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Woman's world: the magazine of the country. Vol. 47, No. 10 October, 1931

Chicago, IL : Manning Publishing Company, October, 1931

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WOMAN'S WORLD



OCTOBER · 1931

15 CENTS A COPY

Beginning—A Series of Outstanding Designs for Small American Homes by H. Roy Kelley

“THE SMITHS COME HOME”—A NOVEL by MRS. WILSON WOODROW

Fall Presentation of Styles » Fashion Notes from Paris » Hooked Rugs in Full Color

SALESPEOPLE EVERYWHERE

told me: "IVORY is safest for washing fine things"



Whether you live in the East or the West, you can learn in the fine shops of your own city what I traveled 4500 miles to learn.



In New York or San Francisco, salespeople recommended Ivory for silks oftener than all other soaps together.

MILES and miles of traveling . . . hundreds of smart shops to visit . . . So many lovely garments to admire . . . and *thousands* of interviews with expert saleswomen. That's been my life for several months!

Interesting, yes. And very informative. For I confirmed again one very important fact. Fashions may change . . . Lovely new fabrics appear . . . And new soaps make their bow . . . But salespeople in the finest shops say more enthusiastically than ever . . . "Ivory gives the safest care to all fine things."

"Use Ivory to wash fine silks, woolens, delicate cottons and rayons." I heard this not only in one city. And not only in a few stores. But in every store, in every one of 30 leading cities.

Salespeople in every city I visited advised Ivory oftener than all other soaps together. Ivory in one of its various forms—in the cake, or in the flake form, or in the new instant-dissolving form—Ivory Snow.

And isn't it natural? The most important virtue a fine-fabric soap can have is purity—gentleness. *And Ivory is pure and safe without question.* Pure and gentle enough to protect the rosy-posy skins of the five or six millions of babies it bathes every day. So pure and safe that salespeople recommend it above all other soaps for your finest and most delicate fabrics.

HOPE ANDREWS

- News! Ivory Flakes are now chiffon-thin! . . . kind to everything it touches
- Dissolve instantly in lukewarm water!

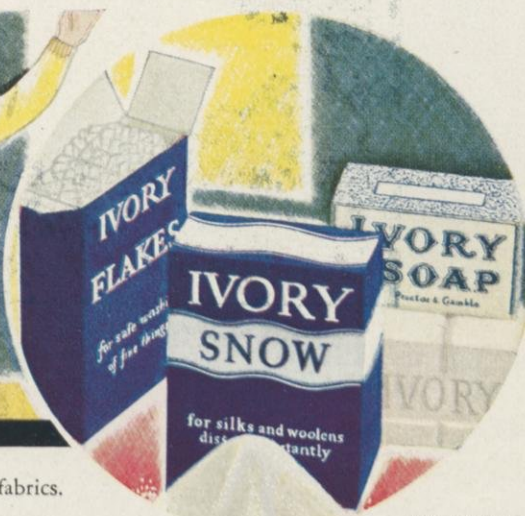
99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % Pure



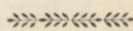
In Minneapolis or Memphis—"Ivory is safest for wool."



Ivory, kind to a baby's skin. Of course it's extra-safe for fine fabrics.



CONANT MANNING, President



GORDON P. MANNING, Vice President

CORA FRANCES SANDERS, Editor

Chicago's noted Planetarium, the first in the western hemisphere

CHICAGO has had its Dwight L. Moody, its David Swings, its Gunsauluses and its Shannons—men of eloquence and power—but the greatest preacher the city has ever known is not a man, but a machine. A machine that registers with uncanny accuracy the stars in the midnight sky, that measures their various speeds and plots their individual courses through countless millions of years. A machine that at the touch of a button shows you the heavens and the stars as they appeared ten thousand years ago, or as they will appear ten thousand years from now. A machine that proclaims with the authority of science, oddly enough, the glories of God and the wonders of this universe.

This machine is Chicago's new Planetarium—an awesome and unbelievably intricate mechanism of steel and glass which seems greater almost than the men who created it, and which is enshrined in a granite temple on an island especially made for it in the blue waters of Lake Michigan, where it overlooks the buildings on Chicago's skyline and beckons finite man to come out and refresh his soul with a glimpse of the workings of God's infinite plan.

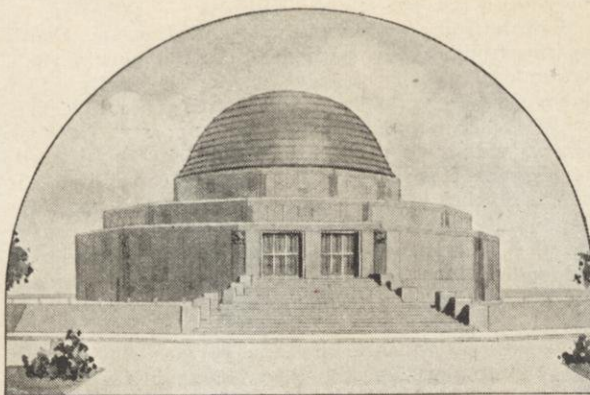
BRIEFLY, a planetarium is a "theater of the sky" in which the sun, moon and stars are the actors, and the sky the stage, on which the scenes may be set for different years and seasons, and for places far and near. A huge dome-shaped ceiling, seventy feet in diameter, linen-lined, serves as the reflector for an artificial sky, and a weird instrument rises in the center of the chamber.

Seated in a round inner chamber or demonstration room with the buildings of Chicago's famous lake shore painted in silhouette around the base of the great dome, one is conscious only of a considerable number of chairs filled with people. Not a particularly thrilling spectacle thus far—the thrills will come later—but one does wonder at the province of the strange dumb-bell-shaped apparatus suspended high in a steel framework.

At the hour appointed for the lecture—it might almost be called the interpretation of the drama—the heavily padded doors of the chamber are closed and the room is gradually darkened. Suddenly, one is out of doors on the clearest of nights with the firmament above all a-glitter with myriads of stars. Involuntarily a murmur of surprise and wonderment goes up, and then complete silence again. The illusion of being in the open air, far away from the glare of the city lights, is perfect.

Content in the knowledge that the sun will rise and set each day, and in admiring now and then the beauty and brilliance of the stars, few of us have given much thought to the wonders of the heavens, but after a visit to the Planetarium one has an entirely different conception of the plan and pattern of the universe.

A planetarium, as the instrument itself is also called, is a clear and time-saving method of studying astronomy. Even more than that, it is not



A Letter from the Editors

Dear Woman's World Subscriber:

One of the pleasant experiences for us during the vacation season just ended was to call at the homes of a number of subscribers in the states of Iowa, Wisconsin and Illinois. Sometimes on a shady porch, sometimes in the living-room, occasionally alongside a lily pool in the back yard, we asked many questions, and answered some, too. Once—we admit it regretfully—a cake, that was to have been decked with coconut trimmings, was burned while we discussed questions such as the nation-wide revival of interest in patchwork quilts, the family's favorite kind of dessert, and the amount of time a homemaker can spend on her personal appearance.

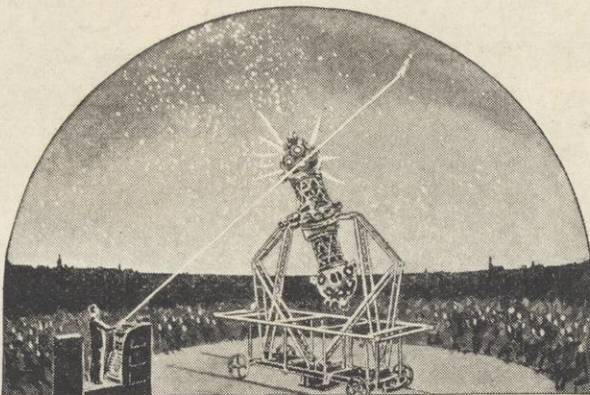
The information we obtained from these chats is of great value to us in planning Woman's World program for the coming year and we regret that time did not permit our extending the trip into other towns.

Maybe you who read this will take time to write us a letter telling what you do and don't like in Woman's World and what you would like added to it in the coming year. Next to a personal call, that will help us more than anything in giving you the magazine you want.

Cordially yours,

CORA F. SANDERS, Editor

RUTH L. EGDORF, Associate Editor



hampered by weather conditions. Quite all in a key with the speed of modern times, it is possible for this marvelous mechanism to present a twenty-four-hour performance of the heavens within a space of four minutes. The knowledge and skill of one hundred scientists and workmen and two years' time were required for the construction of the instrument. It is operated by seven electric motors. As it slowly rises and turns at the pleasure of the lecturer who controls the instrument board, it looks now and then like a huge monster with eyes gleaming in the darkness. By the simple turning of switches the stars and constellations are projected onto the sky, and are pointed out with an arrow of light. Verily all the "wonders from on high" are spread before our vision.

By means of the planetarium instrument it is possible for the lecturer to show within a few moments' time the motions of the sun, moon and planets over a long period of years. Quite contrary to Nature, Old Father Time, by means of the planetarium, can be turned backward, and we can see first-hand the constellations of our own latitude in their positions centuries ago. The demonstrations vary from month to month according to the seasons; thus in June the lecture topic is The Midnight Sun; the Heavens at the North Pole. In August, one may learn about The Southern Sky and the Southern Cross, while in January the demonstration deals with Winter Constellations in the Home Sky.

Encircling the inner chamber in which the demonstrations take place are the exhibit halls constituting the museum. Here are displayed old and rare astronomical instruments.

The intense interest in the Planetarium can best be expressed in the number of its visitors. Within the first year, these totaled nearly three-quarters of a million; by the time this article is read, the number will have long passed the million mark.

THE Planetarium is the gift of Mr. Max Adler of Chicago: "To further the progress of science—to guide to an understanding of the majesty of the heavens—to emphasize that under the great celestial firmament there is order, interdependence and unity."

The building itself is of oriental design, twelve-sided, supporting a large copper dome. The exterior is of rainbow granite from Minnesota, and much of the interior is of Tennessee marble. It seems fitting indeed that the north and south should both contribute their share to the structure, and that the instrument itself should be a product of the eastern hemisphere. Since the Planetarium is to be included within the World's Fair grounds, it cannot fail to be one of the greatest attractions of the "Century of Progress" in 1933.

The cities of Philadelphia and Los Angeles are now working on plans for planetaria which will be similar to this one, and within a year or two will offer the same opportunities for studying the wonders of the sky on the east and west coasts.

The Smiths Come Home

Nay, they were borne home triumphantly, resplendent in fine raiment and attended by long lines of servitors—these Smiths who a short decade ago had been the objects of town charity and who now threatened to rend the social structure of Middleboro over the manner of their reception

By MRS. WILSON WOODROW

Illustrated by PHILIP LYFORD

OPPORTUNITY, the angel which is said to knock once-at-every man's door, had folded his wings early one September morning over the town of Middleboro and dropped softly down. He passed unobserved through the business sections, now shuttered and empty, and strolled through the best residential districts, surveying appreciatively the houses, old and new, set back under spreading trees on the wide lawns. Then, leaving them also behind, he passed through narrower streets, with houses growing meaner and more dilapidated, until he stopped by one near the railroad tracks.

The angel paused at the gate, sagging on its hinges and fastened to the paling fence with a loop of frayed rope. His attention had been caught by a little girl of about ten years who was pulling a broken-down easy chair under a large cherry tree and deftly smoothing an old comfort over it. A fairy child who moved as if there were wings on her feet, and looked from under her golden curls with eyes as blue-green as turquoises.

Of all the hierarchy, none has the sense of humor which marks Opportunity, and now he gazed at the child indulgently, with an amused, ironic smile deepening on his face. Opening the gate, he walked across the yard, bare of grass, and knocked on the white-brown, blistered front door. Immediately, without waiting for an answer, he spread his bright wings and vanished above the cherry tree.

The knock was answered by a tall, red-haired woman who looked about, surprised at seeing no one. "I was sure I heard a knock. Myrtle Belle," she called to the child, "did you see anybody?"

Myrtle Belle shook her head.

"Funny!" her mother said. "Oh, well, we're all liable to be wrong. Now, listen. I'll be at Miss Baker's all day. She's having the Book Club this afternoon. You start the boys up to Mis' Crowe's, she wants them to weed and mow the grass and all that; and when he's ready, give Papa Smith a nice breakfast. See that he has his magazines and books handy. It's going to be a fine day and he'll probably stay outside."

"Sure," said Myrtle Belle obediently. "And when I get things all redd up, can I go and play with Sarafeen?" She had sung in Sunday school of cherubim and seraphim, and she thought her little friend's name, Sara, was a shortening of the longer word which she pronounced Sarafeen.

"I don't see why not," Imogene Smith answered. "Wash yourself good first, and put on the old pink. It's fresh-ironed, but faded and torn; and don't wear your Sunday shoes, put on those with the toes bursted out. Look—you know—clean but poor."

Myrtle Belle nodded with brightening eyes as she followed her mother into the house. "Don't forget the taking-home basket, Mom. Miss Baker always has plenty at her parties, so you bring home something of everything, will you?"

"Get the basket out now." Mrs. Smith was throwing about her shoulders Mrs. Seth Work's last year's crepe de

chine coat, and jauntily adjusting on her red head one of Mrs. Sheldon's old black hats. Then, taking up the market basket and slipping a capacious string bag over her wrist, she left the house.

Banish from mind the picture of Imogene Smith as the traditional charwoman. As the general factotum of Middleboro, she bore herself lightly, even haughtily. Her profession was that of general cleaner, whitewasher, anything that came up; and she was always willing to turn her hand to any job offered, regardless of previous experience or capability. An astute psychologist, she had early impressed upon the community mind that it was not only a duty but a privilege to employ her, and now she was as inevitable as death or taxes in the homes of the local aristocracy.

Her husband, a handsome and husky man, was unable to assist her by earnings, the care of the house, or by looking after the children. He was afflicted with an obscure nervous disease, a phobia in fact, which took the form of an intense fear of any physical exertion. If a job were even mentioned in his presence, he would grow limp, almost lifeless. There were hard, unsympathetic men who grew tired, as they expressed it, of seeing that hulk leaning over the fence all day long talking to the idle passer-by, or sitting in his chair under the tree, reading, and they busied themselves to find some light work for him.

MR. SMITH always meekly accepted these assignments and would start out bravely, but before he reached the garden patch he was to hoe or the lawn he was to rake, he was sure to fall in a fit of dizziness upon the sidewalk and have to be carried home. Finally, Mrs. Smith put her foot down once and for all on the meddlesome attempts to turn the dreamer into the toiler.

Imogene Smith left the neuroses to Papa Smith and

accorded him full liberty to enjoy them, while she went her blithe way, untrammelled by inhibitions of any sort. Her cup might seem a bitter one to many, but to her it evidently tasted like champagne, and had the same exhilarating effect.

Later in the morning, when her father was comfortably established in his chair, with a pile of old magazines and a tattered volume of the Encyclopedia beside him, Myrtle Belle, in the old pink and with her toes sticking out from her worn little shoes, took her way unconcernedly to Sara's house.

IT WAS a stately mansion of old red brick with a bed of day-lilies at the side and a large garden a little to the rear; behind that was the kitchen garden with raspberry and currant bushes, and beyond was an apple orchard. Myrtle Belle went in by what was known as the alley gate and around the house to the garden. There she found both Sara and her mother. Mrs. Condon was cutting flowers and laying them in a flat basket which Sara held.

Sara was one of those thin, shy, big-eyed children, a bit overgrown and awkward, but her whole face lighted up at the sight of Myrtle Belle. Myrtle Belle was the perfect playmate; she represented audacity, invention, adventure. She could devise games and infuse them with excitement and suspense. Mrs. Condon also glanced up as the child approached; she saw the starched, torn frock, faded white in splotches, and the worn-out shoes, but beyond that her beauty-loving eyes discerned the grace and the brightness. She could almost hear Imogene Smith beginning one of her dramatic orations:

"Look at her, Miss Lucia. Rags from her head to her feet! She's got no going-to-school shoes, nor no going-to-Sunday-school shoes, either. Is my little child to do without an education and a religion because they don't allow her at school or church naked? I work and I slave, but it's all I can do to keep a roof over their heads and victuals in their mouths, let alone clothes on their backs. Imogene Smith has her pride. She'd starve before she'd ask or beg for even the wrapping of a finger, but there's a few of her ladies who have great big hearts and consciences, too, and that's why I'm here."

There was a speculative, misty look in her mother's eyes which Sara recognized with a slight chill of apprehension. Mrs. Condon adored playing Lady Bountiful. She loved nothing more than dressing the doll, and in her impulsive enthusiasm she sometimes made inroads on Sara's wardrobe which Sara mourned in secret.

There was that new blue dress. Sara drew in her breath quickly as she thought of it. It was beautiful; she had watched the stitches taken in it by Mrs. Walsh, who came to the house to sew. It was finished yesterday afternoon, and she had got up early this morning and run to the closet to look at it.

"Sara, go up to the house and tell Mary to send me down some of your last fall's dresses." Sara scampered.

TILLY'S EYES TWINKLED WITH GOOD-NATURED MALICE. "THEN SHE'LL BE READY TO PICK ON YOU"





WITH THE GARDEN BEHIND HER, MYRTLE BELLE WAS A PICTURE. THERE WAS AWE AND ECSTASY IN HER EYES

"And, Sa-ra,"—the child stopped, that premonitory chill sending prickles through her scalp and down into her finger-tips—"just for fun, bring along your new blue. Oh!" impatiently, "I am not going to give it away, I only want to see how it looks on her."

Sara's feet lagged. She knew better than to trust promises. Let her mother grow a little intoxicated by giving and she would throw practical considerations to the winds. Her mind was in confusion and her heart was heavy as lead. Her loyalty to her friend did not waver, but she could not understand why everything desirable came to Myrtle Belle: freedom to do as she pleased all day long without reproof, climb to the top of the highest trees, wander where she would—everything.

SARA also knew better than to beg to keep her own property, for Mrs. Condon, her first fine frenzy of giving spent, was apt to have a reaction which manifested itself in irritability. She would say that she wished to hear no more of the matter. Sara had enough new frocks, and Mrs. Walsh was not coming to the house again, and when her daughter said her prayers that night, she should pray for the heart of the cheerful giver.

In a little while, Sara returned with the frocks on one thin arm, some shoes Mary had thrown in dangling from her hand. The new blue was concealed beneath them all.

Myrtle Belle slipped off the faded pink, and Mrs. Condon took one frock at a time and threw it over the child's head. Then she stepped back in the path to get the effect. It was always good. She glanced at Sara with a slightly impatient frown. Sara's face was sullen and unhappy, she was standing like a crane with her left foot twisted about her right ankle; one stocking had wrinkled down. She was all angles and awkwardness.

Mrs. Condon had come to the blue frock. She explained to Myrtle Belle that it wasn't to be given away, she just wanted to see how it looked, and it also went over the child's head. Even Sara was a little dazzled. That blue was Myrtle Belle's own color, and with the garden behind her, she was a picture. She was touching the frock with butterfly, caressing pats and mak-

ing soft, cooing sounds. There was awe and ecstasy in the turquoise eyes uplifted to Mrs. Condon's.

Lucia Condon's response was immediate. "Oh, my child!" she exclaimed, "it was made for you. I wasn't satisfied with it from the first for Sara. It is far too bright a blue for her; it makes her look dark and sallow. Yes, you must have it. Sara," sharply, "tell Myrtle Belle how glad you are to give it to her."

Sara swallowed hard; the words wouldn't come. There was a salty taste in her mouth, as if the tears she was trying hard to keep back were running down into her throat.

Fortunately, the moment was saved. A lady and a boy of about twelve were coming down the path; the lady stopped and put up her lorgnette. "Where did you get the Dresden china figurine, Lucia?" she asked.

Mrs. Condon smiled. "I'll tell you in a minute. Sara, take Myrtle Belle up to the house and let her put on the green frock. Then you two little girls and Alan here can play in the orchard for awhile." She put her arm through her friend's. "Come on up to the porch, Laura."

It was a happy and satisfactory day for Myrtle Belle.

Luck was also on the side of Imogene Smith. She spent the morning in that busy refurbishing and active stir that goes on in a home where sharp-eyed housekeepers are shortly to be gathered; but, as the hour neared four in the afternoon, she was engaged in those final personal preparations befitting one who was to be on the door.

She had a special manner for these occasions, a nice blend of the graciousness of a hostess and the subdued politeness of a maid. No family butler had anything on her. With her afternoon party smile set firmly on her face, she received all comers, whether friend or foe.

WHEN most of the guests had arrived, she sat down temporarily in one of the hall chairs, placing herself so that she could see the belated stragglers making short-cuts across the lawn, and at the same time hear bits of conversation from the drawing-room.

There was the rap of a gavel; the minutes were read and the reports of the secretary and treasurer given. Then Mrs. Mound arose and unfolded her manuscript. The subject was, "Woman. Whither Is She Tending?"

It was an essay largely composed of quotations. Mrs. Mound read in a raised, precise voice, with her broad "a's" stressed and her "r's" painstakingly slurred.

"Dr. Beatrice Hinkle asks," she began impressively, "How often is the modern wife sick with an illness for which she cannot account, possessed with an inexplicable dissatisfaction distressing to both herself and her husband?" She then goes on to say that what the patient needs is 'the bringing forth of those masculine functions of independent thought and feeling in the service of herself as a human individual.' Let us consider thoughtfully this statement."

Imogene Smith yawned. Mrs. Mound, intent on presenting both sides of the picture, and leaving a nice mental jumble in the minds of her hearers, had dropped Dr. Hinkle and turned to Gina Lombroso.

The latter found no more favor in Imogene's eyes than the former. She had not backed into the home as Madame Lombroso advised, nor yet marched out of it. She stood, as it were, with one foot in it and one on the world and juggled her affairs as gayly as a prestidigitator does plates, four or five in the air at once.

THE final straggler arrived and Mrs. Smith took her way back to the kitchen. There she found a scene of relaxed efficiency. The cook turned from her pan of light rolls, ready to be placed in the oven at a certain moment by the clock. The chauffeur swung the cord of the window shade and lounged at his ease. He broke off in his repartee with two maids who, black-frocked, white-aproned and capped, had announced that they were resting their feet before the serving began.

"Well," he asked brightly as Mrs. Smith entered, "got your hens all shooed in?"

"Yes," she answered, pouring herself a cup of coffee from the pot on the back of the range and generously adding sugar and rich cream. "Miss Hart came running in, squawking, 'I do believe, Imogene, I'm late.' Just like she hadn't been saying it for the last ten or fifteen years."

"What are the old devils gabbling about this afternoon?" asked the cook.

"Their problems," Imogene (Continued on page 16)

By
FANNIE
KILBOURNE



Illustrated
by
THOMAS
FOGARTY

ON SUNDAY PEOPLE HURRIED BACK FROM CHURCH AND STAYED HOME FROM GOLF TO WORK OR TO WATCH

Good Will Week

Flowery speeches could not unite the town organizations but gratitude to a fellow townsman brought ordinary, quarreling human beings together, and love for him built a house, solid and firm, ready for any winter wind

WHEN Clinton first began to get organized for Good Will Week, all I thought of was of being proud and willing to do my share. I'm sure there's nobody living here who loves the town any more than I do. I get a real thrill whenever I'm coming home from away somewhere and feel old Number Seven slowing up for the bend and know it's whistling for Clinton.

The idea of Good Will Week had been started by a speaker that the Boost Clinton Club had in the spring. I've forgotten his name but he was a wonderful orator. Though he came from Chicago, he said he'd always remained a small town man at heart. He had a beautiful way of putting things, spoke so feelingly of our community solidarity and of the new Clinton Hospital as being a living monument to the brotherhood of man.

The audience was very responsive. I sat there, my-

self, all of a dampish glow, wiping my eyes from sheer pride and thanking heaven I hadn't happened to be born in Warren or Magnolia.

He was a wonderful speaker. The Warren Woman's Club had him, too, and the Magnolia Chamber of Commerce. Everybody who heard him there was crazy about him, too. From reports I heard, he must have kidded Magnolia along a little about its new city hall, which was tactful of him.

It was right after his speech that the different Clinton organizations got together and decided to have a Clinton Good Will Week. We have lots of other weeks, of course, like State Music Week and Clean-up Week and Christmas Chest Week, but this was to be different. Good Will Week was to be for Clinton as a whole, all the town organizations working together. It was a beautiful idea.

It's a queer thing how your ideas and motives do sometimes get mixed up on you. I swear that when our Junior Woman's Club decided to have a reception for Good Will Week, I was thinking about nothing in the world except what a good town Clinton is. But, of course, it's perfectly possible to think of two different things at the same time. And there was no denying that a reception offered the very opportunity that some of us married girls had been waiting for, for months. A chance to get even with Laura Fay Gardner.

SHE is Mrs. Richard Gardner and though she is only three or four years older than our crowd, she has got very stout and goes in heavily for black satin dresses and lots of pearl beads. And she has come to be considered as about the most important younger woman in Clinton. She is everlastingly having her picture in

the paper. Heaven knows, we're none of us girls jealous or catty and we wouldn't have minded that at all, if Laura Fay had done it by fair means. But she certainly has not.

It was Janice who caught on to her first. "You just notice," Janice said, "and you'll see that it's only the showy jobs she ever takes. You'll never see Laura Fay in a rubber apron helping in the kitchen at one of the church suppers, or canvassing for something on the other side of the tracks. Oh, no, she always manages to get on the Reception Committee where she stands beside the mayor and welcomes the visiting celebrity."

"I wouldn't mind her always getting the lion's share of the credit," Mrs. Paul Norton took it up, "if she ever did even a fair share of the work. But she never does. She always manages to be the chairman of the committee, but she takes good care to get some of the real workers under her and she lets them do all the work. But she's right on hand when the 'Monitor' wants somebody's photograph."

It was all perfectly true. Laura Fay pretends to be terribly interested in every good cause. But the one and only thing she really cares about is getting ahead socially and being considered and advertised as the most prominent young clubwoman in Clinton.

We'd discovered this months ago and had agreed that something ought to be done about it. But it's one of those intangible things that it's awfully hard to do anything practical about. We had agreed that we'd have to wait till just the right occasion came along. And the longer we waited, the more irritated and impatient we had all become.

When the Junior Woman's Club decided to give a Good Will reception, we all sighed in sudden relief. Our chance had come at last.

We weren't going to do anything so terribly mean—nothing but what Laura Fay herself had done time after time. Whenever she found herself in a position that meant a little actual work and no glory, she always found some good excuse to duck out at the last minute. She would have grippe or one of the children would be sick or some distant relative of Richard's would die—it was always something. And the rest of us, who worked right through our own and our children's minor sicknesses and wouldn't consider any death but our own a real excuse, would have to fall to and pull the thing off. Then Laura Fay always recovered miraculously in time for the hand-shaking or tea-pouring and to smile smugly and accept everybody's praise for her excellent work.

NOW, we were simply going to give her a dose of her own medicine. It was great fun to see her pulling wires, as usual, to get herself made chairman of the Good Will reception committee.

And how hard it was to keep from smiling when she announced her committee, all good hard workers. She smiled her patronizing smile at me and said she was going to make me her first lieutenant.

I accepted the position politely and so did all the others. Laura Fay appointed Janice, Elva, Helen Shelby and two or three others. All us old stand-bys who could be depended upon to fall to at the last minute.

Only this time, for once, we were all going to fall the other way. About three days before the reception, Janice was suddenly going to have to go to Chicago. It was Roger's vacation and she had been planning on this all summer, but she just neglected to mention it to Laura Fay. The same day, Helen Shelby's second cousin in St. Paul was going to die, though he didn't know it yet. Elva and Peg Simmons both had wonderful excuses ready. I had about made up my mind to have the twins' tonsils out.

We were going to encourage Laura Fay right up to the last minute, let her have her picture in the "Monitor," her name on the Good Will posters and club bulletins, be announced from all the pulpits. We were going to let her get away with having all the fame, just as usual. Only this time, for once in her life, she was going to be left with every bit of the work. And if she fell down on it, as she probably would, all Clinton would know what a false alarm she was.

Of course, our Junior Woman's reception wouldn't be quite as conspicuous as we would have liked for our purpose, because practically every other organization in town was also giving something for Good Will Week. The Firemen's Good Will parade, the Boost Clinton Club's Good Will testimonial banquet, the Woman's Club Good Will rally luncheon, every church in town was having special Good Will service hours.

Jack was on the banquet committee and I was surprised when he told me that they were going to have

old Doctor Crawford for one of the guests of honor, right along with the mayor and Senator Scoggins and Mr. Burris, who is president of the First National Bank. Doctor Crawford isn't rich or important or anything, like these other men. He's just an old doctor who has quit practising now; it was over fifty years ago that he first hung out his shingle on Main Street.

He and his wife lived in the same little story-and-a-half cottage they had started out in. He never made any money, though some of the doctors who came in afterward have really done awfully well for themselves. But Doctor Crawford never thought about making money. He knew all his patients too well; when he knew that a family was having hard going, he'd never even send them a bill. I can remember riding around with him sometimes in his shabby old buggy when I was a tiny girl, and he never got anything better than a shabby old flivver. But the Clinton families that have listened and prayed for the rattle of that old car on a winter night!

IN A way, of course, Doctor Crawford did seem a good guest of honor for any Clinton banquet. Everybody in town—and outside, too, for that matter—knew him. In the early days, he was always called "the Clinton doctor" and he took care of all the farming country around the town, too. But he isn't important in the prominent way that Mr. Burris or Senator Scoggins are; he's just gone plugging along in his quiet way.

As a matter of fact, they couldn't get Doctor Crawford for the Good Will banquet, anyway. He was in Peoria visiting his daughter and he couldn't get back in time.

Good Will Week was turning out to be one of the most ambitious things Clinton had ever attempted. When I saw that all the churches were to be open every noon hour for special services and that they were putting up bleachers all along Main Street for the Good Will parade, I did feel a little guilty about what we were planning to do in the Junior Woman's Club. Of course, our one little club garden party wasn't such a very big part of the whole town celebration, still it didn't seem quite loyal to Clinton to take a chance of making our reception a complete flop.

Of course, we girls had kept our little plot a dead secret, none of us mentioning it even to our husbands. Only a few days before the beginning of Good Will Week, though, I had a scare, thinking it must have leaked out some way because, when I met Mrs. Long on Main Street, she asked me how the Good Will garden party was coming along.

And she looked at me very oddly, with a kind of sneering smile. That is one thing I can't stand about Clinton—the way everybody always knows all of everybody else's business. And as for an ill-natured old gossip like Mrs. Long—well, there's simply no keeping anything from her.

However, as she went on talking, I saw that for a wonder she didn't really seem to know about our little scheme. That wasn't what she was sneering at in particular. It was the entire idea of Clinton Good Will Week.

"Good Will Week!" she said with her mean, cackling laugh. "That's a good joke. This town ain't got enough good will to last five minutes. Heh! Heh! Heh!"

"Oh, Mrs. Long," I said, shocked, "I don't see how you can say that. Why, you've lived here in Clinton all your life."

"Living in one town all your life don't have to make a fool of you," she said. "I guess I got eyes in my head and can see what goes on right under 'em. Look at what's going on about Good Will Week."

"What is going on about it?" I asked, puzzled.

And though Jack was on the Good Will banquet committee and had talked to me a lot about their plans and Father had told me a good deal about what the Merchants' Club was doing in the way of floats for the Good Will parade, Mrs. Long proceeded to tell me a lot of things they'd failed to mention.

"It's touch and go whether there'll be any parade at all or not," she said. "The firemen are mad about the chemical company from Magnolia being invited and they say they won't march."

"Oh, but they will when the time comes," I said. "Of course there'll be a parade—why, they've got the bleachers half built already."

"Half built's right, heh, heh, heh! That old fool, Plum Wakeman, put on two non-union men to speed up the bleachers and all the union men quit work on the band-stand. Don't make no difference, though. There won't be any music, anyhow. The band's fighting among themselves."

"Well, but—" I began, feeling a little uneasy in spite of myself; I'd heard rumors myself about there being a little unexpected trouble in the band.

"The school ain't going to let out parade day, either," Mrs. Long went on triumphantly. "The superintendent's mad at the board of education's stepping in and ordering it. He says Good Will or no Good Will, he should have been consulted first, and if he lets the board start going over his head, he'll never know where he's at."

"Oh, he'll have to close the schools, in the afternoon, anyway. The Boy Scouts are having lemonade booths all along Main Street."

"No, they ain't," Mrs. Long denied. "The Scout Master had his feelings hurt by the Water Street minister and he's resigned. And the Campfire kids won't take over the booths because they think they should have been asked in the first place."

And she went on triumphantly about the city council not liking the plans for the illuminations, and heaven knows what more that I didn't even listen to. There were so many things that I'd have accused her of imagining them or making them up, except that suddenly I thought of the little stunt we were pulling off in our own Junior Woman's Club.

The terrible thing about mean cynics like Mrs. Long is that they really are right. I couldn't deny that every word she was saying was true. And she didn't know the half of it, either. How much more she could have said if she'd known the plot our Junior Woman's Club, for instance, had hatched! Yet, I knew that if I went to all the girls on the committee and begged them, in the name of Clinton Good Will, to give up the idea of getting even with Laura Fay Gardner, they'd laugh in my face.

I COULDN'T blame them; I had to admit that I didn't want to give it up myself. I recalled how, yesterday, Laura Fay had told the editor of the "Monitor," in her smug, patronizing way, that I was going to help her a little with a few of the practical details of the reception. Tiresome details, her tone intimated, beneath an important person like herself.

I had thought, before I'd talked to Mrs. Long, that I'd have to be on my guard at the Good Will banquet, not to let it make me weaken and feel kindly toward everybody, even Laura Fay Gardner. There is nearly always something quite moving about a big Clinton affair, just seeing so many familiar faces all together.

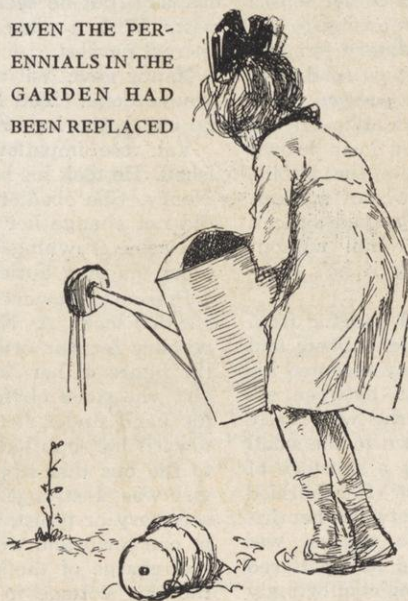
I needn't have worried about the banquet affecting me any, though. Everybody was there in their best clothes, just as usual—in fact, there was a bigger crowd than usual. But of all the bores! I suppose growing up is mostly finding out that a lot of nice things you used to believe aren't so. Why, honestly, I began to wonder if getting excited about a town was like believing in Santa Claus. I sat there trying to get used to the idea that Clinton wasn't really anything special, that it wasn't anything but a place where a lot of different people happened to live, that was all.

The banquet hall was decorated with goldenrod that the Campfire Girls had donated and I saw Mr. Lamb, whose florist shop hadn't got the order, looking around at it as if he hoped it would give the committee hay fever. The speeches were long and very full of good will and local pride but, heavens, they didn't really mean anything. People clapped politely at the proper points, but their hearts weren't in it.

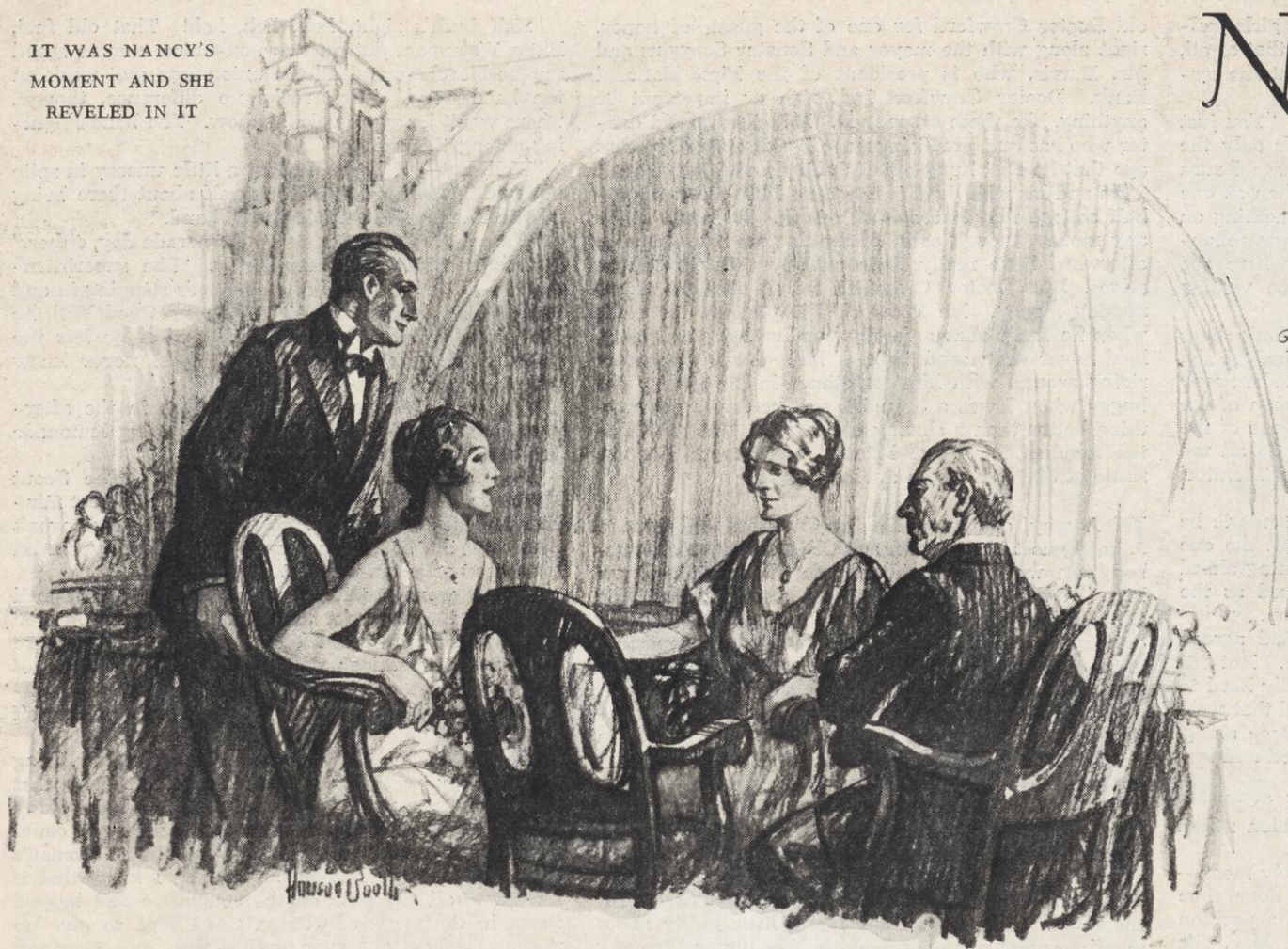
To make it worse, the banquet room was too hot and it made everybody sleepy. A little fire had broken out on Main Street around seven o'clock and all the younger men were restless and disappointed not to have been at it. By ten o'clock, most people were holding their menus so that you couldn't see that they were yawning behind them; men were sneaking looks at their watches under the table.

At last it was the closing (Continued on page 23)

EVEN THE PER-
ENNIALS IN THE
GARDEN HAD
BEEN REPLACED



IT WAS NANCY'S
MOMENT AND SHE
REVELED IN IT



Nancy's Corsage

By ZOE MCKENZIE SMITH

than her age. There were lines between the sweet brown eyes that gazed back at her so wide and dark and frightened. Her chestnut hair was pushed away from her face and held by an old side-comb stuck at a most unbecoming angle. Her lovely mouth was drooping and grim. Her eyes filled.

"I'm just the kind," she whispered. "I'm just the kind! You can read it in any story. The hard-working wife that stays home and has babies, and meals ready, and buttons on, and never gets any new clothes or goes anywhere or has any fun, but tries so hard to be saving so that he will have m-money to buy into the business, is always the one he outgrows and tires of and runs away from to some girl who doesn't give a d-darn whether he ever gets a chance to enter business in a dignified way or not!"

Let's live life gallantly, keep our banners flying and the band playing, even if we go on the rocks! That was the code of two young things who began their fight for success with no weapons but an empty purse, a bouquet of flowers and their love for each other

HOWARD VALOR was the kind of gay-spirited young man that any woman in her senses would hate to send out every morning to the artifices of a world full of predatory females. Val had those dark blue-gray eyes that go so devastatingly with coal-black hair. Eyes that seemed made for quick, meaning glances, that flashed alike on the just and the unjustly pretty. He had a keen brown face with its youthful structure bare to the public, for he had not yet attained to the jowls of success. No feminine gaze, be it that of dreamy-eyed sixteen or of reminiscent sixty, could rest on him without provoking that inward query, "I wonder if he's married?"

Val was married, and happily married, judging from the way he whistled in his bath. He tubbed and shaved every morning, and though Nancy resented his superb unconsciousness that the hours between six and nine were for her simply hectic, she was really proud of a cleanliness otherwise unknown to the small town of Marshville. There was always a shortage of hot water just when she needed it most. She hurried around mornings with a little frown between her intent brown eyes. That characteristic pucker was there on a certain Friday morning as she pattered swiftly here and there, her voice crooning comfortingly to the babies.

Val emerged abruptly with a warm, clean smell of soap and talcum, sat down at the small table and attacked his toast and eggs, drinking his coffee in careful gulps. Nancy did not eat. She never tried to eat till Val was gone, the babies quieted and the most pressing duties done. She was boiling bottles and making gruel. She was putting spinach through the colander. She was squeezing out the orange juice. She was measuring milk, lime-water and sugar for the bottles. The baby was crying, her little voice rising in gusts of angry resentment that service should be delayed. Howard, Junior, aged two and a half, beat on the metal tray of his high-chair and called lustily for "gegg," though this was not his morning for egg. A faucet was dripping maddeningly.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Val, turning a dark look on his wife accusingly, "why can't we eat in peace? Howard! Be still!"

The small replica of Howard Valor paused in astonishment, but he seemed to gain fresh strength by the rest. With a wide mouth and big tears, he howled in real earnest.

Nancy gave Val a furious glance. "Now, see what you've done! You hurt his feelings. He didn't know he was bothering anyone."

Val rose impatiently, leaving his breakfast unfinished. He took his hat, leaned over to kiss preoccupied Nancy. She obediently turned her lips to him but she did not change her expression. She kissed him with the same frowning efficiency that she used in all her other morning duties. She didn't give him a real glance.

Presently, however, she took time to give him a long, startled look. As Nancy settled Baby Rose in a sunny window for her orange juice, her careless eye caught the figure of her husband running boyishly to join a girl who stood obviously waiting for him. Val tucked his hand under her elbow, bent his head laughingly toward her uplifted, wide-eyed look and hurried to the bus that stopped for them at the corner. The girl was a stranger to Nancy, evidently somebody's secretary or typist, and no doubt did as Val did—lived in one town and worked in another. For, though Val had charge of the office in Plainview, he still owned the tiny cottage in Marshville. They made a pretty picture, young and laughing and care-free, as Val swung the girl up the step and followed close, his dark head almost touching her pert hat.

NANCY stood there, the bottle of orange juice still in her hand. "I wonder," she said aloud in a strange, slow tone, "how long this has been going on?"

Suddenly she was conscious of the baby's screams, of the bawling and spoon-beating of Howard, of something boiling over on the stove, of the tap dripping maddeningly into the sink. She propped Rose's bottle in folds of the pillow so that the baby gurgled into contented silence, but Nancy was walking in her sleep. She was not conscious of the work which had become the beguiling activity of her married life. She turned and saw her reflection in the Colonial mirror she had bought for ninety-eight cents and hung above a polished table backed up against the wall.

She looked, in that moment of stress, years older

away the noisy, jingly things with great care. Through the space between the drawn-back ruffled curtains she caught a glimpse of a hurrying masculine figure. Tall and slim, and wearing flannels. Carrying, too, as a romantic touch, a box unmistakably from the florist. Nancy recognized the gay wrappings. She thought immediately of Maybelle Finch, the girl who lived in the shingled bungalow at the top of the hill. Maybelle was one of those girls who make other women feel discouraged about men. Maybelle Finch was absolutely useless except as an ornament, and yet, didn't Nancy see constantly a regular procession of young men, apparently educated and of good taste, going doggedly and determinedly to that shingled bungalow in search of a cook, housekeeper and general manager of their respective incomes? Without putting it into words, she placed the unknown at Maybelle's feet.

There was a knock.

Nancy opened the door. There stood the young man with the florist's package. Nancy waited for him to ask the way to the home of Maybelle Finch. Evidently he was a new one. But the young man smiled a friendly, astonishing smile. "Well, Nancy, don't you know me? Bob? Don't you remember Bob Crale?"

"Bob," repeated Nancy stupidly. "Oh, yes, Bob Crale!" But she had to send her mind hurrying along a country lane to a little white house where her sister Nona lived. Her pretty sister, Nona, who had married Bill Crale. Not only married Bill, but his whole family, and had to wait on them from morning till night. Poor Nona! Nancy remembered the hot, flushed face of her sister as she bent over the stove, the snap in her eyes as she told of the lazy worthlessness of Bill's young brother, Bob, who thought himself too clever to work.

"He must have changed," Nancy told herself as she gave him her hand. "Boys develop, grow up."

Bob Crale cast a pleased eye around the comfortable living-room. He laid down his hat with friendly assurance, and, with a gesture that smacked of knightly origin, presented the florist's box in its gay wrappings.

"Oh!" Nancy's lips rounded into a soft bud of astonishment. "For me? No, not for me. You are just asking for my opinion, Bob. You have a girl in town and are on the way to her. I gave you to Maybelle

Finch when I saw you going along the walk!" Her fingers fairly trembled over the intricate narrow ribbons. Her face was flushed, her brown eyes alight.

Bob grinned appreciatively. "I don't forget a pretty girl even if she is some other man's wife."

"Oh! Oh! Bob!" cried Nancy. "Oh, a corsage! I've never had a corsage in my life!"

It was an exquisite affair, blended and harmonized. Lavender sweet peas and creamy roses warm with blushes, and other flowers skilfully added, flowers she could not name.

Nancy drew a long breath. "Oh, Bob, it's simply gorgeous! I don't see how you ever happened to think of giving me such a marvelous thing."

"Just a courtesy to a fair lady," explained Bob elegantly. "Better lay it in the ice-box," he suggested, "so it will keep fresh."

"Of course!" assented Nancy gayly, and tripped kitchenward. In the afternoon orderliness of that domain, she hesitated a long, wistful moment. She wished she dared go and slip into something else! But she couldn't, of course. And yet she knew how ludicrous she must have looked with that corsage. A corsage! Why, even to see her with it in her hand must have been screamingly funny. Such an unsuitable person! Look at her hair. Look at that old pink house dress that would have gone to the rag bag long ago if she had not been so desperately saving. She went to the tiny mirror in the kitchen, combed and fluffed her hair, and sighed with distress. She was untidy and unkempt.

"A corsage!" she murmured disrespectfully to her image, but her eyes were very bright and eager, and her whole face had a lighted, happy look.

She had a very pleasant hour with Bob before he dashed off.

After Bob's departure, Nancy enjoyed herself even more; that evening, before Val could grasp the knob, the door opened on an excited, scintillating Nancy.

"Hello there!" Val exclaimed, surprised and pleased as if he hadn't seen her for some time, as indeed he hadn't. Not the Nancy who greeted him now.

"Oh, Val!" she cried, "a young man called on me this afternoon!"

Val, if he felt any jealousy, certainly gave no sign of an inner gnawing. "Bob Crale?" he asked lazily, taking up his small son.

Nancy nodded. "How did you know?"

"Stopped in Plainview as he went through. Came in to see me. I went to the bank with him so he could cash a check. Told him where we lived."

Nancy's face suffused rosily. "He brought me something!" she sang out, "something I never had before! Something lovely and gorgeous! Oh—but there! I'm not going to tell you any more about it till after dinner. I want to surprise you."

THEY made a hasty meal, then after the dishes were stacked, Nancy darted away and presently returned with such a slow and languid step that Val was shocked into raising his head from the evening paper, to see what ailed the girl. She stood poised in the doorway, one hand held lightly against her hip.

She twirled before him, but as he still remained calm, she explained crossly, "This corsage! See? This gorgeous corsage Bob brought me!"

"Great," agreed Val mildly. "But, hon, is that a new dress you're wearing?"

She whirled lightly, delightedly. "Like it?"

"I guess so. It's the girl inside it I really like, hon. But you didn't go and buy a new dress, did you?"

Nancy nodded, a suspicious brightness in her sweet brown eyes. "I had to," she admitted.

"How much was it? The dress, I mean?"

"Only fifteen ninety-five, Val. Don't you think it's awfully becoming? See how coppery it makes my hair. When Bob left, I washed my hair and finger-waved it, and then got Della to stay with the children while I ran down to the store and tried on dresses."

"H'm. So we're stepping out tonight, are we? Della going to stay with the kids while we saunter down to the movies?"

Nancy made a petulant movement. "Oh, Val! Movies!"

"Well, dear, what else is there?"

"Nothing. In Marshville, I mean. Why, Val, you know nobody ever wears a corsage here!"

"Well, hon, I guess you know we've got just fifty berries in the bank, and the fifteen ninety-five comes out of that. Surely you're not planning on going to Yakima?"

Nancy nodded. "On the bus," she said. "Val, there's a real show in Yakima tonight. One of Barrie's plays."

"It will cost ten bucks, hon."

"I know," she admitted humbly. "But—but I just have to go. I can stay at home and save and do with-

out about so long and then something just—just busts loose!"

"We may not be able to get seats. I'll phone."

"Oh, no!" Nancy protested. "Don't phone." She stood, vibrant, happy. "Let's take the chance! Let's make it an adventure. We may have to sit in nigger-heaven, but it will be fun anyway."

They didn't sit in the gallery. They got loge seats. The Turners had come in just behind them, and it seemed the friendly thing to follow the older couple's lead. Mr. Turner was the big boss of the company Val worked for.

Nancy had not met the big buyer nor his wife. "So this is your wife, Val?" Mr. Turner asked, and turned his keen, cold glance upon her. "Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Valor."

Nancy's eyes were like stars as she drank in the atmosphere of excitement and suspense that holds an audience between acts.

"That's a beautiful corsage you're wearing, Mrs. Valor," complimented Mrs. Turner.

"Isn't it gorgeous?" Nancy beamed frankly, straightened a drooping petal or two, then with a sly, languishing glance that was decidedly droll, she whispered, "It was from another man!"

Mr. Turner gave a surprised grunt that may have had mirth somewhere in its depths, but Mrs. Turner giggled delightedly. "My dear!" she ejaculated, "tell us!"

SO NANCY, with merry eyes and a mouth that kept curving into smiles, told about Bob Crale's gift. She had no idea how she looked as she told them, with the gayety and inimitable tricks of narration that were hers unconsciously, exactly how she looked when she was presented with the elegant adornment. She made them see her in her old house dress, unpowdered and unkempt, tired, with her hair strained back on one side, with neglected nails, and forgotten graces, and a terrible sense of the seriousness of life. It was her moment and she reveled in it. She made them shake, though Mrs. Turner wiped her kind eyes, over her earnest, awkward efforts to be worthy of the marvelous bouquet.

She told about the dress, how utterly unsuited to the flowers her old rose-colored silk was, and how her last principle succumbed to the seducing influence of the corsage. "So I broke into the fifty we've been saving to buy into the business," she confided.

"What's that?" choked Mr. Turner shortly, as if he were threatened with convulsions.

Nancy gave a pert nod of her coppery head. "To buy into your business," she said distinctly. "Val doesn't always want to be a hired man and we realized from books we have read that any clever wife can save really astonishing sums out of any salary. And it was something to be proud of—that fifty we saved. When you can save fifty dollars out of less than a living wage, you're good," declared Nancy demurely to Val's boss.

"What's that?" gasped Mr. Turner again, his voice choking.

Nancy nodded a wise little head. "Yes," she sighed, "less than a living wage. Most certainly. I don't mean we've gone to bed hungry or suffered from lack of fuel or clothing, but when people have just those things and no more," she explained, her sweet brown eyes dewy in her happy face, "it's not living!"

The big buyer gave Nancy a long look, then turned to Val, "You don't ever join the other boys in their poker games evenings, do you?"

Val gave a little gesture of dissent, and Mr. Turner said a surprising thing. "I suppose you'd miss too much," he said.

Val flashed Nancy a look from those dark eyes of his that could always say so much. She knew he was worried. She spoke hurriedly. "But I'm not always this good, Mr. Turner," she confessed ruefully. "This is just the—well, the kick of the corsage, you might say."

Mr. Turner gave evidence of internal agitation, but

there was no chance to say more. The curtain went up on the last act.

The next morning, as is so often the case when Mother is happy, the house of Valor fairly purred with contentment in the spring sunshine.

"I'll sit and enjoy my breakfast with you, Val," she sang out, "and then do the odd jobs when you're gone."

Val kissed her wrist softly as she set his coffee down. "Feeling pretty peppy this morning, hon?"

Nancy nodded brightly. Val gave her a slanting glance. "Kind of a corsage hang-over, eh?"

"Oh, Val! I did talk too much, didn't I? I was just sort of intoxicated with the fun of it all, I guess. Were you ashamed of me, dear?"

Val gave a snort of denial, "Ashamed? Lord, I was so proud of you, I almost burst. I never saw you so charming, so clever, so lovely. I just sat and wondered how I ever happened to get such a girl to tie herself up to me!"

"Oh, Val, darling, did you, honest?"

"Honest, hon; and I didn't even care if you made the old man mad. I saw him getting red and fussed, but somehow I just felt it was more important for you to be so—cute and daring—you know—than for me to keep my job."

Nancy stared aghast. "Your job? Oh, Val, you don't think—"

"You never know with Mr. Turner," he declared carelessly. "He didn't blow up last night, but the longer the fuse, the heavier the charge. But don't you worry. If he should phone right now telling me he was laying a few bright young men off, beginning with me, I'd just be nonchalant—perfectly nonchalant!"

Nancy giggled. "Oh, Val," she took his lean cheeks between her palms, "I adore a gallant man! Let's take life like that. Banners flying and the band playing, even if we go on the rocks! It's the way we live each

day that counts, isn't it? But oh, Val, if you should lose your job, I don't know what we'd do. Jobs don't grow on trees, and we've gone and spent our savings, too. If I did go and make the boss mad, I'll never forgive myself, though I'll do my best to be brave and joke about the meals I fix up out of the things we've got in the pantry. But oh, Val, I hope, oh, I do hope—"

The phone rang. Nancy turned her horrified eyes away as Val answered. "Hello!" he said. "Yes, Val . . . All right . . . Yes, I will . . . Goodby."

Val turned back to the table and ruffled the little coppery head that tried to act as if it hadn't a worry in it. "Old man wants to see me soon as I get my morning work done," he said carelessly.

Nancy couldn't say anything for a minute. Then she raised her face gallantly and smiled a merry little smile, "We'll have to tell Bob Crale sometime how much his blooming corsage meant to us, won't we?"

Val nodded, a bright spark of appreciation in his dark eyes. "Nancy, you're—"

THE telephone rang again.

Val never finished his appraisal of his wife, but he smiled suddenly and said, "It must be something nice this time. All the bad that's possible has happened!" And he tweaked her ear nonchalantly as he passed her chair.

"Valor speaking . . . Yes, this is Val . . . Who? . . . Oh, yes . . . What's that? . . . He hadn't? . . . I see . . . Yes, I understand . . . I will . . . I'll be in sometime this morning and fix it up . . . Yeah, I'm sorry, too . . . You bet . . . Goodby."

Val stood there a moment facing the blank wall by the telephone. He looked tired suddenly, a little bent, rather old. He turned and came back to the table with a dragging step.

Nancy was pouring a little hot coffee into his cup. She didn't even look up. "Oh, Val, I did so enjoy the play and everything last night! Bob Crale will never know how much that corsage meant to us."

Val snorted, "He will if I ever catch him. Dog-gone his hide!"

Nancy set the percolator (Continued on page 48)



A Little Street

By ANNE SUTHERLAND

A little street where Love has been
Will never want again,
For here's a shiny painted fence
And here's a lilac lane,
And there's a red geranium
Against a window-pane.

And Love's set out a pansy-path,
And Love's hung out to dry
A laughing line of baby-clothes
Against a sunny sky,
And Love, I think, in ruffled pink,
Has waffle-cakes to fry!

And now Love's coming home
from work,
Whistling up the street,
And Love stands waiting in the door,
Cheerily and neat,
And small Love toddles to the gate
On glad uncertain feet!

Two in Ten Million

Early spring in glamorous New York—a beautiful violinist playing her heart's music—a lonesome playwright who dared to look at a princess. And hovering gleefully over the scene, the chuckling little gods of luck who are sometimes kind to those who are young and unhappy and in love

By FLORENCE RYERSON and COLIN CLEMENTS

Illustrated by HARVÉ STEIN

WHEN Roderick Stanton Trench came to New York, he had the first act of a play and a thousand dollars. There was nothing remarkable about his having the play. But a thousand dollars . . . saved, mind you, not inherited, won by lottery nor acquired through the medium of black-jack and jimmy, but put together dime by dime until the dimes became a dollar and the dollars became a thousand. Yes, distinctly, there was something unusual about a man who could be twenty-four, good-looking, and still save money . . .

Roderick expected to live on the thousand until his play was ready for production—an interval which he calculated optimistically between two and four months. After that, of course, he would live on the play. There were, of course, plays that failed. And there were those which never even got on the stage, perishing, like blighted buds, in the manuscript. But these were written by other people. Also, they had not been approved by Trevor.

Yes, the great Trevor had actually read his play—at least the first act, and a scenario of the second and third. Lest you do not believe this, we hasten to add that Roderick's Aunt Janet was own cousin to Mrs. Trevor, and Mrs. Trevor was a firm woman when aroused. A family upheaval placed the manuscript of Roderick's play in her capable hands and she did the rest.

Trevor read it, swearing through the stage settings and cast of characters, where Roderick showed unmistakable signs of having been misled by Barrie, but at the first page of dialogue his growls died down; at the third he grinned; at the sixth he chuckled.

Mrs. Trevor could stand it no longer. "Good?" she inquired.

"Great!" And the die was cast. Roderick was as good as settled in New York.

"It isn't perfect by a long shot," the great man told him. "But you've got it all there—characters, situations. They'll only have to be worked out. See plays. Study them. Study me—my mannerisms, my gestures. I'm not promising anything, mind, but there might—I can almost say there will—be something to interest

me in your play if you cut down the girl and subordinate her to the lead."

"But she is the lead," said Roderick, startled. "The whole play is built around her."

"Yes, of course, as it stands now. But we'll change all that. Kenyon should be your lead."

"Kenyon? Why, I only put him in for the love interest. He hardly comes into the first act at all."

KNOW," said Trevor severely. "That's what's wrong with it. Now, if you'll take out all of that talk about money in the opening scene and change it to talk about Kenyon, then switch most of the girl's lines over to him, they're darned good lines, my boy, why, then—" he patted Roderick on the shoulder, "then we'll have a real play!"

and blue. But it was a little wearing, too. And writing, even when one loves it, is not all of life.

He noted a certain flagging in his work, a let-down that was as inexplicable as it was unmistakable. "I will make a go of it," he said grimly. Whereupon the whole act snarled like a ball of yarn, twisted and tied itself into a knot. He flung down his pencil and, going to the window, threw up the sash. Summer was in the air. It had not exactly decided to fold its wings and settle, but it was certainly hovering overhead. He moved his table across the room and began working before the open window. For a time the act was stubborn, then, slowly, it disentangled and the threads of the plot ran smooth. Something seemed to be untwisting all the kinks in his brain, something soft, restful, soothing. The night air, perhaps. No . . .



SHE ELEVATED HER CHIN AND PASSED ON WITH A LITTLE HAUTEUR IN HER CARRIAGE

Roderick spent the next two weeks tearing his first act to pieces and building it up around the character of Kenyon.

He took lodgings in a place recommended by his Aunt Janet. Mrs. Styles's rooming house stood upon one of those strange, Cinderella-like streets which are sometimes found, shabby and disconsolate, in the midst of a rich and exclusive district. The rear yard of the house, which was lean and gaunt and discouraged in appearance, backed into the neat garage of a mansion so imposing that Roderick, observing it from the first floor rear, took it to be an apartment or hotel. There were windows—dozens of them; some staring out haughtily, like the eyes of scornful women; some downcast and modest (the servants' quarters, these) and one balconied, with curtains of rose color and window boxes that dripped flowers in white and pink.

"The Renton place," explained Mrs. Styles, who had brought him clean towels. "Got about fifty millions an' throwin' it 'round like dirt," she added, and stalked from the room.

MRS. STYLES was lean and gaunt and discouraged, like her house. Roderick erased her from his mind and went on with his play. He loved it, every minute of it, from the first scratches upon a gray pad to the final type-written words in red

suddenly he started and came out of his trance. By Jove, it was music!

It had been going on for some time now, he realized, stealing into the room unnoticed. It was a violin, played superbly, but far, so far away that it was merely a clear, sweet thread of sound.

Roderick laid down his pencil and leaned out of the window to trace its source. Now far, now near, it eluded him like a peel of elfin laughter. It was playing some mild, mocking thing, with a staccato of plucked strings, and the sound seemed to come from beyond the shadows. That was it . . . from the house beyond.

Surely it was a woman playing . . . no man could give a tone so delicately sweet. It must—he grinned at himself in the darkness—it must be a Fairy Princess.

The next night, he opened the window before he started writing. The music began at eight. Perhaps it had been going on for weeks or months without his knowing. It seemed sweet and friendly and companionable. It was lonely work, writing, and the violin seemed to say that someone else was lonely, too.

Rot! Utter, driveling rot!

Roderick turned to his table and wrote fiercely, closing his ears to the thread of sound. But it was there just the same, reaching out a slender hand to him, helping him over the rough spots, weaving about his brain and lifting . . . lifting . . . At twelve he paused, well pleased.

The music had stopped long since, but, as he looked out toward the great house opposite, he saw that the balconied window, high above, was still aglow, and the light, streaming across the little painted window boxes, touched the flowers into colorful life.

Her window, he decided, and her flowers. Just the sort of place for a girl who played like that.

THE next day he saw her. He was passing the house in order to get a full view of the front. This was not the reason he gave to himself, you understand, but it was what the psychoanalysts would call the repressed motive. The house was even more imposing from the front than from the back; Roderick passed lingeringly, and still more lingeringly looked back. Just as he was about to turn the corner, SHE appeared. Her face was concealed by her hat, a crisp affair of jade green, and he caught only a glimpse of her chin as she tripped down the stairs to the waiting car. But it was enough, and more than enough.

Roderick had built women out of nothing before now; he had evolved heroines from a scrap of gray paper and a blunt pencil, glimpsed beauty in the mere curve of a neck or flash of eyes caught in a passing crowd. And now he had more . . . so much more!

The next day he met her face to face.

He had taken to sitting in the little park which stretched, crisp and green, before the great house. From a convenient seat, masked by bushes, he had a view of the front steps and the doorway.

For an instant, Roderick took his eyes from the house to glance aloft at the purpling sky where one absurdly frivolous pink cloud was blushing furiously. When he looked back, the girl was in the street before the house. She was wearing something quite plain and straight—black, perhaps, or dark blue. Also a close little hat. Under her arm she carried a violin case. Whatever doubts lingered in his mind departed hurriedly. Unmistakably it was the Princess.

She stood for a moment irresolute, as though making up her mind whether or not to go into the house, then the spring air seemed to decide her. She turned, crossed the street and made for the park; as she came up the path, her eyes encountered Roderick's.

They were really gray eyes, but more blue than gray, with lashes of deep brown. Her mouth was curved and yet firm, hinting of strength, but with a little upward quirk at the corner which spelled sensitiveness and humor. Roderick raised his eyes again from her lips, and saw her brow contract into a frown. She elevated her chin and passed on with a little hauteur in her carriage.

He had been caught staring, unpardonably. Naturally, she would be angry. And yet . . . if a cat may look at a king, may not a playwright, even an embryo playwright, look at a princess? Roderick grinned a trifle sheepishly as she disappeared into the dusk.

She was dressed plainly, almost shabbily. Incognito . . . that was it! Probably her maid's clothing. She was bound upon some errand, or perhaps she was merely trying to escape from the great house. He would have liked to follow, but it was scarcely the thing to do. The days when a gallant followed a lady, sword in hand, were past. His little gods of luck had done much for him; perhaps if he waited, leaving

things in their capable hands, they would do yet more. He returned to his room and the play.

The second act behaved beautifully, so beautifully that he could not resist taking it to Trevor the next day.

"Keep it up," said the actor-manager, "keep it up, my boy, and we'll have the play of the year. But I think you'd better make just one little change. I'd take out that scene that comes before mine. I mean the talk between Clarissa and Tracy. It detracts from my entrance."

"Detracts!" Roderick stared at him. "Why, it motivates your entrance."

"Oh, I know, I know." Trevor waved a graceful hand. "They'll have to say something, of course. But I wouldn't have them so . . . well, unnecessarily brilliant. I'm the one to be brilliant in this piece."

Roderick started home a trifle depressed. It was difficult to write a play in which one person was real

LOOKING AHEAD WITH THE EDITOR



A few of the HIGH LIGHTS in the November issue—

"The Greatest Gentleman at Home"—by Edith Barnard Delano

Because she knows Mount Vernon well and loves it, Mrs. Delano has written a fascinating story of the social life in George Washington's time.

"Beauty at Forty"—by Ellen Rose Dickey

Beginning a notable series by an authority who believes that beauty is the sum total of right thought and right living, supplemented by the careful and artistic use of the right cosmetics.

Home-making Department, Headed by H. Roy Kelley

The second in a series of small homes designed by H. Roy Kelley. The interior of the house is furnished by Edgar H. Wileman, and the grounds and garden are by Florence Yoch and Lucile Council, landscape architects.

Patchwork Quilts in full color—by Sadie P. Le Sueur

The page of "piecework" quilts adapted from old-time patterns proved so popular with our subscribers that Mrs. Le Sueur has now assembled a group of "appliqué" quilts that are favorites today as they were long years ago.

Sparkling Short Stories

Florence Ryerson, Colin Clements, Ann West and Theodora Booth provide entertainment and relaxation for your leisure.

And The Thanksgiving Dinner—by Lily Harworth Wallace

All the old favorites, with new touches to make the family feast a success.

and the rest were mere shadows. But (he was cheered by the thought) at least Trevor had said he would play it. Unconsciously he lifted his chin and began to whistle; by the time he reached the park, he was ready for anything.

AS HE turned the corner of the path which led through the shrubbery to the bench where he usually sat, he saw two figures struggling. In the dusk they were almost indistinguishable, but at least he could see they were a man and a woman. At sight of him the man broke away and ran. Roderick would have followed, but the woman grabbed his arm and held on. "Please," she begged, "please let him go!"

He swung about and saw that it was the girl from the great house opposite. She was breathing rapidly, one hand against her throat, the other groping for a handkerchief which was obviously not there. Roderick promptly offered his.

"Thank you," she said. "Mine was in my handbag and he took it."

"Took it!" Roderick stared at her. "Why didn't you let me go after him?"

"Because . . . because I didn't want him arrested." She put her hand to her head and swayed a trifle.

Roderick took her arm. "Sit down," he said. "Don't try to talk."

She allowed him to lead her to the bench and sank upon it exhausted. Roderick picked up her violin case from the ground and dusted it tenderly.

"Thank heaven, that's safe," he said. "I couldn't have stood anything happening to it," and, as she glanced up in astonishment, "I listen to your playing every night."

"My playing? Why, where do you live?"

"In the house behind yours."

She turned and stared over her shoulder toward the great mansion and the little house tucked in the street beyond.

"In the house behind ours? Why, I can hardly believe it! I've looked out so many times and wondered who lived there."

"I've wondered about you, too . . . ever since I first heard you play."

"And with all the people in this city," she said solemnly, "to think it should happen to be you who rescued me."

"Yes," he said, equally solemnly, "only two in ten million. It looks as though . . . as though it was planned, doesn't it?"

For a moment she was silent, then, "I can't understand your hearing me. I always mute my violin and play so softly."

"It sounds very far away," he told her. "But sweet . . . like music in a dream. You'll never know how it has helped me. I'd been working very hard and got discouraged, then your music began, and somehow it straightened everything out."

The girl laughed, suddenly, full-throated. "It's so absurd," she explained, "to think that I should be encouraging anyone when I've been so horribly discouraged myself . . . and lonely."

"Lonely?" He caught at the word. "That's it! It seems impossible, but I knew you were when I heard you play."

"Yes," she sighed. "Of course, I see people all day long, but they're not people I can really talk to."

"I knew it," said Roderick solemnly. "I knew you didn't care for that sort of thing. No matter how much money you have, it isn't what counts, is it? It's what's inside of you . . ." He blushed suddenly. "I suppose I sound like a—a sort of cad, talking like that."

The girl was staring at him, her eyes luminous in the twilight. "Oh," she said, "I think it's splendid of you to talk like that—splendid!"

THAT night Roderick finished rewriting the second act. He was in an inspired mood, compounded of moonlight, summer and the little tag ends of melodies that slipped through his uncurtained window. The girl was in a wild gypsy humor; she played funny little snatches of Hungarian dances interspersed with Cyril Scott's "Danse Negre" and saucy bits of jazz. Roderick interpreted it as a gay message flung across the space between them, and his act seemed carried upward on the wings of sound. As he wrote "Curtain" across the gray sheet, the music broke and died away to begin again softly, sweetly, in that loveliest of all "good-nights"—Brahm's "Lullaby." For an instant, Roderick stood at the window, staring into the darkness, then he leaned out and tossed a kiss across the space, his lips curving into a shamefaced little smile. "Good-night," he breathed, "good-night."

Then it rained for three days. Roderick stuck at his desk. So many things must be settled in the third act, so many threads of plot brought together and twisted smooth. A little pucker began to show itself between his brows and his lips tightened a trifle at the corners.

He was beginning to have more than the play worry him now. His thousand had dwindled to an anemic hundred and it was becoming a race between his pencil and the wolf.

But the girl played every night. It seemed to send things along, to help him over the bad places; he learned to leave the worst bits until evening and tackle them under the spell of her music.

It was at the end of the fourth day when (the rain had ceased, leaving only a sweet softness in the air, a sort of hush before the heat of summer should take the city by storm) Roderick laid aside his play long enough to walk in the park.

The girl was there already, sitting upon the bench. She was still in the suit of simple blue, but her satin hat was pulled jauntily over one eye and there was a tiny bunch of violets at her breast. She was carrying her violin case in one hand, and in the other a bit of white.

(Continued on page 21)

Fashion Notes from Paris

No drastic revisions in silhouette are necessary, so one may devote one's time to the many interesting details of a wardrobe that our Paris correspondent presents on this page of sketches



Hat, scarf and sash of mid-blue jersey with woolen gloves of the same shade.

Hat, scarf and sash of mid-blue jersey with woolen gloves of the same shade. A sports coat is double-breasted with full sleeves caught at wrist by a strap. Its flared skirt has an inverted pleat at center front.

Striped coat and plain red skirt with belt, handbag and bolero blouse. Umbrella with knobs to match outfit. Skirt is Bengali red, with coat a woolen of Bengali red-and-clay stripes. Cut rather plain and straight over the hips, with single-breasted fastening and red buttons. Red belt is of the skirt material with a striped inset. Handbag is of the striped material and a clay color cloth. The blouse is striped knitted fabric with piqué neck facing, the tab caught with a button.

Jumper of suede-finished washing satin, checked in Indian-brown and rose-buff; two necklines for older women. Cape collar and jumper edge are trimmed with patchwork pieces of the two checks.

Walking suit of velours, hopsack or heavy wool georgette. Spanish purple with cuffs of suede cloth in a lighter tone, fastened with strips of purple suede. Coat has raglan sleeves and its fastenings begin a button above the normal waistline. The skirt flares straight from the hips with a godet set in front from waist.

Square pochette for suit. Made of the suit material.

Fall sailor with fur necktie and bag. Jersey or mouflon felt trimmed with a band of suede for the hat. Leading colors are lichen green, alezan (a rich caramel color) and a lovely shade reminiscent of heather in bloom. Necktie is of flat fur with a handbag combining black and white flat fur and finished with a strap handle of fur.

The bowler hat in taffeta and jersey. Taffeta faced with jersey and trimmed with pompons of taffetas. Use willow green, Biskra brown or pottery blue.

Fur cape and muff. They are fashionable again.

Gloves trimmed with fur or calfskin. Scraps of fur trim gauntlet gloves, wrinkled at the wrist. The lower one is edged with calfskin, the one above with soft fur.

A magyar blouse in jersey. Full and loose-fitting under the arms, giving a draped effect at the front. Sleeves end midway between shoulder and elbow.

Jumper of net for evening, with Victorian lines. Two modern sleeves for afternoon and evening. A net jumper is worn over a net skirt. It has the Victorian off-the-shoulders neck, with a frill following the same line, and its lower edge is frilled. The long sleeve for afternoon has an inset of tucked or pleated georgette. The evening sleeve, with lace under-sleeve, is full.

The short version of a two-in-one coat, with the twin front line. Full sleeves are strapped at the wrist. The "twin" front line has a point above the waistline and another below it.

A skirt is added to the short coat by ingenious use of the zip fastener. Collar is also added with zips.



A skirt is added to the short coat by ingenious use of the zip fastener, to make a full-length wrap



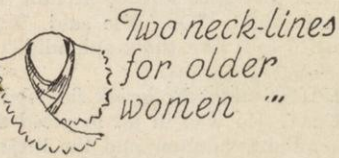
Striped coat and plain red skirt with belt, handbag and bolero blouse. "



Jumper of suede-finished washing satin in Indian-brown and rose-buff "



The short version of a two-in-one coat, with the twin front line.



Two neck-lines for older women "

Two modern sleeves for afternoon and evening.



Walking suit of velours, hopsack or heavy wool georgette "

Square pochette



Fall sailor, with fur necktie and bag.

The bowler hat in taffeta and jersey.

A jumper of net for evening wear, with Victorian lines.

A magyar blouse in jersey.

Fur cape and muff.



Double envelope bag of calf skin.

Gloves trimmed with fur or calfskin.

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Designs by SADIE P. LESUEUR.

THRIFFT is the word of the hour, and here is a thrifty way to make hooked rugs, without sacrificing the charm of the quaint designs and delightful colorings that have endeared them to the feminine mind.

A loosely twisted cotton yarn about the thickness of a lead pencil is used for the hooking process. It comes in skeins, ready to use, which saves the time and trouble of cutting and dyeing your own strips; it is much less expensive than yarn put up in the same way for hooked rugs.

The work is done just the same as for any other hooked rug. The design is stamped on burlap and the burlap is tacked or laced to a wooden frame. The frame may be a home-made one of four pieces of wood, or if you are going to make more than one rug, a frame in easel style is well worth the additional expense.

A rug hooker with an aluminum hook and wooden handle may be used. If you are using an easel style frame, the rug hooker with a lever to push the needle through the burlap is more satisfactory, since you use both hands and shoulders and back do not tire so easily. First the flower design is outlined, then it is filled in, and last of all the background is filled with loops.

Colonial Bouquet

Number 35. 25x33 inches. A nosegay of roses in pink and rose shades is strikingly beautiful against a gray background. The scalloped edge is pink and the wide border black.

Shaded Leaf

Number 36. 32x54 inches. The leaves are in two shades of green with the edges in the contrasting color, and they stand out effectively against the tan and black background. The pink and rose flowers have yellow centers and green leaves. Plum-colored scrolls adorn the black ground.

For the original models of these rugs the loops of yarn were not clipped after the process of hooking had been completed.

RIGHT—COLONIAL BOUQUET DESIGN



BELOW—SHADED LEAF PATTERN



Morning-Glory Spray

Number 37. 30x46 inches. Delicately shaded blossoms on a background that shades from gray in the center to light blue and then to a border of dark blue. Flowers of lavender and purple, light and dark blue have white centers. Buds are pink. Leaves are green, with veins of a lighter shade.

Old-fashioned Garden

Number 38. 29½x39 inches. A delightful blending of soft shades of lavender, purple, pink, blue and yellow, with their green leaves outlined in darker green. The background is tan and the decorative border of scallops is two shades of green.

Basket of Tulips

Number 39. 26½x38½ inches. Graceful yellow flowers with green leaves in a brown basket. A tan background and brown border complete the color symphony.

Moss Rose Nosegay

Number 40. 16 inches in diameter. Bright posies in orchid, pink and yellow on a gray background. The border is black. It's a simple design for a beginner and makes a useful chair pad or top for a footstool.

The designs given here are new but they follow the antiques in spirit.

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A hooked rug takes no more time or patience than working in any craft, and the resultant possession is decidedly worth while.



MORNING-GLORY SPRAY

OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN—CENTER



BASKET OF TULIPS—RIGHT



When finished, the entire top of the rug is covered with close, even loops, one-fourth inch thick. They may be cut, or as in the case of some of our most perfect antiques, left uncut



MOSS ROSE

NOSEGAY

A rug made of this loosely twisted cotton yarn may be washed with mild soap and lukewarm water, so in the selection of materials indulge your love of color with no thoughts of regret

The Basket of Tulips is equally satisfying with flowers in orchid or rose. For either color, use green leaves and a green basket. The background should be tan and the border green

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Announcement

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ALFRED H. SMITH Sole Importers
New York Paris Chicago Los Angeles Montreal

The Smiths Come Home

(Continued from page 5)

returned. There was a burst of derisive laughter. "Mis' Mound's throwing all the words in the dictionary around like bird seed."

"Just wait 'til they begin on the eats," one of the maids said, "then she'll begin on you, and how you carted a lot of valuable, old stuff out of the house when old Mis' Mound was dying."

"She's jealous," Imogene remarked lazily, "just plain jealous, because I got a handsome husband, and she has to look at that pig-faced old money-bags, of hers all day, and because I've got three smart, healthy children, and she's only got one spindly kid. As for the old lady, I got her word in writing, asking me to please take the old stuff out of the house and keep it, so her daughter-in-law wouldn't get her claws on it. They never seem to think I'm always dragging their old books and magazines home for Papa Smith and the children, and Papa keeps himself pretty well informed. He's read up on those old antiques and you can't fool him."

The clock struck. "Here, get busy," the cook said, withdrawing the tiny puffballs of rolls from the oven.

AN HOUR and a half later, Mrs. Smith was making her preparations to depart. As she talked to the cook in low, confidential tones, she was twisting into her cape.

"I'm sorry to say it, but the stuff that has been given me lately for my taking-home basket has not been up to the mark. Papa Smith feels a good deal hurt about it. Invalids are pretty choosy, you know. There used to be ladies in this town who would save out half a ham or a whole pie for my day with them. They couldn't rest in their beds at night if they thought I was taking home some old, cold scraps to three hungry children and a poor sick man. No, indeed. But you're different; you got the grand, old spirit and the free, giving hand, and there certainly isn't a cook in this town that knows how to pack a basket and make it look appetizing like you do."

The cook beamed at these words of praise. "She's all pepped up tonight because everything went off so well. She won't come snooping 'round till tomorrow morning, and by then she won't know how much or how little was left over. Let's see now."

Well satisfied, Mrs. Smith walked homeward through the soft autumn dusk, but as she neared the railroad tracks, she wavered and stood still. For the first time she saw Mr. Smith coming to meet her, and he was not advancing with his habitual languor, either. He was running, and as he ran he waved something white in his hand.

"Immy!" he gasped. "Immy! You'll never guess." He fumbled with the letter he held and drew out the enclosure. "My brother, I haven't heard of him in years. His wife's dead, and he wants us to come out there and live with him. He's got money and he sent this to take us. It's—it's for two thousand dollars."

The market basket fell to the path with a thud, Mrs. Smith tottered through the tall weeds and held onto a fence post. "Leave me see it; leave me feel it," she called weakly.

Mr. Smith could not wholly relinquish the green slip to her. He still held it tight between his thumb and forefinger. Imogene clutched the other end as they stood close together and gazed on their fortune with incredulous wonder.

"Wrote his check for two—thousand—dollars, just like that," Mr. Smith said in a husky whisper. "He must be a millionaire or something."

The first delightful shock over, Imogene's quick, executive brain had begun to function again. Eriskly she picked up

the basket and took Papa Smith by the arm. "We'll send a telegram tonight, saying we're starting right off, so he won't have time to change his mind. Then we'll fit us all out with new clothes; we'll travel in no cast-offs. It'll take most a week to do that and redd up the house. We'll just turn the key in the lock, because we own the property. Amby!" She stopped again, as the great idea struck her. "We'll buy us an auto tomorrow and go that way."

This was a job at which Mr. Smith did not recoil. They were walking on, arm in arm, deep in eager planning, when they heard a panting little voice behind them, "Mom, Pop, look at me! Look!" It was Myrtle Belle in Sara's blue dress, with Sara's buckled shoes on her dancing feet.

Sara Condon woke up early. It was her birthday. She was twenty-one, and she was going to spend the week-end at home with her mother. She was of age, and on her own now. Everyone had protested six months before when she had announced her intention of earning her living somehow. It was so unnecessary. If she were alone in the world and penniless, it would be different.



Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, who wrote "The Smiths Come Home"

Her father had died when she was about fourteen. Sara had soon after been placed in a good eastern school and her mother had gone abroad.

Sara had spent her vacations over there with her, or with friends at home. Then, when her school days were over and her mother had returned and opened the house again, she had, as all her mother's friends said, "taken this ridiculous whim of working."

"Ah, well, this selfish, cock-sure, younger generation! What can you expect of them? Any gesture will serve them if it attracts attention. And it isn't as if Sara, who was such an ugly duckling as a child, had continued so. She is, of course, not a beauty, but she has outgrown her awkwardness, is attractive and smart-looking, and popular with the young people; so why rush out of a perfectly good home, just at a time when she and her mother could have had such a happy, companionable life together?"

Sara didn't explain. She was in the position of most of us when our actions are roundly criticized. She couldn't tell all, and she wouldn't tell half. Let them come on with their well-meant advice and arguments. She smilingly accepted them and stood by her guns.

IT HAD not been so easy, this standing by her guns. The first obstacle to the achievement of her aims had been in herself. She had developed no special talents. She had been a good student and, in her ignorance, had looked to her education to provide her with a job, but the education had not stood up under the strain. In the end, her father's distinguished political record and her mother's social gifts were the decisive factors which finally landed her in the post of social secretary to Mrs. James Barclay Treflinger, a distant relative in an adjacent city. But getting the job proved to be a minor difficulty compared with holding it.

However, this was no time for such considerations. Sara leaped from the bed and ran to the window. The sun was not shining, but it did not look like rain. She took one more glance at the tiny clock on the table beside her bed, another at the open suit-case and hat box, and dashed into the bathroom.

When she emerged, wrapped in her blue negligée—she still loved blue although, strictly speaking, it was not her color—Tilly, the maid, was just coming

(Continued on page 18)



Beauty Aids for Women

Attention always centers on eyes, nose and mouth, so make the best of what Nature gave you

By MARY MAYO

BODILY disturbances, fatigue and any worry or mental strain show quickly in the eyes in loss of luster and sparkle. Dark circles underneath, while sometimes due to physical conditions, are more likely to be caused by late hours and lack of sleep.

How many people give their eyes a daily bath? To be sure, the lids protect the eyes from considerable dust and dirt, but some is sure to remain. Besides cleansing, daily bathing will help tired eye muscles to relax, and soothe one. Use an eye-cup and a prepared eye-wash, or boric acid solution with warm water. After a day of nervous tension, when you know without being told that your eyes look dull and tired, try hot compresses of absorbent cotton, replacing as fast as they cool; continue the process for at least fifteen minutes. End up with cold compresses and see what a difference it will make, not only in your feelings, but in your looks as well. For wrinkles on the lids and around the eyes, a nourishing cream applied each night, an astringent, or muscle oil will do much if the treatment is pursued faithfully.

The shape of the eyebrows and the length of the lashes contribute to eye beauty. We are luckily recovering from the trying fashion of plucked eyebrows, for, in the struggle to achieve eyebrows beautifully arched, they have sometimes been reduced to a mere pencil line, giving a hard and vacant appearance to the face. One must not be guilty, however, of allowing any long or wild hairs to remain, for these are what give an uneven, shaggy look and glowering expression to the brows. If these long hairs are present, they may be removed or the entire eyebrows thinned by tweezing out one hair at a time. Before plucking, apply hot compresses to soften and open the pores; in using the tweezers, be sure to pull in the direction in which the hair grows. After removal, use cold cream or a soothing lotion. If the eyes are small, beware of plucked eyebrows.

Use a Brush for Grooming

An aid to eyebrow grooming is an eyebrow brush. Brush the eyebrows up first, then brush along the top toward the outer corner of the eye. Eyebrow cream will help to train them in the way they should go. Eyebrows that are dark and full along the entire line do not need darkening, but if this portion of the face appears weak, the careful use of a pencil will help.

Eye shadow is used to add size and depth to the eyes, but careful experimenting must be done with this in con-

nection with the color of clothing worn and also with general lighting effects, since these sometimes change the appearance of the make-up.

There are now on the market preparations for promoting the growth of eye-lashes that are scraggly and thin.

Fatigue is not apparent in the nose as in the eyes and mouth, but bodily disturbances in the way of pimples or black-heads often show themselves first on the nose. Application of a good cleansing cream followed by a laundering with soap and warm water, then a rinsing with cold water or the use of an astringent, to close the pores, and finally a dusting with powder will transform a shiny nose very quickly, although the results of this treatment will be only temporary. For more permanent results, one must go back to the general condition of health.

Watch Your Mouth and Lips

There is certainly plenty to be said on the appearance of the mouth and lips. Cupid's bows and rosy lips are easily acquired at the corner drug store in the form of lipstick and paste rouge, the latter the same as that used for the face. The lipstick, however, continues to be the more popular of the two, possibly because of its convenience and also because it does not color the fingers. But whether stick or paste, a correct and becoming color is essential. In using a lipstick first moisten the lips slightly with cream, then work from the inside out, and blend the color gradually to the edge of the lips.

There are certain other things to be looked after in this daily care of the mouth and lips. Many lips need frequent applications of cream to keep them soft and flexible, and if one is to be out in a hot, drying wind or in extreme cold, an application of cream will serve as a protection. Never bite the lips. If loose skin is annoying, it means that the skin is dry and brittle, and that a good nourishing cream is needed to supply fats and oils. Colorless lips go back to a poor circulation or other bodily condition.

A happy expression of the mouth will do far more for its beauty than the use of lipstick or applications of cream. No one approves of a grin like a Cheshire cat, however, nor are the corners of the mouth obliged to turn up always and eternally. A large mobile mouth may easily be as beautiful as a tiny rosebud one. A mouth may express kindness and sympathy just as the look of calm, steady eyes inspires others with confidence. These are characteristics not attainable by the use of any beauty preparations.

dragons die hard



Dragons around in *this* day and age? Yes, indeed. For a belief in something that isn't true is just as much a dragon as though it had wings and breathed fire. Like those imaginary monsters of old! And we know there's a washday dragon lurking under many a washtub.

This is how it got there. Years ago, when Fels-Naptha was introduced, women had to heat their wash-water on cookstoves, which was a lot of bother. So when they discovered that Fels-Naptha did a better washing job in cool water than most soaps did in hot, they naturally used it that way.

The result was a "dragon"—the mistaken belief that Fels-Naptha was only a "cool water soap." And even today, when hot water is no longer a luxury, some women still have this mistaken belief. So let's kill that washday dragon right here.

It doesn't matter to Fels-Naptha what temperature of water you use. If you prefer hot water, use it—Fels-Naptha will do an excellent job. If you like to boil your clothes, Fels-Naptha works beautifully that way. In fact, *any* way you use it, Fels-Naptha makes washing easier! For it is more than "just soap." It is unusually good soap combined with *plenty* of naptha. Working together, these two cleaners wash

clothes sweetly, thoroughly clean, without hard rubbing.

Fels-Naptha works so quickly you don't have your hands in water so long, which helps keep them nice. For even water alone may make finger-tips "shrivel."

Get Fels-Naptha from your grocer in the handy 10-bar carton, and try it. Once you've seen how beautifully it washes in hot water, you'll never be frightened again by that cool water "dragon"!

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

© 1931, FELLS & CO.

FELLS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. W.W. 10-31

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper and the sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap offered in this advertisement. I enclose four cents in stamps to help cover postage.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

Please print name and address completely

The Smiths Come Home

(Continued from page 16)

No woman should risk

unknown substitutes for Kotex



Kotex is safe, secure; it can be worn on either side with equal protection

THERE'S one time to be cautious—that's when you hear the expression, "just like Kotex".

How do you know it's just like Kotex? Who stands back of it? Where was it made? How? By whom? Is it, like Kotex, used by hospitals from coast to coast?

Kotex is safe

Those words, "just like Kotex," mean much more, you see, than surface resemblance. It's easy to make a pad that looks like Kotex. Far, far harder to make one that meets the rigid Kotex standards of purity, of cleanliness, of perfect hygienic safety.

After all, why take chances? You know Kotex is safe. Wear it on either side. It is treated to deodorize. It is adjustable. It is disposed of so easily. Last year more than 10,000,000 pads were used by hospitals alone—their choice of Kotex should be your guide.

Kotex may cost a few pennies more than some questionable substitute, of whose makers you know nothing. But those few cents guarantee a product that meets your personal ideals of cleanliness, as well as hygienic safety.

Perfect comfort

You have every possible comfort in Kotex. Careful shaping, for inconspicuous lines. Super-softness . . . that lasts . . . because Kotex is made of laminated

layers of Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding, which absorbs scientifically, away from the surface.

Kotex is sold at any drug, dry goods or department store. Or, singly, in cabinets by West Disinfecting Company.

Kotex Company, Chicago.

IN HOSPITALS . . .

- 1 *The Kotex absorbent* is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.
- 2 *Kotex is soft* . . . Not merely an apparent softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.
- 3 *Can be worn on either side* with equal comfort. No embarrassment.
- 4 *Disposable*, instantly, completely.

The new Kotex Belt

brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.

(U. S. Patent No. 1770741)

KOTEX
Sanitary Napkins

through the door with her breakfast tray.

"Good-morning, Tilly." Sara was vigorously brushing her shining dark hair. "How is Mrs. Treflinger this morning?"

Tilly was plump of body and round of face, with a nonchalant and cynical expression. "Awful," she replied unconcernedly. "She's working herself up into a special rage. The new nurse is talking of leaving."

"She hasn't learned yet how to weather a gale, has she?"

"She don't have to." Tilly set the tray on a table and Sara sat down beside it. "Well, neither do you nor I."

"Oh, she can't get along without you, Tilly," Sara said between sips of orange juice. Tilly had been in the household for years, had made herself indispensable and then had seen to it that her old age was rendered secure by a provision in Mrs. Treflinger's will.

Sara remained from pride. She would not retire under fire and give those who had predicted freely that she would stick it for just one month a chance to crow.

"You don't think," she asked anxiously, "that there is any danger of her postponing the family reunion this afternoon and making me stay here?"

Tilly shook her head. "Not she; she's planning a wonderful time for herself. She's getting ready now for a big fight with the two sons and daughters-in-law this afternoon. She'll have a lovely time over that. Then tomorrow morning there's a consultation of physicians; she always gets a big kick out of that, raking over her old symptoms from the year One and telling how she's seen all the big doctors here and on the other side, and they're all fools because none of them yet has found out what really is the matter with her. Sunday she'll have a complete collapse and have a death-bed reconciliation with her sons and daughters-in-law, and portion out to them scraps of old lace and pieces of jewelry and junk. And then on Monday," Tilly's cheeks wrinkled up and her pale eyes twinkled with good-natured malice, "you'll be nice and fresh from your little rest and she'll be all ready to pick on you again."

"Today's today." Sara was hurriedly stepping into her frock. "I don't care what happens Monday."

"That's right, Miss Sara, but watch your step when you see her. Don't let her think you want to go, or she'll keep you sure."

SARA gave another glance at the clock and made for the door. She would be exactly on time this morning, to the second. It was a large, ornate, overcrowded room she entered, and Mrs. Treflinger was sitting up in bed fuming. Her fretful face was drawn down, her hands were twitching. She made no answer to Sara's "Good-morning."

"I do wish that occasionally someone in this house would come in looking pleasant," she began. "Anyone in my state of health wants cheerful faces about them. Pull down that shade a little, please. Not so much, I didn't ask for total darkness. That will do, that will do; let it alone and stop fidgeting with it. There are the letters. Don't forget that the tradesmen's accounts are to be paid the first of next week, and I hope you will be able to attend to it this time without making mistakes in the checks. Sara! Don't rattle those letters that way. My nerves won't stand it. Oh, for heaven's sake! You had better take them into your own room and open them there. And send that nurse to me at once."

Sara gave a fleeting thought of commiseration for Mr. Treflinger, now at rest in his grave. Mrs. Treflinger was the

worst of all tyrants, a petty one. She had one fixed ideal, the determination to be a personage in her world, and she lacked all of the qualifications that go to the making of one. She therefore took the only course left her and became a professional invalid, undeterred by the absence of any specific disease. The rôle afforded her an interest in life, unending drama and the power of tyrannizing to the limit over those about her.

SARA, too proud to confess defeat in her first venture, hung on by her teeth and eyelids and confided to no one, least of all to her mother, the humiliations she endured. Sometimes she stormed in her own room, sometimes she cried on her pillow, but to the world she showed a smile and a high head.

But with this present tempest brewing, she felt like the new nurse. She wanted to get away so dreadfully that she had a nervous fear that she might be chained at the last minute to her rock.

She didn't really draw a long breath until she was in the train bearing her to Middleboro. Then she sat back in her chair luxuriously; she could relax and anticipate and dream at last.

All through her being there stole the thrilling intimations of something delightful about to happen. The young, bursting green of the landscape with its background of thin, tremulous gray skies flowed sweetly past the

car windows. She was the paroled prisoner speeding on to a brief season of irresponsible gaiety, sure of her welcome; and certainly her mother would take her more into her confidence regarding the state of her father's property, now that she, Sara, was twenty-one.

The train rolled into the station; her mother was waiting for her on the platform. How pretty she was, and piquant and young! There was the difference of nineteen years between them; but what is nineteen years today?

As a child, Sara had called her "Mother," but as Mrs. Condon saw her daughter growing up a head taller than herself, she took alarm. Strangers invariably took them for sisters, so why advertise the real relationship? She decreed "Lucia" and Lucia she became.

"Sara!" She kissed her child on both cheeks and then held her off for a critical survey. "A new hat! It's good. You look swell. Are those dogs going to tear you to pieces?" An Airedale and a Scotch terrier were leaping around Sara with yelps of joy. "They knew that you were coming and they've simply been off their heads, racing around in circles. Come and see the new car I'm driving."

She pointed out the fine points of an expensive roadster as they drove homeward. Sara scarcely heard her. Her eyes were drinking in the familiar scenes as hungrily as if she had not seen them for years. The tears misted them as she saw the fine old red brick house with the big elm and maple trees in the foreground, and the garden stretching back.

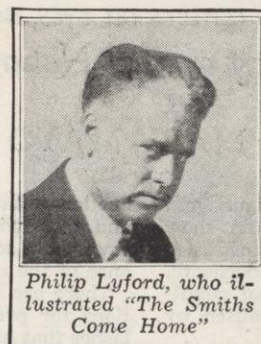
Up in her own old room, she glanced at the clock. It would be an hour and more before luncheon. This was the only time she could be sure that they would not be interrupted.

"I must tell you all the news," Lucia began. "The town has burst into an eruption of dinners, dances, teas, luncheons—an epidemic."

"I wouldn't mind a little festivity while I am here," Sara returned, shaking out a frock.

"Has that old Treflinger been keeping you so close?" Lucia asked quickly. "Because if she has, I shall take the first train and tell her what I think of her. It was all a piece of nonsense your going

(Continued on page 42)



Philip Lyford, who illustrated "The Smiths Come Home"



This Woman made ONE Mistake

This woman made a mistake. One little mistake—*but everyone holds it against her.*

It is a common mistake, too. One that any woman might make. One that thousands *do* make, to their sorrow.

This is the mistake: **She assumed that she was free of halitosis (unpleasant breath). Simply took it for granted that she never offended this way.**

No intelligent person makes this error. Because the facts show that every day even in normal mouths conditions capable of causing unpleasant breath are already present or may arise.

You may be interested in knowing that 90% of halitosis is caused by fermentation of tiny food particles the tooth brush has failed to remove.

You undoubtedly realize that it is also

caused by minor mouth infections and by excesses of eating, drinking, and smoking.

LISTERINE immediately overcomes odors other antiseptics fail to mask in four days

The one pleasant way to make sure your breath is beyond suspicion is to use full strength Listerine as a mouthwash. No other should be considered. Use Listerine every morning, every night, and between times before meeting others.

Listerine halts fermentation, the principal cause of halitosis. Relentlessly it attacks infection, another cause of odors. Having thus struck at the cause, it then overcomes the odors themselves. Its ability in this direction is simply amazing.

Surely, then, any toilette, to be complete, must include a precaution against it.

"Listerine immediately overcomes odors that ordinary mouthwashes fail to mask in four days," says a noted chemist after a series of tests to determine the deodorizing power of Listerine and other mouthwashes.

When you want certain deodorant effect, healing antiseptic action, and pleasant taste, use Listerine. No ordinary mouthwash provides these qualities to such a degree. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

BEFORE MEETING OTHERS . . . PUT YOUR BREATH BEYOND REPROACH

An excellent judge of economy,
quality and convenience

The modern woman is a wise buyer



EACH DAY of 1930, more women purchased Kellogg's Corn Flakes by name than any other ready-to-eat cereal—because they considered Kellogg's a wise buy. No other cereal has ever approached this record.

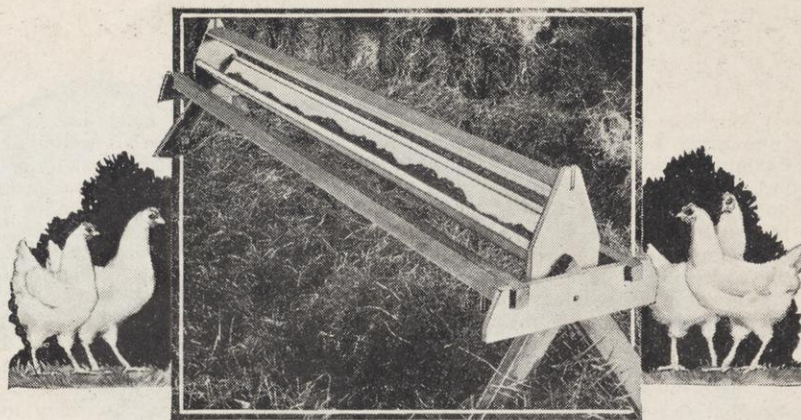
And indeed, there are few other foods you can buy that give you as much satisfaction for your money as Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Out of a single package you get many delicious servings at a cost of only a few cents.

Kellogg's are delightful for breakfast or lunch, with milk or cream, fruits or honey added. No trouble to serve. Ideal for the children's supper—or for a late bedtime snack. So healthful and easy to digest.

No other corn flakes have ever been able to duplicate Kellogg's own matchless flavor and crispness. Nor can others use the Kellogg inner-seal waxtite wrapper, which keeps the flakes oven-fresh even after opening!

Wise buyers know that imitations are never "just like" genuine Kellogg's—the original Corn Flakes. Look for the red-and-green package at your grocer's. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

You'll enjoy Kellogg's Slumber Music, broadcast over WJZ and associated stations of the N. B. C. every Sunday evening at 9:45 E. D. S. T.



AN EASILY CONSTRUCTED AND EFFICIENT TYPE OF MASH HOPPER

Feeding for Eggs

Careful choice of food for poultry will be repaid manyfold by constant egg production in fall and winter

By LESLIE E. CARD

THIS is the month in which many of the young pullets, hatched last spring and carefully grown through the summer, will start to lay. A question that is likely to be uppermost in the minds of their owners is how best to feed them so that they will continue to give a good account of themselves.

One fact that may well be emphasized is that pullets will not start to lay if they are thin or undersized. It is natural for a young pullet to store up a surplus of fat around the gizzard and intestines and in the abdominal wall, previous to beginning to lay. If she is to continue laying through the winter, she must maintain a surplus of fat right along.

Her physiological make-up is such that she will lay as long as she can, even at the expense of her own body tissues. This is why pullets and hens are so often thin and underweight at the end of a period of laying. Eventually the limit is reached and egg production stops.

When a pullet stops laying from this cause, she usually molts, and to the feed and time needed to build up the reserve of fat once more must be added that required to grow new feathers, all of which must be accomplished before very much can be expected in the way of egg production.

The Complete Ration

The cereal grains alone will not make a complete ration for the laying flock because they are deficient in protein, the nutrient that is necessary to make the white of the egg. In order to make up this deficiency, there should be added to the diet a protein supplement such as dried, condensed or liquid milk, meat scrap, fish meal, or one of the vegetable proteins such as soy-bean oil meal. With the exception of condensed and liquid milk, it is not practicable to feed these supplements as single feeds and, therefore, we have seen the development of dry mash feeding.

A dry mash for poultry feeding is simply a mixture of ground whole grains or grain by-products to which has been added a suitable quantity of one of the protein supplements. A simple mash mixture might be as follows: Ground yellow corn, 200 pounds; ground wheat, 100 pounds; ground oats, 100 pounds; meat scrap, 100 pounds. It is customary also to add 5 pounds of salt to each 500 pounds of mash. Such a mixture, when fed in conjunction with corn or wheat, or corn, wheat and oats, will adequately meet the important requirements for egg production.

Mr. Card's experience as a writer of practical poultry articles and as professor of Poultry Husbandry at the University of Illinois qualifies him to write an authoritative series of articles, of which this is the first

There is some evidence in favor of using more than one source of protein in the ration. If one wished to take advantage of this fact, it would be suitable to use, in place of the 100 pounds of meat scrap suggested in the simple mash mixture, 25 pounds each of meat scrap, fish meal, dried milk and soy-bean oil meal.

Instead of all ground grains, one might wish to use some of the grain by-products as well, and the more elaborate mash mixture would then be something like this: Ground yellow corn, 100 pounds; wheat flour middlings, 100 pounds; gluten feed, 100 pounds; wheat bran, 50 pounds; alfalfa leaf meal, 50 pounds; meat scrap, 25 pounds; fish meal, 25 pounds; dried milk, 25 pounds; soy-bean oil meal, 25 pounds; steamed bone meal, 5 pounds; ground limestone, 5 pounds; salt, 5 pounds.

Minerals Are Needed

It is convenient to indicate the mixtures on the basis of a total of 500 pounds (plus any necessary minerals), but the actual quantity mixed may be as much as a ton in the case of a commercial flock or as little as 50 pounds in the case of a small back yard flock.

It will be noticed that bone meal and limestone are included in the longer mash mixture. This has been done to make up for the minerals that are naturally present in meat scrap but are not contained in soy-bean oil meal and milk. When any vegetable protein supplement is used, it is particularly necessary to add bone meal and limestone to the ration. A safe rule is to add, for each 5 pounds of the vegetable protein supplement (such as soy-bean oil meal), 1 pound of steamed bone meal and ½ pound of ground limestone.

Grit and oyster shell should also be available to the flock at all times. Grit is an aid to the gizzard in crushing and grinding feed. Fowls ranging over gravelly soil can easily find their own grit, but when they are confined in limited quarters, it should be supplied.

Oyster shell is fed to supply the lime that is needed for making the egg shells. The better a flock is laying, the more important is it that oyster shell (or crushed limestone) be available.

In terms of what the hen eats, there is more water than feed in a dozen eggs. The standard weight for a dozen eggs is 1½ pounds, and of this more than 1 pound is water. This shows why hens must have plenty of clean water at all times if they are to lay well. In winter it is well to take the chill from the drinking water.

Two in Ten Million

(Continued from page 11)

"Your handkerchief," she explained, jumping to her feet. "I washed it, but I couldn't press it very well."

A princess at laundry work! He smiled and tucked the bit of white cambric in his pocket. Quite simply she dropped into step beside him and they strolled down the leafy path.

"There's such a lot I want to know," she said. "You told me my music helped your work, and I've wondered ever since what you were doing."

"It's a play." Roderick honestly attempted to keep the triumph out of his voice. "A play for Trevor."

"Not THE Trevor?" She was plainly impressed.

"THE Trevor. He's going to use it next season."

"Think of writing anything good enough for him!"

"Yes," he said simply. "I'm just born lucky, I guess. But I have worked hard."

"That's what makes it so fine. I can understand luck. Some people are born with everything, of course. But to be willing to work on top of it . . . that's what's so wonderful about you."

Roderick's head began to whirl. That a girl like this should accept him on such terms of friendliness was too perfect to be true, and that she should also consider him wonderful . . .

"Do you know," he said, "you haven't told me a thing about your own life."

"There isn't much to tell. Just people, people, all day long without any let-up. I don't suppose you can imagine what it's like . . . never to be alone."

"I think I can," he told her. "You know, that's all a writing guy is good at . . . imagining."

"I'm pretty good at it myself. It's the only thing that keeps me from going crazy sometimes. That and my music."

Roderick stopped short and stood looking down at her face, which was shadowed by the trees overhead. He spoke slowly, "Could you ever imagine . . . ever feeling that hard work and just being yourself and caring a lot for—for a girl . . . was more important than having money?"

There was an instant's silence while she considered this, then, "Yes," she said, and her voice sounded a trifle breathless, "yes; I could easily imagine that . . . if a man had, and was, what you say. Then money wouldn't matter, one way or another."

Then, for no reason at all, the path ahead of them became a road to paradise, while overhead a moon which had merely been white turned to silver with little diamond stars bedecking the sky.

BUT after that, quite suddenly, Roderick's little gods deserted him. Having squandered a whole year of happiness in a single evening, they left him to make up the arrears. The girl played that night, brilliantly, joyously, with a dash and spirit that carried him fairly up to the middle of his act. But the next night there was no sign of her slim figure upon the green seat, no music from the shadows outside his window. He waited until ten o'clock, fiddling with his pencils, making little stabbing marks upon his copy, then he threw aside all pretense of writing and went for a walk.

The next day the play went more slowly. Almost it halted and went backward. A twilight walk in the park did nothing to help. Constantly Roderick was watching for a slim figure in blue, but it was not visible. The great house was dark and he realized that the girl must have gone away. In spite of that, he found himself listening for her music later that night. Nine o'clock . . . ten . . . eleven—and no slender thread of melody came stealing through his window. At twelve he pitched his manu-

script onto the table and went to bed.

Morning disclosed a welter of scattered papers upon the floor, sport of the night winds. Roderick went savagely to work trying to put the hopeless mess in order. The whole thing seemed suddenly flat and meaningless, but he squared his jaw. He would make it go . . . he would!

IT WAS at the end of the tenth day that Roderick sat down to face facts. Facts had never bothered him before. In some subtle fashion, they had always been his friends. But now they stared at him mockingly.

"You have only fifty dollars left," they whispered. "Your play is no farther along than it was a month ago, and quite likely no good anyway."

Roderick mopped his forehead. It had turned hot the last few weeks, hot and muggy.

"She's gone," the whisper went on. "Her house is closed. She's gone to Newport with a hundred other suitors who have everything to offer her that you have not."

Roderick rose a trifle dizzily and went over to the window. He had not eaten all day. Not because of the lack of funds so much as because he had sworn to finish his manuscript. Now he looked down and crumpled the torn fragments of his last act in his hand.

"Drivel!" he said between his teeth. "But I'll show 'em!"

He wrote through the night, wrote and wrote until the first pale flush of a hot dawn streaked the sky, then dropped upon the bed and rose to write again. All through the heat of the afternoon his pencil moved across the sheets.

By evening the play was finished and Roderick was more than a little mad. His body felt disassociated from his brain, as though it were no longer his. He had ceased to think consciously of the girl, but she was with him just the same, wrapped in the last act of his play like a butterfly in its chrysalis. Kenyon and his easy brilliance had gone by the boards. He had walked the plank, and the last act was about real people because it was carved out of Robert's own heart.

And it was this act he took to Trevor. "I want him to read it at once," he told Mrs. Trevor at the door. "I'll walk around a bit until he's through." He departed on unsteady feet.

Mrs. Trevor returned to her husband, a trifle dazed. "I think he had been drinking. He looked simply dreadful!"

Trevor reached lazily for the manuscript. "Might as well read the thing," he said. "It won't do any good now, but I've nothing else to do until Maxwell comes."

"Is he going to talk about the new scenery?"

"Yes; of course, you and I know that the audience turns out to see me and not the sets but," he yawned, "seeing it's Maxwell, I suppose I've got to humor him." He wearily turned to page seventy and began on Act Three.

When Roderick returned, he was still weary but a trifle nearer sanity than before. There was a certain amount of food within him. Also a shave and hair cut counted in his favor. But his eyes were still blood-shot and his hands trembled as he stood before Trevor.

The great man regarded him with disfavor. "Look here," he said, "this won't do! I'm disappointed in you . . . very."

Roderick waved his hand wearily. "Never mind about me," he said. "That isn't important. I want to know about the play. Are you going to do it?"

"Do it?" Trevor raised his perfect brows. "My dear fellow, surely you weren't expecting me to do it this season? Even if it were in shape to play,

(Continued on page 47)



Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements wrote "Two in Ten Million"

Have you heard about



THIS AMAZING SOAP DISCOVERY

—SPEEDS washing, saves work, costs less!

● **50% MORE SUDS**—quicker, richer, longer-lasting suds—that's why OXYDOL saves washday labor, makes dishwashing easier!

● Every woman who has slaved over the washtub or the dishpan knows that suds are the secret of successful washing.

So Procter & Gamble, the greatest soapmakers in the world, have now perfected a soap discovery, almost magical in its sudsing power.

This soap sensation is Oxydol, a real blessing to the woman who is seeking an easier way to do the hardest job in housekeeping.

Oxydol is supercharged (with pure rich soap) for 50% more suds than other soaps in granulated form—livelier suds that *outwash* and *outlast* all others!

Richer suds do the dirty work

Richer suds are the simple reason why Oxydol saves your strength and speeds your work.

Weak old-type suds can't get things really clean—you know that—because they quickly fizzle away to watery thinness.

When you buy soap, remember, it's suds you're really buying.

If the suds fall the dirt falls back also—but Oxydol suds *stand up* and *stay* on the job!

Soaks clothes whiter

Oxydol's richer fluffier suds *soak* clothes white—without back-tiring rubbing because they *keep up* and *keep working*—until the last particle of dirt is routed.

Oxydol washes everything *brighter, cleaner, and more sweet-smelling.*

Softens hard water

The minute you put dirty clothes and greasy dishes into water you harden that water.

Oxydol makes all water soft—in even the stubbornest hard water it gives 50% more rich live suds!

Wonderful for dishes

Oxydol fairly charms away each speck of grease from dirty dishes and glassware—it leaves no streaky film as do weak old-type suds.

They come out clean and sparkling—clean to dry without wiping if you like—because Oxydol suds don't cling!

And Oxydol is so easy on your hands that you'll *know* it's perfectly suited to even your delicate things.

Ask your grocer today for Oxydol—in the big-sized orange and blue package. The Procter and Gamble Co., Cincinnati, U. S. A.

GUARANTEE

If you do not find that Oxydol makes more and richer suds—that it soaks clothes gleaming white—that it makes hard water soft and works better in any water—just turn the package back to the store where you bought it and your money will be returned.



OXYDOL
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE COMPLETE HOUSEHOLD SOAP

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF IVORY SOAP

Good News! for Parents!



*Two tablespoonfuls of *KARO
in a glass of milk improves its flavor
and doubles its energy value!*

THAT is why doctors who know children and know Karo advise mothers to serve plenty of Karo to the kiddies, especially underweight children, in milk, on cereals, on sliced bread, and watch their weight increase!

Children, of course, like Karo. It's deliciously sweet and full of flavor—and it satisfies their "sweet

tooth"... Why is Karo so good for children?

There are 120 calories per ounce in Karo. This means that Karo is a great energy-giving food—containing nearly twice the energy value of eggs and lean beef, weight for weight.

And for economy—compare the price of Karo per pound, with that of other staple foods.

*KARO is the familiar Syrup sold in grocery stores everywhere. This delicious syrup is a pure mixture of dextrin, malt sugar and other simple sugar derivatives which is digested with remarkable ease and provides the elements for energy and growth.

FREE TO MOTHERS

"The Food of the Infant and the Growing Child" is a practical, helpful booklet written by one of America's leading baby specialists. Mail coupon below for your copy.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.
Department W.W.-10, 17 Battery Place, New York City
Please send me my copy of "The Food of the Infant and the Growing Child."

Name.....

Address.....

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THE TROLL SAW THE CHILDREN AND SMILED UP AT THEM

Grandpa's Story

A story-book Troll surprises two little friends who discover his house and his strange garden beside a tinkling brook

Told and Illustrated by UNCLE JOHNNY GRUELLE

CARL and Bessie were just learning to read, and one of the stories they liked the best was the one about a Troll who lived under a bridge.

So when they went out in the country to visit Aunt Addie and found that right near her house there was a bridge just like the one pictured in their reader, Carl and Bessie ran down the road to see it.

"It looks just like the bridge under which the Troll lived!" Carl said.

"Perhaps we shall see the Troll before we go home," Bessie whispered. "Let's run and ask Aunt Addie for a doughnut or a piece of bread and jelly, and put it under the bridge for him."

When the children returned with the doughnut and the piece of bread and jelly, they tied a long string to the food and lowered it over the side of the bridge.

Carl held the string quietly until finally the wind blew it out from under the bridge and the children saw that the bread and the doughnut were gone.

"Ooh! Don't you wish the Troll would come out?" Bessie asked.

"I wish we could see him," Carl replied. "Let's go down under the bridge."

At the side of the bridge were many stone steps and down these the children ran. There sat the Troll upon a mossy stone, one leg crossed over the other, eating the doughnut and the bread.

He saw the children and smiled up at them. "Come on down," he said, "so that no grown-ups will see us!"

He was such a cunning little creature that the children wished to hug him. He walked over to the center of the bridge and pushed upon one end of a large stone. It swung out at the other end and the children saw it was a doorway.

The Troll politely asked them inside; after hesitating only a moment, Carl and Bessie followed through the doorway.

"I'm taking you to see my garden."

With this, the Troll pushed open another door and the children were surprised to find themselves out in the open. There stood a tiny house not much larger than a piano box.

As the Troll and the children came to the tiny gate, Carl and Bessie saw a bed of red and green and black and white and yellow and brown flowers growing there. Each flower was flat and round and grew upon a white stalk.

"They're lollipops!" the children cried when they walked close to the queer flower bed. The Troll told them they might pick all they wished, so Carl and Bessie each took three. The Troll said that this was not enough, and pulled them one of each kind of lollipop: the red cinnamon, the green lime, the brown chocolate, the black licorice, the yellow lemon. "Here is an interesting plant," said the Troll as they turned a corner of the house and came upon a bush shaped like the little trees you see in toy villages. In one side of the plant was a door which the Troll opened. "Just reach inside and see what grows there!"

Carl reached his arm inside and pulled out the first thing his hand touched; it was a little book of fairy tales.

"It's your turn, Bessie," said the Troll. Bessie reached inside the little door and pulled out another book.

"The next time you come to visit me, I'll take you to the cookie field and to see the pie plants, and down into the rock-candy cave," said the Troll. "How long will you visit Aunt Addie?"

"We are going to stay all the week."

"Then we will have plenty of time to have a lot of fun," the Troll laughed. "Aunt Addie is calling you now. She doesn't know where you have gone to. Don't forget your books." Then he opened the stone door in the bridge and let them out beside the tinkling brook.

Good Will Week

(Continued from page 7)

speech, and you could tell that everybody was relieved. In ten minutes or so, they could take off their smiles and go home to bed.

The last speaker, who was also a politician, was testifying to Clinton's fearless firemen—I was wondering if they really would march in the parade tomorrow, after all, and thinking, what difference did it make whether they did or not?—and he mentioned tonight's fire, to add a bit of dramatic color to his speech. The fire had been put out in less than two hours, he said, thanks to the efficiency of the organization. Only an empty store building and a small cottage had been destroyed, he said. Everybody dutifully clapped for the fearless firemen. Everybody smothered a yawn.

Somebody who wasn't a speaker asked if it was Doctor Crawford's cottage that had burned down. The speaker looked at his notes and said he believed it was. He suggested that we seize the opportunity of being all together to send a telegram of sympathy to the doctor.



Fannie Kilbourne, Author of "Good Will Week"

There was a little pause for somebody to make the motion. Mr. Burris cleared his throat and said he thought we ought to do something a little more substantial than sending a telegram of sympathy. Somebody suggested that we start a fund, right now. Jack seconded the motion, said he happened to know that the old doctor had let the insurance on his house expire.

The politician who had been making the speech fell in right away, of course, and began a flowery appeal to raise enough money to rebuild the cottage. What more heart-warming evidence of Clinton Good Will could we give, he demanded, than such a gift to a humble but worthy citizen?

But before they could get the subscription going, Mr. Burris, Senior, spoke up and said he didn't think a donation like that would please Doctor Crawford. He said he'd known Ben Crawford all his life and that Ben was very independent and wouldn't like anything that smacked of charity.

SOMEbody else said that it wasn't charity at all, that there was scarcely a family in town who hadn't felt at one time or another that Doctor Crawford had done more for them than money could ever pay for. There was a kind of awkward pause; nobody seemed to know just what to say, or do. Everybody knew the old doctor had just barely enough money to live on. If he had to buy or rent another house—

Mr. Harris got up. He didn't say, "Ladies and gentlemen," or anything like that. He'd forgotten it was a banquet. He just leaned forward with his hands on the table and looked around the hall. "Well, folks," he said, "what're you going to do about it? Let old Doc Crawford come back from his vacation and find that he hasn't got a home any more?"

All over the big hall there were queer stirrings and rustlings. People who had been half-doing sat up straight in their chairs. Somebody coughed. I had the queerest feeling—it was just as if something that had been asleep was slowly waking up.

Suddenly, two men were on their feet at once. One of them, a very ordinary-looking man that I didn't even recognize, said, "If we can't give the doctor cash, what about rebuilding his house for him? I imagine the crowd that's right here now could furnish the stuff to do it with."

Everybody in the hall began to clap. The three different lumber yard owners all jumped up at once and offered to furnish the lumber among them. Mr. Jackson, of the Clinton Foundry, said to count on him for pipes. All right, said

Mr. Crawley, let Jackson furnish the pipes and the Crawley Plumbing Company would see that they got the water running through them.

The crowd was awake now, all right. Voices came from every corner of the banquet room in one excited jumble. Perkins Hardware offering a kitchen stove, Clinton Power and Light saying they'd wire the house, a half dozen little merchants promising fixtures. I heard Father's voice saying the Glenn Dry Goods store would give the carpets. Baily Brothers and the Emporium tried to outshout each other promising furniture.

THEY got quiet enough for somebody to ask about the labor. Mr. Oswald Branch said with his funny little smile that there'd be labor enough if everybody who'd ever let one of Doctor Crawford's bills run would lend a hand. A great laugh went up at that and Wally Green, who's one of the richest men in town now, said, all right then, put him down for a good day's work.

There was plenty of good serious sense along with all the joking. Somebody said Doctor Crawford was coming back in just a week. Was it possible to build a story-and-a-half cottage in a week? Frank Corcoran said he should hope to say it was. But if you wanted to make time, some one person would have to run the thing. If it was agreeable to the crowd, he said he'd take charge and boss the job. It was agreeable to the crowd, all right.

It was fun to see how he did it. Inside of ten minutes, he knew just where every bit of material down to the window glass and paint, even the nails and screws, was coming from. Then he said, "All right. Now, anny of you that want to work, lave your names at my office early tomorrow morning, with what you can do best, and just when you can do it."

There was only one awkward moment in all the whole time. Some woman got up and said that you couldn't make the Crawford home what it had been, with all new furniture. What about the doctor's favorite patent rocker? What about Mrs. Crawford's quilts that were rare old patterns that the antique shops couldn't get enough of at any price? And what about curtains?

Mr. Corcoran said, sure it was the ladies—God bless 'em—who knew what it took to make a home. He would ask them to take charge of all the homey details. And because he was like Will Rogers and only knew what he read in the papers, he took it for granted that Laura Fay Gardner was the most responsible young woman in Clinton, and he put her in charge of the women's end of the work.

Down the long banquet tables, Janice and Peg and Helen Shelby and the rest of us gave each other horrified looks. But there was only one thing to do, and after a minute we nodded resignedly at each other. It had been all right to figure on letting a garden party be a failure, but this was different. Janice would have to put off going to Chicago and I'd put off the twins' tonsils, Helen Shelby's cousin could go on living. We'd have to put our shoulders to the wheel and do all the work, just as we always did. We couldn't duck out and leave an important job like this to a bird-brain like Laura Fay.

It was a joke on Laura at that, though, because there wouldn't be any glory in this for anybody. It was agreed between the editors of the two papers, who were both there, that they wouldn't print a line, not even about the fire. Doc Crawford's daughter takes the "Monitor" in Peoria, and the doctor would see it. They wanted his first knowledge of the fire to come when he drove up Main Street next

(Continued on page 45)



"My, how white!" you'll say after washing clothes this way

FEW and far between are the women who still scrub the life out of clothes—who still ruin their complexions over steaming boilers—who still slave to get clothes bright and snowy. Nowadays the whole process of washday has been reduced to the simple ABC of soaking—rinsing—and hanging out to dry.

"Just by soaking, clothes come whiter than when I used to scrub them," writes Mrs. Ellen Strand of Minneapolis. "Rinso suds are the thickest I've ever seen—and how they last!" declares Mrs. W. O. Morse of Schenectady, New York.

Thousands of women tell us the same

thing. Rinso gives thick, long-lasting suds—even in hardest water. It loosens the dirt. It whitens the clothes. You don't need to scrub or boil.

Great in tub or washer

Rinso is economical, too. Gives twice as much suds, cup for cup, as lightweight, puffed-up soaps. No bar soaps, chips or softeners needed. The makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso. Wonderful for dishwashing and all cleaning.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO. CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



Millions use Rinso in tub, washer and dishpan



There are
TWO KINDS of WOMEN

TWO

KINDS of

WOMEN



Those who now have all the clothes they want

This group is a large and growing family. They know how simple it is to sew with a modern Singer. They sit at ease, press the control, and watch the stitches flow like magic. They plan dresses for themselves, children's clothes, draperies—and find delight in their swift creation.

If YOU have not discovered the modern Singer—and found how easily it can be yours—learn these facts:

The machine you want: No matter what type you prefer—a table model or a handy portable; a lock-stitch or chain-stitch; an electric or non-electric—you can have it, built with traditional Singer quality.

—at a new low price: You can have your choice of Singer machines in a wide range of prices, all lower than they have been for years. Yet every machine, regardless of price, built to the same Singer standard.

—on convenient terms: You can have the Singer of your choice at once. Terms will be arranged, if you desire, to meet your convenience. If

And those who have yet to discover how to have them

Each day this group grows smaller, for one by one they learn how simple it is to make the lovely clothes they want on a modern Singer, and how easily they can have this finest of sewing machines.

you have a machine now, it will be accepted in part payment.

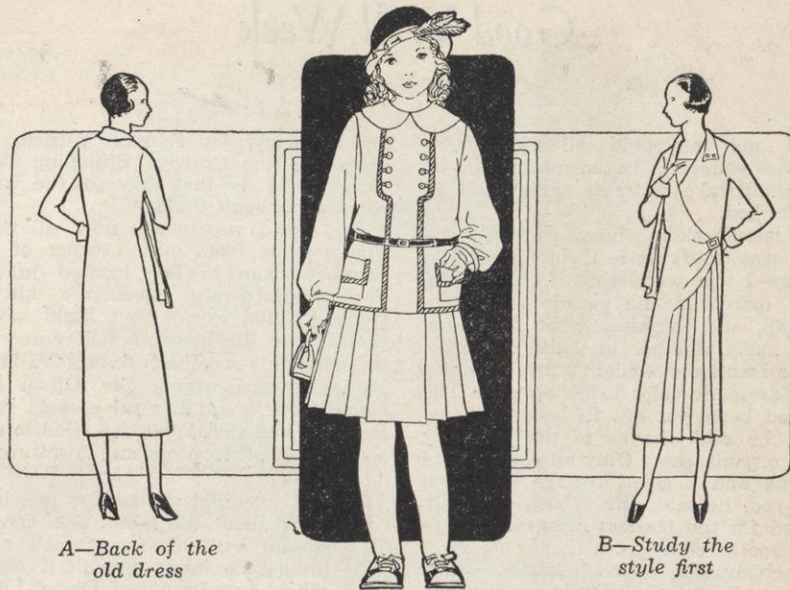
—with service near by: You will find that the Singer Shop near your home is ready always with instruction, supplies, and special help on any sewing problem.

—and complete instruction free: With your machine you are entitled to a Complete Course in Home Sewing at a Singer Sewing School in your own community. A personal teacher will guide you in selecting designs and fabrics, altering patterns, laying out and cutting your material and assembling, fitting and finishing your dress.

WHEN you buy a sewing machine, you buy it not merely for immediate use but for a lifetime of service. Why, then, should you even consider having less than the best? You can have the best—a modern Singer, product of eighty years of skill and experience. And you can have it now. Go to the Singer Shop in your community and see and try a modern Singer yourself. Or let the Singer man who calls at your home send you a machine to try on your own sewing on the Self-Demonstration Plan. Look in your telephone directory for the nearest address of the Singer Sewing Machine Company.

SINGER SEWING MACHINES

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A—Back of the old dress

B—Study the style first

The Clothing Clinic

The clever make-over lady transforms a discarded dress into a suit any small girl would be proud to own

PERHAPS my recent experience in cutting down a dress of my own for Niece Jane will inspire some other aunt or mother to do likewise.

Each garment attacked in remodeling brings its own problems. The first and most hated step in making over garments is ripping and putting the material into condition for further wear. Too much time is spent in ripping and unless the full width of the sections is likely to be needed in the new, it is better to cut off the seams close to the stitching, instead of ripping them. All hems, however, should be carefully ripped and the threads removed. After brushing, the several sections may be washed, or cleaned and pressed.

Some people object to making over garments on account of the piecings so often noticeable. Piecings there are likely to be, of course, but if they cannot be concealed, they may often be made a part of the decoration or decide some detail of construction. It is all very easy to give directions as to the selection of patterns for make-overs and for fitting pattern-sections into the parts of an old dress, but it is often a different and difficult matter when one comes to work it out on her own individual problem, and quite often better success is attained if the design of the dress is developed as one goes along.

Developing the Design

Before cutting my dress apart, I had studied it well and had decided a general method of using the different parts. I knew it was best to allow the pleats to remain creased, as it is often extremely difficult to obliterate old marks.

We planned to have the skirt straight with pleats at each side of the center-front. The pleated section consisted of six pleats all facing the same way, and was cut in two on the crease under the third pleat, making it possible to reverse the pleats at one side. The shape of the right front of the dress is illustrated here and the portion from A to B was exactly right as to width for the plain front of the skirt. Accordingly, the correct length was cut and a line indicating the center-front marked with basting, following a lengthwise thread of the goods. The raw edges were folded under and lapped over the pleated sections, giving the appearance of another pleat at each side. After basting these flat to the

pleated sections, the underneath raw edges were stitched just as they lay smoothly.

The back of the skirt was cut from the lower portion of the dress-back. I reversed the material, placing the old hem portion at the top. After joining the back to the front, the hem on the entire lower edge was finished by hand, and all pleats were basted and carefully pressed. In joining the skirt to the under-body, the seam was finished on the right side with a flat facing of bias tape.

Problems of Cutting

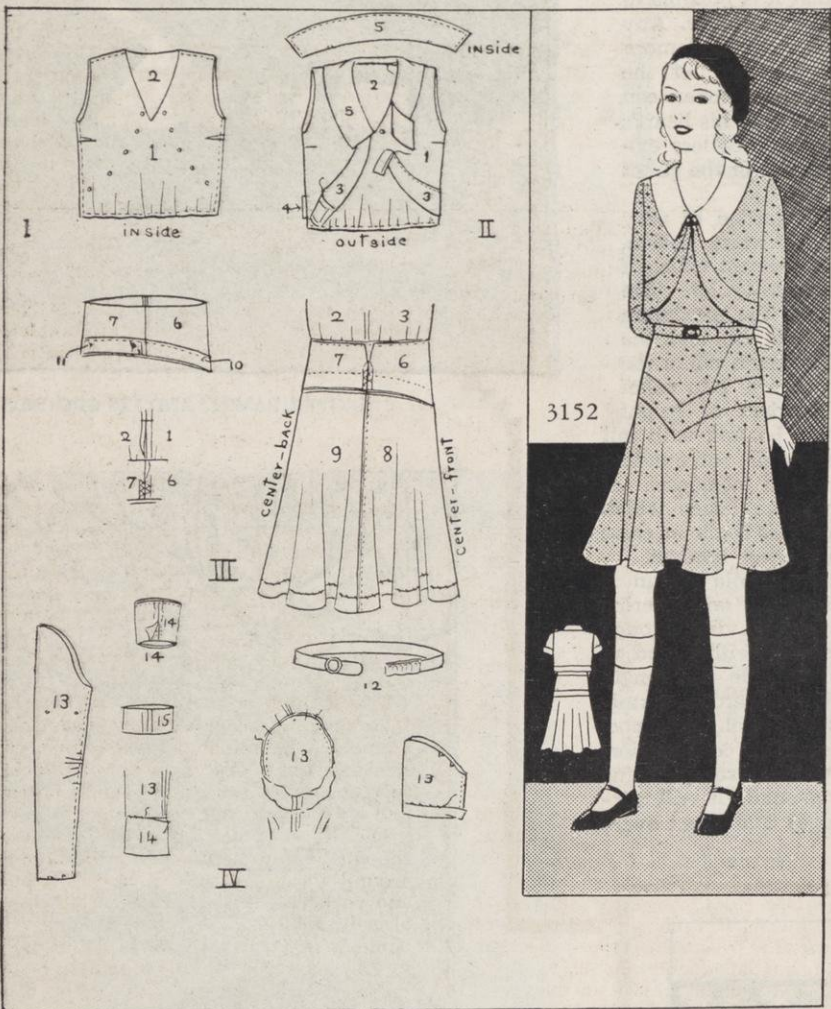
Next came the problem of the overblouse. The back offered no problems in cutting as the dress-back was in good condition. By using the fronts of the dress from the under-arms down, cutting away a small portion high up under the arms where the dress was slightly worn, a little overblouse like the one in the picture was evolved. Since the waist-front of the dress was in two parts, it was necessary, if piecing was to be avoided, to plan some way of making the joining or separation appear as a definite plan. By devising this little vest, a seam in the center-front was avoided; besides, the vest gave quite an air to the outfit. A little bolero would also have solved the difficulty.

In recutting the sleeves, I reversed them from top to bottom and made them as full as possible at the wrist, for a full sleeve is less likely to wear out quickly than one which fits closely, and a narrow cuff is nearly always becoming.

The finish which gave distinction to the whole costume was the braid binding around the edges of the blouse, sleeves and pockets. This trimming braid comes already folded and if your sewing machine is in good working order, it is no trouble at all to stitch it on, although care is needed in turning corners.

Niece Jane insisted on having pockets; as an overblouse of this kind seemed to call for the patch-pocket variety, those were included and also trimmed with braid. Just because there were on hand some buttons, I added those to the upper part of the vest, with loops of fine cord extending out from the bound edges. The front edges of the blouse at each side below the buttons were tacked to the vest. A narrow shiny belt and a flat linen collar completed the becoming suit, of which Niece Jane was indeed proud.





Simple to Make and Easy to Wear

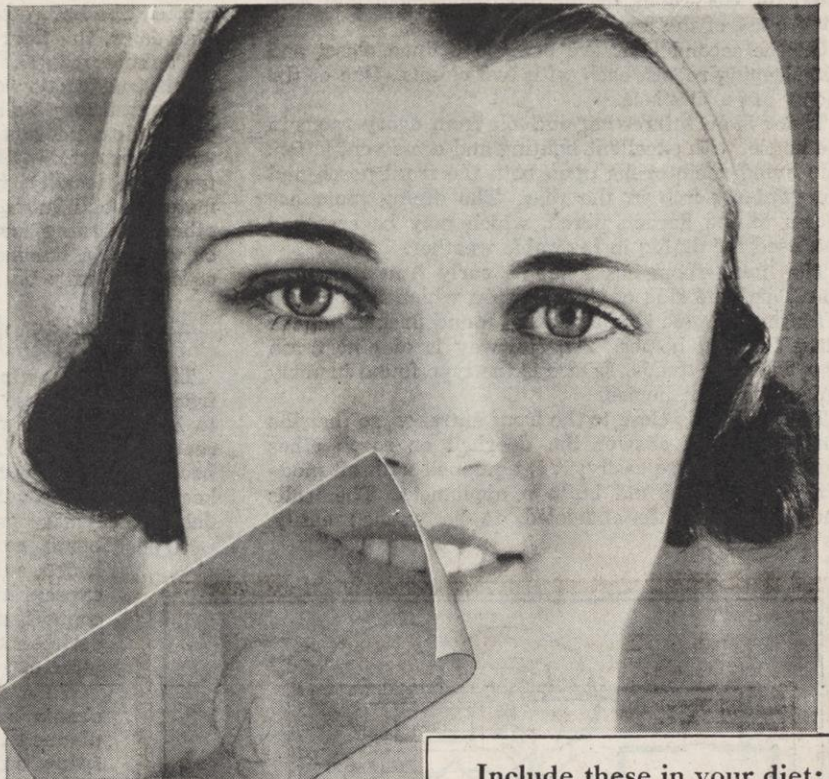
3108. The brief bodice of this simple dress cuts in one with the front panel of the skirt and the side-front skirt sections and back sections are circular. Tweed-like cotton in brown and white, with plain white trim, was used for the original. Style 3108 is designed for sizes 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards of 35-inch material with ¾ yard of 35-inch contrasting and 2 yards of seam beading.

3152. This dress just pretends a bolero through applied band trim. The circular skirt, too, bands its hipline. The collar and cuffs supply opportunity for contrast. The dress is one of those delightfully smart sheer worsted prints in rich dark brown tones. Style 3152 is designed for sizes 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards of 35-inch material, with ½ yard of 35-inch contrasting material for collar and cuffs.

Patterns, 15c each, postpaid, may be secured from Woman's World, 4223 W. Lake St., Chicago. Send 10c for The Fall and Winter Fashion Book

Three ways to fight decay!

*Remove film . . . Eat right
See your dentist*



Film is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . to cause unsightly stains on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

WIPE out decay! That is the goal of modern dentistry. Here are three rules for you to follow in helping you attain it.

First, drink plenty of orange juice, eat other citrus fruits, fresh vegetables and tomatoes. Diet helps to keep your teeth and gums strong and healthy—increase their “disease-resistance.”

Next, go to your dentist twice a year or oftener. Have him remove the tartar deposits that develop at the gum line and become a constant source of irritation.

Remove film

Last, but of prime importance, remove film from teeth twice daily. Film is the basis of tartar. It invites dental troubles. In it are germs believed to cause decay.

Film is not easy to remove from teeth. It clings like glue and defies all ordinary ways of brushing. That is why Pepsodent was developed.

Pepsodent removes film thor-

Include these in your diet:



One or two eggs, depending on your age.

Raw fruit and fresh vegetables you like.



Head lettuce, cabbage or celery.



½ lemon mixed with orange juice to make 1 pint.



Plenty of milk every day.



oughly, completely. Its unique action is due to a revolutionary polishing and cleansing agent. One that is extremely smooth and fine—twice as soft as that commonly used in other tooth pastes. It is supremely safe for the delicate teeth of children.

Safe! Supremely gentle

Yet with all its softness this new agent excels all others in cleansing teeth and polishing enamel.

So if you seek glorious health in teeth and gums as well as loveliness—eat right, use Pepsodent, see your dentist twice a year.

**USE PEPSODENT TWICE A DAY—
SEE YOUR DENTIST AT LEAST TWICE A YEAR**

JUNIPER LAWN is an early American house, almost Dutch Colonial in character. Many examples of this type are found in Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania and in some portions of Delaware. It is the type of home built by our forefathers who appreciated simple home life. It has exterior walls of white or weathered ivory stucco and wood siding. The roof is of deep-toned weathered wood shingles. The exterior wood trim and windows are a warm ivory color. The porch floors are paved with hard-burned common brick, dark in color.

The compact arrangement of the generous-sized rooms reduces waste space, limits the cost of construction and makes housekeeping a simple matter. On the first floor are living-room, hall, coat closet, dining-room, kitchen, laundry, bath and a room which may be used as den, library or sewing-room, and on occasions as a guest room. The bath is conveniently located for this room, or for the living-room and hall, for the use of the family and their guests.

On the second floor are bathroom, linen closet and two sleeping rooms, each with two closets. One of the rooms has a fireplace.

There is an interesting outlook from every room in the house, with excellent lighting and cross ventilation. The living-room opens upon both the front porch and the garden porch in the rear. The dining-room has access to the garden porch, which may be screened and used for dining in favorable weather.

The living-room has a simple early American fireplace, and the side of the room on which it is placed is finished in pine similar to that found in many of the early Colonial homes. The stairway is of pine finish also, with oak treads. It also is the type found in many early American homes.

The kitchen is close to the front entrance, so that the housewife may answer the doorbell or reach other parts of the house easily; it is equipped with all modern conveniences and built-in appliances. The walls and woodwork are enameled, to be washed easily.

Small American Homes of Distinction

"Juniper Lawn," an early American type of house with six generous-sized rooms, two baths and two porches, offers all that a family of modest means could ask in comfort, convenience, charm and character. Designed for Woman's World by H. Roy Kelley, Architect. Garden and grounds by Florence Yoch and Lucile Council, Landscape Architects

On the second floor, the bath is accessible to the two bedrooms. Each bedroom has windows on three sides, offering excellent opportunity for light and fresh air. The bedrooms are amply large for twin beds and all other necessary furniture. The bathroom walls are painted in washable color, the floor is tile and the fixtures the most modern type.

The construction of the house is wood-frame, although it may be built of masonry if one's appropriation permits. The cost of construction would vary from \$5,000.00 to \$8,000.00, depending upon the locality, type of construction, use of materials and finish, efficiency of the builder and other governing factors. It may be built with or without a basement and any type of heating equipment may be installed.

Grounds of "Juniper Lawn"

There is a growing realization that the street front of each house is the owner's contribution to his community. The logical outcome of this realization is that front yard planting tends to become simpler, of the type that it is possible to keep presentable with a minimum of labor. Any detailed or fussy gardening is more and more being confined to the rear of the house, where the garden lover can express his individuality to his heart's content, and not try numberless experiments at the expense of the street picture.

We are showing a garden of very simple and straightforward design, planned to give the greatest effect of space on a deep narrow lot. The parallel walks achieve the maximum length possible on the lot, and the smooth green turf between offers the open center which throws into relief and interest the borders of bright flowers on each side, banked with tall greenery. The green walls surrounding the entire garden are composed of hedges, shrubs and tree heads which offer a pleasant contrast, both in color and texture, to the flower borders.

The value of this simple design is appreciated immediately on entering the house. One has a long vista through the French windows at either end of the living-room down the full length of the flower-bordered garden, terminated by a broad flat pool. This pool should be of the simplest construction, preferably a native field stone coping set flush with the ground. It will mirror the ferns, hedges and trees over-



"JUNIPER LAWN" AND ITS GROUNDS. SKETCHES OF THE INTERIOR ARE SHOWN ON PAGE 29



The garden in the rear of the house has a pool with ferns on each side, and back of the pool is the hedge that encloses the grounds. At the left in the sketch a Flowering Crab Tree is separated from the garage by the hedge. The diagram in the lower left-hand corner of page 26 shows all the details of planting around the house

hanging it, and can be planted with hardy water lilies and iris.

In any garden it is a pity to see all the points of interest from one position. A pleasant and useful garden feature just outside the dining-room window affords an opportunity for an interesting cross axis in the design. Here a garden nook paved with flagstone or brick, or simply surfaced with clean decomposed granite, is easily accessible from the dining-room. It would be a pleasant place for outdoor meals or tea. Sheltered by a light lattice, over which vines clamber, roofed over by gnarly old apple trees and brightened with a few perennial flowers in the narrow bed behind the dipping well, this cozy retreat could become a delightful outdoor living-room.

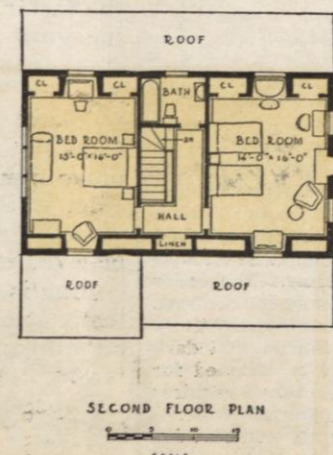
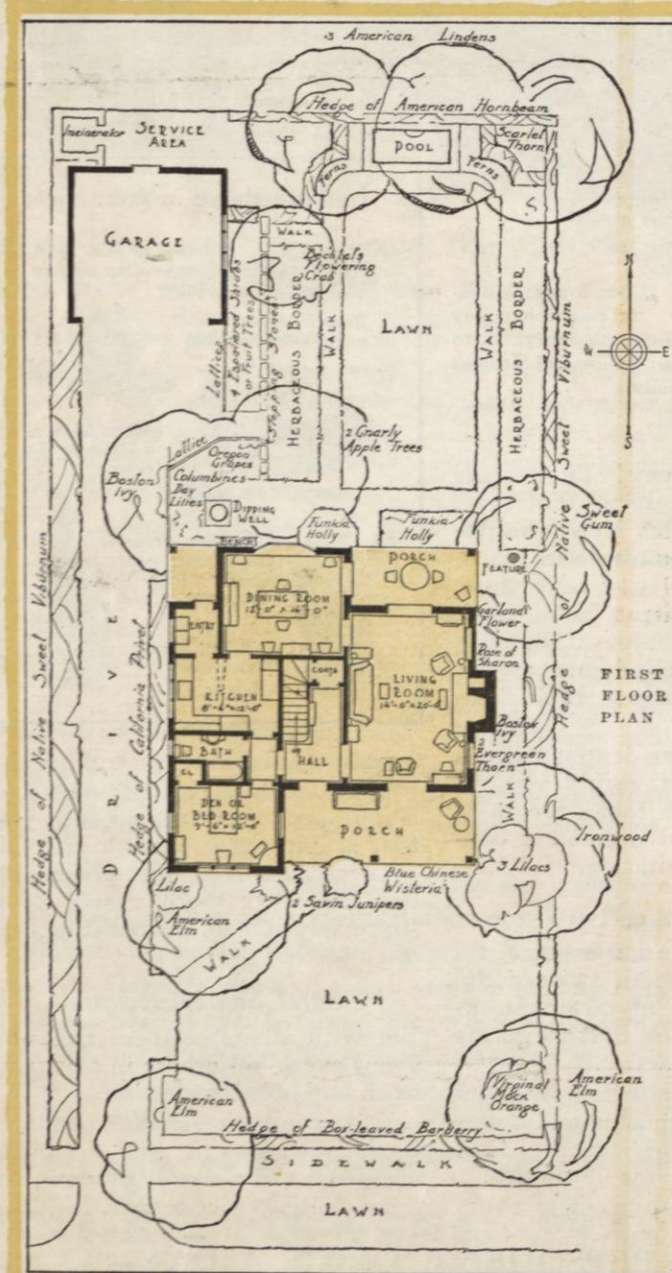
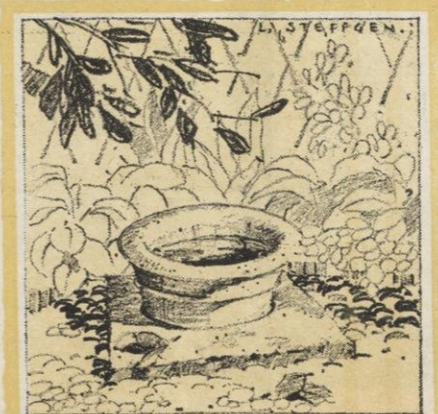
The Dipping Well

A detail of interest that one finds in many of the old gardens of Europe is the dipping well. It is built primarily for service—to water the potted plants close by—and offers a simple and unusually interesting feature in the garden. The small sketch suggests the use of a large decorative terra cotta pot about twenty-five inches in diameter, which is sunk into a stone platform five inches high and used as a dipping well.

The narrow path leading along the left side of the garden offers a third spot of interest. Here one can have endless delight training fruit trees, vines or bushes against the lattice fence and garage wall. This again is a fine point of horticulture culled from the peasant gardens of Europe, which are so fertile in practical and interesting suggestions.

At the end of this path, partially secluded behind the garage, is that utility which no well-planned home grounds should be without, a small service yard. Here the incinerator, laundry yard and other mundane necessities which go to make for good housekeeping are conveniently located and well out of sight.

As mentioned previously, the street aspect of the house setting is the simplest. Good turf, with a very few shrubs at the foundation of the house, one hardy vine, a scattering of trees and a neat clipped hedge surrounding the whole form a shipshape pleasant picture which will take the appearance of real artistry as the various component parts take on a look of age. To insure privacy and protec-



LEFT—HOUSE PLANS SHOWING FIRST AND SECOND FLOORS

RIGHT—THE DIPPING WELL

ANNUALS FOR HERBACEOUS BORDER		
EDGERS—LOW	MEDIUM HEIGHT	TALL
Yellow and Orange: Calendula Dwarf Marigold Nasturtium Pansy	African Marigold African Daisy Dwarf Sun Flower California Poppy Nasturtium Snapdragon Zinnia	African Marigold Snapdragon Zinnia
Pink: Annual Pinks Candytuft Drummond's Phlox English Daisy Verbena Virginia Stock	Annual Poppy Aster Snapdragon Stock Zinnia	Annual Larkspur Snapdragon Zinnia
White: Candytuft Pansy		Annual Larkspur
Lavender: Dwarf Floss Flower Drummond's Phlox Pansy Verbena	Aster Floss Flower Petunia Stock	Annual Larkspur
Purple: Pansy Verbena	Aster Petunia Stock	Annual Larkspur
Blue: Lobelia Pansy	Aster Cornflower Nicotiana: Love-in-a-Mist	Annual Vines: Japanese Morning Glory Cypress Vine Cut Leaf Hop
PERENNIALS FOR HERBACEOUS BORDER		
LOW	MEDIUM	TALL
Yellow and Orange: *Alyssum saxatile *Cowslip	*Columbine ‡Chrysanthemum ‡Day Lily ‡Ox Eye Daisy ‡Red Hot Poker	‡Chrysanthemum ‡Thalictrum ‡Red Hot Poker
Pink: *Coral Bells ‡Sweet William	‡Aster ‡Chrysanthemum *Columbine *Bleeding Heart ‡Phlox	‡Japanese Anemone ‡Hollyhock ‡Canterbury Bells
Purple, Lavender, Blue: *Bluebell *Forget-me-not *Violet *Siberian Iris	‡Aster ‡Chrysanthemum ‡Eupatorium ‡Lupinus ‡Phlox ‡Japanese Iris *Iris ‡Sea Lavender ‡Salvia	‡Bellflower ‡Chrysanthemum ‡Canterbury Bells ‡Delphinium ‡Hollyhock
White: *Lily of the Valley ‡Sweet William	‡Aster ‡Chrysanthemum ‡Japanese and Siberian Iris ‡Phlox	‡Anemone ‡Chrysanthemum ‡Canterbury Bells ‡Hollyhock

NOTE: * means spring-blooming. † means summer-blooming. ‡ means autumn-blooming.

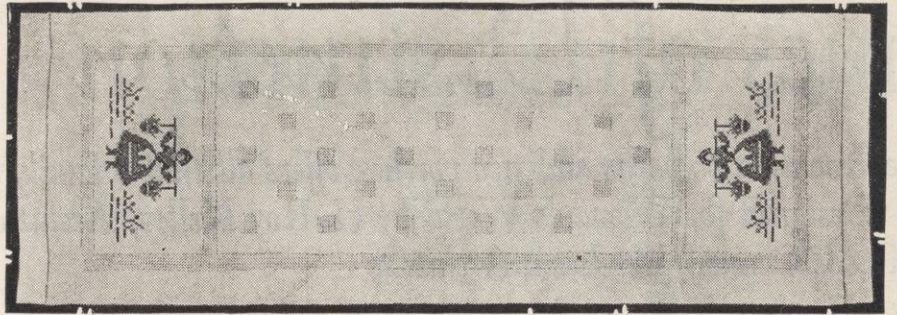
Details regarding furnishings of "Juniper Lawn" sent on request. Address Woman's World, Chicago, and enclose 2c stamp



HEADACHES

IT is not necessary to give-in to headaches. It is just a bit old-fashioned! The modern woman who feels a headache coming on at any time, takes some tablets of Bayer Aspirin and heads it off. Relief is immediate.

Keep Bayer Aspirin handy, and keep your engagements. Headaches, periodic pains, come at inconvenient times. So do colds. You can end them before they're fairly started if you will only remember this handy, harmless relief. Bayer Aspirin does not hurt the heart. Carry it in your purse; for your comfort shopping, or your evening's pleasure at the movies. Those little nagging aches that bring "nerves" are ended in a jiffy. Pains that once kept people home are forgotten half an hour after taking Bayer Aspirin! You'll find these tablets always help. If you get real aspirin, you'll get real relief. In every package of genuine Bayer tablets are found proven directions for relieving headaches, colds, sore throat, toothache, neuralgia, neuritis, sciatica, rheumatism, etc.



A scarf with cross-stitched flower girls and drawn work

New Peasant Linens

A scarf and a five-piece luncheon set illustrate the effectiveness of cross-stitch and drawn work

THE clear, vivid colors of the peasant costume offer delightful possibilities for decorative effects when judiciously placed on linens, with rows and squares of drawn work to set them off. Firmly woven, natural-colored linen is used. The crosses are stamped on the linen and by following a diagram it is easy to make each cross in the right color so that the peasant costume is reproduced faithfully. It's as much fun as dressing dolls to see the colorful costume near completion. The drawn work is already made on the linen.

Flower Girl Scarf: A scarf for a buffet or dresser is 16 by 45 inches. Hems 1½ inches wide are already hemstitched in place at each end, and drawn work panels

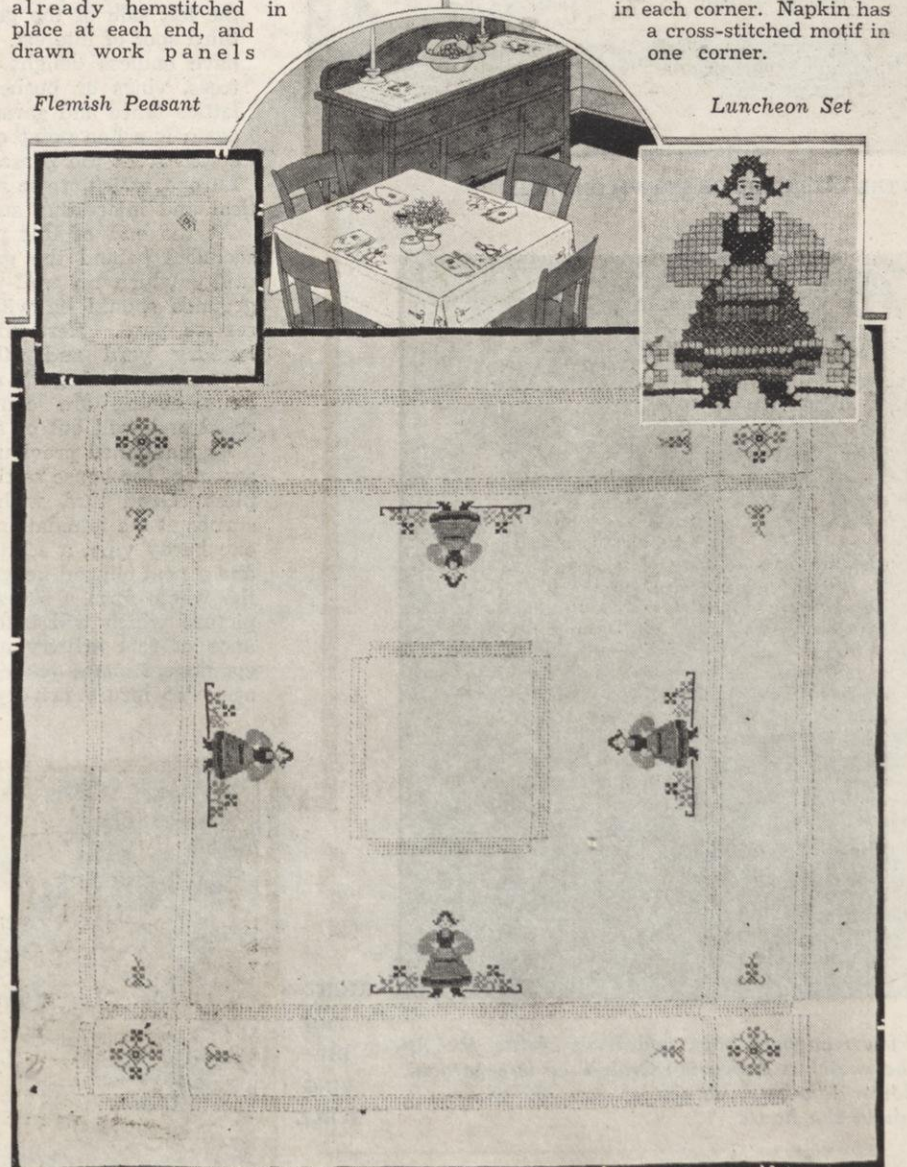


greatly enhance the beauty of the scarf. The girl's head-dress is red and yellow. Suspended from a black pole are baskets of blue, red and yellow flowers. Boots are orange-colored and the green and black dress has blue, red and yellow trimming.

Flemish Peasant Luncheon Cloth: Drawn work panels add a decorative note to this set which consists of a 43-inch cloth and four 12-inch napkins. The edges are hemmed and the set is ready for use when the cross-stitch is finished. Cap is red, boots black. The yellow, black and purple dress has borders of yellow, orange, red, black and green. The same colors used in the costume make the conventional flowers on either side and in each corner. Napkin has a cross-stitched motif in one corner.

Flemish Peasant

Luncheon Set



Stamped patterns may be obtained from Woman's World, 4223 West Lake St., Chicago. Prices given on page 44

Furnishing a Livable and Inviting Home

Simple early English pieces, modified to suit the architectural character of "Juniper Lawn," the house described on page 26, are used to achieve a beautiful and pleasantly homelike interior

By EDGAR HARRISON WILEMAN

THE scheme for decorating and furnishing "Juniper Lawn" leans toward the early English in style, but is modified to suit the character of the house and consequently has a definite Colonial feeling.

The walls throughout are of plaster, lightly tinted and simply textured. Bedroom walls could be papered if desired, in which case it would be better to use plain drapery fabrics against the figured paper.

Two small linen rugs of green and gold mixture are placed over the oak floor of the entrance hall. The stairs, doors and general woodwork are of pine in a mellow weathered color. The only piece of furniture is a pine low-boy console with two drawers and a hanging mirror.

In the living-room, the plaster walls are tinted a deep ivory. The fireplace side of the room is of pine, as are also the beams, doors and built-in features, the wood being finished in a light weathered tone. The floor is of oak stained a little darker than the baseboard. The rug is of a woven flax material with no pattern but of varied colorings, with green predominating. The fireplace grouping consists of a maple wing chair covered in durable wool tapestry with a dark maroon background; a comfortable maple chair, with loose cushions covered in another tapestry with a rich copper coloring, and a small footstool in the same material. A tall old brass floor lamp stands behind the wing chair and has a parchment shade decorated with a very simple design.

The tall desk shown in the illustration is of oak and bears the earmarks of an early English model; the side chair belongs to the same period and has a rush seat. For placing of furniture, see the floor plan on page 26.

Two Attractive Groups

The sofa occupies the large wall space opposite the fireplace. It is a lightly upholstered model covered all over in rust-colored frisé mohair but with the reversible cushions covered with tapestry like the chair to the right of the fireplace. A small oak table with a drawer is to the left of the sofa and holds a brass table lamp with a plain green linen shade. To the right stands a smoker's cabinet of oak with an attractive carved "sunflower" pattern door. The little coffee table, in front of the sofa, has turned legs and is also of oak.

Near the front window, next to the desk, there is a tall Windsor chair with a wood seat, and a useful end table with a book trough beneath. An oak cabinet is placed against the back wall together with a small bench. It is intended to have this fitted with a radio for harmony of style.

If glass curtains are desired, an open mesh material is suggested; these should be hung from a plain brass rod and reach to the sill. Overdraperies are made of a very interesting fabric called plaid ratiné of a light henna color which harmonizes delightfully with the whole room. These may be lined with tan sateen, but as the material is color-fast and reversible, it may be left unlined if desired. The draperies are made apron length except at the French doors where they reach the floor. They are hung from antiqued brass rods and are made full enough to pull right across the windows.

A rather large scenic picture hangs above the sofa so that height and color are added in order to achieve a better sense of balance.

The walls, floor and woodwork of the dining-room are exactly the same as the living-room. The rug also is of the same kind but has green and blue-green as the basic colors.

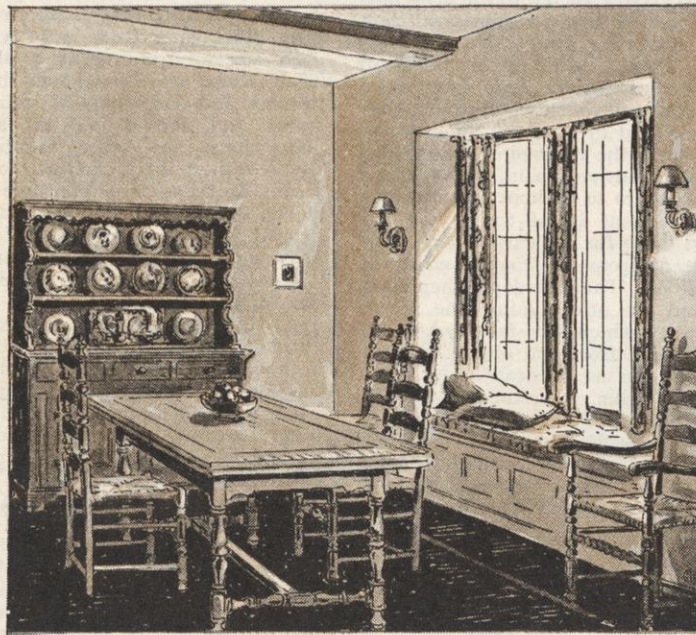
The center of interest in this room is the Welsh cupboard of cherrywood with cupboards and drawers in the lower part and open shelves above.

The extension table is of the same wood, as also are the rush-seated chairs and wall cupboard.

Figured linen is used at the windows both for draperies and window seat cushion. The design is old Eng-

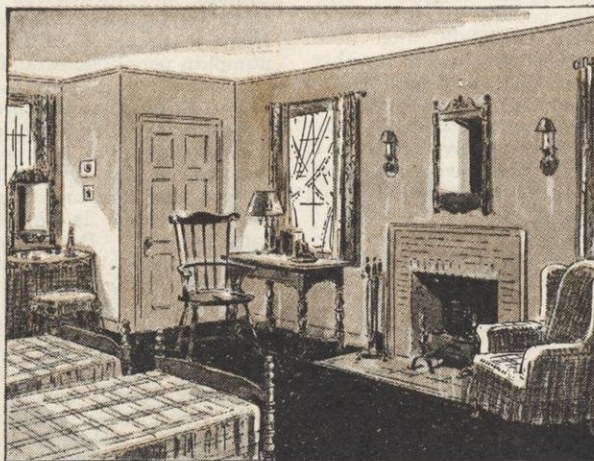


Above: A fireplace grouping of wing chair, loose-cushioned maple chair and footstool. This wall of the room is of pine, the others are of ivory-tinted plaster



Above: The center of interest in the dining-room is the cupboard

Below: A related collection of odd pieces furnishes the master bedroom in green and rose



lish—rather bold in effect and coloring. If desired, the same glass curtain material suggested for the living-room may be used. Side draperies are lined with sateen similar to the background of the linen, hanging from antiqued brass poles down to the top of the cushion at the bay window and to the floor at the French doors.

The small down-stairs room at the front may serve a variety of uses according to the requirements of the family. It is here furnished as a bedroom with a metal bed, a corner dressing table, a small chest of drawers, night stand, chair and bench, all painted ivory color.

A linoleum rug, in a small all-over pattern featuring blue and ivory, covers the floor.

Dainty marquisette curtains are tied back at the windows and the same material is used over blue sateen to drape the corner dressing table. The candlewick bedspread is tufted in blue.

Ivory and green are the colors in kitchen, laundry and down-stairs bath. The floors are covered with linoleum of a ceramic tile motif in the above colors with an irregular repeat in red. The walls are ivory and the woodwork painted green. A very small-patterned glazed percale is used for the little window curtains in kitchen and laundry, with an ivory ground and a fine sprig design in green and lilac. The same type of fabric

is used for the bathroom curtains, but the design is all lavender on a light ivory ground. All these windows are treated in the same way—the pairs of curtains have a gathered one-inch ruffle all the way around and are tied back with ruffled bands.

A runner of green carpet and two colored floral prints give color to the up-stairs hall.

A varicolored linen rug of green flecked with gold well covers the oak floor of the master bedroom. The plaster walls are painted a warm ivory and overglazed. The woodwork is treated in the same way.

The furniture consists of a collection of odd pieces, each one related to the other but not making a suite in the usual sense of the word. The beds are of stained pine with low turned posts and solid panels at head and foot. An oak night stand is placed between the beds and carries an unusual pewter lamp with a decorated parchment shade.

A pine writing table stands in front of the window, with its Windsor armchair.

A Comfortable Bedroom

The semicircular dressing table is skirted with a plaid semi-glazed chints in two tones of green with touches of rose. The tops of table and stool are covered with a plain green glazed percale. A cherrywood adjustable mirror on this table gives a splendid reflection owing to its placement in front of the window. In a corresponding bay at the other end of the room stands a low-boy of pine with two drawers and with a small swinging mirror on top similar to the other one. The large easy chair by the side of the fireplace is covered in the same plaid chints as the dressing table. A mirror is shown over the fireplace but this could be replaced by a picture if preferred.

Window draperies are made of a sun-fast cotton print with a natural background and a small old English design in green and rose. They are lined with cream-colored sateen and hang from painted wooden poles to the apron. The crossed ruffled glass curtains are made of white grenadine with rose dots. These are tied back with rose ribbon bands.

Bedspreads of green and rose are copies of old Colonial coverlets and come from Kentucky where the original ones were made.

Pine furniture is also used in the second bedroom, where a double bed occupies the large wall space with night tables on both sides of the bed. Other articles are a dressing table, dresser, chaise-longue with a small table, and an upholstered chair.

Pale yellow walls and deeper yellow tiles form the basis of the color scheme of the up-stairs bath.

Details regarding furnishings of "Juniper Lawn" sent on request. Address Home Building Department, Woman's World, Chicago, and enclose 2c stamp

● Lilly Hansen, bright-eyed, healthy little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Hansen of 2205 Taylor Avenue, Racine, Wis.



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MRS. HANSEN'S happy experience in raising her daughter on Eagle Brand Milk will be of vital interest to every mother of a bottle baby. Her letter reads:

"My little girl Lilly has been given Eagle Brand since she was ten days old. She has never been sick a day in her life.

"Now at the age of three years and four months, people admire her and comment upon her rosy cheeks and happy disposition. She won a prize over 200 other children in a health contest at the age of two and one-half.

"Two of my little girls were brought up on Eagle Brand, which I find the most wonderful baby food. They are perfect pictures of health. I give Eagle Brand credit for their start in life."

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● (Every photograph and letter published by The Borden Company is voluntarily sent us by a grateful parent or other relative.)

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When Witches Walk

New ideas for the small folks and big folks who clamor for parties to celebrate Hallowe'en

By ELSIE DUNCAN YALE

HALLOWE'EN is near, the time when Jack-o'-lanterns grin cheerily, when black cats glare green-eyed, when witches mount air-minded broomsticks and spooks become startlingly sociable! Of course, the small folks will be clamoring for a party, so a Cat Carnival will prove alluring. Invitations may be written on cards decorated with black cat seals.

Cat Claws may be played first, as a hunt of some kind is an excellent starter for a party. Give each child a little pincushion touched up with orange stitches, and announce that the black cats have lost their claws. It is up to the small guests to find them! Pins have been hidden about the room; when found, they are to be placed in the little pincushions. Whoever finds the most pins is rewarded with an inexpensive pin in cat form, and the cushions are to be kept as souvenirs.

A Mouse Hunt is, of course, an exhilarating game for a party of cats. One "cat" is sent from the room, and a toy mouse hidden. The outsider is then summoned and the others guide the search by "meows," which are faint when the searcher is far from the object, but become vociferous as he draws near.

For small folks, refreshments are the very pinnacle of the party, and a wise mother does not defer them too long. The following is a suitable menu: Creamed Chicken with Celery, Buttered Biscuits, Peppermint Candy Ice Cream, Kit-Kat Kookies, Milk.

Kit-Kat Kookies

½ cup shortening	2 teaspoons baking-powder
1 cup sugar	¼ teaspoon salt
2 eggs	¾ cup halved seeded raisins
1 square (ounce) chocolate	¾ cup chopped nuts
2 cups flour	

Cream shortening and sugar, add eggs, one at a time, beating in thoroughly, then add melted chocolate, next flour, baking-powder and salt sifted together. Stir in raisins and nuts, turn onto floured board, roll thin and cut out with cat-shaped cutter. Bake in moderate oven—375 degrees F.—ten to twelve minutes. If liked, frost with plain white frosting, with a narrow band of colored frosting for a neck ribbon.

Peppermint Candy Ice Cream

3 cups light cream	½ pound peppermint stick candy
1½ teaspoons vanilla	
¼ teaspoon salt	

Break candy into small pieces and add to one cup of the cream. Heat in double boiler, stirring occasionally, to melt candy. Cool, combine with remaining cream, vanilla and salt and freeze.

What could be a better scene for Hallowe'en revels than a cornfield where witches lurk, Jack-o'-lanterns give cordial welcome, and perhaps spooks hover? Whether for a home affair, class party or sociable, the cornfield promises a celebration which is jolly rather than gruesome. Invitations may be written on cards decorated with pumpkin seals.

Simple Decorations

Now for the cornfield! If you wish to suggest a starry sky, hang streamers of deep blue paper from large wire hoops, each streamer ending in a silver star. These hoops are slipped over the lighting fixtures and suspended by wire. Cornstalks and Jack-o'-lanterns should be everywhere, the latter holding electric bulbs rather than candles, for safety's sake. If there is a shortage of cornstalks, supplement with leafless branches, draped with gray crepe paper moss and ornamented with cardboard pumpkins.

Have in readiness two small baskets, one for the girls, the other for the young men. Each basket holds Jack-o'-lanterns cut from yellow cardboard. They should be about six inches across. Features are marked with black ink or crayon. Each has a different expression—smiling, grinning, frowning, surprised—and there is a Jack-o'-lantern with a corresponding expression in the other basket. Boys and girls draw their pumpkins from their respective baskets and match for partners by finding similar pumpkins.

"Form in line with your partner, for a march" is the order. Pumpkin outlines have been previously drawn on the floor and numbered. (If this cannot be done, circles of yellow paper may be fastened down with thumb tacks.) The music starts and the march begins; after a short time, the music stops. Of course, some couples find themselves standing on a mystery pumpkin. Then the hostess, from a prepared list, announces the pumpkin penalties. Couple No. 1, for instance, must sing a song, the pair on pumpkin No. 2 must go to the end of the line. Pumpkin No. 3 demands a dance by the partners, and No. 4 orders the man to propose to the girl! The orders are obeyed and the march resumed; naturally, everyone is anxious to avoid a fatal pumpkin. But when a final march round is made, the hostess springs a surprise by giving a reward to each pair which pauses on a pumpkin.

The grand finale—refreshments, of course! If these are served in buffet style, the table may be decorated with a pumpkin vine, large popcorn balls wrapped in yellow cellophane doing duty as pumpkins, while a grinning Jack-o'-lantern occupies the center of the table.

Young WOMEN no longer BELIEVE ALL they are told



They want facts from a reliable source

THESE days, the young wife is not content with hearsay. She wants facts. And there is a reliable source of information for clear-thinking women. It is a booklet written especially for them. It is called "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene." It is the easy way to learn all that can be learned on the subject.

Beware of caustics and poisons

Many people still believe that caustic and poisonous antiseptics are necessary for that cleanly practice known as feminine hygiene. But the medical profession does not endorse the use of bichloride of mercury and the compounds of carbolic acid.

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Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.

The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene

Use of Antiseptics in the Home

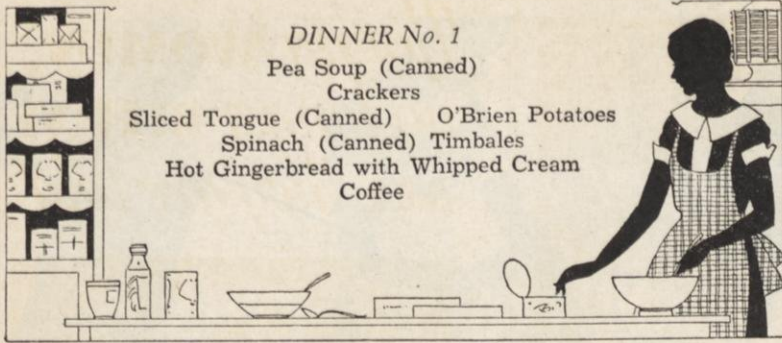
Name _____ (Please print name)

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(In Canada: 339 St. Paul St. West, Montreal)

Additional party suggestions will be sent on receipt of a 2c stamp. Address Party Editor, Woman's World, Chicago



DINNER No. 1

- Pea Soup (Canned)
- Crackers
- Sliced Tongue (Canned)
- O'Brien Potatoes
- Spinach (Canned)
- Timbales
- Hot Gingerbread with Whipped Cream
- Coffee

Four Emergency Menus

A simple plan and an ever-ready supply of staples often save the day for the impromptu hostess

EMERGENCIES occur even in the best-regulated families, but they will be less crucial if we have in reserve a supply of jars, cans and packages of food, and add to these a group of menus sufficiently elastic to admit of variation.

A half dozen cans each of soups, vegetables and fruits, a like number of meats or fish, with a group of jellies, pickles, pimientos, crackers and canapé spreads will cover most needs, for the refrigerator is never likely to be absolutely bare.

Spinach Timbales

- 3 cups cooked spinach, finely chopped
- 1/2 cup medium thick White Sauce
- 2/3 cup bread crumbs
- 1 minced pimiento
- Salt
- Pepper
- Dash of nutmeg
- Egg or Tomato Sauce

Combine spinach, which must be very thoroughly drained, with sauce, crumbs, pimiento and seasonings. Pack into small cups or molds, set in moderate oven—350 to 375 degrees F.—for ten minutes, unmold and pour sauce around the timbales. Serves six.

O'Brien Potatoes

- 3 tablespoons fat
- 1 large minced green pepper
- 2 tablespoons minced onion
- 6 diced raw potatoes
- Salt and paprika
- 1 tablespoon diced pimiento

Melt and heat fat, cook pepper and onion in it gently for three minutes. Add potatoes, seasonings and pimiento and fry slowly until brown and tender, pushing mixture to side of pan when partly done so it may take form. Drain off fat and turn onto hot serving dish. Serves four.

Brussels Sprouts in Lemon Butter

- 1 quart Brussels sprouts
- 1/4 cup butter
- Juice 1/2 lemon
- 2 teaspoons grated lemon rind
- 1/2 teaspoon paprika

Soak sprouts in slightly salted cold water, removing any yellow leaves. Cook rapidly until tender—twenty minutes to

half an hour—in boiling salted water. Drain thoroughly. Melt butter, add lemon juice and rind and paprika and pour over sprouts in serving dish. Serves six.

Orange-Coconut Salad

- 2 seedless oranges
- 2 bananas
- 1/2 cup moist coconut
- Whipped cream
- mayonnaise
- Maraschino cherries
- Lettuce

Peel oranges, remove all skin and fiber, break into small pieces, peel, scrape and dice bananas and add to oranges with coconut. Arrange on lettuce, pour spoonful of mayonnaise over and garnish with cherries. Serves four to six.

Mock Hollandaise Sauce

- 3 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 cup water
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon paprika
- Juice 1/2 lemon
- 1 whole egg or yolks of 2 eggs

Combine half the butter with flour in saucepan, blend smoothly, add water and bring to boiling-point, stirring constantly. Season, add lemon juice and pour while boiling over

beaten egg. Finally add remaining butter a little at a time, beating it well into the sauce. Serves six.

Creamed Shrimps, Eggs and Peas on Toast

- 1 can shrimps
- 1 can peas
- 2 cups medium thick White Sauce
- 3 hard-cooked eggs
- Buttered whole wheat toast
- Parsley and lemon

Pick over shrimps and remove intestinal cord which runs down center back. Add with drained peas to sauce and heat thoroughly. Dice two eggs, add to creamed mixture and arrange on toast. Garnish with remaining sliced egg, parsley and lemon fans. Serves four.

Either canned lobster or canned crabmeat may be prepared in the same manner as the shrimps, with the addition of a slight grating of nutmeg to the white sauce; or any leftover boiled flaked fish may be used instead.

DINNER No. 4

- Bouillon (Cubes)
- Creamed Shrimps, Eggs and Peas on Toast
- Raw Carrot and Cabbage Salad
- Russian Dressing
- Individual Fruit Cobblers
- Coffee

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Pineapple Waffles

Mix and sift 1 3/4 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder and 1/2 teaspoon salt. Add gradually 1 cup milk, 2 beaten egg yolks, and 3 tablespoons melted butter. Add 1/2 cup thoroughly drained DEL MONTE Crushed Pineapple. Fold in 2 well-beaten egg whites. Bake on waffle iron. To the syrup drained from the pineapple add 1 1/2 cups sugar and 1 cup water. Boil to a syrup. Serve with waffles. No better breakfast dish we know of—and no finer pineapple in all the world than DEL MONTE.



SHORTCAKE Tonight

What a dish! If you have some leftover cake, try it tonight. Just get a can of DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches. Split the cake and put a few peaches between layers. Cover with peaches and whipped cream. The best and one of the easiest desserts you've served in many a day.

GROUCHY HUSBANDS!

—just can't help smiling. Serve DEL MONTE Asparagus—either hot with butter sauce, or as a salad, and watch their appetites perk up. And no wonder! Tender and fresh as the day it was cut, thanks to DEL MONTE's scientific care and canning methods.

Why not get a can today, and try it?

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One of the best things about DEL MONTE Peach Halves—and a lot of other DEL MONTE Food Products this year—is their remarkably low price.

Quality never cost you so little. Why bother looking for bargains—when you've always a "quality-bargain" right under this label you know so well?



1¢ or less a cup for the world's finest coffee

DEL MONTE Coffee, "the modern coffee," blended for modern tastes. Your grocer ought to have it by now—and you know it's always fresh in the vacuum can.

New DEL MONTE Whole Kernel Corn

—corn just as if you'd cooked it and cut it right from the cob yourself. Natural, fresh-from-the-garden flavor in each individual kernel. A new style you'll surely want to try.

Don't miss DEL MONTE Cream Style Corn, either. Ask your grocer about them both.

DON'T WAIT FOR PARTIES

DEL MONTE Fruits for Salad make fruit cups and fruit salads so easy and economical you can enjoy them whenever you like. Five delicious fruits, blended together in their own syrups. Saves time of shopping. Saves bother of peeling. Saves money by giving you just the right amount of fruit you need. Try a can today.

SAVE YOUR MONEY

How many in your family? If you have to buy for one or two, remember you can get DEL MONTE Quality—and still no waste—by asking for the size of can that fits your needs.

Take DEL MONTE Peaches, for instance. Buffet can (8 oz.) serves one or two; No. 1 (16 oz.) serves two or three; No. 2 (20 oz.) three to four; No. 2 1/2 (30 oz.) most larger families.

Smaller fruit in the smaller cans, of course, but otherwise no difference. Only the finest selected, fully ripened fruit in every one.

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Special portfolio of recipe leaflets, free! MAILED Already Contains over 200 practical, tested fruit and vegetable recipes. Have you got yours? Just write today to Dept. 941, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

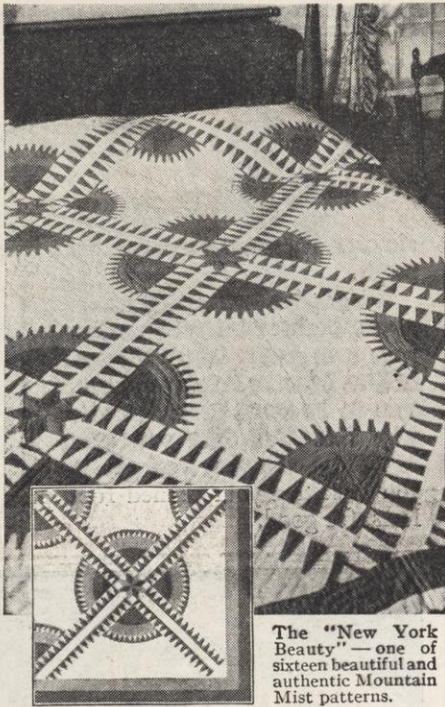
● VITAMINS ●

Now you can drink them—in DEL MONTE Tomato Juice. A real health drink with a zip and zest all its own. Just the pure juice of big, ruddy, sun-ripened tomatoes, slightly salted. Chill and serve plain, or with a squeeze of lemon or a dash of Worcestershire Sauce.

Be sure and get a can and try it.



The green DEL MONTE label with the red shield. How well you know it—how often it's met your needs! Don't forget that it now offers you coffee and almost every canned food you buy—apricots, berries, cherries, fruit salad, grapefruit, peaches, pears, pineapple, plums, asparagus, corn, spinach, peas, tomatoes and many other tempting foods.



The "New York Beauty"—one of sixteen beautiful and authentic Mountain Mist patterns.

"To me that Quilt is priceless"

"WHEN I was a girl we did not quilt any of the 'tops' we had made until we were ready to be married. A girl announced her engagement by having a 'quilting bee' just like you have an announcement party today. It was at the 'quilting bee' for that quilt that I announced my engagement."

Time adds significance to every quilt, whether you make it yourself or receive it as a gift from a friend. You can make a quilt. Even a child can make one with Mountain Mist quilt patterns and Mountain Mist Quilting Cotton.

These patterns are most complete. Designs are actual size. Instructions are most complete. Everything you want and need to know is told you: what colors to use, how to cut out the pieces, how many to cut, where to locate each one, how to piece the quilt, and how much cloth of each color to buy.

Whatever the pattern you use be sure to fill your quilt with Mountain Mist Quilting Cotton. Because of an exclusive process this cotton comes already spread, full quilt size, uniform in thickness, and with a Glazene finish to make it easy to handle. No pulling. No bunching. You have a finer looking quilt. Sweet and clean, too, because made from all new cotton, washed only with filtered artesian water.

FREE Quilt Pattern

Your dealer has Mountain Mist Quilting Cotton in the pattern-covered wrapper which shows 16 authentic Mountain Mist quilt designs in full color. Printed on the inside of each wrapper is a full-size pattern, ready to cut and with complete instructions.

Send 20c, coins preferred, and coupon below for a copy of the "New York Beauty" pattern shown above. See how easy it is to make your own quilts with Mountain Mist quilt patterns. The Stearns & Foster Co., Lockland, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Talks on Food Values

Secrets of success in cooking eggs, which are subject to more variation than almost any other food

EGGS rank exceedingly high among body-building foods and therefore should be used freely at all seasons when their cost is not prohibitive.

One very good thing about egg cookery is the speed and the ease with which this valuable food can be served. Eggs may be served at any meal and in numerous ways; probably no other single article of food can be made use of in a greater variety of dishes. A famous chef once made the statement that he could cook eggs in 400 different ways! Few of us will want to experiment to such an extent, but one thing is certain, in whatever way eggs are served, they are a good source of many of the essentials needed for body building and maintenance.

Generally speaking, the secret of success in cooking eggs or any dishes in which eggs predominate as an ingredient is to cook them slowly and at a moderate, even heat.

Just one group of egg dishes will give us enough food for thought this month, that of omelets, of which there are two distinct types, though each is composed of exactly the same basic ingredients. The first type is the plain omelet, sometimes also called the "French" or "savory" omelet, while the other type is known as the "fluffy" or "puffy" omelet.

Basic Plain Omelet

4 eggs Salt and pepper
4 tablespoons milk 2 tablespoons butter
or water

Beat the eggs slightly, yolks and whites together, add the liquid and seasonings. Melt and heat the butter in a medium-sized omelet or frying pan, letting it get thoroughly hot without browning. Pour in the egg mixture and allow it to run all over the pan, then with a broad-bladed knife stir gently until it begins to set, gradually pushing the omelet down to one side of the pan (which may be tilted to help this) and occasionally lifting the cooked portion and allowing the liquid uncooked part to run under it and set. Just as soon as all of the egg is set and before it has an opportunity of getting hard, transfer to a hot platter and serve immediately.

Variations

Stir into the omelet ingredients before cooking: 1 teaspoon minced parsley. A few drops onion juice (scraped from a cut onion with the tip of a spoon). Two or three spoonfuls of minced cooked ham, tongue, chicken or almost any leftover cooked meat or fish. Sausage, cooked and then cut into thin slices before adding.

Spread over the surface of the omelet when half cooked: 2 tablespoons grated cheese. One-half cup mushrooms, coarsely chopped and cooked until tender in a little butter. Tomatoes

and green peppers (½ cup) diced and thoroughly heated with a little butter or bacon fat. One-half cup minced chicken liver, lobster or shrimps, plain or in a creamy sauce.

Pour around the omelet just before serving a brown or cheese or tomato sauce.

From all of the above it will be seen that omelets really are just as good vehicles for the utilization of leftovers as is the soup kettle or stock pot. Do not try to make an omelet with more than six eggs; if more than four people must be served, it will be found wiser to make two omelets.

Basic Puffy Omelet

4 eggs ¼ teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons milk 2 tablespoons butter
or water

Separate yolks from whites of eggs, beat whites until stiff, yolks until thick and lemon-colored. Combine, add salt and liquid and turn into omelet pan in which butter has been melted and heated but not browned. Cook, without stirring, over a gentle heat until bottom and edges of omelet are set and slightly browned, then transfer pan to a moderately hot oven and bake until set throughout, about five to seven minutes. Crease across center with a spatula, spread with filling, if desired, fold one half over the other, transfer to a hot platter and serve.

Suggested Fillings: Any preferred rich preserve—raspberry, peach or apricot—warming this slightly to facilitate spreading. Apple sauce flavored with cinnamon and powdered sugar. A thick purée or compote of fruits; in this case, fruit juice is sometimes used in place of the milk or water as the liquid ingredient.

Many cooks are almost literally "afraid" of omelets, feeling that they are sure to fall even in the brief transit from kitchen to dining-room. Here are two suggestions for preventing, or at least delaying, any such catastrophe: Prepare one cup of thick white sauce by blending two tablespoons butter with three tablespoons flour, adding slowly one cup milk and stirring until the sauce reaches boiling point. Cook three minutes, then add four eggs, yolks beaten until light, whites until stiff, with salt and pepper if used. Blend thoroughly, turn into an omelet pan in which the butter has been melted as usual and bake the omelet in a moderate oven until set—fifteen to eighteen minutes. Fold and serve with sauce or filling if desired.

Still another way of giving body and firmness is to add, to a six-egg omelet, one cup of soft bread crumbs soaked in one cup of either milk or fruit juice.

When using either white sauce or soaked crumbs, the additional liquid suggested in the basic omelet recipe should be omitted.

The Domestic Science Department of Woman's World is headed by Lily H. Wallace. Menus and recipes are prepared under her supervision



TREAT THAT CORN SAFELY

Spare the corn and spoil the drive

And simply ruin your whole day's fun . . . and the dance at the club afterward. What a lot to lose—just for the lack of one simple little Blue-jay corn plaster!

Blue-jay is the wise way to treat a corn—safe, comfortable, used by millions these thirty years and more. Just a ring of velvety felt that circles the corn, ends rubbing and pressure, and eases pain *instantly*—while mild medication softens the corn for quick removal.

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Talks on Food Values

Unique in flavor and valuable as a concentrated food, nuts add distinction to the plainest of dishes

NUTS provide such highly concentrated food value that they really belong to the staple rather than to the food accessory group in which we are all too apt to place them. All nuts contain vitamin B, while peanuts and coconut particularly show vitamin A content also. Vegetarians and fruitarians secure a large percentage of their protein food requirement from nuts, which also furnish calories in generous measure.

Perhaps the most popular nuts used in cooking are the walnut, peanut and almond, but we should not overlook coconut, now so easily obtainable in prepared forms, nor pecans, filberts, hazel, hickory or Brazil nuts. Chestnuts also are highly valuable.

Taken as a whole, nuts are more often eaten raw than cooked with the exception of the popular peanut, which is always roasted before eating. Greater use of all should be made in breads, cakes, cookies, escallops, stuffings and salads.

Although less subject to contamination than many other foods, nuts should be handled and stored under proper conditions, especially of temperature. They must be protected from dampness and, when shelled, from insect enemies.

Peanut Butter Cookies

½ cup peanut butter	2 cups flour
½ cup shortening	¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup brown sugar	2 teaspoons baking-powder
2 eggs	¼ cup coarsely chopped peanuts
¼ cup milk	
1 teaspoon vanilla	

Cream peanut butter, shortening and sugar, add beaten eggs, milk and vanilla, then sifted dry ingredients. Blend thoroughly and drop from tip of a spoon onto greased cookie sheets. Sprinkle with the chopped nuts and bake ten to twelve minutes in a moderately hot oven—375 degrees F. Makes about four dozen.

Pecan Date Sticks

3 eggs	1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup sugar	1 cup flour
¾ cup dates, stoned and cut small	¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup coarsely chopped pecans	1 teaspoon baking-powder

Beat eggs until light, gradually adding the sugar. Stir in the dates, pecans and vanilla, then the sifted flour, salt and baking-powder. Bake about twenty-five minutes in a greased shallow pan in a moderate oven—350 degrees F. When cool, cut into strips and roll in sugar. Makes about two dozen.

Walnut Sandwiches

2 tablespoons oil	¼ teaspoon paprika
1 tablespoon mild vinegar	¾ cup chopped walnuts
½ teaspoon salt	Buttered Graham bread
1 cup cream or cottage cheese	

Blend the oil, vinegar, salt and paprika as for French dressing and use to moisten the cheese. Stir in the nuts and spread between slices of buttered Graham bread.

Serve plain or toasted. These are especially good as an accompaniment to a plain green salad. Serves four.

Nut Scallop

4 slices buttered toast	1½ cups cooked rice or macaroni
2 cups sliced fresh or solid canned tomatoes	1 cup chopped nut-meats
1½ teaspoons salt	3 tablespoons grated cheese
½ teaspoon pepper	

Cut the toast into dice and use half to cover the bottom of a casserole or baking dish. Spread this with half the tomatoes, sprinkle with seasonings and nuts. Next put in the rice or macaroni and the balance of the tomatoes and seasonings. Top with the remaining toast dice. Sprinkle with the cheese and bake about half an hour in a moderate oven—350-375 degrees F. Serves four.

Cabbage, Carrot and Nut Salad

3 cups shredded cabbage	1 teaspoon onion juice, optional
1 large grated carrot	1½ teaspoons salt
1 cup chopped nut-meats	½ teaspoon pepper
1 minced green pepper	Mayonnaise or Boiled Salad Dressing

Allow the cabbage to stand in ice-cold water half an hour after shredding, then drain very thoroughly and combine with carrot, nut-meats, pepper, onion if used, salt and pepper. Moisten generously with dressing. This salad may be garnished with strips of green pepper or pimiento, stuffed olives or cream cheese balls. Serves six.

Tapco Cream

2 cups milk	¼ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons quick cooking tapioca	¾ cup prepared coconut
1 egg	¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind
4 tablespoons sugar	

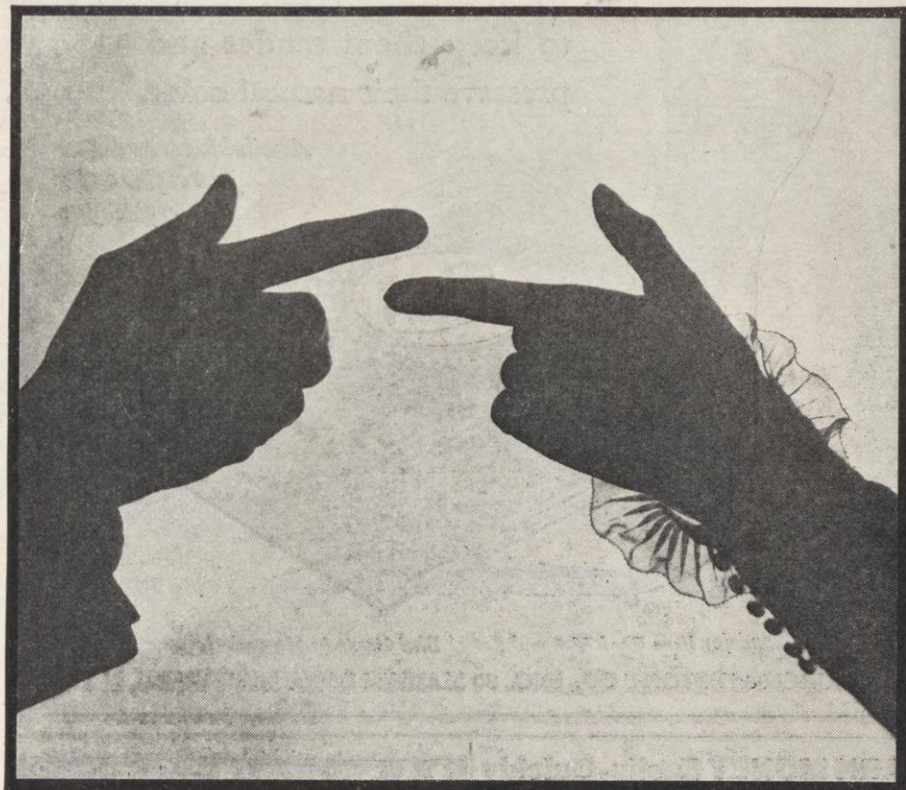
Scald the milk, shake in the tapioca and cook until clear, about fifteen minutes. Blend egg yolk, sugar and salt, add a little of hot mixture to it, then return to double boiler and cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Fold in coconut, stiffly beaten egg whites and lemon rind and chill. Serve with light cream. Serves four.

Nut Bread

2 eggs	1 teaspoon soda
1 cup sugar	1 cup raisins
¼ cup melted shortening	1½ cups nut-meats
¾ cup molasses	1½ cups Graham flour
1 cup sour milk	1½ cups white flour
	½ teaspoon salt

Beat the eggs and sugar until light, add shortening, molasses and milk in which soda has been dissolved. Stir in the raisins and nuts (both coarsely chopped), then the Graham flour and lastly the white flour sifted with the salt. Mix thoroughly, turn into a greased bread pan and bake from forty-five minutes to one hour in a moderate oven—350-375 degrees F. Makes one large loaf.

Most married people need this bit of advice



"My husband and I always thought caffeine-containing drinks a very necessary part of our breakfasts. Then, some time ago, we found ourselves becoming subject to frequent headaches, and I, at least, was often nervous and blue.

"It was not easy to determine the cause. Our diet was well-balanced; we had an abundance of fresh air and exercise. Could it be too much caffeine?"

"Friend husband suggested that we try Postum, and I finally agreed to give it an honest-to-goodness fair trial. We purchased a package and found that we liked it better and better, 'every day, in every way'. A thirty-day test convinced me that Postum is good to drink, and good for us—for our headaches and 'nerves' are things of the past!"

Mrs. JOSEPH A. ESTABROOKS,
Hampton, Conn.

It's unfortunate, but true . . . most husbands and wives don't realize the harm that can come from caffeine-containing drinks. They seem a necessary part of the meal—because they stimulate you for a short time. But remember this. Caffeine-containing drinks are in reality a very frequent cause of headaches, "nerves," sleeplessness, and indigestion. Ask your doctor. He'll tell you it's true.

Of course, you want a hot drink with your meals. But why run the risk of nervousness and other troubles, when you can easily have a safe, and delicious, drink. In Postum you'll find wholesomeness, delightful flavor, and perfect safety!

Millions of people have made a thirty-day test, to prove the benefits of Postum.

Why don't you try it?—it's very simple. Just let Postum take the place of caffeine-containing drinks at your table, for thirty days. Then, when that time is up, take stock of your health. See if you don't look and feel better than ever before! You'll swear by Postum, from then on.

Postum is made from whole wheat and bran, roasted. It contains no caffeine. Try a cup today. Drink it plain—or add cream and see the rich brown color lighten to gold. Taste the wonderful flavor. Mellow, smooth. A distinctive flavor. Reason enough, in itself, for drinking Postum three times a day!

Postum costs less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer. Or mail the coupon for one week's free supply, as a start on your thirty-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil.

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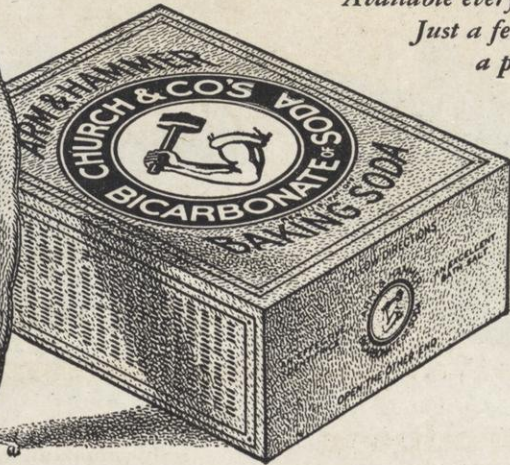
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If you live in Canada, address General Foods, Limited, Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario



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How I MADE UP for JOHN'S Shrunken PAY CHECK



How a Little Home Business Brought Independence

"They've cut our piece rate again." John said bitterly as he gloomily ate his supper. "I've been working at top speed and then only making a bare living, but now—"

It had been hard enough before, but now—with John's pay check even smaller—I feared it would be impossible to make ends meet.

Idly I fingered through the pages of a magazine and saw an advertisement telling how women at home were making \$15.00 to \$50.00 a week supplying Brown Bobby greaseless doughnuts.

"Why can't you do the same?" I asked myself. "Why can't you do what others have done? Investigate!" I did. In a few days I received details of the Brown Bobby plan. It seemed too good to be true because it showed how I, without neglecting my housework or little Jimmy, could easily make money.

Well, to make the story short, I went into the business without telling John. I passed out sample Brown Bobbys to my friends, gave out a few samples around restaurants, lined up a couple of grocery stores. In my first week, I sold 238 dozen Brown Bobbys at an average profit of 15c a dozen.

When John brought home his next pay check, he threw it down on the table and said gloomily, "I'm sorry, honey, but it's the best I can do."

"It's not the best you can do, darling," and I almost cried when I told him of the money I had made selling Brown Bobbys. It was the happiest moment in my life.

Inside of three weeks John quit his job at the factory to devote all his time to Brown Bobbys. Now we are dissatisfied at less than \$150.00 a week.

Women interested in making \$15.00 to \$50.00 in their spare time are invited to write for details of the Brown Bobby plan to Food Display Machine Corp., Dept. 56-K, Chicago, Ill.

FOOD DISPLAY MACHINE CORP.,
Dept. 56-K, 500-510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
Without cost send me details of your Brown Bobby plan.
Name
Address



3020

3110

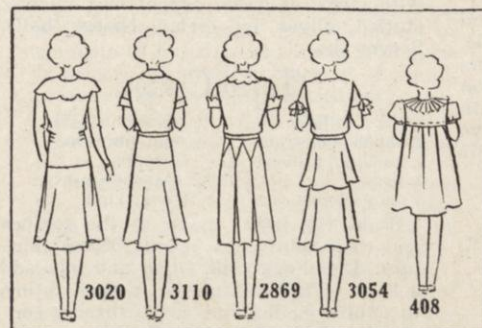


408

2869



3054



Modish Wear for School or "Best"

3020. Designed for sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1 7/8 yards of 39-inch material with 3/8 yard of 39-inch contrasting.

3110. Designed for sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 1/8 yards of 35-inch material with 3/8 yard of 35-inch contrasting. Long or short sleeves as preferred.

408. Designed for sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 1 7/8 yards of 35-inch material with 1/4 yard of 35-inch

contrasting. This dress may be made with long or short sleeves.

2869. Designed for sizes 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 2 3/4 yards of 39-inch material with 1/2 yard of 35-inch contrasting. Long or short sleeves as preferred.

3054. Designed for sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 3/4 yards of 39-inch material, with 3 1/2 yards of ribbon for belt and ties. Long or short sleeves as preferred.

Patterns, 15c each, postpaid, may be secured from Woman's World, 4223 W. Lake St., Chicago. Send 10c for The Fall and Winter Fashion Book



Trimly Fitted for Your Busy Hours

228. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36 and 38 inches bust measure. Size 16 requires 2½ yards of 35-inch material with 3½ yards of edging.

181. Designed for sizes small, medium and large. The medium size requires 2¼ yards of 39-inch material with 13 yards of binding.

3047. Designed for sizes small, medium and large. Medium size requires 1¼ yards of 35-inch material, 8¾ yards of binding.

829. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 39-inch material with ¾ yard of 39-inch contrasting and 1½ yards of edging. The small sketches show a second way of making this dress.

2560. Designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 39-inch material, ¼ yard of 27-inch contrasting.

Patterns, 15c each, postpaid, may be secured from Woman's World, 4223 W. Lake St., Chicago. Send 10c for The Fall and Winter Fashion Book



*A friend said
this magic soap was
great for hardwater*
—WRITES MISS ABRELL

It produced a rich creamy lather—left skin lovely

• "Before I started using Kirk's Cocoa Castile my hands and face were in a terrible condition," says Ernestine Abrell of Terre Haute, Ind. "A friend recommended this soap. I purchased a cake and have not done without it since. My father and grandfather could never get a soap to take the coal dust and grease from the pores of their skin. I told them to try Kirk's. They found it was wonderful as a skin stimulant."



From every side praise is showered on this amazing magic soap—Kirk's Cocoa Castile. For it lathers instantly in hard-water—even in the mountains, and in limestone or sandstone country. Kirk's is made by a secret process from 100% pure coconut oil—the same fine oil used in nut butters and candies. It produces the most delightful bath—the quickest, most luxurious shampoo. Cuts stubborn dirt like magic. Washes away deadly germs.

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Why try to use ordinary soaps in hard water—why not try this magic soap that softens water, lathers instantly? Just ask for Kirk's Cocoa Castile—only 10c for the big white oversize cake. Look for the red arrows on the wrapper. See for yourself why women from all parts of the country write us these enthusiastic letters.



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Here are some of the popular fabric colors for fall and winter, and the actual thread numbers that match them perfectly:

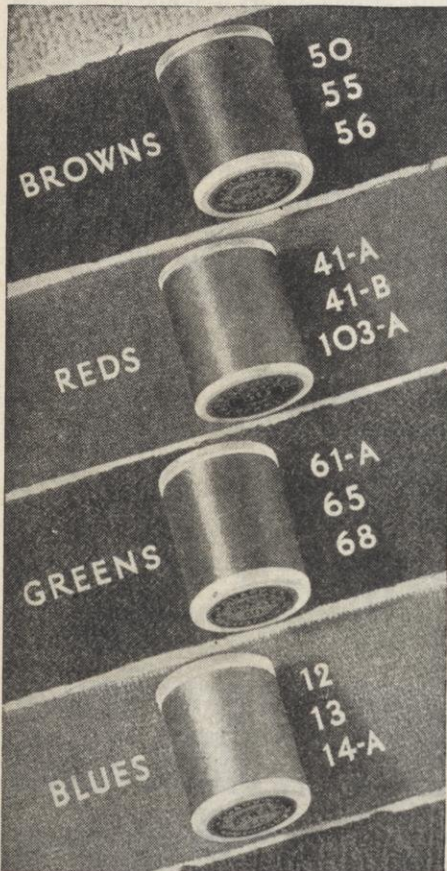
BROWNS—rich in color, and deep in tone, with a reddish cast, are matched with color numbers 50, 55 or 56.

REDS—dark pure reds and wine tones like color numbers 41A and 41B or Autumn Red with the glow of the fall season—color 103A.

GREENS—true greens, bright in character for sports, and dark for general wear, color numbers 61A, 65, 68.

BLUES—Chosen by many in place of black, will have a violet cast—color numbers 12, 13, 14A.

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J. & P. COATS
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The Two Great Names in Thread



Trim Simplicity

3219 (Left). Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust. Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards 39-inch material, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 39-inch contrasting.

New Detail

3203 (Below). Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 bust. Size 16 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 39-inch material for blouse, 2 yards 39-inch material for skirt.

Dashing Modes with a Parisian Air

That perennial favorite, black, is the color rule for fall town wear, with brown, dark green, dark red and navy blue also receiving considerable attention.

Black crepe satin is used consistently for afternoon frocks, often in combination with some form of pinkish-beige or eggshell trim. Flat crepe silk and canton-faille crepe silk are well thought of for all daytime wear.

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

Chic Sleeve Detail

3210 (Above). Designed for 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 bust. Size 36 takes 4 yards 39-inch, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 35-inch contrasting, $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 2-inch ribbon, $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 35-inch lining.

Becoming Collar

596 (Above). Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years, and for 36 and 38 inches bust measure. This style may be made with short or long sleeves, as preferred



Unusual Lines

3327 (Right). Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years, and for 36 and 38 inches bust measure.



Patterns, 15c each, may be secured from Woman's World, 4223 W. Lake St., Chicago. Send 10c for the Fall and Winter Fashion Book

the children's doctor... asks *THIS* question *FIRST*

IN an eastern city there is a famous child specialist. Every day babies and young children are brought to him from far and near. » To every mother he promptly puts one question: "How are your baby's bowels?" » He knows how quickly and easily little bowels get out of order. Too much food . . . not just the right foods . . . then trouble, because the body is not kept clear of poisonous waste matter. » Often in these cases, this famous physician advises an old time-tested remedy. Castoria! » He sends many anxious mothers home with this simple advice: "Give your baby a dose of Castoria tonight. No supper; no food until morning. » "Always," he warns, "when a little fever, a little cold develops, or the stomach gets upset, the first step is to get rid of the excess wastes that clog the body. » "I like the way Castoria acts—just mild enough, just effective enough. I could not write a better prescription." » Castoria is unique because it is made specially for *children's* ailments. For tiny infants tied up with colic pains, for older children with clogged bowels, Castoria is effective. » Another thing—you never have to coax children to take Castoria. They like its taste as well as the comfort of its regulation which they have learned to know. That's why it's always said of Castoria, "Children Cry For It." » As the children's doctor urges, "Don't let simple little ailments develop into serious ones." Keep Castoria always on hand to help. Be sure to ask for genuine Castoria—which always has the name of Chas H. Fletcher on the package.



A PURE VEGETABLE PREPARATION MADE
SPECIALLY FOR . . CHILDREN'S AILMENTS



Castoria is a pure vegetable product. It contains nothing harmful, nothing harsh; NO NARCOTICS. The formula is printed on the carton. It has no severe purgative action—just the easy regulation suited to a child's delicate needs. It has been used by physicians in their practise for more than 30 years.

Chas H. Fletcher.

CASTORIA



Smart Jacket Suit

623 (Right). Designed for sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards of 39-inch material with 1⅞ yards of 39-inch contrasting.

Lovely for Evening

3119 (Below). Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36 and 38 inches bust measure. Size 16 requires 4¼ yards of 39-inch material with ¾ yard of 39-inch contrasting.



New Silhouettes Are Supple

Neckline variety is an outstanding feature of the new fall models, offering a new style to suit every type. There is much interest centered about the sleeves, which have grown wider in many instances below the elbows, but always with a trim snugness about the wrists. The silhouette remains slender with a pinched-in effect about the waistline, snug hips and straighter skirt line. Pleats are paramount. Circular cuts show much less fulness than in past seasons.

A strong feeling for the woolen day dress is apparent. It promises to enjoy much popularity, particularly in dull black. The fine line tweed effects are also very smart. Sheer printed worsted, flecked wool rayon voile, serge and chevots are much to the fore.

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

Attractive Simplicity

321 (Above). Designed for sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch material, 5½ yards binding.

New Sleeves and Collar

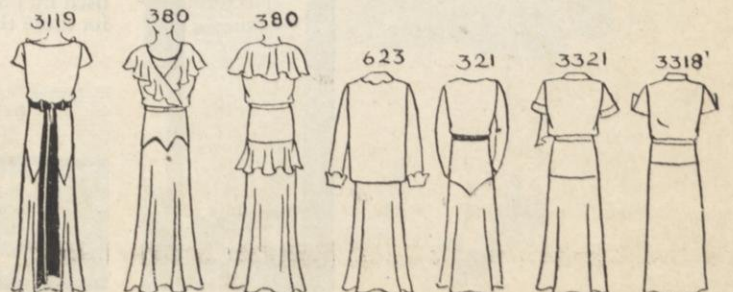
3321 (Above). Designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. An interesting neckline and unusual sleeves are smart features.

Becoming Surplice Lines

3318 (Above). A model designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A particularly smart and youthful style for the larger figure.

Flattering Softness

380 (Left). A dainty frock for evening, designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36 and 38 inches bust measure. Size 16 requires 5¾ yards of 39-inch material.



Patterns, 15c each, may be secured from Woman's World, 4223 West Lake Street, Chicago. Send 10c for the Fall and Winter Fashion Book

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Make your selections direct from factory stock at the *Biggest Savings in Years*. Kalamazoo prices are lower—far lower than ever—but Kalamazoo quality, famous for 31 years, is rigidly maintained. This is the year to buy wisely. That means buying direct from the factory—eliminating all unnecessary in-between costs.

Only \$5 Down on Anything—Year to Pay

Mail the Coupon Now! You'll see 200 styles and sizes—more bargains than in 20 big stores. *Only \$5 Down on any Stove, Range, or Furnace, regardless of price or size. A Year to Pay.* 800,000 Satisfied Customers have saved 1/3 to 1/2 by mailing this coupon. "We saved \$50," says C. T. Harmeyer, Ansonia, O. "I saved from \$50 to \$75 by sending to Kalamazoo," writes W. B. Taylor, Southbridge, Mass. "No one will ever be sorry they bought a Kalamazoo," says Cora M. Edwards, Berryville, Ark., who has had one 22 years.

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Don't miss the new Coal and Wood Ranges, new Combination Gas and Coal Ranges—new colors and new improvements. *Look for the ranges with the new Utility Shelf—they're lower, much lower in price, and so attractive!* The President is a modern new Coal and Wood Range. Your choice of Pearl Gray, Ivory Tan, Nile Green, Delft Blue or Black Porcelain Enamel in all ranges. Colors to match every decorative

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Dayton, Ohio
"I am perfectly satisfied with my Kalamazoo heater. It is simply wonderful, heats from four to six rooms and will hold fire on one scuttle of coal for twelve hours."
Andrew J. Reed.

scheme. Colors that start you dreaming of a beautiful kitchen. Colors as easy to clean as a china dish. Also Gas Stoves, Oil Stoves, Household Goods.

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Pages of colored pictures and descriptions of Heat Circulators. Astoundingly Low Prices. Easy Terms. They give constant circulation of fresh, healthful, moist, warm air—eliminate colds and winter ills. Several models with convenient foot warmer. Heat from 3 to 6 rooms comfortably.

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If you are interested in a modern furnace-heating system actually planned for your home, mail coupon. It's easy to install your own furnace (pipe or direct heat)—thousands have. We show you how. A Kalamazoo furnace increases your home's value—makes it more livable, more comfortable, more healthful. Only \$5 down.

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Use your Kalamazoo for 30 days, FREE. Every Kalamazoo carries a 5-year Guarantee Bond on materials and workmanship. \$100,000 Bank Bond Guarantee of Satisfaction. You are fully protected—you risk nothing.

24 Hour Shipments

All stoves and ranges are shipped from Kalamazoo, Mich., or Utica, N. Y., warehouses,

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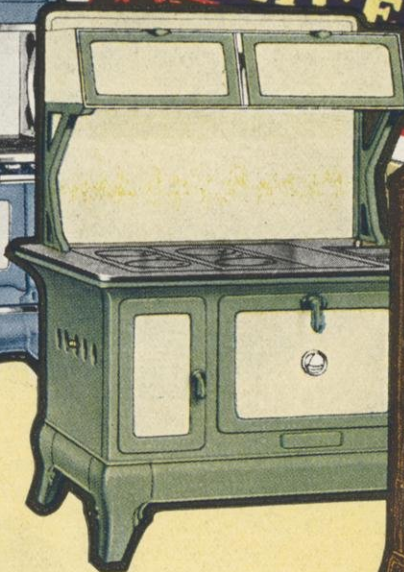
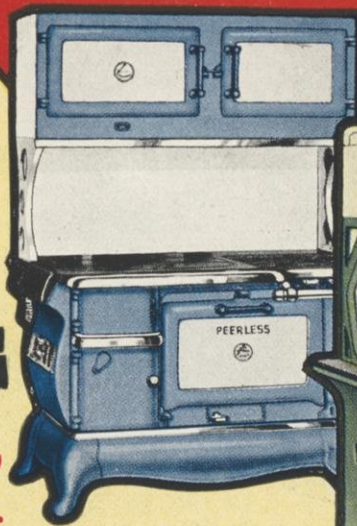


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TEMPTING WAYS WITH CEREALS

The cereal family offers many opportunities for wholesome and enticing variations of the menu

Forty-eight new recipes prepared by Lily Haxworth Wallace for utilizing these valuable grains



In palatability, nutritive value and economy, all cereals rank high among the best foods

They are delicious served plain, with fruit, or incorporated in unusual cooked dishes

THE most important cereals (which really are cultivated grasses, the seeds of which are used for food) include wheat, corn, oats and rice. There are others which are in less frequent demand, but from the four mentioned most of our flours and breakfast foods are prepared.

Cereals rank high in nutritive value; they are all good sources of heat and energy because of their carbohydrate content; most of them furnish a generous amount of protein and they also contain ash and vitamins. Because of their wide distribution in various climates, they have long held an important place in man's diet.

Probably the most important reason for their general use is an economic one, for they are among the cheapest of energy-producing foods. All whole grain cereals are more valuable as a source of minerals and fat than milled ones; they also have a more laxative effect because of their greater bulk. Cereals of all varieties are excellent milk carriers—quite an important point where children are concerned.

The main service of cereals will always be at breakfast, but there are many ways of incorporating them into cooked dishes for the later meals of the day. They lend themselves especially well to combination with other foods. They form an excellent substitute

for bread crumbs in scalloped dishes and "betties"; they are rolled and used for coating croquettes and also used as extenders of creamed and scrambled dishes. Sometimes they "pinch hit" for nuts in cookies and macarons. Crisped in the oven and made savory by the addition of a little seasoning, with perhaps a sprinkling of grated cheese, they make a pleasing and unusual accompaniment to soups.

In our chart very little stress has been laid on the service of cereals primarily as such, but we have rather endeavored to give suggestions for utilizing these valuable foods in other ways which will prove acceptable to the majority of appetites.

For the 48 recipes listed on the chart send a 2c stamp to the Cookery Editor, Woman's World, Chicago

Just for Little Toddlers

Four cunning little garments and a wee blanket with the daintiest of embroidery stitches to adorn them

WHAT pleasure it is to make the dainty stitches that give the finishing touch to baby things, especially when beauty and utility are combined in them!

Bunny Set: Cotton flannel, in cream color, is selected for the gertrude, sacque, gown and kimono. Besides being soft and pliable, the cotton flannel does not shrink as wool does, and some doctors now recommend a layette made entirely of cotton.

The bunny is outlined in one strand of pink floss, with black whiskers and eyes. Rosebuds are in pink rambler rose stitch; forget-me-nots are blue French knots with yellow centers; leaves are green lazy-daisy stitch. The seams of each garment are to be sewed. Edges are already hem-stitched for crochet. A simple edge in picot crochet is to be made in pink or blue, with tiny ribbon bows to tie at the neck.

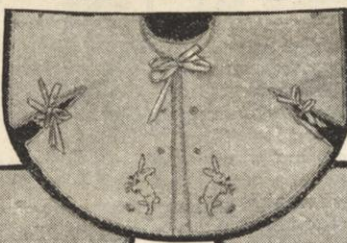
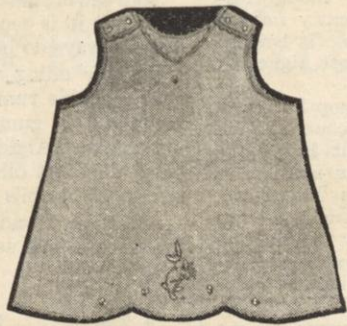
Duck Blanket: The blanket is of soft, fluffy cotton flannel, in

a lovely shade of pink, with stripes at top and bottom in turquoise blue, orchid and beige.

The duck and the three chicks she is mothering are appliqué of white flannel. Yellow flannel appliqué are used for the duck's bill and feet, and for the chicks' feet. Eyes are of blue satin stitch, outlined in black. Yarn, tied and clipped into fluffy balls, makes the flowers of blue, pink and yellow. Leaves are lazy-daisy stitch of pale green yarn.

The blanket is 31x40 inches, with top and bottom edges bound with stitching.

Although we are not accustomed to thinking of babies as devotees of style and fashion, the fact remains that even ten years makes a great difference in the number and design of their tiny garments. In addition to changes brought about by style, many other influences have combined to improve baby garments. Chief among these has been the growing interest in child welfare.



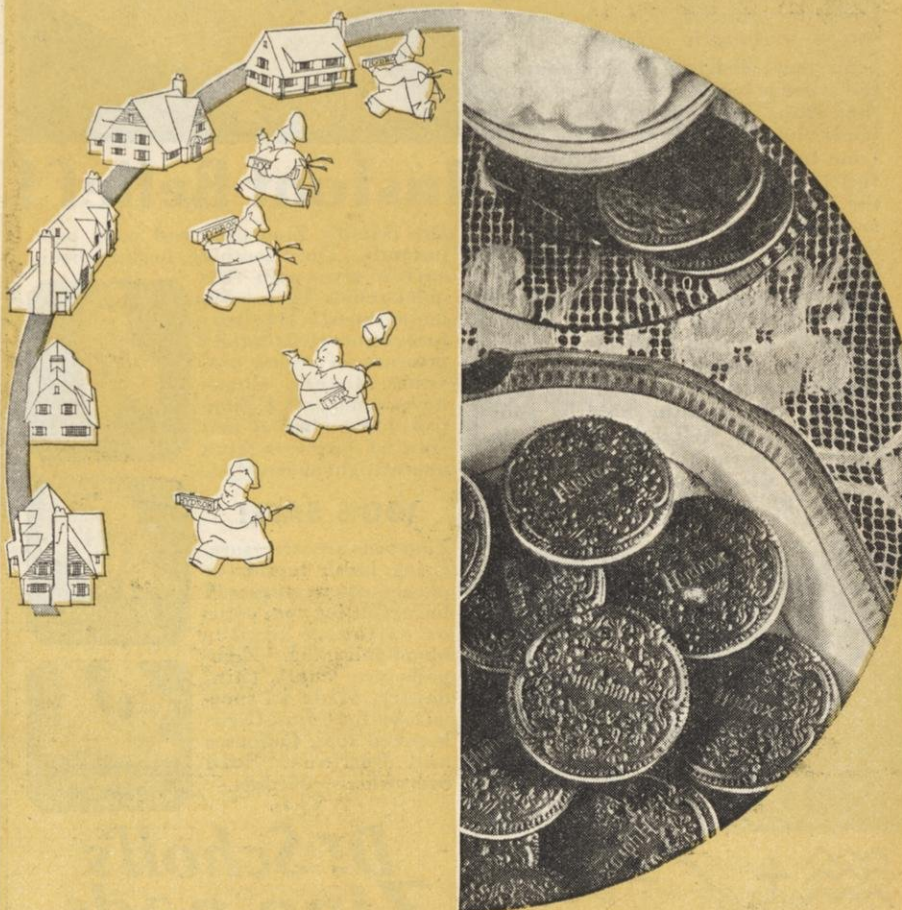
Petticoat and sacque above; gown left and kimono right




Duck and chicks are white with yellow feet. Flowers are balls of fluffy yarn; leaves green yarn



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now sold in charming 10¢ packages 

AROUND town, Sunshine Hydrox is a cookie of high social standing, at teas, parties, dinners. It also has a tremendous popular following at home with the younger pantry set. Hydrox is an exquisite alliance of the two most popular flavors . . . chocolate cookies filled with velvety vanilla cream. Hydrox was originated by Sunshine Bakers back in 1908. It has often been imitated but no imitator has ever matched the delicate blending of flavors. The ten cent package is convenient . . . contains enough for one serving for large families. Or buy them by the pound.

Sunshine HYDROX Biscuits

FROM THE THOUSAND WINDOW BAKERIES OF LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT CO.

Stamped patterns may be obtained from Woman's World, 4223 West Lake St., Chicago. Prices given on page 44

HANDS NEEDN'T STAY IDLE TO STAY SOFT

BUSY modern women can't afford to preserve the smoothness of their hands by idleness. There's another way — washing in soft water.

In most districts of this country the water is hard, and it's hard water that chaps and reddens the skin of tender hands. But add a little Mel'o (one tablespoonful to the dishpan, two to the washtub) and instantly the hardest water is softened. Suds are quick, rich and lasting; rinsing swift and thorough. Less scrubbing is required, less soap needed. Hands are spared. There is less wear and tear on clothes.

Water softened with Mel'o takes much of the work out of every washing and cleaning operation, and adds comfort to the bath. Sold by your grocer — 10c (slightly higher in far western states). The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio. (Also makers of Sani-Flush.)



10¢
HARD WATER PLUS MELO MAKES SOFT WATER

CORNS

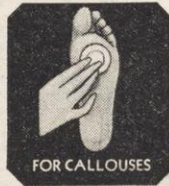


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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads end corn pain instantly. Their soothing, healing medication gives you this quick relief. Their cushioning, protective feature removes friction and pressure of shoes, prevents blisters. Corns never come back if Zino-pads are applied at first sign of soreness from new or tight shoes.

100% SAFE!

Zino-pads are safe—sure. Using harsh liquids or plasters often causes acid burn. Cutting your corns or callouses invites blood-poisoning. Zino-pads are small, thin, dainty. Made in special sizes for Corns, Corns between toes, Callouses and Bunions. Sold everywhere—35c box.



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

The Smiths Come Home

(Continued from page 18)

there to play nursemaid to her, anyway." "Maybe it was," Sara said. "It hasn't been so awfully pleasant, but I had to make the experiment, see whether I could earn my salt or not. I would have been perfectly happy to have stayed here with you, but I was so in the dark about our affairs. Why, just think of it, I am twenty-one today and I don't know how much a year we have to live on, or how the property is invested, or anything."

"Oh!" Lucia gave a despairing wail and dropped her hands in her lap. "Do we have to go over all that again? Look here, Sara, I hate to say it, but I do think you are frightfully ungrateful. I've tried so hard to keep your youth happy and untroubled by business cares, I've borne the whole burden myself, and, instead of thanking me for my thoughtfulness of you, you've persistently nagged me for the last year or two. It isn't as if I had ever been in the least niggardly to you."

She paused a moment to mop her eyes, and Sara sat down on the couch beside her and put an arm about her. She wanted so much to win her mother, to be tactful, but she always blundered. Any way she took with Lucia always seemed the wrong way. Now she laughed and, tightening her clasp about her mother's shoulders, shook her a little.

"Don't be a goose, Lucia. You've always been more than generous to me and given me a lovely time, but now I'm going to be frank with you. I've had a feeling for the last year or two that our affairs weren't so settled as they used to be. When I was a schoolgirl, you never seemed to have a care; but before I went away, I saw you often anxious and worried. And your refusal to tell me anything does make me a little suspicious that things are not just as they should be. Why should you be so mysterious and obstinate about what, after all, are our joint interests?"

LUCIA shook herself free from Sara's arm and stood up angrily, her blue eyes flashing. "This is simply too much," she cried. "Of course I have my seasons of perplexity. Who wouldn't, with this place to look after and an estate to manage? Everyone besides yourself thinks I've been wonderful. And then you add to my bothers by getting some kind of a morbid, silly idea that we are on the verge of the poorhouse and dash off in that erratic way to play nursemaid to Mary Treflinger."

The tears overflowed her eyes again. "The very first time you come home, you haven't been in the house five minutes before you bring up that old wrangle. You always were a difficult, cranky child, determined to have your way, and that's the only reason I have never given in to you on this question. You need a good lesson. If you were honest with yourself, you'd admit that all you really care about is to have me knuckle down to you. Why should I tire myself out, dragging out a lot of old papers and explaining the ins and outs of transactions that you could not possibly understand? You don't really care a straw about the matter; you just want to put me to no end of trouble and inconvenience to gratify that prying, poking spirit in you. Your father trusted me implicitly or he wouldn't have made me the sole executrix of his will, and I don't understand why you can't."

"Oh, Mother, do be reasonable," Sara said wearily. "It isn't a question of trusting you or of not appreciating all you have done. It is that I have not an idea where we stand. I don't know whether we are rich or poor; I don't know whether to go ahead and try to fit myself to earn my living, or whether to stay here and—enjoy myself. It's humiliating; it isn't fair to me."

"That is the last straw," Lucia sobbed unrestrainedly. "Accuse me of not being fair to you, when I lie awake at nights thinking of things to do for you. You have spoiled all the surprise I had

(Continued on page 44)



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Extra Fine Large Bulbs. Plant them now, and next May you will have a beautiful garden of Gorgeous Giant Tulips—the finest in your neighborhood. Immense in size. Long, Strong stems, exquisite in form and coloring. All of highest quality.

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During this special sale, we will mail POSTPAID assorted varieties as follows:

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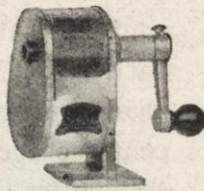
This gracefully proportioned, all metal lamp is finished in rich brown lacquer. Readily adjustable to any angle. Throws light on desk and shades the eyes. Height, 10 3/4 inches. Complete with cord and plug. No. HA543 postpaid for 5 yearly subs. at 50c each.

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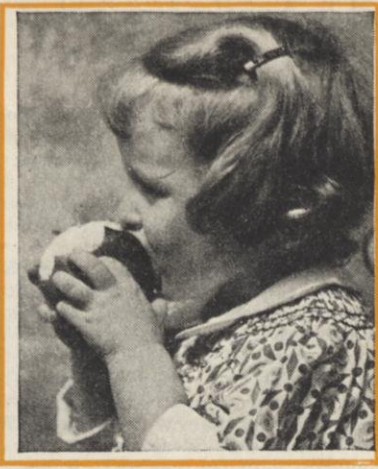
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RED CROSS PRODUCTS



Properly chosen foods from the alkali group, some of which are shown on the left, and from the acid group, on the right, are essential in a balanced diet

The Vital Effect of Diet on Health

It is not good policy to be constantly thinking about the value of foods, but the healthiest people keep in mind the principles of balance when planning their meals

By NINA SIMMONDS ESTILL, Sc.D.

ALTHOUGH acidosis may accompany many diseases, it frequently occurs as the result of taking a poorly planned diet. It often occurs in diabetes, in anemia, in starvation and in infectious diseases, such as pneumonia, Asiatic cholera and typhoid fever. It is not a simple matter to define acidosis, although the word means literally "full of acid"; in general, it means that more acid substances are in the body than are good for it.

Our tissues are surrounded and nourished by lymph and blood which are normally mildly alkaline. When anything happens to upset this delicate balance and the alkalinity is lowered, we say that a person has acidosis, although the body's reaction does not become definitely acid. If the blood should become acid even to the slightest degree, death would occur very quickly, therefore the term acidosis is in reality a misnomer. The alkalinity of the body may be upset as a result of a great loss of fluid, as happens if one has a severe diarrhea or prolonged vomiting; if a child or adult develops either of these distressing conditions, a physician should be called immediately. It is not the acidosis brought about by illness which we shall discuss, but acidosis related to diet.

In order that it may be clear just what is meant by an alkaline condition and an acid condition, let us consider examples of each class of substances. The potassium carbonate (potash) in wood ashes, familiar to everyone, accounts for the fact that they are alkaline or basic. Similarly, other plant products (fruits and vegetables) on burning in the body yield a basic or alkaline ash due to the fact that the base-forming elements predominate over the acid-forming elements in these foods. The base-forming or alkaline elements among the ash constituents of fruits and vegetables are of great value to the body in helping to maintain the blood and tissues in a normal condition.

Some Other Alkalis

Other examples of alkalis are washing-soda, baking-soda and ammonia. Oranges, lemons, apples and peaches are some of the fruits which leave alkaline residues; these fruits contain acids which are known as *organic acids* which, like sugar, are burned in the body. The inorganic substances like calcium, potassium and sodium which these fruits also contain are left behind to help form the alkaline residue which is so important in the prevention of acidosis. Meat, although it does not taste sour, leaves an acid ash because there are present in it sulphur and phosphorus, which in the body are

transformed into *mineral acids* which are not burned; meat is one of our most acid foods—in other words, it leaves an acid ash in the body.

For convenience and analogy the term ash (as used in the case of furnace ashes) is sometimes applied to the food residues left when food is used in the body. The soluble ash of foods is largely taken up by the blood and excreted by the kidneys. If the acid residue foods predominate and if the acid materials are not promptly eliminated by the kidneys, the alkalinity of the body is gradually reduced and the acid ash form of acidosis develops. Fortunately, the kidneys are faithful little workers and stand much abuse with little complaining; many individuals, until they are examined for life insurance, are not aware that their kidneys are not perfectly healthy.

A Division of Foods

Foods may be divided into groups depending upon the kind of ash they leave in the body. Many of our most appetizing foods such as meats, eggs and fowls are highly acid, although their taste gives us no clue to this fact. Their reaction is known by studies which have been made of them in the laboratory. Breads, such as whole wheat, white, Graham and rye, as well as rolls, and corn-meal, crackers, peanuts, rice and barley are all acid-forming foods; they are not nearly so acid, however, as meats, fish, eggs and oysters. Oysters and egg yolk are two of the most acid foods which we take in our diets. With the exception of cranberries, prunes and plums, all fruits and vegetables, legumes, nuts and milk are alkaline foods. We usually speak of these foods as containing the soda-like compounds.

Just as the foods listed above differ in their acid-producing properties, so do other foods differ in their alkaline-producing properties. Apples, asparagus, bananas, cabbage, milk, celery, currants, lemons, oranges, muskmelons, peaches, peas, potatoes, radishes and turnips each leave an alkaline ash, but none of them is so alkaline as carrots, beets and almonds, which in turn are not so alkaline as dried navy beans, lima beans and raisins. Tomatoes and grapefruit, although they taste acid, actually leave an alkaline ash. Often we hear the remark, "Oh, I cannot eat tomatoes or grapefruit because they are so acid." This statement is made because of a misunderstanding of their reaction in the body.

Certain foods are essentially free from ash-forming material; when burned in the body, they form only carbonic acid gas, which is eliminated from the body

when we breathe. These foods are: sugar, cream, starch, tapioca, salad oils, butter and shortening fats; they do not influence the acid and base balance.

We hear so much today about acidosis and the dangers of an acid diet. The dangers are perhaps a little overstressed, but the foods we eat do play an important part in maintaining the normal alkaline balance of the blood. Under normal conditions of health, there exists in the body fluids a slight excess of the alkaline or basic elements, the most important of which is soda—the same substance as baking-soda. Unless there is a proper amount of soda in the blood, the waste gas, carbonic acid gas, which results from burning of food substances cannot be carried to the lungs and given off during breathing. If promptly eliminated, this gas has no effect upon the alkaline balance of the body, but if it is not regularly and continuously eliminated, serious trouble results. For example, if breathing should be stopped for a short time, the alkalinity of the body would be rapidly reduced and death would result from a carbonic acid type of acidosis.

Our national habit of taking baking-soda may be an empirical demand of our bodies for soda-like compounds. A person who takes soda rather frequently and feels so much better after taking it, would do well to inspect the diet to see if it contains liberal amounts of the foods which leave an alkaline ash, such as legumes, milk, fruits and vegetables. Oranges, lemons and most vegetables also contain vitamin C.

Maintaining a Balance

Foods, therefore, should be selected not only to provide vitamins, proteins and other dietary essentials but also with respect to maintaining the acid and base balance. In order to do this, only certain general principles need be kept in mind, such as that cereal foods, including breakfast foods and breads, and meats, fish and eggs leave an acid ash, whereas fruits in general and vegetables and milk leave an alkaline ash. Our diet should contain foods from each group.

One need not fear making the body too alkaline by taking too many of the alkaline-producing foods, milk, legumes and fruits and vegetables.

Just as we do not want to be continually thinking of the vitamin content, the mineral and protein contents of our foods, neither do we need to think continually of the acid and base balance of the body, because, if we keep in mind the principles just given, there is no danger of an acidosis from a faulty food selection.



To think that our Sunny Romance started with a Storm!

Will I ever forget the storm last summer that indirectly made Hugh—handsome, successful and brilliant—take an unexpected interest in me, modest and rather quiet? Secretly I wanted to interest him, but there never seemed any way until the day of that terrific thunderstorm.

Our crowd went up to the cottage with a week-end supply of food. Everybody swam and danced—and ate—lots. Just as we were ready to start back home Sunday afternoon, a storm came up. It rained in sheets for hours. There we all sat—getting hungrier by the minute! Some of the men were actually grumpy—especially when they found out that the only food left was a few odds and ends.

Then—I remembered a package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine I had seen in the kitchen. "Fine," I thought. "Knox Gelatine is wonderful for making big, main dishes from leftovers, why not make a Knox dish now?"

I did . . . and it was delicious. It saved the day—and everyone's disposition. From that very week Hugh paid me his attention. "What started all the sudden interest?" I asked him the night he proposed. "Listen, youngster," he said solemnly, "any girl that knows the economy trick of taking one cup of left-over meat and making a big dish that tastes like a million dollars should have a permanent kitchen in a home of mine!" Here is the dish that fed our crowd of six.

MEAT LOAF (6 Servings)

- 1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1 cup stock, well-seasoned
- 1/2 onion, peeled and sliced
- 1/2 stalk celery
- 2-teaspoonfuls lemon juice
- 1 cup chopped cold cooked veal, ham, beef or chicken
- 2-tablespoonfuls canned pimentos, cut in thin strips
- 1-teaspoonful finely chopped parsley

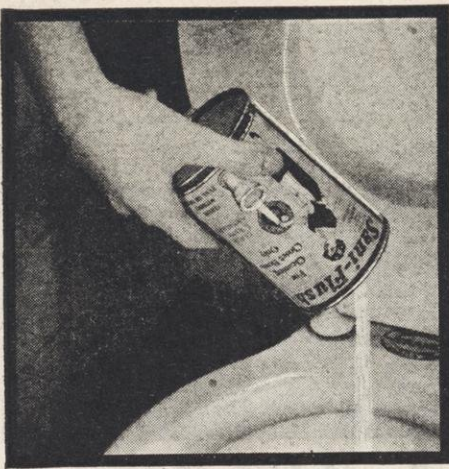
Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Add onion and celery to stock, bring to the boiling point, let boil three minutes, strain and pour over soaked gelatine. Add lemon juice, cool, and when mixture begins to stiffen, add meat, pimentos and chopped parsley. Turn into wet mold, and chill. Remove from mold, and cut in slices for serving.

Knox is ideal for salads, desserts and main dishes because it has no sweetening, flavoring or coloring to interfere with the natural tastes of the foods you use. It is economical; one package contains enough to make four different dishes, six servings each.

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144 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

The Smiths Come Home

(Continued from page 42)

planned; I am giving a birthday dinner for you tonight, and I have the most adorable new frock for you. Well, all the arrangements are made and the party's got to go on, I suppose, although, after the way you've acted, I would be justified in calling it off."

She ran out of the room and left Sara standing there, frowning and downcast. All her bright optimism was gone. "What's the use?" she asked herself. You simply couldn't pin Lucia down. She had a genius for wriggling away from anything approaching a serious conversation; she was as evasive as water. Why was it that she, Sara, could never get anywhere with her mother? It must be her own fault; no one else had any difficulty with her. Lucia was equally popular with men and women, always the essence of tact and grace and charm. And how pretty she was, even when she cried!

Maybe her mother was right; maybe she had been harboring morbid school-girl suspicions; only—"What's the use?" she asked herself again. She was here for so short a time that she might as well be philosophical and accept the situation. Her face cleared as she put chagrin and resentment from her and took her high resolve. Away with dull care. She would enjoy herself to the limit, and, for the time being anyway, strive to be Lucia's ideal daughter.

WHEN the two met at luncheon, Lucia's face was as bright and composed as if the incident had never occurred. She began to chatter at once, telling Sara of the growing business expansion of Middleboro and how it had brought in many new people, among them several unattached and very presentable young men.

"There is one in particular," she said, "who has taken the town by storm, Clyde Grainger; something to look at, my dear, and very able and high-brow. He is in Judge Weeks's firm, and the old judge goes about hailing him as on the threshold of a great career.

"He'll be a nice change for you from perpetual Alan. Alan is a dear, and all that, and everybody knows that his mother has picked you as the girl of his choice, but that's silly. You and he have literally grown up together, so naturally there couldn't be much sentiment between you. Laura is one of my oldest friends and I am devoted to her, but as a mother-in-law—" She made a gesture of violently pushing something from her.

Sara flushed deeply, painfully. Whatever the nature of her feeling for Alan Semple, she had not yet permitted it to come to the surface of her own mind. She wanted to linger in the cloudy zone of undefined emotions, to bask in those intimations of something delightful about to happen to her which she now realized were inextricably mingled with the thoughts of Alan.

"And, Sara, you will never guess, never!" Lucia, having dropped her word in season, tacked skilfully. "The town is talking of nothing else. Do you remember Imogene Smith, who used to clean house, and whitewash the kitchen and the chicken coop, and help at parties?" "And Papa Smith and Myrtle Belle!" cried Sara, enormously relieved at the change of subject. "Myrtle Belle stood as the symbol of the larger freedom to me. What about them?"

"They are coming back. They have taken the Appleby place."

"What?" Sara stopped feeding the dogs with scraps from her plate. The Appleby place was a large estate with landscaped gardens and conservatories and acres of park. She thought of the dilapidated, white-brown house by the railroad tracks. "They must have come into money. But with the wide world to choose from, why should they come back here where they are so well known?"

"To show off," Lucia giggled. "They are the boys who made good, revisiting

(Continued on page 46)



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Good Will Week

(Continued from page 23)

Monday evening and saw his house standing there, just as it had stood when he took his bride there fifty years ago.

As the crowd was finally breaking up, along toward midnight, you could hear a few of the regular pessimists murmuring that it couldn't possibly be done on account of Good Will Week. There were so many service hours and parades and rally luncheons and what-not scheduled, that the better element's time was terribly taken up. This was true, of course, and a bit dampening. But what the pessimists hadn't reckoned on was that there were lots of different elements in Clinton and that sickness had never stuck to any one of them. And wherever sickness had gone in Clinton, so had Doctor Crawford.

From all elements and classes and conditions came the people who at some time in their lives had listened for the rattle of that old flivver. Italian day laborers who said the doctor had been "veree nica" to them in the free ward at the hospital and who wanted to work on the cottage during their noon hours; Mr. Thornton, of the snobbish Harvester crowd, who wanted to explain to everybody that he wouldn't have thought of calling a general practitioner for his wife ordinarily, but—Corcoran had put Jim Palmer, one of his regular foremen, in charge and Jim didn't know anything about social distinctions. He just took all comers and put them to work.

And how they kept on coming, old men, strapping young fathers, even kids. Jim was used to handling gangs, and by noon of the first day he had a gang to handle. I'd never dreamed so many men would turn out, all eager to work.

TALK about Good Will Week preventing work on the doctor's house—it was almost the other way around! Oh, the Good Will affairs were pulled off all right, I guess. But the real interest was that busy corner where the cottage was being built.

Instead of work quitting as it does on most jobs at dark, evening was the busiest time on the cottage. That was when the men who couldn't get away during the working day turned out. They put on two big searchlights and often I'd hear hammering long after I'd gone to bed at night.

By Saturday noon when the offices close, the house was at the painting stage and men had to spell each other off on the brushes, there was such a mob. Sunday, people hurried back from church and even stayed home from golf to work or to watch.

And all through the week, the presents had been coming in. Six patent rockers to choose from, Star of Bethlehem and Woodland Cottage bed quilts, exactly like the ones that had been burned. Our club's Good Will garden party was a very special success because some of the truck farm women out beyond the Ridge who haven't time to think about good will and wouldn't be found dead at a garden party, had heard that Mrs. Crawford's cans of fruit had got broken and they'd come in with jars of wild grape jelly and jam, pickles and rhubarb conserve. The entire garden party trooped over a few at a time to look at the cellar shelves. Passing through the kitchen, everybody noticed an old clock ticking away on the wall and looking exactly like the one that had ticked there for fifty years. Though there was a card tied to it, there wasn't any name on the card. Just: "Doc—In memory of a broken leg."

By Monday afternoon the house was done, inside and out. Even the perennials in the garden that the firemen had trampled down had been replaced. Mr. Lamb had given the plants and the Scouts and the Campfire kids had worked together to set them out.

Late Monday afternoon, just a few minutes before the Crawfords' train was due, I walked down Main Street to take a last look at the cottage. And who should I see sneaking out of the back

(Continued on page 46)

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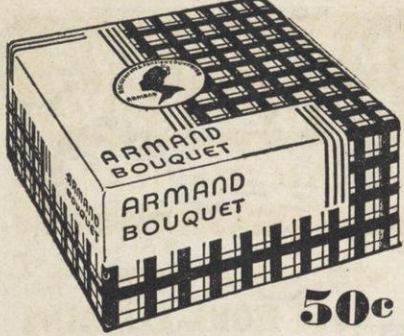
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Good Will Week

(Continued from page 45)

door but Mrs. Long! She was as fussed and guilty as though she'd been caught stealing. She'd brought a pot of baked beans and a loaf of her famous brown bread and left them in the oven. She just stopped long enough to say something disagreeable about a lot of people that were so dumb as never to think of there being nothing hot to eat in the house.

After Mrs. Long had gone, I walked slowly past on the other side of the street, looking at the cottage. The fall dusk softened the fresh look of the white paint and green blinds. The house scarcely looked new in that light—just small and cozy as if it belonged there, like any ordinary home, the red geraniums in the dining-room window, where Mrs. Crawford had always had them in the old house.

For a moment I couldn't seem to think who had built the cottage. Not the town, surely, that had put up the huge modern hospital and the new Union Depot—a town doesn't think of a squeaky patent rocker and an old-fashioned base-burner where the fire shines red through the isinglass. But it couldn't have been just a scattered lot of separate people, either, who had remembered times when they'd peered down the street watching for the doctor, ordinary, quarrelsome human beings, willing enough but pulling this way and that, getting in each other's way. Of course, nearly everybody who'd done anything on the house had loved old Doctor Crawford. But you can't build even a story-and-a-half cottage on love alone. Not one solid enough to stand up against an Illinois December.

Yet, there it stood, solid and firm, ready for any winter wind, but sweet, almost alive in the twilight, its sitting-room windows bright, smoke curling up from its chimney, a clock ticking inside on the kitchen wall.

And I was kind of glad it was in Clinton. Because I can't seem to help thinking of Clinton whenever I hear any "home" song, from "My Ain Countree" to "The Banks of the Wabash." And I suppose I'll always think of Number Seven slowing up and whistling at the bend, of Grandfather Allen and old Doctor Crawford, Edna Mullatt and Janice, even rough-necks like Jim Palmer, even people like Mrs. Long and Laura Fay Gardner, all mixed up together, when the music comes to that heart-breaking line, "And it's there I fain would be—At home in dear old Scotland with my ain folk."

But I'm not silly and sentimental about it any more. I should hope I'm just as broad-minded as anybody else. I can see clearly that Good Will Week, for instance, was only a kind of half-success despite the fact that every organization in town had been behind it. A very commonplace affair, not worthy of Clinton at all. About what you'd expect of some ordinary town, like Warren or Magnolia.

The Smiths Come Home

(Continued from page 44)

the scene of all their early privations." "I certainly shall see Myrtle Belle while I am here," Sara said.

"Do, and tell me all about them. There's a fine point of etiquette for you. When your former charlady takes the show place of your native village, does she call on you first, or do you call on her? They are coming tomorrow, I believe. There go the telephone and the doorbell at the same time. It's your gang, I know, so play about with them all afternoon, for I have a thousand things to attend to."

"Can't I stay at home and help you?" Sara asked a little wistfully. "I would love to."

"You may not," Lucia said firmly. "I am used to managing things alone and you would only be under my feet. Go along, and be happy."

(Continued in the November issue)

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Waltham Art Publishers Dept. 86, 7 Water St. BOSTON MASS.

Nancy's Corsage

(Continued from page 9)

down with a bang. She raised amazed brown eyes to his face. "Why, Val!" "That was Brown on the phone." "Brown? The Brown at the bank?" Val nodded. "Bob's check is no good. The skunk didn't have a cent in the bank he wrote the check on. \$35!"

"How horrid of him! But what difference does it make to you, dear?"

"Just \$35 worth of difference," he retorted grimly. "I have to make it good." Nancy gave a little pained cry. "Oh, Val!" she whimpered, "how can you when we've spent all we had and Mr. Turner—Oh, Val," she made a tremendous effort and swallowed a lump in her throat, and fought back a frenzy of fear. "Oh, Val, dear, you are so—so generous! You—you are really too generous and gallant! Don't send me flowers today, dear! Especially by messenger! I'll remember the ones you got me yesterday for a long, long time!" And she managed a shaky laugh.

Val straightened. Relief shone from him. He laughed again, gay-spirited as ever, and Nancy saw with a proud little clutch of her heart that he was the kind of man no sensible woman could let go without a qualm into a world full of enticing females, but there was a new confidence about her. Her bronzy head was tipped as if a rose dangled from her little pink ear. It was a secret she wore so jauntily, a new knowledge of the irresistibility of a blithe spirit and a gay smile and a glad hand.

Nancy wanted to cry when Val was gone, but she said sternly, "I must be practising bravery now before things get really hard."

The telephone rang about 10 a.m. Nancy's heart leaped up and then dropped with a thud into an inner frightened darkness. "Hello... Mrs. Valor speaking... Oh, that you, Val?... Yes?... What?... Oh, Val!... Honest?... On account of me?... Me?... You say he said he could get money any time, but young people of charm and personality are rare and beyond price?... I thought that was what you said, but was afraid I imagined it. Oh, Val!... A junior partner? Oh, Val, congratulations!... Goodby."

Nancy went into a series of little whirls, sticking out an impudent toe. Then she stood perfectly still, musing, bright-eyed. She addressed the lampshade, unseeing and very earnest. "Sometimes," she said, "sometimes a kick turns out to be a boost, and the cruelest blow of fate is only the wind that fills your sails. The big boss might never have got to know us if it hadn't been for that blooming corsage!"

Two in Ten Million

(Continued from page 47)

For a moment he stared, then suddenly a little laugh met a sob in his throat and lodged there. "You thought," he said, "you thought I lived in that house?"

She sat up suddenly. "You don't mean—" She swayed and his arm went about her.

"I lived below you all the time," he said. "On the ground floor, and my play's no good, and I've only fifty dollars in the world."

Mrs. Styles appeared at the door, a steaming cup of bouillon in her hand. "There's a party down-stairs," she said, "name o' Maxwell. He seems to want to see you pretty bad, Mr. Trench."

Roderick was not listening. He was bending over the girl. "Fifty dollars isn't much to start on," he was saying, "but if you'd be willing to risk it—"

"I... I'd love to risk it!"

"I kind of think you'd better go down." This from Mrs. Styles. "That Maxwell fellow seemed kind of crazy to me. He says he's a producer an' he wants to see you 'bout a play."

But nobody was listening unless it was Roderick's little gods who were, after their vacation, back on the job again.

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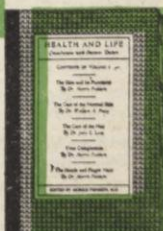
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To get the most out of each dollar bill, we must make plans and carry them out as we have time. To help you spend wisely, we are placing at your service Mary Blake's advice on purchasing problems. Her long experience in shopping for herself and others in Chicago's big stores and small shops enables her to

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The prize or prizes will be awarded to the person or persons sending the name we choose from among those submitted. If the name we choose has been submitted by a number of people everyone who submitted the winning name will receive \$1000.00, and all who mailed the winning name in time for the promptness prize, will receive an extra \$500.00, or \$1500.00 in all. This contest closes Dec. 20, 1931, but send your name now and be in time for the promptness prize, you might just as well have the extra \$500.00 when it takes so little effort.

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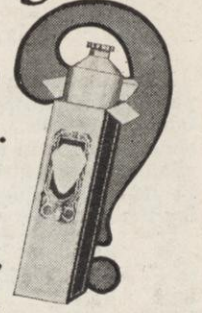
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The Postman's Whistle Page

ON WHICH ARE REFLECTED THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF OUR READERS' LIVES

Growing Perennials

I find that I can get a quantity of seedlings of various perennials from my own seed by scattering the seeds of Canterbury bells, pyrethrum, coreopsis and other varieties among my iris in the fall. The iris gives them a natural winter protection that will not smother the small plants. In the spring, if necessary, I use a garden fork in loosening the plants for resetting. —Mrs. L. O. J., Ind.

Persimmon Pudding

1 pint persimmons	1 teaspoon butter
1 cup hot water	1 egg
½ teaspoon soda	1 pint flour
½ cup sugar	1 pint milk

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

—Mrs. M. W., Ind.

A Bad Sign

"Is Jim a liar?"

"Well, I don't know as I would go so far as to call him a liar, but I'll tell you this much, when feeding time comes, his pigs won't stir until he gets someone else to call them for him." —M. F. H., Ark.

A Helpful Idea

When opening a can of food such as tomatoes, pineapple or peas, if you want to separate the liquor from the bulk, open the can partially, pour off the liquid, and then finish opening the can to remove the bulk.—G. S., Minn.

Comfort for Visitors

A camp stool with a canvas seat is a great convenience in a guest room, where it may be used as a stand for suit-cases while packing or unpacking. It is just the right height and when not in use can be folded and hung away in the closet. —Mrs. H. P. S., Mass.

Prepared for the Worst

Young Husband: "Sweetheart, what did you do with that rubber plant Aunt Jennie gave us?"

Wife: "Why, honey, I put it up-stairs in the window. Why do you ask?"

Young Husband: "Oh, no reason at all. I was just wondering what you put in this salad." —Mrs. V. J. W., Kans.

Logical Enough

Guest: "Look here! How long must I wait for the half portion of duck I ordered?"

Waiter: "Till somebody orders the other half. We can't go out and kill half a duck." —Miss A. L. S., Pa.

Easy Measuring

Break off the handles of two tin teaspoons of standard size (if you have none on hand, you can buy them at nominal cost) about an inch away from the bowl. Drop one into your baking-powder can, the other into the soda. It is more convenient to use these for measuring

than to get a teaspoon from the drawer or the measuring spoon from its hook on the wall. I also keep a broken-handled tablespoon in the coffee can.

—Mrs. E. L. M., Colo.



UNCLE JEFF AND HIS HOMELY PHILOSOPHY ON AMUSEMENT

*Would ye find a man's measure, my friend?
Would ye know if he's four-square and straight?
Then observe not alone—how he works,
But watch how he plays—ere you rate!*

Every corner of th' earth, I reckon, has its own forms of amusement. Here on th' Elbow we have our corn husks, our square dances, box suppers and spellin' bees. And they answer e'zactly th' same purpose as th' golf and th' swimmin' and th' tennis and th' boatin' th't are common on th' other corners. Fer fun is a sugar-coated physic.

I figger th't th' one thing this old earth can least spare, outside of virtue, is its fun. A body needs all th' counter weights he can find, t' balance off th' sad parts of a lifetime. That is th' reason th' Lord has made sunny spots in th' hearts of us human bein's. Th' bow cannot stand allus bent—neither c'n man work all of th' time. Fun sharpens th' mind jest as th' grindstone puts an edge on th' knife.

Amusement has th' sanction of religion. Preachin' John, from over at Mud Lick, says that recreation, in its proper time and place, is quite as important as prayer. Th' best possible way t' guard a body from unlawful pleasures is t' provide him with innocent ones. Th' real character of a man is discovered when he plays.

Th' mind needs t' be amused sometimes so th't it can better turn again towards th' more serious side of life. Whoever hopes t' use any part of his time t' good advantage must spend some small part of it in trifles. Some of th' greatest men this country has ever produced have had a yen fer whittlin'.

If fun is not good, then we should strip th' world of its flowers and blot out all th' sunshine. And yet a body must be powerful sure t' make a difference between amusement and happiness. Recreation springs from sources outside of oursel's. Happiness comes from within. And while one should make a business of happiness—one should not make a business of amusement. Fer pleasure may be kept up by illusion—but happiness depends on th' real.

So folks, here's to th' game. May we all enjoy its rigor. And tho' we tire of th' pleasure we take, may we never tire of that which we give!

Jeff J. Linsden U. S. A.

We ask you to send us for this page jokes, recipes and homemaking ideas for saving money, time and labor. For original suggestions of not over 100 words that we publish we will send you 50 cents.

A Feminine Foible

The hired girl had been sent down to the brook to fetch a pail of water, but stood gazing at the flowing stream, apparently lost in thought.

"What's she waiting for?" asked her mistress, who was watching.

"Dunno," wearily replied her husband. "Perhaps she hasn't seen a pailful she likes yet." —Mrs. I. H., Ind.

Poultry Equipment

Everybody who keeps chickens knows what trouble it is to keep their water pans from being tipped over. I solved this problem by buying angel food cake pans, setting them in the chicken yard and driving stakes through the center into the ground. The pan can easily be slipped over the stick to be refilled or washed.

—Mrs. F. W. K., Nebr.

Resigned to Her Fate

A wealthy old lady was very ill and sent for a lawyer to make her will. "I wish to explain to you," she said weakly, "about disposing of my property."

The lawyer was sympathetic. "There, there, don't worry about it," he said smoothly. "Just leave it all to me."

"Oh, well," squeaked the old lady, "I suppose I might as well. You'll get it anyway." —Mrs. J. F. W., Nebr.

Prompt Mail Service

I have placed an attractive wall pocket over the writing desk near the door. When a letter is written, it is stamped and placed in the pocket. Every member of the family has developed the habit of taking out all letters when going down-town, so they are never forgotten and are always mailed on the day written.—Miss C. A., Ind.

For Home Decorators

When wrapping the wire frame of a lamp shade before covering, use an old silk stocking cut spirally from top to toe in a strip about one inch wide. This is much better than cloth cut in strips, as there are no frayed edges and very little splicing is needed.

—Mrs. D. V. D., Ill.

The Quality of Mercy

A devout mother was showing her little son the picture of the martyrs thrown to the lions and explaining it to him at great length and very solemnly, trying to make him feel what a terrible thing it was.

"Oh, Mother!" he said tremulously, "just look at that poor little lion way behind the rest. He won't get any!" —M. R., Ohio.

Another Problem Solved

A piece of screen wire tacked a few inches below the opening of a hot air furnace saves many articles which might be dropped down the register and lost.

—O. M., Wis.

Peach-Blossom Popcorn Balls

Boil one cup white sirup with one tablespoon of vinegar until it brittles. Add a few drops of red coloring and boil again to brittle. Have ready freshly popped corn in large pan, buttered. Turn hot sirup over it and stir to distribute sirup. When cool enough to handle, form into balls with buttered hands, pressing and shaping as one would a snowball. The balls will be a lovely rosy pink, and not sticky.—D. E. L., Mich.



A Messenger of Sunshine and Good Cheer by and for Our Subscribers

MEAT PIE (right)

2 pounds beef or veal (or beef and veal)
2 teaspoons salt
Boiling water
4 tablespoons flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ recipe Calumet Biscuit Dough—use basic recipe

Cut meat into 1-inch cubes. Brown in skillet with small amount of fat. Add salt and enough boiling water to cover. Simmer gently $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, or until tender. Mix flour to a paste with small amount of cold water, add to meat mixture, and cook until thickened, stirring well. Turn into casserole and reheat in oven until gravy bubbles. Roll biscuit dough $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick. Cut into diamond-shaped sections, and arrange on top of meat mixture. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 10 minutes, or until biscuits are done. (Carrots, onions, and potatoes may be added to meat mixture and cooked with it 10 minutes before flour is added.) Serves 8.



DATE SHORTCAKES (below)

1 cup dates, seeded and chopped
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
1 teaspoon lemon juice
Dash of salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ recipe Calumet Biscuit Dough—use basic recipe

Combine dates, water, sugar, lemon juice, and salt. Cook over slow fire, stirring frequently, until mixture thickens. Cool. Roll biscuit dough $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick. Cut with large round cutter. Remove centers from half of circles with small round cutter, leaving rings. Brush tops with butter, sprinkle with sugar, and place on greased baking sheet. Bake in hot oven (475° F.) 10 minutes, or until done. Spread each round biscuit thickly with date mixture, adjust rings on top and fill with additional date mixture. Serve with lemon sauce. Makes 4 shortcakes.

CALUMET BISCUIT DOUGH

This is the basic recipe that makes any one of these fascinating dishes

2 cups sifted flour
2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons butter or other shortening
 $\frac{2}{3}$ cup milk (about)

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Cut in shortening. Add milk gradually until soft dough is formed. Turn out on floured board, knead slightly. Roll $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick. Cut with floured biscuit cutter. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 12 to 15 minutes. Makes 12 biscuits.

(All measurements are level)



QUICK CINNAMON ROLLS (above)

$\frac{1}{2}$ recipe Calumet Biscuit Dough—use basic recipe
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup currants or raisins

Roll biscuit dough $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick. Cream butter, sugar, and cinnamon. Add currants, and sprinkle mixture over dough. Roll as for jelly roll. Cut in 1-inch slices. Dot pan generously with butter, and sprinkle with additional sugar. Place rolls on top, cut-side down. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 10 minutes, then decrease heat to moderate (350° F.) and bake 15 minutes longer, or until done. Makes 6 rolls.



PIMENTO CHEESE BISCUITS (left)

2 ounces pimento cheese
2 tablespoons butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ recipe Calumet Biscuit Dough—use basic recipe

Combine cheese and butter and melt over hot water, stirring until blended. Roll biscuit dough $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick, cut with small floured cutter, and place on greased baking sheet. Pour cheese mixture over biscuits. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 10 minutes or until done. Makes 12 biscuits.

Orange Biscuits, Swedish Tea Rolls, Cherry and Almond Ring—and other wonderfully delicious variations can be made so easily from the foundation recipe. The new Calumet Baking Book tells how. We'll gladly send you a copy free. Mail the coupon below.

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HERE is news! Read and learn how Calumet Baking Powder glorifies plain biscuit dough—and turns a host of dishes into thrilling new creations.

Calumet, you see, acts *twice*—not just *once*. And this remarkable Double-Action works a magic transformation in your baking. You can't picture how tender, how marvelously good biscuit dough can



LOOK! See Calumet's Double-Action!

Make This Test To-day! Put two level teaspoons of Calumet into a glass, add two teaspoons of water, stir rapidly five times and remove the spoon. The tiny, fine bubbles will rise slowly, half filling the glass. This demonstrates Calumet's *first* action—the action designed to begin in the mixing bowl when liquid is added.

After the mixture has entirely stopped rising, stand the glass in a pan of *hot* water on the stove. In a moment, a second rising will start and continue until the mixture reaches the top of the glass. This demonstrates Calumet's *second* action—the action that Calumet holds in reserve to take place in the heat of the oven.

Double-Acting—Combination Type! Calumet's Double-Action, explained above, is the result of a scientific *combination* of two gas-releasing ingredients, one of which acts chiefly during the mixing and the other chiefly during the baking. For this reason, Calumet is known both as "The Double-Acting" and "Combination Type" baking powder.

be—until you try Calumet. You can't imagine what delicious treats biscuit dough can create—until you try the Calumet basic recipe given above.

For the beauty of it is—this *one* simple recipe is the "makings" of no end of tempting surprises. With this *one* recipe, you can make all kinds of fancy biscuits, fruit shortcakes, scones, meat pies, rolls and quick breads galore. The four suggestions above are just a few examples. Try any of them. Try some of your own favorites. Just use the basic recipe—and see what triumphs you achieve!

Here is how Calumet's Double-Action brings such unusual perfection to biscuit dough and all your cakes and quick breads. Calumet's first action begins in the mixing bowl. This starts the leavening. Then, in the oven, the second action begins and continues the leavening. Up! . . . up! . . . it keeps raising the batter or dough and holds it high and light. Your baking is bound to turn out beautifully.

All baking powders are required by law to be made of pure, wholesome ingredients. But not all are alike in their action nor in the amount that should be used. And not all will give you equally fine results in your baking. Calumet's scientifically balanced combination of two gas-releasing ingredients produces perfect leavening action—Double-Action!

Notice that the basic recipe given calls for only *one* level teaspoon of Calumet to each cup of sifted flour. This is the usual Calumet proportion and should be followed for best results—a splendid economy! Get Calumet to-day . . . Calumet is a product of General Foods Corporation.



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DO you ever wonder just what your husband orders
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To settle this point, insofar as cakes were concerned,
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