between the layers arrange the sliced peaches. Heap whipped cream on top and garnish with sliced peaches. Serve at once.

For many other easy, quick suggestions, write for "The DEL MONTE Fruit Book." Sent free— together with an assortment of folders containing new fruit and vegetable recipes. Address Department 909, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco.



—and remember the many other simple, tempting ways to serve them!

365 days a year—three meals a day! You know what a task it is to keep your menus different.

Yet there are some products that just naturally help you out if you give them half a chance. And one of them is certainly DEL MONTE PEACHES!

Just for instance, all of us like puddings—they're so easy and delicious. Nearly every one likes custards. Gelatine desserts, sherbets and cakes are on every list of family favorites.

Now try them with Peaches! No matter how well you liked these dishes before, we venture you'll like them better—for their new touch of flavor and that fresh appeal of fruit.

Packed Halved and Sliced! Why not keep a supply of both on your pantry shelf?



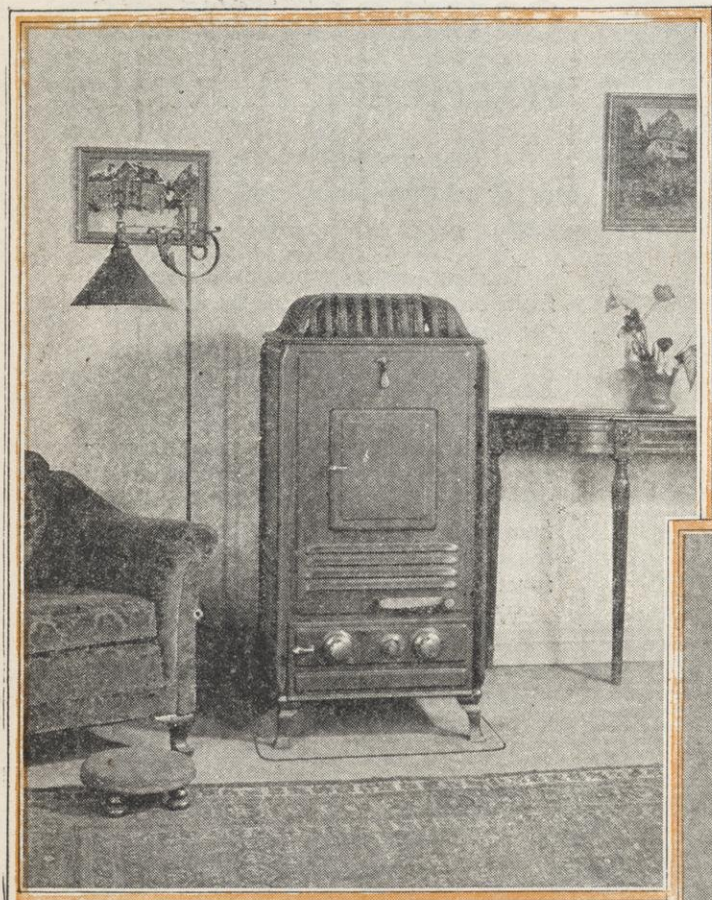
# Just be sure you say DEL MONTE

IT PAYS TO INSIST IF YOU WANT THE BEST

# Keeping the Home Fires Burning

Facts Every Home Owner Should Know to Secure the Maximum Efficiency from His Heating Plant

The Second of Three Articles on Home Heating  
by HARRY F. SMITH, Eminent Fuel Authority



A new type of stove which is as efficient as it is good-looking. It enhances the appearance and contributes to the comfort of any room in which it may be placed. A distinct advance in stove manufacture over the familiar type shown at the right.



A favorite form of indoor sport in 1885

controls—and they seldom work as intended, even when provided. Most of us use either a single thermostatic control for the whole house or else set the drafts by hand.

We thus find it convenient or even necessary to overheat most of the house most of the time, so as to have it comfortable for our moments of rest and relaxation. With suitably arranged radiant heaters, we can set the controls on the central heating plant at 60 or 65 degrees, giving a proper temperature for active work or play, and still be comfortable beside the glowing grate when engaged in less active pursuits.

#### Types of Radiant Fires

Three types of radiant fires are available for such an arrangement, viz.: Wood or coal grates; gas radiant fires; electric radiant heaters.

For those who prefer coal or wood fireplaces, ash dumps, gas lighters and fire screens decrease the labor and increase the safety of open grates. A new fuel, low temperature coke, which kindles as easily as wood but which is nevertheless entirely smokeless, is now being marketed in some localities and will certainly be widely available in the near future.

The newer types of gas radiants offer a service of great value. They are clean, reasonable in first cost and remarkably efficient. Wherever gas is available, these devices afford real aid in solving the domestic heating problem. The following points should be noted:

1. Every gas radiant heater must have a flue connection. The smaller the room, the more important is the flue. Never put an unvented gas heater in a bathroom.

2. Always select a type of heater suited to the location. Some gas radiant fires are constructed with the top open and are suited for installation only in deep brick fireplaces, in which the mantel acts as a hood to direct the products of combustion up the chimney. Others are provided with an ornamental metal hood and a connection from this at the back for a stovepipe. This type should always be used where the heater is set out in the room or in a shallow fireplace.

3. Remember that a good radiant fire heats by radiation and not by hot air. The larger part of the radiant surface should be brightly incandescent—not merely red-hot—when turned on full. It should be too hot to be borne by the bare hand when held 18 inches away from front of the fire.

Electric radiant heaters are in a class by them-

selves, in that they require no flue connections and give off no fumes. This makes them particularly useful for bathroom heaters, either in the permanent or portable form. The 600-watt portable heater is especially useful, as it can be operated from a lamp socket without special wiring and can be easily moved from place to place. Some makes are provided with an automatic switch in the base, which turns off the current if the heater should be accidentally upset, a feature worth considering where children are about. Although excellent for the service indicated above, electric heaters are not so well adapted to the larger rooms that are usually taken care of by coal, wood or gas grates. Electric heaters of this size require special wiring, are quite expensive to operate and lack the life and snap of burning fire.

#### Limited Service of Open Fires

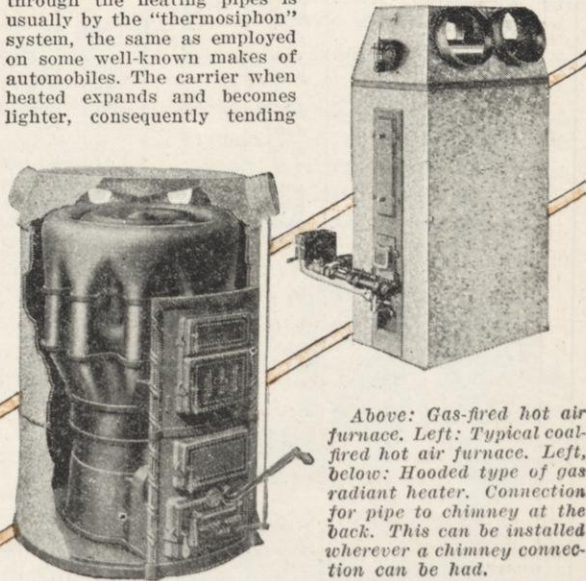
While open fires are a very valuable aid in house heating, they are not satisfactory as a sole dependence except in very mild climates. Our pioneer forefathers were keenly aware of the shortcomings of such heating methods and no less a man than Benjamin Franklin was the inventor of a very successful and widely used type of stove. It is to be suspected that the frugal Benjamin was more concerned in economy of fuel than in increased comfort, but his invention achieved both results.

The "air-tight" iron stove is a fairly effective air heater as well as a purveyor of radiant heat and makes habitable those more remote portions of the room that are not effectively reached by the direct radiation of the open fire. With stove heating it was possible to enlarge the "family circle" to the point where it began to be a figure of speech rather than an actuality.

A single stove is not particularly successful for heating more than one room, because the proportion of heat given off by direct radiation is too great. This direct radiation is very desirable, particularly in the living-room, where the family gathers for reading or other relatively inactive pursuits; but when the stove is adjusted properly to heat the room in which it is located, not enough hot air is produced to suitably warm other rooms at a greater distance. This fault has been very cleverly corrected in certain modern types of furnace, which will be described more fully later.

#### Types of Furnaces for Home Heating

Three types of furnaces have been developed for centralized house heating. They all work on the same general principle, but differ in the means used to carry the heat from the furnace to the place to be heated. Heat is generated at a central point and there transferred to a "carrier." The carrier moves through a system of pipes to the place where heat is desired and there parts with its heat to warm the room. After "unloading" its heat, the carrier is returned to the furnace through another system of pipes, to be heated again. Air, water or steam may be used as carriers. The movement of the carrier through the heating pipes is usually by the "thermosiphon" system, the same as employed on some well-known makes of automobiles. The carrier when heated expands and becomes lighter, consequently tending



Above: Gas-fired hot air furnace. Left: Typical coal-fired hot air furnace. Left, below: Hooded type of gas radiant heater. Connection for pipe to chimney at the back. This can be installed wherever a chimney connection can be had.

to flow upward, while the return pipes, being filled with cooler and heavier material, have a downward flow, thus maintaining a constant circulation of the carrier through the heating system.

Most furnaces are so designed that they must be located below the rooms to be heated, if good distribution of heat is to be secured. Power-driven fans and pumps may be and frequently (Continued on page 55)

**A**LTHOUGH the open fireplace is still esteemed in this country for its historical associations and artistic effect in the home, it is seldom relied upon to any considerable extent for house heating or cooking. The average American is thoroughly "sold" on the efficient and labor-saving central heating system. Many of us may be compelled by force of circumstances to depend on stoves for winter heating, but if a new furnace is not actually a part of our plans for the future, it is, at least, a consummation devoutly to be wished.

The rest of the world depends largely on older and more primitive methods. The charcoal brazier can be found in every country on the globe, but furnace-heated houses are as distinctively American as the Indian and the buffalo.

The reason for this lies in our unwillingness to live in one room all winter, and the labor involved in maintaining separate fires in several rooms. The saving of fuel is, of course, an added consideration, but the elimination of the dust, dirt and constant attention unavoidably associated with many separate fires has been, no doubt, the chief reason for their unpopularity.

#### The Furnace Is Distinctively American

Furnace heat, however, has proved to be no unmixed blessing. We pay a price in overheated rooms, in overdry air, in lack of the stimulation of direct radiant heat, and in the removal of the fireside as the social center of the home.

Americans have never been able to imagine themselves comfortable in a furnace-heated house with the air temperature at the 55 or 60 degrees that is accepted in Europe as standard for winter heat, but the 70 or 80-degree air that we find necessary for comfort when inactive indoors is undoubtedly too hot and dry for breathing purposes. The effect of this dry air on such unresponsive objects as chairs and tables is obviously damaging; many of our winter colds and even more serious ailments can be traced to the same source. Raising the humidity of the air by the use of vapor pans in the furnace serves to ameliorate this condition somewhat, but this sometimes brings the alternative of "sweaty" windows and damp walls.

#### The Value of Radiant Heat

One answer to this dilemma is provided by easily available radiant heat. When the living-room, library, nursery and bath are provided with radiant heaters of suitable type, in addition to the usual furnace connections, the problem of suitable house heating is greatly simplified.

These radiant heaters perform three distinct functions: First: They provide quick heat for cool periods—mornings, evenings, stormy days, etc.—when the central heating plant is not in operation.

Second: They provide extra heat in extreme weather, when the main heating plant is taxed to the utmost.

Third: They permit the general air temperature in the house to be considerably lowered without sacrifice of comfort.

#### Overheating a Menace to Health and Furniture

A temperature of 60 or 65 degrees is very comfortable if one is actively moving about. Much of the housewife's time is employed in occupations that would make such a tempera-

Once a woman sees the ESTATE HEATROLA in a friend's home—out goes a stove—and another "parlor" becomes a living-room. Tens of thousands have done it!



There is only one Heatrola — Estate builds it

Stove Company, Dept. 2-E, Hamilton, Ohio, or any of the branch offices.

Branch Offices:—243 West 34th St., New York City; 714 Washington Ave., N., Minneapolis; The Furniture Exchange, San Francisco; 829 Terminal Sales Bldg., Portland, Ore.

*What a world of difference!*

What a world of difference the Estate Heatrola makes in a home! Its graceful cabinet design—finished in mahogany-colored, vitreous enamel, brightens up the living-room—gives it a smart, modern touch. And, more than that, Heatrola changes the "feel" of the whole house. No more "spotty" heat—one room too hot, another too cold. Instead, every room in the house always cheerfully warm! Heatrola's double air-circulation does it!

The heart of this double system of circulating air is the exclusive Intensi-Fire Air Duct. Built right in the path of the flames, this ingenious device utilizes much of the heat which ordinarily escapes up the flue.

The Heatrola has many other exclusive features that tremendously increase its heating capacity and greatly reduce its fuel consumption—whether you burn coal, gas or wood.

*It protects the children*

Heatrola does not get searingly hot like a stove. Children can safely play near it. They can romp



on the floor, too, without danger of colds, for Heatrola's special air-intake construction effectively prevents drafts.

*So clean—so easy to keep clean*

Heatrola is ash-dust-smoke-and-fume-tight—so clean and so easy to keep clean. A daily dusting will keep it always bright and new-looking.

*Cuts fuel bills almost in half*

Heatrola does the work of several stoves and fireplaces, at the fuel cost of one. Heatrola owners tell us that it cuts coal bills on an average of 45%!

*So easy to own the original*

As the pioneer in its field, the Estate Heatrola offers many exclusive features. There is a dealer near you. See him. He will tell you how easily you can buy this approved heating plant and have it installed in your home. Or mail the coupon for illustrated booklet. Address, The Estate

*For Gas*

And now the Gas Heatrola—for small homes, where either manufactured or natural gas is available. Every inch a Heatrola—in beauty, in efficiency, in construction—it will circulate great billows of healthfully moistened heat to every nook and corner. Home heating with the Gas Heatrola is merely a matter of turning on the fuel. Write for booklet describing the new Gas Heatrola.

*Mail Coupon for Free Booklet*

THE ESTATE STOVE COMPANY  
Department 2-E, Hamilton, Ohio

Gentlemen:—Please send me illustrated booklet and full information regarding:

- The Heatrola for Coal } (Check which)
- The Gas Heatrola }

Name.....

Address.....

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

# Estate HEATROLA

HEATS EVERY ROOM — Upstairs and Down

# Five Lovely Sets of Holiday Lingerie

Lace Frills and Trim Tailored Bindings—With Just the Right Touch of Embroidery

Designs by Sadie P. Le Sueur

**T**HE pink and white sets are of fine quality batiste made on simple, tailored lines. The blue and green sets are voile with lacy yokes to enhance the embroidery. The material for the Flowered Set has an old-fashioned Dresden pattern.

**Primrose Set.** Pink batiste. A very narrow hem around the edges is held in place with small pink featherstitching. The pointed yoke is of double material and has the lower edge finished with the hemstitching. Flower sprays are pink rambler roses with rose centers and blue forget-me-nots with yellow centers. Leaves and stems are green.

**11-27-243.** Gown. Front and back are held together on each shoulder with a bow of pink satin ribbon faced with blue. The useful little pocket is embroidered as well as the yoke.

**11-27-244.** Combination. The skirt is cut separately, for extra fullness, and held to the upper section with pink featherstitching. The lower edge has a hem finished with the shell stitch. Shoulder straps are pink satin ribbon faced with blue. The drawstring is the same ribbon in narrow width.

**Blue Bowknot Set.** Cornflower blue voile. Wide filey lace is set in to form a yoke, with the blue voile cut away from underneath. Narrow filey is whipped around the



Primrose Set

edges. The pink sweet peas are tied with a blue bow-knot in satin stitch. Leaves and stems are green.

**11-27-245.** Gown. The filey lace extends around in the back. The upper edge of the yoke is finished with the narrow filey.

**11-27-246.** Combination. The lower part is cut separately for fullness. Its edges have narrow filey around them. The upper edge has a band of wide filey with beading and narrow filey above it. Shoulder straps are blue satin faced with pink. Drawstring is the same in narrow width.

**Dresden Set.** Only a bit of embroidery on yoke and bands is needed to make this an attractive set. French knot flowers are in shaded pink with green leaves. Dots are pink French knots. Edges are rolled and cross-stitched in pink. Joining of white bands to the flowered material is finished with pink darn stitch.

**11-27-247.** Gown. Yoke is white voile and so are the small cap sleeves. Pockets have a white flap with the embroidered roses.

**11-27-248.** Step-ins have an open white band on each side with flowers embroidered on them. The waistband is shirred to an elastic.

**11-27-249.** The bandeau has a white band down the center on which a rose is embroidered. Top and bottom edges are finished with white bias folds. White ribbons are used for shoulder straps.

**White Tailored Set.** White batiste for gown and bloomers has the edges bound with blue bias folds. For the bandeau, white linene is used with blue bias folds. Flowers are pink rambler roses with green leaves. Straight



Green Scalloped Set

lines on which the roses grow are blue chain stitch.

**11-27-250.** Gown. The belt is doubled white batiste, 1 inch wide when finished.

**11-27-251.** Bloomers. An elastic is used to hold the gathers at the waist.

**11-27-252.** Bandeau. Shoulder straps are blue ribbon to match the bias folds.

**Green Scalloped Set.** Green voile is used with wide filey lace for the yoke. The filey is set into the voile with scallops turned down and the green voile is cut a way underneath them. Peach-colored flowers have yellow centers and green leaves.

**11-27-253.** Gown. Yoke is cut in a "V" in front and back. Narrow filey is used to bind the wide lace at the neck and is also used around the armholes.

White Tailored Set

**11-27-254.** Combination. Narrow filey edge with beading is used around the top. The narrow filey is also used around the lower edge.

**Embroidery Stitches for Lingerie:** For the rambler rose, make a double cross-stitch in the center. Take short, overlapping stitches around and around it for petals.

**The Shell Stitch for a Hem:** Use one strand of six-strand floss. Make a fine hemming stitch, and every few stitches throw the thread over the hem and draw it down. Then start the hemming stitch again. This gives the effect of a row of scallops or shells along the hem. This stitch is used around the lower edges of the Primrose Combination.

The other stitches used are lazy-daisy, French knots, outline and darn stitch, all of which are very simple to make.



Dresden Set

# Put a Bit of Yourself into Your Gifts This Year

Twelve of the Season's Smartest Novelties Afford the Cherished Personal Touch Painted Fabrics Designed by Sadie P. Le Sueur That Are Artistic and Economical of Both Time and Money



**P**LASTIC embroidery gives a magic touch of novelty that is especially effective on black materials. For the lighter colored articles, liquid paints are now easy to put on because they have been perfected for an amateur to use on fabrics.

### Plastic Embroidery on Black Fabrics

The five diagrams at the bottom of the page show how the liquid embroidery is squeezed into a paper cone. Then by cutting off the cone's tip the liquid is pressed out, following the lines of the design. For a flat surface, the plastic is put on with a brush. Colored powders are then dusted over this foundation with a brush (Figure 5). It is fascinating yet simple work, with many variations, such as dusting in beads.

**Iris Scarf.** Black georgette, 72x18 inches. Flowers are light and dark orchid, shaded to blue, with yellow centers. Leaves are green and the entire design is outlined with silver. The 2-inch hem at each end is hemstitched with silver thread, and the two long sides of the scarf are picoted with silver thread.

**Hollyhock Footstool.** Black sateen, 12x9 inches. This homemade footstool is a piece of board 1 inch thick, with a wooden door stop screwed at each corner for legs. It is enameled blue and the black sateen top is stuffed with cotton. It has boxed sides and is tacked to the wood, with gold braid to cover the joining. Girl's dress is blue, her bonnet and basket yellow. Flowers are blue, orchid and pink.

**Golden Flower Cushion.** Black sateen, 16 inches square. The design is yellow bronze, outlined with gold. Flower centers are orange beads.

**Medallion Coolie Coat.** A black sateen coat, that may be used for a wrap or dressing gown, has stunning chrysanthemums outlined with gold and filled in with yellow bronze dust.

**Bird Wall Panel.** An oblong wall hanging of black sateen is 28x22 inches. The lining is black sateen with a narrow stick in a casing at the top edge to hold it firm. Birds and vase of flowers are outlined with gold. Flowers are filled in with red and blue bronze powder, and leaves with green. Bird is red, yellow, green, blue and gold.

**Butterfly Card Table Cover.** Black sateen, with a hem 1 inch wide, put in by machine. The butterfly in each corner is in an oval of jeweled dots—blue, green and orange outlined in gold. Butterfly is outlined in gold, with spots on wings in blue, green and orange. Black ribbons are used for corner ties.

**Black and Green Coat Scarf.** For the average size person, 1½ yards of black georgette, 40 inches wide, are sufficient. Border is double green georgette with black corners, 5 inches wide. The flowers in the black corner squares, and in the back above the border, are green and gold, with petals outlined in gold.

### Painting on Lighter Fabrics

Fast-colored paints that will not blur or run are used for these five articles. A very fine brush is used to outline colors, with black or a darker shade.

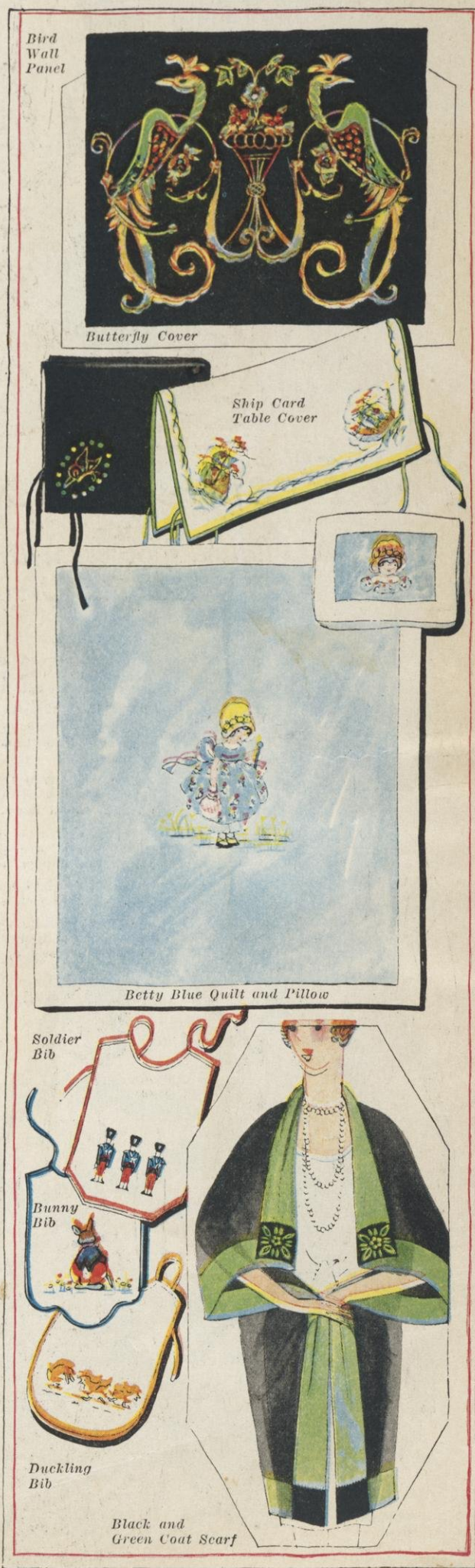
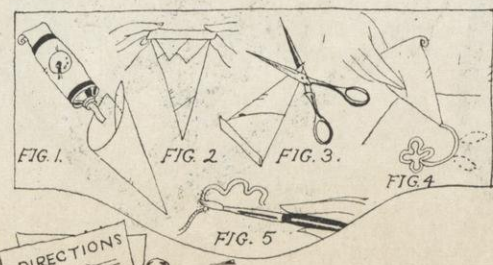
**Parrot Lunch Set.** White linen with bright green floss drawn into the material to mark off hems and panels. The brilliant parrots are painted red, yellow, green and blue with touches of black. Center is 18 inches square; each mat, 12x18 inches.

**Colonial Cushion.** Flesh-colored organdie is used for front and back of cushion. The flesh color forms the girl's dress and bonnet, with shadings of deeper pink painted in with a brush. Basket is brown and holds blue, rose and pink flowers with yellow centers and green leaves. The organdie ruffle is finished with lace and has a pink satin ribbon twisted along its inside edge and ending in a knotted bow at top.

**Ship Card Table Cover.** A square of 36-inch white linen has its edges bound with green bias folds. Ship is painted brown, with green sails and red flags. An outline of sea waves connects the ships.

**Betty Blue Set.** A blue sateen quilt, with its border of double white sateen, is 41x48 inches. A little girl with old-fashioned reticule and parasol has a yellow hat and blue dress with pink rosebuds. Green grass and yellow flowers are around her feet. The cushion is blue, with a white border, 15x11 inches.

**Set of Three Bibs.** Huck toweling, 11x14 inches, is used for each bib. Colored bias folds are used for edges and for ties. **Wooden Soldiers.** Red, blue, yellow and black are used. **Bunny.** Painted brown, with red and blue suit. Tail is left white. **Ducklings.** Yellow, with brown outlines. The ice on which they are tumbling is outlined in brown.





Five Organdie Cushions

**Sunflower Cushion, 11-27-255.** Pink organdie, 16 inches in diameter. The cushion represents a large sunflower, the petals having their edges picoted with black thread. The first row of petals is yellow, the next row light honey and the top row deep honey. Petals are tacked to cushion at their tips so that they will lie flat. Brown French knots are used for the center. Ruffle around the edge is green organdie, picoted in black.

**Pansy Cushion, 11-27-256.** Pink organdie, 17 inches in diameter. The six pansies have petals in light and dark orchid and yellow, with edges picoted in black. Centers are yellow French knots. Leaves also have edges picoted and veins made with green floss. Flower petals and leaves are tacked to the cushion so they will lie flat. A green organdie ruffle with edge picoted in black is shirred around the edge.

Apron, 11-27-261

Apron, 11-27-260

Apron, 11-27-262

**Colonial Girl Cushion, 11-27-257.** Pink organdie, 16x13 inches, in oval shape. Dress, bonnet and parasol are tinted rose and orchid. Grass is green, flowers are rose, blue, orchid and gold, with green leaves. All the tints are outlined in floss of the same color. The ruffle is rose organdie picoted in black.

**Basket Cushion, 11-27-258.** Yellow organdie, 12x15 inches. Basket is tinted blue, flowers are tinted rose, blue and gold with green leaves. They are outlined with floss of the same color. Ruffle shirred around the edge is blue, picoted with black.

**Bird Cushion, 11-27-259.** Peach organdie, 14 inches in diameter. Birds are tinted yellow and green. Flowers are tinted deep rose with green leaves. Green organdie ruffle is picoted with black.

Sunflower Cushion, 11-27-255

Pansy Cushion, 11-27-256

# The Prettiest Aprons and Cushions Are Organdie

Appliquéd Flowers with Picoted Edges—Colonial Designs in Lovely Tints That Require Very Little Embroidery for the Finishing Touch

## Seven Ruffled Organdie Aprons

**11-27-260.** Orchid organdie with green ruffle picoted in black. Flower petals are pink and rose organdie, or yellow and deep honey, with edges picoted in black. They are tacked to the apron to make them lie flat. Flower centers are yellow French knots. Leaves and stems are green outline and darn stitch.

**11-27-261.** Peach organdie with blue ruffles picoted in black. Dress is tinted blue. Flowers are rose, orchid and blue organdie, with green organdie leaves, all their edges being picoted and tacked in place.

**11-27-262.** Green organdie with peach ruffles picoted in black. Flowers are yellow, pink and peach organdie, leaves are green organdie, all picoted in black. They are tacked to the apron so they will lie flat. Small flowers are embroidered in rose, yellow, black and white.

**11-27-263.** Pink organdie with blue ruffle picoted in black. Dress is tinted blue with blue organdie ruffles and flowers embroidered in pink. Lanterns are tinted yellow and orchid. Hair is tinted yellow and cheeks rose.

**11-27-264.** Light blue organdie with peach ruffles picoted in black. The large flower is a pocket with petals of yellow and peach. Their edges are picoted in black and tacked so they will lie flat.

**11-27-265.** White organdie with yellow ruffles picoted in black. Girl's dress is tinted pink, hair brown, basket green. Large flowers are tinted yellow and rose. Small flowers are embroidered in shaded pink, orchid, blue and gold.

**11-27-266.** Peach organdie with green ruffle picoted in black. Girl's dress is tinted orchid, her scarf rose and her hair black. Bird is an appliqué of green organdie with tail and head tinted green. Landscape is tinted green with embroidered flowers in shaded pink, orchid, blue and gold.

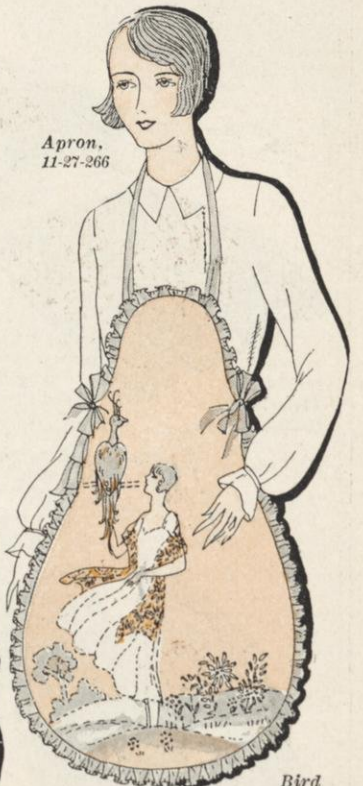
Organdie is particularly adaptable for the new type of appliqué featured in most of these cushions and aprons. The edges of the appliqué flowers are already picoted so that by making French knot centers and then tacking the petals at their tips they will lie flat. The many pretty shades of organdie and the raised effect give a natural appearance to the flowers that is unusual and novel.



Apron, 11-27-263



Apron, 11-27-264



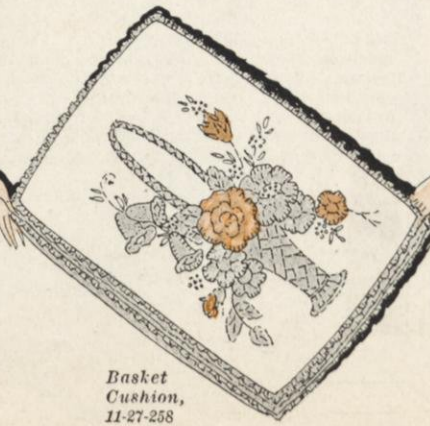
Apron, 11-27-266



Apron, 11-27-265



Colonial Girl Cushion, 11-27-257



Basket Cushion, 11-27-258



Bird Cushion, 11-27-259

# Edible Centerpieces

Many novel ideas on table decorations for special occasions

By Lily Haxworth Wallace

**T**HE first requisite of a table centerpiece of any kind is that it shall be beautiful and attractive. Being in place when the guests assemble, it immediately strikes a high note of color, of decoration or of appropriateness to the occasion in one way or another. Sometimes it may be just a little bit mysterious, as in the instance of a Jack Horner pie; or, as at an automobile luncheon, a miniature car loaded with packages, which it does not take a very shrewd guesser to realize are sweet favors or souvenirs of the occasion. Possibly it may be the birthday cake, or a beautiful dish of fruit intended to form a part of the last course of the meal, for naturally one would not wish to despoil the table earlier in the repast. At the family breakfast, however, the fruit forming the first course of the meal not infrequently poses as the centerpiece.

### A Thanksgiving Centerpiece

One exceedingly beautiful edible centerpiece is that used at Thanksgiving time in the form of a cornucopia, or horn of plenty, from the mouth of which an abundance of fruit and nuts—a visible sign of the harvest—appears to be outpouring. Rosy-cheeked apples, golden oranges, tangerines, glossy chestnuts, russet pears and purple grapes make a riot of color, enhanced by the bed of autumn leaves on which the cornucopia rests. The horn itself has a wire foundation and is woven with raffia or paper rope. A simpler form of centerpiece carrying out the same idea is a pumpkin or squash, filled to overflowing with fruit and other edibles.

### A Miniature Tableau

For a Cinderella party, the same squash or pumpkin may be used, but in this instance, true to fairy tale lore, it will be harnessed and supposedly drawn by four milk-white steeds.

For everyday occasions, a low basket or perhaps a lustrous copper or shining brass tray filled with a variety of fruits may be called into service.

The old-fashioned "Lazy Susan," which has recently returned to favor, is another vehicle by which the fruits may be displayed; as "Susan" revolves on her own axis, the guests or family have an opportunity of making a personal selection without seriously disarranging the remaining fruits.

### Favors You Can Eat

Sometimes the favors may be edible ones, doing their first duty as a decoration and serving later as a toothsome morsel. At Easter, for instance, eggs—real Paas eggs—in a nest of moss are most attractive. For luncheon at an Easter party for the little people, sugar or chocolate bunnies feeding in a meadow of moss arranged on a shallow tray may be harnessed by pastel-colored ribbons, the other end of each ribbon reaching to the plate of the ultimate recipient.

Even candies may be used as a favor centerpiece. Do you remember that some little time ago we showed you a low dish filled with what appeared to be old-fashioned bouquets? The "flowers" were vari-

colored gum drops, each attached to a wire stem, the stems in turn being wrapped in tinfoil, a tiny round lace paper doily combining and further decorating each little individual bouquet. Sprays of fern or asparagus, of course, lighten the effect of the whole centerpiece and add that touch of green which is always so refreshing.

Gumdrops, too, may be transformed into the appearance of tiny growing plants, each in its own miniature pot—a real though very small flowerpot—the earth being either chocolate, melted and poured in (the candy flower inserted while the chocolate is still slightly warm), or the stem may be passed through a disk of earth-colored cardboard pressed firmly into the top of the tiny container.

### Birthday Party Centerpiece

As a centerpiece for a birthday party, by all means let the cake occupy the position of honor on the table, having it frosted and decorated with candies, and surrounded by the correct number of candles, with the traditional extra one "to grow on," these being lighted before the guests are summoned. If the cake itself is to be eaten, as of course it is, why not let the favors be individual birthday cakes? Perhaps these may be made to serve as place cards also, by having the name or initials of each guest written on the white frosted cake with colored frosting. Such a form of decoration is really very simple, needing only a steady hand and a modest amount of artistic ability to produce most attractive effects.

### Patriotic Decorations

Cakes of many kinds other than the birthday cake may do duty as the centerpiece. Where such a cake is to serve the double purpose of a table decoration and a part of the dessert course, one doesn't begrudge the extra labor and time necessary in order to make it unusually attractive. For a Washington's Birthday party, for example, one could not have anything more appropriate than a cherry log cake. It is very easy to make: a large size jelly roll forms the log, the bark being a mocha frosting—mocha because it is soft enough to spread easily and is also much more readily given the semblance of the bark of a tree by roughening with a fork. Candied or maraschino cherries are put here and there on the frosting, the stems being formed of pale green frosting or very narrow strips of crystallized angelica. There will be a toy hatchet firmly imbedded in the log itself.

### Abe Lincoln's Birthday

As a last suggestion, if the occasion should be Lincoln's Birthday instead of Washington's, a log cabin is not difficult to reproduce, the logs being formed of sponge or butter cakes baked in bread stick pans and put together with white or maple frosting. The peaked roof of the cabin must be built up a little in the center and the whole will be chocolate frosted. Don't overlook the chimney—it will be made from one of the stick-shaped cakes rolled in the chocolate frosting.

Send for FREE RECIPE BOOK by Theodore Szarvas, Maître d'Hotel, and Louis Diat, Chef de Cuisine, of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, New York.



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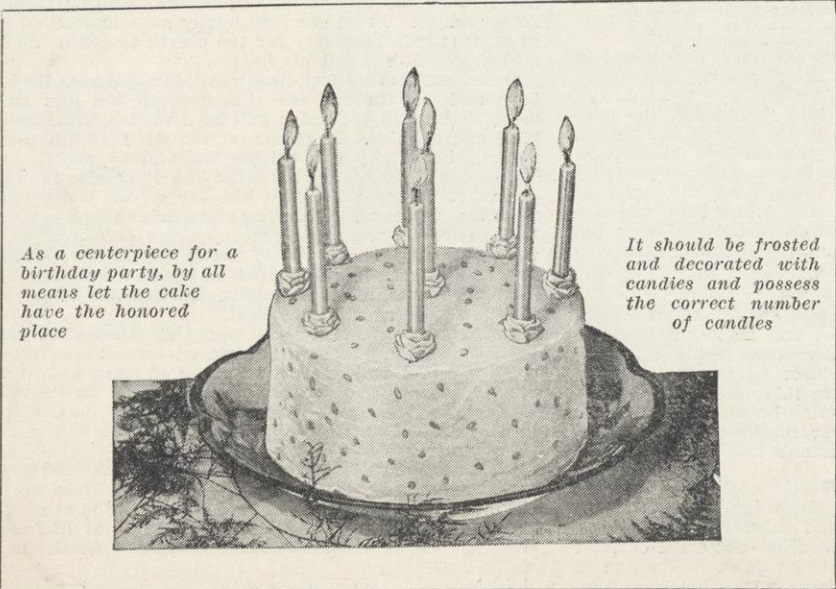


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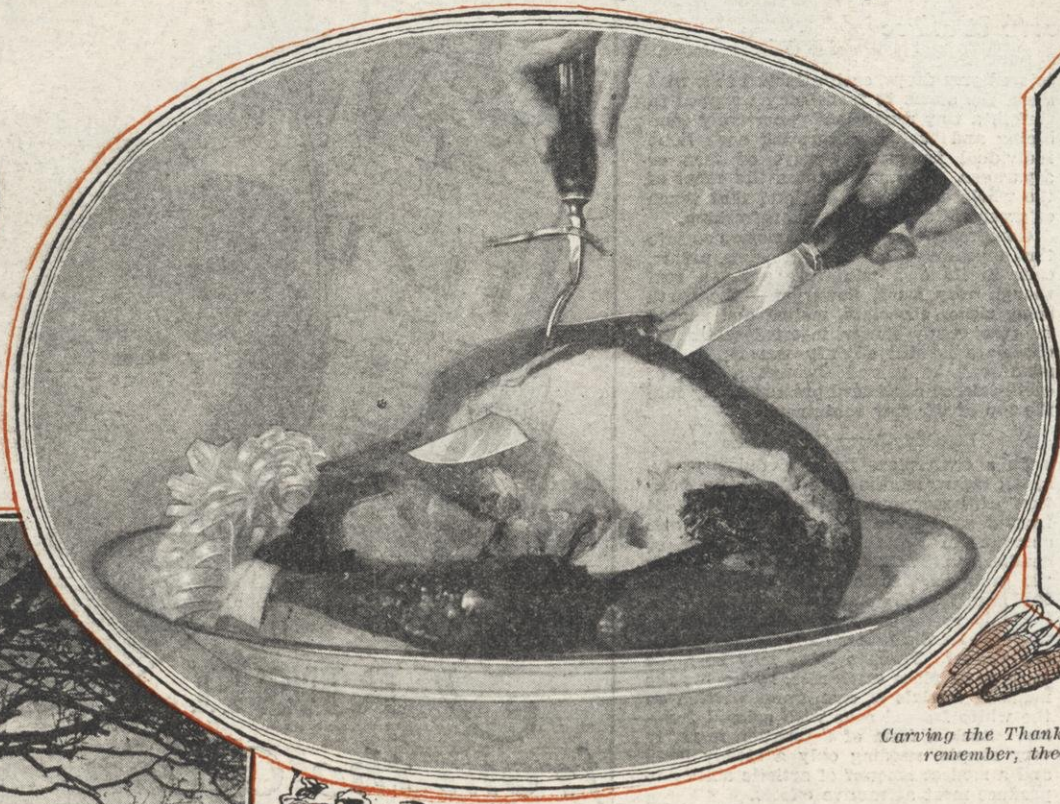
As a centerpiece for a birthday party, by all means let the cake have the honored place

It should be frosted and decorated with candies and possess the correct number of candles

# The Thanksgiving Turkey



Dawn on a turkey farm



Carving the Thanksgiving turkey. Leg and wing off first, remember, then even, thin slices from the breast

Suggestions on  
Selecting, Preparing  
and Carving This  
Justly Popular  
Thanksgiving Day  
Bird



By  
LILY HAXWORTH  
WALLACE

Cut off and lay aside the wing tips. Discard the intestines but retain the liver, heart and gizzard, cutting the last-named through to the tough surface of the inner bag, which contains the tiny pebbles and other matter which Mr. Turkey uses in place of teeth.

#### Stuffing the Turkey

Some cooks claim that a turkey will be better flavored if roasted without being stuffed, the stuffing being baked in a separate dish and served with it, but somehow we usually seem to prefer our stuffing rich and moist, drawn from the bird itself. If, however, one desires to bake the stuffing separately, by all means do so.

What shall the stuffing be this year? Well, there are any number of combinations from which to choose. It is hard to beat the standard stale bread stuffing if this is carefully made and well seasoned, but here are two others, one of which you may like to try for the sake of variety:

#### Chestnut Stuffing

3 cups chestnuts  
2 cups dry bread crumbs  
1 cup hot water  
2 teaspoons minced parsley  
Grated rind  $\frac{1}{4}$  lemon  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup melted butter  
2 teaspoons salt  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon pepper

Cook the chestnuts either by roasting or boiling. The simplest way to prepare them is to cut a slit in each with a pointed knife and place them in a moderately hot oven until very thoroughly heated, so that both the outer and inner skins can readily be removed. They can then be simmered in the water which is subsequently used in moistening the stuffing. If you prefer stock, there is no reason why you shouldn't use it, and your dressing will be just so much richer. When the nuts are tender, press through a sieve or chop finely, add to the remaining ingredients, mix thoroughly and use as a stuffing.

#### Raisin Stuffing

3 cups stale bread crumbs  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup melted butter or substitute  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup seeded raisins, cut small  
3 cups English walnuts, broken small  
1 teaspoon powdered sage  
1 teaspoon salt  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon pepper

Pour the butter over the crumbs and toss them about in it so as to mix thoroughly. Add the remaining ingredients and use as any other stuffing.

Having introduced the stuffing into the turkey, the next thing is to keep it there. Do you sew it in with needle and thread? There is an easier way; push through the flesh on each side of the opening five or six tiny wooden skewers and lace a piece of thin string across these, tying the two ends of the string together at the end. Use a bow knot, for easy untying and removal after the bird is cooked. How is the cord removed? Just by pulling out the little skewers; the cord comes away.

#### Trussing

Trussing comes next and is quite important, the main thing being to keep the wings and legs as low as possible against the sides of the bird, fastening them firmly into place with skewers and white cord, which, by the way, should never be crossed over the breast, as this makes an ugly line not in keeping with the smooth, crisp brown surface. Pass all string under the back, not over the breast, and tie the tips of the drumsticks to the "parson's nose" to keep them firmly in place.

#### Cooking

For a ten-pound turkey, allow from two and a half to three hours for the roasting, which should be done slowly so that the meat may be well cooked but not dried out. It is a good plan to place the bird breast down in the pan at first, afterward turning it right side up to brown evenly. Rub over with butter or butter substitute and flour blended

together in equal proportions—one-half cup of each. The melting butter will provide a basting medium in the beginning of the cooking until the fat begins to flow from the bird itself. Baste frequently, pouring the fat from the pan over every part of the turkey. This helps to keep it moist and also to give that fine brown color which is so attractive. If a self-basting roaster is used, the basting process will be automatic. By the way, both the complexion and disposition of your turkey will be much improved if you baste him occasionally with canned pineapple juice!

#### Making the Gravy

The giblets, that is, the heart, liver, gizzard, neck and wing tips, will probably be used to enrich the gravy. They should be simmered until tender with an onion, a carrot and a stalk of celery in water to cover, the meat afterward being picked from the bones and chopped very finely or passed through a food chopper, then returned to the liquor in which they were cooked. To finish the preparation of the gravy, when the turkey is dished, pour from the pan all but three tablespoonfuls of fat, brown two tablespoonfuls of flour in this, then add the giblets and liquid in which they were cooked, with water to make a pint, stir constantly until boiling, then cook it for three minutes, adding salt and pepper to taste—probably one teaspoon of salt and one-sixth teaspoon of pepper.

#### Carving

Even the best of birds can be mutilated in the hands of an unskillful carver. Don't blame father too seriously for not being able to carve like a French chef; carving is just as much of an art as cooking and he probably is quite conscious of his own deficiencies, so please, for his sake and yours, leave this copy of Woman's World around where he can read it before Thanksgiving Day! Help him as much as you can in his task by having a thoroughly sharpened carving knife and by placing the bird correctly with the legs to the left. Incidentally, slip little pantalettes or frills of paper round the tips of the drumsticks, securing them with rubber bands. These are used partly as a decoration, partly so that, if it is necessary for the carver to touch the drumsticks, he will not soil his fingers.

Insert the carving fork firmly and deeply across the breastbone and cut through the skin between the legs and the body, close up to the body; pull back the leg, away from the bird, and disjoint. Next cut off the wing. With these removed, the turkey can neither walk away nor fly away! Unless the platter is a very large one, it is wise to place an extra hot dinner plate near the carver, on which leg and wing can be set while carving slices from the breast of the bird, as the serving will be more quickly accomplished if all the carving is done first. If the entire bird is to be used, remove first both legs and wings as suggested. With a small family, however, in all probability but one side of the turkey will be needed at this first meal.

Beginning at the left, carve long, thin slices of white meat from the breast. Under the back, on each side of the backbone, will be found small solid pieces of meat, known as the "oyster," which are considered particularly choice morsels. The second joint is the choicest part of the dark meat and in a large bird each second joint may be cut to give two or three portions.

If the opening in the apron has been fastened together with skewer and cord as suggested, there will be an orifice there through which the carver can remove the stuffing with a spoon; if the bird has been sewed up, let him make a crosswise cut in the apron large enough to admit the bowl of the spoon.

Some persons enjoy the crisp skin of the turkey, others do not care for it, so state your preference when asked.

**F**IRST and foremost, how shall we choose "our" turkey, for no amount of care in its after-preparation can make up for a basically poor bird? A young turkey should be plump, fat and white; the tip of the breastbone should bend easily; the feet should be tender and pliable, as should also the scales of the feet. Many authorities claim that the flesh of the young male is of better flavor than that of the female. A wild tom turkey averages in weight approximately twelve pounds, while the hen is likely to be about eight; the domesticated birds, however, often reach a weight of between twenty and thirty pounds. The market weight of a good tom turkey is from twelve to fifteen or sixteen pounds; the hen may run ten to twelve pounds.

#### Dressing the Turkey

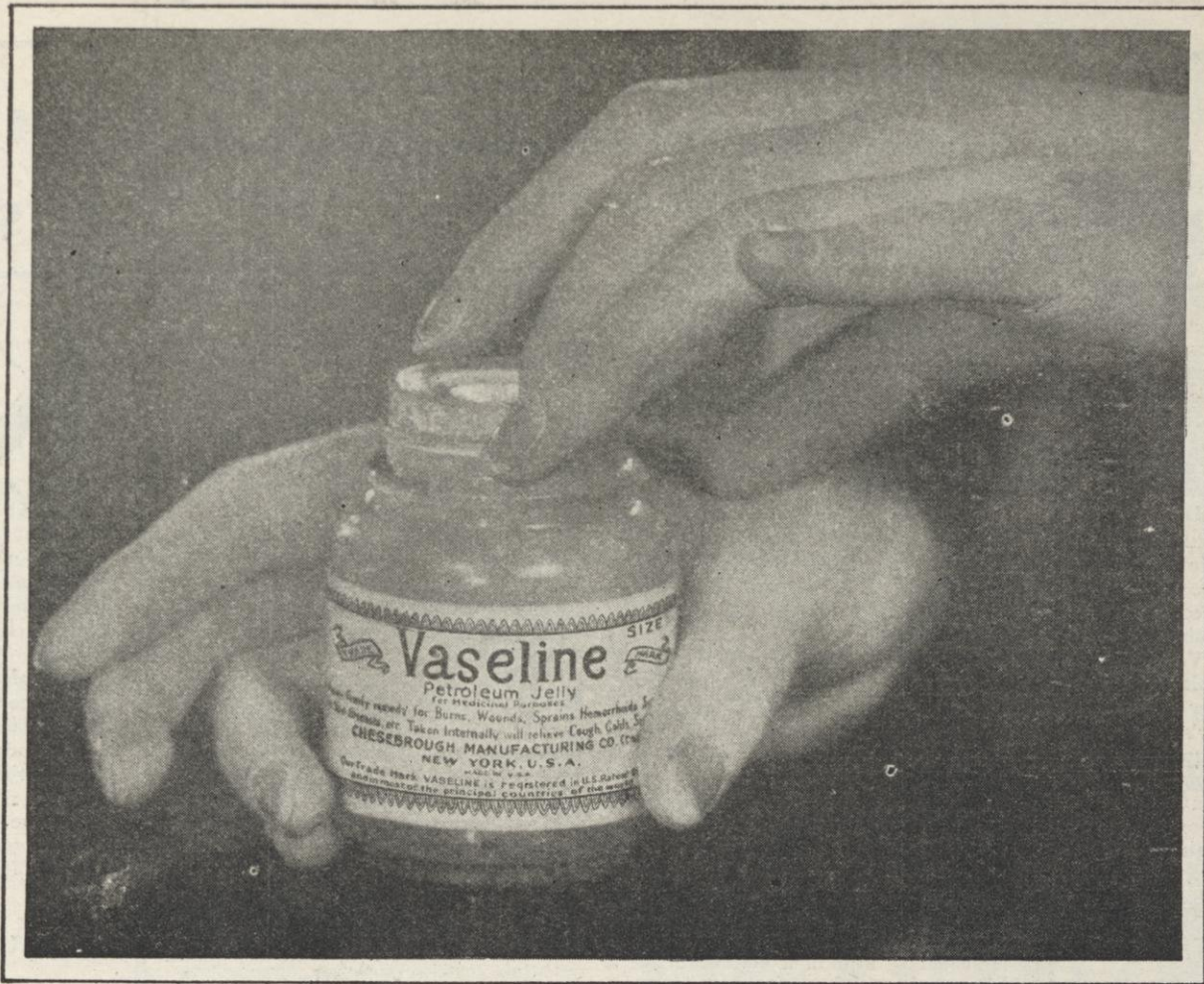
A turkey is usually delivered dressed. Use all your influence with your butcher to draw the leg sinews instead of merely chopping off the feet. It is an easy task for him—merely the making of a lengthwise cut in the leg between the large and small bones, parallel with the sinews or tendons, which can be easily drawn out by slipping them over a strong hook and giving a vigorous pull. When this is done, the meat of the drumstick will be pretty nearly as tender as that of the second joint.

It is quite possible for a woman to draw the tendons at home. In this case, the bird must be delivered with the feet on and the housewife must make that lengthwise cut herself, afterward pulling the tendons out, either all at once, in the same manner as the butcher would do it, or by picking up each one separately with a heavy skewer and pulling them out individually. This takes a little longer, but is better suited to feminine strength.

Remove any pinfeathers and singe the bird over the fire so as to burn off all body hairs. Remove the little oil bag on the upper surface of the "parson's nose," using a sharp-pointed knife for the purpose. This oil bag has quite a strong flavor and should always be removed, not only from turkeys but also from chickens.

The next process is to make a crosswise cut in the soft meat or apron under the breastbone and loosen and remove the gizzard, heart, liver and intestines, together with the windpipe, which extends right alongside the neck bones and may have to be extracted from the neck opening. Be very careful not to break the gall bag which is attached to the liver; this is very bitter and if broken will impart its bitterness to every portion of the flesh which it touches. There is no reason why it should be broken if the work is done reasonably carefully.

Wipe or wash the interior of the bird with cold water.



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*thousands of women say—*

Knowing that “Vaseline” Petroleum Jelly can be of genuine service to every household, we actually asked 2,100 women all over the United States how they used it.

The answers were overwhelming even to us. “We use it in dozens of ways,” they said. “It’s the handiest thing in the house.”

Each woman had certain particular uses that meant more to her than any others. So for the sake of all women we have displayed at the right of this page the twenty uses that women themselves have voted the most valuable.

Directions for using “Vaseline” Jelly are extremely simple. For all first-aid treatment of cuts, wounds, sores, bites, burns, scalds, bumps and bruises apply “Vaseline” Jelly locally. If the wound is more serious use an approved antiseptic and dress with “Vaseline” Jelly. Change dressing daily.

For sunburn, windburn, chapped lips and skin, cover with a layer of “Vaseline” Jelly and leave on as long as possible.

For scalp treatment, part the hair lock by lock, massage each parting with “Vaseline” Jelly. Leave on over night and shampoo. To slick the hair, and to dress permanent waves, dampen the

hair slightly, apply a tiny bit of “Vaseline” Jelly with the palms of the hands, and brush vigorously. For eyelashes and brows apply a tiny bit with the finger tips and brush with a very small brush.

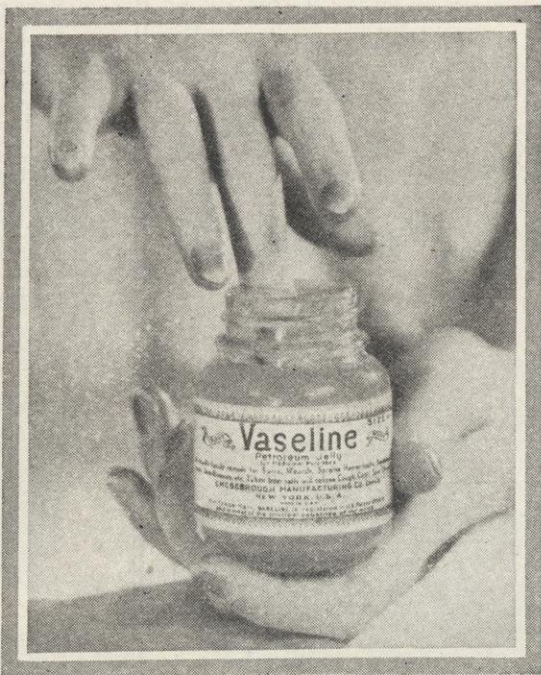
“Vaseline” Jelly is a fine lubricant for use in the grease cups of household machinery such as washing machines, phonographs, electric fans, etc. It won’t drip as oil does. It also keeps rust off all metal implements—golf clubs, skates, sled runners, stoves, pots and pans. Cover with a thin layer before putting them away.

The purity of “Vaseline” Petroleum Jelly is one reason for its popularity.

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If you’d like a free booklet of uses—one you can keep for reference, write Dept. WW 11-27, Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, 17 State Street, New York, N. Y.

“Vaseline” Jelly is packed in tubes, jars and tins. On sale everywhere. And remember when you buy that the trademark “Vaseline” on the package gives you the assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, Cons’d.



## “Handiest Thing in the House”

As a standard remedy for

<i>cuts</i>	<i>scratches</i>	<i>wounds</i>
<i>burns</i>	<i>chapped lips</i>	<i>sunburn</i>
<i>sores</i>	<i>and skin</i>	<i>scalds</i>

To relieve and protect baby from  
*chafing* *scalp irritations*

To beautify and encourage  
*hair* *eyebrows* *eyelashes*

To soften and protect  
*hands* *cuticle*

To lubricate and protect from rust  
*household appliances*  
*skates* *golf clubs* *guns*

# Vaseline

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.  
PETROLEUM JELLY

## A MATTER OF DOLLARS

**T**HERE are many ways in which Knox Sparkling Gelatine can help you save food and save money in the kitchen—especially on Monday, when there are left-over meats and vegetables from Sunday.

A meat loaf made with Knox Gelatine is simply delicious—exquisite—the family will forget that the meat is making its second appearance on the dinner table. And just as appetizing is the Vegetable Ring, another Knox Gelatine triumph in economy. Try them—and write for Mrs. Knox's book on "Food Economy." It will surprise you with its many practical suggestions. And remember that Knox Gelatine is in itself an economy—one package contains enough gelatine to make four different dishes, six servings of each!

### MEAT LOAF



Take two cups of any left-over well seasoned stock, bouillon or diluted gravy, bring to the boiling point and add one envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine softened in one-half cup cold water. When mixture begins to stiffen, add two cups of any cold chopped meat at hand (veal, ham, beef or chicken). Also mold in a little red or green pepper, celery, sliced, hard boiled eggs, onion if desired, or parsley. Turn into a square mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove from mold and cut in slices for serving.

### VEGETABLE RING



1/2 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine.  
1/4 cup cold water.  
1/4 cup boiling water.  
1/4 cup sugar.  
1/4 cup vinegar.  
2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice.  
1 teaspoonful salt.  
1 cup celery, cut in small strips.  
1/2 cup shredded cabbage.  
1/2 cup canned peas.  
1/2 cup small cucumber cubes.

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, and dissolve in boiling water; then add sugar, vinegar, lemon juice, and salt. Strain, cool, and when mixture begins to thicken, add vegetables. Turn into a ring mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove to serving dish, and arrange around jelly thin slices of cold, cooked meat. Fill center with boiled salad dressing.

Be sure to write for Mrs. Knox's Book, "Food Economy"—it is free upon request—unusually helpful to the woman who keeps a watchful eye on the Family Budget. Please address the Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., 112 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N. Y.

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## New Ways with Honey

The value of honey as a food with delicious recipes containing it

By Martha L. Parkman

**T**HE ancients may have been short on chemical formulae and balanced dietaries, but they knew from experience what items of food revived drooping spirits and sent a new current of energy surging through weary bodies. They couldn't have told the vitamin content of a glass of milk or the number of calories in a measure of honey, but they did know sufficient of the virtues of these two articles of food to consider "a land flowing with milk and honey" as an ideal place in which to live.

Now to the experience of the ancients are added the discoveries of modern science with the result that milk, whose nutritive properties are already widely understood, and honey, which has been slower to gain the recognition it deserves, have again been placed well toward the top of the list of essential foods.

The present tendency is to go back to more natural, unrefined foods, and in this field honey has no competitor. It is the only natural sweet. Doctors, dentists and food specialists everywhere are recommending a larger use of it in our daily menus because of its healthfulness. It is energy in an assimilable form, it contains all of its original minerals and it is a sweet that will not harm the children. Honey adds an enticing flavor to every food in which it is used and it affords something new and different to tempt the appetite during all twelve months of the year.

As honey absorbs moisture from the air it should be kept in a dry, warm place. Where salt will keep dry is a place for honey. If honey is granulated, put the can containing it in a larger vessel holding hot water and allow it to stand until the honey melts. Care should be taken not to have the water too hot, as this injures the color and flavor of the honey.

The indiscriminate substitution of honey in ordinary cooking recipes is not to be recommended. It is advisable always to use a recipe that has been originally prepared for the use of honey. The following recipes have all been tested, and if directions are carefully followed, good results will be obtained.

### Honey Fruit Cake

4 cups pastry flour 1 teaspoon nutmeg  
1/2 cup butter 1/2 cup raisins  
3/4 cup honey 1/2 cup currants  
1/2 cup apple jelly 1/2 cup chopped candied orange peel  
2 eggs 1/4 cup warm water  
1 teaspoon soda 1/4 cup salt  
1 teaspoon powdered cinnamon 1/4 teaspoon salt

**W**ARM butter, honey and apple jelly; remove from fire, add eggs beaten, then soda dissolved in warm water, add spices, flour and fruit. Turn into buttered tin and bake till done.

### Honey Crabapple Jelly

1/2 cup honey 1 cup fruit juice  
1/2 cup sugar

**B**OIL the fruit with as little water as possible; squeeze through jelly bag. Add the honey and sugar to a cup of juice; then boil about 20 minutes, or until it begins to jell. Pour into glasses. Do not cover up until cool.

### Shortcake

3 cups pastry flour 1/2 cup shortening  
2 teaspoons baking powder 1 1/2 cups sweet milk  
1 teaspoon salt 1/2 pound honey

**R**OLL quickly and bake in a hot oven. When done, split the cake and spread the lower half thinly with butter and the upper half with the honey (1/2 pound best flavored honey). Let it stand a few minutes and the honey will melt gradually and the flavor will permeate all through the cake. This is to be served with milk or whipped cream.

### Honey Gingerbread

4 cups flour 1/2 cup preserved cherries  
1/4 teaspoon salt 1/2 cup chopped citron peel  
2 heaping teaspoons baking powder 1/2 cup butter  
2 heaping teaspoons powdered sugar 3/4 cup honey  
1/2 cup Sultana raisins 1/2 cup milk

**S**IFT flour, salt, baking powder and ginger in basin, add raisins, citron peel and cherries cut in half. Melt butter, honey and milk together in saucepan. Then cool and add to flour with eggs well beaten. Mix, turn into buttered pan and bake.

### Raisin Roll

1 cup sugar 2 cups rolled oats  
1/2 cup honey 2 eggs  
3/4 cup lard or butter 1/2 teaspoon salt  
6 tablespoons milk 2 teaspoons cream  
2 or more cups flour of tartar  
1 teaspoon soda 1 teaspoon cinnamon  
1/2 cup raisins

**C**REAM together the sugar, honey, shortening, milk, raisins, rolled oats and eggs. Sift together the flour, salt, cream of tartar, soda and cinnamon. Mix together and roll quite thick.

### Honey Bran Cookies

2 tablespoons butter 1/4 to 1/2 teaspoon soda  
1/2 cup honey 2 eggs  
2 eggs 1/2 teaspoon powdered aniseed  
1/2 cup pastry flour

**R**UB together the butter and honey, add the eggs unbeaten and beat the mixture thoroughly. Sift the flour, soda and aniseed and combine all ingredients, drop from a teaspoon onto a buttered tin and bake in a moderate oven.

### Honey Drops

2 cups sugar 1/4 cup honey  
1 cup cream 1 egg white

**P**LACE the sugar and cream in a pan and let it boil for 2 minutes. Add the honey and boil until a ball will form in cold water. Beat this into the stiffly beaten egg white until it becomes creamy. Add some chopped candied cherries.

### Pineapple Puffs

2 cups sugar 1 dozen chopped marshmallows  
1/2 cup water 1 cup chopped candied pineapple  
1/2 cup honey  
2 egg whites

**B**OIL the sugar, water and honey until it reaches the ordinary test, then add the marshmallows. After the marshmallows have melted, beat into the stiff egg whites and add the pineapple. When firm and creamy, pour into an oiled pan and cut into squares. Roll in powdered sugar.



Help yourself to Honey Fruit Cake

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### FRUIT FAVORETTE



Soak one-half envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in one-half cup cold water ten minutes, and dissolve in one cup hot fruit juice (using any left-over fresh or canned fruit juices). Add one-half cup sugar, one tablespoonful lemon juice and some of the fresh or canned fruit if desired. When mixture begins to set, add white of one egg beaten until light. Beat all well together. Turn into a mold first dipped in cold water, and chill.

### HAWAIIAN SALAD



1/2 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine.  
1 cup cucumber.  
1 cup canned sliced pineapple.  
1/4 cup cold water.  
1/4 cup sugar.  
1/4 cup boiling water.  
1/4 cup vinegar.  
1/2 cup pineapple syrup.  
1 tablespoonful taragon vinegar, if desired.  
1 tablespoonful lemon juice.  
Few grains salt.

Pare, chop, and drain cucumber; there should be one cup. Chop and drain pineapple; there should be one cup. Mix cucumber and pineapple, and add gelatine, which has been soaked in cold water and dissolved in boiling water; then add remaining ingredients. Turn into individual molds, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove from molds to nest of lettuce leaves. Accompany with mayonnaise dressing.

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# Apples for Everybody

Some delicious new ways to serve this highly nutritious fruit

By Lily Haxworth Wallace

**T**HE United States Department of Agriculture classes apples at the head of all fresh fruits, as regards both their nutritive and energy value, in addition to which they furnish most necessary mineral salts; yet another point in their favor is that, thanks to modern storage facilities, they are practically a year-round fruit.

Most of us seem to take apples entirely for granted, speaking of them in the generic term just as "apples," entirely forgetful of the fact that, as we have already told you, there are literally thousands of varieties.

The apple is grown in some of the warmer southern climes, but is produced in its greatest excellence in the northern and more bracing atmosphere. Apples have always been acclaimed as an exceedingly wholesome food, some even going so far as to intimate that they have a particularly good effect on the brain. A raw apple eaten at night is one of the oldest beauty prescriptions. Served either raw or cooked, apples possess valuable laxative, tonic and nourishing qualities.

Of course, you have apple recipes—lots of them—but these which follow may well be added to your cherished store, for they are tried and tested favorites.

### Cooked Apple Salad

- |                       |                                   |
|-----------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 6 apples              | 1 tablespoon lemon juice          |
| 1 cup sugar           | ¼ teaspoon salt                   |
| 1 cup water           | 6 maraschino cherries, diced      |
| 1 inch stick cinnamon | 2 tablespoons finely chopped nuts |
| 4 cloves              |                                   |
| Lettuce               |                                   |
| 1 cup cream           |                                   |

**P**ARE, core and quarter the apples and cook until tender but not broken in a sirup made by boiling together for five minutes the sugar, water, cinnamon and cloves. Remove the pieces of apple from the sirup as soon as tender, drain thoroughly and set aside to chill. Arrange lettuce on individual plates and on each of these put four pieces of apple. Whip the cream until quite stiff with the lemon juice and salt and stir into it the cherries and nuts. Pour a spoonful of the mixture over each portion of the salad.

Cost of making, 70c; time of making, 45 minutes, chilling additional; serves six.

### Apple Fritters

- |                    |                        |
|--------------------|------------------------|
| 1 cup pastry flour | 1 tablespoon olive oil |
| ¼ teaspoon salt    | ½ cup milk             |
| 2 eggs             | Slices of apple        |

**S**IFT into a bowl the flour and salt, make a hollow in the center, drop into this the yolks of eggs, the oil and just enough milk to moisten the flour. Beat until entirely free from lumps, add the remaining milk and the egg whites beaten until stiff. Dip into the batter slices of apple, which have been cored and pared, and cook golden brown in deep hot fat. Drain on unglazed paper, sprinkle with sugar and serve with sections of cut lemon or with a sweet sauce.

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

### Chatsworth Pudding

- |                                  |                            |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 quart apples                   | 2 eggs                     |
| ½ cup water                      | ¾ cup whipped cream        |
| 2 tablespoons butter             | ¼ cup peach or apricot jam |
| 2 tablespoons sugar              |                            |
| 1 cup stale cake or bread crumbs |                            |

**P**ARE, core, quarter and cook the apples with the water until tender, then either press them through a sieve or mash thoroughly. Cream the butter and sugar, add to the apple mixture with the crumbs and the well beaten egg yolks. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and bake thirty to thirty-five minutes in a moderate oven—350-375 degrees F. Pile on top of

whipped cream to which the jam, pressed through a sieve, has been added.

If preferred, substitute for the jam fresh or canned apricot or peach pulp with two tablespoons of sugar.

Cost of making, 65c; time of making, 1¼ hours; serves six.

### Baked Apples Supreme

- |                        |                |
|------------------------|----------------|
| 6 cooking apples       | ¾ cup water    |
| 1 cup orange marmalade | 6 marshmallows |

**C**ORE and peel the apples. Place them in a shallow baking dish, fill the cavities with the marmalade and pour the water around the fruit. Bake until tender in a moderate oven—350-375 degrees F.—basting occasionally with the liquid in the dish. When the apples are tender, but not broken, place a marshmallow on top of each and return to the oven for two or three minutes to slightly melt and brown the marshmallows.

When apples are to be cored yet cooked whole, core first, then pare, to lessen the danger of breaking the fruit when removing the core.

Cost of making, 44c; time of making, 45 minutes; serves six.

### Apple Sauce Cake

- |                             |                            |
|-----------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 cup sugar                 | ¾ teaspoon salt            |
| ½ cup shortening            | ½ teaspoon ground cinnamon |
| 1 teaspoon soda             | ¼ teaspoon ground nutmeg   |
| 1 tablespoon water          | ¼ teaspoon ground cloves   |
| 1 cup apple sauce           |                            |
| 1 cup halved seeded raisins |                            |
| 2 cups flour                |                            |

**C**REAM together the sugar and shortening. Dissolve the soda in the water, add it to the apple sauce and while still foaming, beat this with the raisins into the first mixture. Fold in quickly the flour, salt and spices which have been sifted together and bake in a well greased pan in a moderate oven—350-375 degrees F.—three-quarters to one hour.

Cost of making, 45c; time of making, 1½ hours; makes one good-sized cake.

### Apple Stuffing for Duck, Goose or Pork

- |                            |                            |
|----------------------------|----------------------------|
| 4 large apples             | 1 teaspoon salt            |
| 1½ cups stale bread crumbs | ¼ teaspoon paprika         |
| 1 teaspoon powdered sage   | Grated rind ½ lemon        |
|                            | Scant ½ cup water or stock |

**P**EEL, core and chop the apples finely, blend with the bread crumbs and seasonings, moisten with the water or stock and use to fill the body of the bird or the cavity from which the bone was taken if shoulder of pork is being used.

Cost of making, 35c; time of making, 25 minutes.

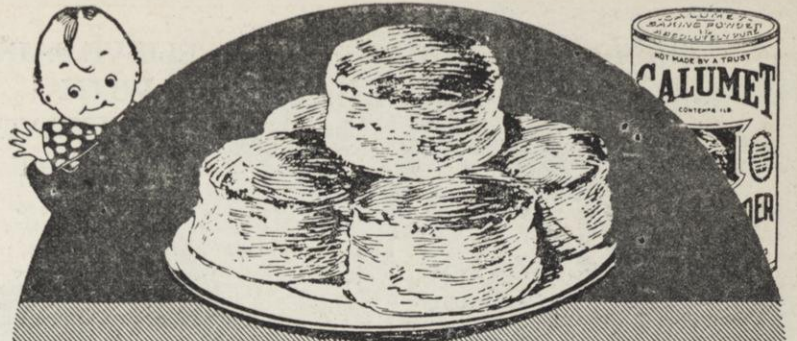
### English Apple Pie

- |                             |                     |
|-----------------------------|---------------------|
| 1 quart tart cooking apples | Grated rind ½ lemon |
| 1 cup sugar                 | ½ cup water         |
|                             | Pastry              |

**A** DEEP baking dish must be selected for an English apple pie. Half fill with the apples, which have been pared, cored and cut into chunky pieces. Add the sugar, sprinkle in the lemon rind, then fill the dish with the remaining apples and pour the water over. Cover with any preferred pastry and bake about thirty-five minutes in a moderately hot oven—350-375 degrees F. Serve either hot or cold. If preferred, ground cinnamon may be substituted for the lemon rind.

Apple pie in England usually has an inverted cup placed in the center of the baking dish, which draws up into itself some of the juice formed by the sugar, water and apple juice while cooking—this prevents it boiling over. Very few English pies are made with an undercrust, and either a boiled custard or unwhipped cream are frequently served with apple pie.

Cost of making, 49c; time of making, 1 hour; serves six.



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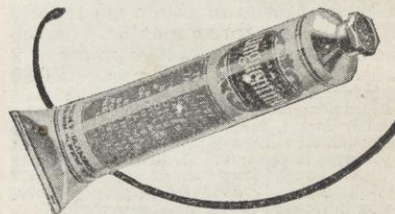


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## Gardens of Asphodel

(Continued from page 11)

A gay storm of confetti fell around the car as it got under way. Among the milling crowd of guests, Sing Lee stood impassive, immovable, his hands tucked in his gorgeous blue silk sleeves, ivory-colored hands that had steadied Davida's first steps, his shining black pigtail, braided with its gala-colored silk threads, wound round and round his old gray head, his dim, old eyes following the car till it passed out of sight.

Ken looked back as his car flashed past the Halstead place, on the roadway leading west, and said with a smile, "Know something, Dave? I fell in love with your grandfather and his garden before I did with you. We had flowers like that back home and I was terribly homesick when I first came."

Davida leaned back against his shoulder with a happy, relaxing sigh and said brazenly, "I don't care who you loved first, you love me now."

Ken lifted the hand that wore the new wedding ring to the wheel, put his hand down over it and held it under a hard, even pressure.

"I can't believe it yet," he said huskily, after a long ecstatic moment, in which the wheel vibrated under their hands.

Davida smiled up at him. "Do you think you're the only one that loves grandfather?" she asked. "Everybody adores him, except grandmother. When I was little, I used to think the sun must follow grandfather, because the room he was in always seemed sunny."

Ken's eyes met hers with a swift look of understanding.

Davida drew closer to his shoulder and said, "I'm going to tell you something I've never told a living soul. I don't like my Grandmother Halstead."

"You didn't have to tell me," answered Ken soberly. "I knew."

"She's jealous of grandfather, without even loving him," said Davida fiercely. "She's even jealous of what he thinks about. I've watched her trying to climb inside his mind. If he died first, the only thing that would worry her would be, she couldn't find out what he was doing. She has her own way about everything, except his little old garden, and she fights him about that. She and mother moan about it all the time, and he just acts as if he didn't hear them."

Back in the empty stucco house, Grandfather Halstead turned on his pillows at a sound from the other end of the corridor. "Have them leave that altar until tomorrow, Sing Lee," he commanded. "I like to look at it."

Sing Lee nodded and studied Grandfather Halstead's face with loving anxiety. They had been friends for fifty years, those two. Sing Lee had washed the miners' shirts in the placer country on the North Fork and had become major-domo of the Halstead house after David Halstead struck it rich.

"Sing Lee," said David Halstead gravely, "Ken is Luella Baker's nephew." Sing Lee nodded. "Long time Sing Lee think maybe so," he said. "Sing Lee burn much joss stick by joss house Little Missee catch 'em plentee sons," he added.

The eyes of the two met in a look of complete understanding, and David Halstead spoke incisively: "Is Judge Higbee still here?"

Sing Lee nodded. "Catch 'em dlink by dining-room. Old Missee Piece catch 'em plentee dlink—"

"Tell him I want to see him right away," interrupted David Halstead. As Sing Lee drew the soft white blankets in and turned away, his face wore the inscrutable smile of the East.

IT IS still and warmly sweet along the North Fork of the Eldorado, so still that the deep scars which corrode the face of its ocher cliffs seem arrested shadows and the silence has a strange and haunting quality. A haze struck through with the greeny purple of the pines, their sweet and pungent breath made visible, hangs motionless and low and through it the blurred forest vistas are like a dream of half forgotten things.

The shakes on the roofs of the empty cabins, among the pines, strangely set to face the corroded cliffs, are silvery gray. The cabin walls lean perilously earthward, drawn by a relentless disintegrating force, for time is slowly transmuting them into the elements from whence they sprang.

One cabin stands defiantly erect, as if some inner strength compelled it; its yard is still aflame with flowers; purple and pied petunias, orange and tawny marigolds

and spikes of the vivid, arresting blue of larkspur, set in old-fashioned oval and rectangular beds!

The jealous fingers of the wilderness have choked and dwarfed the flowers, but they still flaunt their brave pennants in the face of the encroaching grayness in which time engulfs all things—save one.

Fifty years ago, from dawn to dark, great white jets of water, hundreds of feet high, tore at the face of these cliffs, and as the shining, shifting arcs cut deep into the soft earth, the forest roared and shouted. Under those giant jets of the placer miners, earth and boulders crumbled and thundered down the flumes that now lie rotting in the sun. The harvest of gold is gathered, the deep cuts in the cliffs are changeless shadows, little gray-green lizards race the empty flumes and only the drone of the river breaks the brooding silence.

A SOUND, strange to this lonely place, suddenly broke in upon its ancient quiet, a sound that came from far down the mountain side and grew slowly in volume. Ken's car was climbing up the grade and making hard going of it, evidently, for the engine slowed, stopped and went determinedly on again.

At last the dusty blue car rounded a bend in the road, came haltingly down the forest lane and stopped with a jerk in front of the line of cabins, with an air of finality, as if it said, "Well, that's that."

Davida looked at Ken accusingly. "Well, we're here," she said. "You would come, and we'll probably stay the rest of our lives."

Ken lifted her down and said quietly, "I'll see you safe in the cabin and walk down the grade. Maybe I can get help at that half-way house."

As they moved over to the cabins, suddenly they came face to face with the glory of the flowers. Davida grasped Ken's arm. "Look," she said, "it's exactly like our garden at home." Their eyes met in something of terror.

The sense of mystery deepened when they entered the door Ken's key unlocked, for the sturdy old cabin was weatherproof and the rooms were as if someone had left them yesterday. The sunshine fell through the small square windows in warm patches on the old yellow pine floor. Old-fashioned pine furniture covered with stout red rep, worn and faded to the red of ancient Italian velvet, furnished the living-room.

There was a deep stone fireplace at one end of the room and on the mantelpiece stood two incongruous, crystal-hung candlesticks, guarding a silent, old mahogany clock.

Davida sank on the old sofa and watched in silence as Ken moved swiftly in and out of the room. He brought in their bags and their rugs. He brought water from the river and left his matches and the candles on the living-room table.

At the door after his last trip, he hesitated uncertainly. "I'll be back in time to make Rocky Point by ten," he said. "It's just over the other side and it's an easy grade all the way." His eyes sought Davida's, imploring her to make it a little easier for him, but she would not meet his gaze.

"All right," she said coolly, "better step on it."

Ken shut the door with a snap and swung past the window with his long, even stride. Davida, as he vanished, flung her hat on the floor and, throwing herself face down on the sofa, cried her heart out.

Slowly the sunny quiet of the room laid its healing fingers on her and the soothing drone of the river below beat steadily through the windows Ken had opened. After ten minutes, she sat up and dried her eyes. They fell on her new black suitcase, in which lay the green dress and the silver slippers.

"We can't make it," she said to herself, as she glanced from it to her wrist watch. She studied the lovely, smiling old room for a long time, then she jumped to her feet, went over to the mantelpiece and wound and set the old clock. As it started its measured beat, she stood listening intently to the voice of the river and the voice of the clock: "Is kind, is kind" they droned.

Hours later, Ken toiled up the grade with a back-breaking load on his shoulders. He couldn't get a car or a mechanic until the next day—there would be no Rocky Point for Davida that night. A fine mess he'd made of things!

(Continued on page 39)



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## GRAVE VAULT

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## Gardens of Asphodel

(Continued from page 38)

He trudged disconsolately around the bend in the road and stopped. A night mist had risen from the river and through it gleamed the cabin, aglow with firelight and candlelight. After a second's halt, he hurried on and as he drew near the door he shouted, for fear his footsteps might frighten Davida. She heard him and, throwing the door wide, stood holding out welcoming arms. The firelight and candlelight, streaming out from the cabin, illumined the frilly green dress and the silver leaves in her hair; the little silver slippers on her feet shone in the light.

"Oh, Ken," she said, "let's stay here forever—it's the most heavenly place."

OUTSIDE, the moon turned the old gray cabin, in its circle of black pines, to silver and the same moonlight, flooding the room at the end of the corridor in the Halstead home, lighted the altar faintly.

David Halstead lay a long time with his eyes on its tall lilies and candles and the silvery thread of the cross, seen in profile. His great bedroom was full of waves of fragrance from the lilacs on the altar and from the flowers in the garden outside. Altar and cross and flowers were all a part of an epitalamium, the music of which rose like a tide in his heart.

He fell asleep at last. When they came to wake him in the morning, his face was still turned to the altar and on it there was a smile beyond all human comprehension.

When Martha Halstead came to stand and look down on him, her heart beat with triumph. It was all hers now—all hers. She raised her eyes to the windows that framed his garden and her face darkened; that would be the first thing she would do—the garden would go, now that everything was hers.

But it wasn't quite all hers, for David Halstead had left Ken the house, everything in it and a share of his money. On one of Ken's trips down for supplies he got their telegram telling of David Halstead's passing. There was no need, they all agreed, to sadden Davida's honeymoon; she would have to know soon enough.

After Ken's return that day, Davida felt a deeper tenderness in his touch and voice and wondered a little.

In those weeks they knew the rapture of being taken to the heart of the earth from which they sprang, to which they must return.

One sunny hour, Ken, who lay with his head on Davida's knee, watching the racing river, reached and drew her head down until he could look up into her eyes. "Dave," he said solemnly, "it's made us one person really."

And Davida answered, "We'll come back every year, so we won't lose what we've found. I think lots of people never find it."

Later, as he drew her to her feet, she leaned against him and stood looking

across the river at the corroded cliffs. "Did you ever feel that places were different, different times?" she asked. "When we first came, this whole place seemed to wait—now it's peaceful and happy."

Ken nodded and they started toward the house together, taking a faint old trail they had never taken before, that came out behind the cabin.

The sun was low in the west. At the top of the bank they stopped and their hands sought each other as they stood, staring at the glory before them. The whole bank was carpeted with yellow violets, a field of a cloth of gold in the low rays of the sun.

With a cry of pleasure, Davida ran up the slope and, stooping, began to pick handfuls of yellow glory. Ken stood watching her a moment and then, with an exclamation, stooped and parted the bushes where they were thickest.

Davida looked up and saw that he had uncovered a little white cross. Together they read what was carved on it:

LUELLA BAKER

Born December 25, 1856

Died September 9, 1876

And, lower down: "Love suffereth long—and is kind."

They stood looking at each other in wonder. Ken said slowly, "I didn't know she was buried here. Mother didn't know. There's something strange about all this, Dave."

Davida nodded and looked from the rushing river to the myriads of yellow flowers at her feet.

"By those happy dead who dwell  
In yellow mead of Asphodel"

she whispered. "It makes me feel like that, Ken." She raised her tear-filled eyes to his and Ken slipped his arm around her and drew her close.

"Davey," he said, "I've got to tell you something, darling. You'll have to know tomorrow and this seems the place to tell you. Your grandfather died the night we were married."

It was dusk when they drew up in front of the house the next day. "But, Ken," said Davida in bewilderment, "this isn't our house; where is grandfather's garden?"

An unbroken line of turf linked green and friendly hands with its neighbors.

"Oh!" she said indignantly as she realized, "Wait till I tell them what I think."

"No," said Ken with a note of command in his voice, "your grandfather wouldn't want you to be anything but kind, Davida."

SING LEE, who had heard their car stop, appeared at the top of the steps. Davida wondered at his changed manner toward Ken as he greeted them and swung the

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**Roberta.** Dogwood Brown. The straight lines are darn stitches of beige perle floss. They run from shoulder seam to pockets and from belt to hem. Front panels and pockets have flowers in shaded blue floss with leaves outlined in beige and black darn stitches. Belt is run under the front panel and tied in a bow in back.

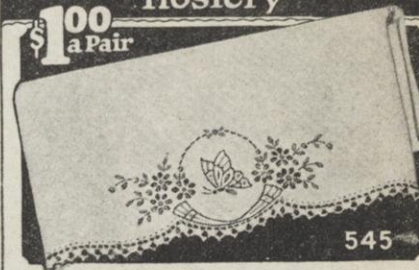
**Rita.** Blue. The effect of a vestee is given with lines of black and cerise perle darn stitches side by side. At the bottom of this vestee one large flower in shaded cerise is surrounded by buds of black French knots. A bow of double blue flannelle is tied above this flower. The wide belt of blue flannelle is tied in a bow at one side where the plaits are set in the skirt.

**Rosalie.** Rust Red. The long panel down the center front is made with black and beige darn stitches side by side. Flowers are edged with rust red buttonhole stitch, with centers in beige and black French knots. Leaves and stems that connect the flowers are black darn stitch and lazy-daisy.



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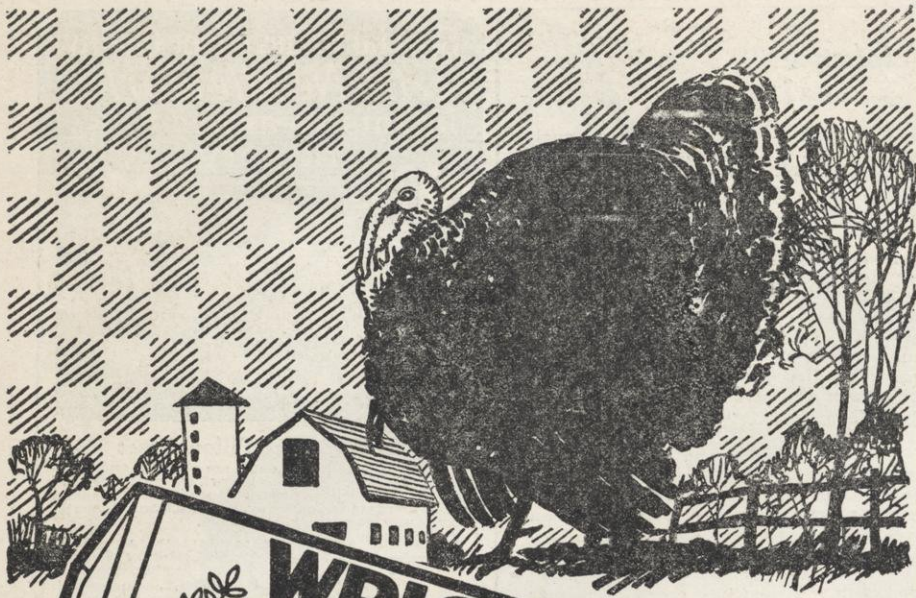
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### Gardens of Asphodel

(Continued from page 39)

doors wide. She did not know he was welcoming the new master of the house.

At dinner that night, he came in silently and took his place behind Ken's chair, impassive, observant. He had not been in the dining-room since David Halstead died.

"How was the table at Rocky Point?" Grandmother Halstead asked, unfolding her napkin.

"We didn't go there," said Davida, "we stayed in the darlinest cabin up on the Eldorado."

Grandmother Halstead stiffened. "What did you do that for?" she asked, in a voice she tried to keep casual.

"My great-aunt left my mother a cabin up there and I always wanted to see the place," began Ken slowly.

"What was your aunt's name?" asked Grandmother Halstead.

At Ken's answer, her trembling hands overturned her water glass and her old face was drained of its color. "Did you tell your Grandfather Halstead?" she asked Davida breathlessly. "What did he say?"

"Why, yes," said Davida slowly, wondering at her grandmother's intensity. "Ken told him; he didn't say anything. Why?"

Grandmother Halstead's crafty old eyes studied them, but at what she read, her face cleared. They didn't know! No one would ever know, now! David Halstead was dead and Luella Baker was dead!

Martha Halstead's eyes narrowed as she studied Ken and remembered that at every meal in this house she must sit opposite Luella Baker's nephew.

So this was why David Halstead had left him that money and the home she had built and ruled. She remembered, too, that if there were children, they would be blood of his and of hers, and, of Luella Baker's! The wheel of life! And she had thought to stay its turning!

With this in her mind, she looked up and met Sing Lee's blank gaze as he stood on guard at Ken's shoulder, the embodiment of fate.

Returning spring spread each year a wider blanket of the yellow violets Davida had planted over the sunny slope where Grandfather Halstead lay and over the banks of the Eldorado; every spring, Ken and Davida spent two weeks in the old cabin on the North Fork.

Davida had thought Grandmother Halstead couldn't love anybody but herself, but she was mistaken. She loved David Harding with an adoring and selfless love. The spring he was three, she announced her intention of going with Davida and Ken up to the cabin, for the simple reason that she couldn't stand the house without the baby.

After she got there, she wouldn't stir out of the house, but sat all day by the window that looked away from the garden and down the mountain road, knitting interminably.

ONE sunny afternoon, near the end of their stay, Ken swayed back and forth in the great swinging seat in front of the fireplace, splicing a rod. Davida sat beside him and Grandmother Halstead's knitting needles were the only sound in the room except the steady drone of the river.

Suddenly little David appeared in the doorway, carrying a big blue bandana, held tightly together by its four corners. He stood still for a second on the threshold, smiling ineffably at them; it was as if Grandfather Halstead had smiled out at them.

"Hello, son," said his father. "Come here, gorgeousness," said his mother.

"Come to grandmother, darling," said Grandmother Halstead, dropping her knitting on the floor and holding out her arms to him.

David, ignoring his father and mother, marched over to his grandmother and, turning his back, waited to be lifted to her comfortable lap.

"What have you got?" she asked. "Fowers," he answered. "The man and me and the pitty lady picked fowers."

"You cheerful har," said his mother, "there isn't a man or a pretty lady in ten miles."

Her son eyed her for a moment, then his gaze wandered over the room, searching for something to prove that he told the truth. Suddenly his face brightened. He shifted the bandana carefully to his left hand and pointed at a big picture of

(Continued on page 41)



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## Gardens of Asphodel

(Continued from page 40)

Grandfather Halstead, enlarged from one of the daguerreotypes of fifty years ago. "That man," he said, "and pitty lady, name of Luella."

In the silence that fell, a strange sense of unreality gripped them. Their eyes met in something like terror and their breath drew cold in their nostrils, like the chill breath of ether.

"He dreamed it," said Ken, after a still second. "But it is queer," he added. "About the name, I mean."

"No, no!" said Martha Halstead in a terrible voice. "No, he didn't dream it! I've got to tell you," and her voice rose hysterically.

Small David looked up at her curiously, but in the pregnant silence that followed he relaxed and laid his sleepy head on her shoulder.

KEN put his fishing rod aside and watched Grandmother Halstead gravely. Her face had aged in those last few moments. It was as if her citadel of life had fallen.

"It's beat me and I thought nothin' ever could. This place won't let me rest till I've told you."

"Your grandfather loved Luella Baker, worshiped the ground she walked on, and she loved him. It was the kind of love nothin' can beat. Life can't beat it, and—" her voice had a haunted quality, "I know now, death can't."

"He boarded with Pa and me up here and then she come with her brother, and he fell in love with her the first time he looked at her." She paused and her old face worked.

"She was the gentlest soul that ever lived," she said fiercely. "I've tried to tell myself she was a soft little fool, and I come to hate her like you always hate them you harm."

It was strange how, under stress, Martha Halstead had gone back to the vernacular of her youth!

"She was the best friend I ever had," went on the despairing old voice. "I didn't have no excuse, I wasn't even in love with David. He struck it rich; when I saw that gold shinin' in his sluices, it did something terrible to me. Did you ever see raw gold, lots of it?"

"Pa's claim had petered out and I knowed there was nothin' for it but to go back to cookin' for harvest hands and feedin' pigs on somebody else's farm."

"David, he went to San Francisco for two weeks and I pretended like I was sick. Luella, she always took care of everybody in camp that was sick, even Sing Lee. I told her I was in love with David, that we'd been engaged before she come and that it was killin' me. I begged her to go away and give me a chance to get him back."

"I knowed the Owens had pulled up stakes and was goin' to leave the next day. Well, the long and short of it was, she went with 'em and left a letter for your grandfather I made sure he didn't get. He stayed away pretty nigh a month and when he come back, I told him Luella'd gone back East and was goin' to marry Tom Owen as soon as they got to a minister."

"Well, the upshot of it was, after a while, he married me and we didn't hear nothin' of Luella for a'most fifty years. I used to worry some, but after Davida's father was born, I felt pretty safe."

"Then one night the Stanfords give a

big party in their new house on Nob Hill and we went up for it. We stayed at the Palace Hotel and, when we come down in the lobby that night, we come face to face with Tom Owen. I'd 'a' known him anywhere."

"Your grandfather was never one to beat about the bush, and he asked him right out if he had Luella with him."

"Luella!" Tom says, and me standin' there covered with diamonds, the finest diamonds in California, that by rights belonged to Luella."

"Didn't Luella marry you on the way East?" says your grandfather, and his voice sounded like judgment day to me.

"Tom Owen looks him in the eye. I'll never forget it, and he says, 'Man, the only person Luella Baker ever would have married was you. She died of a broken heart a'most fifty years ago.'"

"That night your grandfather asked me why I did it and I told him. He went away for three weeks. I was afraid he wouldn't come back, but he did."

"Every year till he was took sick he'd go off for a few days. I tried to find out where he went. I found out last week all right when we stopped in front of this cabin and I saw Luella's garden, still alivin'!"

"He was always kind," her old voice shook. "There was plenty of times I wished he wasn't," she added.

"I've lived to learn you can't beat love with hate," she said drearly. "I thought I'd get rid of Luella when I rooted up that garden, but I didn't, and now—this—"

Little David stirred in his sleep. His small grubby fist relaxed, the ends of the bandana slipped and a shower of yellow violets fell about Grandmother Halstead's feet.

"She's buried on the bank of the river back of the house," said Ken slowly. "David picked those violets there. It's the only place they grow." His eyes met Grandmother Halstead's with awe and a sudden fear smote her face into a mask of terror.

With an exclamation of pity, Davida rose swiftly and knelt by her grandmother's side. "Don't look like that, grandmother, don't," she said, slipping her strong young arms around her. "Don't you see, she's trying to tell you, she forgives you? Grandfather forgave you. She loved you, too. We don't take hate with us when we go, only love."

A slow healing rain of tears lost itself in David's sunny hair and Grandmother Halstead's face changed and softened.

A shaft of western sunlight struck through the cabin windows; in it the yellow pine floor seemed awash with violets and through the quiet room sounded the drone of the river, like the murmur of countless voices. It was as if around them, through them, there flowed the cleansing tide of eternity.

"Come," said Davida after a moment, "I want to show you something."

Outside the sun had set the golden glory of the violets on the river bank ablaze. Small feet had trodden them down around the cross, so that Martha Halstead, standing ankle-deep in the "Mead of yellow Asphodel" that was Luella Baker's winding sheet, could look down and read the words, over which slanted the first, faint, purple shadows of the sunset:

"Love suffereth long—and is kind."

## Jone Plays the Fiddle

(Continued from page 26)

He shot one question: "Got your 'Star Spangled Banner Suit'?"

She nodded.

"Go get it," he commanded.

Then, after a quick whisper to a non-plused orchestra leader, he played, the white shuffling on his ankles, as Kit had taught him. He played all the old songs he and Kit had used, then verged into what she had called "Old Home Week Stuff." Gosh, it was good to play again before an emotional, uncritical audience, instead of before his own four walls and the stern Lausson. He closed his eyes. Yes, it was good to be back!

Then came Kit in the little skirt of white, with red and blue stripes, the trim bodice of blue dotted with silver stars, and the jaunty red hat. Kit danced now. It was as if an unseen wand had mysteriously touched her in the brief interval of five minutes, entirely transforming her.

Her eyes were alive with coruscating gleams which radiated from the coppery folds of her hair and extended through every inch of her small body. Kit was Kit again!

After the audience had demanded and received three encores, Kit and Jone escaped to the wings to be met by a half-angry, half-deferential manager.

"I don't know who you are," he said to Jone, "but you sure saved the act. I was thinkin' I'd got stung with it. Better finish out the week, huh?"

"Think it over. We're booked elsewhere now," replied Jone unceremoniously, as he hurried Kit out of the theater.

First there was a visit to the ladies' rubber department of a shoe store, then Freiker's!

Without any overtures, Kit reviewed the year following the dissolution of Dubois

(Continued on page 43)



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THESE specially designed hats have a smart hand-modeled appearance with their hand-sewed tucks and graceful encrusted designs. By cutting inside or outside the stamped lines, they can be made to fit large or small head sizes.

**Felt with Encrustations of Felt**

**Laura.** Gentian Blue Felt with encrustations of Black. The design is edged with small black darn stitches. A narrow brim of black felt frames the face.

**Leonora.** Oakwood Felt with encrustations of Beige. Beige silken yarn is used in small darn stitches to outline the design.

**Loretta.** Royal Blue Felt with encrustations of Beige. Blue silken yarn is used to stitch the beige in place. The lines on the beige are also blue silken yarn.

**Louisa.** Black Felt with encrustations of Gray. Gray silken yarn is used to hold the gray design in place. A very narrow gray brim frames the face.

**Lillian.** Burgundy Red Felt with encrustations of Beige. Beige silken yarn in small darn stitches outlines the design.

**Lucy.** Gooseberry Green Felt with encrustations of Black. The brim is also black felt.

**Lora.** Beige Felt with encrustations of Brown. Brown silken yarn is used to outline the brown flowers and leaves.

THE velvet hat with brim and appliques of felt shares popularity with the all-felt hat. The two materials afford a fine contrast. Felt is most practical for brim and appliques, as the edges will not fray and no hems have to be turned. The appliques closely resemble the encrusted effect. The last seven hats are velvet.



Laura, Gentian Blue Felt



Leonora, Oakwood Felt



Lila, Dogwood Velvet



Lois, Black Velvet

# Mary Blake Hats of Unusual Distinction

The New Close-Fitting Hats of Velvet and Felt with Contrasting Encrustations and Appliques Are Easily Made at Home

Loretta, Royal Blue Felt



Louisa, Black Felt



THE season's newest colorings are used in these seven hats. The brims are of felt because it is soft, flexible and forms a becoming frame for the face. The crowns are velvet in the same shade or a contrasting one to the felt. The felt appliques, held with small stitches against the velvet background, give good contrast.

**Velvet with Felt Trimmings**

**Lucille.** Dogwood Velvet with brim and appliques of Beige Felt. Silken yarn in brown is used around the edge of brim and around the cut-out appliques.

**Lynn.** Black Velvet with Royal Blue Felt appliques and brim. The black velvet panel at the center back is piped with blue on each side.

**Lydia.** Burgundy Red Velvet with Beige Felt appliques stitched down with red floss. The red velvet brim is piped with beige felt.

**Letitia.** Gooseberry Green Velvet with Gray Felt appliques and brim. Green floss in fine stitches holds the appliques in place.

**Lucinda.** Royal Blue Velvet with appliques and brim of Black Felt. Blue silken yarn is used to stitch the appliques in place.

**Lila.** Dogwood Brown Velvet with applique flowers of Dogwood and Beige. The brim is brown felt in the same color as the velvet.

**Lois.** Black Velvet. The cut-out applique is black felt with edges stitched down with small stitches of white silken yarn. The brim is also black felt.

Lucinda, Royal Blue Velvet



Letitia, Gooseberry Green Velvet



Lucy, Gooseberry Green Felt



Lillian, Burgundy Red Felt



Lora, Beige Felt



Lucille, Dogwood Velvet



Lydia, Burgundy Red Velvet



Lynn, Black Velvet (front and back views)

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**PUTNAM**  
FADELESS  
DYES  
for Tinting or Dyeing

Jone Plays the Fiddle

(Continued from page 41)

& Dubois. She had been with Loomer but two weeks.

"If he was fresh to you—" commenced Jone savagely, a dark flush rising.

"Oh, no," Kit assured him. "He really wasn't, 'cause I made it plain at the start just what my terms were, but I—" She hesitated and lowered her eyes. "I—well—you know, in our act, I had to kiss you once or twice, just jokingly, of course, and I—well—I didn't feel like doing it with Ed, that's all."

WAS it Freiker's coffee which caused that sudden warmth in Jone?

"That was in Chicago," Kit continued. "Then I got another partner but he gypped me on the pay, so I quit him. Then I was sick; four months of it. Flu, I guess. After that, I couldn't get booked. Orcut's left for the movies now. Had to go where you saw me. I didn't know Lill was stuffing you until she told me. Then I thought she might as well keep it up. I never wanted you to find me. I'm at the bottom, all right; can't go any lower," she concluded hopelessly. "I s'pose you're pretty near the top now, ain't you?" she added, almost shyly. "Be playin' in high society pretty soon?"

"Me!" Jone leaned forward. "Oh, Kit, I'm right plumb at the bottom, too. I'm—I'm rotten! I expect the old gent will tell me he's through with me."

"The mean piker," exploded Kit indignantly. "You, rotten! Why, Jone Wales, you're the best fiddler that ever was!"

"The best fiddler that ever was!" Slowly he felt that old swagger steal into him. Of course he could play. What in the world had given him the idea he couldn't! With the inrush of confidence also came the realization that he didn't want to go back into vaudeville—not yet. It had been fun for a few moments. It would be the course of least resistance, too—just to slip into the act with Kit and start off on the old round. The practical thing to do.

But no, he would stick, stick with leech-like persistency. He would tackle those damnable exercises and play them like an exultant paean, so that one day the cold Lausson would be stirred in spite of himself, would say, "Good! Bravo!" and shake the hand of Jone Wales.

In the meantime there was something he needed, and needed badly, without which this glorious and giddy self-assurance would depart, leaving him woefully deflated and depressed. He looked at the little green hat perched on the cushion of fluffed coppery hair. Something? Humph! Someone!

"Say," he said, "I'm hard up for a straight."

Kit Cummings regarded him in honest bewilderment. What was he talking about!

"Yep, I want a straight," he continued, "to feed me the lines. Maybe you don't know what that is." He looked at her teasingly and tenderly. "Well, here's the original mossback sample that Cain sprung on Abel: 'I seen you out with a lady last night, didn't I?' says Abel. 'You bet you did, and she's my wife!' says Cain."

The tone of raillery was now gone and there remained but stark longing in his voice. "Kit," he pleaded, "I've just got to have you. Won't you marry me?"

And Kit Cummings, who had begun to think that she would never see beyond the dingy walls of vaudeville with its cruel, racking grind, blushed, nodded, gulped and said, "Yes!"

Real Folks

(Continued from page 8)

something in her mother's voice she had not heard before.

She raised the rough fingers to her lips. "I'll never forget, mother dear, that these fingers are red and rough because they have tried to make life easier for Con and me. But, mother, you understand, don't you? I cannot—cannot live that way. I want the other. Oh, mother, I want—"

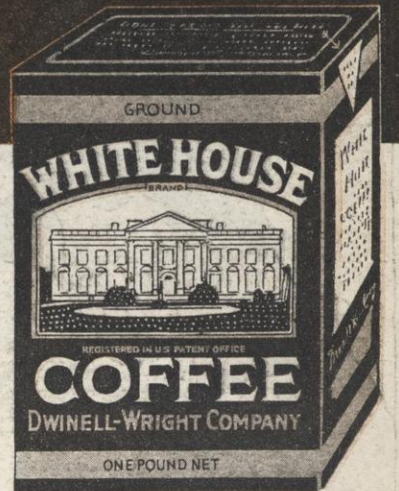
"I understand, Marey, and you shall have it. I wanted it, too, but I—" A little pause, and then, "But do you think Mrs. Glendenning is really happy with all her wealth? Do you really think riches buy happiness, dear?"

"I am sure they do—for her. She has everything—everything! Friends, social position, a son—mother, I do wish that Con would be more particular about his appearance. He met me this afternoon in a woolen shirt and no hat and those old army breeches and boots. He might at least have changed his clothes."

(Continued on page 47)

"Coffee affords a good restoring draught; By her you gain, when you the table quilt, A calm more courteous and a brighter wit."

—DELILLE



THOUGH our elders may look back wistfully to times a little more mellow, perhaps,—to manners a little more courtly—they still can enjoy the same good White House Coffee of 40 years ago. Its fragrant aroma, its roasted-in flavor, its rich, real-coffee taste—these still are the soul of a satisfying dinner.

Mother's doubts of her coffee end when she pours this delicious drink, for the old and new generations agree on every steaming, heart-warming cup.

The  
Flavor  
is.  
Roasted  
In!

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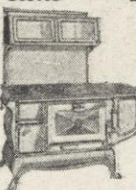
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30 days' trial, 360 days' approval test. Complete satisfaction or money back. Don't fail to send a postal or write today for your FREE copy of this book.

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"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

# Here's why Sunset Soap Dyes can do more for you than other home dye

**Fast**—to both light and washing.

**Clean**—In cake form, does not stain hands or spoil utensils.  
**No Special Utensils Needed**—Tin, enamel, aluminum, galvanized iron or other pan or kettles may be used.

**Easy to Use**—Directions are clear and simple to follow.

**Dyes Cotton, Silk, Wool or Mixed Goods**—All dyed alike in color and shade in one dye bath. Millions of women have proved by actual test that this statement is absolutely true! No need to rip garments apart—buttonholes, seams and fabrics all dyed alike.

**Cleans and Dyes in One Short Operation**—No need to wash material before dyeing. To clean and fast dye with Sunset requires but one-third the time necessary for other dyes.

**No Re-Dyed Look to Materials Dyed with Sunset**—Restores the sheen on silk and the finish on cotton and wool.

**Safe**—Absolutely safe to dye wool, silk, cotton or mixed goods with SUNSET. Will not harm any fabric that clear water will not injure.

**Real Dyes**—Only the finest grade of products are employed in the making of SUNSET. It is made in our own plant.

**Patented**—No other dyemanufacturer can use the SUNSET process, for it is protected by U. S. Government patents.

Use SUNSET for every purpose that a household dye may be used for. It never disappoints and will save many dollars for you each year. If your dealer hasn't SUNSET, and tries to substitute, ask him to get SUNSET for you. Or send to us for colors wanted.

**Free on Request!** SUNSET "Season's Colors" folder tells you all the latest fashionable shades and how to get them with SUNSET.

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## 22 Standard SUNSET Colors

- |             |             |
|-------------|-------------|
| Pink        | Dark Brown  |
| Old Rose    | Light Blue  |
| Scarlet     | Bright Blue |
| Cardinal    | Old Blue    |
| Wine        | Navy Blue   |
| Sand        | Dark Green  |
| Khaki       | Black       |
| Yellow      | Gray        |
| Orange      | Taupe       |
| Light Brown | Heliotrope  |
| Light Green | Purple      |



At Your Dealers  
or Send to Us  
Direct **15c**



## Before the Baby Comes

(Continued from page 27)

The Mother-to-be should select foods which, when combined, provide her with all the food elements

FOOD	Carbo-hydrates	Pro-teins	Fats	Minerals		Vitamins			
				Iron	Calcium	"A"	"B"	"C"	"D"
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
<b>Milk and Dairy Products</b>									
Pasteurized Milk.....					exc.	exc.	good	fair	fair
Cream.....			good			exc.	good		
Butter.....			exc.			exc.			
Cheese.....									
Cream.....		exc.	exc.			good	good		
Cottage.....		exc.			exc.				
<b>Vegetables</b>									
<b>Beans</b>									
kidney.....					good		exc.		
navy.....			fair		good		exc.		
string.....					good	good	good		
<b>Cabbage</b>									
raw.....						good	exc.	exc.	
cooked.....						good	good		
Carrots.....					fair	good			
Cauliflower.....					good	good			
Corn.....	exc.								
Dandelion Greens.....	good		fair		good	good	good		
Lettuce.....				fair		good		exc.	fair
Onions (cooked).....						good	good	good	
Peas (green).....	good	fair	fair	fair	fair	good	good	exc.	
<b>Potatoes (Irish)</b>									
boiled.....	good			fair			good	good	
baked.....	good			fair					
Potato (sweet).....	good					good			
<b>Spinach</b>									
fresh.....			fair	exc.	good	exc.	exc.	exc.	
canned.....				exc.	good	exc.	exc.	exc.	
Tomato.....				fair		good	exc.	exc.	
<b>Miscellaneous</b>									
Bread.....	exc.	fair							
Cake.....	exc.	fair	good						
Cocoa.....			good						
<b>Crackers</b>									
white.....	exc.		good						
graham.....	exc.		good						
Sugar.....	exc.								
Toast.....	exc.								
Yeast.....							good		
Cod Liver Oil.....			exc.			exc.		exc.	good

Select the Right Kind of Foods

"fair" means: contains some of the substance; "good" means: has plenty of the substance; "exc." means: is very rich in the substance.  
Use the chart to assist in selecting those foods which will supply all of the needed elements, giving preference to those foods graded "Excellent" and "Good."

chalk. It generally means that the mother has not eaten enough of the foods, such as green vegetables, milk and fruits, that contain the minerals which her body needs in large quantities during this time.

If the craving is not the result of a false appetite, or if the things longed for cause no stomach or bowel trouble, they may be taken along with proper food until the desire stops.

### Proper Food—Needed Materials for Growth

The foods must contain:

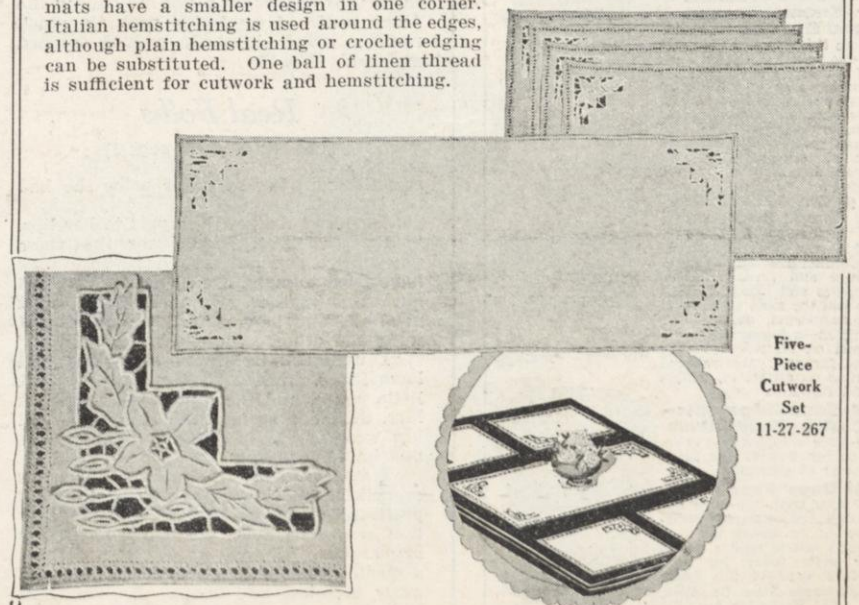
1. Proteins, to build and repair the body tissues. Found largely in milk and its products, wheat, lean meat, eggs, vegetables, such as peas, beans and the like.

2. Carbohydrates (starches and sugar), which furnish fuel for heat and energy. Found largely in milk, cereals, breads,

(Continued on page 53)

## A Cutwork Luncheon Set

A runner, 36x18 inches, and four plate mats, each 12x18 inches, are of white linen. The runner has a cutwork motif of flower and buds in each corner. The mats have a smaller design in one corner. Italian hemstitching is used around the edges, although plain hemstitching or crochet edging can be substituted. One ball of linen thread is sufficient for cutwork and hemstitching.



Five-Piece  
Cutwork  
Set  
11-27-267



# More than a delicious spread

*it creates strength and energy*

Nothing uses up a boy's energy quite so fast as strenuous sports like football. Therefore it's important these crisp, Fall days to give him an energy-creating food which he will eat because he *likes* it . . . both at meals and in-between.



Jelke GOOD LUCK Margarine is just such a food. Made of fresh, wholesome ingredients, it's not only a supremely delicious spread for bread but one of the very best energy foods known to food authorities.

So wonderfully tempting is the flavor of GOOD LUCK that it actually causes children to eat more bread. Thus, in addition to its own wealth of nourishment, your youngsters get more of the invaluable food elements so lavishly contained in wheat.

Most good dealers carry GOOD LUCK. Ask for it at yours. You'll be pleased to find how delicious it is . . . and how very little it costs. Use it in all your cooking and baking, too!

**JELKE**  
**GOOD LUCK**  
**MARGARINE**



*The Finest Spread for Bread*



THIS new and different cook book tells how to give your cooking and baking that rich, appetizing flavor at low cost.

Send this coupon and 10c to John F. Jelke Co., 759 S. Washtenaw Ave., Chicago, for 40-page illustrated book containing 75 new recipes for cakes, icings, pies, hot breads, cookies, puddings, sauces, sandwiches, etc.

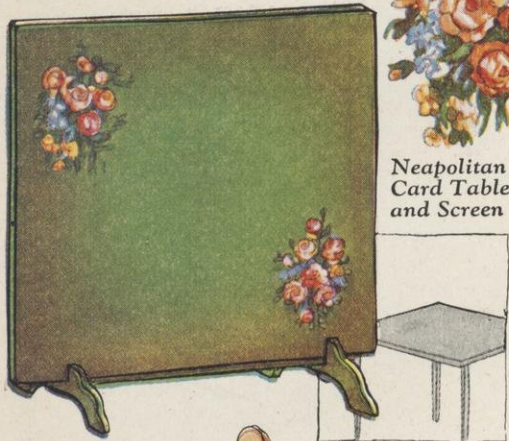
Name.....  
Address.....

# Your Christmas Gift Problem Has Been Solved

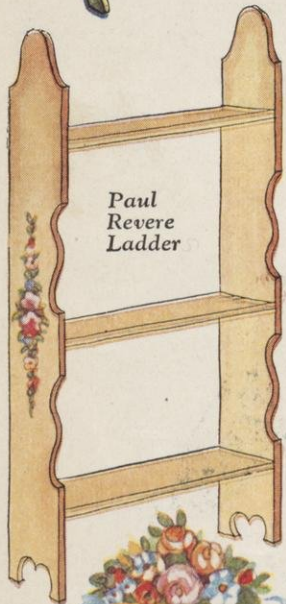
The Universal Vogue of Home-Painted Furniture

Woman's World Exclusive Designs

Colorful Pieces of Furniture  
Easy to Do—A Joy to Use  
Perfect for Gifts



Neapolitan Card Table and Screen



Paul Revere Ladder

Tuxedo Magazine Rack

**Neapolitan Card Table—Jade Green Enamel**  
Stands sturdy and strong because of its rigid corner lock, shown in the circular sketch. As a table it is 30 inches square and 26¼ inches high. By setting the folded table in the stand as illustrated, it may be used as a screen for fireplace or radiator and is 34 inches high. The two floral decals and the antique finish give unusual distinction.

**Paul Revere Ladder—Mellow Cream Enamel**  
It is equally useful hung on the wall or set on the floor. The panel sides are just right for the flower decals and it has the antique finish. 30 inches high, 5¾ inches deep, 15¼ inches wide. Shelves are 9 inches high, the right size for books, a vase, etc.

**Tuxedo Magazine Rack—Jade Green Enamel**  
Two compartments on each side of handle. 19 inches high, 12 wide and 9 deep. Decal is a flower vase. Has antique finish.

**Queen Anne Tilt Top Table—Chinese Red Enamel**  
There is grace and beauty in its gold Japanese decal and its antique finish. Top is 21½ inches diameter; height, 21½ inches; tilted it is 29½ inches high. Has the old-fashioned pie crust edge.

**Dolly Varden Dresser Box—India Buff Enamel**  
Fitted with five compartments, particularly designed to hold toilet and maniere articles. Or it may be used for jewels. It is hinged and is 15½ inches by 9½ inches and 3 inches deep. Of dovetail construction, strong enough to hold heavy articles. Has flower decal and antique finish.

**Mayflower Corner Bracket—India Buff Enamel**  
7½ inches square with beveled edge. Brace is 4½ inches high. A vase or small pot of ivy will make it indispensable to your decorative scheme.

**Little Folks' Very Own Desk and Chair—Twilight Blue Enamel**  
The desk opens up and has a place for books, drawing materials, etc. Any child will remember it all his life. The cheerful blue is brightened by a nosegay of flowers. Desk: 24 inches high, 15 wide and 23½ long. Seat of chair is 10½ inches square and 12 inches from floor.

**Oriental Waste Box—Black Enamel**  
The lines are graceful and the panel large enough to form a suitable background for the gold and black Japanese decal. Height, 16 inches; width, 11 inches.

**Peggy Shippen Banister Back Chair—Mellow Cream Enamel**  
Reminiscent of sturdy colonial designs. For bedroom or wherever an extra chair is needed. Decal is a nosegay. Height, 36½ inches.

**Good Luck Corner Shelf—Chinese Red Enamel**  
To brighten a dark corner, this shelf with treasured pieces of china or pottery is the very thing. Height, 33 inches; width, 11; depth, 8.

**Lady Baltimore Handkerchief Box—Jade Green Enamel**  
Octagonal in shape, with beveled corners, it is designed for handkerchiefs. Filled with candy, it makes an acceptable gift. 9x6 inches and 3 inches deep, with hinges. Has antique finish and a flower decal.

**Venetian Photograph Box—Mellow Cream Enamel**  
This is of strong dovetail construction and can be used for heavier articles than photographs, such as letters, sewing materials, etc. It makes an unusual ornament for the living-room table with its antique finish and flower decal. 13 inches by 8 inches; depth, 4 inches, with hinges.

**Vogue Hat Stand—Niagara Green Enamel**  
An ornament for the dressing table and decidedly useful. Makes an acceptable gift or prize. Height, 11 inches; 6-inch base. Decal is a nosegay.

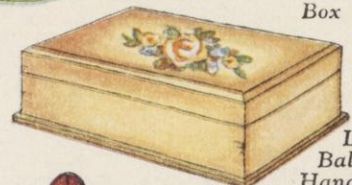
**Mayfair Smokers' Stand—Chinese Red Enamel**  
The convenient compartment is entirely lined with metal and has a perforated piece of metal to hold a moist blotter and thus insure freshness for the cigars. A strong catch holds the door securely. Turned legs and well-made cabinet. Height, 26 inches; width, 12 inches. The Japanese decal is a black and gold mountain scene.



Mayfair Smokers' Stand



Vogue Hat Stand



Venetian Photograph Box

Lady Baltimore Handkerchief Box



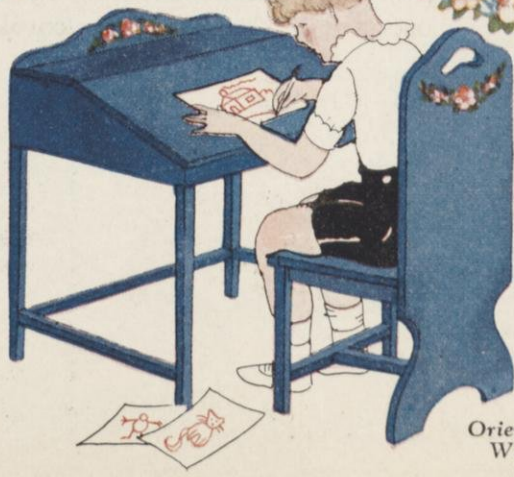
Good Luck Corner Shelf



Queen Anne Tilt Top Table

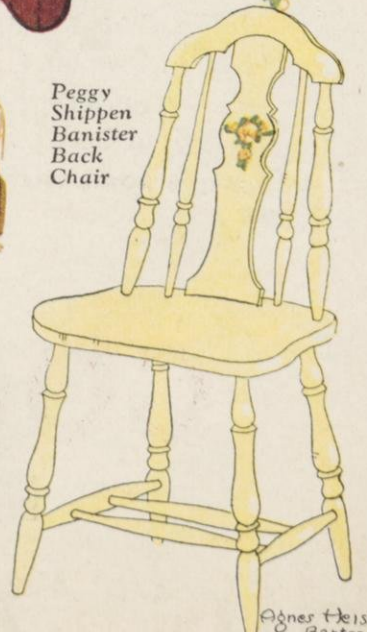


Dolly Varden Dresser Box



Little Folks' Very Own Desk and Chair

Oriental Waste Box



Peggy Shippen Banister Back Chair



## Makes Hair Behave But Doesn't SHOW!

There's a way to keep your hair just-so, without any of that objectionable, "plastered-down" look. Just use a few drops of Danderine—comb it through hair, or use a Danderine-dampened towel—you'll be amazed at the way your hair then behaves, and its beautiful lustre!

Any permanent wave or water wave lasts much longer and looks much nicer when Danderine is used instead of water to "set" the wave.

Of course, you know what Danderine does to dandruff! Dissolves every bit of it. Puts scalp in the pink of condition. Invigorates hair and hair-roots. Why use anything else?

### Ask Your Druggist

Get a bottle of Danderine and start its benefits today. Every drugstore in America has it, for only 35c. For the finest dressing you could find, and the best aid to hair health yet discovered, just try

## Danderine

### Sister Sue!



**CAP AND APRON SETS**  
For Women and Children  
and other catchy things sell at sight. Novel and beautiful. Send 2c stamp for Catalog and selling plan. Big profits. All or spare time. Write at once.  
Great for Ladies' Aid Societies  
DIXIE MAID HAT CO.  
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### This Home-Mixed Cough Syrup Is Wonderful

For quick relief of any ordinary cough, try Pinex.

Mixed at home with plain sugar syrup, a bottle of Pinex makes a whole pint—a family supply—of pure, wholesome cough syrup, the best that money could buy, for adults or children. No trouble to mix—package tells how. Makes a big difference in your drug bills.

Tastes good—children take it willingly. Nothing better for coughs, colds, hoarseness, etc. Used by millions of people for over 20 years.

Insist on genuine Pinex, 65c, at all drug stores. Money promptly refunded if you are not glad you tried it.

The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

For Coughs  
**PINEX**

### Real Folks

(Continued from page 43)

"He did not have time, Marcy," her mother explained patiently. "Con does not get home until after six, but he left the job early tonight so he could meet you. He is a good boy, and, after all, isn't that more important?" Her voice was tender. "Some day, when he makes 'our pile' that he talks about, he can dress like young Mr. Glendenning, but right now—"

"I will pay to have the house painted, mother," offered Marcy, anxious to appease, "and we can have the lawn fixed, too."

Her mother patted her hand. "You keep your money for the things that mother has never been able to give you, dear. Con and I will manage. Last week, when they made me president of the Improvement Society, he said improvements would have to begin at home, so we have made arrangements to have the house painted next month. I am sorry it was not done before you came home."

"Improvement Society," reflected Marcy. "Well, they need something! Midhill is dead."

"Midhill is home, Marcy, and Con and I love it," was her mother's gentle reply. "When father brought me here thirty years ago, I thought it was dead, too. It was so dull and lonesome, but when I began to explore and found the hearts of gold and learned that the kindnesses and sympathy of friends would give our clouds a silver lining, then I grew to love it. Midhill brought Connie and you to us and Midhill has helped us over many trying years. I never go down the street that I do not find myself smiling at sweet memories—of you toddling to meet me, or Connie trying to sell me a newspaper on the corner, or Daddy coming home with his tool box, whistling, 'Come Back to Erin.' Midhill is home."

MARCY went downtown with her mother on Saturday night and wondered where they found so much to talk about as they grouped together in Hawkins' grocery, waiting for their purchases to be wrapped.

"My goodness," declared Mollie Dean as she picked up her packages and followed Marcy out of the store, "I would be lost if I could not hear the news on a Saturday night down at Hawkins'."

Marcy had just finished packing her suitcase the next morning when her mother, ready for church, looked in.

"It makes me feel I was really losing you, Marcy, when I see your room so bare," she said wistfully. "I had hoped—you would—come home to stay."

Conrad, resplendent in a neat gray suit and shining shoes, drove his mother and sister to the station that afternoon. Mollie Dean looked very quaint in her black silk dress, which she had not substituted for the usual gingham after church that day.

When Marcy turned for a final wave from the rear platform of the train, Connie was patting his mother's shoulder.

Marcy did not go home again that summer. Her days were filled with the various duties to which Mrs. Glendenning assigned her. She knew the house down on Franklin Street, within whose walls a little waif was bravely fighting a grim battle for life and to whom Mrs. Glendenning's willing hands tendered succor. Certain days in the week she went to the Settlement and brought back reports of the improvement in conditions in which her employer was interested. She shopped, attended club meetings and filled her books with the notes she took. She searched for certain books in the libraries and assumed financial responsibility for the smoothly run household in the Central Riverside Apartment Hotel.

Then, one morning late in October, she was hurriedly summoned to Mrs. Glendenning's room, where that lady was dressing in unusual haste. It was scarcely eight o'clock. "I simply cannot ride on the train so we must go by motor," she stormed as Marcy came in. "James' wife is sick, so John will have to drive us and he is furious! It will mean about nine hours of travel, but I must go!"

It suddenly occurred to her that Marcy did not understand and she hastened to explain:

"Mrs. Arnold just telephoned that Mrs. Ruthven cannot make the talk scheduled by the club for tonight, up in some little town miles from nowhere, and asked me if I would go! She said we must not disappoint them and I just had to consent, so you will have to go along, Miss Dean, so we can whip the talk together as we travel."

(Continued on page 51)

# "In 2 Weeks my daughter gained 2½ pounds"

Mrs. J. M. S  
Pampa, Texas



Read this grateful mother's unsolicited testimonial about this new Swiss food-drink . . . that helped her daughter make a splendid gain in weight

### We Offer You a 3-Day Test

If your child is underweight or nervous or hard to make eat, this mother's experience with Ovaltine should be an inspiration to you. Here are her exact words:

"I wouldn't be without your Ovaltine—think it is wonderful. Have bought two cans, since receiving the sample, for my nine-year-old daughter who refused to drink milk and after a sick spell was very run down. She now drinks a quart of milk a day with Ovaltine in it and is 'wild' over it. She has gained 2½ pounds in two weeks."

We offer you here a 3-day test of Ovaltine—a pure, delicious food-drink, recommended by over 20,000 doctors. Please accept it. You will find it well worth while.

#### How Ovaltine builds healthy, robust bodies

FIRST—It stimulates lagging appetites. Digests very quickly. Twice as quickly as milk itself. Even in cases of impaired digestion.

SECOND—It supplies certain health-building essentials which are often missing from children's daily fare. One cup of Ovaltine has actually more food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

THIRD—Ovaltine has the unusual power of digesting 4 to 5 times its own weight of other foods. Hence digestion goes on speedily and efficiently. Quick assimilation follows. Building up new brawn and buoyant health.

#### Nature's danger signals

Underweight, restlessness, fretfulness, listless appetite, or a whiny voice—these are Nature's danger

signals. Unchecked, they may lead to ills that will ruin your child's whole future!

#### Quick restoration

Ovaltine supplies the needed essentials for healthy growth. It restores normal appetite in a natural way. Thus, "free to gain," children pick up weight almost at once. They store up vital energy to grow on. They are bright-eyed and happy—filled with the zest of life. (Note the unsolicited testimonials.)

Ovaltine taken at night brings children sound, restful sleep. Morning finds them fresh, clear-eyed and buoyant. Ovaltine taken daily, keeps them in the pink of condition. A tremendous aid to normal growth.

#### A pure, delicious food

Children love Ovaltine. And it is good for them any time of the day. It is particularly good to tone them up after sickness or a bad cold. It contains no drugs. It is the special food properties of Ovaltine—and absolutely nothing else—that bring its wonderful results and popularity. It has been in use in Switzerland for over 30 years. And is now in universal use in England and her colonies.

#### A 3-day test

Drug stores sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10c, to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send in the coupon with 10 cents in stamps.



Now more than 20,000 doctors recommend Ovaltine

## OVALTINE

©1927 T. W. Co.

Builds Body, Brain and Nerves



"I have a little niece who has always been ill and under-nourished. A blood test showed her blood thin and watery. My brother started to give his little girl Ovaltine and a few weeks later another blood test showed rich, red blood. She is now nine years old and just as healthy as any child could possibly be."  
Mrs. L. K. MITCHELL,  
Rockford, Ill.

"I got Ovaltine for my oldest boy who would never eat or drink milk. Since taking Ovaltine his appetite is not only improved but he eats everything and relishes it. He loves the flavor and the more he gets the more he wants."  
Mrs. F. J. GOERS,  
Prairie du Chien, Wis.



THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. X-2  
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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

Name .....

Street .....

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

(One package to a person)

Send for 3-day test



**New! Smart! Beautiful!**

**60-inch Rope of Milk-white Pearls, Postpaid for only 4 Subs.**

**Hand-painted Vanity Set, 4 Subs.**

**Atomizer, 6 Subs.**

**Abalone Pearl Manicure Set, 3 Subs.**

**Packet Manicure Set, 2 Subs.**

**Desk Set, 11 Subs.**

**Synthetic Opal Ring, 3 Subs.**

**Mexican Diamond Ring, 3 Subs.**

**Military Brushes, 4 Subs.**

**Crystal Choker, 2 Subs. (White, Blue or Rose)**

**15-inch Pearl Choker, 2 Subs.**

**24-inch Necklace Spanish Pearls, 3 Subs.**

**3-strand Peter Pan Pearls, 4 Subs.**

# Christmas Gifts from the Woman's World Tree

Woman's World's Fourth and Largest Cooperative Christmas Service Offering to Conserve the Family Income—Presenting a Wide Selection of Dependable Merchandise as Gifts for Old and Young—All in Return for a Few Moments Time

### 60-Inch Rope of Lustrous Pearls

The Finest, Smartest Gift of All

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. Necklace can be worn in many different ways. The admiration and envy of all who see it. Comes in hinged box.

No. DP1260 postpaid for 4 subs. at 50c each, or for 2 subs. at 50c each and 75c extra.

### 15-Inch Pearl Choker

Milk-white pearls, solid, indestructible, evenly graduated from the size of a pea. Patent clasp.

No. DP567 postpaid for 2 subs. at 50c each.

### 24-Inch Pearl Necklace

Finest Spanish pearls, perfectly formed, evenly graduated, heavy, solid, indestructible. Fastened with a white gold patent clasp. Comes to you in a handsome box richly lined. A glorious necklace.

No. DP111 postpaid for 3 subs. at 50c each.

### Necklaces of Peter Pan Pearls

Heavy, solid, indestructible, 3-strand necklaces of lustrous pearls. Necklaces 15 inches long fastened with patent sterling silver clasp.

No. DP787 postpaid for 4 yearly subs. at 50c each or for 2 yearly subs. at 50c each and 75c extra.

### Chokers of Flashing Crystal

Exquisitely cut crystal beads, whose many tiny facets catch and reflect the light in a shower of brilliant rays. One of the smartest chokers of the day. 15 inches long. Choice of three colors of crystal—white, blue or rose. State preference. Has patent silver clasp. Comes in hinged box.

No. DP1261 postpaid for 2 subs. at 50c each, or for 1 sub. at 50c and 35c extra. State color.

### Synthetic Opal Ring

An exquisite stone in which the deep banked fires of color glow—purples, yellows, greens and flaming orange. Mounted in handsomely filigreed sterling silver band.

No. DP1262 postpaid for 3 subs. at 50c each.

THERE'S no need to curb your generous impulses this year or to confine your expression of the Christmas spirit to the limitations of an all too meager purse. Avail yourself of these splendid offers and know for once the joy of giving without stint.

Woman's World itself, with its year-round message of cheer, is as fine and inexpensive a gift as you could make to your friends—and, in addition, two, three or five such subscriptions bring you any of these splendid rewards without cost.

### Mexican Diamond Dinner Ring

Three beautifully cut Mexican diamonds flash their shafts of light at every turn of the hand. Mounted in sterling silver, artistically filigreed. A ring of rare beauty.

No. DP1263 postpaid for 3 subs. at 50c each.

### Hand-Painted Vanity Set

Set consists of four pieces: a 7-inch glass tray, two 6-inch perfume bottles and one 3 1/2-inch covered powder jar. The set is finished in the most popular shade of rose and hand-decorated in fine different floral designs. An ideal Christmas gift.

No. DP1270 postpaid for 4 yearly subs. at 50c each.

### Atomizer—an Appreciated Gift

Beautifully finished in daintily blended colors. It is a guaranteed atomizer with a glass insert and comparable with the finest atomizer made. 6 inches high.

No. DP1269 postpaid for 6 yearly subs. at 50c each.

### Military Brushes in Case

Brushes are 4 1/4 x 2 3/4 inches. Bristles are finest quality, extra stiff and set in permanent sanitary mounting. Backs are of hard, ebony wood.

No. DP775 prepaidd for 4 yearly subs. at 50c each.

### Desk Set

Shears and paper knife in handsome red textile leather brass-tipped case. Finest steel shears, 9 1/4 in. long, blades highly nickled, handles plated gold. Nickled steel paper knife, 9 1/2 in. long, plated gold handle. A beautiful gift.

No. DP1264 postpaid for 11 subs. at 50c each.

Also, many other people will give you orders for Woman's World as Christmas gifts to their friends, when you show them the magazine and its modest 50c price. So, make up your list of gift subscriptions now, get in touch with your friends, select the rewards you want and send in your order promptly.

### Order by Number, Address WOMAN'S WORLD

4223-4243 W. Lake St., Chicago, Illinois

### Abalone Manicure Set

A handsome 3-piece set of finest steel with heavy handles of the famous Abalone pearl. Beautiful, colorful and useful.

No. DP1265 postpaid for 3 subs. at 50c each.

### Pocket Manicure Set

For hand bag or pocket. 4-piece set with French ivory handles in attractive celluloid hinged case. Size of case when closed, 2 5/8 x 1 in.

No. DP1266 postpaid for 2 subs. at 50c each.

### Hand-Painted Book Ends

All metal, heavy, with Spanish galleon in full sail painted in rich reds, yellows and greens against a background of glossy black.

No. DP1217 (pair) prepaidd for 6 yearly subs. at 50c each.

### Box of High-Grade Stationery

Aristocratic linen-finish stationery in three delicate tints; 36 double sheets with envelopes to match. Packed in handsome box.

No. DP743 prepaidd for 2 yearly subs. at 50c each.

### Writing Tablet in Leatherette Case

Tablet of high-grade writing paper in brown padded leatherette case measuring 5 1/2 x 8 1/2 inches. The case, which has a snap fastener, opens like a book and contains, in addition to the tablet, a compartment for blotter, letters and memoranda, with a loop for pencil.

No. DP1268 postpaid for 4 yearly subs. at 50c each.

### Self-Feeding Fountain Pen

Neatly designed, black rubber barrel, hammered gold point, iridium tip to insure smooth writing.

No. DP8 prepaidd for 3 yearly subs. at 50c each.

### Double-Faced Shaving Mirror

A most serviceable gift for a man. 5 1/2-inch double mirror. One side is a plain reflecting mirror and the other side is a magnifying mirror. Set in attractive nickel-finished frame which can be either hung or stood on a table.

No. DP1273 postpaid for 4 yearly subs. at 50c each.

### Hair Clipper

Made of high-grade steel, thoroughly nickel plated. Standard size and guaranteed to be in perfect working order. 100 percent useful in any family.

No. DP1271 postpaid for 4 yearly subs. at 50c each.

### Radium Dial Wrist Watch

Dependable, accurate, guaranteed. Luminous hands and numerals. Case heavily nickled, beautifully finished, thin model. Black leather wrist strap.

No. DP1272 postpaid for 11 yearly subs. at 50c each.

### 6-Jewel White Gold-Filled Wrist Watch

An excellent time-keeper; a beautiful watch. Six-jewel cylinder movement, white gold-filled. 3-piece case handsomely filigreed and a good quality silk wrist band with decorative, gold-filled adjustable clasp.

No. DP92 postpaid for 15 yearly subs. at 50c each.

### Writing Desk Set in Pink

Pink blotter pad, mounted on heavy base, trimmed with silk, encased in pink celluloid. Size, 15x8 1/2 in. Upright letter and stationery holder, glass inkwell and cover on substantial stand with groove for pens; hand blotter with pink silk back encased in celluloid.

No. DP1225 postpaid for 8 subs. at 50c each.

### Oblong Mirror

Measures 7 1/2 x 24 inches, polychrome frame with fancy decorated scroll top. Handsome tapestry panel at top measures 5 1/2 x 5 1/2 inches.

No. DP1267 postpaid for 5 yearly subs. at 50c each.

**High-grade Stationery, 2 Subs.**

**Writing Desk Set, 8 Subs.**

**Writing Tablet in Leatherette Case, 4 Subs.**

**Book Ends, Hand-painted, 6 Subs.**

**Self-filling Fountain Pen, 3 Subs.**

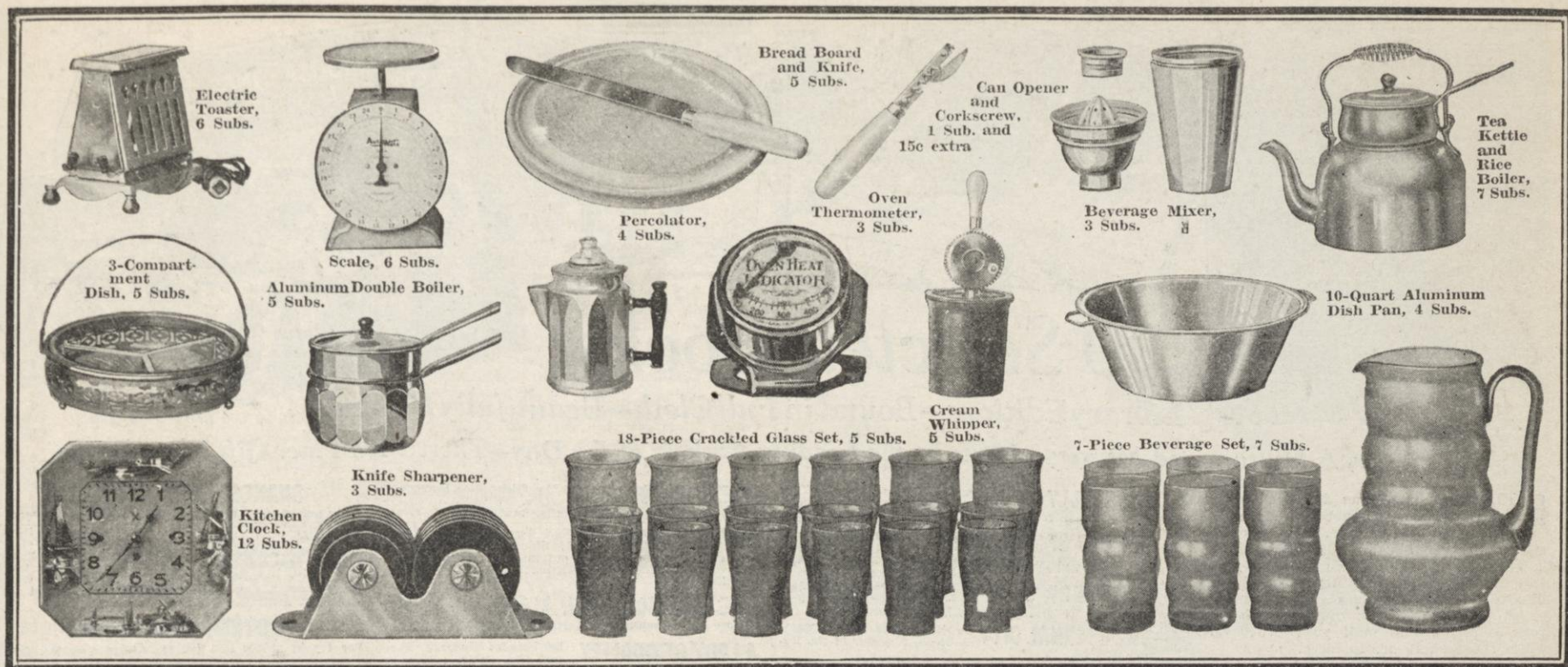
**Radium Dial Wrist Watch, 11 Subs.**

**Shaving Mirror, 4 Subs.**

**Hair Clippers, 4 Subs.**

**6-jewel White Gold-filled Wrist Watch, 15 Subs.**

**Oblong Mirror, 5 Subs.**



# Practical Gifts to Make Coming Days Brighter

Make Woman's World Your Gift to Your Friends This Year and Receive These Additional Gifts as a Reward—Send Your Orders Early So That We Can Send Your Gifts Promptly. Use This Key to a Happy Family Christmas



### Household Scale

Full size scale, gray enamel finish with 5 1/2-inch round steel top; weighs up to 25 pounds by ounces. Durable, well made and accurate.  
No. DP797 postpaid for 6 yearly subs. at 50c each.

### 1 1/2-Quart Aluminum Double Boiler

Medium size, Colonial style, highly polished finish with cool hollow rustproof handles. Large bottom vessel to avoid cooking dry.  
No. DP1257 postpaid for 5 yearly subs. at 50c each.

### 10-Quart Aluminum Dish Pan

Heavy gauge aluminum, yet light and easy to handle. Beautifully polished, inside Sun-ray finish.  
No. DP136 postpaid for 4 yearly subs. at 50c each.

### Aluminum Beverage Mixer

Complete with extractor and strainer. Capacity, 22 ounces. Strainer and cap fit snugly to prevent contents from leaking.  
No. DP1258 postpaid for 3 yearly subs. at 50c each.

### Tea Kettle and Rice Boiler

Finest quality, heavy gauge, one-piece aluminum, 5-quart kettle, 2-quart rice boiler. Substantial handles.  
No. DP27 prepaid for 7 yearly subs. at 50c each.

### Smart Rubberized Apron

Made from rubberized cloth in small gingham checks, turned edges, tape shoulder straps. Protects clothes—handy, convenient.  
No. DP74 postpaid for 2 yearly subs. at 50c each.

### All-Steel Knife Sharpener

Puts a keen edge on all kinds, sizes and shapes of knives with just a few strokes. Fastens to table, shelf, etc. Complete with screws.  
No. DP450 postpaid for 3 yearly subs. at 50c each.

### 8-Cup Aluminum Percolator

Beautifully designed and polished. Stands 9 inches high and makes 8 cups of delicious golden coffee.  
No. DP240 postpaid for 4 yearly subs. at 50c each.

### 5-Piece Aluminum Cake Decorator Set

Make your cakes look as good as they are. Made of sturdy aluminum. Heavily tinned cool steel plunger. Felt washer between two steel disks easily removed for cleaning. Makes four different designs. Full instructions with set.  
No. DP1259 postpaid for 2 yearly subs. at 50c each.

### Handy Needlework Basket

For living-room, sewing-room or summer porch. Finished in mission oak and covered with handsome cretonne. 18 in. high, basket 9 in. square and 8 in. deep.  
No. DP73 postpaid for 2 yearly subs. at 50c each.

### Cream Whipper

For cream, eggs, salad dressings, etc. Patent steel beater with lid fastening firmly on earthen bowl. Easy to operate and clean. Real time saver. Complete with bowl.  
No. DP794 prepaid for 5 subs. at 50c each.

### Boy and Rabbit Picture

A remarkable oillette reproduction of the famous masterpiece, set in an artistic silver and green polychrome frame; size, 14x18 inches. A prized picture in any home.  
No. DP1246 postpaid for 3 yearly subs. at 50c each.

### 18-Piece Cracked Glass Table Set

One of the handsomest and most complete sets you have seen for many a day. A strikingly beautiful ornament for buffet or china cabinet and a set which will give daily, year-round use. Set consists of six 12-ounce tea glasses, six 8-ounce water tumblers and six 5-ounce fruit juice glasses.  
No. DP1245 postpaid for 5 yearly subs. at 50c each.

### Siwash Braided Yarn Rug

This most artistic, braided, all-yarn rug is the product of many years of expert craftsmanship. Colors are exquisitely combined. It is oval in shape, 18x30 inches in size, and weighs 24 ounces. It is reversible and washable.  
No. DP1247 postpaid for 5 yearly subs. at 50c each.

### Nickeled Steel Razor Blade Holder

A handy instrument about the home for cleaning paint from windows, cutting cloth and fur, ripping seams, etc. It has a hundred uses. Blade is instantly adjustable at any angle. The magazine handle holds blades when not in use.  
No. DP1248 postpaid for 1 sub. at 50c and 20c extra.

### Can Opener and Corkscrew

All steel except handle, which is white enamel. Removes the lid from any can, large or small, with greatest ease, while the corkscrew, which swings out of the way when not in use, is always ready when you want it.  
No. DP1249 postpaid for 1 yearly sub. at 50c and 15c extra.

### Electric Toaster

Toasts two slices of bread at once. Made of steel, copper flashed and beautifully nickel plated. 7 inches high, 6 inches long and 4 1/4 inches wide. A useful and ornamental table accessory.  
No. DP1239 postpaid for 6 yearly subs. at 50c each.

### Bread Board and Bread Knife

Board of satin-smooth, Vermont hard maple, 9 1/2 inches in diameter. Knife of first quality steel with 9-inch blade.  
No. DP448 postpaid for 5 yearly subs. at 50c each.

### Fruit Tray

Rolled edge, 10 inches in diameter. Basic metal is steel, copper striped and beautifully etched and nickel plated. Handsome and serviceable.  
No. DP1241 postpaid for 3 yearly subs. at 50c each.

### Oven Thermometer

All metal, heatproof glass face, registers accurately up to 500 degrees. Place it anywhere in the oven. Eliminates guesswork from baking. Beautifully nickelled and finished. Thoroughly tested. Guaranteed.  
No. DP1232 postpaid for 3 yearly subs. at 50c each or for one 1-year sub. at 50c and 50c extra (\$1 in all).

### 3-Day Kitchen Clock

9-inch dial in delft blue with Dutch windmill decorations. A cheerful and dependable clock, guaranteed to be in perfect running order and free from manufacturer's defects. Complete instruction sheet for regulation and proper care.  
No. DP1242 postpaid for 12 yearly subs. at 50c each.

### 3-Compartment Relish Dish

Metal frame and hinged handle, handsomely nickelled and engraved. The 6 1/2-inch glass insert can be had in either canary or blue. A most artistic and practical gift.  
No. DP1243 postpaid for 5 yearly subs. at 50c each.

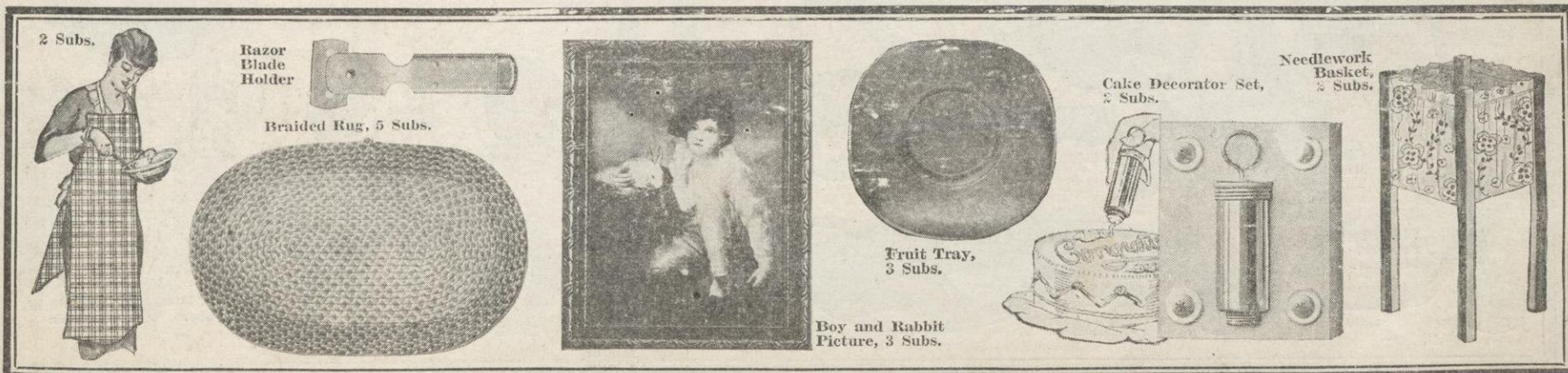
### 7-Piece Glass Beverage Set

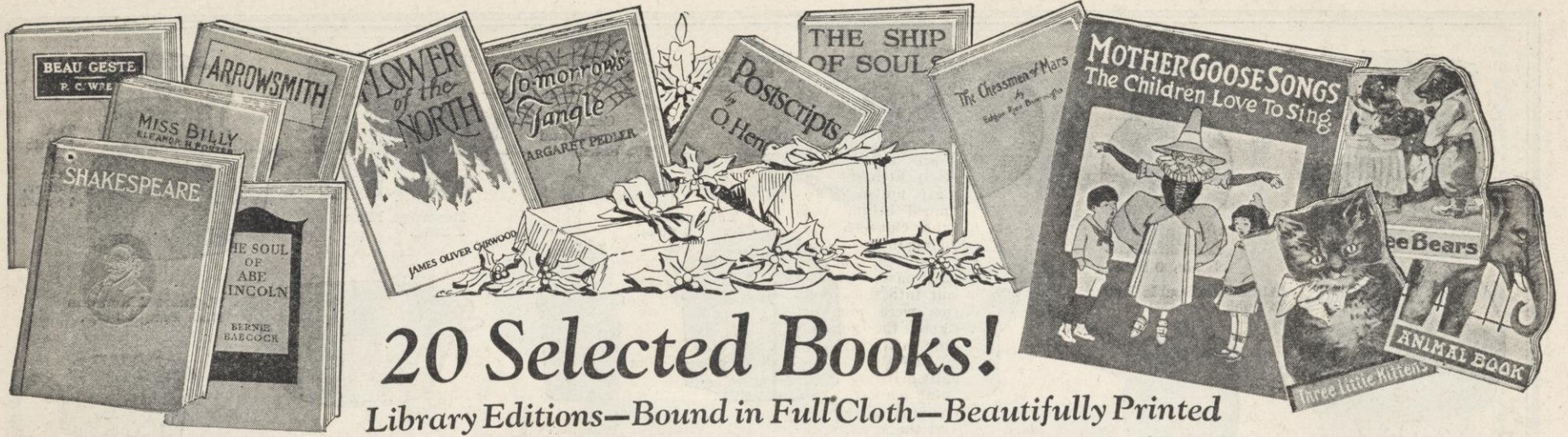
The set is of Czechoslovakian design, luster finished in the popular rose shade. The pitcher is 9 1/4 inches high and its green handle introduces a pleasing note of contrast. There are six 12-ounce tumblers.  
No. DP1244 postpaid for 7 yearly subs. at 50c each.

### OUR GUARANTEE TO YOU

All merchandise presented on these pages is guaranteed to be exactly as described. Should any item prove defective upon receipt, notify us at once and a substitution will be cheerfully made. We cannot exchange items damaged through misuse.

Let Woman's World Help You Fill the Christmas Stockings with Gifts for Everybody in Return for a Little Spare Time





# 20 Selected Books!

Library Editions—Bound in Full Cloth—Beautifully Printed

Romance, Adventure and Mystery Novels by the Leading Authors of the Day—There's No Finer Gift Than Books

**BOOKS** that are being discussed by everyone who keeps abreast of the times—entertaining, instructive, inspirational! All are handsome library editions, printed in large, clear type on fine quality book paper and elegantly bound in full cloth. Many are illustrated with scenes from photoplays based on them. Look over this list, make your selection and mail your order now—while these offers are in force.

Any One of the Following Postpaid for 2 Yearly Subs. at 50c Each

**BEAU GESTE** by Percival C. Wren (No. DP1030). A never-to-be-forgotten mystery story of love, courage, self-sacrifice and wild adventure in the French Foreign Legion. Illustrations from the famous photoplay.

**ARROWSMITH** by Sinclair Lewis (No. DP1032). A tremendously realistic tale of a young physician, his professional triumphs and his marital woes.

**MISS BILLY** by Eleanor H. Porter (No. DP1037). A picturesque romance with a rose of a girl as heroine.

**FLOWER OF THE NORTH** by James Oliver Curwood (No. DP1038). Romance and dramatic adventure in the Canadian Northwest.

**TOMORROW'S TANGLE** by Margaret Pedler (No. DP1039). A dramatic tale of present-day social tendencies.

**THE ETERNAL CITY** by Hall Caine (No. DP838). A dream of power of the Roman Empire.

**STRATHMORE** by "Ouida" (No. DP845). A dramatic story of a woman's power for evil.

**POSTSCRIPTS** by O. Henry (No. DP1040). Short stories and poems by America's best-loved writer.

**THE SOUL OF ABE LINCOLN** by Bernie Bahcock (No. DP1041). The story of Lincoln's first love.

**THE SHIP OF SOULS** by Emerson Hough (No. DP1042). A tale of frontier love and courage against odds.

**CHESSMEN OF MARS** by Edgar Rice Burroughs (No. DP1043). A marvelously stimulating and imaginative tale of life on Mars.

**LOVE INSURANCE** by Earl Derr Biggers (No. DP831). Side-splitting humor with a young Englishman taking out insurance on the possibility of his bride-to-be changing her mind before the wedding.

**THE LOBSTICK TRAIL** by Douglas Durkin (No. DP843). A dramatic tale of love and adventure in Northern Canada.

**A LADY OF QUALITY** by Frances Hodgson Burnett (No. DP842). A gripping romance of England's nobility.

**THE JUNGLE GIRL** by Gordon Casserly (No. DP841). An exciting story of mysterious India with the hero facing physical and moral hazards at every step.

**THE CHRISTIAN** by Hall Caine (No. DP833). A dramatic tale of high life and low life and true love in present-day London.

**DRUMS OF JEOPARDY** by Harold MacGrath (No. DP837). Thrilling and instructive, too, are these adventures of an American newspaper correspondent in foreign capitals.

## SHAKESPEARE—COMPLETE

For only 6 subs. at 50c each. Order by No. DP1044. Shakespeare, complete, including all plays and poems, with copious notes on each play and a glossary of unusual words. 1120 pages, size 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 inches, printed in large type on Bible paper. Bound in red textile leather with embossed portrait of author and gilt stamping on cover. A wonderful book—a splendid gift. Packed in handsome gift box.

## MOTHER GOOSE SONGS

For 1 sub. at 50c and 10c extra. Order by No. DP185. All the world loves Mother Goose and her quaint little rhymes and songs. Mother Goose Songs is a wonderful new book into which have been gathered all these classic bits of melody and verse, lavishly illustrated. Both music and rhymes! 36 pages, size 11 1/2 x 9 1/2 inches.

## EIGHT ANIMAL BOOKS

For only 2 subs. at 50c each. Order by No. DP1100. Filled with beautifully colored illustrations of boys and girls and their animal pets with instructive stories about each. 8 books, 5 1/2 x 7 1/2 inches, containing 16 pages each. Titles: Red Riding Hood, Henny Penny, Three Little Kittens, Apple Pie A-B-C, Animal Book, Three Bears, Old Woman in a Shoe, Story of Aladdin.

# The Pick of Old Santa's Pack for Boys and Girls

From the Great Markets of the World Come These

Splendid Gifts to Brighten Woman's World Homes

### Hohner Full Concert Harmonica

This instrument is used by all professional players. Has 10 double holes, 40 reeds, brass plates, nickel-plated covers with turned-in ends. Comes in strong lined box.

No. DP1253 postpaid for 3 yearly subs. at 50c each.

### Blue Streak Scooter

One of the speediest and sturdiest scooters made. It has rubber-tired wheels, 5 1/2 x 3 1/2 inches. The length is 29 inches; height, 30 inches; steel footboard 12 inches long. Heavy steel fork and frame. Steel parts red enameled, natural wood adjustable handle.

No. DP1254 postpaid for 11 yearly subs. at 50c each.

### Thin Model Watch

Junior size, nickel plated, white dial, thoroughly guaranteed. Movement constructed of solid brass with machine-cut wheels. Fully tested before leaving factory.

No. DP1250 postpaid for 6 yearly subs. at 50c each.

### Popular Hawkeye Camera

A compactly and durably constructed camera finished in seal grain imitation leather. Has neat fittings. Has view finder and automatic shutter. Makes the popular 2 1/4 x 3 1/4-inch picture. Daylight loading. Roll film. A rear subscription to magazine, "Kodakery," included free.

No. DP1252 postpaid for 5 yearly subs. at 50c each.

### Bang! Bang! Popgun

Shoots cork and loads automatically. 19 inches long, beautifully finished and rustproof. Made of heavy metal. Wood stock.

No. DP93 postpaid for 1 yearly sub. at 50c and 15c extra (65c in all).

### Ruler Pencil

Highly polished metal pencil with extra leads. Propels and repels lead. It is accurately marked off into inches and sixteenths so that when extended it is a perfect foot ruler. Fine gift for boys or men. Pocket clip.

No. DP1256 postpaid for 2 yearly subs. at 50c each.

### Horseshoe Game

For indoor or outdoor use. Set consists of four hard rubber horseshoes, standard size, and two steel pegs mounted on steel disks, 12 inches in diameter. No end of fun for young or old.

No. DP702 postpaid for 4 yearly subs. at 50c each.



### Giant Musical Top

One of the longest spinning musical tops made. Giant size, all metal, patent winder and extra color "whirl about" wheel included free. 10 inches in circumference.

No. DP98 postpaid for 2 yearly subs. at 50c each.

### Talking Doll, 17 1/2 Inches High

She has pink cheeks, blue eyes and bisque hands and head. In a new shipment just arrived, she wears a dress trimmed with lace instead of rompers, as pictured.

No. DP457 postpaid for 5 yearly subs. at 50c each.

### Decorated Clutch Pencil

Beautiful silver and gold-plated pencil. Propels, repels and expels lead. Extra leads. A handsome and serviceable pencil. Pocket clip.

No. DP1255 postpaid for 2 yearly subs. at 50c each.

### Rugby Football

A sturdy, genuine leather football, pebble grained, with duck lining and equipped with a guaranteed steam cured bladder. Nicely balanced.

No. DP107 postpaid for 4 yearly subs. at 50c each.

### Baby Doll

Cutest little tot you ever saw. Jointed arms and legs. Blue eyes, pink cheeks. Made entirely of unbreakable bisque. She stands 9 1/2 inches high and she wants a good mamma.

No. DP1251 postpaid for 2 yearly subs. at 50c each, or for 1 sub. at 50c and 25c additional (75c in all).

### Walking, Talking and Sleeping Doll

In fact, she does almost everything but eat. She is 13 inches tall, has a pretty romper dress and bonnet to match, dainty socks and slippers.

No. DP99 postpaid for 7 yearly subs. at 50c each.

### Banjo Ukulele

Made of birch wood, finished in mahogany. German silver frets, rosewood pegs, calfskin head, nickel-plated straining hoop and gut strings.

No. DP183 prepaidd for 9 yearly subs. at 50c each.

### High-Grade Flashlight

Standard make. Case is vulcanized black fiber, the lens is heavy convex bull's-eye type. Sliding contact button and all trimmings are thoroughly nickel plated. Length, 6 3/4 inches; diameter, 1 1/2 inches. 3-volt lamps. No. DP130 postpaid for 5 yearly subs. at 50c each.

High-Grade, Standard Items to Make Young Folks' Eyes Sparkle on Christmas Morning—All Are Guaranteed

Harmonica, 3 Subs.

Thin Model Watch, 6 Subs.

Box Camera, 5 Subs.

Banjo Uke, 9 Subs.

Ruler Pencil, 2 Subs.

Popgun, 1 Sub. and 15c extra

Clutch Pencil, 2 Subs.

Football, 4 Subs.

Giant Musical Top, 2 Subs.

Blue Streak Scooter, 11 Subs.

Horseshoe Game, 4 Subs.

17 1/2 inches high

5 Subs.

Baby Doll, 2 Subs.

7 Subs.

Flashlight, 5 Subs.

Real Folks

(Continued from page 47)

By nine o'clock they were rolling along the magnificent highway toward Philadelphia and some little town "miles from nowhere." John, splendidly attired in a woolly motor coat and cap pulled down over his eyes, sat humped behind the wheel, smoking innumerable cigarets. His mother, her face half hidden in the mole-skin collar of her wrap, sat very morose and silent until they had passed Philadelphia and were well out into the country. Already the leaves were touched with the frost's first kiss, the yellow, orange and scarlet blending softly into the deep green of the pines. The air was delightfully brisk, occasionally bringing them the pungent tang of burning leaves.

Marcy saw Mrs. Glendenning straighten up and look about her. At the right, they were passing a field actually golden with its carpet of unharvested pumpkins.

"Gorgeous!" breathed that lady. "Just see that panorama over there against the foothills. No artist could paint colors like that."

John waved a hand, a cigaret poised between two fingers, in the opposite direction. "While you are about it, mother, don't miss that view over there. Isn't it corking with that winding river losing itself among the hills and the banks one solid mass of color? By George, when I see a thing like that, I wish I had kept on studying art. City folks miss half their lives by not getting back to nature occasionally."

His mother's tone was slightly reminiscent. "Every year since I came to New York, I have wanted to go back to Ohio and see father's old farm at this time of the year. We must go next year, John. I can just picture the orchard on the slope and the old rambling building where we kept the turkeys. I wonder if it has changed very much."

She turned a peaceful, smiling face toward Marcy, who sat thinking of her last remark. It seemed almost incredible that Mrs. Glendenning had once lived in the country.

"Let us get at that speech now, Miss Dean. John, drive slower so the wind will not take our papers with it. You brought the notes on the Civic League talk? Fine. We can incorporate some of them with the talk to the Federated Women's Clubs in August. We will just give them a straight-from-the-shoulder chat they will understand—tell them to wake up—to get busy—to progress with the times."

THEY lunched at a quaint little roadside inn and by one o'clock were on their way again, urged to hurry by ominous clouds in the west. Just as Mrs. Glendenning announced the notes complete and Marcy was arranging the papers in order, they drove into a blinding burst of rain. The steeple of a church was visible ahead and John remarked they would seek shelter in the little village, when there was a sickening grind of hastily applied brakes, a dizzily turned half circle and the big car careened drunkenly into a ditch. A heavily laden truck had blocked the highway, obscured by the torrent of rain.

A few minutes later Mrs. Glendenning and Marcy stood huddled together under an umbrella by the roadside while the car was hoisted out and the garage man announced a broken axle. Yes, they could fix it, but it would not be ready before tomorrow noon. His service wagon bore the name "Wellsboro Garage" and Marcy recognized the town as one through which the train passed en route to Midhill.

"Goodness, John," wailed his mother. "Whatever will I do? I must get to Midhill by eight and here we are—"

Midhill! It was not until that moment that Marcy knew their destination and she wavered a second before she looked at her watch. "There will be a train through here at six-thirty that will get into Midhill shortly after eight," she announced quietly.

Mrs. Glendenning turned surprised eyes in her direction. "That is fine. We'll take it and John can follow tomorrow with the car." Then she added, "You must be well acquainted in this part of the country, Miss Dean."

"I am," replied Marcy a little grimly. "Midhill is my home."

The train was an hour late when it ground to a stop at Midhill. The station platform was deserted, the inevitable milk cans unusually shiny under the single arc light that glowed faintly through the driving rain. Mrs. Glendenning stood shivering beside the little stove in the

(Continued on page 52)



Care of Babies

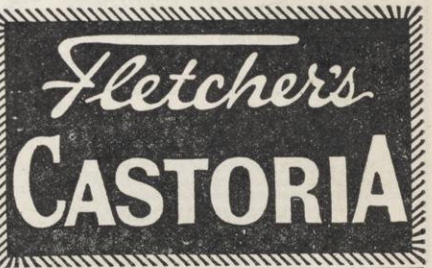
This baby has never had a day's sickness and never a cross or fretful spell that lasted an hour. And what do you suppose is responsible for this healthy, happy condition? Not diet, for he has eaten just about anything and everything a child could eat. Not drugs, for he has not been dosed with opiates; he has never had a drop of paregoric. Nor has his sensible mother ever made him taste castor oil. Yet his nerves are sound and his little bowels are strong, and when he does seem the least restless or wakeful, or out of sorts—or likely to be—his mother has him all serene again in ten or fifteen minutes!

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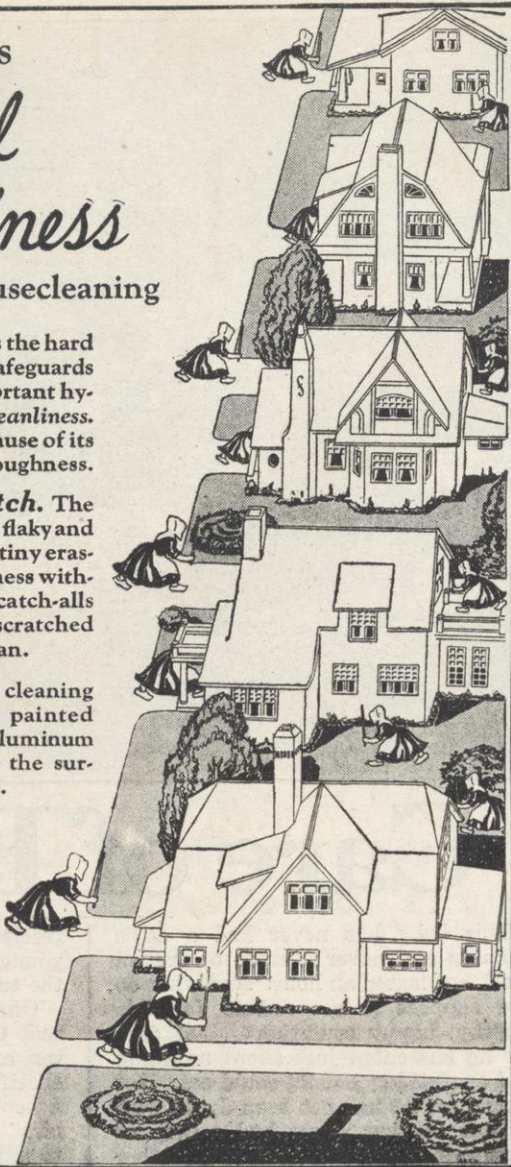
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## Real Folks

(Continued from page 51)

waiting-room, while Marcy sought out Clem Evans, who in turn signaled old William Turner as he trundled away from the station in his empty "hotel conveyance," having missed seeing the ladies alight from the parlor car ahead.

"Big doin's up to the town hall to-night," he informed them from his seat in front, his head buried in the high collar of his shining wet oilskin coat. Marcy had kept her face turned from him when she instructed him to drive them to the town hall. "Somebuddy from the city improve Midhill. Goshlemiddey, just as though we ain't able to run our own affairs, but them wimmin here up and is up a'tellin' us what we should do to forms a 'provement sassiety and they just aim to turn the town upside down and couldn't rest until they gits a high-falutin' clubwoman up here to tell them how."

Marcy was relieved when he drew up in front of the brightly lighted town hall where they paid their fares and hurried in. The room was crowded and the dank odor of wet clothing and heated bodies, aided and abetted by poor ventilation, greeted them at the door. The coat room to the right of the entry was already filled with damp wraps and dripping umbrellas. While Mrs. Glendenning divested herself of her wrap, Marcy stepped to the door leading into the big room. There was a woman on the platform, a tall, raw-boned woman in a black silk dress. Her hands were outstretched to the silent audience before her, her eyes eager, her voice ardent. Graying hair straggled damply over her collar and her face was red.

"I did not intend to say so much, folks," she was saying apologetically, "but the train is late and I just want to remind you that it is we women and you men of Midhill—you who have taken from and given to Midhill—who have called it home—whose children have been born and reared here—we, who have fought to wrest a living here and who have buried our loved ones over on the hillside—it is to US that Midhill belongs. Let us band together in pride of our home town—and work for it! We owe it to Midhill, to our children and to our children's children. Bring people here—build new homes—but to do that, we must be able to supply the needs of those people. One big thing—the biggest, perhaps—is education for our young people. A new high school with a great auditorium, to which can be brought things from outside that make life worth while—that bring the world to us—folks, we need that! Let's improve our streets—let's grow—"

MARCY stood silent. She did not realize that Mrs. Glendenning, very lovely in her soft silken gown of gray, had been standing beside her, motionless, both unconscious of the fact that the people in the audience were turning to look at them. Marcy felt Mrs. Glendenning's hand on her arm. "Why," she whispered, "she has left nothing for me to say. She has said it all with a far greater force and appeal than I could ever hope to deliver. Do you know who she is?"

Marcy again looked at the woman on the platform and her voice trembled in spite of her effort to speak calmly, "My mother."

It was a terrible moment to Marcy when she heard her mother say: "You will come home with Marcy and me, Mrs. Glendenning? Please do. You can have her room and we can leave word at the hotel for your son. I do want you so."

"Thank you, I will, Mrs. Dean. I detest hotels as much as I do trains."

Connie was embarrassed when he arrived a few minutes later to find three passengers instead of one. He endeavored to straighten his tie as he acknowledged his mother's introduction to Mrs. Glendenning, gave Marcy a hasty peck on the cheek and hurried out ahead of them. It was too dark to see that the house had been refreshed with white paint, but as they entered the old-fashioned living-room, Marcy's heart sank. A bag of golf clubs leaned against a shabby velvet chair, a part of the Dean parlor suite of thirty years before, and over the back of another chair was Connie's gray coat.

Mollie Dean was on her knees before the fireplace and the blaze crackled up cheerfully through the ready-laid kindling. Mrs. Glendenning sank into a chair with a sigh of relief and, as Marcy took her hat and wrap, the enlarged crayon-tinted portrait of the Dean family looked down

(Continued on page 53)



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## Real Folks

(Continued from page 52)

reproachfully. As she went upstairs, she heard her mother say:

"I am making a pot of tea, Mrs. Glendenning. You must be so tired after your long trip—but we do appreciate your coming. You spoke so forcefully—just what we needed—and I know it will help Midhill. My goodness, I was surprised to see Marcy! They said a Mrs. Ruthven was coming, but I am glad it was you instead."

Mrs. Glendenning was sitting at a small table before the fireplace, drinking tea, when Marcy came downstairs. There was bread and butter, huge slices such as Mollie Dean always cut from her home-baked loaves, sliced cold meat, peach preserves and a big white cake covered with glittering coconut icing.

"Con's favorite cake," said Mollie Dean as she sunk a knife into its heart.

It was midnight before they went upstairs to bed. Marcy, in her mother's room, was heartsick as she listened to the rumble of conversation from the room at the end of the hall, the opening of a window and Mollie Dean's cheery good-night. What would Mrs. Glendenning think of her family?

"Oh, mother, why didn't you let her go to Mrs. Allison's?" she wailed, as Mollie Dean began to undress.

Her mother stopped short in the act of pulling the black silk dress over her shoulder. The smile left her face. "Why didn't I let her go to—Mrs. Allison's?" she repeated slowly. "I thought—why, I wanted her—" She did not finish the sentence, but as she crept into bed, she put her arm about her daughter and drew her close. "I am sorry, daughter," she whispered. "I understand—I have made a mistake."

It was hardly daylight when Marcy heard her mother go softly downstairs to prepare Conrad's early breakfast. Through the open window came the sleepy chatter of birds in their nests in the eaves and the repeated greeting of a rooster as he heralded the dawn from the chicken yard. She did not intend to go to sleep again. There was so much to be done below stairs before Mrs. Glendenning came down. She was wondering if the best tablecloth was clean and if the silver had been recently polished—and then, she opened her eyes again and it was broad daylight, the sun streaming through the window. Her watch told her it was after eight!

From below came the rapid beating of a spoon against china. She was thankful that Mrs. Glendenning's door was closed as she tiptoed down the stairs. Conrad's coat had disappeared from the chair, but the golf bag was still in evidence.

She paused at the sound of voices in the kitchen.

"Six eggs! Why, Mrs. Dean, I have never used over four for waffles."

A strange Mrs. Glendenning stood in the doorway leading out to the back porch. Mollie Dean's old torn straw hat was on her gray hair, and, strangely enough, some of which had strayed down over the collar of a plain, lavender gingham house dress—a familiar dress. Under her arm was a bag of chicken feed. Marcy turned amazed eyes on her mother, standing at the kitchen sink, beating with strong, even strokes a creamy batter in a big mixing bowl.

(Continued on page 54)

## Before the Baby Comes

(Continued from page 44)

honey, potatoes, sugar, rice and the like.  
3. Fats, which also furnish fuel. Found in cream, butter, fat meats, cheese, oils and the like.

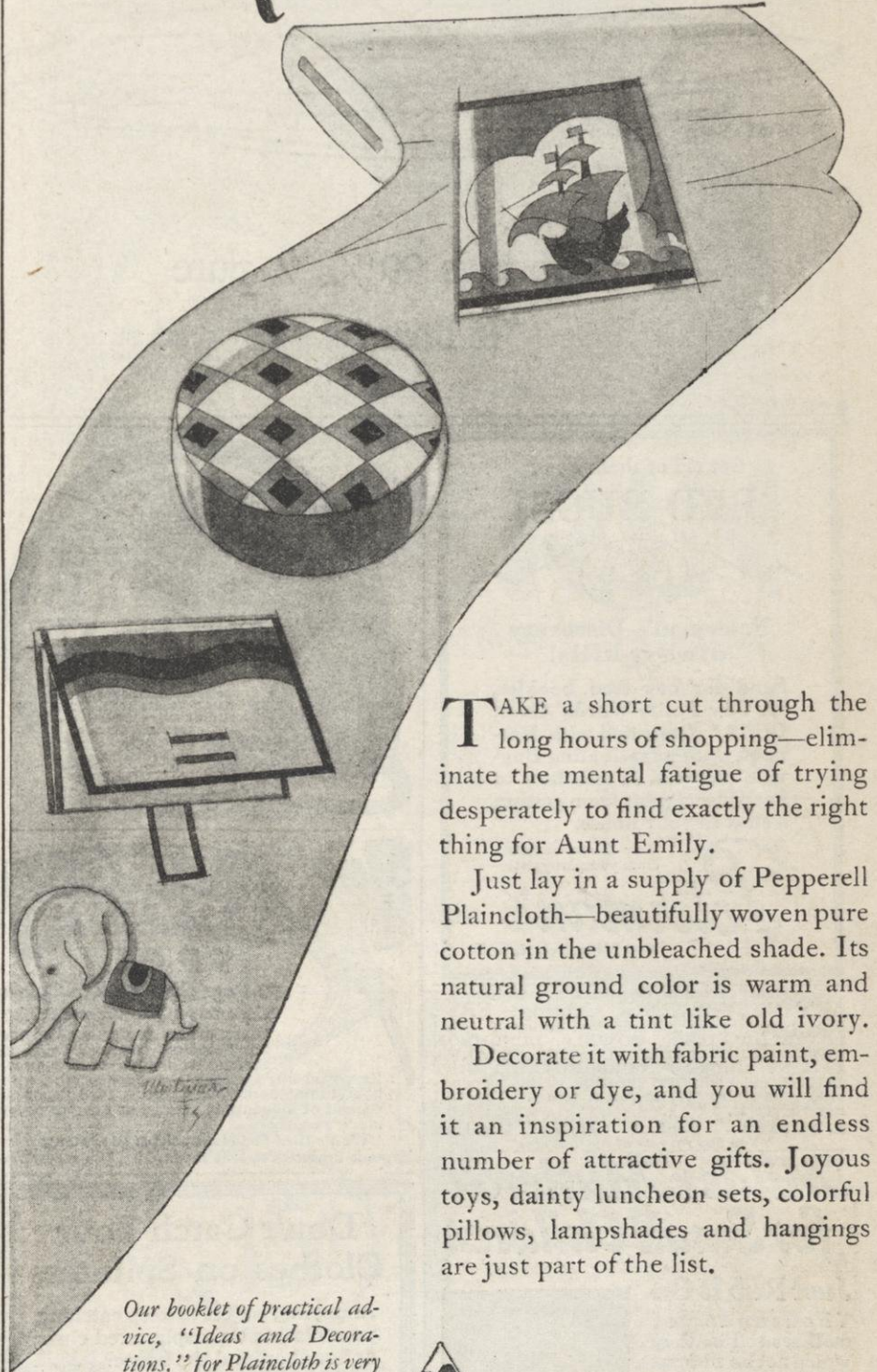
4. Minerals, which form the chief building material for bones and teeth, keep the blood neutral, keep the eyes and hair in good condition and increase resistance to disease. These are found largely in milk, certain vegetables and fruits. When cooking vegetables, the cooking water should be kept for soup and gravies, to save the needed minerals.

5. Iodine, helps to keep the mother and her baby from getting goiter. Found in sea fish, such as oysters and canned salmon. The doctor may prescribe iodized salt.

6. Vitamins, which are body and growth regulators. Found in milk and its products, eggs, meats, whole wheat cereals, vegetables, fruits and cod liver oil.

Several of each of these foods are necessary every day; one does not take the place of the other.

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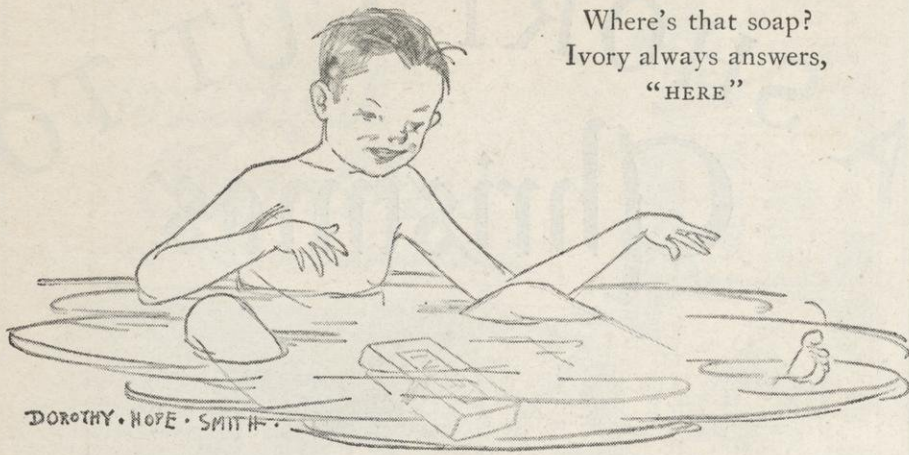
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**Real Folks**

(Continued from page 53)

Mollie Dean followed her daughter's reproachful eyes. "I was going to set the table in the dining-room, Marcy, but Mrs. Glendenning asked to eat out here." Then she turned her bright face toward her guest. "By the time you get the chickens fed, the first waffles will be ready and I want you to have them hot off the irons." She laughed happily. "Mrs. Glendenning says she hasn't fed chickens in thirty years and asked to do it for me."

Marcy did the breakfast work while Mrs. Glendenning sat on the back porch, close by Mollie Dean, who was dextrously stripping two chickens of their feathers with the aid of a kettle of boiling water. Through the open door came their animated conversation—club work; taxes; progress; the League of Nations; Sinclair Lewis' latest book.

Then she heard her mother say: "You must plan to stay again tonight, and, if you must, you can leave early in the morning for New York. There is plenty of room. Your son can sleep with Connie."

The big china platter in Marcy's hand clattered to the floor.

Shortly after noon, a hoarse musical blast proclaimed John Glendenning's arrival. Almost immediately, the big motor car became the scene of an interested group of people, the majority of whom had only seen that particular make of car in the pages of magazine or newspaper. It was scarcely ten minutes later when, with a clatter and an indignant explosion, another car drew up behind the first.

"Baby!" ejaculated Connie, strolling around in front of the big car, his hands in his pockets. "The bird that owns that boat must be a bootlegger—nothing else but."

John Glendenning, at Con's remark, turned around and laughed. Marcy, her face crimson, introduced her mud-bespattered brother to her employer's son.

"Didn't think you were around," apologized Con, laughing as he lit a cigaret from Glendenning's. "I knocked off half a day for some golf. We only have a make-shift course here—just started it this summer—and we are all amateurs, but I guess we are as crazy about chasing the pill as you city fellows. Would you like to play? I won't be long cleaning up."

"U-M-M," sniffed Conrad, as the two golfers came in shortly after six. "Fried chicken and apple pie—Mother Moll's specialty. Don't mind washing at the kitchen sink, do you, John," utterly unconscious of his sister's frantic effort to catch his eye. Marcy had filled the water pitchers upstairs that morning and Connie should have known!

"Dinner is ready," sang out Mollie Dean from the dining-room. "Come, Mrs. Glendenning. Come, children."

"We'll come," muttered Connie darkly, "when this bird takes off his coat and rolls his sleeves." Then he added with a grin, "I know it isn't done in New York, but we are in Midhill, John, and we believe in being comfortable."

And John Glendenning sat down to the Dean dinner table in his shirt sleeves and ate three more biscuits than did Connie, while across from him, his mother—the Mrs. Amelia Glendenning of New York—talked to her hostess about baking powder biscuits and raising chickens.

They were leaving early the next morning for New York. Mrs. Glendenning had kissed Mollie Dean warmly and was standing on the lower step, pulling on her gloves. Connie came out with a mud-covered mashie in his hand; as he passed Marcy, he whispered:

"Gee, sis, they are real folks!"

Marcy's arms went about her mother's neck. "Mother," she said softly, "do you want me to come back to Midhill?"

"No, Marcy," was Mollie Dean's smiling reply, "I want you to stay with them. I want you to be happy."

"But, mother, I—I could be happy with you. You—you are wonderful!"

Connie looked up quickly and grinned at his mother. "Did you just find that out, Marce?" he asked.

As they rolled down Prospect Avenue and waved a last farewell to the two standing on the porch, Mrs. Glendenning laid a gloved hand over her secretary's. "Why have you never told me about your mother? You should be proud of her."

Marcy nodded but did not speak.

"And Con," added John from the front seat, with a chuckle. "Lordy, they don't make many like that chap. I'll say they are real folks, mother."



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Don Sung, the Chinese egg laying tablets which Miss Wright used, are opening the eyes of chicken raisers all over America. The tablets can be obtained from the Burrell-Dugger Co., 123 Postal Station Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind. Poultry raisers whose hens are not laying well should send 50 cents for a trial package (or \$1 for the extra large size, holding three times as much). Don Sung is positively guaranteed to do the work or money promptly refunded, so it costs nothing to try. Right now is the time to start giving Don Sung to your hens, so you will have a good supply of fresh eggs all winter.

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## Keeping the Home Fires Burning

(Continued from page 28)

are used to promote more rapid and positive circulation of the heat. Hot air furnaces in particular are apt to suffer from some fault in circulation, which can frequently be corrected by increasing the circulation of air by means of an ordinary electric fan. The best point of application for the electric fan is usually in the return or cold air duct. The fan should be set to blow directly down the center of the pipe toward the furnace. This will stimulate the circulation of heat to all rooms connected with the furnace and is a valuable aid in extreme weather.

Hot air furnaces with pipe distribution of hot air to each room to be heated are so familiar as to require little comment. Such furnaces should be centrally located, so as to keep the distribution pipes to the various rooms about the same length, else the nearer rooms will get the more heat. The pipe leading to the bathroom should be as large as to the larger rooms, so as to provide quick and ample heating when baths are desired. All hot air furnaces must have a return pipe or cold air duct to take the carrier air back to the furnace. This usually takes the form of a single large pipe leading to the furnace from a cold air register in a single room as centrally located as possible. The carrier air is supposed to find its way back to this register from each room heated, by way of doors, halls and stairways. Tightly closed doors between a room and the cold air register may interfere with heating by hindering the return flow of cool air. It should be quite clear that hot air cannot get into a room unless the cold air can get out. Sometimes the cold air ducts are connected out of doors so as to bring in fresh air from outside. In such cases, ventilating flues must also be provided to remove the cool air from the rooms to be heated. Such systems are often used in schools or other public buildings, but are seldom required in homes.

IN THE so-called "pipeless" hot air furnaces, both the hot air and cold air registers are located directly above the furnace itself. The hot air register is usually in the center and the cold air register at the edges of the grated opening. The carrier air from the hot air duct passes directly up to the ceiling, where it spreads sideways to the walls of all connecting rooms and there descends to the floor level, returning along the floor to the cold air register at the outer edge of the furnace grating and down through this to be reheated. Obviously, this type of furnace can only be used to heat rooms that are connected by large openings at both floor and ceiling level, such as large doors, archways, etc. Any obstruction, even by light draperies in such connecting openings, will interfere with the proper distribution of heat from a pipeless furnace. Upstairs rooms can sometimes be satisfactorily heated from a pipeless furnace by installing floor registers of good size, as nearly over the furnace as possible, through which warm air can flow from the room below. An open staircase makes a very satisfactory return passage for cool air from such a room.

An interesting and useful type of pipeless hot air furnace is the small gas-heated floor furnace. This device is quite extensively used on the Pacific coast, but is not so well known in the East. It is a complete small-sized furnace, with a separate combustion chamber and a flue connection which is carried below floor level, either to a central chimney or to separate chimneys located in the outside wall. The gas burners are so arranged that they can be lighted and controlled from the room to be heated. Several of these small furnaces may be used to take the place of a single large central furnace.

One of the most recent developments in pipeless furnaces resembles a cabinet phonograph. It combines many of the advantages of both stove and furnace. It is, strictly speaking, a hot air furnace, since the larger part of the heat is distributed to distant parts of the house by carrier air. This air is drawn in at floor level, directed over the heating surfaces by the closed ornamental jacket and discharged toward the ceiling, to be distributed overhead to distant rooms, exactly as is the case with any pipeless furnace. The outside jacket also completely surrounds the heating elements in such a way as to intercept all direct radiation, thus making it possible to comfortably heat distant rooms without overheating the room in which the heater is located.



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- 11-27-257. Pillow, front and back, on pink organdie, 16x13 in., already tinted in rose, green, orchid, yellow, blue and green. Green organdie ruffle, plicated, included, 75c. Floss, 21c. Pillow form, 75c.
- 11-27-258. Pillow, front and back, on yellow organdie, 12x15 in., already tinted in blue, rose, orchid and gold. Blue organdie ruffle, plicated, included, 75c. Floss, 27c. Pillow form, 75c.
- 11-27-259. Pillow, front and back, on peach organdie, 14 in. diameter, tinted blue, rose, green, gold and brown. Green organdie ruffle, already plicated, included, 75c. Floss, 18c. Pillow form, 75c.
- 11-27-260. Apron on orchid organdie with green ruffle already plicated and sewed in place. Yellow, peach, rose and pink organdie flowers, already plicated, \$1.25. Floss, 12c; 3/4 yds. peach ribbon at 8c yd.
- 11-27-261. Apron on peach organdie with blue ruffle already plicated and sewed in place. Girl's dress already tinted blue, hat brown. Flowers on blue, rose, orchid and green organdie, already plicated, \$1.25. Floss, 30c; 3/4 yds. peach ribbon at 8c yd.
- 11-27-262. Apron on green organdie with peach ruffle plicated in black and sewed in place. Flowers on peach, yellow, pink and green organdie, already plicated, \$1.25. Floss, 18c; 3/4 yds. green ribbon at 8c yd.
- 11-27-263. Apron on pink organdie with blue plicated ruffles sewed in place. Girl's dress is tinted blue, hair yellow, lanterns gold and orchid. Blue organdie for ruffles on girl's dress is included, 95c. Floss, 33c; 3/4 yds. ribbon at 8c yd.
- 11-27-264. Apron on light blue organdie with peach plicated ruffles sewed in place. Flowers of yellow, light and dark peach and green organdie, plicated, are included, \$1.25. Floss, 30c; 3/4 yards blue ribbon at 8c yd.
- 11-27-265. Apron on white organdie with yellow ruffles plicated and sewed in place. Girl's dress is tinted pink, hair brown, flowers tinted yellow and rose with green leaves, 95c. Floss, 42c; 3/4 yards yellow ribbon at 8c yd.
- 11-27-266. Apron on peach organdie with green ruffles plicated and sewed in place. Girl's dress is tinted orchid, scarf rose, hair black, landscape and parrot green, 95c. Floss, 30c; 3/4 yards peach ribbon at 8c yd.

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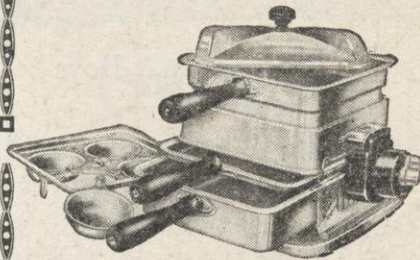
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Reduced Prices  
Woven in the Mountains of Virginia from famous old designs: "Whig Rose," "King's Flower," "Olive Leaf."  
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A HAPPY, healthy youngster? Or do you have to walk the floor... to soothe his fretful wails? Make teething time easy for yourself and baby by rubbing Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on his angry little gums. He'll stay contented, day after day!

Like thousands of other mothers, you can safely use this private prescription of a famous child specialist—approved by doctors since 1885.

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**DR. HAND'S Teething Lotion**  
Just Rub it on the Gums  
Contains No Narcotics  
Absolutely Harmless

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**Needlework and Craft Service**

(Continued from page 56)

shipping charges express collect; for smaller articles, parcel post charge to be sent by you is listed with each article. Should you wish any other color enamel on any model than the color shown, state color in order.

**Neapolitan Card Table.** Completely made folding table with lock corners, 2 decals, cement, 1 pint jade green enamel, 1 brush, 1 tube antique finish, 1 paint mat, \$5. Above materials with wooden rack to hold folded table and ¼ pint jade enamel, \$6.50.

**Paul Revere Ladder.** Completely made ladder, 2 decals, cement, ¼ pint mellow cream enamel, 1 tube antique finish, 1 brush, 1 paint mat, \$3.75.

**Tuxedo Magazine Rack.** Completely made rack, 1 decal, cement, ¼ pint jade green enamel, 1 tube antique finish, 1 brush, 1 paint mat, \$2.95. Add 20c parcel post.

**Queen Anne Tilt Top Table.** Completely made table with tilt top lock, ¼ pint Chinese red enamel, 1 tube antique finish, 1 brush, 1 decal, cement, 1 paint mat, \$5.

**Dolly Varden Dresser Box.** Completely made box with compartments, 1 decal, cement, ¼ pint India buff enamel, 1 tube antique finish, 1 brush, 1 paint mat, \$3.75. Add 15c parcel post.

**Mayflower Corner Bracket.** Completely made bracket, ¼ pint India buff enamel, 1 brush, 1 paint mat, \$1.10. Add 10c parcel post.

**Little Folks' Very Own Desk and Chair.** Completely made desk with hinged top and chair, 1 pint twilight blue enamel, 2 decals, cement, 1 brush, 1 paint mat, \$6.95.

**Oriental Waste Box.** Completely made box, ¼ pint black enamel, 1 decal, cement, 1 brush, 1 paint mat, \$2.75. Add 20c parcel post.

**Peggy Shippin Chair.** Chair, shipped knocked down, 1 pint mellow cream enamel, 1 decal, cement, 1 brush, 1 paint mat, \$3.50.

**Good Luck Corner Shelf.** Completely made shelf, ¼ pint Chinese red enamel, 1 tube antique finish, 1 brush, 1 paint mat, \$2.75.

**Lady Baltimore Handkerchief Box.** Completely made box, hinged, ¼ pint jade green enamel, 1 tube antique finish, 1 decal, cement, 1 brush, 1 paint mat, \$1.85.

**Venetian Photograph Box.** Completely made box, ¼ pint mellow cream enamel, 1 tube antique finish, 1 decal, cement, 1 brush, 1 paint mat, \$1.85. Add 10c parcel post.

**Vogue Hat Stand.** Completely made stand, ¼ pint Niagara green enamel, 1 decal, cement, 1 brush, 1 paint mat, \$1.25. Add 10c parcel post.

**Mayfair Smokers' Stand.** Completely made humidor, ¼ pint Chinese red enamel, 1 tube antique finish, 1 decal, cement, 1 brush, 1 paint mat, \$6.75.

**Painting on Fabrics**

The following three outfits can be supplied in strong, colorful gift boxes for permanent use:

**Primary Set in Box, \$1.35**  
For Painting on Light-colored Fabrics  
1 bottle pink 3 perforated patterns  
1 bottle yellow 1 envelope stamping powder  
1 bottle blue 1 camel hair brush  
12-oz. jar medium 1 camel hair brush

**Junior Set in Box, \$2.50**  
For Black and Light-colored Fabrics  
1 bottle pink 3 perforated patterns  
1 bottle yellow 1 envelope stamping powder  
1 bottle blue 1 No. 2 red sable brush  
1 bottle violet 1 camel hair dusting brush  
12-oz. jar medium 1 tube plastic embroidery  
1 tube plastic embroidery 1 envelope brilliant gold  
6 paper cones

**Studio Set in Box, \$5.50**  
For Black and Light-colored Fabrics  
Box, 12x7 inches, 3½ inches in depth.  
1 bottle pink 1 envelope stamping powder  
1 bottle yellow 1 envelope wool dust  
1 bottle blue 1 envelope brilliant gold  
1 bottle violet 1 envelope cut steel  
1 bottle corse 1 envelope luster beads  
1 bottle jade green 1 white china mixing plate, 7½x4 inches  
1 bottle coral 1 glass dropper  
12-oz. jar medium 1 box thumb tacks  
4 best quality brushes 3 perforated patterns  
1 tube plastic embroidery 6 cones

All the articles listed in these sets may be purchased separately. A list, with itemized prices, their various uses, etc., will be sent if you enclose a stamped addressed envelope. If you expect to make more than one of the following stamped articles, send for this list to order your materials, instead of ordering materials listed for each.

**Plastic Embroidery on Black Fabrics**  
Iris Scarf, 18x72 in., on black georgette, \$2.50. Silver tinsel floss, 10c. Materials for plastic embroidery, \$1.40. Perforated pattern, 20c.

**Hollyhock Footstool.** Stamped on black sateen, 35c. Materials for plastic embroidery, \$2. Gold braid, 1¼ yds. at 12c yd. Transfer pattern, 15c.

**Golden Flower Cushion.** 16 in. square, on black sateen, 60c. Materials for plastic embroidery, 95c. Transfer pattern, 15c.

**Coolie Coat.** Transfer pattern, 15c. Materials for plastic embroidery, 30c.

**Bird Wall Hanging.** 28x22 in., on black sateen, 65c. Materials for plastic embroidery, \$1.25. Transfer pattern, 20c.

**Butterfly Card Table Cover.** 36 in. square, on black sateen, 65c. Materials for plastic embroidery, \$1.40. 2½ yds. black ribbon for ties, 60 yd. Transfer pattern, 15c.

**Coat Scarf.** Transfer pattern of design with diagrams for cutting scarf, 20c. Materials for plastic embroidery, 95c.

**Painting on Lighter Fabrics**

**Parrot Lunch Set.** Center, 18 in. square; 4 plate mats, 12x18 in., on white linen, 85c. 5 bottles liquid paint, \$1.25. 1 skein green floss, 3c. Perforated pattern, 20c.

**Colonial Cushion.** Front and back on pink organdy, 50c. 5 bottles liquid paint, \$1.25. 2½ yds. lace at 6c yd.; 3 yds. pink ribbon at 8c yd.

**Ship Card Table Cover.** 36 in. square, on white linen, 75c. with green bias folds and ties included. 5 bottles liquid paint, \$1.25.

**Betty Blue Quilt and Pillow.** Transfer pattern, 20c. 5 bottles liquid paint, \$1.25.

**Set of 3 Bibs.** Stamped on huck toweling, 35c. Blue, red and yellow bias included. 6 bottles liquid paint, \$1.50. Transfer pattern, 15c.

**Needle Packet**

An attractive and permanent holder contains the best steel needles for every kind of sewing and embroidery: 5 sharps, 3-1-5-6-7; 3 embroiders, 4-6-8; 2 chenilles, 3 and 7; 1 tapestry; 2 cotton and 1 worsted darning; 1 glove needle; 1 tape threader. Price, 12c.

**Sewing Basket**

The stand has four legs finished in mission oak. It stands 18 in. high. The basket part is of cretonne, 9 in. square and 8 in. deep. Price, 70c.

**Embroidery Floss and Yarn**

Fast colors. White and all shades. 9-yd. skein six-strand, 3c; 25-yd. skein No. 5 perle, 6c; silken wool yarn, 10-yd. skein, 7c.



PLAQUE  
See LePage's Gesso-Craft Book, page 7



VASE  
See LePage's Gesso-Craft Book, page 11



JEWEL CASE  
See LePage's Gesso-Craft Book, page 10



PICTURE FRAME  
See LePage's Gesso-Craft Book, page 11

**How to make Christmas Gifts with the fascinating New LePage's Gesso-Craft**

This year you can solve your Christmas gift problem in a new, easy, delightful way. This fascinating LePage's Gesso-Craft Book will show you how to be a more skillful craftsman than you ever dreamed. You can make all the gifts you need, for everybody. Gifts that especially please your friends, because you made them yourself, and because they are unique, attractive, practical and useful.

LePage's Gesso-Craft Book opens a wonderful new field for you. It revives the old, old art of Gesso. Now, thanks to LePage's Glue, you can use Gesso to decorate modern gifts. You have no idea what nice things you can make—a surprise and delight to all who try it. See panel below for recipe for LePage's Gesso. You can make the articles shown here and

many more besides. Book contains over forty illustrations. No expensive set or expensive materials to buy. You already have LePage's Glue in the house for mending. Now, just by buying inexpensive articles, you can make fascinating Gesso-Craft things. You can decorate five and ten cent articles and give them a Fifth Avenue look. You can make articles for home decoration, for birthday and Christmas gifts, to sell at Church fairs, to make money at home, for party and bridge prizes.

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Try this new way of making Christmas gifts at home. Just write your name and address on the coupon below, tear it out and mail today with 10 cents, coin or stamps, and we will at once send you a copy of LePage's Gesso-Craft Book, postage paid. Address, LePage's Craft League, 577 Essex Ave., Gloucester, Mass.



**MAIL THIS COUPON**

LePage's Craft League, 577 Essex Avenue, Gloucester, Mass.  
Gentlemen: Enclosed you will find 10 cents (coin or stamps) in payment for LePage's Gesso-Craft Book. Please send a copy of this book to:  
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# The POSTMAN'S WHISTLE PAGE

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

## Look Here, People! You Can't Be a Sponge All of the Time

YOU can't continually absorb the wisdom of other people's experience and chuckle at other folks' humor without occasionally contributing something to the fun. This page has its obligations as well as its benefits and, if you participate in the one, you've got to assume your share of the other.

Forget your natural diffidence and reserve for the nonce and send in during the next thirty or sixty days any time, labor or money-saving helps that you have acquired in a lifetime of keeping house, together with any good jokes that you haven't previously seen in print. We cannot return unused contributions, but we will pay you 50 cents for each and every one we publish on this page. In fact, we might even pay one dollar for a real make-you-laugh-right-out-loud bit of humor. Address all contributions to Postman's Whistle Page, in care of Woman's World.

—THE EDITORS.

## Plum Catsup

½ peck blue plums  
1 pint vinegar  
1 teaspoon cloves  
1 teaspoon cinnamon  
1 teaspoon allspice

Tie the spices in a muslin bag. Pour the vinegar over the plums in a preserving kettle, add half the weight of plums in sugar and the spice bag. Boil all together until the plums are soft, put them through a colander and cook again until thickened. Seal in sterilized jars. —G. S. B., N. J.

## Economical Table Pad

Ask at the dry goods store for the cardboard pads that dress goods are wrapped in. Lay them on your table and mark them to fit, then cut with a sharp knife. Cover the cardboard pads with unbleached muslin, dividing them so they will be in two or four sections, and sew down between each one. They will fold up nicely when not in use and are as good as asbestos pads. —R. K., Iowa.

## Quantity Price

"Don't you think, doctor, that you're overcharged when Johnny had the measles?"

"You must remember, Mrs. Brown, that includes 22 visits."

"Yes, but you forget he infected the whole school!"  
—J. L. B., Mich.

## Egg-Poaching Hint

To keep the white of a poached egg from spreading through the water and also to eliminate the acid taste that adding vinegar to the water sometimes leaves when poaching eggs, slide the egg from a saucer into a small gravy or tea strainer which has been placed in the boiling water. You will find that it will cook well and none of the white will be lost, but will congeal about the yolk.

—Mrs. H. S. R., Va.

## Pie Cooler

An ordinary tin colander makes the finest kind of a pie cooler. Either remove the pie to a plate or leave in the pan and set in the top of the colander. If you want it cooled quickly, the air circulates much better under it than when set on something solid.

—Mrs. W. H. D., Mo.

## A Good Water Softener

When using hard water, try heating it in the reservoir or container and put in sal soda. The lime will settle

to the bottom and your water will be nearly as good as rain water.

—Mrs. L. K., Iowa.

## The Modern Drug Store

"I want a bottle of iodine."

"Sorry, but this is a drug store. Can't I interest you in an alarm clock, some nice leather goods, a few radio parts or a toasted cheese sandwich?" —P. R. M., Ill.

## Prevents Windows Freezing Shut

During the cold weather, my windows used to freeze down, thus preventing their being opened for a breath of

cool place for the summer. Then in the fall take it out again and put it in a pan of steaming water, nearly boiling, and leave for about 15 minutes. Take it out of the water, shake it and absorb the extra moisture on a dry cloth. The berries will be as plump and bright as the year before.

—E. H. B., S. Dak.

## Utilizing Old Papers

After the week's wash is over, take your old newspapers and let them get soaked through in the warm suds. Then squeeze them into tight balls and lay them on the floor or in the sun to dry. It takes about two weeks to dry through. The balls can then be used for fuel in your grate and they burn as long as coal.

—E. M. L., Mont.

## Must Be Safe

Boarder: "Is this milk pasteurized?"

Farmer: "Sure is. We got it from the preacher's cow." —M. D., Mass.

## What to Serve with Meat

With Roast Pork serve Apple Sauce.

With Roast Beef serve Grated Horseradish.

With Roast Mutton serve Currant Jelly.

With Roast Lamb serve Mint Sauce.

With Roast Goose serve Apple Sauce.

With Roast Chicken serve Bread Sauce.

With Roast Turkey serve Oyster Sauce.

With Boned Mutton serve Capers Sauce.

With Venison or Wild Duck serve Black Currant Jelly.

With Fresh Salmon serve Green Peas with Cream Sauce.

—Mrs. L. S., Minn.

## Cleaning Rice

Put rice in a coarse wire sieve and you can hold it under the faucet and rub until water runs clear. This is much easier than taking from pan to pan to wash.

—Mrs. W. M. F., Ky.

## Juvenile Candor

The first grade teacher was young and dressed in the mode. One morning after school opened a little girl raised her hand.

"What is it, Anna?" asked the teacher.

"Miss Louise, I can see your garters," promptly replied the little girl.

"Why, Anna, you should not say such things. Irene would not talk that way, would you, Irene?"

"No, ma'am, I wouldn't. I saw your bloomers a while ago, but I didn't say anything about it."

—Mrs. R. W. M., Iowa.

## Use Your Orange Peels

Do not throw away your orange peels. Run them through the food chopper, place in a fruit jar and cover with sugar. They make their own juice and after standing a while are delicious in fruit or spice cakes. They keep indefinitely.

—Mrs. W. H. B., Iowa.

## Made Jam Despite Poor Fruit Crop

The fruit crop was very poor in our locality last year and there wasn't much fruit for making jelly and jam. But I determined to make some anyway. I soaked one pound of dried apricots overnight. In the morning I cooked them until soft, then chopped them fine and added a can of pineapple (shredded) and one orange which had been put through the food grinder. I then added a cup of sugar for each cup of the mixture and cooked until thick. The result was a delicious jam.

—Mrs. F. M. E., S. Dak.



## UNCLE JEFF, the OLD POSTMAN and His Philosophy on AGE

*"For man must age! An eternal fact,  
Which the centuries have withstood.  
But what God ordains for th' common lot,  
Must be for the common good."*

LONG about this time of year, with Thanksgiving in the off'n and th' crops all in, a body has a little time t' think as he sets by the fire of an evenin' a-roastin' chestnuts or a-poppin' corn. And somehow th' season brings thoughts of winter and th' winter-time of man.

Lookin' back over th' years, there's always certain things a man can see; that is, provided his life's aim has been right. Th' ideal or pattern which a body sets himself bounds his vision and if the large outline be true, then th' detail will not be amiss.

One thing we realize as we get older is that a man never stops growin' and that as the body ages in years, the heart ages toward youth. Time is th' rider that breaks youth, but it is good for youth to be broken, to be gentled; a process of

education of which every man has two: that which he receives from others and that which he gives himself.

Bury a pebble and it will stay buried in the ground forever. But did you ever bury an acorn? It will follow a higher law and grow—up out of the ground. I figure that man has heavenly force of gravitation.

Standin' on the edge of life's winter, every really able person considers his work short of what it should have been and acknowledges that no man is ever truly successful or happy until he feels himself a part of the Infinite.

*Jeff J. Lincoln, U. S. A.*

fresh air. Now I sprinkle salt along the sill and they do not freeze.

—E. A. H., N. H.

## Shine Remover

For the blue suit that gets shiny, nothing is better than sponging with strong indigo bluing water and pressing with a black woolen cloth.

—M. H., Ind.

## Saves Time and Gas

In browning meringue for pies or puddings or in browning the top of beans, macaroni or puddings, place the article in the broiler or just below the oven burner and it browns in just a few minutes, without having to wait for the whole oven to be heated through.

—Mrs. R. W. R., Pa.

## Prone to Exaggerate

Patient: "Doctor, why does so small a cavity feel so large to the tongue?"

Dentist: "Just the natural tendency of your tongue to exaggerate, I suppose."

—Mrs. C. A. W., Pa.

## How to Treat Bittersweet

Bittersweet is often hard to get in the fall and it can be kept year after year if given proper care. When you take it down in the spring, wrap it in paper and put in a

Refreshing as iced lemonade . . .  
 the pure fruit flavor

of LEMON  
**JELL-O**  
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



**T**HE piquant sour-and-sweet of choice lemons and sugar, combined with delicate, crystal-clear gelatin! *That's* Lemon Jell-O! Serve it alone as a simple dessert—it woos the eye and wins the laggard appetite. Add to it fresh or preserved fruits—fluffy marshmallows—nuts—whipped cream. You have a richly festive dessert for the most elaborate occasion!

Use Lemon Jell-O for *salads*, too. Your tiny cubes of apple—your crisp celery—will not turn dark or lose their freshness even though prepared hours before serving. What's more, Jell-O's crystal beauty—the tang of its fresh-fruit flavor—adds a touch of magic to salads!

Isn't it delightful to know that *one* food we

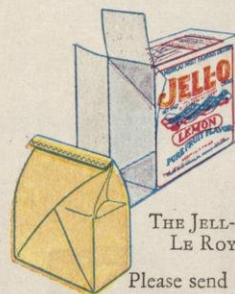
like and crave can be eaten without a fear? Jell-O is so easily digested that it's in a class by itself. Yet it brings important body-building nourishment.

Remember, there is only one Jell-O. Accept no imitations—practically every grocery store has the *real* Jell-O. It's as fine and pure a product as can be made—kept always fine and pure for you by the ingeniously sealed package . . . Five flavors—lemon, orange, strawberry, raspberry, and cherry—all from fresh, sun-ripened fruits!

“THROUGH THE MENU WITH JELL-O”  
*an important new recipe book, free*

Send for it! It tells how Jell-O can serve you

beautifully, tastefully, in every course of an elaborate dinner. It tells how Jell-O helps, too, to make “left-overs” more dainty and appetizing. Mail the coupon!



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 J.—W. W. 11-27

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3 231440 4 30  
MISS LILLIAN ANGUS  
COTTAGE GROVE WISC



## Off came the cloth— and the dough was chilled

HER small son decides to investigate, and quietly pulls the cloth off the bowl. And a cool breeze comes across the room from an open window, strikes the exposed dough and checks its rising.

If her flour had been of that sensitive variety which must be handled as carefully as old lace, this youthful prank might have meant a baking failure—rolls lacking in flavor, heavy, and coarse in texture.

But not with Pillsbury's Best Flour. Here is a flour of generous quality—such trifling accidents, as might upset a flour less carefully milled, have no effect on the things you bake with Pillsbury's Best.

Pillsbury's Best Flour is judged not merely by the way it works under the ideal conditions of a laboratory test kitchen. It is milled to a still higher standard—it must meet the demands of the everyday home kitchen, where accidents *will* happen to the best of cooks.

Pillsbury's Best Flour is tested every hour as it is milled. It is made from wheat bought by men who ransack the country for just the proper grade. It will bake anything you want—delicious pastry, biscuits, or good bread—with absolute certainty. And it will rise to an emergency because it has more strength and a higher quality than you usually need.

### Have you ever tried

the Pillsbury Basic Recipe Method? It shows you how to bake a hundred delicious foods from only four basic recipes. Now you can easily serve a greater variety of baked delicacies—housewives continually tell us it is the most convenient and successful baking method they have ever found. We will be glad to send you the whole method free—write for our booklet, "100 Foods from 4 Basic Recipes."

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY  
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

When ordinary flour fails, change to

# Pillsbury's Best Flour

Generous quality—for  
bread, biscuits and pastry

