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# WOMAN'S WORLD



OCTOBER • 1929

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**E**ACH night you can prepare your complexion for new loveliness tomorrow—loveliness given by nature while you sleep.

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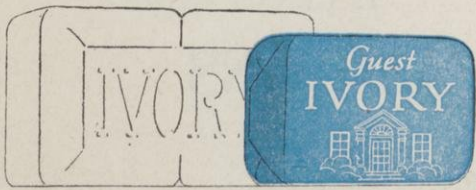
This clear, bubbly lather rinses easily too and leaves your skin actually *feeling* supple

and free. (Use cold cream first, if you wish, to soften dust and make-up—but be sure to remove the soiled cold cream with a deep Ivory-cleansing.)

You can not buy a finer, purer soap than Ivory. Nor can you give your complexion a finer “beauty-treatment” than an Ivory-cleansing each night. Then, while you sleep, your skin is free to make itself lovelier; and when you wake, it is fresher, younger, than when you went to bed.

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VOLUME FORTY-FIVE

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NUMBER TEN

**G**ALLANTLY smiling, the First Lady of the Land shook hands with one after another disabled veteran. Flickers of sunlight coming through the thick green trees of the White House garden fell on her green and red flowered chiffon dress. Her green slippers were only a shade lighter than the grass on which she stood.

It was the first presidential party to disabled veterans in the Hoover regime. The President was visibly affected by the wreckage of war, some in wheel chairs, others on crutches. His expression was eloquent as he bent to grasp the thin, eager hands extended.

But Lou Henry Hoover, who has adventured with her mining engineer husband all over the world and who turned her home in China into a hospital during the Boxer rebellion, kept on gallantly smiling as is the way with courageous women. The more crippled the veteran, the more prolonged and gracious her welcome.

With the Hoover regime, a new touch is being introduced into the White House. It is a woman's touch and is making itself felt in all sorts of ways, from the presentation of flowers to departing guests to giving silver cups to champions.

More flowers are being used in the White House than in many years. It takes a special man to care for them when they arrive fresh every morning from the White House greenhouses.

But it is the hands of the mistress of the great mansion which present the fragrant blossoms to departing dinner guests. Nor does she merely lend her presence to various events. She enters into the occasion and takes an active part in making it a success.

To begin with, she is receiving groups of four or five women at a time at her teas and receptions, thus departing from precedent but giving her a much better chance really to get acquainted with her guests. A bright smile and handclasp was the most a guest could hope for when several hundred passed before the President or his wife.

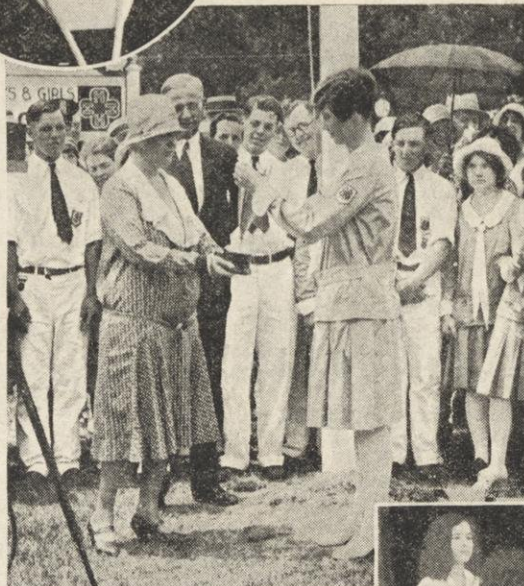
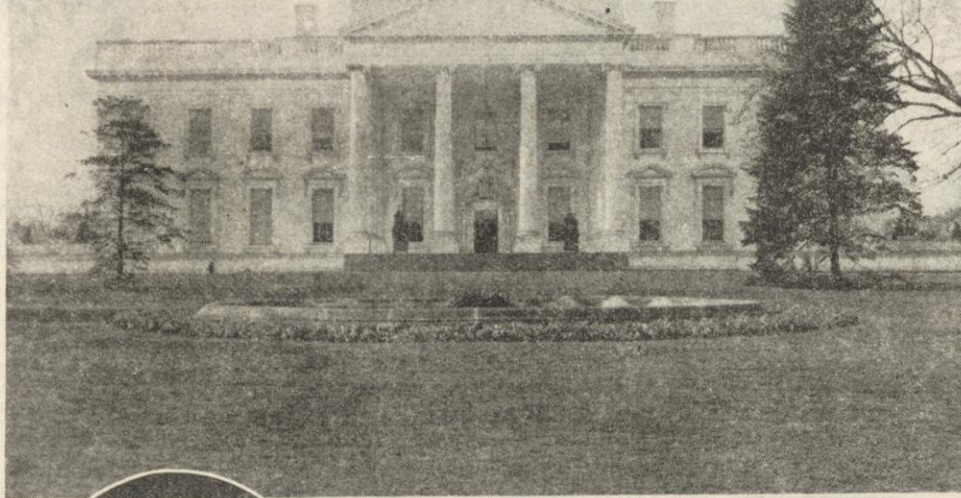
By the group method, a woman guest, instead of being hustled along the line, is able to say the few words she has been yearning to utter such as: "I met you in Palo Alto," or "I have two boys just the ages of yours."

Under the old system, even a sentence was impossible. One good lady, meeting President Coolidge, started to say, "Mr. President, there is a question I would like to ask you—" What it was no one ever found out because she was gently but firmly propelled down the line by secret service men.

The Hoover hospitality has already become famous. The President and his wife have guests almost every day for luncheon and dinner. At night the White House is ablaze with lights. The lucky diners invariably give enthusiastic accounts of the gracious informality of these social affairs. Some even recount with satisfaction the quality and quantity of the food! At afternoon receptions the refreshments usually consist of several kinds of ice cream, cake, sandwiches and fruit punch.

Mrs. Hoover has introduced the California garden into the lovely White House grounds

## THE NEW MISTRESS OF THE WHITE HOUSE



The photographs present the First Lady of the Land in some busy moments of her active life, and the first sketch shows her welcoming a party of disabled veterans. The other sketches picture the lunch basket and a party on the White House lawn.



where she does much of her entertaining. Gay striped tents shelter prettily gowned women who preside over the punch bowls and coffee urns.

But Mrs. Hoover does not spend all of her time at home receiving guests. One wonders how she can crowd into a day all she does. She goes to concerts, polo games, tennis tournaments, parent teacher meetings, Girl Scout meetings. She slips away from secret service men and takes a spin about Washington driving her own car. She oversees the packing of the Saturday picnic basket.

And what a basket! There is a special compartment for ice. Fruit goes in a separate basket. Mrs. Hoover's own idea is to have the different kinds of sandwiches wrapped separately in waxed paper and labeled. The basket for the Hoover week-end jaunts into the country usually contains chicken, ham and cheese sandwiches, plenty of fruit, cold drinks and coffee. It seems to be inexhaustible, that basket, like the loaves and fishes of Bible fame. Some radio men became stranded in the mountains of Virginia eight miles from the Hoover camp. The President's high-powered car passed them going up the mountain. Near sundown a special messenger came down with the presidential picnic basket filled with sandwiches and coffee for the hungry men, who had not eaten since morning.

Mrs. Hoover delighted two widely varying groups by attending affairs which Presidents' wives have previously overlooked. One was an army polo tournament. The other was a concert by the army, navy and marine bands in the beautiful Pan American Building.

She entered so quietly at both affairs that not many in the big crowds knew the First Lady was there. At the polo tournament she won the hearts of the committee by stepping to the side boards of the field and expressing the desire to have the mounted players presented. Later she presented the cups to the winners. At the concert she delighted a little Mexican soprano by scribbling an appreciative note on the back of her program and sending it to the singer.

Mrs. Hoover loves young people. One of her greatest interests is the Girl Scouts of America. She was formerly president of the organization and is now honorary vice-president. She often drops into the cozy "Little House," as their headquarters are known, for a cup of tea, to listen to some music or to take active part in one of the girls' meetings. It was Mrs. Hoover who made it possible for the Girl Scouts to acquire the charming "Little House." Originally built as a model home by the General Federation of Women's Clubs, it was turned over, after the exhibit, to the girls.

But the government needed the land it was on. There was no money to provide for moving the house to a new location nor to hire a housekeeper. Mrs. Hoover came to the rescue. Now the "Little House" with its cool green shutters, its vines and flower beds is a center for all sorts of delightful girl activities into which the President's wife enters. Sometimes she entertains luncheon guests there.

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The Eternal Chivalry of Youth Has Inspired This  
Tale of a Dashing Hero and Beauty in Distress

# BARE STEEL

By

ERIC VON DER GOLTZ, JR.

Illustrations by  
Joseph Simont



"For shame, Maitre Patoud!" the girl cried. "Where is your hospitality?"

**W**ITHOUT the Cabaret de la Rose Sanglante, the late October gale blew wild and chill. But within, all was warmth and merriment, with a goodly gathering of gentlemen from the court lolling about the tables, drinking their sack and Spanish wines and applauding uproariously whenever anyone had turned off a witty speech or a spicy anecdote. Business was excellent. Pot-boys and serving wenches bustled back and forth to replenish the swiftly drained tankards.

Nevertheless, mine host, Maitre Patoud, felt ill at ease as he stood off in the corner nearest the scullery, his fat red hands held tightly clasped under his apron. Of all inconvenient times, why had she come here tonight in this mummery of a serving wench, to insist on helping Mère Patoud and the others in dispensing cheer to these Paris travelers? If this ever came to her father's ears! Patoud rolled his eyes toward the ceiling.

The thoroughly conscious object of Maitre Patoud's meditations was even now threading her way between the crowded tables, carrying high above her pretty blond curls a tray laden with brimming tankards.

The old Count de Col-Civière was just telling his table companions a story: "And when in the morning the merchant's pretty wife—"

"De grace, messieurs!" The girl placed the tray on the table.

"A beauty, gentlemen, a beauty!" The words were uttered by a pale gentleman in a rich mulberry coat, whose closely set, arrogant eyes darted a sort of gray fire as he looked at the girl. His mouth and chin were cut sharp and fine and his long nose hung down close between his eyes, giving him the look of some bird of prey. All eyes turned to look at the wench.

Instead of crimsoning in bucolic confusion, she stood there before them, smiling a little and returning look for look with the fine gentlemen who were staring at her.

"Why have we not seen you before, my good girl?" asked the pale gentleman, smiling up at her.

"Because I have but this moment made my appearance," she answered. "But I may not stand here talking. There is much to be done. Pray pay the reckoning so that I may be off."

"Here it is." The gentleman in the mulberry coat drew some coins from his purse. "And here—" he balanced a bright gold piece on the tip of his finger, "here is a trifle for you if you'll give me a kiss."

She bent forward to look at the coin and then at him. "A pistole!" she cried. "A whole pistole for a kiss from me? Monsieur, I would not impoverish a peer of the realm for so little!" She dropped a swift curtsy and was gone.

Behind her burst a roar of laughter at the expense of

the Marquis de Mont-Rouille. "Well thrust, Henri!" cried his cousin, sitting opposite him. He raised his tankard, "I drink to rustic Phyllis and her keen valuation of virtue. She belongs at court."

"Perdition take the wench!" cried the marquis, turning angrily on the company. "But I am not through with her. I'll wager any and all of you a hundred louis that I shall kiss that girl, and to my heart's content, e'er the evening is over."

The old Count de Col-Civière stretched his wrinkled white hand out across the table, "Done, and a bargain, too, either way. 'Twould be a hundred louis well spent." He shook in senile glee.

Meantime, in the scullery, Mère Patoud was standing before the girl, wringing her hands. "I tell you, mademoiselle, it cannot continue. You must not go in there again."

"But, good Mère Patoud," the girl protested, "it is all a harmless play-acting game for me. I never enjoyed anything so much in my life."

"Only consider," cried the old woman, "what will monsieur say should he get wind of this?"

Just then a clatter of hoofs sounded in the courtyard outside, and, bending her head to the mullioned window, the girl caught sight of a cavalier dismounting from his horse. "Here comes another dangerous gentleman," she cried. "From the cut of his clothes, he looks as if he arrives from some far country."

Pausing outside the doorway, the first thing the newcomer saw was not mine host but a pair of merry blue eyes that smiled pleasantly at him over the innkeeper's shoulders.

**T**HE clear flood of moonlight shining full upon the stranger revealed a handsome, almost delicately chiseled young face in which burned a pair of keen, frank eyes. His curling black hair, worn long in the fashion of the times, touched his shoulders. He was of medium height and rather slightly built. He wore high boots and his travel-soiled clothes, although of stout material, plainly bore the stamp of some tailleur de province. At his side hung a long sword with a hilt of antique design.

"Good-evening," he said. "I seek food and lodging, for myself and my horse."

"Food in plenty I can offer monsieur," replied Patoud, "but about lodging I have doubts. There are gentlemen here who have commanded all the house."

"But there must be some place I can stay," the young man urged. "I have ridden since daybreak."

"Not this side of Brunoy, and that's another two good leagues."

"I suppose," said the traveler, turning with a half sigh, "I had best be on my way then."

"For shame, Maitre Patoud!" the girl cried. "Where is your hospitality? Can you not see that monsieur is well-nigh spent?"

"But I have no rooms left." The innkeeper raised his palms.

"Is there not the kitchen, or your own room itself? A true host would not hesitate to offer it to a tired traveler." The stranger thrilled at the warmth in her tone.

"There, there! I suppose it can be arranged." Maitre Patoud smiled placatingly. He turned to the young man, "I imagine, monsieur, you will want your dinner."

"Yes."

"Follow me, monsieur," the girl beckoned to him. He followed her to a small table set in a corner, off from the rest.

"Here," she said. "Is this not comfortable?"

"Ideal! And permit me to thank you for your eloquence and kindness in my behalf." Gratitude trembled in his voice. "Believe me, I am tired. I should not have fancied another two leagues."

"Monsieur comes from afar?" What a smile she had!

"Yes. From Baziouche. 'Tis a place belike you never heard of, over five days' journey from here."

"Baziouche! What a name. I thought from your clothes that you had come from the land of the Grand Turk." She laughed.

**T**HE young man bit his lip. "Am I then as bad as that?" he asked.

"No, you're not. I should not have said that."

"But," he persisted, in a burst of confidence, "the truth is almost as bad. I have lived all my life in a tiny village. I am almost as much a stranger to France, the real France, as any Turk."

"At least you don't look like a Turk," she conceded. "On the contrary, you look like a fairly presentable young man. A bit dusty, to be sure, but still fairly presentable."

"And you—you are," he paused diffidently for a simile, "you are like the moon this evening—just perfect."

"Perfect, like the moon! And with the moon right now at its fullest!" The girl threw back her head in a merry peal of musical laughter. "Oh, monsieur, you are an original. But I forget, you are starving."

"Strange! I forgot also." They both laughed together. "I shall eat directly. But first you must tell me your name."

"I will if you will tell me yours first."

"That is quickly supplied. Mine is Raoul de Nossendile."

"That is a nice-sounding name. What are you going to do with it?"

"I am this moment taking it to Paris with me where I expect to make my fortune," he replied seriously.

"Now, there is an idea of wisdom," she remarked. "But how do you propose to find this wealth? Perhaps in the heart of some wealthy burgher's daughter?"

"That, too, is an idea," Raoul laughed. "My plan is to join the army. I have letters from my uncle which should be of help. My father was known to persons of importance, some of whom are still living. But hold," he suddenly remembered, "we must not get away from the point, mademoiselle. You have not yet told me your name."

"Oh, I? I am Denise."

"Denise what?"

"Just Denise." She raised her finger and frowned at him with mock severity. "Young gentleman from the country, accept, if you will, this tiny lesson from the lowly: Never call a serving wench 'mademoiselle'."

"I shall, nevertheless, if I ever meet another like you."

"Hear the young courtier!" she cried. "That was not

bad at all. You only need time and you will eclipse them all."

It was a gay meal. It was the first bit of pleasure the lonely young man had experienced since he left home.

"You know," he said once, as she was filling his tankard, "I simply cannot think of you as a serving maid. I am almost certain that you must be a princess in disguise."

"Indeed!" Her glance seemed cool. "And if it were true?"

"I am sure I don't know," Raoul smiled. "It somehow wouldn't make any real difference."

"Why not?"

"Because—" he hesitated.

"Because I am like that full moon about which you waxed so eloquent?" she suggested.

"Oh, no, you don't catch me this time," he laughed. He added on a serious note, "Because you are precisely the person you are."

"That is the nicest thing I have heard today." Her smile brought a rosy glow to his heart. "But I must leave you now. They are calling to me from yonder table."

"What service is this, wench?" the marquis' voice smote hard on Raoul's ears as Denise stepped forward. "Here we have been calling you these past five minutes, what time you have had eyes and ears for naught but you sorry-looking gallant in the corner over there."

"I am sorry, m'sieu'," Denise murmured. "I did not hear you."

"Did not hear me?" He laughed shortly. "Either you suddenly lost your hearing or there be strange charms concealed in yon corner of which we are unaware. Methinks you might aim higher," he ogled her, "and strike better fortune."

"Who knows?" Denise smiled ingenuously. "I forgot to ask him about his fortune. Perhaps the young monsieur is a Croesus in disguise."

"Or a runaway scamp of an apprentice who has made off with his master's clothes, more likely," sneered the other with an impatient wave of his hand. "But come, my good lass, we be parched here. It is wine we want, and of your best."

"DAMME!" cried the marquis after she had passed out of earshot, smiting his fist against the table, "I truly believe that girl is trying to make a mock of me."

"Trying!" commented the old count to no one in particular, and chuckled.

"Who knows?" suggested the marquis' neighbor, the Count de Leignon. "It may be but the last skirmish

before the citadel finally capitulates. One cannot always tell with these spoiled village beauties."

"Resistance or no," rejoined the marquis, "I shall presently put her to the test. This time, I give you my word, I intend to force fortune. I am no beardless youth to be flouted at will."

Not a word of all this had escaped Raoul. The young man had winced under the uncomplimentary description of himself delivered by that elegant gentleman in the splendid mulberry coat. But when the marquis spoke of Denise, he had felt a cold wave of uneasiness and of something else surge through him that made him but clutch his tankard the tighter and wait breathlessly for he knew not what.

As Denise appeared in the open doorway, carrying a great heavily laden tray, Raoul felt that his heart was ready to burst. He had an impulse to jump to his feet, to cry out, to do something. One wanted terribly to take her into one's arms and protect her against the whole world. Nothing must happen to make her unhappy.

AS SHE approached the table, the marquis rose and bowed very low. "Permit me to assist you, my dear." He smiled, showing his white teeth, his face close to hers. "This tray is truly too heavy for such a dainty lass." He removed a tankard with either hand and set them upon the table. "If not for a pistole," he almost whispered in her ear, "for what, in the name of Venus?"

"Let be, monsieur," she cried. "You hamper me and my tray is heavy."

"Nay, but," he insisted, "give me only one kiss from those sweet lips, and I swear that you will never have to carry tray again."

The girl stopped short, returning the fire of his gaze, her head erect and proud. "I do not kiss you, Monsieur le Marquis. I would not kiss you if you were the last man on earth," she flung at him.

"Then I tell you that you are a poor prophet," the marquis cried with a laugh, and, bending swiftly, kissed Denise full upon the mouth, just as she was setting the tray on the table.

He could not recall afterward how it all came to pass, but somehow, the first thing Raoul realized was that he was standing before the tall man with the closely set gray eyes, watching with something akin to vague wonder the rapid deepening of the red mark across the other man's cheek where he had struck him with his gauntlet.

A moment before, the buzz of general conversation and laughter had filled the room. But now there was

a sudden hush. It was as if everybody, even Denise, had vanished, leaving him and that other, eyeing each other across a wine-splashed table in a loneliness of silent hate.

At length, something like a smile raised the marquis' lip above his teeth and he spoke slowly, "Monsieur, you have dared much. It is a pity that the hour is so advanced." He bowed very low. "There is a pleasant little field a scant mile from here called le Champ des Brielles, I believe. You shall die there in the morning."

HE SAT down and, turning a shoulder to Raoul, entered into conversation with his neighbor as if nothing had happened, leaving the young man standing before him in a state of discomfort that bordered on confusion.

As he walked back to his table, Raoul felt that every eye was upon him. He sat down, and, raising his tankard with unsteady hand, drained its contents, for he had suddenly become parched. He looked about him and saw many faces turned his way. Denise was nowhere in sight.

At the next table but one an answering smile met his eyes. The man of the smile rose to his feet, his glass in his hand, and walked over to Raoul's table.

He had the bearing of a soldier and a long white scar across his weather-beaten face furthered the impression. "Mort dieu!" he cried, with a deep, resonant laugh. "I swear I never saw anything better in my life."

"I am not sure I understand you," said Raoul. "It is not exactly what I should call an amusing experience."

"Amusing! It was the pure essence of humor itself. His lordship presented a picture I shall never forget." He chuckled. Then, in a flash, his mood switched, "But I am a pig, a pig named plain Antoine Francoeur, without any 'de', lieutenant in His Majesty's own company of halberdiers. I forgot for a moment that what is so amusing for me may be damned serious for you." He looked keenly at Raoul. "Of course, you know who your man is."

Raoul shook his head. "I never laid eyes on him before tonight!"

Francoeur whistled. "Not know him! Why, monsieur, you've shaken up for yourself the worst hornet's nest in all France. The Marquis de Mont-Rouille is the most dangerous swordsman anybody would go out of his way to avoid. The man is notorious."

Raoul smiled, a shade wanly the other thought as he watched him from behind his glass. "What difference does it make, after all? I could not have done otherwise, had he been Roland himself."

The two regarded each other for some time in silence. "Tell me," Francoeur said presently, pointing to the



The marquis stared at Raoul in blank amazement

sword at Raoul's side, "that certainly is no toy court sword there. Do you know how to use it?"

"I fence," Raoul replied. "My uncle has taught me since boyhood."

"H'm. A fig for all their salles d'armes, with their buttons and their masks. But have you ever fought with the naked blade, with a steel needle point darting at you, seeking your life's blood?"

"No."

There was another silence. Then Francoeur said, "I see somebody is coming over this way from the other table. Will you let me act for you? It would do me the greatest honor, unless you are planning it otherwise, Monsieur —"

"Raoul de Nossendile," the young man answered with a slight inclination. "I shall be happy to have you act for me."

The Count de Leignon bowed stiffly before them. Raoul and Francoeur rose to their feet and returned his salutation. The halberdier turned to his principal, "Will you excuse me for a few moments while I discuss matters with this gentleman?"

Raoul nodded and moved over to a corner of the room where he remained until the marquis' second had left the table and Francoeur beckoned to him.

"It is settled for tomorrow morning at a half hour past dawn." The old soldier reached out impulsively and grasped Raoul's hand. "Believe me, monsieur," he murmured, "I am damnably sorry."

"Thank you," the young man said.

"And now," said the other, "it would be well for you to get some sleep. Don't worry about me. I'll be on hand to rouse you in time."

"You are right," Raoul smiled wearily. "I shall need all the beauty sleep I can get." Bidding his companion good-night, he rose and walked to the door, looking neither to right nor left at the many glances turned his way.

DENISE had been in his thoughts most of the past hour, and now, as he approached the scullery door, he felt his heart beat with the keen hope of seeing her again. But he was due for a disappointment. She was nowhere to be seen. Instead, mine host bustled forward as if expecting him and spoke, "Ah, monsieur is perhaps fatigued and would seek his room?"

Raoul nodded.

"It is all arranged. It is but a poor room at best and has served as a storeroom for some time past. But my—my niece insisted that it be cleared out expressly for you, and so, voila!" He shrugged his shoulders eloquently.

"That was very kind of her, and of you," said Raoul. "But where is she now? I should like to thank her."

The innkeeper's expression changed suddenly. "She is not here," he volunteered curtly. "She has gone to bed."

Raoul looked at him in amazement, wondering at the sudden change in tone.

"Here, Jacques," Maitre Patoud called brusquely to a serving man, "light this gentleman up to the room you have been clearing out this past hour." As the fellow took a taper from the wall and Raoul started after him, the innkeeper remarked dryly, "I would not bother my head further about that wench, monsieur, if I were you."

Promptly at five, Raoul was aroused by Francoeur, who knocked lustily at his door until the weary young man arose and admitted him to the room.

In the courtyard, their horses were waiting for them, already saddled and bridled by order of Francoeur.

As he rode out, the fresh morning breeze beating cold against his forehead, Raoul saw the sun lifting its red arc over the brow of a tree-crowned hill. But life was not very amusing that morning. He felt very young, very inexperienced and very much alone. Denise—where was she? It would have meant much to have had but a glimpse of her before he rode off.

"A truce to your dreams, monsieur," Francoeur broke in on his thoughts. "Here we are at last, and none too soon."

They dismounted and stepped toward a knot of gentlemen who were standing in the shadow of a tree. At their approach, everybody raised his hat, and Raoul and his companion returned the gesture.

As Francoeur helped him off with his coat, his second whispered, "Courage, my friend. It may not be so bad, after all. You can stop, you know, if he draws blood." Tears stood in his eyes.

Raoul drew his sword and looked long and carefully down its shining blue length as he bent it against his toe. For the moment he forgot the duel, his adversary, everything of the present, as he contemplated with loving eye this master blade of the smith's craft. His father's own sword!

Then he raised his eyes, still bemused with recollections, to look into those of the man he had come to meet on this chill October morning. The marquis stood before him motionless, as if hewn out of granite. His gray, closely set eyes held a cold, impersonal look, while about his mouth played a thin, cruel smile. That was all the young man saw. Everything else, everybody lay hidden in a vague blur. Only that face, those eyes remained.

The moment had arrived. The marquis and Raoul exchanged the salute, and lightnings flashed as the two blades met.

Had Raoul been fully alert, what immediately happened would never have come to pass. The marquis, possessing no respect for his abilities, and probably not anxious to prolong the play unnecessarily, as soon as the blades clashed, feinted swiftly and followed with a lightning lunge straight for Raoul's breast. It was too late for the young man's blade alone to save him. Raising his hilt to the other's blade, Raoul threw himself desperately to the side. The act saved his life but left him with a useless right arm, which had been scratched deeply by the marquis' point. Instantly the wound began to bleed, and the pain was so great that Raoul was glad to lean against Francoeur who had rushed forward.

"Tush, 'tis nothing, lad," he cried joyfully. "We'll bind that up for you in a trice, and you will be well and over it again in a week's time." He gently cut away the remnant of Raoul's torn sleeve and addressed himself to binding up the arm with a kerchief.

The marquis had remained, watching Francoeur's ministrations, a look of thwarted rage upon his face. "That was indeed a most fortunate slip," he sneered. "I had planned it otherwise. You may now return to your tavern slut, monsieur, and boast of this piece of business to the end of your miserable days." He started to move away.

"Monsieur!" Raoul cried, with a gasp, for the pain in his arm was shooting fire. "This has been but the beginning. When my second has finished binding up my arm, I shall be once more at your lordship's service."

## "A Boy Doesn't Need His Mother When He Has a Wife . . . ."

"I HAVE only a few years to live," the letter continued. "Couldn't you ask Jimmy to wait for a year or two and give me my boy again?"

Slowly the letter slid from the nerveless fingers of the girl. Should she—could she—make this sacrifice? Had anyone, even Jimmy's mother, the right to ask her to postpone her wedding indefinitely?

Suddenly Maizie was herself old—the mother of Jimmy's son—the mother of Jimmy—and she had nothing else in the world. "I wouldn't give him up—not to any woman!" she said aloud. But that was selfish! A mother's love was supposed to be selfless, to ask nothing. It is the young must live. The old must give way. Cruel! Youth has so much. Age has so little. But what was it youth had? Fears, hopes, dreams. Age had experience, memory. If youth's dreams never came true—then in old age—

But read for yourself, beginning in the November issue, Jewell Bothwell Tull's new problem novel, "Blue Heaven"—the story of a mother who blocked her son's marriage. Stimulating! Thought-provoking! Intense!

## "BLUE HEAVEN"—Jewell Bothwell Tull's New Novel Begins in November Woman's World

"I do not fight with crippled boys," the marquis said with heavy contempt in his voice, and turned away to rejoin his friends.

"Francoeur," cried Raoul, beside himself, "if I insist, the marquis must yield, is that not true?"

"True enough," replied his second, tying the final knot in the bandage, "but I hope you will not be fool enough to force him to the encounter."

"That I shall do, and now," cried Raoul, shaking himself free of the other's restraining hand and stepping forward, his sword held in his left hand.

"Monsieur le Marquis!" he called, in a clear, loud voice, "I am waiting for you!"

Surprised, the marquis wheeled about sharply. Raoul bowed, and, raising his arm, put his blade through an elaborate salute.

"Nom d'un nom!" cried the marquis. "You really wish to resume then?"

"If your lordship pleases." The edge in Raoul's tone bit cleanly through the other's disdain.

"PERHAPS it would be just as well for the earth to be rid of such a fiery paladin," remarked the marquis, turning to his company with a frosty smile. "I am half of a mind to do him the honor of slaying him."

"Be of a whole mind, monsieur," Raoul replied sharply, "for you will have need of it. I fence equally well with both hands."

"Have at you then. This time you die, you insolent whelp." The marquis threw himself into position and the two men closed in battle.

This time there was no fog in Raoul's brain. As the blades clashed together, his campaign was made up. The marquis thought he was a greenhorn. Let him. Like a greenhorn, he would fence, with limitations, and then . . .

The marquis lunged, a well prepared academy lunge, nothing more. And with an academy parry, very labored, very heavy, Raoul slid his blade away from the point of attack. The ghost of a smile passed over the marquis' face.

Raoul next essayed the offensive. First he played his feint very high and then, with just the proper pressure to warn an antagonist of the marquis' mettle, he separated from his blade to lunge low and hard. As anticipated, the marquis' parry leaped to meet his lunge, and, having warded off Raoul's point, the marquis suddenly twirled his blade about the other's in a flashing return full at the young man's throat. There was a ringing clang as bell struck bell, and the marquis and Raoul stood breast to breast, almost touching each other.

"Damn you, your luck was with you again!" the marquis cried as he recovered his distance.

"Perhaps it is a good omen," Raoul remarked coolly, as he warded off a lunge en quarte. He slipped his blade about the marquis' and slid the point far past his hilt. Raoul raised his wrist sharply and the marquis' sword flew over their heads in a wide parabola, to fall upon the ground some yards off.

"Ventre saint gris!" The marquis stared at Raoul in blank amazement.

"Your pardon, monsieur," Raoul bowed coldly. "It must have been my luck again. Pray pick up your weapon and let us resume." His right shoulder was throbbing painfully, but he was buoyed up by a courage and an exaltation he had never felt before.

The marquis had retrieved his blade and was again standing facing Raoul. For a space they balanced before each other, darting in tiny premonitory thrusts here and there in preparation for the real attack.

Suddenly, the marquis attacked in deadly earnest. Here, there, everywhere played the lightning of his blade, and Raoul needed all his skill and quickness to hold his own. But he did not yield an inch of turf to his antagonist. His blade and his hilt were a perfect buckler beyond which even the marquis' skill could not penetrate.

At last it was Raoul's turn and he set his body low as, with far outstretched blade, Italian style, he played rapidly about for an opening. It came, and Raoul lunged. The marquis' was but a partial parry, but a quick jump to the rear saved him. Again Raoul played fast, not giving him a chance to recover, and again the other was forced to give ground.

Suddenly, and without warning, his right arm which he had almost forgotten until now commenced to throb with a sickening pain that brought the cold sweat of faintness to his forehead. Involuntarily, under the shock of his agony, he recoiled a pace from his foe.

PUZZLED, the marquis lowered his point for a moment. Then, noting the ashen, suffering face before him, he pressed forward to make the most of his advantage.

Every movement was sheer aching pain now. Again and again, Raoul met lunge with parry, but always he was forced to yield ground before the other. Not only his arm, but also the entire right half of his body seemed to be affected. Fast ebbing, too, was the sinewy elasticity of a moment ago, that ease and certainty of movement that had brought him to the very verge of victory.

The marquis attacked fiercely and with less and less care as the need for it seemed to pass. Only the discipline of years of rigid schooling saved Raoul's life at this juncture. The marquis' point seemed to

be everywhere, and everywhere to meet it slid Raoul's blade to ward it off. But step by step the older man was forcing the younger back with a certitude that made Raoul's heart sink within him. The painful throbbing in his arm was well-nigh unbearable, and he was growing weaker every moment. As he backed before the marquis' onslaught, he wondered desperately how much longer he could hold out like this.

Suddenly, as a shadow from somewhere above crossed the marquis' form, a voice cried out, "Raoul, have a care! The tree behind you!" A woman's voice, the only voice that mattered just then in all the world!

Within the next moment the marquis lunged again, a mighty thrust, with all his weight behind it. Raoul dared not take a backward step. He met the lunge with his blade, which rasped harshly down the full length of the other's. He bent his wrist and the marquis' point glanced off, leaving him open for the barest part of a split second and still surging forward under the momentum of his thrust. Desperately, Raoul snapped his blade clear of his antagonist's, and, lunging with all the ebbing remnant of his strength, ran his sword through the marquis' breast.

For a moment he stood staring, bewildered, at the still form of his foe. Then something snapped within him and he sank to the ground in a dead faint.

With returning consciousness came a growing certitude that he had died and was approaching heaven. As his perceptions grew clearer, the voice in his ears grew louder and louder. It was a sweet, soothing voice and he wished to hear it forever.

"See, he stirs," the voice was saying. "His eyelids move." Raoul opened his eyes to behold the face of Denise above him. Beside her were Francoeur and a tall, distinguished-looking old gentleman. "Denise," he murmured.

She smiled, but she had no . . . (Continued on page 50)

One of  
twenty-five  
new  
features  
in  
November  
Woman's  
World

# MORALITY COMPLEX

By CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER

Illustrated by Hanson Booth

*How one brave little woman with the courage of her convictions defies convention and challenges the love of her husband in her determination to keep a sacred promise*

**B**UT, Lee, I promised." Lee Hartwell made an impatient gesture. Fiona was his bride of four months and he adored her, but this was exasperating. It reminded him that at the very first he had wondered how she would fit into the old crowd; not that Fiona wasn't superior to every one of them, but because she had come from a widely different environment where the best people neither did business with bootleggers nor played bridge for money. Provincial? Possibly, judged by certain standards; but it was provincialism with a background of blue blood, culture and high ideals.

And Lee needn't have worried. Everyone "fell for" Fiona as he had when on a late fall afternoon, en route to the mountains, an "Official Wayside Station" sign had caught his eye and he decided most unaccountably to "call it a day." Lee Hartwell had never experimented with wayside stations, but this old house with its setting of golden maples somehow intrigued him. He stopped his car, hesitated and then (having, as she confessed later, been watching eagerly from a window) Fiona opened the front door.

"You were lost on sight," Lee told her afterward. "You hadn't a chance, because I should have held on like grim death till you gave in. But it would have saved a lot of time, young lady, and considerable expense to me, if I'd reverted to cave man methods and simply grabbed you."

"I was lost, too," Fiona replied naively, "but I wanted to be sure, Lee. Father told me never to marry till I found the man I couldn't live without. You see, don't you, that I couldn't decide that all in a minute?"

"All I see," he responded, his eyes twinkling, "is the fact that you took your time about it; and all I remember is the distance I traveled during a frigid winter. And when I made the cruel discovery that orchids which set me back an absolutely wicked sum were used to cheer the village sick—There, darling! Don't look so contrite. They were your orchids. You certainly had a right to part with 'em."

"I gave them away only twice, Lee; and Miss Dennie had never seen anything so lovely. Did it bore you, coming up so often? I loved it."

So had Lee. During that long winter when Fiona was "deciding," he learned to know her as he had never known a girl of his own crowd. He found that her father, a country doctor, had been killed in an automobile accident a year before, and that the girl had adored him, perhaps the more because she had no mother. It was his death which accounted for the wayside station.

"There wasn't much money," she explained. "I thought it would be rather fun to take in tourists; and Bob Dunbar, who comes here summers, arranged about the official sign for me."



"I needn't ask if you enjoyed the music," said Mrs. Martin, a friendly hand on Fiona's arm

"I shall remember said Dunbar in my will," declared Lee solemnly.

They were married in late June, and if Fiona's ideas on certain disputed subjects would have seemed provincial to her husband's friends, her appearance undoubtedly belied them. Since it was summer, entertainments were for the most part informal, out-of-door affairs and Lee had been the customary happy bridegroom until that evening when, after the first formal dinner of the season, Fiona had refused to play bridge at a cent a point.

**T**HAT she had done it graciously, with no apparent criticism of others, that someone else had been only too glad to take her place, didn't hide the fact that the onlookers had been amused.

"Do you really keep your wife as short as that, old man?" had asked Jim Stanton, and, joking though it was, the question had infuriated Lee. He blamed Fiona for it. She should have known better than to refuse to play, he told her bluntly when they were preparing for the night.

"But, Lee, I promised," said Fiona gently.

"It was a silly promise," retorted her husband. "Everyone worth knowing plays for money now; and I must ask you, my dear—"

Lee couldn't have said why he broke off in the middle of this sentence, unless it was the expression of his wife's face. Then she said quietly:

"It was the last thing my father asked of me, Lee. I'd been reading aloud, just a magazine story, I think, but something that reflected these jazzy times. It was bright, you know, and entertaining, but when I finished it, I felt discouraged somehow—discouraged with myself, I mean, because, though I'd been amused, it had disgusted me, too. I said, 'I'm afraid I'm too old-fashioned to shine in high society, daddy. It's just as well I'm buried alive up here.' It was then—well, it doesn't matter. You wouldn't get his viewpoint; and, of course, he thought that I'd shine anywhere! And next morning when he was hurrying to a sick baby, the—steering gear broke and . . ."

**I**T WAS Fiona's turn to leave a sentence unfinished. She simply lifted her negligee from a chair and went into the bathroom. When she came back ready for the night, her soft hair smoothly braided, she looked so like a lonesome little girl that Lee forsook the sensible speech he'd been preparing on the keeping of foolish promises and took her in his arms.

"I love you," he told her, almost savagely. "I love you," and that seemed to settle it. But next evening, when the lonesome little girl had vanished and a thoroughly sophisticated young matron faced him across the table, the resentment returned and his heart hardened as she said, "Jim Stanton telephoned to ask if we'd come over. Anne

has a house guest and they're going to dance."

"I suppose he told you there'd be no corrupting game of bridge?" Lee ventured.

This was so near the thing Jim had said, laughingly, that Fiona blushed. "You don't like Jim, do you?" she countered to gain time.

"I don't like what he said to me last night when—"

"Why, he was only joking! Nobody thought—"

"You don't know what they thought," her husband interrupted, "but I, my dear, was painfully aware. I've known these people all my life, Fiona, and, believe it or not, they were laughing at you, not with you; and there's a whale of a lot of difference, if you ask me."

There followed a silence, while Fiona's face went scarlet and then white. During that silence, a maid came in with ices, and when she left the room, Fiona said, "Then you don't care to go tonight?"

"On the contrary," replied Lee, "I'd like nothing better. A little stimulating society may buck me up."

This sounded dangerously as if he had to go outside his home for such society, and a queer new pain shot through



Fiona's heart as she pushed aside her untasted ice and said, "If you'll excuse me for a minute, Lee, I'll let Anne know."

From where he sat, Lee heard her speaking at the telephone: "That you, Jim? . . . Will you tell Anne that Lee is thrilled to accept her invitation? . . . Yes, but I've acquired a fearful headache since you phoned. What's that? . . . No, it's the real thing. I'm going to bed. Thanks for the sympathy. I need it!"

Lee glanced at her curiously when she resumed her place. "Didn't you acquire that headache rather suddenly?"

"Sometimes I get them that way," she evaded. "It's when I'm—troubled. Jim says you're not to dress, dear, and to come early and stay late."

"But I shan't go—without you—Fiona."

She threw him a little smile that stirred him strangely. "Oh, yes, you will! I won't be good company tonight, and Anne's friend is an awfully pretty girl. They stopped here for tea this afternoon."

Lee went. Afterward he wondered why he had given in so tamely. It was true that he didn't want to go without Fiona; but when the dance resolved into a bridge party, he felt subtly relieved that she wasn't there. He returned sometime after midnight, twenty-odd dollars poorer and furious at himself for having gone. Because his mind had been on other things, he had played carelessly, and his losses looked bigger than they would have before his marriage. Fiona's birthday was near at hand and twenty dollars would have paid for the concert tickets she wanted. Illogically, he seemed to blame Fiona for this! Quite like an angry little boy, he slammed the door as he came in and then, remembering her headache, was ashamed as a light switched on above.

Fiona, adorable in a rose silk negligee, sat up in bed. "Have a good time, dear?"

"I had a rotten time; and you ought to be asleep, Fiona."

Almost against his will, Lee bent to kiss her. She seemed to expect it; besides, she looked so sweet. The windows were open and the very air of the place was cleaner, more wholesome than the tobacco-laden atmosphere he had left behind. Lee drew a deep breath and felt better.

"How's the head?"

"Not so bad now. Leave your clothes on the sleeping porch, Lee. You smell like a Rotary Club luncheon."

He had to smile at the simile as he removed his coat. Then Fiona asked, "What was the matter with the party?"

Lee shrugged. "I lost—"

He paused abruptly, having meant not to confess about that game, but all Fiona said was, "They played bridge after all?"

The young man felt a deep sense of relief. Whatever her prejudices, this sensible wife of his didn't intend to impose them on himself. To reward her, he declared with ardor, "I'm not going anywhere without you again, darling. It's no fun."

"For that," smiled Fiona, stretching out enticing arms. "I'll kiss you again."

HOW things would have adjusted themselves, had not Fiona succumbed to influenza, is still a question. During the long days of convalescence when she felt too languid to go about, all differences of viewpoint were forgotten. Evenings were peaceful, stay-at-home affairs in which Lee read aloud to her. One night, catching a far-away expression in her blue eyes, he closed the book.

"You weren't listening," he accused with mock severity.

Fiona smiled. "I was thinking how happy we've been these days. No worries—no problems . . ."

"Who has problems anyhow?" questioned Lee amusedly. He had forgotten what he considered Fiona's faux pas in

the matter of bridge. "But as for worries, I'll have you know, my dear, that this illness of yours has turned my hair gray trying to figure out how I can raise the funds to send you to Florida to recuperate."

"Those gray hairs are quite unnecessary," replied Fiona. "I shan't go."

"We'll see about that! Anne Stanton is going just for fun. You need the change, and she's crazy to have you with her. If only I could foresee whether Charlie Johnson or I will be promoted when Corey leaves for the western office . . ."

HE PAUSED, a frown gathering between his eyes, then went on thoughtfully: "You see, we're both eligible for the place. We came in at practically the same time and we've made good; but Johnson—well, he's got a way of pushing himself forward that I seem to lack. He never lets you forget his successes. Already he's planning on that promotion as if he had private information on the subject; and the maddening thing is that he doesn't need it—need the raise, I mean. He inherited money and he married Verona Van Briggie, daughter of the multi-millionaire."

"Doesn't that make it all the more creditable on his part—the desire to succeed for himself, dear?"

Lee raised his eyes. Fiona's dispassionate reply somehow surprised him. "I suppose you're right," he admitted, "but Johnson hasn't done any more for the firm than I have, and the way he brags about it gets my goat. To tell the truth, Fiona, he's far from popular in the office, but, of course, that doesn't cut any ice with our superiors."

"It may," Fiona responded. "And you're not to worry about expenses, dear. In another week, I'll be made over."

To all appearances, she was as good as her word, though she returned somewhat exhausted the first time she ventured to a tea.

"You shouldn't have gone," Lee scolded, frightened. "This flu is the very dickens if you're not careful."

"I know, but I'm glad I went, Lee. I've a hunch that I made a good impression on Mrs. Martin, wife of the senior partner in your firm. She's very stunning, quite the grande dame, you know, but she was sweet just the same. She said she'd heard her husband speak of you 'so pleasantly.'"

Lee grinned. "I'd rather know how he speaks of Charlie Johnson!"

"His wife was there, too," replied Fiona. "Mrs. Van Briggie-Johnson, she calls herself. I think that she and Mrs. Martin came together."

"They would!" groaned Lee. "They're both of 'em howling swells. We may as well forget that raise, darling. If the Johnsons are chummy with the Martins, it's all up with me."

It was but two days later that Fiona received a call from Mrs. Martin which was speedily followed by a luncheon invitation. Lee hugged her when she displayed it and said proudly, "My wife seems to be moving in the best circles!"

"You—want me to go, Lee?"

He looked at her in genuine surprise. "Of course. What's the matter, dear? You speak as if you didn't want to."

Fiona was silent for a moment, then she said honestly, "I was only thinking that, possibly, they might play bridge after the luncheon, Lee."

Lee's face hardened perceptibly. "And if they do," he retorted, "you'll have to play, Fiona. Don't you see that this invitation means something to me—to us, dear? I really don't believe that Mr. Martin's the sort who mixes business with society or talks things over with his wife,

but you never can tell, and I've heard of other successful men who do exactly that. We can't afford to offend them. It's important that you make a good impression. Get a new gown. I don't care how much it sets us back. Isn't it only fair that you consider me, Fiona? And if you refuse to take part in the entertainment Mrs. Martin has provided, how would it look, darling, to a woman living as she has always lived?"

He was trying very hard to be forbearing—to conceal his impatience at her attitude, but Fiona was not deceived. She arose and stood for a while looking into the fire, but what she saw in those embers was the fine, strong face of her dead father as he had said, "Promise me, daughter, that wherever life takes you, you won't play cards for money. No one worth knowing will think the worse of you for sticking to what you know is right." And Fiona had promised . . .

"Well?" Lee's voice was tense, and she answered without turning: "You'll have to let me think it over."

The "thinking it over" sapped Fiona's returning strength as nothing else could. "I have never broken a promise," she told herself over and over. "How can I break the last one I made my father? Yet, I've got to consider Lee . . . He's worked so hard . . . I'd never forgive myself, perhaps he'd never forgive me, if any act of mine should turn the scales against him. If father knew what I was up against, wouldn't he release me? Surely he'd understand . . . Didn't he always understand? . . ."

In the end, she accepted the invitation, with mental reservations not confided even to Lee. There was a chance, she argued, that some unexpected guest might make the tables uneven. Such things happened, and if it happened at Mrs. Martin's, she would grasp the opportunity—say she preferred to watch the game—say anything. Or she could be taken ill—Goodness knows, she felt ill over the whole thing! And if she were obliged to play or be uncivil, wouldn't her father forgive her if he knew?

Lee let her think it out alone, but he watched narrowly and knew that she suffered. On the day before the luncheon, her pallor frightened him, and alarm over her health loomed bigger than all else.

"Look here," he said gruffly, to hide his feeling, "you'd better telephone Mrs. Martin that you're not well. I can't—"

But Fiona stopped him with a laugh. "Nonsense! Of course I'm going. I didn't get another gown, Lee. I wasn't up to looking for it, but I won't disgrace you!"

"You'll have Mrs. Van Briggie-Johnson looking like a cabbage!" returned Lee proudly.

Had he but known it, this was a prophecy. More than once during that luncheon the hostess found her eyes resting on Fiona just for the pleasure of watching anything so lovely—"so refreshing" was how she put it to her husband. For Fiona had herself in hand. Her face betrayed no nervous tension; but when they rose from the table and the sound of someone tuning a violin came from the drawing-room, such a sense of deliverance swept over her that her breath quickened.

MUSIC! Not bridge! She needn't worry about hurting Lee. Then her happy eyes strayed to a room beyond and the light went out of them. Card tables—and Mrs. Martin saying, "I thought we'd enjoy a little music before our game. I was in luck to secure Jordan, wasn't I? He's so wonderful. Sit here, Mrs. Hartwell."

Blindly, Fiona sank into a chair. Jordan, the greatest of American violinists! Thought of the dreaded card game vanished as by a miracle. She was back once more in the old living-room "at home," where her father, no mean performer on the violin, had played to her on those rare evenings when the world of patients was blessedly shut out.

As the first pure notes fell on a waiting silence, Fiona closed her eyes, strangely transported from all the problems that assailed her; yet a half hour later when the haunting strains of Tchaikowsky's "Canzonetta" died away, her path was crystal-clear.

Of course, she would keep that promise to her father! Why had she hesitated? Hadn't he said, "No one worth knowing will think the worse of you"? And to simulate a sudden illness would be cheap cowardice—the sort of thing he had despised.

Fiona arose. The great violinist had departed. There was a murmur of conversation, a drift toward the tables in the room beyond.

"I needn't ask if you enjoyed the music," smiled Mrs. Martin, a friendly hand on Fiona's arm, "but now we must come back to earth and our bridge game. Do you enjoy cards, too, my dear? I've put you with—"

Was it something in Fiona's face that stopped her? She paused and the girl said quickly, "Will it make things dreadfully uncomfortable, Mrs. Martin, if I don't play? You see, I promised my father I'd never play for money, and everyone here does. Perhaps I shouldn't have accepted your invitation, but I didn't know—"

She hesitated. Sudden color had flooded Mrs. Martin's carefully massaged face, while a look crept into her eyes which might mean, thought Fiona wretchedly, either displeasure or dismay. Then the perfect hostess pulled herself together and replied, "Things will not be uncomfortable at all. I can easily take your place, my dear; and if it won't bore you to watch the game . . ."

She smiled. Her kind hand patted Fiona's gently; quite without warning, a lump rose in the girl's throat. So, after all her agony, it was as easy as that! Her heart lifted—felt lighter than it had for days. Yet fate plays strange tricks on us. Fiona would have taken that light heart home with her save for an accident. One of the first to leave, she stepped into the shadow of the high stone steps to avoid a gust of wind and await her taxi, when a group of women came slowly down, their voices raised so that each word penetrated Fiona's hiding place.

"If you ask me, she ought to go back to the farm where he found her." It was the shrill voice of Mrs. Van Briggie-Johnson. "I had it straight from Jim Stanton that she wouldn't play at even a cent a point, and that Lee Hartwell was awfully ashamed of her. Did you see Mrs. Martin's face when she refused this afternoon? It was a study; everyone knows that she despises to play when she's entertaining. Charlie says Lee will never get far with that millstone around his neck. All she's got, you know, is a pretty face" (Continued on page 25)



Not until they were both calm again did he lay her back against the pillows

# Wayside Tales of the ORIENT

The Romantic Adventure of an American Woman

By MARY V. BRUNNER

## MYSTERIOUS INDIA

INDIA has more fascination than many countries. There is a mystery about it, a peculiar, undefinable charm. The infinite grace of the women with the soft folds of their saris falling about them in lovely colors, the gleam of their brass water vessels, carried either on their heads or by their sides, the soft tread of their bare feet, the quaint covered carts that jog along with all of time ahead and that reveal all sorts of colorful groups, the water buffaloes, goats and other cattle that live in communion with man—this is one glimpse of the Indian countryside. Life is so simple, so ancient, so dreamy, so unburied.



A typical beggar



Collecting latex

DEAR READERS of Woman's World: Just how I can write you everything I saw and heard and felt in visiting Ceylon and India in one letter I am sure I do not know. The sights, the sounds, the smells of the Far East are so very different from those in our own land, and everywhere and always there is the mixture of the ancient and the new—do you suppose I can share it with you and make you see and feel?



Indian shopkeepers



A street vendor



Left—Grinding curry stuff

Colombo, Ceylon, reached after four calm days on the Indian Ocean from our last stop in the Malay States, is a dreamy, tropical place of great beauty that has been well built up by the English. Some very fine homes surrounded by wonderful trees along splendid, hard-surfaced roads testify to the fact that Ceylon's rubber, graphite, tea and jewels are not marketed at any great loss. However, the tiny primitive cottages and the life of the natives show perhaps that the few pennies a day given in return for long hours of labor are not in proportion to the scheme of things.

### The Source of the Rubber Industry

It was extremely, maddeningly hot. One felt as if one would become insane if the merciless sun were not turned off at once. When it sets, the earth seems to cool off rapidly and one begins to live for a few hours. During the day, one rides about to create a stir of air and to see the life of the people and this country of spices and jewels gorgeous beyond belief, that stimulates the imagination as much as "Treasure Island."

One day we were taken to an enormous rubber plantation. The rows of trees with soft gray-colored bark were being tapped by black-skinned natives of both sexes, though women are preferred for this work. The tree is cut diagonally one-fourth of the way round in a one-eighth-inch strip with a small, sharp knife. A tiny cup, holding about a gill, is placed where the latex, the milk-white fluid, from which your auto tires have their beginning, begins to flow. This is collected in buckets, treated with a chemical to prevent hardening, taken to the factory, put in huge jars and treated once more to make it coagulate. It is then broken into lumps and manufactured into crepe rubber—your soles perhaps! Some is kept white; the rest is hung in a shed where it is dried, smoked and packed for shipment.

One begins the journey from Colombo to Madras, India, our next objective, at night, and for hours we viewed Ceylon by the light of a full moon—a moving picture of giant palms, shadowy houses, dark hills, mysterious rivers, set to the weird music of tropical sounds when the train stopped. Unreality! Adams Bridge, the narrow, shallow strait that separates Ceylon

Below—A group of Indian women



from India, is crossed by a little steamer and then comes the first introduction to an Indian "Pullman." Now, the trains of southern India are fearful and wonderful. One has a compartment with doors at the sides leading directly out of the car. There is no corridor. When the train starts, those in each compartment are marooned until it stops. At mealtimes, one goes outside along the station platform to the dining car and there stays for one, two or three stations according to the length of his appetite. When the train stops, he goes once more to his own compartment. Returning thus at one station, we were greeted not only by the vendors of lovely silver work but by a dozen or so of monkeys! These little imps took possession, going into our things and running away with fruit and any small things they could carry. Their booty was slight compared to the fun they gave us!

### Traveling in Indian Style

Each compartment has a slippery leather seat on which one rests at night on bedclothes he carries with him in a "bedding roll." One must be very skillful to be able to hold on to the side of this rocking, bumping train with one hand and to stretch out the other and grasp those bedclothes that seem to love the floor so well. Who said, "Sleep"? "They ain't no sich things." One merely, like Brer Rabbit, tries to "lay low and say nuffin'."

A Hindu of any standing has behind him, as he climbs on the train, his personal servant who brings his luggage, to wit: a bedding roll, a five-storied brass food container, two baskets, a lovely brass water jar, a tin trunk with gay bands, a bundle of plantain leaves, a modern leather overnight bag—everything in fact but the family goat. After he makes up the bed, the servant crumples up in a heap on the floor to await his master's bidding. When the train stops at night and a dusky head appears to see what dusky hands can steal, he darts out with the swiftness of a snake's fang and unleashes a volley of India words that leaves you panting. And to your great surprise, this same servant may perhaps speak the most beautiful Oxford English.

At night you peer out into the dimly lighted station and rub your eyes at what appear uncannily like a host of corpses but are only the poor, or the ill-clad beggars that haunt you by day, sleeping on the cold stone platform, the dirty cloth that covers them drawn closely about them from head to foot. Now and again a raucous cough stirs one of these weird bundles and lets one feel that in India grim poverty and ghastly disease never sleep. (Continued on page 19)

Our agile demonstrator of patterns tries her skill as arbiter of young love's destiny

# NINEVEH CALLING

A  
PATRICIA ALDEN  
STORY

By BERTON BRALEY



Illustrations by J. Franké

**T**HAT'S the train for Milton, on the siding," said the station agent at Millville Junction. Patricia Alden, after three hours in the junction, which, besides the water tank and the station, contained two houses and a discouraged-looking general store, closed her book with a bang, seized her suitcases and stepped out to the platform.

A wheezy engine that might well have been a museum piece in a transportation exhibit had just backed a freight car and a dilapidated coach on the side track.

"Is that my train?" she asked of the agent.

"Yes'm, that's her. She backs down here five miles from Dellsboro to pick up any passengers from the main line. Lemme take your bags over for yuh, Miss."

He picked up her two sample and suitcases, neatly labeled "Patricia Alden, Patrician Patterns" in one corner and preceded her across the main track to the siding where the little 1864 engine was sweating steam at every pore.

He carried the bags into the car for her, found an empty seat, near the end, and turned to go.

Patricia extended her hand, containing a quarter, and said, "Thank you so much."

The agent took her hand and shook it heartily. "That's all right, Miss, glad to oblige a lady." He did not take the quarter.

"Evidently," thought Patricia, as the agent hopped off the train and the engine gave an asthmatic cough and a gentle jerk to the ancient and not too strong couplings, "Evidently I am entering the non-tipping zone of my native land."

She coughed. Which was not extraordinary, for the air of the car was purple with tobacco smoke of a strength and acidity unique in her experience.

At the sound of her coughing, some forty heads turned in her direction. They were all male heads, and those that were not whiskered were on the way. And as eighty eyes stared at her, Patricia saw that she was the one and only woman in the car.

*Susan sulked and fidgeted and bit her fingers*



"Is that my train?" she asked of the agent

For all her poise and young confidence that she could be safe anywhere, Patricia was a bit daunted. The men were a rough and unprepossessing lot. Her eyes fell beneath that concentrated stare. She reopened the book that she had been reading in the station and kept her eyes upon the page, but she was still painfully conscious that heads were turned and eyes fixed upon her.

**T**HE noise of some twenty car windows opening at once caused her again to lift her glance. There seemed to be a concerted endeavor to air the car. Also there was an almost orchestral rapping of pipes on chair arms, window sills and the floor.

A red-faced, bearded ruffian with an evil cast in one eye who sat in the seat just ahead of Patricia turned and leered at her. Out of one corner of his stained mouth, he spoke in a menacing growl:

"Beggin' yore pardin, Miss, but th' boys didn't know they was a lady aboard. They didn't mean to upset you none, but yo're just natchelly diffrent to most of the females we see. An' it ain't but seldom any ladies travels on this train.

"We're right sorry the smoke made you cough, but she'll be cleared out purty quick now, and nobody won't smoke no more while yo're aboard."

"Why—why, I think that's simply noble and notorious of you," she exclaimed, "but please don't all stop smoking on my account. If there's just a window or two open, the smoke won't bother me any."

"That's all right, young lady," said the man, "we don't mind not smokin'. We kin chaw."

"If it's the same to you," said Patricia, "I'd rather you'd smoke."

The cast-eyed ruffian bellowed to the careful of men: "She says she kin stand the smoke if you don't chaw. Which I calls fair an' honest. All cuds out the window." And all cuds went out the window.

"And I was afraid of these men!" thought Patricia. "When they're regular Chesterfields. Can you imagine a careful of well dressed city men all stopping smoking because a girl happened to cough? Can you, Patricia? The nays have it."

"What kind of a place is Milton?" Patricia asked aloud.

"It's a minin' town, Miss," said the cast-eyed man. "Kind of rough for a city gal like you. What might you be doin' there, visitin'?"

**P**ATRICIA told him about her work, and as she talked, other men gathered about, until by the time the two-hour journey to Milton was over, Patricia was the center of a strange court of unwashed, unshaven and bearded mountaineer miners, who gaped at her, puzzled over her city slang, roared at a few of her humorous sallies, and treated her as if she were a strange, a magical but a veritable queen.

And when the train drew into Milton, it was the cast-eyed man who took her suitcases and led her to the one and only hotel.

"Wished I had another room in my shack," said he, as he left her at the door, "but with ma and me and the three young 'uns sleeping in the parlor an' the four older children in the kitchen, I reckon you'd kinda be crowded."

Patricia extended her hand. There was no quarter in it this time. "Thank you for the thought," she said, as the big miner wiped his huge palm on his trousers leg and

awkwardly seized her fingers. "You've been very kind to me. I'm sure they'll look after me in the hotel."

"Yes'm, they better," said the miner. He touched his hat and went his way.

Except for the fact that he wore a shirt with a celluloid collar and had probably shaved two days before, the clerk in the Central House of Milton was not much different from Patricia's fellow passengers on the train. But by now Patricia had realized that these people were not to be judged by city standards. So she gave the clerk her nicest smile and said, "Can you give me a room and bath?"

"I kin give you a room, Miss, but I reckon you'll have to take the bath yourself—if you ever get a chanet at it. We only got one, and some of the boys is always comin' off shift an' wantin' to git red up. Still, since they put showers up to the mine, there ain't quite th' demand."

"Well, well," thought Patricia, "this time I have struck a hick town. Evidently there are a few left, after all."

"Show the lady up to Number 11," the clerk instructed the startling imitation of Father Time who had brought in Patricia's bags. "It's a real nice room, Miss, with two beds an' two washbowls. So's you can sorta change about if you feel like it."

Patricia followed the ancient up the stairs and was ushered into a huge room, musty with that peculiar smell that permeates all such hotels. It is familiar to every hardened traveling man, but this was the first occasion that Patricia had encountered it.

It is a dismal and depressing smell, and the room was the same way. Patricia sniffed, gazed about her, and sighed. She examined the door. "Where's the key?" she asked.

"Key? Key?" said the old porter. "This ain't no jail. Nobody bothers with a key. And nobody'll steal anything, except maybe you. Heh! Heh!" and his false teeth rattled as he laughed wheezily at his joke.

"I was just a-foolin', Miss," he added reassuringly. "Our guests is sometimes kinda noisy, but they wouldn't never trouble no lady. You'll be safe."

But for all that assurance, Patricia, after a pretty terrible and embarrassing dinner in a dining-room where she was the only woman except the slovenly waitress, returned to her room and rolled the heavy bureau against the door. The constant sound of heavy feet that passed and repassed her door nearly all night made her sleep uneasy. How was she to know that in the mines men came on and off shift every few hours all night, and that those who seemed to pause at her door were pausing merely because there was a dark turn in the hall at that spot?

**T**HE company store where Patricia Alden demonstrated Patrician Patterns was in a ramshackle frame building. She found herself "sandwiched" between the coffee and the pork," like the banjo in Kipling's song. But the hungry intensity with which the sad-eyed, worn and tired women shoppers of this mountain town followed Patricia's words about fashion, style and beauty; the way their eyes lighted at the sight of the dainty and smart frocks that she exhibited as fruits of Patrician Patterns; and the eagerness with which they questioned her about prices and materials was a revelation to Patricia, used to the comparative sophistication of women in more up-to-date towns.

"That's an awful purty dress you have on," said one woman in faded calico. "Is that made from these here Paterition Patterns?"

"Absolutely," said Patricia. "Everything I wear is. And I made most of them myself. This dress only cost me twelve dollars."

"Twelve dollars!" the woman repeated. "Seems like a lot to pay for a dress. Reckon anythin' like that is just fer rich folks. Must be nice to have pretties like that, though. Even up here a body gets sorta hungry for something different to wear."

"Well," said Patricia, "if you made this frock up in cotton, I guess it wouldn't cost over three dollars."

"Might I could manage it, maybe, for a Sunday one," said the woman. "I'll talk it over with my man."

Not all the women were so poor as that, but Patricia realized that it was the patterns for the cheapest frocks she must concentrate upon. "Cheap and bright," she said to herself. "Poor things, they're starving for color and gayety."

She didn't know she had said it aloud until a young girl in a print dress, faded but spotless, spoke to her.

"That's right," she said. "But it ain't so bad for them older ones; they're kinda resigned by now to livin' thataway. But look at me, I reckon I ain't no older than you, and I reckon I'd look pretty near as nice as you do,

too, if I could have something bright and cute and young to wear."

"I reckon you would," said Patricia. "The peach crop was no failure the year you blossomed. But step into conference with me, honey, and maybe I can give you a hint how to be the latest fashion bulletin for two dollars and thirty-five cents or what have you in your pocket?"

"I haven't nothin' in my pocket," the girl said. "And I never will have nothin' more than that while I stay here. What with nine of us in the family and Pop outa work half the time."

"Why stay here, then?" Patricia asked. "I should think you could get a job in one of the mill towns. Then you'd have a little money to spend."

"Ma won't let me go. Says I'm needed to look after the young 'uns. Anyhow, I don't want to go to no mill towns, I want to go to New York."

"New York!" exclaimed Patricia. "And why New York, specially? What would you do in New York?"

"I'D BE a waitress, or a chambermaid, or anything just to be there. Not fer the bright lights they tell about or anything like that. I wanta go to New York because I read enough in the papers and magazines I get hold of to know that even a chambermaid or a waitress kin see wonderful pictures fer nothin', an' use lib'raries fer nothin', an' hear music that ain't just jazz records all the time, an' get a chanet to hear people talk right an'—an'—know somethin'. An' maybe I could go to night school there an' really learn about art or—well, I wanta go to New York."

"Everybody here says its Nineveh an' Babylon all combined, an' when I talk about goin' there, they think I'm—I'm almost a bad woman. You come from New York—is it like that?"

Patricia's eyes lighted with that queer pride that the broadest-minded New Yorker has in his town. "Some of it," she said, "but only for the people that are looking for it. There's seven million people there, and six million eight hundred thousand of them are too busy earning a living and raising families and saving enough to buy a little car to tour Long Island and Westchester in, to do much Babyloning. Your idea that it's a place that gives a chance to those who want the chances it gives is right. It's a big and loud and tall and hard-faced brute of a town, with a soft heart. I love it."

"I wished you could make Ma and Pa an' Jim see that," said the girl.

"Who's Jim, your brother?"

"No," said the girl, "my steady. He says if I ever try to go to that sink hole of iniquity, he'll go after me an' drag me back by the hair. All he can think of is gettin' married. Well, I'd rather marry Jim than anybody else in these parts, but, way it is now, Jim don't seem to have no idea bein' nothin' but the way he is—a miner, an' in five years I'd be like all these other women around here, slouchin' around in calico



"I kin give you a room, Miss, but I reckon you'll have to take the bath yourself"

with two, three kids draggin' at me. No fun, no ambition, an' youth all gone. I ain't gonna do it, I ain't. I'm gonna run away."

There was such passion in the girl's voice that Patricia felt this was no idle threat. The girl would run away, and Patricia, for all her belief in the goodness of a friendly world, hated to think what might happen to an ignorant child like this setting out blindly on her own.

"I tell you what you do," she said. "You come down to my room at the hotel tonight and let's talk this all over. Maybe I can help you."

"Oh, would you, Miss?" cried the girl. Then her face fell. "Reckon I couldn't git away tonight. But if mebbe you could come to the house, Ma and Pa is goin' to a funeral—"

"Tell me where you live," said Patricia, "and I'll come." "I live up the hill, third house from the corner of Gold and Iron Streets. On Iron. Number 54. An' my name's Susan Robbins."

When Patricia left the hotel that evening about seven-thirty and started briskly up the main street of Milton, she was quite unaware of the man lounging in the hotel lobby who had arisen and followed her.

She had in fact gone all of half a mile before she happened to notice him, perhaps half a block behind her. And it wasn't until another half mile that it occurred to her he might be following.

She was a little frightened, but it only showed in a slight quickening of her pace. The man's quickened, too, but still he was a full half block behind. After a block or two more, Patricia crossed the street, but after this maneuver a glance back showed that the man—tall, lanky, his face concealed under a slouch hat pulled low—had also crossed.

It was still nearly another mile to Susan Robbins' house, and the main street had become a badly lighted and almost deserted thoroughfare. That figure following her looked sinister. She walked faster, the man kept his half block distance.

"Thank heaven for short skirts," Patricia thought humorously, frightened as she was. "I can probably run faster than he can."

And then she remembered something that a famous woman speaker who sometimes had to be alone in strange places had once done.

Patricia turned briskly about and walked right up to the man who was following her. "I beg your pardon," she said, "but I'm terribly scared. This is such a dark, lonesome street and there might be terrible people about. Could I ask you to escort me? I'd feel so much safer!"

The tall, lanky man took off his slouch hat, revealing a pleasant, clean-shaven and youthful face. He grinned and shifted from one foot to the other awkwardly. "Why—why, Miss," he said, "that's what I'm a-doin'—escortin' you."

"For the Precious Love of Pete's Prize Pomeranian Pup," said Patricia, "why didn't you tell me so in the first place instead of searing me pale green by trailing me half a block away?"

"WHY, you see, Miss," explained the young man, "there's some kinda bad characters amongst the negroes an' furriners; so, as the police ain't much good here, us natives have kinda organized a sorta private police force. Our own women we don't allow out at night withouten a man along, but when they's ladies from outa town like yourself that's used to goin' out alone places, we just kinda look after 'em without sayin' nothin' about it. Ordinary, they might be two or three of us just sorta keepin' you in sight an' you wouldn't know it, but Big Mack—he's the cock-eyed one that was on the train with you—he told me to look after you special if you went out. So I thought I better do all the guardin' myself. It was my night on at the hotel, anyhow."

"An' besides, Miss, I heard you asking how to git to Gold an' Iron Streets, an' I live up that way, so you see it was right convenient for me."

"And right convenient for me, too, I reckon," said Patricia. "Though you sure did hand me a few cold chills traipsing after me that way."

"I'm sorry, Miss," said the young man. "Reckon it was clumsy of me. But havin' the best of intentions, I didn't think 'bout how it 'ud look to you."

"Alls swell that ends swell," Patricia said. "Stick by me, Big boy, and I'll feel as safe as a lion in a den of lambs. Stick by me right up to Susan Robbins' door."

"Are you a-going to see Susan?" "That's just what I'm a-goin' to do," said Patricia. "And f-om the way you speak, I judge you know her. Does your name by any strange chance happen to be Jim?"

"Jim Sloane's my name," the young man con- (Continued on page 34)

*He led the way through thick brush, parted it. Before them was an airplane, resting on its wheels and skids*

"I WAS along here that I crashed," Don Lyon told them. "I was following this coast, about ten miles offshore. Oil line broke. Smear'd me. I was a sight. Blinded, too. At that I would have made a good landing but I hit a soft spot in the sand. She flipped over onto her back. That must have been about eight in the morning. It was dark when I came to."

He was standing by the rebuilt fire, laughing, his black hair aquiver, his dark eyes glowing. No one saw the tattered clothes, the moccasined feet or the skin grimed by winter camp fires. Rather a young god had dropped from the sky to delight them with his presence and astound them with his adventures.

"And then the Indians found you," his father said.

"Indians!" and Don threw back his head and laughed. "It was eight months before I saw one."

"But how did you live?"

Don spread out his two hands, palms down. "That," and he pointed to the remains of his breakfast, "was a feast. Frozen fish—I heaped up hundreds during the salmon run—clams, crabs, two deer that I snared, some ducks that were caught in the ice, berries, sometimes bark—I ate anything I could get, and got anything I could. It was always a feast or a famine. A day, two, sometimes three—I've learned how to fast. Jim, I'll have another cup of that coffee."

They waited in silence while he drank it and lighted a cigaret. "You don't believe there ever were such things after a winter here," he said.

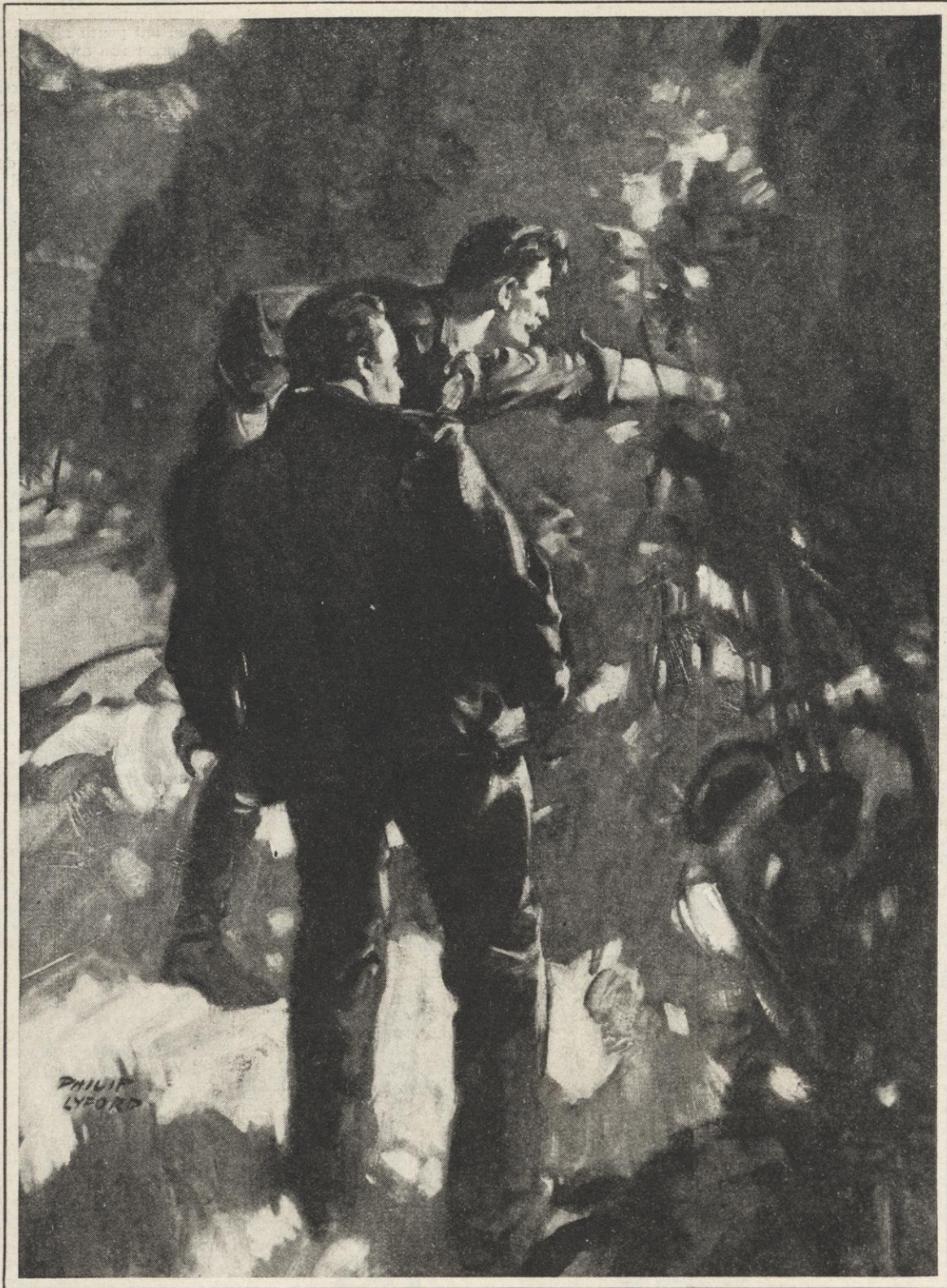
"Wasn't it fearfully cold?" Margaret asked.

"Cold! And wind! Off that glacier! I thought the glacier the most stunning thing I had ever seen when I flew by last summer. It's what drew me over this way, off my course. But I've learned to hate it. Like living in an ice chest. Never thought I'd see spring with ten fingers and ten toes, or a nose. But I hung onto them, and I knew you folks would come."

"I knew you were alive, son," John Lyon said in a husky voice.

"Good old dad! You and Margaret and Stan! That's why I didn't worry. I knew you three wouldn't lose hope, that you'd come."

He swept them all with a warm glance. His smile included Captain Dean and Tom Marsh, Halvor and Jens, and Jim, and the men from the halibut schooner smiled back. Margaret saw admiration in their eyes, the admiration Don always was able to arouse. The fishermen, risking life constantly out in the wide gulf of Alaska, found their everyday courage paling before the bright



*Illustrations by  
Philip Lyford*

clothing and a sleeping bag in the plane. I got them out and the next day a gale came. The plane's buried in the sand now, I suppose. The food lasted three days. The sleeping bag was soaked in gasoline when a tank burst in the crash and it caught fire from my camp fire. Woof! And no bedding.

"There I was, with nothing. At first I felt sure a ship would come for me. Only tried to get a little food. After six weeks I knew I was strictly on my own and began to think about getting out. Couldn't make it either way."

"If you had only run into the natives!" his father interrupted.

"THAT would have made it simple," Don agreed. "Missed them trying to get out along the beach. It was late fall before I found where they had camped, and then I thought they came from the sea. Never dreamed there was a way into the mountains, past the glacier. From the air it looked solid for a hundred miles. It was then I decided to hole up, get all the food I could."

"Occasionally I saw halibut schooners far offshore. I burned a thousand cords of driftwood in signal fires, but they didn't see, or care. It must have been December when I settled down to a winter of it."

They were all watching him as he stood there, slim, high-headed, a flaming, dauntless figure. Margaret found she was not breathing, that her lashes were wet. She knew now she had never expected to see Don again, and here he was, unscathed, unconquerable. For the first time, her pride in him, in possessing him and being possessed by him, drowned all other thoughts and emotions. When he had soared away from San Francisco, with the glamour

enveloping him, there had been an unreality about him and their relationship. Now his eyes met hers and she knew the world could never come between them.

"Outside of us here—no one else knows you are alive, Don," John Lyon said. "Or believes it. They said we were crazy to come searching here, a year after you left Sitka. They pointed out that of all the men lost in the Atlantic and Pacific, lost in all the flights that have been attempted since Lindbergh set the fashion, not even the body of one has been recovered. And now, a year later, to return, alive, in perfect health, with such a story of privation, of hopelessness, of ultimate victory—" The father's pride choked him. Frank tears rolled down his pink cheeks.

"He'll have the world by the tail," Tom Marsh added. "When he comes sailing into San Francisco Bay, you

# RESCUED

By ROBERT E. PINKERTON

*The dauntless figure of an unconquerable hero dominates the second powerful act of this fast-moving drama.*

*The synopsis is on page 49*

valor of this lone young battler with death and despair. "Me—I'd 'a' dug myself a nice hole in the ice and crawled in, let 'em find me ten thousand years from now, like they dig up mammoths," Tom Marsh said.

"NO, YOU wouldn't," Don laughed. "It's hard to kill hope in a man. I'll admit mine got weak sometimes, when those blizzards came down from the north, but I've always had a feeling that I'll die between sheets, and with a gray head on the pillow."

"Couldn't you have gotten out last summer or fall?" Captain Dean asked.

"How?" Don retorted instantly. "To the east the big glacier comes down to the sea. To the west there are half a dozen glacial rivers. No swimming in that ice water and too swift for a raft. Besides, I had no tools, you know. There was a small ax, some emergency food, extra

certainly won't be able to see the shore for the people."

Again Margaret thrilled with the pride of possession, but as she glanced about the circle, she caught a look of anguish in Stanley Craig's eyes. He had welcomed Don as warmly as the others, had listened as raptly to the story. Now his face was white, its lines grim. The knuckles of his hands, gripped about his knees, were startlingly white.

"You must have found the Indians early this spring," Captain Dean suggested.

"One hunter," Don added. "He is the one who probably carried news to the trading post in the interior that a white man was on the coast. I might have gone with him but I couldn't understand him well, wasn't sure where he was going. And then, as I'd stuck it out through the winter, I knew I could hang on."

"You must 'a' got a jolt, coming over that ridge, singing, and finding us here," Tom Marsh laughed.

"No, I knew someone was on the beach. I saw one of you yesterday."

"That was Stan!" John Lyon cried. "He went ten miles to the west, along the beach."

"But this was close, not two miles, and back from the coast. I was looking at some snares and a man came out on a ridge, less than a quarter of a mile away. I thought sure he saw me, and I waved, but he disappeared in the brush. I hurried over. There was no trace of him."

"But you stuck to the beach, didn't you, Stan?" Captain Dean asked.

"Until I hit the river ten miles west of here," was the answer.

Margaret felt as if the great glacier itself encompassed her. Her body was numb. Only her brain could function, and it leaped like light through the past days. On the Seven Sisters, Stan had sided with Captain Dean in urging that they leave. His manner had been different since that first day ashore. After the wreck, he had wanted to move camp to the east at once. He had volunteered to do the searching to the west alone. And she had seen him turn from the beach, go toward the spot where Don saw someone. Now he denied he had been there.

Out of this, Margaret emerged with one conviction, and that conviction robbed the association of years of its beauty. There was no need to search for a reason. She had always known Stan's attitude toward her. No woman can escape such a thing.

She sat there stunned, conscious, too, of her own share in this, even though his desire for her could not condone such treachery.

From Stan, as he spoke, she glanced at Don. He was looking at his friend, a gleam of understanding in his eyes. And then Don laughed. "Must have been an Indian," he said. "They're probably down now."

THE magnanimity of it plunged Margaret into fresh adoration, gave her the strength to shape her own course beside Don's. The swift anger against Stan became pity.

"You mean you haven't seen the Indians this summer?" John Lyon asked.

"A few hunters," Don answered carelessly. "A band of twenty or thirty come down for salmon, I understand. But that's all behind us now. There's nothing to do except go home. Where's your ship?"

No one answered for a moment. Several men glanced seaward.

"There's a piece of her stem on the beach," Captain Dean said at last.

"On the beach!" Don repeated blankly, and he looked toward the water.

"We got caught in that southeast gale night before last," Dean explained. "Hit a reef. She went to pieces yesterday morning. We'd all be out there now, washing about, pounded to bits, if it hadn't been for Stan here."

Don did not seem to have heard. He was staring at the empty sea. "You mean you're stranded, too?" he demanded. "That we've got to stay here until—until we're picked up?"

The assurance, the high-held head, the laughing glow in his eyes, all were gone. He glanced swiftly at Margaret and his father. "That's—that's rotten luck," he faltered.

"It's not so bad," Captain Dean answered. "Halvor and Jens will row to Yakutat or Katalla and get somebody to come for us. Won't be long. Three weeks at the most and you'll be in San Francisco."

Don sat down, across the fire from Margaret.

"I'm sorry!" John Lyon exclaimed. "I'd give anything if I could rush you home, get you away from this dreary land as quickly as possible. You'll have to make the best of it, and when you get home—Tom is right. You're San Francisco's own and there's no city in the world can give such a welcome."

"Never dreamed you didn't have a ship hanging around," Don said with a trace of petulance. He stared at the fire, frowning, and then his head jerked up. His assurance had returned. "You picked a rotten place to be wrecked," he laughed. "Valley back of

this and the winds draw down from the high mountains. Means twice as much rain. But east of here, about ten miles, it's far better. Good water, fine protection, and a nice stream with salmon. You don't seem to have much food."

"Stan suggested that we move down there," his father answered. "We were going this morning."

"Fine! Let's get started." Don was on his feet, eager and smiling again, but no one else moved.

"Sea's picking up," Captain Dean said. "Couldn't launch a loaded dory now."

"We can pack what stuff you have," Don insisted. But the men would not agree. Tom Marsh pointed out the effort necessary to gain a mooted advantage.

"I don't go to Yakutat or anywhere else in a dory before this settles down," Halvor announced. "You got no chance along this coast."

"This is such a rotten place to stay!" Don protested impatiently. "And we have nothing else to do. Can't you men pack a little stuff down the beach?"

THERE was a nasty quality in the tone, but Captain Dean's voice was still gentle when he said, "We could, if there's reason enough, and I don't see the reason. There's a place back in the woods I found, just west of here, that will make as good a camp as we need."

"And when a boat comes for us, it can get in only where we anchored," Tom Marsh added.

"But Don is familiar with every foot of this coast!" John Lyon exclaimed indignantly. "He should know best."

"And we know the sea best," Captain Dean answered. "I'm going to hunt up this place I found." He arose and walked off at once.

Don Lyon looked angrily around the circle. "Why is he so pig-headed?" he demanded.

"Angus Dean is less pig-headed than any man I ever knew," Tom Marsh said quietly. "He's scheming to get us out as quickly as possible."

"And one camp's as good as another in this God-forsaken place," Jens growled.

The tide was coming in, the seas, which had gone down after the gale, were mounting again. A big roller broke and a puff of wind carried spray to the camp site.

"It'll rain, too," Halvor said. "Quicker we get settled where the skipper says, the better."

They were established in the new place by noon. There was good protection, good water, plenty of fuel, and Halvor and Jens waded into the stream and scooped out half a dozen salmon.

"Can't beat this anywhere," Tom Marsh pointed out. "Fish, water and an easy place to be picked up."

After they had eaten the noon meal, Captain Dean beckoned to Stanley Craig. Don Lyon was talking to Margaret and his father. The men were gathering fuel.

"We'll take a walk," the skipper said. "Where I was this morning," and he led the way westward along the edge of the woods.

For a half mile he did not speak and at last stopped at the edge of a long, level opening in the forest. "It's going to be a tough job, rowing a dory out," Dean said as he looked westward. "Bad coast and weather's always rotten here. We'll be out of grub in four days."

Stan did not comment but watched the captain's averted face.

"And the old man isn't well. That ducking in the surf—he ain't used to this sort of thing. Plenty of nerve but it's stretched too far already."

"Finding Don is going to be a tonic for him," Stan said.

"You and Don been friends for a long time, haven't you?"

"Since we were kids."

"You know him pretty well, then?"

"As well as anyone could."

"I thought so. It's why I brought you here. Come look." He led the way through thick brush, parted it. Before them was an airplane, resting on its wheels and skid. It was unscratched. There was not a dent in its metal wings or body.

"Lot of gas in the tanks," Captain Dean said. "Tires are inflated. If she could get here like this, she can leave. Be in Seward or Sitka before night."

"Can you fly one?" Captain Dean asked after Stan had walked around the plane, examining it carefully.

"No, though I've fussed around them quite a bit while Don was flying."

"Then he can go out in it. Sooner we get away from here the better."

Stan did not answer but stood staring at the plane. "And there's no broken oil line," the captain said.

"I looked."

Distress showed in Stan's eyes as he glanced at Dean.

"FISHING halibut is my business," Dean said after a long pause. "I stick to it pretty close. Just now I feel responsible for our being stranded here and it's my job to see we get out. Beyond that, I don't care to go—unless I have to." The last was said significantly, and then he added, "You were just as anxious to move east before we found Don as he was this morning. You weren't surprised seeing this airplane. That story Don told sounded great, until one started to think. I've got a pretty clear notion you knew he was here after— (Continued on page 48)



"I'm worried," she began at once. "John Lyon has a temperature. And with that cold—"

# THE HAPPY LIFE

A Mother's Letters to Her Friends

"TO EVERYTHING THERE IS A SEASON"

By EDITH BARNARD DELANO



MY DEAR MRS. MARTIN:

It was good of you to write me, and I am very much interested in your letter. You ask me to answer in all frankness, and you say, "You seem to think only of the feelings of the young people. What about the feelings of the mother? Don't you think an elderly mother ought to receive kindness and consideration in return for all she has done for her daughter, all the sacrifices she made for her? Don't you think we have a right to expect her to consider our feelings? Every time I advise my daughter against a thing, it seems to me that my advice just urges her on to doing that very thing all the more. I don't know whether she is really willful and contrary, or whether she thinks I don't know anything, or whether she does it merely to try me and exasperate me. When she was a little girl, she was so loving and affectionate, a regular mother's baby; but now she never seems to want me to go anywhere with her, or be with her and her friends, at all. Sometimes I think she hates me. It almost breaks my heart, and I don't know what to do about it."

Dear lady, you have asked me for frankness, and if I am not frank I certainly can be of no use to you. Maybe I can't, anyway, because the most I can possibly do is to try to help you to get an outside point of view, and to use it as a sort of searchlight that will perhaps illumine your dark corner. The most any woman of us can do is try to see clearly, then judge fairly, and then act bravely on our conclusions.

I certainly do think that elderly mothers and even we middle-aged mothers have a right to expect consideration and kindness from our children; but—only to the extent that we have deserved. Our children may or may not give us more than that, but all we have any right to expect is just exactly what we have earned. And as for any right to have our feelings considered—well, I don't know anything that can cause as much trouble in a family as "feelings," do you? Suppose we go into that a little.

ONCE knew of a feud that lasted for years between two sisters; both of them would have said that it all began when the child of the elder sister once refused to pass the butter to the younger sister. I am not joking; that was an actual occurrence in a family that I knew intimately. The day the butter was not passed, the younger sister got up from the table in tears; later on there were reproaches and recriminations, and it ended, as I said, in a regular feud between the sisters; the coolness between them remained as long as they lived. Now, nobody on earth could be so silly as to believe the hard feeling between them began when a little child was rude or naughty, or because of it. The feelings of those two women must have been worked upon, hurt, outraged, very long before that unfortunate dinner. I haven't a doubt that they had nagged at each other, criticized each other with that terrible sisterly frankness that some women allow themselves, had been jealous of each other or of their children. It must have gone on for years; then, all of a sudden, the butter wasn't passed—and there they were, openly reviling and disliking each other. The lid had blown off the teakettle.

The family is the greatest clearing house in the world. We all use the family to work off our feelings on, or to change them into some other sort of feelings. We are all conscious of what we call the ties of blood, and we all have a feeling that nothing can really break them; so we very often test them to the limit, do things in the family and to it that we wouldn't dream of doing to outsiders. We don't keep ourselves as much under guard with mother or daughter or sister as we do with friends; I'm afraid we often let ourselves say and do things to them that we would be ashamed to do to anyone not related to us. We all know how to get under the skin of members of our family—and do it.

Isn't it true that members of the same family frequently do or say a thing to some other member that is apparently perfectly harmless and innocent, yet knowing in their heart-of-hearts that it is going to hurt or rile or antagonize that other member? If taxed with unkindness, wouldn't they often claim to have been perfectly innocent of any unkind intention? Wouldn't they perhaps say they only spoke for the other person's good? I know a mother who lets herself appear hurt and lonely every time her widowed daughter goes anywhere without her. I have heard her give as the



reason that Mable goes out entirely too much for her strength. Don't you rather suppose the old lady is only jealous at being left at home? Don't you think she is letting herself forget that once she, too, liked to go out, and sometimes wanted to go without any member of the family? Is there any particular reason why Mable's friends have to be her friends, also? Hasn't Mable—any Mable, widowed or single, young or old—the right to enjoy herself in her own way? Is it really any failure of daughterly duty that she would rather go places without her mother? Even if her mother seems as young and strong as she herself is, can you think of any good and sufficient reason why Mable should take her along everywhere, or why she should stay at home with her all the time? I am not saying, dear Mrs. Martin, that your hurt feelings at being left out of your daughter's crowd, or of her apparently not wanting you to go places with her, arise from jealousy; but I honestly do think it might help if you would ask yourself whether that is so or not.

You say that when your daughter was little she was a regular mother's baby. After she got older, didn't you perhaps try to keep her just that—mother's baby? Have you forgotten the law of growth? All through the universe that law of growth is at work; everything goes onward, everything develops. Personally, I do not believe that even death puts an end to growth; I believe that when the body returns to dust, the soul is set free for some higher, wider, fuller life or purpose. How then can our children stay as they were? Can we really want them to or not, they are going to grow beyond us, because that is the law of the whole universe—growth, a getting on to maturity. We had our years of thinking our parents old-



fashioned and behind the times and ever so much less capable of dealing with things in general than we were. Many of us had times, too, of resentment toward our elders whenever they tried to hold us back. We felt they were trying to restrain us, just because of their own wishes. Very few young people, if any, can discriminate between advice and nagging. Very few stop to reason out whether we are trying to hold them back for a real and sufficient reason, or whether we are just trying to keep them from doing things merely because we don't want them to do those things.

Then, Mrs. Martin, you speak about the sacrifices you made for your daughter, and ask whether they ought not to be remembered by her, and whether she does not owe you consideration because of them. In the first place, what is sacrifice? It is an offering of devotion, in one meaning of the word; in the other meaning, it is giving up something for the sake of another. I don't think any of us really wants pay for something we have given out of love or because of devotion; personally, nothing could hurt me more than to be paid back for a freely given kindness, and I should think myself pretty mean if I could not accept such a gift of the spirit only with happy gratitude, and not with a feeling that I had to pay it back. In the other sense of the word, that of sacrifice being something given up for the sake of another, how can anything of that sort on a mother's part demand a return? Was it a sacrifice for you to sit up with your sick baby? Was it a sacrifice to work for your little girl? Isn't anything and everything that any mother does for her child a satisfaction, a joy, and not—a sacrifice? Then, why call those things sacrifices when you want to browbeat your daughter into being the mother's baby that was all right when she was little but would make a pitiful, slavish thing of her when she is grown? Yet, many a mother does succeed in holding on to the very soul of her daughter by some such plea. Why, I wouldn't wish to hold on to anybody in this world, not child nor husband nor friend, by any such means as that. Love—admiring, respectful, interested love—is the only hold I would ever be willing to exercise over any man or woman. And love, dear Mrs.

Martin, is not born of reminding people of sacrifices, nor of showing them our hurt feelings, nor from nagging at them, or being sarcastic or plaintive, or insisting on our own rights. Love never comes from our demanding it. It comes only when we are worthy of it or earn it. Look back on our own relations with our elders—did we love them, unless they were lovable? Did we feel any particular consideration for them unless we felt they had a right to our love? Not a bit of it! The people we loved had earned our love, however we may or may not have done our duty by any of the others.

So, I'm afraid I always suspect that the mothers and other people who talk about the respect that is due them, the consideration they ought to receive, have not really earned either one. Of course, I know that there are cases of children behaving badly toward their parents for no apparent reason; but I always suspect that the hidden reason may have originated just as much with parent as with child, and in all probability more. In all my long and pretty full life, I have not known many instances where I could be sure the trouble did not hark farther back than anyone could see.

BUT there is one more point, dear lady, that I want to take up with you. You—and lots of us other mothers—often think so much about being left out of the occupations and thoughts of the young people that we forget the joys and the value and compensations of rightful occupations and thoughts of our own. As the dear old Preacher said in my beloved book of Ecclesiastes, "To everything there is a season." And Tennyson speaks of great men as those "Who knew the seasons, when to take occasion by the hand, and make the bounds of freedom wider yet." I am going to ask you to think, every time you feel that your daughter is neglecting you, that there really is a season for everything; remind yourself that it is now her season for doing and having certain things that you yourself did and had in your season, and say to yourself, "I'm thankful I can stay home and take a rest! I'm thankful it's her turn, now, to do the things I used to love to do! I'm thankful I can send her out, happily, to do them." Get yourself into that state of mind, and then let the next one come; remind yourself of all the things you have wanted to do and never found time for, and tell yourself that the time, your own season, has now come at last. Realize what greater freedom middle life surely does bring to us for such things.

I know a precious old lady who was left, at seventy-six, free from family cares for the first time in her life. She had never married, but she had been a devoted daughter, sister, aunt, friend. Then, at seventy-six, finding herself in possession of a house and a tiny income, what did she do and do but sell some of her few bonds and buy herself a ticket to California by way of the Panama Canal! Her friends were aghast—she had never traveled, and at her age, and with so little money, etc., etc. But she tossed her darling old head and laughed at them and their fears. "Well, I'm seventy-six, I know," said she, "but that's not eighty-six! What if I haven't ever been anywhere? I never had time to do lots of the things I always wanted to do. Now I'm going—to see the Panama Canal, the Pacific Ocean and the way oranges grow! My goodness, I'm so glad—so glad—I don't have to bother any longer with just being young!"

Why can't we all see or discover the advantages of not being young any longer? Instead of pestering the young folks to take us along, why can't we go our own way? Try it, Mrs. Martin! I think you will find real freedom then, and then only; and I'd be willing to bet that in a very short time you would no longer be wondering whether your



daughter loves you or not. I think you'd find her loving and admiring you, not apparently trying to pain or exasperate you. You cannot possibly change the young folks; why not try changing yourself?

Sincerely yours,

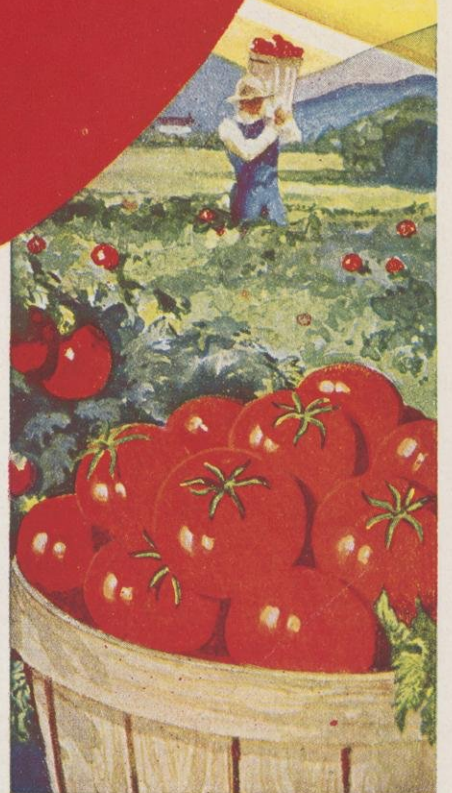
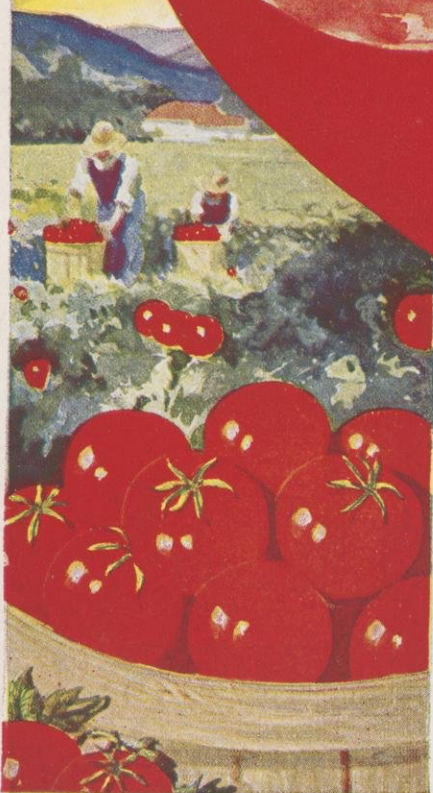
Edith Barnard Delano



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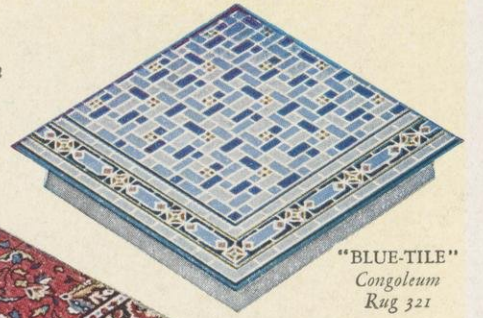
**Y**OU often hear: "There's nothing like Campbell's Tomato Soup." "You can't give us Campbell's Tomato Soup too often." "It has a lively flavor I never get tired of." "It's the one soup on which we all agree; we think it's the best." 12 cents a can.





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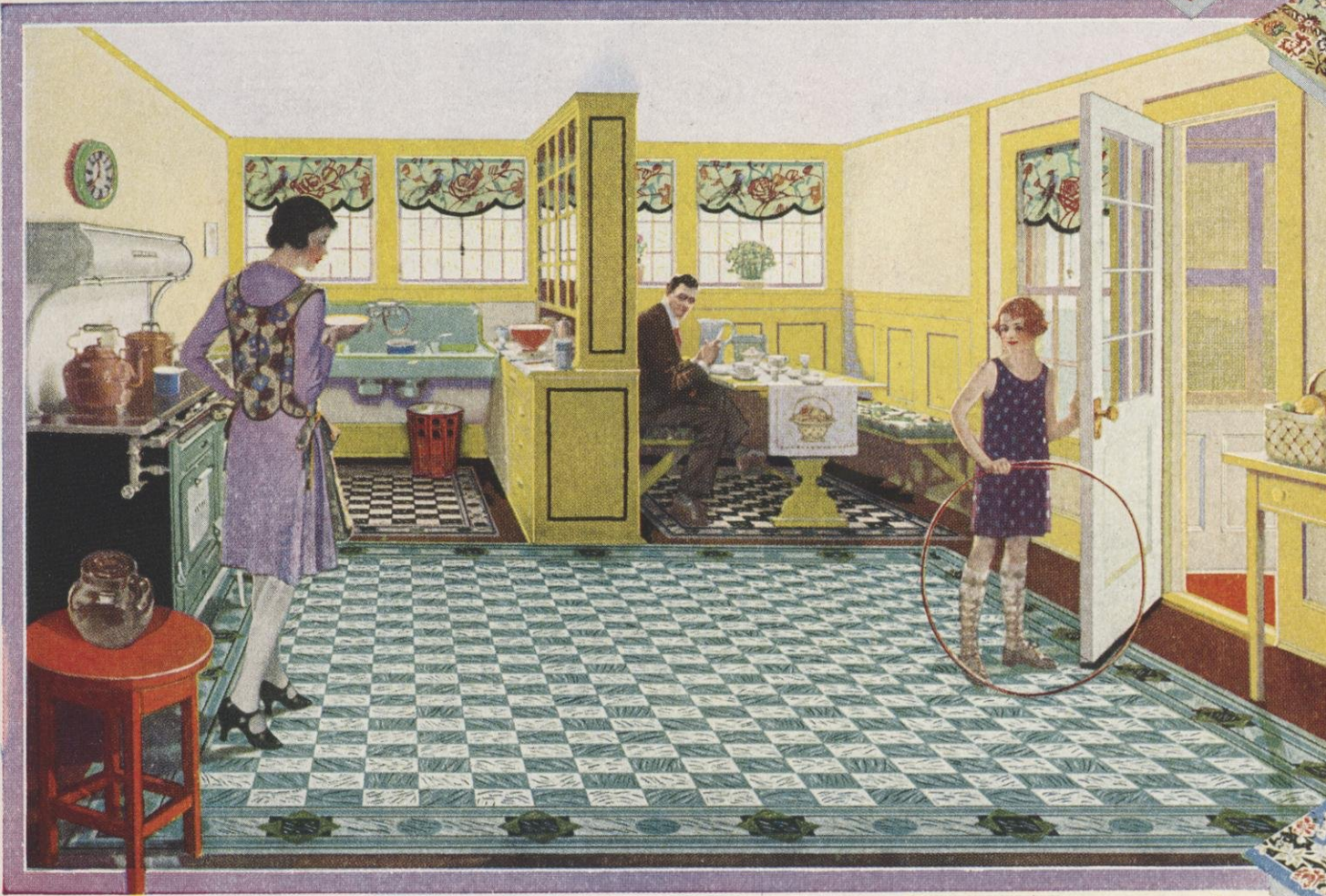
"BLUE-TILE"  
Congoleum  
Rug 321



"ORIENTALE"  
Congoleum  
Rug 608



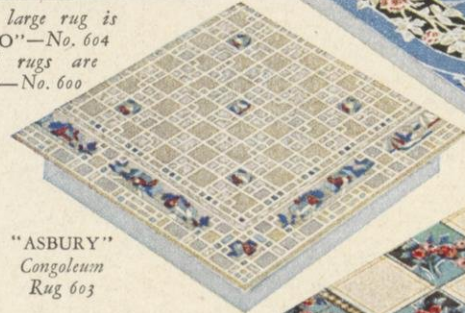
"CHRYSANTHEMUM"  
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More rugs bearing this Gold Seal have been sold than all similar brands combined!



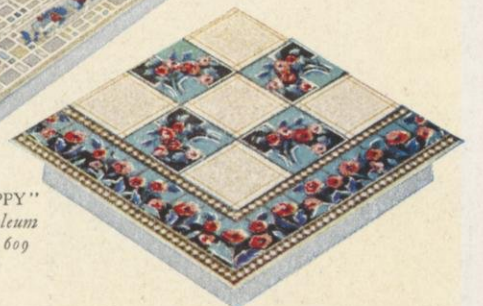
Above—the large rug is "PALMETTO"—No. 604  
The small rugs are "SEVILLA"—No. 600



"ASBURY"  
Congoleum  
Rug 603



"DU BARRY"  
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Rug 609

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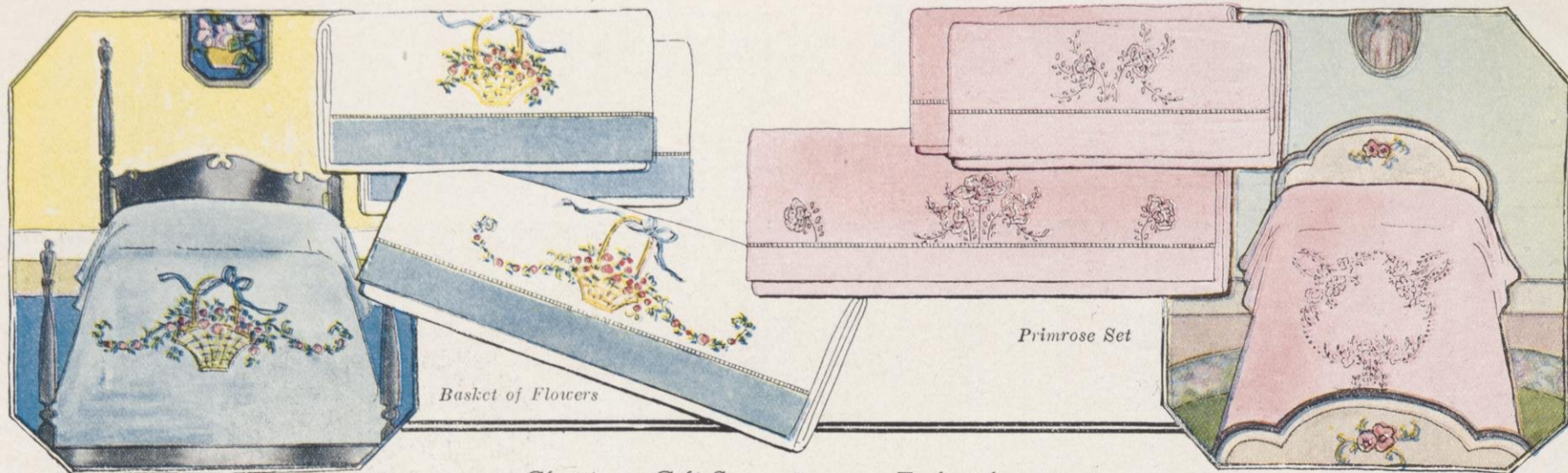
... because no other low-priced floor-covering offers such up-to-the-minute patterns—colorful designs for every room. For this reason it is wise not to buy a smooth-surfaced rug until you have seen the lovely designs in genuine Congoleum.

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# CONGOLEUM RUGS

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Christmas Gift Suggestions for Embroidery

# Colorful Bed Linen Ensemble Sets

**T**HE modern woman selects the furnishings for her home with just as much care as she selects her best frocks. Not only must her household goods be serviceable, and within a given price range, but they must also be pleasing to the eye, and more important still, in keeping with the home itself. Rugs, walls, draperies and furniture must all fit together graciously and must be in complete color harmony.

This captivating ensemble idea finds delightful expression in the new bed linen sets which include sheets, pillowcases and counterpanes to match. The sheets and pillowcases are either white with wide colored hems or are plain colored, while the counterpanes are of matching solid colors. The same design motif is used on each piece in a set, the size and arrangement being varied to suit the piece. The counterpanes are made from sheeting, too, so they may be laundered as easily and as often as the sheets themselves, always presenting a fresh appearance. And the best thing about these colored linene linens is that they will remain bright after innumerable tubbings. They are so easily made that they are a practical addition to the needleworker's own linen chest, and so attractive that they make ideal gifts.

The sheets and counterpanes are 81 by 90 inches finished, and the 42-inch pillowcases are 36 inches long.

### Basket of Flowers Set

The sheet and pillowcases of this set are finished with 4-inch blue linene hems which may either be hemstitched in place by machine or appliquéd by hand. At the top of the sheet a basket of flowers is embroidered. The basket is worked in buff-colored floss with outline and darning-stitches, and it has a blue outline bow on the handle. The French knot flowers are blue, pink and rose; they have green outline stems and green lazy-daisy leaves. Sheet measures 81 by 90 inches. A slightly smaller design adorns one end of each 42-inch pillowcase.

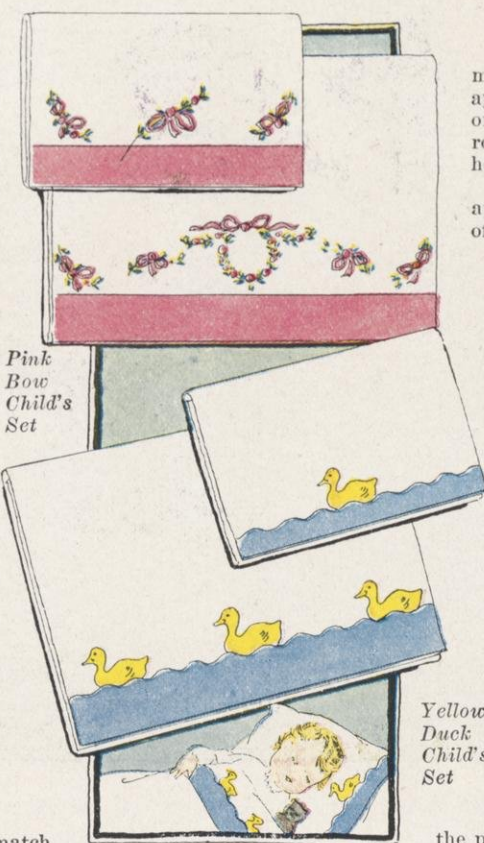
The counterpane for this set is blue to match the hems of sheet and pillowcases. It measures 81 by 90 inches. The basket design on sheet is repeated across the middle of the counterpane in a much larger size than it is on the sheet, but worked in the same stitches and colors.

### Primrose Ensemble Set

All of the pieces of this set are solid pink, embroidered in white. The outer edges of the flower petals are worked in buttonhole-stitch, the leaves in satin-stitch and the stems are worked in outline-stitch. The designs which appear on the sheet and pillowcases are combined in a large round design for the center of the counterpane. Pillowcases are 42 inches, sheet and spread 81 by 90 inches. Hems may be hemstitched by machine or by hand.

Designed by Sadie P. Le Sueur

Pink Cutwork Set



Pink Bow Child's Set

Yellow Duck Child's Set

### Pink Cutwork Set

White sheet and pillowcases have 4-inch pink hems which may either be hemstitched in place by machine or may be appliquéd by hand. On the white portion, just above the colored hem of the sheet and pillowcases, is a cutwork design of roses and leaves. It is worked in pink, slightly darker than the hems. Sheet is 81 by 90 inches, pillowcases are 42 inches.

In the center of the pink counterpane the cutwork rose motif appears in a large square design embroidered in a deeper shade of pink.

### Tulip Ensemble Set

An unusual appliquéd set consists of white sheet and pillowcases with 4-inch green hems and a matching green counterpane. Extending out from the hems of sheet and pillowcases are appliquéd designs of yellow tulips and green stems and leaves. The blossoms are held in place with matching yellow buttonhole-stitches, and the leaves and stems are caught down with tiny blind-stitches.

The green counterpane which matches the hems of sheet and pillowcases has the same tulip motif arranged in a round design. It measures 81 by 90 inches.

### Children's Sets

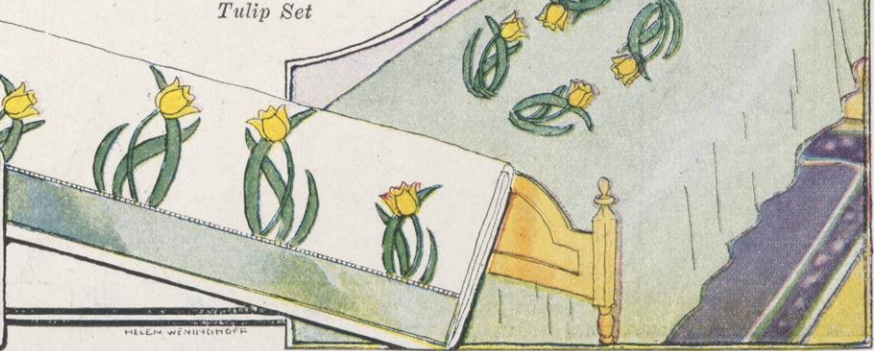
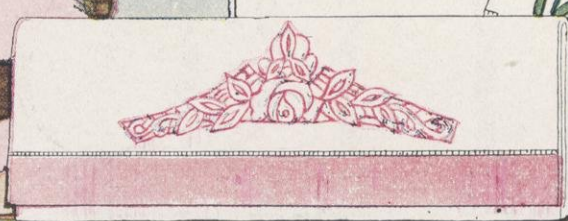
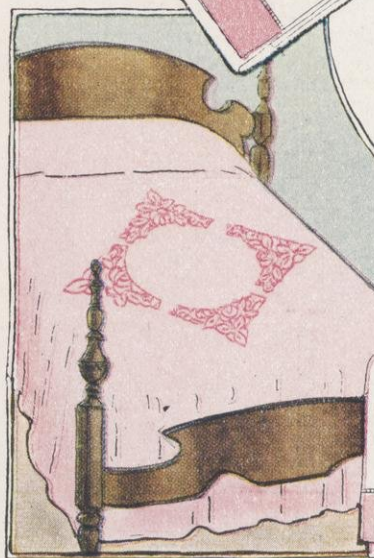
Any child will love these three-piece crib sets which consist of two pillowcases and a sheet which is quite pretty enough to use as a counterpane. Only the simplest embroidery stitches are used, so either set is quickly made, and furnishes a happy solution to the problem of sending to the new baby a useful gift which will not duplicate other gifts. The sheets are 36 by 50 inches, the pillowcases 24 inches around and 18 inches long, designed to fit a 12 by 16-inch pillow.

**Pink Bow Set:** The sheet has a 2½-inch pink hem, the pillowcases a 1¾-inch one. In the middle of the top of the sheet is a garland of rambler roses and French

knot flowers in pink and rose, with green outline stems and lazy-daisy leaves. The bow is pink satin-stitch. The pink bows and tiny flowers appearing on either side of this motif are repeated on the pillowcases.

**Yellow Duck Set:** The appliquéd blue hems on this set are scalloped to represent waves in which float yellow ducks appliquéd with matching yellow buttonhole-stitch. Black French knots make the ducks' eyes, while the markings on their wings are in outline-stitch. There are two ducks on the sheet, and one on each pillowcase. The blue bands across the pillowcases are 1½ inches wide, on the sheet 2¾ inches wide. This set is easy to make and it makes an attractive Christmas gift.

Tulip Set



# There's an air of hospitality about the Heatrola-heated home—



*Under the ripple of tea-table chatter, she revels in their glances of admiration . . . for she knows that they know it is a genuine Estate Heatrola here in her living-room. And what else can equal the deep-seated satisfaction which comes from owning that which everybody knows is the best?*

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## Estate

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Middle grade homes along the streets of Poona

## WAYSIDE TALES OF THE ORIENT

(Continued from page 9)

Indian villages follow one another in quick succession as one rides through the countryside, and India is mostly country. Great as are some of her cities, they are few in number. Her villages exceed 700,000 and in them live four-fifths of India's three hundred-odd millions of people.

One of the features of the structure of the Indian village is the separation of the dwellings of the low caste from those of the high caste people. Low castes and outcastes may not even draw water from the village well used by the high caste people, and in some sections of south India may not even use the road if a high caste person happens along.

The Indian village home is a simple affair: mud walls, flat roof, usually containing but a single room. The better ones have a small courtyard surrounded by high mud walls. Part is for the cattle. A part of the enclosure is also reserved for cooking, as is one spot inside. The string beds are moved out during the day and serve as seats. The bedding, a small cotton rug which serves as a mattress and the blanket or comfort which covers the sleeper entirely, is rolled up during the day. The family gathers in the courtyard where the huqqa or water tobacco pipe is smoked. To share the huqqa with one another signifies social equality; to be shut out is a dreaded thing.

There are no windows in these village homes. The lighting and ventilation thus are poor. The furniture of the house is simple. In addition to the beds, there are a cupboard built against the wall used to store grain, a few earthen jars in which food is kept, a hand mill for grinding grain or curry. The bowls and vessels in poorer homes are of burnt clay or metal; in the better homes, they are of brass. There are some tools, such as tongs to fix the fire, a large spoon, a shallow iron pan on which to bake flat bread, water pots and the vessel to draw the water from the well. Food is eaten with the fingers.

This is true even among many of the high castes such as the Brahmins. Once a liberal Brahmin invited us to breakfast (in India, breakfast is the second meal and comes between eleven and noon). Now, a Brahmin breakfast is a semi-liquid affair of foods, hot, hotter, hottest curry and pepper seasoning, served on a big plantain leaf. The servant brings in a mixture of heavenknows what. Another one serves what looks like potatoes in tiny, tiny balls, flavored with fire, I vow. Then there is something green like spinach and a pile of something else; I can't guess. In the middle is a moun-



Gate of an old fortified village

tain of rice. There is no meat, of course, for the Hindu religion forbids it. The bread is like an overgrown potato chip, big bubbles in it. Before you stands a metal cup of water, but not to drink. What then? We watch the guest of honor. He begins to transfer his food from the leaf to his mouth with a little scoop made of his first three fingers. And he an Oxford graduate! You may rinse your fingers in the cup of water. The next course we are told is a great favorite, curds of milk. Milk? We have seen no cows. Buffalo cow milk. That's different! We have to eat; we are guests. The last course seemed a little bundle of leaves. It was the betel nut, which the Indians chew and chew and chew. Redder and redder grow their teeth and lips, making them look as if they had had a curious accident. Another new experience!

Food suggests cooking, and cooking suggests the cooks, the women of India. When not working in the fields, the woman's place is very much in the home. One of the Hindu lawgivers, Manu, has summed up the woman's position in a very few words: "She shall serve him (her husband) with all her might, obey him in all things, spy no defects in his character, nor give him any cause for disquiet." The Orient is a man's world.

One of the outgrowths of this among the Moslems and some high caste Hindus is the custom of purdah, that is, the seclusion of women from the public gaze. No man is supposed to look upon their faces except husbands and close relatives. Even the automobiles were closely curtained when the women rode in them. You can readily understand why less than one percent of India's women are able to read and write.

Of the many pictures that crowd my memory, there is one more I want to share because it shows Hinduism at its best. In Madras there is the Ramakrishna school for boys, founded by the leader of one of Hinduism's most liberal sects. It is a school for worthy poor boys who must work as they learn. It compares favorably with similar institutions in the West.

We went of a Sunday evening while the student body, clad in white, sat on their mats in chapel at worship. It was a beautiful sight and we could not but be reverent, too, as they worshiped the "Goddess of Wisdom." For this sect instills tolerance. In the windows around this Hindu chapel were wrought in stained glass figures of the religious leaders of the world; beneath that of Christ was hung a garland.

India—what sadness, what poverty, what ignorance—and yet, what possibilities.

MR. ARTIST, PLEASE DRAW THIS KIND OF PICTURE  
TO ILLUSTRATE THIS ADVERTISEMENT

Draw the kind of woman who takes great pride in her home, from cellar to attic — for this is a Fels-Naptha advertisement.

She may have a little house. She may have a big house. But whichever it is, she runs it sensibly and capably. Her work goes along like clock-work — she plans things to save herself as much as possible. That's why she uses Fels-Naptha.

(Since you are an artist, you may not know much about household things, so we'll explain. Fels-Naptha is the soap that gives extra help. It's more than soap alone. It's good golden soap combined with plenty of naptha. Naptha is the safe, gentle dirt-loosener dry cleaners use. Naturally, the soap and naptha, working together, result in extra help. This extra help makes Fels-Naptha get clothes clean clear through without hard rubbing. So—picture the sort of woman who appreciates a real bargain in washing value.)

Of course we can't tell you just how she'll look, the color of her hair and eyes,—but she will be bright, trim and attractive. You know — the sort of woman who reasons things out for herself. They're quickest to take advantage of the extra help that Fels-Naptha can give.

As to what you have the woman doing, that's up to you. Of course Fels-Naptha's main job is helping with the weekly wash, so you might show her doing that. If you do, you can have her at either tub or washing machine, for Fels-Naptha works well in both of them. She might be hanging out the clothes, and if she is, put a lot of breeze and sunshine into the picture — something to show the airy freshness of clothes that are home-washed with Fels-Naptha.

Another idea: She might be smelling a bar of Fels-Naptha, for that's the test thousands of women have made to prove to themselves that this soap holds plenty of naptha. (You can smell the clean naptha odor in every bar.) Or then again, you can show her doing household cleaning, for Fels-Naptha is welcome extra help for that, too.

FELS & COMPANY  
Philadelphia



SPECIAL OFFER—Free for the asking,  
a handy little device to aid you with  
your wash. Just mail the coupon.

Fels & Company, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Please send me, free and pre-  
paid, the handy little device offered  
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W. W. — 10-29

# CLOTHING AND HEALTH

By MORRIS FISHBEIN, M.D.

Editor of *Hyeia* and the *Journal of the American Medical Association*

EXACT HEALTH INFORMATION OF VITAL INTEREST TO EVERY WOMAN

*A series of articles presenting the fundamental facts on beauty through good health. Written especially for Woman's World subscribers by a physician and editor of national reputation*

**F**EW people care enough about their health to select clothing primarily with a view to its healthful qualities. Style is the most important factor usually considered in the selection of wearing apparel. Not infrequently, styles detrimental to health are selected and many a woman has sacrificed her comfort to her craze for the fashionable. It will take a great advance in the level of human intelligence before clothing is selected only for its comfort-giving and healthful qualities. The proof of this assertion can be seen in any study of human costume that one cares to make.

There was a time when women constricted their waists to a point of deformity of the organs in order to meet the current mode. Today, constrictions of the body seldom concern women, unless round garters or too tightly rolled stockings happen to be involved. Constrictions of the body are serious, because they are quite definitely associated with the occurrence of varicose veins. By their interference with the return of the blood to the heart, they cause the veins to dilate, the valves to break down, and eventually serious disturbance of the circulation. Garters that are worn loose, if they are of a wide web, are not likely to produce any serious harm. Constrictions of the tissues are particularly inadvisable during the child-bearing period. At such times the demands on the circulation are even greater than usual and varicose veins are much more likely to occur.

The very first clothing worn by man was usually simple. It was planned primarily as a covering for the body, to give warmth and to protect the human being against insects. Clothing was also worn to protect against witchcraft and the evil eye. It was for this reason that Mohammedan women covered the face. The first clothing was worn suspended from the shoulders and did not constrict the human body at any portion.

Today, men wear belts and women still wear constricting, supporting garments. The costumes of men are far less hygienic today than are those of women. The stiff collar worn by man is frequently tight enough to constrict the neck and some men suffer noises in the ears and headaches as a result of such constrictions. Some physicians definitely associate constipation and disturbances of digestion with belts that are too tight.

## *Clothing as Protection and Adornment*

It is also generally recognized that one of the purposes of clothing is adornment. In human relationships, the woman has always attempted to make herself attractive to the male. The clothing that is colored and ornamental is more likely to attract attention than is that which may be dull and plain. It is a significant fact that among the lower animals in the species in which the male is dominant, it is the male bird or animal that is colored and has the fancy horns or plumage, whereas the female is dull and plain. The male animal exercises all of his possible attractions to secure the attention of the female.

From the hygienic point of view, clothing serves many useful purposes. It protects against cold and inclement weather, it keeps off excessive sunlight, and it is largely concerned with radiation of heat from the body. However, too much clothing may be harmful because it retains too much heat, prevents radiation of heat from the surface of the body, and prevents the access of ultra-violet rays to the skin. Women's dresses that are too long and too heavy interfere with active movements, stir up a great deal of dust and perhaps have something to do with the dissemination of germs.

One of the most serious attacks made on the present-day dress of women has come from Professor Rubner of Germany. He feels that the light clothing worn by women

throughout the year is a serious menace to health. Formerly the clothing of women weighed from 2½ to 3 kilograms or about eight pounds. Today the clothing of women in midsummer will average from 1½ to 2 pounds and even in winter seldom runs above five pounds. It must be remembered, however, that the clothing of women in winter is far preferable to that worn by men in summer. In the winter the women wear light garments and give themselves warmth by furs when they go outdoors. When they come indoors into the heated apartments, the furs are discarded. The clothing of the male is so heavy winter and summer that he gets much less radiation from the surface of the body and much less exposure to sunlight.

## *Cleanliness Is Essential to Health*

A serious point has arisen in relationship to the fact that underwear has been largely discarded by women. Almost half the body is bare, except for the single outer garment which is seldom if ever washed and which serves as a direct covering of the skin. Here the same garment is constantly in contact with the skin, collecting germs and serving to infect the surface of the skin with bacteria. A recent study made in the University of Nebraska indicates the way in which germs accumulate on garments which are worn frequently without washing. The germs on undergarments were counted day after day when the garment was worn steadily without changing. From an average count of 400,000 germs per square inch after one use, the number increased to nearly 10,000,000 germs per square inch after a shirt was worn six times. When the garment was carefully laundered, the number of germs was reduced to 1,000 per square inch or less and when the garment was dried in the sunlight and open air, the germs were eliminated almost entirely from its surface. Here is an indication of the relationship of garments worn day after day without washing or steam cleaning and the development of germs on the surface of the skin followed by pimples and other infections.

In relationship to the radiation of the heat from the surface of the body, investigators in the Harvard School of Public Health have made a study of various types of clothing worn by women and by men. The average person is generally dressed unsuitably for the heat of summer and it is surprising that heat stroke does not occur even more often than cases are recorded. In tropical climates, it is not unusual for man to remove his coat in public places. In our country, habit and fashion rule and men suffer greatly with the heat.

There seems to be no doubt that the clothing of women is today far superior to that of man from the point of view of health. Its lightness of weight, the freedom of action that it grants, the fact that it can be penetrated more easily by sunlight and that more skin is exposed to the air and to the sun are largely in its favor. Furthermore, through its variability it provides for proper radiation of heat from the body indoors and outdoors, both winter and summer. Indeed, the fact that clerical workers in modern office buildings are largely women results in the maintenance of temperatures and humidities in offices that are suitable to the clothing of women and bring increased difficulties for the men.

The eminent physiologist Leonard Hill points out that in winter man carries one-tenth of his weight in clothes, while a dog carries only two percent of his weight in fur. He believes that the modern fashion in scanty clothing for women has come about from the excess of unmarried women in the world and the desire for sexual attraction. Indeed, Professor Hill traces the increased use of powder and paint to the same source, urging that cosmetics are used to conceal the bad complexions brought about by the conditions of modern living and wrong diets.

From the point of view of health, clothing should be of a lightness that can be borne by the wearer without being pinched by the cold and without feeling the need of artificial heat when the weather is mild.

Exercise increases the production of heat by the body and those who are going to exercise vigorously should not put on extra clothing. Hence, it is absurd for a man to put on a heavy overcoat when going out for a brisk walk. The walk should be brisk enough to produce sufficient heat to take care of the needs of the body. Old people, those suffering with malnutrition and those weakened by disease are not able to produce heat as easily or to the same advantage as are those in perfect health. Hence, older people, the weak, and those insufficiently fed must have more covering in normal weather than those who are well.

In selecting clothing, attention must be given particularly to the freedom with which air may pass through the mesh so that evaporation of fluid from the surface of the body may go on and permit the body in this way to regulate its temperature.

The temperature of the skin under the clothes is usually four or five degrees warmer than the naked parts of the skin in a cold room and about one degree warmer in a warm room. The temperature between the undershirt and the body in ordinary clothing is about 30 degrees centigrade when in a room, but may fall considerably when one is exposed in ordinary clothing to cold weather on a frosty day. The various types of material have much to do with the ease with which fluid is evaporated from the surface of the body and heat radiated. Wool has a fiber which keeps the garment off the skin and secures an air layer beneath. Thus evaporation is hastened with wool garments and they do not cling as does cotton when it becomes wet. Wool garments, however, shrink and thicken when washed repeatedly. Linen or cotton is cooler than wool and may be woven with an open mesh to permit greater evaporation or with a mesh to give greater warmth. The best modern garments are made with mixtures of linen or wool or silk and wool to provide the qualities needed.

## *Select Clothing for Comfort*

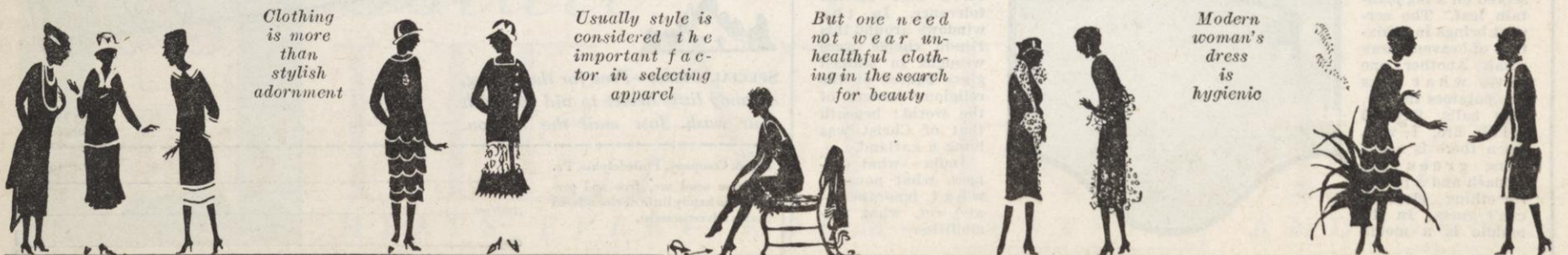
The color of clothing has little to do apparently with the irradiation of heat from the body. Leonard Hill feels that a black skin absorbs more heat and becomes hotter than a white skin because the pigment layers take up more heat. A person with a thick layer of fat on the surface of the body loses heat less rapidly when exposed to cold air than does a thin person. The absorption of the visible rays of the sun by clothes seems to have some relationship to their color.

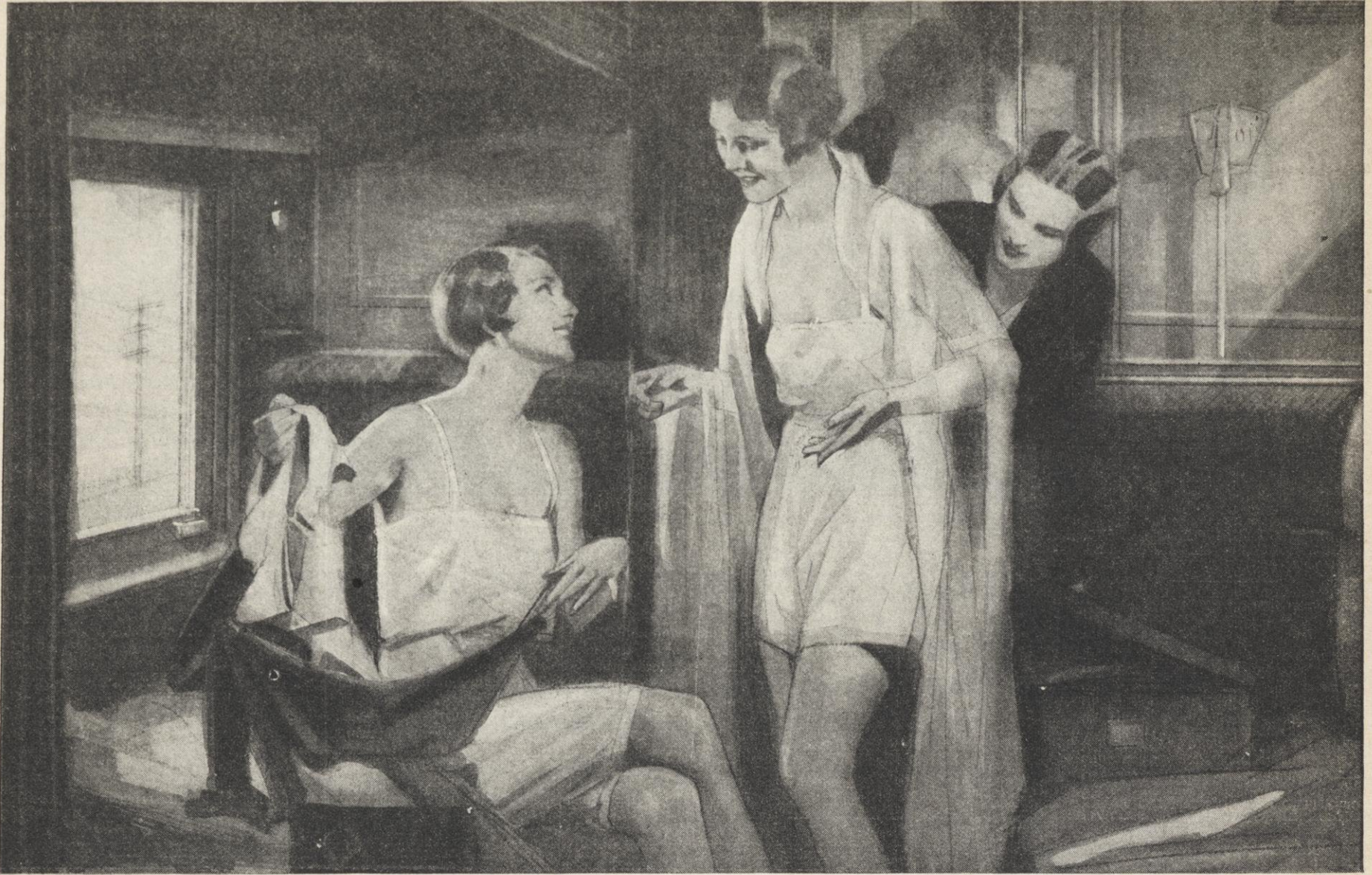
The best clothing in hot weather is a loose robe or garments with the trousers reaching to the knees and flapping loose and with the shirt kept loose outside the trousers. A sun helmet with a white heat-reflecting surface will keep the heat from the head. One of the advantages in long trousers is, of course, protection against mosquito bites and those of other insects.

In the search for beauty, therefore, one need not indulge in clothing that is ruinous to health, particularly if one is a woman.

Today the least hygienic feature of the woman's costume is her shoes. The ordinary human foot at birth is capable of carrying on at least until middle life, and possibly until advanced age, without much disturbance if it is given a fair chance. Such a chance includes the use of proper-fitting shoes from birth onward, sufficient amounts of suitable exercise to develop the muscles and ligaments so that they may hold the bones of the foot in proper position, the avoidance of

(Continued on page 53)





*This month two million girls are taking our rayon lingerie away to school and college.*

## When a woman boasts she bought her lingerie for only 98¢

*you may know she is a customer of ours!*

A FEW months ago we invited you to stop in and see our new *subdued lustre* rayon underthings . . . and 5,000,000 of you came! In 1,400 J. C. Penney stores you bought these good-looking 79¢ vests and 98¢ bloomers.

Now our fall styles in this well-cut lingerie are ready . . . and you'll find that they are prettier than ever. Trim little shorts fitted on a shaped band that eliminates all elastic at the waistline . . . the new sport briefs . . . bloomers in three lengths.

And when you pick up one of these dainty shell-pink garments only the price tag says rayon! At last, we have achieved a rayon weave *almost as fine as glove silk!*

We've made each strong rayon thread soft and

fine . . . dyed it in delicate tints never before offered in any lingerie at this price. Brilliant pinks and blues have softened to a new flesh-tone, and Lido blue. There are delicate shades of peach . . . Nile . . . orchid.

This outstanding value is an interesting example of the J. C. Penney policy that gives you *more than your money's worth* on everything you buy in our stores. A short time ago the cost of rayon materials dropped several cents a pound. And because we pass such savings on to our customers, we sought the best way to turn this new economy into lovelier lingerie for you. Now as you examine these dainty garments, we believe you will realize that their value can-



*New little briefs . . . bloomers with double cuff . . . 98¢*

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Today we buy for 400 more stores than a year ago. Each month this fall we shall open many more . . . buy in greater and greater quantities . . . and find new ways to bring dainty, quality underthings to you with greater economy. Throughout *every* department, our large business enables us to give you substantial savings.

Test this for yourself in your own J. C. Penney store. If we are not in your city, write and let us tell you where the most convenient J. C. Penney store is located. And we will send you a free copy of our "Store News" in rotogravure. Address J. C. Penney Company, Inc., 330 West 34th Street, New York City.

# J.C. PENNEY CO. DEPT. STORES

*The largest department store in the world . . . under more than 1400 roofs!*



*Lollypops Preferred*  
As a result of wrong diet, this boy's teeth are badly decayed



*School children receiving dental prophylaxis at Rochester Dental Dispensary*



*Apples Preferred*  
This girl has perfect teeth. She eats fruit instead of candy

# Retaining Good Teeth Throughout Life

*Diet and Intelligent Care in Childhood Insure the Priceless Possession of Sound Teeth in Later Years*

By ETHEL M. HENDRIKSEN

**B**ABY has cut his first tooth! Peeking through the pink gum comes the tiny pearl-like incisor which delights the eyes of fond parents and relatives. Do these adults realize that this little tooth is not merely a miracle of nature but that many important elements have gone into its making? Do they understand that continuous care must be given both the temporary and the permanent teeth if the latter are to last a lifetime, as nature intends they should?

The teeth receive their nourishment through little blood vessels which pass through a tiny opening in the root of the tooth. Parents will recall seeing these tiny holes in the end of the root of deciduous teeth as they fall out. Through this same opening passes also a nerve. This extremely sensitive mass of blood vessels and nerve tissue is known as the pulp and it centers in the crown of the tooth. Around this is the solid portion of the tooth called the dentine, and covering the dentine is the enamel, the hardest substance in the body.

Parents need to know that just as every other part of the child's body during growth and development requires more care than that of an adult, so the teeth are of more importance and should receive the earliest possible attention of the dentist. Parents should not wait for teeth to decay and for toothache to set in before seeking a dentist. Periodic visits to a dentist should be made from the time the teeth appear.

## *The Permanent Six-Year Molars*

Gradually, one by one and then two or three at a time, the young child will cut all of his twenty deciduous (falling out) teeth. Then back of these teeth, at about five or six years of age, will appear other teeth. These are the permanent six-year molars. Very often, these first permanent teeth are mistaken for deciduous teeth and are allowed to decay. Any adult who took the pains to inquire among his friends would find that very few have their full set of thirty-two permanent teeth. Most of them have lost molars. Cavities come early in these first molars, as is witnessed in any dental survey. New York made a study of 291 first grade children and found cavities in 98 out of every 100 of their six-year molars. This condition is said to be general all over the United States and in rural districts as well as in urban centers. There is a way to prevent all this and parents should know about it.

Toothache, that bane of childhood, begins with the early decay of teeth and continues intermittently throughout life, causing loss of school and working time, lowered efficiency and sometimes the loss of teeth which care should have preserved and kept sound. Rheumatic fevers, arthritis, gastric disturbances and heart disease are some of the serious consequences of neglected teeth. The molars are the chief offenders.

Recent scientific discoveries both in the field of hygiene and of preventive dentistry now make it possible for practically everyone to have good teeth and to retain them throughout life. In order to pass this information on to everyone in a given section, such as a city or a county, a

community dental program has been adopted in some places. The community dental plan of work begins with the preschool child and seeks to care for the teeth of all school children. It conducts educational work which includes the expectant mother and extends through all periods of life. Where the families cannot pay for the services of a private dentist, clinic facilities are provided for them. Industries sometimes set up dental clinics for their employees. Usually such clinics do prophylactic work and urge employees to seek a dentist for reparative work. This article, however, is chiefly concerned with the teeth of children. The most important adult in the community, therefore, is the expectant mother.

## *Bone-building Minerals in the Diet*

When a child is born, it has a full set of deciduous teeth formed and ready to come through. Hence, the quality of the child's teeth is predetermined to a certain extent by the habits of the mother. If her diet has lacked calcium and phosphorus, the necessary bone-building minerals, probably the mother has sacrificed her own teeth to provide these essentials for her child. Nature is ever insistent that the child's needs be cared for even at the sacrifice of the mother. Two quarts of milk daily, together with fresh vegetables, fruits and salad greens, should be included in the mother's diet. She should visit her dentist frequently.

Parents should know that too early loss or too long retention of deciduous teeth may cause crooked or irregular permanent teeth. But what is more important, even, is that dead deciduous teeth are as dangerous to the health of the child as are dead teeth in the mouth of an adult. The same diseases may arise from this condition.

Deformed jawbones with protruding teeth may be caused from constant thumb-sucking or from mouth breathing. This condition is serious not only because it disfigures the facial expression but because it causes malocclusion. Normal teeth are formed so that there is a perfect grinding surface between them. When this perfect grinding surface is lacking, food cannot be masticated properly and indigestion results. Protruding or malformed teeth usually means a high narrow arch which may render one incapable of qualifying as a speaker or singer or even enunciating correctly. But the greatest harm from this condition is that an extremely high arch may produce pressure on the sphenoid bone, which in turn presses against a portion of the brain, retarding it from normal expansion.

The correction of malocclusion, as this is called, is a branch of dentistry known as orthodontics. The average family dentist is not qualified to handle the problem of correcting irregularities of the teeth. The orthodontist is trained for this tedious, painstaking work and his advice should be sought.

But abnormal conditions are few compared to the defects caused by everyday neglect. Lack of proper diet is one of the chief reasons for the early decay of teeth. Children need hard, crusty food and raw vegetables such as cabbage, carrots, celery and lettuce. The teeth need exercise on "chewy" foods. There should be a minimum

of sweets and of starchy foods in the child's diet. The child who breakfasts on bread and coffee and dines on potatoes and meat with a dessert of pie or cake is harming his teeth. Parents should realize the importance of this matter of diet and should give it more thought than any other one thing in the child's care. Every growing child needs a quart of milk daily. He should have whole grain cereals and dark breads with plenty of butter. He needs plenty of fresh vegetables and salad greens, fruits and fruit juices, but he should not be given much sugar.

Cleanliness is essential and the child should be taught at an early age to use a toothbrush properly. The family dentist will give the best instruction in the use of the toothbrush and in the kind of dentifrice and mouth-wash desirable. Toothbrushes should be protected from contamination with any object which may contain harmful bacteria. They should be washed frequently in soap and water and should be hung outside the window in the sun to dry, or buried in a jar of salt. A new brush will be required monthly, or if two brushes are in use, as is best, they should be renewed every two months.

"Clean the teeth as often as you use them" is a good motto for young and old. If the child can be taught to visualize his teeth as his personal eating utensils, it will be easier for him to keep them clean, just as he sees that knives and forks and dishes are kept clean. It is customary to wash the dishes immediately following the meal; they are harder to cleanse if allowed to stand. The same is true of the teeth. After an hour's time, food left in the teeth begins to deteriorate. The warmth and moisture within the mouth afford a perfect condition for the formation of bacteria, some of which are harmful and cause tooth decay. A thorough brushing of the teeth and gums requires two minutes. Children should be timed by the clock or, as an attractive diversion, by a tiny hour-glass which runs the sands through in this period.

## *Visit the Dentist Frequently*

But even with painstaking effort, no one can cleanse the teeth as thoroughly as is necessary for their complete protection. The little child, whose teeth are so important, should be seen frequently by a dentist for a prophylactic treatment which includes a thorough cleaning of the teeth. In the community dental program, the teeth of school children are cleaned by dental hygienists twice yearly. At such times, any defects are noted and reparative work is recommended as required.

Dentists have recently discovered a way to save the molars by filling the fissures in them before they break down with decay. In some molars, there are crevices which defy the toothbrush. In these crevices, particles of food lodge and, in time, cause decay in the tooth. Dentists are now opening up these fissures or crevices and filling them, making the grinding surface of the tooth smooth and easy to clean. This preventive work saves trouble and later expense and is now regarded by many dentists as the chief means of saving the molars.

School dental work was begun first in Bridgeport under the direction of Dr. Alfred C. Pones. The work in Boston was given impetus by the

(Continued on page 53)

# The Gospel of Flowers

PLANT TULIPS NOW FOR SPRING BLOOM

Popular varieties of the first flower of the year

By MAUD R. JACOBS

**T**ULIPS furnish the first flowers of the year in most gardens. The sorts best known in this country are the early, Darwin, Breeder, Cottage and double tulips, though there is growing interest in parrot, Rembrandt, bizarre, Bybloemen, lily-flowered, Mendel and botanical tulips.

Early tulips planted along the south side of a wall or house come into bloom very early. Double tulips are lovely where they do well. Darwin, Breeder and Cottage tulips bloom later than most early and double tulips. They are large-flowered, long-stemmed, long-lasting sorts that are equally good for garden effect and cutting—and well worth planting in as great quantity as one can afford. Darwin, Breeder and Cottage tulips have practically the same season of bloom; their most obvious difference is in color.

In parks, tulips are usually planted in formal beds or borders, but in the home garden they are most effective when scattered in irregular clumps through the perennial border. One great advantage of planting them in the perennial border is that the growing perennials hide the leaves of the tulips when they begin to die back after blooming. Tulips for cutting are best planted in the vegetable garden.

Tulip bulbs should be planted in the fall, preferably in October. They will bloom even when planted as late as January, but not so well.

### Guard Against Mice and Moles

Any soil and drainage that suit ordinary perennials and vegetables suit tulips. They give poor results, though, in gardens that are badly infested with moles. Some claim the moles eat the bulbs; others claim the mice that use the mole runs eat the bulbs. Whichever claim is correct, tulip bulbs are usually eaten in mole-infested gardens unless closely woven fencing wire is sunk around the bulbs to protect them.

Tulip bulbs should be planted 4 to 6 inches deep; bulbs should be planted deeper in sand than in clay, large bulbs deeper than small ones. It is essential that they be planted top up—it is amazing how many people plant tulip bulbs upside down. It is also essential that bulbs rest firmly on ground, with no air space underneath the bulb, which means that holes for planting should be made with a broad-tipped trowel rather than a pointed one.

Some gardeners insist that tulip bulbs must be lifted every summer and dried off; others insist that tulips need not be lifted oftener than once in three to twenty years. Everything depends on the variety and location. Botanical tulips often grow well for centuries without lifting, and often refuse to bloom for years after moving; a few varieties bloom well only if lifted every year; many garden tulips will get along without lifting for fully as long as the general run of perennials.

The best reason for lifting tulip bulbs every year or two is to increase the supply of bulbs. A bulb planted this fall will have one flower stem next spring. If lifted next summer, there will be two or three bulbs of blooming size and several smaller ones that will grow to blooming size in a year or two in the vegetable garden. If bulbs are lifted at the

end of five or six years instead of every year, there will probably be a dozen or so bulbs, some of them small. It is obvious, therefore, that those who lift and separate their bulbs each year will increase their bulbs much faster than those who do not, but they will do much extra work. Busy gardeners and those who must hire help usually prefer to plant tulip bulbs and let them take care of themselves, replanting when necessary. Flowers are usually just as large and stems just as long and stiff on bulbs that are not lifted as on those that are.

### Planning Garden Combinations

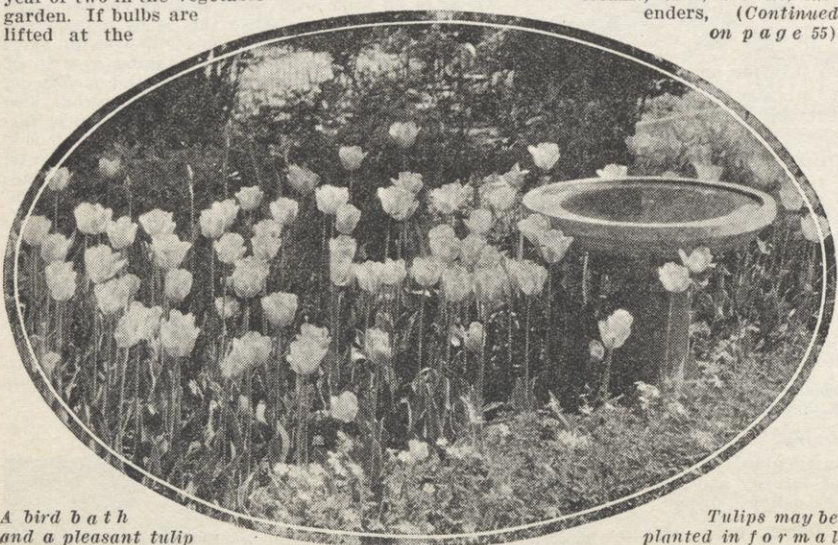
Bulbs that are not lifted usually bloom earlier than those that are, or than newly planted bulbs. Those who want increased length of bloom like to plant some new bulbs each fall to follow the ones already planted. This fact is of importance when planning garden combinations. Newly planted bulbs of *Clara Butt*, for example, should bloom for a few days with *Iris Lohengrin*, providing an exquisite garden picture, while established bulbs will be through blooming before the iris opens. Bulbs planted on the north side of a house may not bloom until all other tulips are past, which is well worth remembering if you want late tulip bloom for a flower show or anything of the sort.

Tulip bulbs should never be lifted until the leaves die back—tops die back and roots dry off at the same time, just as they do on the garden onion. If lifted before the leaves die back, bulbs must be replanted somewhere else in the garden until the leaves do die back, otherwise there will be little if any bloom the following spring. Potted tulips from the florist should be planted outdoors as soon after flowering as the ground can be dug. Some sorts will bloom beautifully in the garden the next spring, some not for two years or more.

Tulips are much higher in price this year than last, but many fine sorts are still offered for \$6 per hundred or for less. Most dealers will sell 25 of a sort at the hundred rate, that is, at one-fourth the price of a hundred. It is much better to buy 25 of one sort than a few each of many sorts. It is rarely, if ever, wise to buy mixed tulips. Practically all tulips are lovely but mixed tulips are almost always sorts that you do not care for personally. A mass of one color in the garden is always more effective than a spotting of color.

Tulips are most popular as cut flowers. They last well in water and are easily arranged. They are lovely alone or in combination with other flowers. When cut with 2 or 3-foot stems (cutting such long stems removes so many leaves the bulbs will not bloom the following year), they can be arranged in great baskets or jars, or single flowers can be arranged in tall slender vases. When cut with very short stems, they are easily arranged in shallow baskets or bowls. As long as they are not crowded, it is hard to arrange them poorly. Colors can be secured to harmonize with any sort of container one may own, for tulips come in reds, maroons, pinks, creams, tans, browns, lavenders,

(Continued on page 55)



A bird bath and a pleasant tulip garden in a sunny spot

Tulips may be planted in formal beds or in the perennial border



“OH, the THINGS I’ve seen --- through the thousand windows”



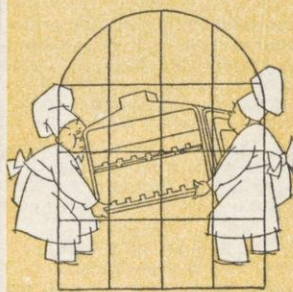
“I’ve been looking,” says Old Man Sun, “through the thousand windows of Sunshine Bakeries for many years... luscious sights I’ve seen, too!...”



“These Sunshine Bakers in their tidy white frocks, now... always up to something new, they are... got a knack for progress, they have...”



“I remember, must have been twenty years ago too, when they packed up and went to England... after something good, they were... I knew it...”



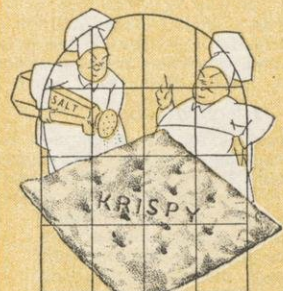
“They brought back special English ovens, set them up behind the thousand windows—and started baking English Style biscuits—right here in America...”



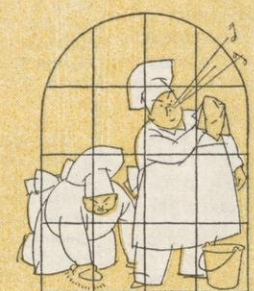
“One of the best is Sunshine Hydrox... they put velvety cream, white as a fleecy cloud, in between two handsome chocolate cookies... there’s a treat!...”



“They always seem to be ahead of the rest with new things... now they’ve taken to wax-wrapping cracker packages on the outside... keeps moisture out...”



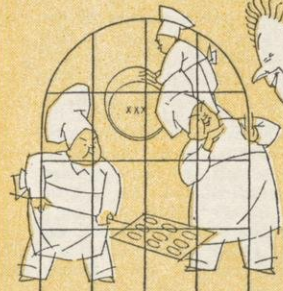
“They’ve got the finest table cracker I ever laid these old rays upon... Sunshine Krispy Crackers, they call ’em... salted squares... dimpled, browned...”



“And clean... say! I’ve looked into every corner of their bakeries... clean as the cusp of a new moon... makes me proud they name their cookies after me...”



“They’re particularly watchful about Sunshine Arrowroot Biscuits for babies... careful to keep the mixture just so... got babies of their own, most of them...”



“Well, I must be getting on... due in China pretty soon... hate to leave all these good things... if you want some, just mention my name in your grocery store.”

**Sunshine**  
..well worth saying whenever you want  
**CRACKERS  
COOKIES,  
CAKES**

FROM THE THOUSAND WINDOW BAKERIES  
of Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co.



HANES  
UNDERWEAR  
ALWAYS  
MEASURES  
**FULL**  
SIZE



YOUNG growing bodies need soft, warm protection in winter. And especially do they need underwear that's right in design and size.

You can't afford to skimp here—and HANES doesn't! Soft, fine-quality, long-wearing cotton material is used—and plenty of it. Size 10 means size 10. Like the famous HANES Underwear for men, these garments are elastic-knit and *knitted*, not cut, to size. They never bind, wrinkle, bunch. Seams are flat-locked, non-irritating. Buttonholes are strongly reinforced. Every thread, stitch and button is guaranteed.

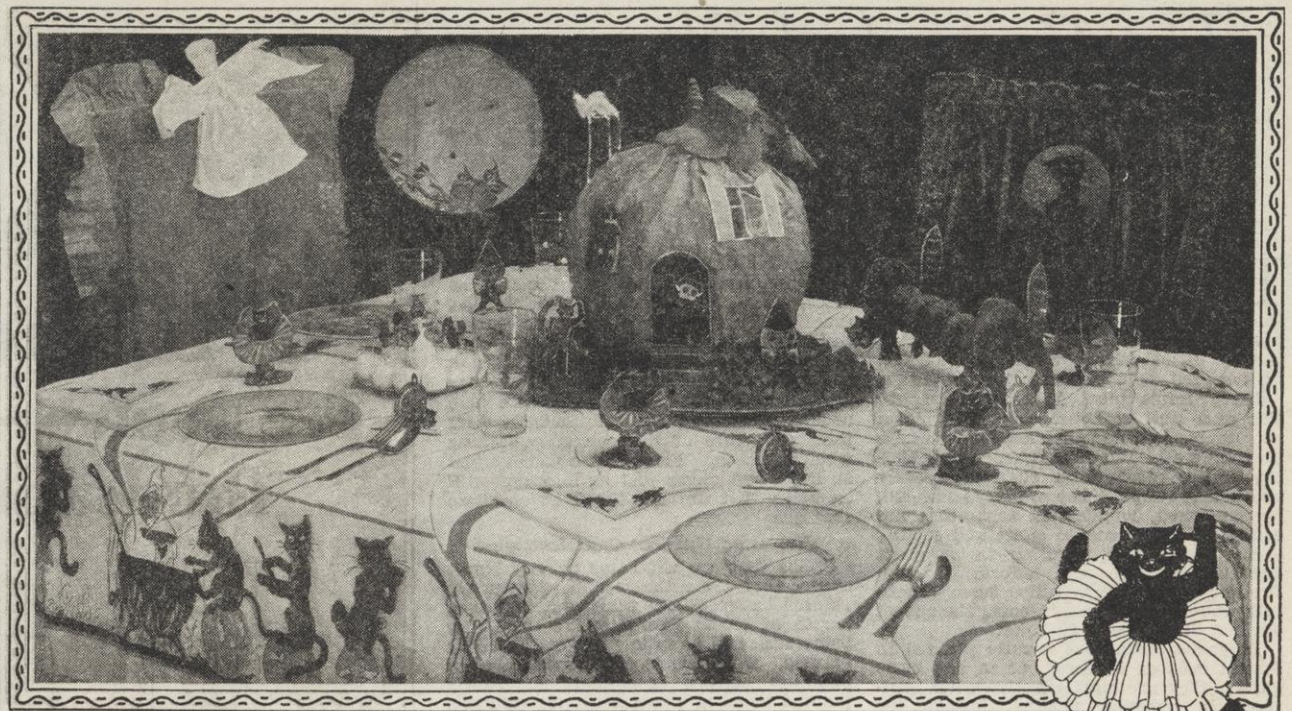
You can't duplicate HANES values at the price. Only 75c to \$1 for medium, heavy or extra-heavy union suits, age 2 to 16. Merrichild Waist Suits, for boys and girls, age 2 to 12, are 85c. Short-sleeve, knee-length garments in both. If you can't get HANES at your regular store for your children and their dad as well, write direct to P. H. Hanes Knitting Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

**HANES**  
UNDERWEAR

FOR  
MEN AND  
BOYS



FOR  
EVERY  
SEASON



## A Jolly Hallowe'en Frolic

Planned by Marjorie Dayton

**O**CTOBER is a most compelling month to entertain. Its alluring atmosphere of harvest, its brilliant colors of autumn foliage surrounding us and its invigorating autumn air all combine to arouse the jovial spirit of hospitality. Then, too, there is that gala night, All Hallows Eve, that induces all ages to celebrate it any time during the latter part of the month.

An invitation to a merry Hallowe'en frolic reads:

"The Pumpkin House is shining bright,  
To celebrate a festive night.  
So come and join us—'tis Hallowe'en,  
And see some sights you've never seen."

Time	Place	Guests are requested
October 30th 9 p. m.	Sign of the Pumpkin 9 Green Lane	to come in costume

This invitation is printed in black ink on orange mat stock cut the shape of a pumpkin.

### A Hobgoblin Receives

At the outside entrance is the Sign of the Pumpkin, a jolly pumpkin face lantern over the light. A red bulb has been used and his leery red eyes gleam out at each guest. A hobgoblin receives at the door and presents each guest with a mask. It may be a cat face, or a witch's face, or even that of a spook! Each guest is tagged with a name which he is called during the evening, such as Gloria Pumpkin, Constance Corneob, John Spook, Miss Sand Witch, Apple Jack, and other such names.

### Decorations

The decorations for the room used for games or dancing are rows of colored Christmas tree lights, shielded by cardboard cut-out pumpkin faces with colored crepe paper eyes, nose and mouth gleaming out in varied colors of red, blue, green or purple. Along the walls are cardboard picket fences with pumpkin and wild cat decorations. Real tree branches are in the corners of the room with colored crepe paper moss thrown over them in brilliant colors. Spooks, bats and owls appear to be roaming in the branches.

### The Game of Hidden Spooks

Each guest is given a copy of the story and a pencil and asked to find five hidden spooks in the story. The story reads: "Our daring host was walking along the garden path on Hallowe'en when suddenly a ferocious animal jumped out toward him from behind the catalpa tree. The beast howled at him but the brave adventurer was not dismayed. He put up a terrific battle, for boldly he took a switch from the tree and struck the beast, which reeled over and died." Each "spook" is a word. The hidden words are: ghost, cat, owl, bat and witch.

### Supper Decorations and Favors

Of course, the success of the party is greatly aided by intriguing table decorations and appropriate food daintily and interestingly served. A pumpkin house centerpiece delights guests

of all ages. It may be wired and serve as a lighted decoration or as a container for favors. When used for favors, each guest reaches through the tiny door to find his treasure. Individual chair backs with spooks, cats or witches add interest to the party, as well as Hallowe'en decorative table covers, napkins and place cards. Place cards are indicated with each guest's Hallowe'en name.

A jolly little dancing cat with a fluted yellow crepe paper ballet skirt greets each guest, and proves to be a life-saver.

Two pert cats, cardboard cut-outs, with a stick or wire for a crossbar, make an inviting doughnut rack. A dainty and decorative way of eating a gummy marshmallow is to make a handle for it by thrusting in a toothpick with gummed Hallowe'en seals attached to top. A vegetable or chicken salad if served in a tomato hollowed out cup fashion may be made a jolly pumpkin face by adding cloves, as shown in the photograph below. Sandwiches may be transformed into spooks by adding nuts and cloves for faces. Fancy cakes are adorned in similar manner.

### How to Make Pumpkin House Centerpiece

Lay on table eight heavy wires thirty-six inches long crisscross fashion on a cardboard circle seven inches in diameter. Fasten wires to circle with tabs of gummed tape and bend up pumpkin shape to form a frame. Tie at top with spool wire, leaving about three inches for stem. Cover frame with crushed orange crepe paper. Wind stem with green crepe paper.

The foundation is mat stock and like a huge pumpkin leaf and covered with crushed green crepe paper. Pumpkin leaves cut from moss green crepe paper add to the decorative effect. Windows and doors cut from mat stock, and hobgoblin cut-outs are pasted in both.

### Crepe Paper Costumes

The simplest costume to make for man, woman or child is called the "slip-over" and is to be worn over one's regular clothes. The quickest way to make this is by using crepe paper. A man wears this slip-over in place of a coat. It is made by taking a strip of crepe paper the entire width and measuring it double length from shoulder to waist. The head is cut out "V" fashion. A tape is fastened on the corners which tie on each side of the waist. Bat cut-outs, pirate faces, cats, etc., vary these slip-overs. Girls' costumes are made in similar fashion except that a gathered skirt is attached apron effect.



Cloves and small candies make the goblin faces



# MORALITY COMPLEX

(Continued from page 8)

and a morality complex! Oh! There's our car . . ."

Long after the car had purred luxuriously away, Fiona still stood in the shadow of those high stone steps and shivered. She had completely forgotten the waiting taxi. At last, her head lowered against the wind, she turned toward home, a strange, tight feeling in her chest that came, she thought, from suppressed tears. After hours in overheated rooms, the cold air cut like a knife, but the discomfort seemed only part of her mental suffering. It was a long walk, yet she scarcely realized that her feet in their satin slippers were icy-cold until, reaching her own doorway, she saw her husband peering into the early winter darkness with anxious eyes.

"Where the dickens have you been, Fiona? I telephoned and they said you never took the taxi. What's up, darling? You look—"

Fiona raised her head, wondering dully why her eyelids felt so heavy. "It—it's no use, Lee. I . . ." She laughed, an eerie laugh that made Lee shiver. "I'm just a—pretty face and a morality complex. Why don't you laugh? It's funny, isn't it? They laughed. Why . . ."

Ten days later, coming out of "the valley of the shadow," Fiona's eyes strayed to a bowl of small white roses, garden roses such as she'd had "at home," yet there was snow against the windows, and such roses did not bloom till June. "I'm dreaming," she thought, closing her eyes wearily. For three days, she had been drifting back after a fight so nearly lost that Lee Hartwell never remembered it without a shudder. "I'm dreaming," she told herself again, and slept a little.

When she awoke, Lee was beside her in the big chair, his eyes closed, his young face haggard. "Lee!" whispered Fiona.

He started suddenly. She had not spoken his name for days save in delirium, and his heart pounded.

"You're better, darling?"

Her eyes grew puzzled. "What made me—sick again? There was something . . . I can't remember . . ."

"Don't try to remember," he begged hurriedly. "Just rest."

Things came back very slowly to Fiona, a memory here, another there, "like pieces of a picture puzzle," she thought whimsically. And every morning there were fresh roses, the same white blossoms that brought her childhood blessedly near again. It was those roses that supplied the missing piece of puzzle when she asked, "Where do you find them, Lee, this time of year? I love them."

HE SMILED. "I can't plead guilty, darling. Mrs. Martin sends them. She says—Why, what's the matter?"

"Nothing," answered Fiona, and closed her eyes, the picture puzzle complete at last. Mrs. Martin! That cold wind sweeping down the avenue . . . A voice: "All she's got is a pretty face and a morality complex." And Lee . . . Lee who was ashamed of her. Being still weak, Fiona began to cry as she said brokenly, "I tried, Lee, but I couldn't break my promise . . . I thought Mrs. Martin understood, and—then I heard . . ."

Between sobs, she told the story that finished a picture puzzle of Lee's own, one

that had started that night when Fiona was stricken with pneumonia. Now he understood. Hot anger surged over him at those who had hurt her; then, remembering that he was one of them, his heart twisted with sudden pain.

"She said," went on Fiona, winking away the tears, "that I ought to go back to the farm where you found me. I will, Lee. I promise not to spoil your life. I told father I'd never shine in high society. I shouldn't have tried. But I loved you—"

"Stop it!" Lee's voice was harsh because his throat was aching. "Stop right there, or in two minutes I'll blubber like a baby. You do shine, Fiona, always and everywhere; and you were right to keep that promise. Down inside I always knew you were right, but—but—"

PERHAPS he was "blubbing" a little. At any rate, he ceased speaking and held Fiona close. Not until both were calm again did he lay her

## BITS

By ANNE SUTHERLAND

*THE Little Missus has made herself a dress, soft autumn-brown stuff with bits of lace in front. She showed me a \$60 one in a store window; made hers, she says, for \$12.87 (bits of housekeeping money left over), which is true, but I know there were other "bits" went into the making of it, a bit of managing here, of doing without there, of cajolery to get young John off to bed early for the "cutting-out."*

*That cutting-out! The stuff was just unfolded and my pipe drawing when the 'phone rings and old Mrs. Biggs wants a bit of sympathizing for her rheumatism; then a storm comes up and the Little Missus trots upstairs to stay with John a bit till the worst's over. There's a bit of anxiety for John's tonsils and a bit for the new dress's shoulders; right in the middle of a sleeve the Missus shrieks out, "The porridge burned dry!" Then there's a goodish bit of tragedy when both sleeves are cut to one arm; a bit of kidding from me and a bit of teary laughter from the Little Missus. Finally a long, satisfied sigh and her confession to being "a bit" tired.*

*Take it all in all, if that plucky bit of a woman wants to go off to church tomorrow in the new dud, leaving me young John and the dinner to watch—well, she's got it coming to her and I won't kick a BIT!*

way, has always refused to play at even a cent a point!) desires greatly the opportunity to become acquainted with a young woman who shares his convictions."

Lee glanced up, his eyes shining proudly, but Fiona had ceased to listen. Out of the past came her father's voice again: "No one worth knowing, daughter, will think the worse of you . . ." Then, swinging back to the present, she asked breathlessly, "Lee, I'd almost forgotten! Did—did you get that raise?"

Lee shook his head. "Johnson got it. He's done good work, you know."

With sudden strength, Fiona sat erect. Her eyes were flashing. "And what about you? If they don't appreciate—"

Lee arose, lifted his wife's indignant face, and, stooping, kissed it. "I like your righteous wrath, beloved. But you mustn't blame my superiors too much. They considered my work as good as Johnson's—"

"And because he brags about it—" broke in Fiona, still furious; when Lee said soberly, though laughter lurked at the corners of his expressive mouth:

"That was the trouble, I understand. He bragged, 'not wisely but too well.' Did I neglect to mention, darling, that your husband is now a member of the firm?"

# A Tiresome Task Made Pleasant

THEY were so proud of their living room—this young couple of rural America. All their furniture was new—except the rug. That had come from mother's. "An heirloom," she had said; "every worn spot is a tender memory."

This young couple, however, were of the new generation. They realized that their parents worshipped each spot as a "tender memory," chiefly because it was such an annoyance to get a new rug. Yet almost a year had passed since their marriage—and still no new rug.

Finally, one night, they decided that something must be done about "that rug." On Saturday afternoon they started for the city. Crowds in the streets; crowds in the big stores. Then back home, tired, hardly remembering the pattern they had at last chosen because it was getting so late.

\* \* \*

A few years passed. The rug that the young couple had hastily acquired in the city after a long and tedious trip was showing signs of wear, in its turn.

One day, window shopping along Main Street, they saw a Mohawk Rug Merchandiser display. In a minute they were inside, looking at



Needed—one new rug.

They visit the city.

The jostling crowds.

Home again—unsatisfied.

and feeling the soft and beautiful little rugs; admiring the colors and wide range of patterns and weaves—all seamless—and marveling at this new way to choose rugs, at just the price they wished to pay.

Needless to say, before another sun rose upon Main Street, an order for one 9x12 was winging its way to the nearest Merchandiser distributor. And in no time a brand new rug, bought in this brand new way, stretched its lovely length upon the floor in the living room of this delighted couple.

\* \* \*

More than 6,000 Mohawk Merchandisers are now bearing their load of woven beauty—22 actual rugs, in all the weaves, and 35 color plates, representing best-sellers in all sizes—into as many towns and villages. Still, there are some local merchants who haven't yet realized what an opportunity they're overlooking to serve their community. If it happens that your town hasn't its Mohawk Merchandiser yet, you will be doing yourself, your friends and your local merchant a real service by writing to the Mohawk Carpet Mills, Amsterdam, N. Y.



A local Mohawk display.

The Merchandiser serves them.

Their rug is delivered.

Home again—satisfied.

IN YOUR HOME TOWN



# MOHAWK RUG MERCHANTISER



# A College Wardrobe Selected in Paris

Models Which Can Be Copied Inexpensively at Home  
Presented by Our Foreign Correspondent

**I**N RESPONSE to a plea for suggestions for individual college clothes, I wrote, "How lucky you are, Kathie, to be going to college just when clothes are so extra specially interesting. Clothes, I mean, that you can copy for yourself and look just as chic in as if you'd paid fabulous sums for them with French names on little silk labels inside! I've been collecting sketches of the most fascinating for your benefit.

"Frocks first, of course, beginning with the dearest little afternoon frock that I saw chez Irène. (See H, below.) It was fashioned in georgette in the loveliest afterglow colorings, with kilted frills of its own fabric. But if I were making it, I should choose a good quality crepe de chine or a printed rayon, which would be infinitely more practical, and make it into a frock which could be worn for church as well as afternoons. It has quite a plain bodice, you see, and the frills open at the left front of the skirt, the kilted trimming narrowing toward the top.



"The coat intended to wear with this frock, J below, is of fine brown face cloth, lined to match the frock, and the full length reverses faced with the same silk. Or you could use a reversible satin, which would need no lining. Pay attention to the flared back panel, shown in K, because this gives the very newest line to your coat.

"A soft brown felt hat will companion your frock and coat perfectly. Let your handbag and shoes match the hat.

"FOR morning wear, you could copy without any trouble the trim little suit, D, either in checked flannel or a tweed. The skirt is box pleated and finished with a plain waistband of self material. The coat wears neither collar nor cuffs, the better to display the collar and gauntlet cuffs of tomato washing silk worn by the tuck-in blouse. Line the coat to match its own color, so that you can ring the changes on blouses without clashing.

"That smart little morning frock, E, goes in for the same kind of collar and cuffs. The original was in bordered flannel in mirage blue, with a plain leather belt to tone with the border, and leather buttons to match the belt. The skirt is pleated like the suit skirt, but the bodice edge dips in a becoming line in front, a style particularly kind to any figure tending to a broad hipline. One of those silk-and-wool mixture materials would make up very effectively after this pattern.

"NOW for sports wear. If you haven't already tried and fallen in love with the new sports combination of blouse and knickers, C above, it's time you did. They are so beautifully secure — no possible chance of waist elastic snapping or critical fastenings falling you! No more untidy waistlines or pulled-out blouses! The skirt, shown in B, may be of the same fabric if desired, heavy silk or wool crepe.

"A double belt, please, as shown in B. Use blue and yellow petersham for this, fastening each with a button of its neighbor's color: blue on yellow, yellow on blue. Use blue buttons to trim the double cuffs and short front panel of the blouse.

"For the coat, A, which has flared side panels to match the skirt, you have a choice of homespun, tweed or angora. Let the two leather belts match the skirt belts. The same design may be copied in different materials. A coat and skirt, say, of rainproof tweed, with the combination in heavy silk or wool crepe.

"FLOWERED ninon, georgette or chiffon are the prettiest fabrics for such an evening frock as L, with crystal-beaded material to form the front panel and the underskirt for that shaped flounce.

"The coatee, M, may be of georgette or lace. It should be longer at the back than at the front and cut with a flared hem. A band of soft fur at the top of the hem helps the coatee to hang prettily, and those two crystal buttons at the neck carry out the crystal-trimmed effect of the frock.

"Now for pajamas. Those shown on figure F are made in plain and patterned crepe de chine; parrakeet green patterned in gold and with plain gold for trimmings. A collarless

coat, shown at the right of F, complements the pajamas. "One of those reversible materials, with a pattern one side and plain surface the other, would be charming for a negligee such as G, but the line is so pretty in itself that either plain or patterned fabric by itself would look well.

"The new 'pirate' hat shown in the frame at the top of the page is a type of headgear which is particularly useful, for it can be worn with so many different kinds of dresses and coats. The hat sketched was in that lovely scarlet known to the English as 'hunting pink,' and its only ornament a chic little bow in black grosgrain. The scarf of crepe de chine introduces the same color into its patterning. The long bag is the latest whim of fashion; that in the sketch was in red leather and crocodile, the perfect accompaniment to the sketched hat and scarf."

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



# Ready for You NOW! The Leading Style Catalog for Fall and Winter 1929-1930

*The biggest and best Book of wonderful Values in everything to wear for every one in the Family.*



Latest NEW YORK Styles / Hundreds of Dresses, Coats, Shoes, Hats, Children's Things, etc.

NATIONAL BELLAS HESS is the smart Shop where Seven Million modern Women buy!

The New York Fall Fashion Show awaits you in your new National Bellas Hess Fall and Winter Style Book, which is now ready. The beauty of this splendid book, the finest we have ever prepared, will captivate you. The exquisite styles shown will fascinate you. Here are reproductions of Paris Frocks, Hats and Coats; of London tailored Suits and Coats and distinctive creations of clever New York designers. There are styles to suit every taste—so varied is the collection in each department. Smart clothes for children, men and boys; dainty underthings and adorable baby clothes. Newest curtains and draperies; table linens and bed linens, and a wonderful assortment of yardage goods for anything you wish to make yourself or have your seamstress make.

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We urge you to send for this splendid big Style Book now. Use the coupon, which is for your convenience. It brings the book to you absolutely free.

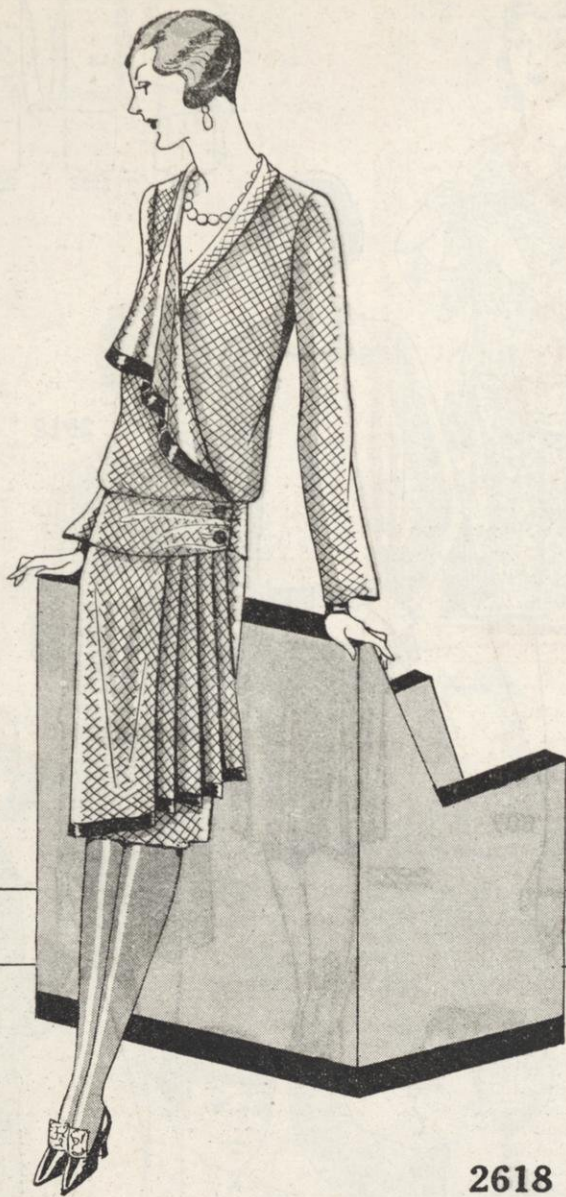
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2618



## Slenderness Made to Order

**F**ASHIONABLE slenderness is within the reach of every woman who considers carefully the lines of her frocks. Design No. 2618 is especially becoming to the woman of average full figure. The skirt is the wrapped tunic type and is pleated at the left side.

The bodice has surplice fronts and an attached two-piece collar forming a jabot in front which softens the lines of the

dress. It also has a slenderizing effect. A fitted girdle conceals the seam joining bodice and skirt.

Style 2618 is designed for sizes 16 and 18 years, and 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch material with ¼ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

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

# These are the new Cannon Towels that are captivating Fifth Avenue

FIFTH AVENUE forgot to be blasé when it saw the new Cannon towels recently, in the window of a prominent store. For here was the first really new idea in towels within a lifetime. And smart shoppers were quick to sense its significance, as comments in the crowd disclosed.

"Now there's something I've always wanted," one was heard to say. "Towels that look just as well on one side as on the other. And it's nice the way those colors reverse, so you can show the side with a lot of color, or the side with just a little, as you please."



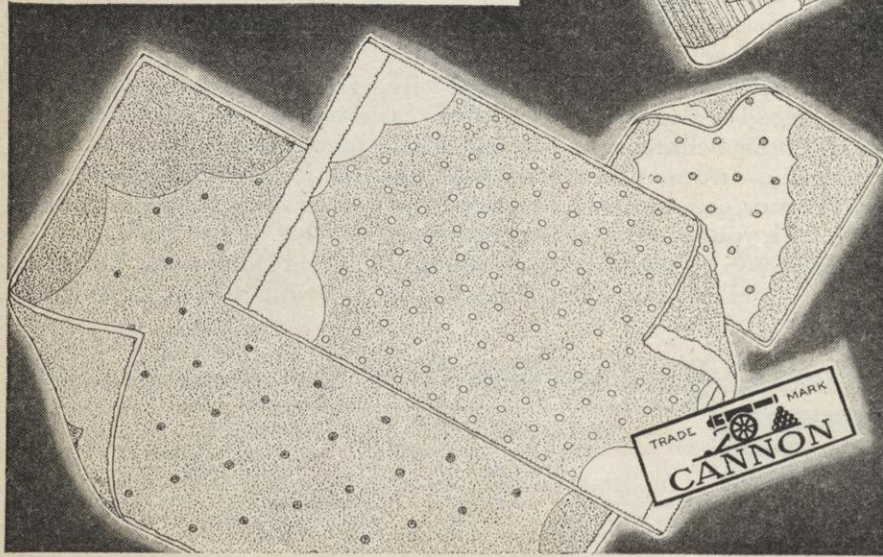
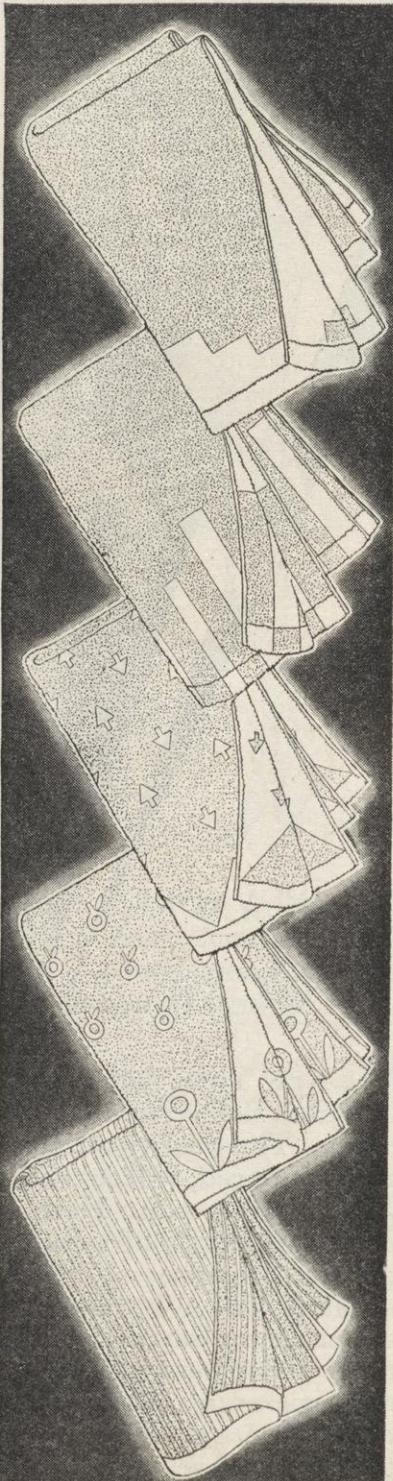
"That's a fascinating idea—those designs running the entire length of the towel," said another. "And at last they've found a way to make the design itself soft, absorbent and useful. Somebody's done some thinking."

"I never would have thought," some one said, "you could group so many colors without their swearing at each other. But really, the effect is lovely. I'd like to try that in my own bathroom."



"Well," said the girl whose ungloved hand displayed a significant solitaire, "I must tell mother about this. Bath towel, face towel, bath mat and wash cloth ensembles—and she said I'd never be able to find them."

"Do you suppose those really are the correct prices?" inquired her neighbor. "Look at all those 30 and 40 cent signs. And I don't see any towels over \$1.25."



## CANNON TOWELS



### Becoming School Clothes

Number 607. Bertha collar. Designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

Number 606. Designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1 1/2 yards of 35-inch material with 1/2 yard of 35-inch contrasting and 3/4 yard of 32-inch lining.

Number 2923. Jacket costume. Designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards of 39-inch figured material with 1 1/2 yards of 39-inch plain.

Number 2918. Designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1 1/2 yards 39-inch plaid material, 1 1/2 yards 35-inch plain goods and a leather belt.

Number 2920. Raglan sleeve top coat. Designed for sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 1 1/2 yards of 54-inch material with 1/4 yard of 39-inch contrasting and 1 1/2 yards of 35-inch lining.

Number 2919. Designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1 1/2 yards of 54-inch material with 3/4 yard of 32-inch contrasting.

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

# How to keep pretty clothes new so much longer



Buyer of silk and rayon lingerie for a famous store

## Clever women buyers for big stores . .

92 out of every 100 interviewed . . use this one method!

"MATERIALS nowadays are so lovely," women say. And husbands add—"How can such pretty things be practical?"

Now experts tell how to keep even sheer fabrics like new in spite of strenuous wear.

These experts, the clever women buyers for big department stores, know more about fabrics and styles than any other women in the country.

Interviewed in their own depart-

ments, buyers for 132 leading stores in 31 cities told us the method they have proved best for their own nice things.

92 out of every 100 interviewed insist on one method of cleansing—with Lux! They say: "Lux actually renews the original beauty of fine fabrics—and with Lux they last twice as long."

For their pretty silk dresses, nice stockings and underthings—whether of rayon or silk—downy soft woollens, and all colored things, these women who have studied and tested and know, use Lux.

You, too, can wear all your nice things oftener, yet keep them like new far longer the very same way! Use only gentle, bland Lux to cleanse them! Lux is so pure, and a little goes so far, it's an economy to use it. Sold only in the familiar blue packages. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



Buyer of sweaters for Best and Co., Fifth Avenue, New York. Clever buyers for big stores say, "Use only Lux for washing everything that does not go into general laundry—including woollens and blankets. Lux keeps them like new."



**One woman writes:**  
 "I used several different soaps until I ruined a \$14 silk dress. Then tried a box of Lux. Such satisfaction! Things came out perfectly, dresses . . . in fact as the ad read—'Anything safe in pure water is safe in Lux.' There was no shrinkage, articles were as soft as new."  
 MRS. MAMIE C. FEDDER,  
 Danville, N. Y.



## House Dresses and Aprons

Number 2749. Designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material with 9/4 yards of binding.  
 Number 3344. Designed for sizes small, medium, large. Medium size needs 2 yards 36-inch material, 5/4 yards binding.  
 Number 3328. Designed for sizes small, medium, large. Medium size requires 1 1/2 yards 36-inch material, 12 yards binding.  
 Number 2624. Designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50

inches bust. Size 36 needs 2 3/4 yards 40-inch material. 1/2 yard 32-inch contrasting.  
 Number 3066. Designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust. Size 36 requires 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch material with 1 1/2 yards of binding.  
 Number 150. Designed for sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust. Size 36 needs 3 1/2 yards 36-inch material. 3/4 yard 36-inch contrasting.  
 NOTE: Size 16 years is the same as size 34, 18 years the same as size 36.

# Longer Skirts Appear

*In a Mode of Soft Feminine Detail.*

**T**HERE is a strong tendency toward elaboration, particularly in the afternoon and evening mode. Skirts are definitely longer, showing fashionable irregularity of hemline in dipping side or back. However, the even hemline is smartest for general daytime wear.

Princess and basque effects are outstandingly smart, because they offer such a pleasing change. The silhouette in general emphatically endorses snug hips and higher placement of the waistline.

The new tweeds in medium weight are outstandingly smart for ensembles with fashionable seven-eighths length coat. The colorings are exquisite in rather vibrant tones in blue, mauve-red and coppery browns on white or black ground. Broadcloth in hunter's green is noted in ensembles for afternoons, frequently with dresses of matching silk or satin crepe.

The transparent velvets are enchantingly lovely in black, royal blue and tobacco brown for afternoons. The sheer printed velvets are a little less formal and are found in many wearable frocks for the afternoon bridge, tea or luncheon.

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



2873

## The Important Ensemble

Number 2873. Designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires  $6\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch plaid material for coat and skirt with  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch plain material for blouse,  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of 40-inch contrasting and  $\frac{7}{8}$  yard of 32-inch material for camisole.

The lightweight tweeds which are at the height of their popularity this season are ideal for an ensemble of this sort. The blouse of harmonizing color should be of heavy silk crepe or one of the featherweight knitted woolen fabrics.

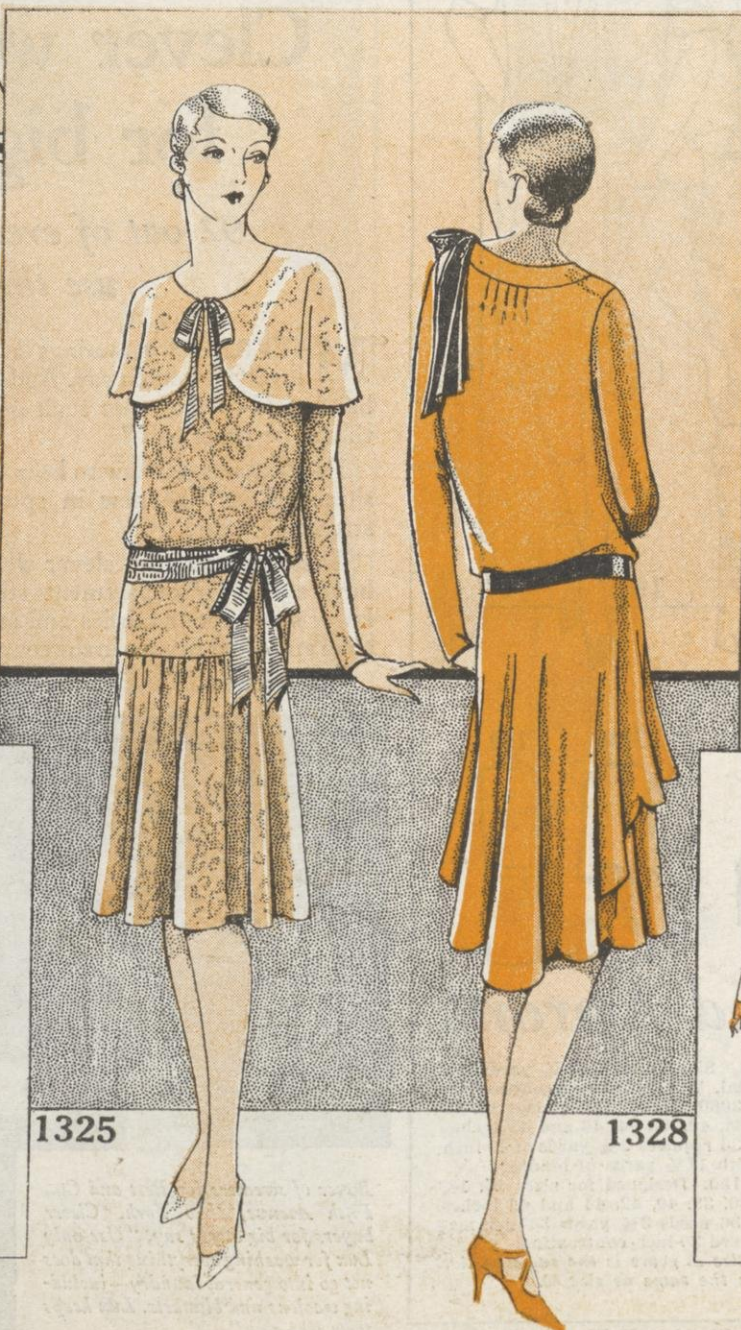
## Bertha Collar

Number 1325. Designed for sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 39-inch material with  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of 39-inch contrasting for bows.

The Bertha collar is an outstanding style feature of this charming afternoon frock. The yoke top on the skirt gives a snug hipline, with the gathered flounce placing the fullness low as fashion demands. A pliant fabric with some weight is best for this treatment. The collar would be effective made from chiffon.



1325



1328



## Peplum Tunic

Number 1328. Designed for sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 39-inch material with  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of 39-inch contrasting.

The peplum tunic which distinguishes this model comes midway between the waist and the knee in front, and dips well below the hemline in back, giving a distinctly new silhouette. The back of the peplum is circular, affording a graceful fullness. Both the tunic and the skirt proper are scalloped. The "V" neck is finished with an applied band.



597

## Expressing Subtle Chic

Number 597. Designed for sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 39-inch material.

In conformity with the new tendency toward feminine curves, this smart frock has a basque effect bodice and a circular skirt which is distinctly longer in back than in front. The pointed yoke and the harmonizing front skirt treatment are interesting details. This dress would be equally smart developed in heavy silk crepe or in transparent velvet.

# Flattering Silhouettes

*With Individuality the Keynote*

**T**HE simple dress of tailored character employs featherweight woolens in tweed, crepe and novelties in silk and wool, in violet, rust brown, dark blue and wine red shades.

Black crepe satin is high-lighted for all day occasions, and in many instances uses both surfaces for contrasting effect, or carries out important black and white theme by using white crepe silk for collar or jabot. Dull black silk crepe with eggshell is very chic and dignified.

Canton crepe is favorite in wine red tones. Royal blue is noted in crepe Elizabeth for afternoons. The printed silks are especially lovely in tweed patterns. Jersey is a favorite for utility wear. It is captivating in dark rich purple shades. Seal brown, Atlantic blue and tete de negre shades are very attractive, too. Printed jersey is popular for office and classroom.

There are many variations of skirt fulness achieved through flounces, godets, circular cuts, tunics, panels, pleats, shirring and drapes massed at one side. For sports and semi-sports, pleated treatments are widely favored.

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



2580

### Along Tailored Lines

Number 2580. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material with  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 27-inch contrasting and a leather belt.

This trim tailored frock is particularly well adapted to the featherweight woolens, which are being shown in a wide array of colors and fabrics. The revers facings, cuffs and belt are of contrasting color, and would be smart made of silk on a woolen dress. Note the novel neck treatment. Dress buttons down the left side.

### A Scarf Collar

Number 496. Designed for sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material with  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 40-inch contrasting.

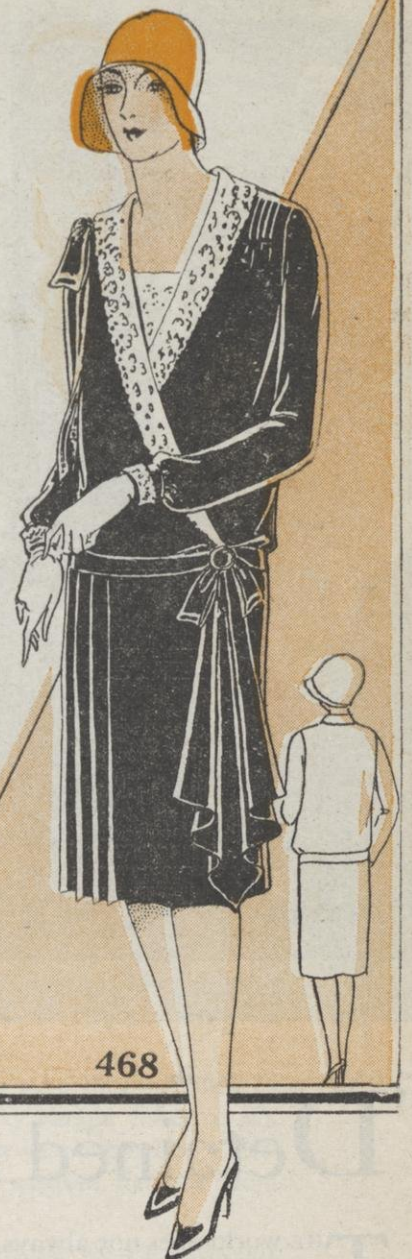
A scarf collar which hangs loose on the left side cascades down the right side of the surplice front in a fashionable drape. It is balanced by a circular drape on the left side of the skirt. The wide belt which joins skirt and bodice fits closely about the hips and makes an irregular line across the back. Effective in flat crepe.



496



2897



468

### Smartly Conservative

Number 468. Designed for sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 40-inch material with  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 27-inch contrasting.

This model is conservative without sacrificing chic. Its straight lines and surplice closing make it a wise choice for the woman of full figure. It is thoroughly practical when made of dark silk with detachable light cuffs, collar and vest which may easily be removed and laundered. Pleats at the right side add fulness balanced by a drapery at the left.

### Unique Sleeves

Number 2897. Designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 39-inch material with  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of 35-inch contrasting.

A demure effect is achieved with the round neck and scarf collar tied close about the throat. A triple cuff effect results from applying two overlapping bell-shaped pieces to the close-fitting sleeves. The bottom piece should be of a contrasting color, as is the collar. A tier of pleats on the left side has a softening effect on the silhouette.







# "Detained at the office

**T**HE world does not always pity the "business widow." She, too, may be to blame. Neglect by the husband is often the result of the wife's neglect of herself. She may be indifferent to the delicate problems of feminine hygiene—or ignorant of the means offered by modern science for the protection of youth and health and marital happiness.

But do not experiment in so vital a matter as personal hygiene. Use the disinfectant which is safe and certain and endorsed by physicians.

Send for the booklet offered below. It was written for women by a woman physician. It is frank and explicit and tells what feminine hygiene really is. It should be read by every woman.

Just mail the coupon to us and this booklet will be sent to you, free—in a plain envelope.

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*... again!"*

ard with physicians, hospitals and fastidious women. It is reliable. Its strength never varies. Every drop is potent.

Send for the booklet offered below. It was written for women by a woman physician. It is frank and explicit and tells what feminine hygiene really is. It should be read by every woman.

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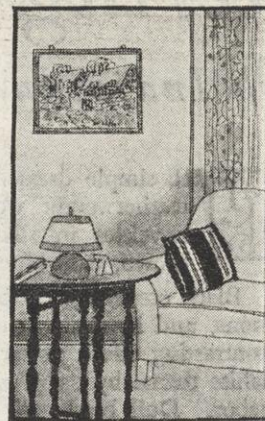
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Country Villa

## Pictures Outlined in Yarn

Colorful pastoral scenes are quickly completed with simple stitches

**T**HESE quaint pictures with their touches of yarn embroidery hark back to Colonial times, and they contribute to the home the same air of grace and charm that the originals did.

The designs are painted in full color on an open-meshed canvas and need only to be outlined in yarn of matching color, using outline-stitch and darning-stitch. The flowers are worked in French knots and needle-point which is simply an over-and-over stitch worked through the meshes of the canvas. When completed, pictures may be mounted and put in narrow gold frames. Each picture is 11 3/4 by 15 1/2 inches.

**Country Villa:** Behind a gray stone fence red buildings with tan roofs raise their gables into a blue sky. The wide-throated chimneys are red, too. On all sides are trees, flowers and luxuriant foliage. The cobblestone path is gray and the gate brown.

All of this appears in full color on the canvas. To complete the picture, each part is outlined in yarn of matching color, using outline-stitch and darning-stitch. The shaded flowers, which are pink, coral, rose, blue, lavender, purple, yellow and orange, are worked in French knots and needle-point. See illustration at top of page.

The Sailboat—Right:

A spirit of adventure is portrayed in this painted scene which includes a red boat with a billowing white sail upon a blue lake. Evergreens backed by rose-hued clouds mark the horizon, while close at hand is a cozy brown cottage with red roof, brown chimney and window casings. Trees and foliage are green; flowers are rose, red, lavender, purple, blue, yellow and orange and are worked in needle-point. Rest of design is outlined in matching yarn.



Woodland Scene—

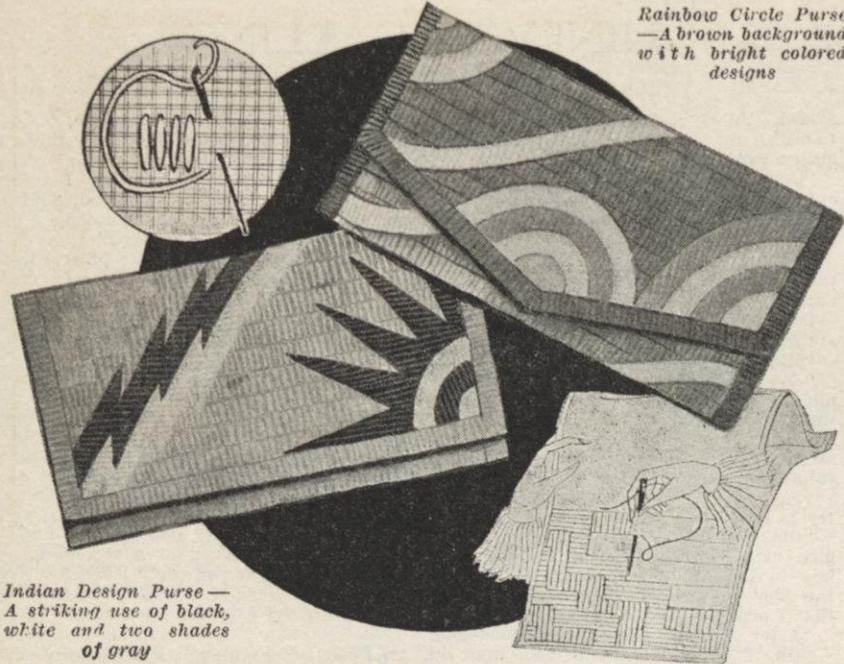
**Right:** Through green hills and valleys covered with wild flowers and shrubbery wanders a sand-colored path flecked with brown shadows. At one side are two cottages in woodland browns and tans. Stretching sturdy branches into a blue sky are oaks and poplars and evergreen trees, as well as a flowering tree. Flowers are blue, yellow, orange, pink and rose. Painted design is outlined in matching yarn, and flowers are worked in needle-point.



Hunting Lodge—Left:

Amidst a vivid scene of rolling hills and untilled pasture land stands a weather-beaten brown hunting lodge, hemmed in by trees and bushes in countless harmonizing shades of green and brown. Separated from the lodge only by a narrow, winding mountain stream stands a brown and tan deer in a listening attitude. The rose, lavender, purple, blue, yellow and orange flowers are worked in needle-point, rest of painted design is outlined in yarn.

Rainbow Circle Purse  
—A brown background  
with bright colored  
designs



Indian Design Purse—  
A striking use of black,  
white and two shades  
of gray

## A Yarn Purse for Autumn

A colorful accessory which adds distinction to the woolen costume

**A** HAND-MADE yarn purse is exactly the right finishing touch for the many types of woolen costumes which are so popular now. With equal smartness it may be either gay-hued or somber, contributing either a harmonizing or contrasting color note. The work is so simple that anyone can do it without previous experience, and it goes very rapidly. The bags shown here are all of the envelope type.

### How to Make a Purse

The bag is stamped on an open mesh canvas, then embroidered in yarn with a simple over-and-over stitch. The stitches are long and the yarn is heavy, so the work progresses with great speed. The diagrams at the top of the page show how the yarn is pulled through the canvas, and how the wide rows of the design follow the rows of mesh.

When the embroidery is completed, the edges of the bag are turned in and a layer of muslin stitched to the underside of the canvas, leaving one end open. A flexible composition inner lining is slipped between muslin and canvas, then a rayon lining is put in. The purse is then folded into an envelope and the ends sewed together. The finished bag measures 4½x9 inches.

### Rainbow Circle Purse

The background of this bag is a rich brown and the artfully curved lines running from front to back of bag are tan. The concentric circle designs stand out in gay relief. One set of circles has rings in

scarlet, tan and green, one set has rings of blue, purple and two shades of green, one set has scarlet, tan and two shades of green, and another set has rings of orange, yellow and two shades of green. The lining is tan.

### Indian Design Purse

This striking design is worked in black, white and two shades of gray. The background is dark gray, relieved by blocks of light gray. The zigzag lines across the bag are black and white. The three segments of circles are alternate black and white and the points going out from them are black. Bag is lined with gray rayon.

### Faun Design Bag

The background is blue, the faun is tan and brown. The decorative lines which develop into trees with conventional flowers on back of bag are pumpkin, purple, tan, brown and three shades of green. Lining is blue.

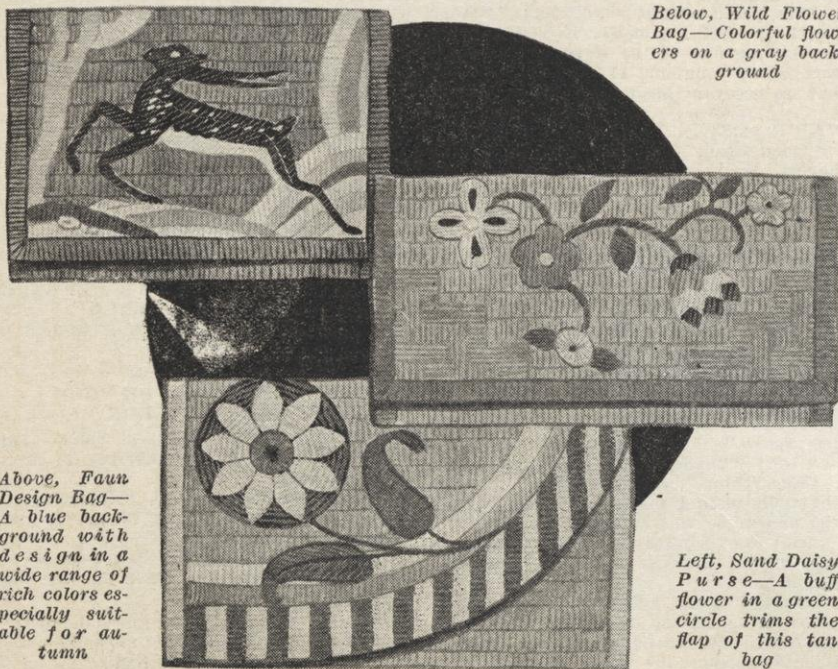
### Wild Flower Design

Conventional flowers worked in scarlet, purple, blue, yellow, orange and four shades of green appear on a soft gray background. The lining is of matching gray rayon.

### Sand Daisy Purse

Rich woodsy colors are used for this design, which has a tan background with an orange border. The striped decoration on the flap is orange and brown. The daisy is sand color with a green and orange center and green stem and leaves. Lined with tan rayon.

Below, Wild Flower Bag—Colorful flowers on a gray background



Above, Faun Design Bag—A blue background with design in a wide range of rich colors especially suitable for autumn

Left, Sand Daisy Purse—A buff flower in a green circle trims the flap of this tan bag

Bag stamped on canvas with yarn, needle, rayon lining and interlining may be secured from Woman's World, Chicago, Ill., for \$1.00.



## THE DOCTOR speaks as a friend

**"INDIGESTION?"** What most people call indigestion is nothing more than acidosis. And that isn't nearly so serious as it sounds. Acidosis is merely the medical term for any excess acid in the system. This condition is common, but readily corrected. It requires only an anti-acid to alkalinize the stomach.

When your doctor tells you to take Phillips Milk of Magnesia, he has given you a very simple thing to do. But back of this advice is the fifty-year record of a prescriptive preparation plus the wisdom derived from his professional practice.

Food will ferment. Almost anything we eat can sour in the stomach. Neglected, this condition brings on gastric disturbances which affect the proper assimilation and elimination of what we eat—affects our very appetites. It is wrong to resort to soda at such time. Magnesia is what the system needs. You get it in its most helpful form in Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

Because of the way we live today, there is constant need for this universal sweetener. Remember it when too rich a diet, or any over-indulgence has caused pain or discomfort. Remember, too, that it's Phillips Milk of Magnesia that physicians endorse. They like the way it is made. They like the way it acts. The public should not expect the same results from a less perfect product.



One tube of Phillips Dental Magnesia—the perfect toothpaste—will soon convince anybody of its remarkable whitening action. Any dentist will tell you how much it helps the gums, especially in all cases of acid-mouth.

# PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia



**OLD DUTCH CLEANSER LEADS THE WAY WITH HEALTHFUL CLEANLINESS**

THE HIGH STANDARD of quality and ultra-modern efficiency of Old Dutch make its general use one of the greatest helps in the home. Millions of housewives have found that it pays in more ways than one to use Old Dutch.

**OLD DUTCH IS SAFE.** Contains no acids, no caustics and is entirely free from sand and grit. It doesn't scratch. Surfaces cleaned with Old Dutch are more easily kept clean. Old Dutch is kind to the hands, too.

**ECONOMICAL,** because of the marvelous efficiency of its minute flaky flat-shaped particles, Old Dutch does more cleaning. A little goes a long way.

**OLD DUTCH** is perfect for porcelain and enamel, snow-white or gayly colored, as well as for floors, painted woodwork and furniture, tile, windows and window sills, marble, mirrors and metal fixtures, kitchen utensils, steps, refrigerators, pantries, etc.

**A HEALTH PROTECTION,** because Old Dutch assures Healthful Cleanliness... searches out, captures and banishes dangerous invisible impurities and all forms of visible dirt. Old Dutch leaves everything spick and span, hygienically clean.

**OLD DUTCH** is the greatest advance in modern cleaning efficiency. There is nothing else like it for conserving energy, reducing cleaning expense, protecting the modern beauty of the home and for safeguarding your family with Healthful Cleanliness.



**Why Diamond Dyes do such Superior Work**

Anilines are the life of dyes; the source of their rich colors; of their depth, brilliance, and resistance to sunlight, wear and washing.

Modern Dye Authority



**YOU** can always give richer, deeper, more brilliant colors to faded or out-of-style dresses, hosiery, coats, draperies, etc., with Diamond Dyes. That's because they contain from three to five times more anilines than other dyes. Tests by authorities you can not question prove the superior quality of these true dyes. It's easily demonstrated. They cost more to make but you get Diamond Dyes for the same price as ordinary dyes. So try these perfect dyes the next time you have dyeing to do. Then compare results. Your dealer will refund your money if you don't

agree Diamond Dyes are better dyes. The white package of Diamond Dyes is the highest quality dye, prepared for general use. It will dye or tint silk, wool, cotton, linen, rayon or any mixture of materials. The blue package is a special dye, for silk or wool only. With it you can dye your valuable articles of silk or wool with results equal to the finest professional work. When you buy—remember this. The blue package dyes silk or wool only. The white package will dye every kind of goods, including silk and wool. Your dealer has both packages.

**Diamond Dyes** AT ALL **15¢** DRUG STORES  
EASY TO USE ~ PERFECT RESULTS

**NINEVEH CALLING**

(Continued from page 11)

firmed, "an' I reckon I do know Susan. I ought to know her, I'm plannin' to marry her."

"Come on, Jim Sloane, let's go. Not only are you to take me to her door, but inside it. Susan and I have something to talk over, and you can help us decide."

But "no decision" was recorded. The talk went round and round the same course.

Said Susan: "I want to go where men are something besides miners."

"Minin's a honest trade," protested Jim.

"So's bein' a scrub woman—that's all miner's wives are—but that don't mean I want to be a scrub woman all my life. And you ain't no idea beyond bein' a miner. You ain't even gumption enough to think about bein' a shift boss."

"Say, honey," said Jim, "reckon I could try to be a boss—if you want fer me to."

"Oh, that ain't it, anyhow," said the girl. "It's—I want to go where men know how to dress and—and eat nicely and use the kind of English they ought to. An' that I ought to, an' am gonna learn."

"A lot of movie sheiks," grumbled Jim. "Oh, I guess all the he-men ain't in flannel shirts an' a coat of coal dust. I tell you, I want to go to New York an' live. I gotta right to live, an' I'm gonna. An' all Milton, Jim Sloane included, ain't gonna stop me."

After an hour's stormy session with the one-ideaed Susan, bound and determined to run away from the drab town she lived in and make some kind, any kind of a frantic plunge after her dream; and the equally stubborn Jim who couldn't see why "a good home and a honest man's love wasn't better'n rushin' down the primrose path to destruction in New York," Patricia had about decided that, as an arbiter of young love's destinies, she wasn't so hot.

Susan sulked and fidgeted and bit her fingers in one chair, and big Jim sulked and cracked his knuckles, across the ugly room, in another.

New York was still the goal of all she visioned of life to Susan. It still remained Nineveh and Babylon—as well as a special sort of Moloch that ate Susans alive—to Jim.

And Patricia's soothing attempt to show it as nothing more than a bigger and brighter Milton appeared to please neither.

At last, "Well," she said, "I guess Little Miss Fixit isn't my role. Little Miss Mess It is closer. All I've done by crashing into your lives is to make you sit opposite and scowl at each other. So, Mr. Policeman," she turned to Jim Sloane, "I guess you can take me back to my hotel again."

As she said the words, another of Patricia's Grand and Glorious Ideas flashed through her brain. What she whispered to Susan before she left was part of it.

"You know, Jim," said Patricia, after they had walked a few blocks in silence, "I'm glad I've got a policeman along with me. These streets are sort of oogy. I think you're a fine policeman. You'd be faithful to the last breath, Jim."

"I wouldn't quit while I was on the job," said Jim, "but then, anybody but a yeller dog would be the same."

"Yes, you'd be faithful, all right," mused Patricia, "but I wonder, if you were a regular member of the force instead of a sort of an amateur, if you would know how to use your head on the job."

"FOR example, I knew a policeman, a good, steady, faithful one, too, honest as honest. Well, he was supposed to be body-guard to somebody and he had strict instructions to see that this person was safe. So he put the person in jail, and when the person's friends raised a row, the policeman said jail was the safest place he knew."

"Why, he was just a fool," said Jim. "Well, what would you have done?"

"Me? I'd have stuck by the feller he had to guard wherever he went and seen that no harm came to him. He hadn't done nothin' to go to jail for, had he?"

"Not a thing," said Patricia. "Neither has Susan."

"Huh? What has she got to do with it?" "Everything," said Patricia. "You're that policeman I told you about—Susan's the person he was supposed to guard."

"But I'm tryin' to guard her. You mean to say that marryin' me is like her bein' put in jail."

"I mean to say, Jim, that if she marries you—feeling as she does now, wanting to see New York and have a chance to learn something about the world, dreaming of a kind of life she's never lived and is eager to try—if she marries you and settles

down here without that chance, she'll be in jail. And you'll have put her there."

Jim strode on in silence for a time, weighing this thought. "Reckon I never seen it that way before," he said, "but I get the idea. But, I'm plumb wrapped up in her; h-how kin I let her go?"

"Me, I'd have stuck by the feller I had to guard wherever he went and seen that no harm came to him," Patricia said. "Those were your own words a minute ago, Jim. Why, you great big stupid boob, go with her!"

"To New York? But minin's all I know. How could I support her there?"

"Who said anything about supporting her—yet? And if mining's all you know, you'd better go somewhere and learn something else, too. Anyway, all the papers say there are too many coal miners. You can always ride the rods home if you fail. But a big husky like you can find a job as a piano mover, or a stevedore, or a coal heaver—or you could learn to drive a truck and you'd be where Susan is."

"I can drive a truck," said Jim.

"HOLD everything," Patricia ordered. "What I told Susan just before we left was that, if she'd wait a day or two, I'd see if I couldn't land her a job with Miss Higgins, at Patricia Patterns, in the cutting room."

"And if my luck runs right, maybe I might get you a job driving one of our delivery wagons. But whether I do or not, what's the answer? What kind of a policeman are you?"

"A New York policeman," said Jim. "I go where she goes. And say, if I put my mind to it, I might be quite a sheik myself."

MISS ABIGAL HIGGINS  
PATRICIAN PATTERNS  
TIMES SQUARE NEW YORK  
GIRL HERE RUNNING AWAY FROM PROSPECTIVE UNHAPPY MARRIAGE PERSONALLY LENT HER FARE NEW YORK HAVE YOU JOB IN CUTTING ROOM FOR HER PATRICIA ALDEN

"Unless I misread my dear old Abigail," said Patricia to herself as she filed this message, "she'll sniff a snort over that—but wild horses couldn't get that girl away from her. How the sweet vinegary-faced darling loves her romance!"

"Now for adding a truck driver to our staff. Well, if the hunch for a new series of patterns that I got after today's work among these poor, dress-starved, beauty-starved, color-starved women doesn't put Mr. Bruce in the humor to take care of Jim Sloane on my recommendation, my boss isn't the boss I'm sure he is."

MR GORDON BRUCE  
PRESIDENT  
PATRICIAN PATTERNS  
TIMES SQUARE NEW YORK  
PATRICIAN IS GOOD NAME BUT PRICES GOWNS MADE AFTER THEM TOO HIGH FOR WOMEN IN THIS TOWN MUST BE BOKOO OTHER TOWNS THE SAME AND PLENTY PEOPLE IN BIG CITIES ALSO IN SAME FIX BUT THEY NEED PRETTY CLOTHES ALL SAME MRS ASTOR WHY NOT START NEW SERIES PATTERNS UNDER SLOGAN DRESSES YOU CAN DESIGN FOR A DOLLAR IF THIS CLICKS WILL YOU GIVE FRIEND OF MINE JOB DRIVING DELIVERY WAGON FOR PATRICIAN PATRICIA ALDEN

The replies arrived the following afternoon:

MISS PATRICIA ALDEN  
CENTRAL HOUSE MILTON  
YOU ARE NOT SENT OUT TO AID RUNAWAYS STICK TO OWN JOB WIRE NAME GIRL AND WHEN WILL ARRIVE ABIGAL HIGGINS  
MISS PATRICIA ALDEN  
CENTRAL HOUSE MILTON  
HUNCH CLICKS BRING ON YOUR TRUCK DRIVERS GORDON BRUCE

"100 percent, as always," commented Patricia. She was not referring to Miss Higgins' wire.

"All in all," she added, "Nineveh and Babylon isn't such a bad town. If you take it right."

"Neither is Milton, for that matter. If you take it right—or leave it. So I'm leaving it."

"Hearts of gold are fine and dandy, Rough men's chivalry appeals, Still I like my bathtub handy And some halfway decent meals."

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# New Materials, New Styles, New Ways

Simple Finishes Which Give a Professional Appearance to Homemade Frocks Are Explained by Blanche E. Hyde

**T**HE lure of a season's new styles is something as sure as death and taxes, for, though there is now less of a decided change from season to season than in the years preceding the great war, the interest remains as keen. In fact, a certain degree of interest in new styles may be regarded as indicative of a healthy state of mind in any woman or girl. "What are they going to wear this coming season?" was a question frequently heard before the war, the "they" referring to women noted in fashionable life. The answer to this question was often the deciding factor in the selection of clothing for many people. Now the interest is more largely in what the manufacturers are showing that is new and attractive, the adoption of the new styles being determined more because of their suitability and comfort than their use by prominent people.

If one stops to consider the matter carefully, one can almost reason out or predict the style changes from one season to the next, for in style as in other things, "Coming events cast their shadows before," and the fall styles which are now being shown bear close relation to those of the past summer.

Just now the making of clothing depends far more on the successful use of materials than upon intricate construction, but new styles and new materials each bring certain problems, and it is to help solve some of the difficulties which may arise that we have been studying the new patterns and selecting the points of construction on which you might need help.

We no longer have to consider heavy materials exclusively for fall and winter, for materials for winter are just as pliable as those for summer. The silks carry over into the winter always, and if we guess correctly, none of us will be able to resist the new woollens, some of which created such a favorable impression a year ago. They are appearing in the gayest of colors, in sheer and open weaves, and—wonder of wonders!—printed woollens are now an accepted commodity. The idea was no doubt inspired by the beautiful summer prints, but no one thinks of calling the manufacturers "copycats," for the designs and colorings are peculiarly adapted to the wool fiber, and with the attractive weaves the materials have a beauty entirely their own. While many fashion experts still maintain that plain materials have more style than figured ones, the fact remains that figured materials are much more practical in this busy world, requiring less frequent visits to the cleaners than plain ones.

### Predominating Style Features

Now, as to the styles for the season, and while we are mentioning style, we must distinguish it from fashion. Style in clothing refers to the particular type or design, while fashion is the wide use of certain types of styles. We have had, during the previous season, a style which has been gradually creeping upon us for several seasons, an indication of fullness in our skirts. It is seen in the fall and winter styles also, visible in flares, shaped flounces, godets, pleats and gathers. A godet is a shaped section sloping to a narrow point at the top and is inserted in different parts of a garment to give fullness.

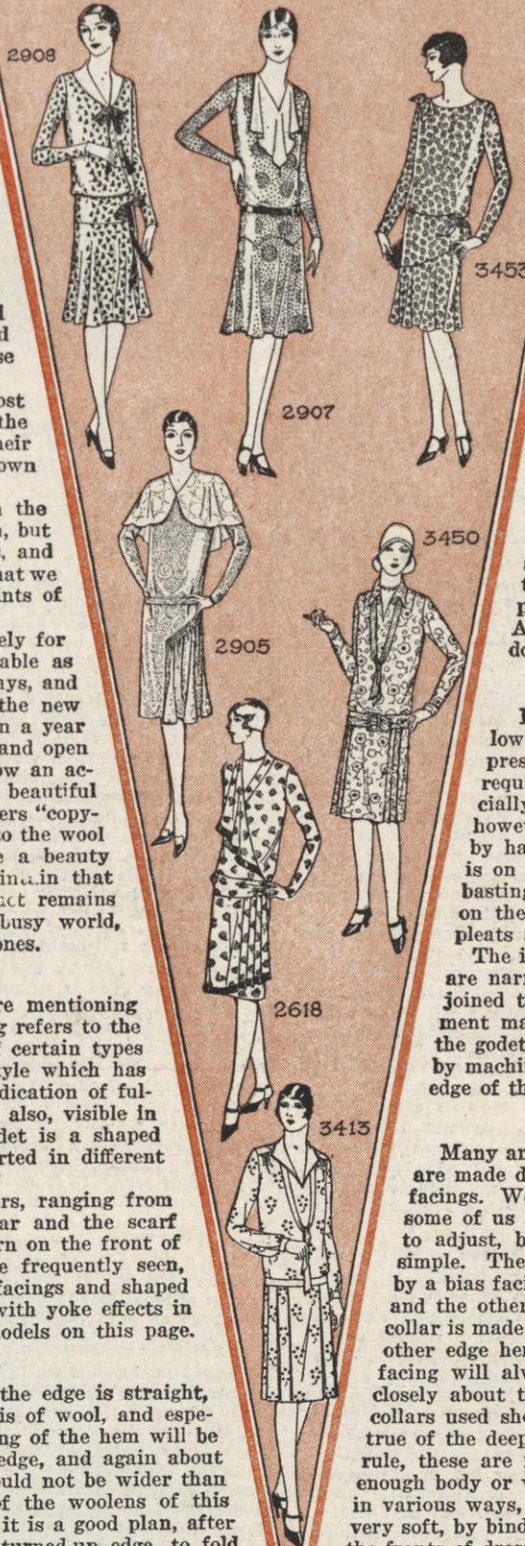
Among other style features for fall are attractive collars, ranging from the plain tailored collar to the deep bertha or cape collar and the scarf collars. Jabots, cascades and frills—all soft trimmings worn on the front of dresses and generally extending down from the neck—are frequently seen, but bows are less prominent than in the summer. Folds, facings and shaped bands are favorite finishes, and many garments are made with yoke effects in the skirts. These style tendencies are illustrated in the models on this page.

### Finishes for the Bottoms of Skirts

First, about the finish at the lower edges of skirts. If the edge is straight, a hem is far and away the best method. If the garment is of wool, and especially if it is woven of a tightly twisted yarn, careful basting of the hem will be necessary. The first basting should be close to the lower edge, and again about an inch or one and a half inches above this. The hem should not be wider than three inches and often may be narrower. Since many of the woollens of this season are somewhat open in weave and apt to fray easily, it is a good plan, after trimming off the raw edge at an even distance from the turned-up edge, to fold under this raw edge about three-eighths of an inch and then press the fold. As a further precaution against fraying out, one should stitch this fold by machine before sewing it flat to the garment. In sewing to the garment, use the straight hemming stitch, illustrated at the right below. Dresses in which the lower edge is shaped are more of a problem, especially if the weave is at all transparent. Hems are rarely used on circular sections of woolen materials; instead, bindings or facings are popular. If a facing is used, it is generally applied on the right side. Facings on the right side are often of a contrasting color or frequently of two colors; if the garment material is figured, the contrast of a plain facing is very decorative.



2912



### Cutting and Applying Bias Strips

A facing to be applied to any circular section should be cut either shaped to fit, or on the true bias. A shaped facing cuts into the goods badly, so that one on the bias is generally used. Most woven materials if cut on a true bias can be made to fit beautifully around a curved edge.

In cutting a true bias, fold over one corner of the material until the selvedge edges lie even with the threads which run crosswise of the goods, as shown below. The fold obtained in this way is on the true bias. Measurements for the cutting width of folds should be made at right angles to the fold.

Bias strips to be used in folds should be joined preferably on the lengthwise threads, as such seams will show less. See the illustration below. Before joining the strips, remove the outside threads of the selvedge. Press all seams open.

In applying a bias facing on the right side of a garment, seam it on from the wrong side. If the garment edge is curved, stretch the edge of the facing very slightly around the curved edge when basting. Press the seam up against the skirt, then fold the facing onto the right side of the garment so that the lower edge of the facing extends slightly below the seam line. Baste very carefully through the seam, then measure the desired width from the lower edge, turn in and baste flat to position. The same effect is frequently seen on straight skirts. A straight facing is applied on the lower edge or it may be cut double and applied as a binding.

### When Pleats or Godets Add Fullness

In skirts where pleating is used to give fullness, the finish at the lower edge must be especially smooth so that it will be possible to press the pleats flat. In making dresses of wool in which the design requires much pleating, it is well to have the pleating done commercially, as the pleats are steamed in and much more permanent. If, however, only one or two pleats are necessary, these may be made by hand very easily. Take care that the outside fold of each pleat is on the straight of the goods. Press the fold of each pleat before basting flat to the garment. This will prevent any marks showing on the garment as sometimes happens if the pressing is done after pleats are basted flat. Gathers figure very little in woolen materials.

The inserting of godets requires considerable skill, particularly if they are narrow and shaped to a sharp point at the top. A godet may be joined to the garment by an ordinary seam, or the edges of the garment may be turned under and basted down flat close to the edges of the godet section. The folded edges are then stitched flat on the outside by machine. Godet sections in skirts should be inserted before the lower edge of the garment is finished.

### The Newest Neck Finishes

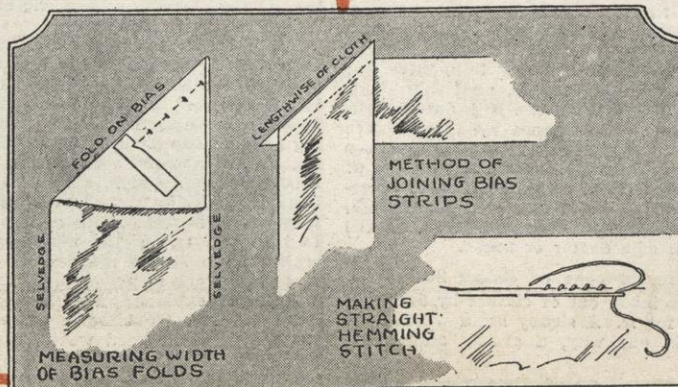
Many and varied are the types of collars and their finishes. Some collars are made double, stitched and turned; others are finished with bindings or facings. We have been accustomed so long to necks with flat finishes that some of us are inclined to turn away from collars, thinking them a bother to adjust, but the ways of applying collars to necks are really few and simple. They may be joined to the neck by a French or a flat felled seam; by a bias facing; the collar may be set into a band, either straight or shaped, and the other edge of the band joined to the neck of the garment; or if the collar is made double, one edge of the collar may be joined to the neck and the other edge hemmed or stitched over the seam. A collar put on with a bias facing will always lie flat and smooth, while one joined by a band will fit closely about the neck. So far this season it would appear that the type of collars used should be joined by means of a bias facing. This is particularly true of the deep berthas or cape collars seen on so many of the dresses. As a rule, these are made of a single thickness of the material which should have enough body or weight in itself to hang well. The edges of berthas are finished in various ways, by picoting, lace applied flat, and occasionally, if the goods is very soft, by bindings. The little jabots and cascade effects seen so frequently on the fronts of dresses should be finished in a similar manner.

Much of the success of one's sewing on winter garments depends on careful pressing. For instance, in pressing skirt hems, after the folded edge is carefully hemmed, press it lightly on the right side with a slightly dampened cloth placed over it. If the board is covered with a soft cloth or bath towel, the slight ridge of the hem will be pressed into the cloth, leaving the outside perfectly smooth. If your hand sewing has been carefully done, it will be impossible to tell the width of the hem from the right side.

Hems, and the stitches used in finishing them, are very important finishes, for it is as yet impossible to duplicate by machine the soft finish of hand hemming.



2911



# A STORY WITH A HAPPY ENDING



*A tiny, wailing, suffering baby . . .  
A mother in despair . . .  
But Mrs. McDavid's letter tells the story best!*

THE BORDEN COMPANY,  
Baby Welfare Dept.,  
Borden Bldg., New York

Dear Sirs: I am sending you a picture of my 18 months old son, to show you what Eagle Brand Milk has done for him. He weighed 4 lbs. when he was born and when he left the hospital he weighed 3 lbs. Up until he was 6 weeks old he cried all the time. Then I put him on Eagle Brand.

He started gaining, has been gaining ever since and has never known another sick day! He walked at 9 months and is more active on his feet than any 18 months old child I have ever seen. He is truly an Eagle Brand baby!

Respectfully,  
MRS. RUTH McDAVID,  
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If your baby is not thriving on his present food, we suggest that you and your doctor consider Eagle Brand. Send for two free booklets, "Baby's Welfare," containing practical feeding information and suggestions for supplementary foods advised by doctors . . . orange juice, cereals, cod liver oil, etc. "The Best Baby," a beautiful little book, illustrated in color, for keeping records of baby's growth and development. Mail the coupon today!

Every letter and picture published by the Borden Company is voluntarily sent to us by a grateful mother.

The Borden Company, Borden Building,  
350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copies of "Baby's Welfare" and "The Best Baby." My baby is \_\_\_\_\_ months old.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

(Print name and address plainly)



Sort the clothes according to kind and color

## The Bright New Monday

Cleansing clothes in the easiest ways

By JANE EDEN

THE old-fashioned wash day has gone. Mondays roll around just as they used to do but the drudgery of wash day and the age-old nightmare of blue Monday have gone. There isn't a washerwoman who goes out by the day who is the drudge that every woman who had to do her own washing once was. Women now can do their own washing in the morning and play bridge in the afternoon. There are two reasons, or rather three. There aren't so many clothes in the first place that go into the family wash. There are no starched petticoats, no heavy linen or cotton underclothes. Most of the things in the average woman's personal wardrobe never reach the clothes hamper. She doesn't dare risk them with soiled and damp towels, with children's rompers. She washes them quickly as soon as they are soiled in the bathroom bowl just as she does her silk stockings. The family wash is nowadays merely the family linen, children's clothes and men's shirts and underclothes. The chief relief from drudgery, though, is in soaking clothes clean with modern soap, and the electric washer. Clothes are no longer rubbed clean and rubbed into holes on a back-breaking washboard. They are soaked in soapsuds, only the badly soiled parts are rubbed and then everything whisked clean in the magical electric washers.

### Common Types of Soil

Before paying a tribute to modern science and its relief of woman's drudgery, it would be well to understand just what the nature of the enemy is that one attacks in washing clothes. Soil in clothes is of two kinds, inorganic and organic. Soil usually consists of both. Inorganic soil is what is familiarly called "dirt," that is, ground-up rock or metals or clay or stains. Organic means the product of life, such as sugar or fat. A sirupy stain or a greasy stain is organic matter to the scientist. Any food material that makes a stain, any body material such as blood, excretions or dead skin or plant substances or mold or bacteria—all of these are organic.

Bacteria of some kind are hardly ever absent. There are many harmless bacteria. In fact, there are many valuable and useful bacteria. It is natural that these are the easy ones to destroy. Disease bacteria, though comparatively few in number but of great evil significance, need special attention. All bacteria can be killed by boiling. The harmless ones need about five minutes; the evil and infectious ones are harder to kill and take thirty minutes at least. Real disinfecting, such as is necessary after a contagious disease, though, can't be done reliably except under the direction of a doctor or nurse.

### The Purpose of Using Soap

Soil is taken out of clothes by finding a solvent for it. A sirupy stain washes out easily in one way, a greasy stain with

more difficulty in another way. A child's little rompers with dirty knees change instantly under the effect of soap and water and we are so used to the miracle of soap and water that its mystery is all gone. As a matter of fact, no one knows exactly how soap and water work nor why. We know that water in which soap is dissolved—and that is all there is to suds—has a different property from water alone. To put the matter picturesquely, a soiled piece of clothing soaked or washed in water alone would never get thoroughly clean, for impregnated soil can't be reached by water alone. The soap in some way insinuates itself into the fiber and "pulls" the dirt out, "loosens" it or "dissolves" it or "floats it off."

### Selecting a Washing Machine

There are several kinds of washing machines but the ideal is, of course, the electric one. Where there is no electricity or water or gas power, a hand power washer is better than none and is the first step of emancipation from the washboard. It is impossible to give advice in this sort of an article on the merits of the various electric washers. Go shop for them! See them all, hear their makers' agents extol their particular virtues, compare prices and choose your own. It is as unimaginative for a woman not to shop for her electric washer as it would be for her not to shop for a grand piano or an oriental rug for the living-room. Buy it carefully and take good care of it. It will stand a great amount of abuse but it ought to be treated with both oil and consideration.

### Different Types of Water

Next to the electric washer comes water. And water isn't just water. There is as much difference in waters as there is in the soils they run through or come out of. The only naturally pure, soft water is rain water or melted snow, or water that is derived from these two sources and miraculously kept uncontaminated by minerals. Hard water is water containing dissolved minerals. In the eastern part of our country, we are blessed pretty generally with fairly soft water. Those so blessed have no conception of the trials unfortunate women must undergo who have to keep house, wash dishes, wash clothes, wash everything in hard water.

The luxury of soft water may seem at first to lie entirely in its delightful and grateful feeling to the skin. Its importance, however, is its effect upon soap. Soap, with water, is the one great cleansing agent. Soap has a difficult time lathering in hard water because the minerals attack the soap and in a way "eat it up." Soap lathers slowly and with difficulty in hard water because much of the soap has to be eaten up by the minerals to neutralize them before the rest of the soap can go to work to make suds. This is the origin and explanation of that very disagreeable and troublesome scum that always appears in hard water, that settles

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A washing machine does most of the work

## Modern Laundry Methods

The function of good soap and the limitations of water when used alone

in the washbowl and bathtub, on the dishpan and in the laundry tubs and washing machines. There is no avoiding this scum except by using a water softener first to neutralize the minerals so they will not be so greedy for soap.

### Washing Clothes the Modern Way

In the next few paragraphs is given a proper way to wash. It is not the only way, however. Many variations are possible, depending upon the actual domestic circumstances, as well as habits and traditions.

First of all, sort the clothes into colored clothes and white clothes and then again into ordinary sturdy clothes and fine clothes. S'ockings must always be washed by themselves. Dyes in them are usually too unstable to risk mixing stockings with the rest of the wash.

Then sort again. Silks and woolens must not be washed with linens and cottons. They will not stand high temperatures, while linens and cottons can, if necessary, be boiled. Silks and woolens will not stand much handling and rough treatment, either. They are delicate, sensitive fibers and must be treated gently, with intelligence and care. While sorting, look for stains and remove those that will not wash out. Some stains are set by soap and water, others by ironing. Stains are a special problem and need special treatment.

Next put the clothes to soak. A general rule is to soak twenty minutes in lukewarm soap suds. When chipped or granulated soap is used, the usual proportion is a cupful to a tub of water. For very hard water, use two cupfuls. The average washing machine takes one to two cups of soap chips. A bar of soap should be rubbed on badly soiled places, wristbands, the knees and elbows of rompers, kitchen aprons, etc.

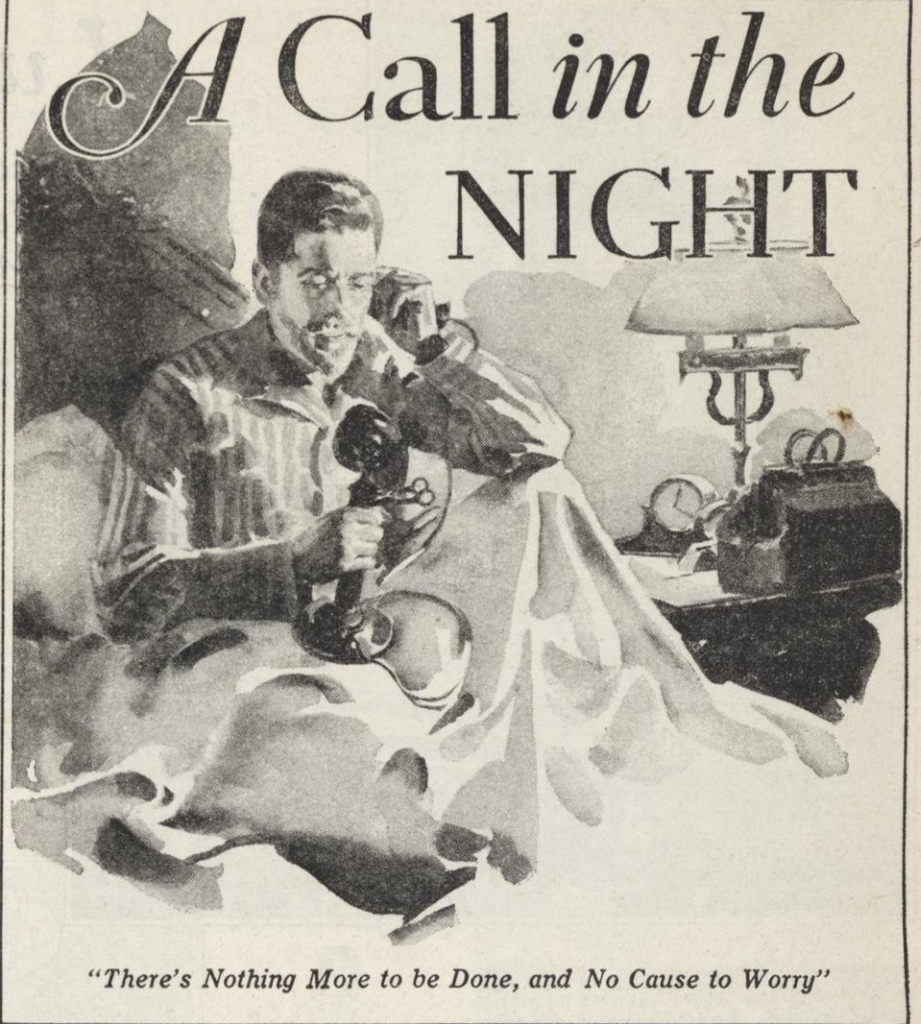
After soaking, wash white and less badly soiled things first, then the colored things, then the badly soiled ones. Start the washing machine with plenty of good, rich hot suds and wash the white clothes and linens first. Then add more water and soap as the water cools and the suds are used up. When the water begins to look dirtier than the clothes, change the water. Clothes can't be washed clean in dirty

water. That is why so many clothes look gray and smell unpleasantly. That and insufficient rinsing.

Rinsing (next to the choice of soap) is the most important part of washing. If hot suds are used, rinse in warm water, then in cold water. Rinse until every bit of dirty water is out of the clothes. Remember that part of the last rinse water will dry on the clothes, so if it is gray and dirty the clothes will be grayish, too. If desired, put a little bluing in the last rinse water for white pieces. Silks and woolens must be washed always in lukewarm water and rinsed in water of the same temperature. They can be washed in a washing machine if they are washed with a mild, neutral soap and not washed or "handled" too long. Be careful of the soap you use in washing delicate silks and woolens. It must be pure and mild—safe enough for your skin, in fact. Rayon ought to be washed by hand. The fibers are very tender when wet and need gentle handling.

Colored clothes are not soaked at all, for the dyes may not be fast. They must be washed quickly, dried in the shade and ironed with a warm—not a hot—iron. Many colored clothes and silks are harmed more in ironing than in washing.

Thorough rinsing is important



"There's Nothing More to be Done, and No Cause to Worry"

## When It's Two A. M. and Baby is Suddenly Ailing a Wise Mother Does Two Things

Children's little ailments seem twice as serious in the dead of night. But a knowing mother is prepared any hour of the twenty-four to allay a fretful spell—or even fever.

The first thing to do when your youngster is upset is what most doctors would tell you to do—give a little Castoria. No sooner done than the child is eased; sound asleep again before you know it. Fletcher's Castoria comforts so quickly no time is lost. If it doesn't, call a physician. Don't experiment with medicines meant for grown-ups!

If you have a child, you've heard of Fletcher's Castoria. But do you realize its many marvelous uses? In infancy its soothing influence is indispensable; its sweetening influence when Baby's little stomach

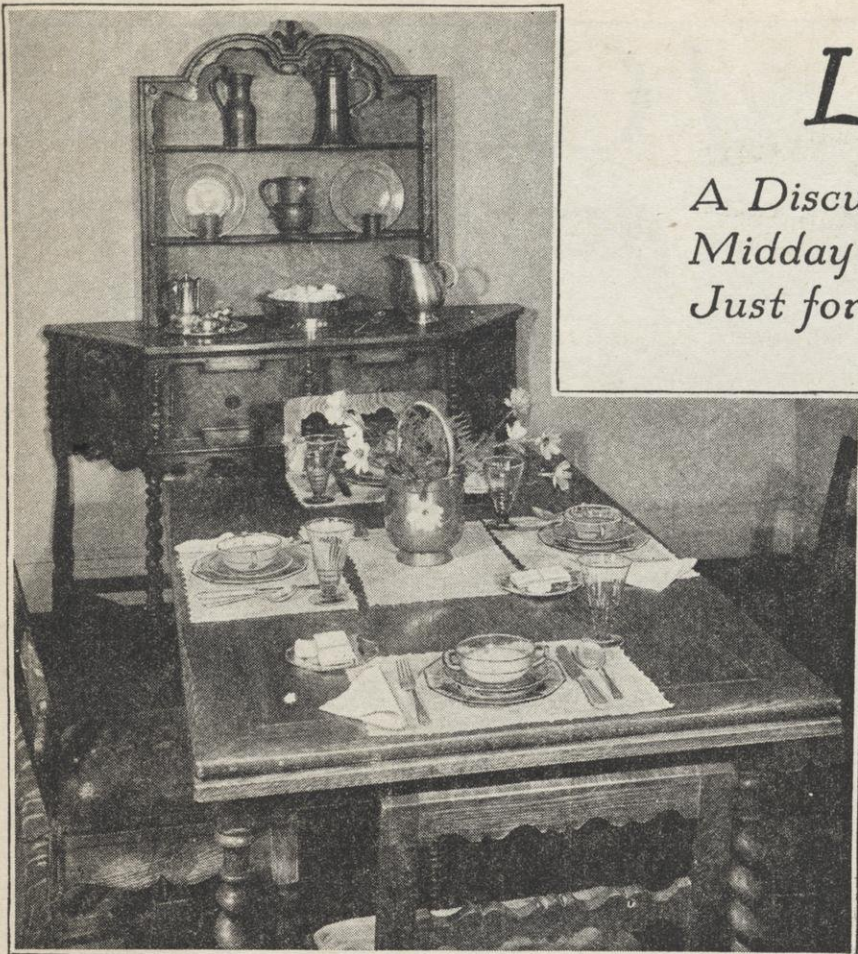
seems sour; its gentle persuasion of the bowels when there is any irregularity. All through babyhood it is a mother's standby in cases of colic, and the equally dangerous diarrhea. *But keep on with good old Castoria until your child is grown.* Bigger appetite, and better assimilation and elimination will almost surely reward this sensible care. Raise boys and girls whose systems are sound and strong, and to whom constipation is practically unknown!

Fletcher's Castoria is on sale in every drugstore in the land, and with every bottle comes a book that is a revelation to most mothers. Fletcher's Baby Book, and The Danger Age for Children mailed free if you write Castoria, 80 Varick St., N. Y., and mention this publication.



# Luncheon Is Served!

A Discussion of Menus and Services Which Make the Midday Meal Attractive Whether It Be for a Party or Just for Mrs. Housewife—By Lily Haxworth Wallace



used with the right hand. It is understood, too, that where water glasses or goblets are to be refilled, this can be done from the right; really, it is all a matter of ease and common sense.

The diagram in the middle of the page shows a place set up for one. The following key explains it: 1. Bread and butter plate with butter spreader. 2. Napkin. 3. Meat fork. 4. Salad fork. 5. Bouillon cup and saucer. 6. Service plate. 7. Knife. 8. Bouillon spoon. 9. Water glass.

We have already indicated that the first course of this

eral small molds previously dipped into cold water, chill, un-mold and serve with sweetened sliced peaches. Other fruits—strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, etc.—may be used in season.

### Menu Number Two

- |                   |                    |                        |                  |
|-------------------|--------------------|------------------------|------------------|
| PIMIENTO BISQUE   | WHOLE WHEAT WAFERS | INDIVIDUAL MEAT LOAVES | BRILLED TOMATOES |
| TINY HOT BISCUITS | FRUIT LEMONADE     | CAFE PARFAIT           | BUTTER           |

### Pimiento Bisque

- |                               |                             |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 quart chicken stock or soup | 1 tablespoon cornstarch     |
| ½ cup cooked rice             | ¼ cup milk                  |
| 2 pimientos                   | ½ cup light cream           |
| Salt and pepper               | ½ tablespoon minced parsley |

Combine the chicken stock or soup, rice and pimientos, heat and press through a fine sieve. (If preferred, use canned chicken soup, in which event omit the addition of rice.) Season, bring to boiling point, bind with the cornstarch moistened with the cold milk, cook five minutes and just before serving add the cream and parsley.

### Menu Number Three

- |                  |                         |               |
|------------------|-------------------------|---------------|
| MELON COCKTAIL   | THINLY SLICED COLD LAMB | CURRENT JELLY |
| CREAMED POTATOES | PATTI BREAD             | PEAS          |
| ICE CREAM CAKE   | DEMI-TASSE              | BUTTER        |

For Melon Cocktail, scoop out balls of cantaloupe, honey dew or watermelon, or if you like, use two of these to afford variety of both color and flavor. Add for each three cups of fruit, one-half cup of boiled sugar and water sirup to which one teaspoon of freshly minced mint and one tablespoon of either lemon or lime juice have been added. Chill and serve in individual glasses.

Patti Bread consists of the thinnest possible slices of bread baked golden brown and crisp in a very cool oven. Ice Cream Cake consists of two layers of delicate sponge cake with a filling of vanilla or other ice cream, the cake then being cut into slices as usual.

### Essentials of Pleasant Service

1. Don't attempt too much. It is not true hospitality so to tire yourself physically in preparing for your guests that you have nothing left to offer mentally.
2. Serve hot things hot and cold things cold.
3. Don't try to rush through the meal. Take time for comfortable quiet service and equally comfortable enjoyment of the meal itself.
4. Avoid repetition of any one specific ingredient. That is to say, do not serve tomato soup and follow it with tomato salad, nor begin the luncheon with fruit cup and finally serve a fruit dessert.

### The Family's Noonday Meal

When lunch is served for the family, nutritive value must be more seriously taken into consideration, especially if there are little people to be fed. They must have a properly balanced meal but this must be carefully planned for so as not to interfere with the two or more hours of school work still to be done. In other words, although satisfying, their luncheon must also be one which can be easily digested. And whether for school child, office worker or indeed anyone else in the family, one of the greatest midday stand-bys is soup. A satisfying soup need be neither expensive, elaborate nor difficult of preparation, these claims applying to both commercially canned and homemade soups. Vegetable, tomato, asparagus, bean and pea soups, for instance, are all good and you know their food value may be made even greater by extending them with milk or stock instead of plain water. Then for those living near the coast, the chowders—clam, oyster and fish—provide a complete lunch in themselves.

In cold weather, the starchy or leguminous foods are popular. There are many varieties of beans which need only to be tried to become favorites: marrow beans, yellow eye beans, pea beans, kidney beans, dried limas—scalloped, in chowder, or served just with their own rich juice (it will be rich if you use only enough water in which to cook the beans), then seasoned with minced parsley and a "spicion" of onion. Or, how about rice with cheese or macaroni or spaghetti, Italian style? All of these are one-dish luncheons—easy to prepare, (Continued on page 55)

**L**UNCHEON may mean any one of the many varying forms of service of our mid-day meal. Perhaps it is an attractive little party for the members of the committee who are meeting to discuss plans for, let us say, the Hallowe'en Dance; it may be an equally attractive though simpler family meal, or again, possibly just lunch for "Madame" herself. Every one of these meals presents its own specific problems so it may not be amiss to discuss each of them individually.

### Planning a Party Luncheon

Let us then consider first the little party luncheon. The illustration at the top of the page shows a table arranged for four, and in harmony with the rather severe, yet at the same time intimate and very beautiful furniture of this dining-room, with its refectory table of antique carved oak and matching chairs with their cushions of ruby velvet, the table linens are ecru Deruta. The entire luncheon service is amber glass which so beautifully reflects the high lights. Yes, we really mean it—all of glass—including plates, cups and saucers, soup cups 'n everything. These sets are quite inexpensive and can also be secured in green or rose glass for either four or six persons.

The flower holder shown is a most fascinating old Dutch handled basket of brass and copper combined. Circular openings in the cover provide a wonderful medium for the arrangement of long stemmed flowers, cosmos in this instance, which give a delightful touch of color.

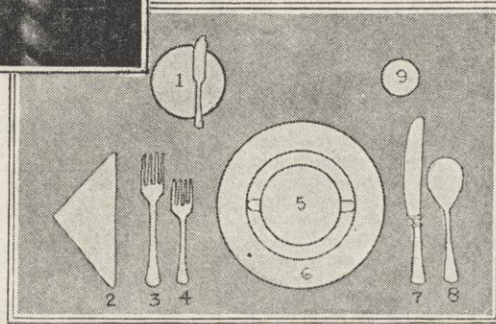
The table silver shown above was chosen for its simplicity though naturally in arranging a table of this kind one will use whatever silver she possesses, but for the bride-to-be, planning for her new home, may we suggest the selection of a design, which, starting with the really essential pieces, may gradually be augmented so as to provide eventually for adequate and complete service.

### Setting the Table and Serving

Note that the napkins in the illustration above are folded into triangles and placed on the table with the double fold parallel with the fork, with any decorative motif uppermost. If the first course had not been on the table, they would have been placed in the plates with two of the diagonally opposite sets of corners folded under.

The table is shown ready for the first course—the cream soup in two-handled, broad, shallow, glass soup cups, with crisp crackers and a pat of butter on the bread and butter plates and the water glasses two-thirds filled. In the event of such a meal being planned for service by the hostess unaided, it would indeed be wise to have a serving table close at hand, this holding the various items needed for subsequent courses, with space on the lower shelf or shelves for the reception of used dishes.

With a maid in attendance, she will of course remove all soiled dishes; she offers all foods to the left of the guest—the exception to this being the placing of after-dinner coffee cup or silver which is to be



party luncheon is soup, and the rest of the courses are given in Menu Number One. Other menus suitable for service in the glass dishes are Number Two and Number Three.

### Menu Number One

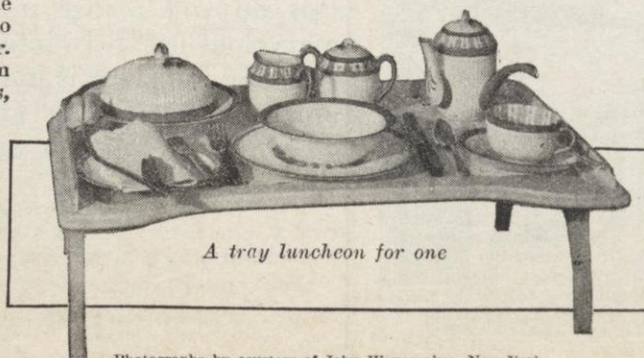
- |  |                              |
|--|------------------------------|
| CREAM OF CAULIFLOWER SOUP                  | CRACKERS                     |
| SHRIMP, CRAB MEAT OR HAWAIIAN SALAD        | HOT ROLLS                    |
| STUFFED MANGOES OR SLICED CUCUMBER PICKLES | JELLIED CUSTARD WITH PEACHES |
| SMALL FROSTED CAKES                        | DEMI-TASSE                   |

Hawaiian Salad is a glorified chicken salad—glorified by the addition of half as much diced or crushed pineapple as chicken, adding this immediately before serving, and, if you like, garnishing the salad with a few asparagus tips, previously marinated in a little highly seasoned French Dressing.

### Jellied Custard with Peaches

- |                                  |                           |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 tablespoon granulated gelatine | 3 eggs                    |
| 1½ pints milk                    | ¼ teaspoon salt           |
| ½ cup granulated sugar           | 1 teaspoon almond extract |
|                                  | Sliced peaches            |

Soften the gelatine in the milk, then place in the upper vessel of a double boiler, heat, and when the gelatine is dissolved, pour over the egg yolks and sugar which have been beaten slightly together. Return to the boiler and cook, stirring constantly, until the custard thickens. Remove from the fire, add the salt and flavoring and fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into one large or sev-



Photographs by courtesy of John Wanamaker, New York

# The news spread swiftly —about the health value discovered in Japan Tea

*A safeguard against several common ailments—a precious food element—has been found in this familiar tea*

It has come as welcome news to thousands—the discovery of this simple safeguard against several common ailments.

A precious food element which is entirely absent from most of the foods we eat, has been found by scientists in simple Japan green tea.

It is now believed that countless men and women are falling short of full, vigorous health because their three meals a day give them too little of this all-important food element. A number of minor ailments have now been traced to this one simple cause.

"It now appears," writes a distinguished scientist, "that this condition is rather common among grown people. Ill health characterized by certain symptoms may be looked for in those who habitually take too little Vitamin C. Those

*In simple Japan green tea, scientists have discovered an abundance of health-giving Vitamin C*

*symptoms are: loss of energy, muddy complexion, fleeting pains often mistaken for rheumatism."*

### A simple precaution

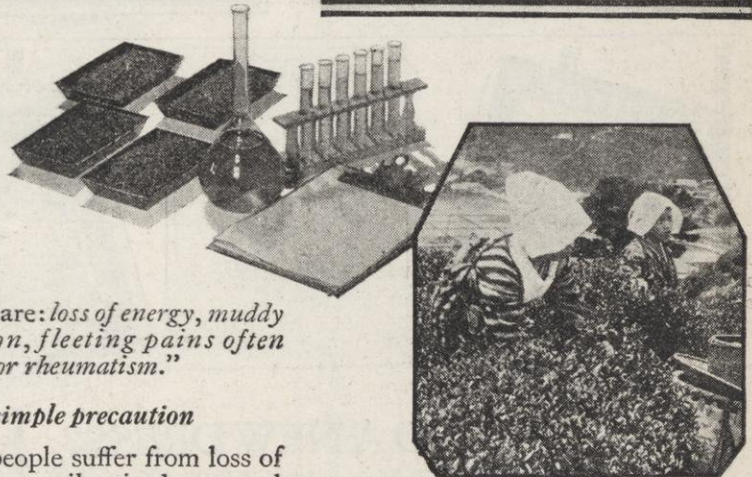
So many people suffer from loss of energy—are easily tired out and feel "run-down." Nervousness, sleeplessness, poor appetite, lethargy follow on lowered vitality.

Today there is a simple precaution that any one can take. The fragrant cups of Japan green tea which we all enjoy are certainly no "cure-all." But today Japan green tea is known to be rich in Vitamin C—a safeguard against these troubles.

### Rich in this all-important element

Only a small number of foods aside from Japan green tea, spinach and a few fruits and vegetables contain Vitamin C.

If you feel "run-down" and are easily tired out, if your mirror shows you a sallow skin, if you have occasional pains that seem like rheumatism, try this simple plan: Drink flavor-laden cups of Japan green tea regularly at lunch, at



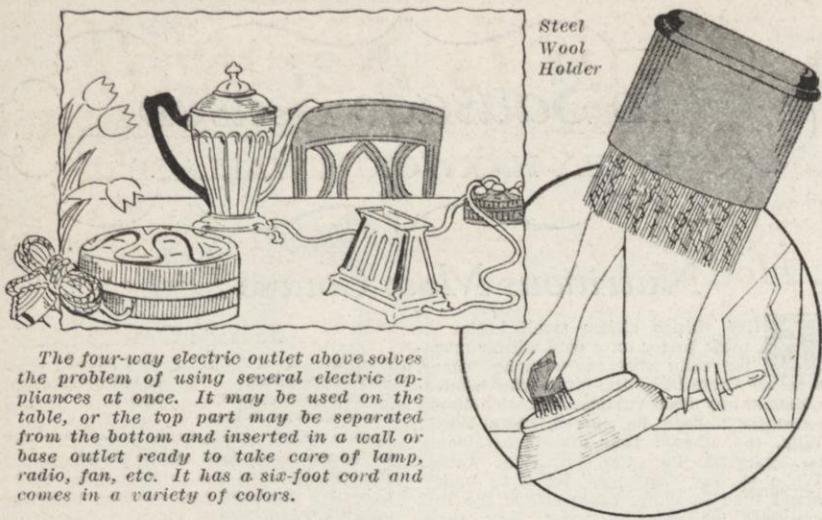
supper, in the afternoon. Take advantage of the rich supply of Vitamin C which it contains. Try this plan for two or three weeks. See if you don't feel and look more healthy—more vitally alive. Whenever you drink tea, be sure it is Japan green tea.

For years one of the two most popular kinds of tea in the country, Japan green tea comes in several grades—under various brand names or in bulk. Your grocer has it or can get it.

**FREE** valuable leaflet giving full facts on health value of Japan green tea with a colored souvenir booklet on tea mailed direct to you from Japan. Mail coupon to American-Japanese Tea Committee, 756 Wrigley Building, Chicago.

Name.....  
Address.....

Steel Wool Holder



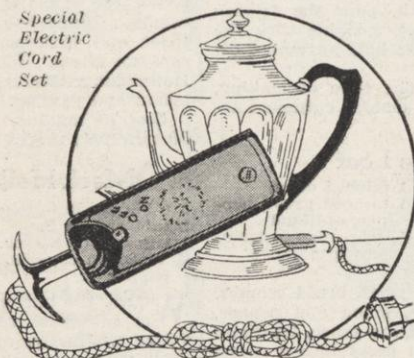
The four-way electric outlet above solves the problem of using several electric appliances at once. It may be used on the table, or the top part may be separated from the bottom and inserted in a wall or base outlet ready to take care of lamp, radio, fan, etc. It has a six-foot cord and comes in a variety of colors.

## New Kitchen Conveniences

*Practical tested devices to lighten work in the home*  
*Reviewed by Lily Haxworth Wallace*

**I**N THE steel wool holder illustrated at the top of the page the disadvantage of having the small particles of wire find their way into one's skin is eliminated, for this is an invention for keeping the hands away from the metal. The steel wool itself has been specially treated to resist rust, then compressed into parallel or "brush" form and stitched so as to hold it in place. Each unit is, under ordinary conditions, sufficient to last for a year. As it becomes used up or worn down, gradually pull it farther out of its holder, which is made of extra heavy red rubber. Refills can be secured to put into the holder, which certainly seems strong enough to last for years. Just wet the metal in hot water and use as a cleaner for aluminum or other utensils. If soaps and cleaners containing a strong free alkali are used, be sure to rinse the appliance thoroughly before putting it away to keep the holder in good condition.

Special Electric Cord Set



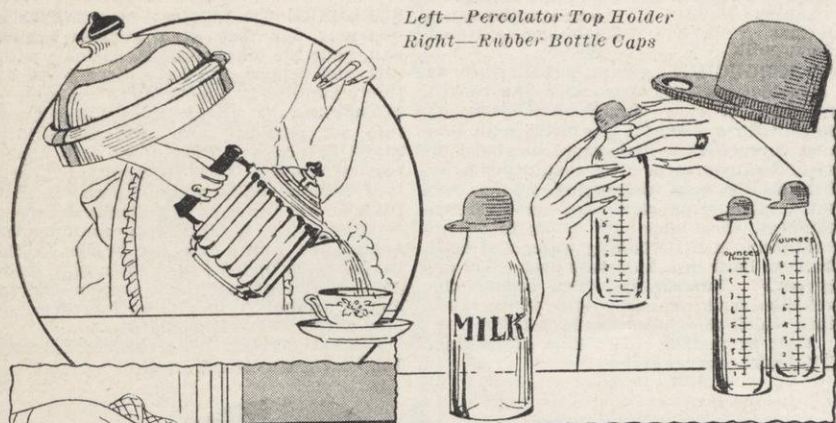
**Special Cord Set:** The connecting cord is usually the first part of any electric appliance to wear out and this is hardly to be wondered at when one considers the

tug and pull to which such cords are commonly subjected when removing them from any piece of equipment to which they are attached. Shown just below is a cord set with a convenient pull which releases all strain on the cord itself. It is made to fit all standard electric appliances and is remarkably easy to plug in or out. The "pull" never gets hot. It may be secured either with or without an "on and off" switch.

**Percolator Top Holders:** Below is shown a percolator top with a safety belt arrangement which prevents its falling off—a circle of lightweight aluminum which fits over the knob and under the metal of the percolator lid, holding the cap firmly in place. It cannot slip and yet it may be removed easily if desired. These tops are made of unbreakable glass.

**Rubber Bottle Caps:** The cap really looks like a miniature cap—peak and all. It is made of pure Para rubber (amber color) and may be boiled for sterilization. The peak with its little indentation gives a good purchase for the removal of the cap at feeding time, to be replaced by an anticollic nipple. The cap not only protects the contents of the

Left—Percolator Top Holder  
Right—Rubber Bottle Caps



baby's bottle from all possible contamination but also the lip of the bottle itself. A similar cap of the same Para rubber fits a regulation size milk bottle and has the same peak feature. These caps are leak-proof and air-tight.

**Handled Pans:** Pie plates and cake pans with handles facilitate their removal from a hot oven. Many of us have good cause to know the difficulties attending the transfer of a scalding hot juicy berry pie from oven to table, especially if it should be in the back of the oven with another pan in front. The handles are raised above the level of the plate itself.



Handled Pans





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## In Sausage Season

By LILY HAXWORTH WALLACE

### Nutritious Main Course Dishes

**F**EW things either smell better or taste better on a cold winter morning than sausages with hot cakes, whether these be of the plain wheat, buck-wheat or any other variety. But why should sausages always be served plain fried? Why, too, should they almost invariably be reserved for the breakfast table? When we say "sausage," let it be understood that in many cases either the link sausages or sausage meat may serve equally well. Occasionally one or the other is more suited to a given method of preparation; where this is the case, it is definitely indicated.

#### Polenta with Sausages

1½ cups yellow corn-meal  
1 quart boiling water  
1 pound sausage meat  
1 teaspoon salt  
1½ cups tomato sauce  
½ cup grated cheese

**S**PRINKLE the cornmeal gently into the boiling salted water, stirring constantly. Cook for twenty minutes over a moderate heat, stirring occasionally. Add the sausage meat, which has been cooked for fifteen minutes, then broken with two forks into irregular pieces. Stir it into the cornmeal, then turn into a mold or bowl which has been dipped into cold water and set aside until cold and firm. Unmold onto a greased baking dish, pour the tomato sauce over and around, sprinkle with the grated cheese and bake half an hour in a moderate oven.

Cost of making, 66c; time of making, 1¼ hours, chilling of molded cornmeal additional; serves six.

#### Sausage Loaf

1 pound sausage meat  
1½ cups bread crumbs  
1 teaspoon poultry seasoning  
1 minced onion  
1 minced green pepper, optional  
¾ cup tomato sauce or white sauce

**B**LEND the sausage meat, bread crumbs, poultry seasoning, onion and pepper, if used. Moisten with the sauce, let stand for ten minutes, then press into a casserole or bread pan which has been greased and sprinkled with crumbs. Bake three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven—350 degrees F.

Cost of making, 67c; time of making, 1¼ hours; serves six.

#### Sausage Timbales

3 cups cooked rice or spaghetti  
½ pound cooked sausage meat  
2 eggs  
1 cup milk  
¼ teaspoon salt  
½ teaspoon paprika  
1½ cups well seasoned white sauce  
3 tablespoons grated cheese

**T**HOROUGHLY grease small cups or molds and line them with the cooked spaghetti or rice. Break up the sausage meat with a fork, fill the molds with this and cover with a little more spaghetti or rice, then pour over all a custard made by beating the eggs thoroughly, adding the milk, salt and paprika. Let stand for ten minutes, then place the molds in a pan containing a little boiling water and bake half an hour in a moderate oven—350 degrees F. Unmold and pour around the timbales a cheese sauce—the white sauce into which the cheese has been stirred.

Cost of making, 57c; time of making, 1¼ hours; serves six.

#### Sausage Omelet

3 eggs  
¼ teaspoon salt  
¼ teaspoon paprika  
2 tablespoons butter  
1 cup cooked sausages or sausage meat

**S**EPARATE the whites from the yolks of the eggs, beat the yolks thoroughly, then blend with the stiffly beaten whites, to which the salt and paprika have been added. Turn into a clean frying pan in which the butter has been melted and heated and cook just until the edges begin to set. Then sprinkle over the surface the sausage meat, which has been cut or broken into small pieces, and place the pan in a moderately hot oven—375 degrees F.—to finish cooking the omelet; this will take about five minutes. Fold together and serve immediately, with or without sauce.

Cost of making, 39c; time of making, 25 minutes; serves four.

#### Sausages with Eggs, Hollandaise

6 sausages  
6 poached eggs  
6 slices buttered toast  
1½ cups Mock Hollandaise Sauce  
Parsley and cut lemon

**P**RICK and cook the sausages thoroughly, then cut them into slices. If possible, poach the eggs in rings, otherwise trim evenly. Place one egg on each slice of toast and arrange around it a ring of sausage slices. Pour over all the Mock Hollandaise Sauce and garnish with cut lemon and parsley.

Cost of making, 90c; time of making, 30 minutes; serves six.

#### Mock Hollandaise Sauce

3 tablespoons butter  
2 tablespoons flour  
1 cup boiling water  
¾ teaspoon cayenne pepper  
½ teaspoon salt  
1½ tablespoons lemon juice  
2 egg yolks

**W**ORK the butter and flour together in a saucepan until creamy, add the water gradually, stir until boiling, then cook three minutes. Add the seasonings and pour slowly over the beaten egg yolks, stirring constantly.

Cost of making, 15c; time of making, 12 minutes.

#### A Sausage Meat Meal

3 large potatoes  
2 tablespoons salad oil  
Salt  
Pepper  
1 pound sausage meat  
2 large apples

**P**REPARE the potatoes as for French frying, lay them on a greased baking pan, pour the oil over them, sprinkle with salt and pepper and bake twenty-five to thirty minutes in a moderately hot oven—375 degrees F. Divide the sausage meat into six portions and form these into round flat cakes. Bake these also about twenty minutes. Core the apples, cut each into three slices, but do not peel. Pour a little of the fat from the sausages into a frying pan and fry the apples until tender and golden brown but not broken. Pile the potatoes high in the center of a serving dish and arrange the sausage meat and apples around it in alternating, overlapping slices. Serve immediately.

Cost of making, 58c; time of making, 1¼ hours; serves six.

Right—Polenta with Sausages  
Left—Sausages with Eggs,  
Hollandaise



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**Desserts for Brisk Days**  
 By LILY HAXWORTH WALLACE

**Puddings Which Are Sure to Appeal**

**W**E MUST have an abundance of fruits in our menus and at dinner either the salad course or the dessert course seems to give the most logical cue for their entry. Remember that the dessert calories must be counted as well as those of the earlier and heavier courses of the meal if our diet is to be properly balanced.

**Date Nut Pudding**

2 eggs 1½ cups coarsely chopped dates ½ teaspoon salt  
 ¼ cup sugar ¼ cup flour 1 teaspoon baking powder  
 ½ cup chopped walnuts Whipped cream

Beat egg yolks until light, then stir in sugar, walnuts and dates. Next add flour, salt and baking powder sifted together. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites and bake about half an hour in a moderate oven—350-375 degrees F.—in a shallow greased pan. Break into pieces and serve cold with whipped cream; or fold whipped cream into pudding just before serving. Cost, 65c; time, 50 minutes; serves four.

**Banana Supreme**

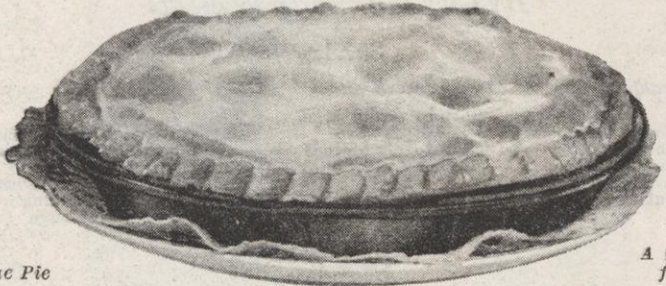
4 bananas 4 Graham crackers ½ teaspoon grated nutmeg  
 ½ cup chopped nut meats ½ cup brown sugar Whipped cream, optional

Peel, scrape and cut bananas lengthwise and crosswise into quarters. Pass nuts through food chopper and blend with crackers, sugar and nutmeg. Roll bananas in this mixture, lay close together in a buttered pan and bake about twenty minutes in a moderate oven—350-375 degrees F. Serve with or without whipped cream. Cost, 32c (cream additional); time, 35 minutes; serves four.

**Apple Fluff**

3 large tart apples 1½ tablespoons granulated gelatine ½ cup maple sirup  
 1½ cups water 2 egg whites  
 Grated rind ½ lemon 2 tablespoons lemon juice

Peel, core and cut up apples, simmer with a half cup of water until tender. If absolutely necessary, add just enough water to prevent burning. Soften gelatine in remaining cup of water, then heat until thoroughly dissolved. Add lemon rind, juice and maple sirup with apples, already pressed through a sieve. Cool; when beginning to set, beat until light. Last of all, add stiffly beaten egg whites, folding them thoroughly but gently into gelatine mixture. Turn into a mold previously dipped into cold water, chill and unmold. If desired, egg yolks may be utilized in making a boiled custard to serve as a sauce. Cost, 40c; time, 50 minutes, chilling additional; serves six.



Lemon Meringue Pie

A general favorite

**Pies—Modern and Historical**

**W**E HOPE you will make and enjoy the "Maids of Honor." Admittedly, they are very old-fashioned, for they date back to the days of Henry VIII of England. History has it that Katherine of Aragon had a maid of honor—Anne Boleyn—who originated these particular tarts.

**Maids of Honor**

2 eggs ½ cup seedless raisins 2 tablespoons finely chopped almonds  
 ½ cup sugar 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind Rich pastry  
 2 cups cottage cheese 1 tablespoon lemon juice  
 2 tablespoons cream

Beat the eggs and sugar until light and add them to the cottage cheese with the remaining ingredients, blending all thoroughly. Line individual tartlet pans with rich pastry, put a spoonful of the filling into each and bake in a moderately hot oven—375 degrees—about fifteen minutes. Cost, 80c; time, 1 hour; makes 18 tarts.

**Lemon Meringue Pie**

1 cup sugar Grated rind and juice 1 ½ teaspoon salt  
 1 cup water lemon 2 tablespoons sugar, additional  
 3 tablespoons cornstarch Previously baked pastry shell  
 2 eggs

Bring sugar and water together to boiling point, stir in cornstarch already moistened with a little cold water. Cook five minutes, cool slightly, add beaten egg yolks, lemon rind and juice and salt. Turn into a baked pastry shell and cover with a meringue made by beating egg whites until stiff, gradually adding additional sugar and continuing beating a moment longer. Bake ten minutes in a cool oven to set and delicately color meringue. Cost, 40c; time, 40 minutes; serves six.

**Butterscotch Pie**

½ cup brown sugar 3 eggs ½ cup granulated sugar  
 2 tablespoons butter ½ cup water Previously baked pastry shell  
 2 tablespoons flour or cornstarch ¼ teaspoon salt

Put sugar into a heavy pan and heat over a moderate fire, stirring constantly until melted. Heat must be very moderate or sugar will burn. Add the water, simmer until sugar is dissolved. Cream butter and flour together, pour hot mixture slowly over them, stirring while pouring. Place in a double boiler, add egg yolks and salt and cook over hot water until thick. Beat egg whites as for meringue, adding granulated sugar, and turn into prepared cornstarch mixture, folding together. If preferred, meringue mixture may be piled on top of pie after placing it in the pastry shell, then baked as usual. Cost, 47c; time, 45 minutes; serves six.

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**First Thought to the Last Course**

# Menus for Any Week in October

**O**CTOBER is a very easy month in which to market; in fact, there is such an abundance of almost everything in the way of fruits and vegetables that one is tempted to buy more than can be economically utilized. With the cooler weather, oysters are available, to say nothing of the heartier meats, sausages being a notable example. "Pigs-in-Blankets" are therefore suggested one day for lunch; if you elect to use clams instead of oysters, be sure to save the tough portions to add to the clam chowder next day. On the other hand, should there be a little oyster liquor, which, of course, is not utilized with the "Pigs," save this also—the chowder will be all the better for it.

Our vegetable dinner for October partakes of the nature of an East Indian meal. It consists of stuffed peppers using a mixed cooked vegetable stuffing—carrot, onion and peas perhaps, or cauliflower, lima beans, onion and bread crumbs well seasoned and moistened with either cream sauce, cheese sauce or gravy, broiled tomatoes and baked halved bananas with rice and a curry sauce. Don't turn away with the idea that a curry sauce is necessarily very hot, for we can gauge the amount of curry to suit the family taste. Here's a recipe for it: Two tablespoons butter (use as art of it, that left over from sautéing the bananas), two tablespoons flour, one teaspoon curry powder, one and a half cups milk or stock, one teaspoon lemon juice, one beaten egg. Cook the curry powder in the butter first, then proceed as for a white sauce, beating in the egg and lemon juice just before serving. This is a good sauce to serve with any vegetable meal or with plain steamed rice.

## White Fruit Cake

½ cup butter  
1 cup sugar  
3 cups flour  
½ teaspoon salt  
4 teaspoons baking powder  
¼ cup candied orange rind  
½ cup seedless raisins  
¼ cup candied lemon rind  
½ cup candied cherries  
½ cup nut meats  
1 cup orange juice  
3 egg whites

Cream the butter with half the sugar, adding the remaining sugar gradually. Sift the flour, salt and baking powder, chop the fruits and nuts finely, add a little of the flour to the fruits, combine these with the creamed butter and sugar, add the grated orange rind, then the sifted flour mixture alternately with the orange juice. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and bake in a loaf cake pan, greased or lined with greased paper, for one hour in a moderate oven—about 350 degrees F. When cold, cover with plain orange frosting.

## Baked Liver and Bacon

1½ pounds liver, cut in one piece  
1 tablespoon minced parsley  
1 tablespoon minced onion  
Slices of bacon  
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind  
1 cup stock or water  
Salt and pepper

Wipe the liver carefully, cut several small gashes in it with a sharp knife and place in these the blended parsley, onion, lemon rind, salt and pepper. Place in a greased pan, lay the slices of bacon on top, pour the stock or water around, cover closely and bake in a moderate oven for three-quarters of an hour, removing the cover during the last fifteen minutes of cooking. Slightly thicken the liquor in the pan, pour it around the meat and serve with mashed potatoes or steamed rice. Dinner, Wednesday.

## Cranberry Sherbet

1 quart cranberries  
2 cups water  
2 cups sugar  
Juice 2 lemons

Cook the cranberries and water together rapidly for ten minutes. Strain, add the sugar and stir until thoroughly dissolved. When



## Everyday Meals for Busy People

By Lily Haxworth Wallace

Sunday		Monday	
<b>Breakfast</b>	<b>Luncheon</b>	<b>Breakfast</b>	<b>Luncheon</b>
Fresh Grape Juice Fried Sausages, Apple Rings Bran Muffins Butter Coffee	Shrimp Salad with Mayonnaise Saratoga Potatoes Rolled Sandwiches Fruit Marshmallow or Caramel Layer Cake Tea	Sliced Bananas Flaked Cereal Quick Coffee Cake Butter Coffee	Italian Macaroni Romaine w. h. French Dressing Bread Sticks Spiced Prunes Tea
Milk	Milk	Milk	Milk
Dinner		Tuesday	
Roast Virginia Ham Southern Sweet Potatoes Spinach Cranberry Sherbet Nut Pudding Demi-tasse	Oxtail Soup Cold Sliced Ham Pickles Wax Beans Stuffed Eggplant Apple Fritters, Lemon Sauce Coffee	Cantaloupe Hot Cereal with Milk Shirred Eggs Toast Coffee	Toasted Potted Meat Sandwiches Olives Fig and Cream Cheese Salad Tea
Wednesday		Wednesday	
Stewed Apricots Broiled Finnan Haddie Whole Wheat Toast Butter Coffee	"Ox Eyes" with Spinach or Tomatoes Molade Cereal with Fruit Tea	Chicken Vegetable Soup Baked Liver Mashed Potatoes Succotash Norwegian Prune Pudding Coffee	Vegetable Bouillon Pork Tenderloin Grilled Sweet Potatoes Corn Apple Jelly Grape Juice Tapioca Pudding Coffee
Thursday		Thursday	
Baked Apples Grape-Nuts Ham Muffins Coffee	Tuna Fish and Egg Salad Boiled Dressing Pickles Cottage Cheese, Jelly Brownies Tea	Cornmeal Mush with Raisins Soft Boiled Eggs Rolls Coffee	Figs-in-Blankets with Toast Fingers Apple Sauce Wafers Tea
Friday		Friday	
Grapefruit Shredded Cereal Broiled Kidneys Toast Coffee	Clam Chowder Crackers Lettuce, Dressing Fried Cornmeal Mush with Sirup or Jelly Tea	East Indian Vegetable Dinner Fruited Gelatine Sponge Coffee	Tomato Bouillon Smothered Round Steak Baked Potatoes Harvard Beets Bread and Butter Pickles Fruit Pudding Coffee
Saturday		Saturday	

cold, add the lemon juice and freeze, using three parts of ice to one of salt. Serve as an accompaniment to meats. Dinner, Sunday.

## Nut Pudding

2 cups scalded milk  
1 cup soft bread crumbs  
¾ cup sugar  
1 cup chopped nut meats  
2 eggs  
Grated rind and juice  
1 orange  
2 tablespoons melted butter

Add the bread crumbs to the milk, cover and let the two stand together for five minutes. Then add the sugar, nut meats, egg yolks, orange rind and juice and the melted butter. Blend all thoroughly, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites, turn into a greased baking dish and bake about thirty-five minutes in a moderate oven. Serve with hard sauce flavored with grated orange rind. Dinner, Sunday.

## "Ox Eyes"

Very thick slices stale bread  
Beaten egg  
Milk  
Stale bread crumbs  
Minced meat or fish  
Gravy or cream sauce

Stamp rounds of bread with a large cutter, then with a smaller cutter remove a portion of the center—not, however, cutting right through the bread—to form cases. Beat one or more eggs according to the number of "ox eyes" to be made, add milk in the proportion of three tablespoonfuls to each egg. Dip each portion of bread quickly into the egg mixture, then roll in bread crumbs. Place on a greased pan and bake in a quick oven until golden brown. Fill the center with meat or fish heated in gravy or sauce. Dust with paprika and serve with spinach or stewed tomatoes. Luncheon, Wednesday.

## "Pigs-in-Blankets"

2 dozen oysters or soft clams  
1 dozen slices of bacon

Only the soft stomachs should be used, the tougher portions being reserved for clam broth. Cut the slices of bacon into halves, lay a clam or oyster on each slice, roll up and fasten with small wooden toothpicks or impale several "pigs" together on a large wooden or metal skewer. Broil or bake in a hot oven until bacon crisps, then serve on toast fingers, pouring liquor from the pan over and around toast. Luncheon, Friday.

## Turkish Pilau

½ cup rice  
3 tablespoons shortening  
1 cup boiling water or stock  
1½ teaspoons salt  
¼ teaspoon pepper  
2 cups stewed fresh or canned tomatoes

Wash, drain and dry the rice. Meanwhile, heat the shortening in a heavy frying pan and cook the rice in it until golden brown. Transfer to a double boiler, add the water or stock and cook gently until the water is absorbed, then add the seasonings and tomatoes and continue cooking until practically all of the tomatoes have been absorbed by the rice, which should be very tender. Serve hot. Dinner, Tuesday.

## Potato Salad a la Russe

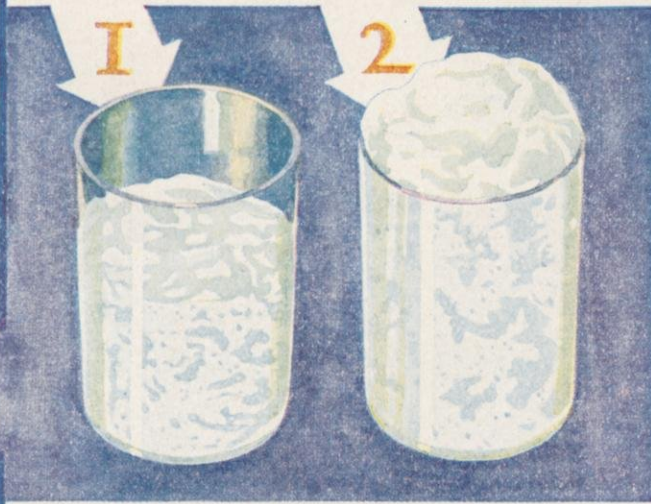
1 quart potato balls  
½ teaspoon onion juice  
1 cup cooked peas  
6 sardines  
Salt and paprika  
1 cup mayonnaise  
Lettuce  
2 or 3 pickled beets  
3 hard boiled eggs

Cut balls from large raw potatoes, using a vegetable cutter. The trimmings may be reserved for boiling and mashing. Boil the balls in slightly salted water until tender but not broken, chill and blend with the onion juice, peas, flaked sardines (skinned and boned) and the seasonings and mayonnaise. Pile high on lettuce and garnish with beets, cut into small dice or fancy shapes. Slice eggs and arrange around base of salad in overlapping slices.

# Then....up it goes again!

it's Calumet's double-action

that makes better baking



**TEST CALUMET'S DOUBLE-ACTION**

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

After the mixture has entirely stopped rising, stand the glass in a pan of hot water on the stove. In a moment a second rising will start and continue until the mixture reaches the top of the glass. This is Calumet's second action—the action that takes place in the heat of your oven.

Make this test. See Calumet's double-action which protects your baking from failure.

“WHY do I get such wonderful results when I bake with Calumet?” women are always asking. “Fluffy cakes, light biscuits, all my baking just the way I want it.”

It is because Calumet Baking Powder has double-action. *Two* leavening actions, not *one*. And these two leavening actions protect your baking from failure to a remarkable degree. Women who used to have “bad luck” with baking, women whose ovens were always “acting up,” find it easy to bake successfully with Calumet.

They tell their friends about this modern baking powder . . . they run in and show their cakes and biscuits to their neighbors. That's why Calumet today is the most popular baking powder in the world.

The test above illustrates Calumet's two leavening actions. The *first* action takes place in the mixing bowl—a steady, even rising that gets the leavening properly started. Calumet's *second* action begins when you put the cake in the oven. It literally “props up” the batter while the oven heat does its work. As a result, a cake made with Calumet has a smooth, velvety texture that is simply beautiful . . . Calumet biscuits are light and feathery . . . muffins rise right up to perfection . . . and waffles and corn-bread turn out exactly the way you always hope they will.

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All baking powders are required by law to be made of pure, wholesome, healthful ingredients. But not all baking powders are alike in their action. Not all give you equally fine results in your baking. Calumet is scientifically made of exactly the right ingredients in exactly the right proportions



to produce perfect leavening action. Its dependable double-action makes baking an easier, pleasanter task.

Here's a recipe for Calumet Coconut Cake. Notice that it calls for only *one* level teaspoon of Calumet to a cup of flour. This is the usual Calumet proportion. A double economy, since Calumet's cost is moderate to begin with. Mail the coupon and Marion Jane Parker will send you the Calumet Baking Book—a collection of splendid up-to-date recipes prepared by baking experts.

**COCONUT CAKE (3 eggs)**

- |                                     |  |
|-------------------------------------|--|
| 2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour | 1 cup sugar                                      |
| 2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder   | 3 eggs, unbeaten                                 |
| ½ teaspoon salt                     | ½ cup milk                                       |
| ⅔ cup butter or other shortening    | 1 teaspoon vanilla                               |
|                                     | 1 can (1½ cups) Baker's Coconut, Southern Style. |

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add flour alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat well after each addition. Add vanilla. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans, 25 to 30 minutes in moderate oven (375°F.). Spread boiled frosting between layers and on top and side of cake. Sprinkle thickly with coconut while frosting is still soft. Double the recipe for three 10-inch layers. (All measurements are level)

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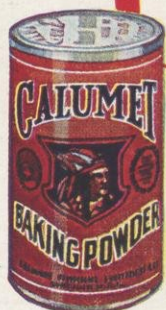
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THE DOUBLE ACTING  
BAKING POWDER





# More State Flowers for Pillows

Designs Painted on Moiré Are Finished with Simple Embroidery

Designed by SADIE P. LE SUEUR

**M**ODERN ideas of interior decoration make extensive use of pillows to supply highlights of color and a luxurious atmosphere of comfort in the home. The pillows shown here come as a response to this widespread demand. Of special interest to the needleworker is the ease and speed with which they may be made, for the designs, painted on rayon moiré, need only a few simple embroidery stitches to complete them. Then the edges of each pillow are piped with rayon-covered cording, giving an attractive and durable finish. The picture in the lower right corner of the page gives an idea of the texture of the moiré. These designs were inspired by the state flowers, so they have a sentimental appeal as well as an artistic one, and they are sure of a hearty reception as gifts and bazaar contributions. This is the second pillow page featuring the state flowers.

**Bitter Root:** State flower of Montana. The painted blossoms on this round black moiré pillow are rose and the leaves and stems are green. The petals are outlined with rose floss, the leaves and stems with green. Yellow French knots make blossom center. Pillow is piped in green covered cording and measures 16 inches in diameter.

**Orange Blossom:** Florida. The painted design on this triangular yellow moiré pillow consists of white blossoms with green leaves. Blossoms are outlined in white floss and have yellow French knot centers. Leaves are veined in green. Green cording pipes the pillow which measures 13 by 17 inches.

**Mistletoe:** Oklahoma. Painted white berries with green leaves and stems are placed in a square marked off with outline-stitches in one corner of a green pillow piped in green. Pillow is 17 inches square.

**California Poppy:** California. Orange painted poppies with green stems grow from a painted green band on this black moiré pillow piped in green. Petals are outlined in gold floss. Poppy centers are black French knots. Feathery foliage is worked in green outline-stitch. Measures 14 by 16 inches.

**Columbine:** Colorado. An orchid moiré pillow has a painted design of lavender and white blossoms and green leaves. Stems are green outline-stitch. Flower centers are yellow French knots, markings on blossoms are lavender and white and on leaves are green. 16 inches in diameter.

**Black-eyed Susan:** Maryland. Painted gold blossoms with green stems and leaves emerge from a painted gold band across one corner of a black moiré pillow piped in gold. Blossoms are outlined in gold and have brown French knot centers. Pillow is 16½ inches square.

**Mountain Laurel:** Connecticut. On a blue moiré pillow piped in rose, painted rose blossoms and green leaves have markings in matching outline-stitch. Stems are green outline. Pillow is 14 by 16 inches.

**Apple Blossom:** Arkansas and Michigan. Pink and white blossoms with green leaves and stems are painted on a rose moiré pillow piped in rose. Blossoms have yellow French knot centers and pink markings. Leaves are veined in green outline-stitch. Pillow is 17 inches square.

**Sunflower:** Kansas. A black moiré pillow piped in green has a painted gold flower with green stem and leaves. Petals are outlined in gold floss. Center is black French knots. Measures 10 by 20½ inches.

**Peach Blossom:** Delaware. A spray of pink blossoms with green stems and leaves is painted on a blue moiré pillow piped in blue. Petals have pink one-stitch markings and yellow French knot centers. Pillow is 16 inches in diameter.

**Indian Paint Brush:** Wyoming. Flame-colored blossoms, growing from sturdy green stalks, are painted on a black moiré pillow piped in red. Markings on petals are green one-stitch. 14½ by 17 inches.

**Bluebonnet:** Texas. Painted blue blossoms with green leaves grow from stately stalks worked in green outline-stitch on this rose moiré pillow which is piped in blue. The markings on the petals are worked in blue one-stitch and the leaves are veined with green one-stitch. This pillow is 16 inches square.

**Rhododendron:** Virginia and Washington. These star-shaped pink blossoms, with their graceful green stems and green leaves, are painted onto a green moiré pillow piped in green. The blossoms have pink markings worked in one-stitch, and the leaves are veined with green outline-stitch. Pillow measures 14 by 16 inches.

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Including Cotton to Embroider

No. 568—Sweet pea design stamped for long and short stitching and French knots. Fast color hemstitched borders of Rose or Green, or all White.

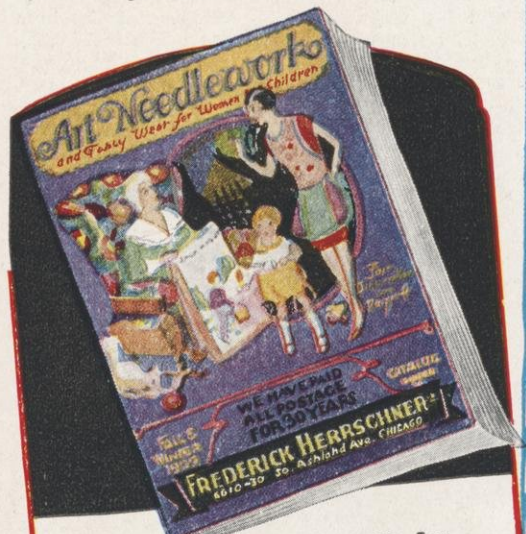
No. 569—Artistic hanging basket for onestitching, lazy daisies and French knots. Border effect

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# Selecting Suitable Rugs for the Living-Room

*How to Determine Kind, Size and Color of the Floor Covering—With Suggestions for the Walls, Draperies and Other Color Accents That Will Produce a Livable and Harmonious Room in Any Home*

By DAHY B. BARNETT

**B**UYING a living-room rug involves far more than going into a store, announcing your intention to the clerk, making your selection and paying your money. Instead, several hours of concentrated thought should have been spent on deciding just what you want and what will look best in your room.

Purchasing the rug divides itself into two phases: first, the desired appearance of the rug, and second, the kind and price. These two phases are somewhat interrelated, as the finer designs and colors are found in more expensive rugs, but such a wide variety is now being made that one may find almost any appearance she wants within a wide price range.

## *A Rug in Keeping with the Room*

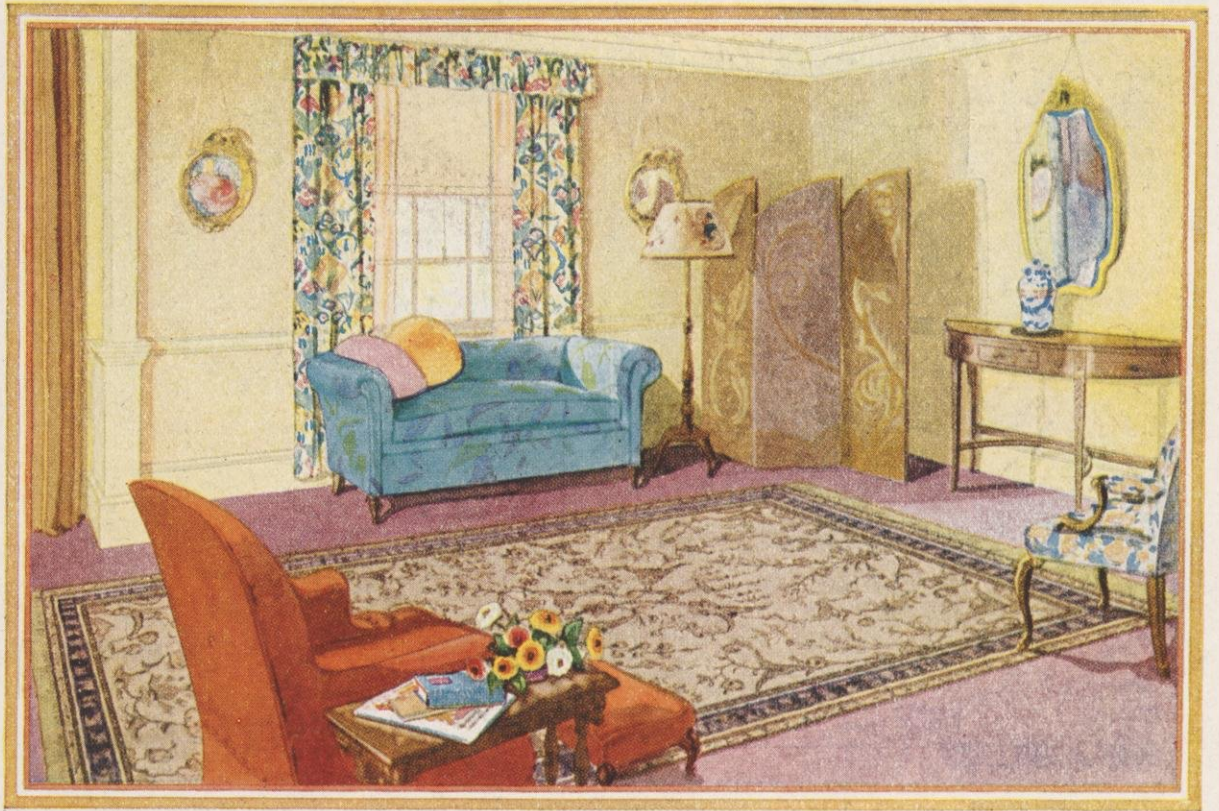
The design of the rug should have a relationship to the type of room. If you are very thorough and are furnishing a living-room in Early American style, the machine woven rugs with designs imitating the old hand-hooked rugs will delight your soul. A handsome one is shown below. For more formal Colonial rooms, rugs with Oriental designs are appropriate, as our sailing vessels brought back more than china and curios from the Orient. As a rule, an Early American room can stand plenty of vigorous color and rather bold designs, but if patterned wall paper and drapes are used, the rug should be more subdued. I might mention that carpeting, too, is being made in Early American designs.

The recent increase in the popularity of houses of English type has brought up the question of what rug is appropriate in the living-rooms. Oriental rugs, or domestic rugs in small Oriental designs are appropriate as are plain ones, with or without a border of a darker tone.

If one decides to be really modern and have modernistic furniture and wall finish and hangings, then modernistic rugs are necessary, too, and can be bought in many designs and colors. Some of the patterns dubbed modernistic are mild enough that they could be used in connection with ordinary furniture.

## *Establishing Color Harmony*

The color of the rug is another vital point in making your selection of a rug and saving time while doing so. If you are buying all new furniture it is a wise plan to decide on the type of room and then buy your rug, picking colors which you like. By selecting your draperies and



*A seamless worsted Wilton rug of pleasing color and design*

upholstery in hues which repeat those of the rug, there will be a good chance for achieving a harmonious room. For instance, if the background of the rug is mottled tan and brown and has figures in green and orange, you could use those colors in planning the room. Get walnut or maple furniture, rather than mahogany; have the walls painted a tan, similar to the lightest tan in the rugs. Probably the background of the draperies would be of the same color but the pattern would be in green and orange. Upholstery might be of a deep dull green with a small

diaper pattern in gold thread with a touch of blue and salmon.

On the other hand, when the room is already finished and the problem is to purchase a rug which will be all things to all men, the problem is different. This may be solved by making a chart, listing furniture, upholstery, draperies, floors, walls, woodwork and accessories in a row at the left. Opposite each note the colors which they present. By eliminating duplicates, one arrives at a group which covers the predominant colors in the room. And then look until a rug is found which contains the desired hues.

The sunfast draperies shown in the two illustrations on this page repeat the rug colorings. They are shown in greater detail on page 50.

## *Rugs in Plain Colors*

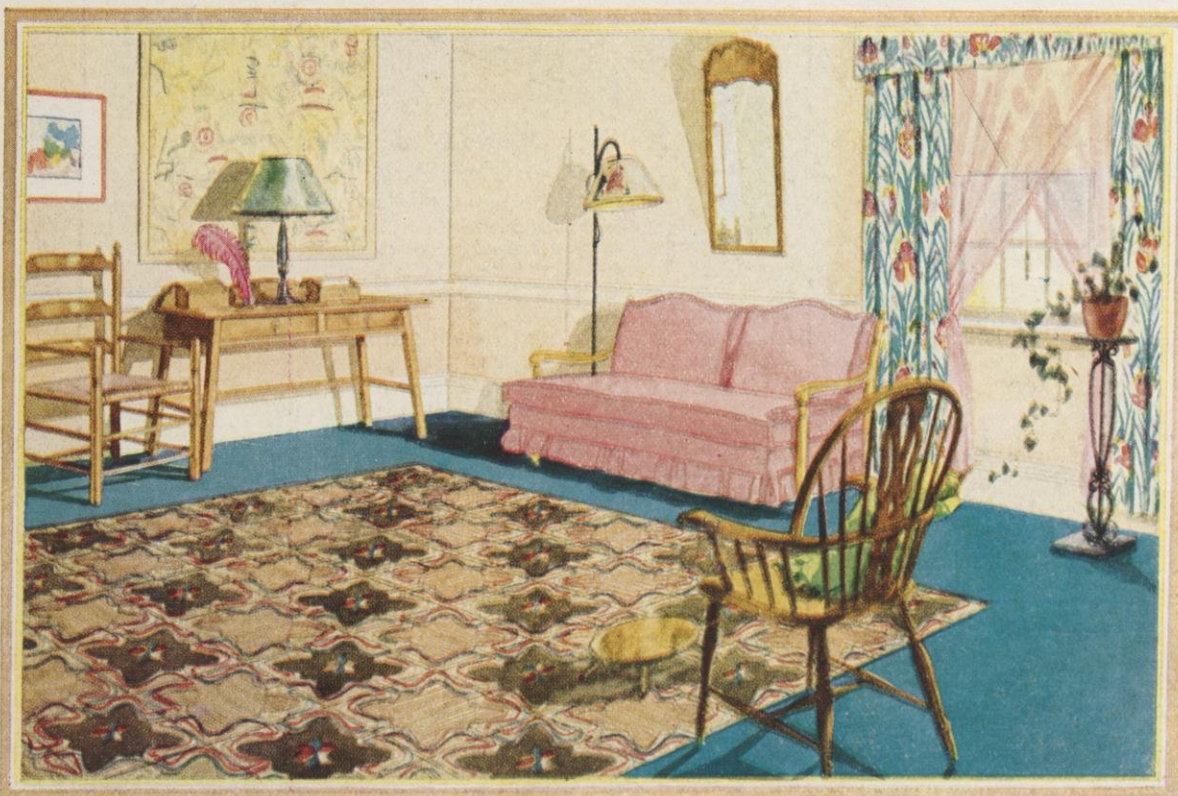
So far, I have been talking as if all rugs were patterned, but nothing is farther from the truth. Seamless rugs may be had in a wide range of colors, taupe, mulberry, tan, brown, green and others. Then carpeting may be made up into rugs and bound at the ends if desired. A slight variation from the plain color is found in rugs which combine lighter and dark tones of the same color; this gives a slight variation in tone which is not striking but which has several advantages over the plain. Anyone who has cared for one, knows that an unpatterned rug shows footprints, threads and any kind of dirt with unmerciful clearness. A plain rug will have to be cleaned at least twice as often as a patterned one in order to keep it looking clean. The rug with the mottled effect which I mentioned will not have these disadvantages.

## *When and Where Carpeting Is Used*

Carpets, covering the whole floor, are coming back for use in homes, apartment houses, hotels and stores at present. A carpet will add to the air of luxury in a room. It is a sensible method of covering scarred floors. Sometimes in modernizing a home, it is preferable to carpet a room rather than to lay new floors, although, of course, the floor must be smooth before the carpet is laid. Carpet can be used to advantage in a room of irregular shape with many nooks which are difficult to cover in other ways. It is of help in insulating the floor of the room, for it, in connection with the base which is laid under it, provides a warm overcoat.

When buying carpeting, remember that you are looking at just one width and it may be repeated four or five times when it is laid on the floor. Try to visualize its appearance. Will the vine (Continued on page 47)

*A modern hooked Wilton rug, with loop pile, in an Early American design*





A seamless Axminster rug in an English type room

## RUGS FOR THE LIVING-ROOM

(Continued from page 46)

which now seems mildly gay become a writhing nuisance when repeated five times? Will the diaper pattern which seems so perfect now apparently lose its colors and become dull when laid on the floor? Sometimes a dealer will obligingly lay several widths of the rug together to enable you to judge of its appearance when laid.

### Using Scatter Rugs Effectively

The use of scatter rugs—that is, several small ones—is a popular one and has much to commend it. Small rugs are easy to keep clean and their total cost may be less than a large rug. Area for area, small rugs are usually more expensive than a big one.

It is not a simple matter to arrange small rugs in such a way that their appearance is wholly pleasing. The first principle of correct placing is to have their sides parallel with the sides of the room. Small rugs may give an unstable appearance to a room, but this reinforcing of the lines of the room will help to overcome this. Then the amount of rug area should have some relation to the area of the room. If more than half the room area is covered by rugs the effect is best.

Another effective method of arranging scatter rugs is to have one rug of pretty good size to put in front of the most important feature in the room. This is probably the fireplace, but may be the davenport, a bookcase at the far end of the room or some similar item. The rug may then be reinforced by smaller ones which will gain stability through its size. In a very long, narrow room, three comparatively small rugs of the same size may be used. The exact placing will vary, depending on the position of the furniture. One's own good taste is the only criterion.

### Identifying Axminsters and Wiltons

In buying the rug, an inexperienced buyer is at a total loss. Probably she knows that there are Axminster and Wil-

ton rugs. Maybe she knows that there are velvets and chenille ones, too. But that is about as far as her knowledge goes. It is a comforting thing to be able to tell the different types of rugs apart, but the inexperienced should put her trust in the hands of a reputable store and trust to its judgment. After all, the price she is willing to pay will limit her purchase to one or two classes of rug, anyway. However, there is some overlapping of prices. It is always advisable to buy the best of a less expensive type of rug than a cheap grade of a more expensive type.

It is difficult to tell what kind of a rug a given one is by looking at its face. In general, Axminsters have a long, deep pile and frequently have a pattern of many colors. A Wilton pile is usually shorter and thicker and the designs are usually bolder than in the Axminsters. A velvet pile is not so thick as a Wilton and it is short. The chenille has an unmistakable appearance, but is difficult to describe. You'll have to see it, and then you'll know it forever.

When looking at the face of the rug, the main thing to notice is that the pile covers the backing thickly. Fold the rug, having the pile toward you. The better the rug, the less noticeable will be the jute and cotton backing and the closer the rows of the pile are to each other, the longer the rug will wear.

It pays manifold to go to a reliable firm and depend on their honesty. For those who are unable to select their rugs personally, the mail-order houses have fine lines of rugs, made by dependable firms.

The price which one pays for a rug should be determined by the amount of wear it will get and by the total cost of furnishing the room. A fifty or sixty-dollar rug might be perfectly adequate in the case of a living-room which had no thoroughfare through it. In another room it

would wear out so quickly that it would in the end be a most expensive rug; it would have paid in the long run to have doubled or trebled the price. The cost of a rug should be reckoned by the number of years of service it will give, rather than by its first cost. In general, too little money is paid for rugs. A government report states that the average family pays six dollars a year for rugs—less than for cosmetics. Yet a rug is given the hardest wear of any household furnishing.

As in buying any home furnishing, the purchase of a rug requires thought. But there is no other item which will have a more beneficent effect on a room than a suitable rug.



A small rug on a taupe carpet

Photographs by courtesy of W. & J. Sloane, New York

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### Oldtime Fireside Cheer

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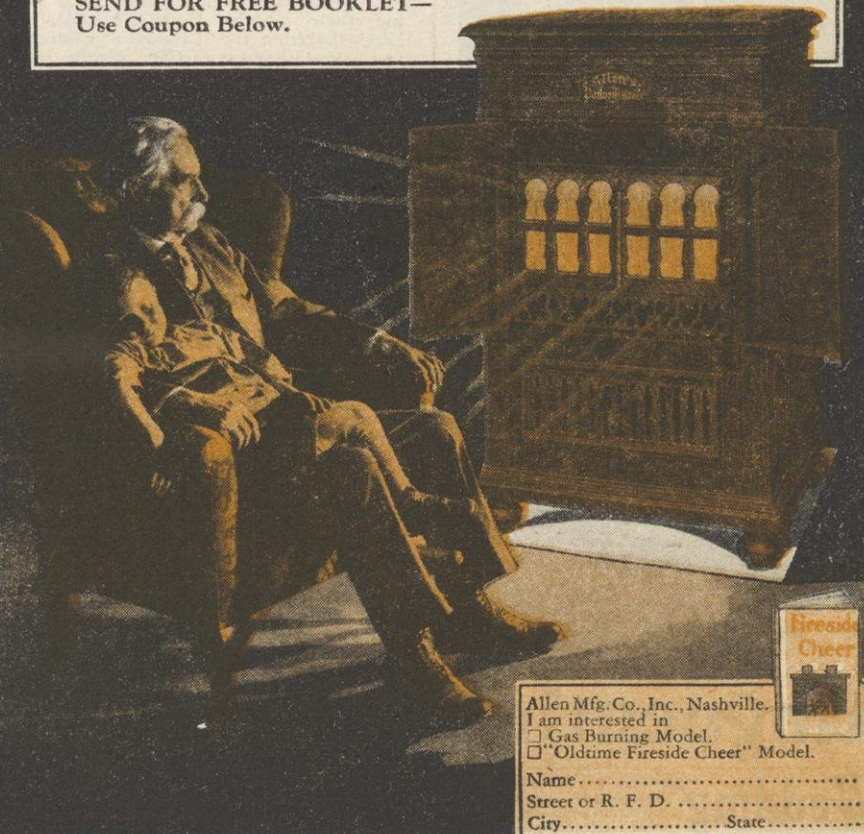
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## RESCUED

(Continued from page 13)

that first day that you spent on shore."

Still Stan did not speak. Captain Dean walked over to the plane, kicked at one of the tires. "I might cause a lot of trouble," he said. "I don't want to, and I'm not curious. All that I'm asking is that you steer me right."

"Then there isn't any plane here," Stan answered swiftly. "Don's story is absolutely true, and we should move camp to the east."

"You know all that means—the old man getting worse, Halvor and Jens maybe not making through in the dory, food running short, no boats ever coming near this coast."

Stan hesitated. "No," he said slowly. "There are some risks that are not justifiable. It may come to that, but until a real need of the plane arises, it isn't here. We've never seen it. I'd like to tell you, Captain, but I can't. You'll have to take my word for it."

**F**OR a long moment the two men stared at each other. There was an earnestness and conviction in Stan's eyes which, more than an argument, answered the other's doubts.

"If you understand how things are and still feel that way about it, it's enough for me," Captain Dean said at last.

In silence they walked out into the open space. There the captain halted and stood staring. At the far end, a quarter of a mile away, a number of Indians, men, women and children, were walking single file toward the mountains. The older ones were bent beneath packs. The children herded dogs that carried burdens. Stan jerked Dean back into the brush.

"So they've come down from the mountains," the captain grinned. "And they surprise you just as much as the plane did. And Don lived alone through a terrible winter under the glacier. That's more thinking I've done. Indians telling a trader of a man who came out of the air. That was fancy sewing on Don's moccasins. When did you see these people? Yesterday or that first day ashore?"

"The first day," Stan answered.

"But if he was here all winter, why didn't he go to the trading post with them and on out to Fairbanks? He could have been home months ago. I guess he had a reason."

Stan nodded.

"And that's why Don is so anxious that we move, that and the plane being so close. Better all around his folks don't run into these Indians."

"They're moving to the camp site you found, the one I said was an old, one-night stop," Stan said. "It's a lot nearer to us. Our only chance to avoid having them find us is to get away this afternoon. Can I count on you to back me up?"

There was a desperate urgency in his manner. The fisherman did not hesitate. "Sure," he agreed. "Guess he's not the first hero that's been made by folks keeping their mouths shut. At that," he laughed, "from the little I know already, you have to hand it to Don. Always seems to make his landfall in this hero business."

Stan smiled. Even hard-headed Angus Dean responded to that captivating quality, and it made his own often reluctant loyalty the more understandable. They walked back to camp in silence. Margaret Templar was dipping a cup of water from the stream. "I'm worried," she began at once. "John Lyon has a temperature. And with that cold—"

"He's just let down after the excitement of finding Don," Stan assured her. "He'll feel better tomorrow."

"I'd like to think that," the girl answered anxiously. "But he's never been outside a city in his life, never slept on the ground, never been wet and chilled as he was the night of the wreck. He insists that we must not worry, but we can't get him proper care. And at his age—in such a place—pneumonia!"

Captain Dean shot a quick, interrogative look at Stan before he turned to Margaret. "Nonsense!" he exclaimed gruffly. "Lots of old men have colds without getting pneumonia. I'd have a fever myself if I'd found my son after a year like this. Don't you worry."

"I try not to," Margaret smiled, "and I don't want to worry Don. Only someone must talk to him. He still insists we move camp down the coast. His father can't possibly travel."

"I'll talk to him," Stan said quietly, and the two men went on toward camp.

"She may be right about this pneumonia," Captain Dean whispered quickly before they reached the group around the fire.

Tom Marsh looked up. "Going to blow, skipper?" he asked.

"She's blowing now," the captain answered. "No chance to start for Yakutat today or maybe tomorrow."

Stan knew the captain's statement was addressed to him rather than to Tom. A moment later, Don came out of the little tent in which his father lay. Stan beckoned, led him down the stream.

"It's no go!" Don exclaimed when they were alone. "I can't put up with it any longer."

"Your coming into camp told me that," Stan said. "But do you realize it means—?"

"I don't care what it means! Anything is better than this."

Stan did not comment. In his eyes was the beaten look Margaret had seen.

"I can't stand it!" Don rushed on passionately. "I won't. You can't imagine what it's been, Stan. After I saw you yesterday—your turning away like that! I hardly slept last night. Fought the thing out. And I've decided."

There was defiance in the last. Stan made a little gesture of helplessness. "The decision rests with you, of course," he said. "And, if you've made up your mind—"

"But what else can I do now?" Don demanded. "I'm found, rescued. I've got to go."

"That's why I wanted to talk to you. If you are going, there's your father. This cold may develop into pneumonia. He should be taken out at once."

Don stared in amazement and then laughed. "So you found the plane, eh?" "Captain Dean found it."

Don started and the amusement died from his eyes. But only for a moment. "Now, ain't that hell?" he chuckled. "But, Stan, he likes you. I've seen that. Can't you feed him something, shut him up?"

"I have," Stan answered shortly. "But now Margaret says your father is worse—and you've committed yourself with that fool story of wrecking the plane."

Don threw an arm across his friend's shoulders and gave him an affectionate squeeze. "Same old Stan!" he laughed. "Cautious, playing sure. I can't see it myself. Life's not worth while if you have to do all your leaping in broad daylight."

"That's all right when you're risking your own neck," Stan retorted. "This is different. If your father becomes worse—and there's Margaret—"

"That girl!" Don exclaimed impulsively. "It was more than feeling I wasn't dead—just hoping. She knew it. I've got more kick out of Margaret and dad's faith in my being alive than in any chance I've ever taken. And now—I'll make it up to her." Stan had always been moved by his friend's sincere moments. There was no doubting them. Don meant what he said. Many a time, an exalted fervor had swept him into real heroism. It was a quality which buoyed friendships through less understandable times. Combined with Don's flaming nature, it had held Stanley Craig's allegiance through a lifetime, and now, though knowing what he did of his friend, Stan found the old loyalty dragging him back.

**D**ON'S arm dropped from his shoulder and Don whirled to face him, head high, dark eyes a quiver, eyes glowing with a new and, as always, boundless enthusiasm. "I've got it!" he cried. "Was in too big a hurry with my yarn this morning. Never dreamed you folks couldn't get out at once. And you'll have to admit it was some yarn—given up as lost for a year, spending an arctic winter in the shelter of a glacier, finding my food like a primordial man, winning through, the only transoceanic flyer to survive disaster! Can't you see it, Stan? I'd own the country!"

He took a few swift paces, wheeled back. "But now! A thousand times better. I have engine trouble out over the Gulf of Alaska, limp to this desolate coast, crash on the beach. Might have walked out but I am an airman, bound to prove my faith in a plane, and I stick to it. No tools, no materials, nothing. A defect in civilization's most marvelous achievement to be repaired with a cave man's equipment!"

"Think of it, Stan! Making my own coke, even! There's coal along this coast. Cutting, grinding and tempering man's finest metals with bits of flint and a stone forge. Patience, determination, hunger, freezing, never quitting! Then success. The plane ready just as the rescuers are wrecked. Dad threatened with pneumonia! The flight out for help! Can you beat it, Stan? The suspense and timing of a

(Continued on page 49)



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## RESCUED

(Continued from page 48)

movie thriller. There is even the girl." He had spoken Stan's name, thumped his friend on the chest, but Stan was fully aware that Don was alone in spirit, ecstatic in contemplation of the picture he had sketched, a rough drawing for which his own vivid imagination had supplied the colors. Now, aflame with eagerness, he started back to camp.

"But you've already told your story," Stan reminded him, "wrecked your plane." "The natural reticence of a modest man!" Don laughed. "And why futile heroics? Besides, after a terrible year of labor and disappointment, I didn't dare put my work to the test. With rescue at hand, the whole thing became a nightmare. I wanted to get away from it, forget the plane existed, so I said it was demolished. Good Lord, Stan! Don't you know me well enough to see how easily I can get around a thing like that?"

"You could," Stan admitted, and then he cried out suddenly, "But it's no go, Don! You can't return to San Francisco!" Don came striding back, smiling, confident. "Why not?" he demanded.

"Carmichael." "But after a year! He's cooled off." "Not after a hundred years!" Stan said sharply. "Can't you understand? There is a man who has you licked."

"No man can do that," Don retorted defiantly.

"I saw him the day I left San Francisco. 'Don't hunt too hard,' he said."

"But Carmichael framed me, Stan. I never touched a cent of that money and you know it."

"Of course I know it," Stan answered. "And I spent enough time on it to learn it's a perfect job of framing. A jury, the public, even your father and Margaret—everyone will be convinced of your guilt. It's this—or San Quentin."

"Why don't you go to him?" Don demanded in sudden panic. "You could beg off for me, Stan. I'll promise anything, do anything."

"When are you going to learn what sort of man Carmichael is?" Stan retorted impatiently. "I know. I worked with him for weeks, and I've been at it ever since. The best terms I can get are still the same. It's this or prison."

"But it's so wrong! So unjust!" "Carmichael has been in the habit of dispensing his own justice. Nothing else will touch him. It was bad enough until you pulled this stunt."

"He's got no kick coming," Don insisted petulantly. "He said I had to disappear, and didn't I do it?"

"In a way to make him the wildest human being I ever saw. He even thinks I was in on it."

"I had to have some excuse. It was a godsend, Quigley getting blood poisoning at the eleventh hour, with every detail arranged. All I had to do was climb into the plane and leave."

"In a blaze of glory that's kept Carmichael popping off ever since. If you'd done as he insisted, dropped out of sight, there might have been hope. Now—" Stan shrugged his shoulders helplessly.

For once Don was silenced. "Don't think it was easy for me to slip away yesterday without a word when you saw me!" Stan exclaimed compassionately. "I've done my best, Don. Watched Carmichael every minute. And it can't be done. I'd give anything in the world if I could have brought you good news. But there isn't any."

STAN turned away because he did not wish to expose himself to Don's contrition. It was one of his friend's disarming qualities, and it was genuine. There was no doubting it, only nothing held his attention long.

"I've made a mess of it," Don said frankly. "You and dad—I don't know why you stick to me, Stan. I don't deserve the sort of friend you are. But the thing's done now and it's what's coming that we must think of. I'm not going to stay here any longer, and there must be something you can do with Carmichael."

Stan did not reply immediately. At last he spoke in a low voice, "Isobel Carmichael shot herself last January."

It staggered Don. For the first time, he had nothing to say.

"She left a letter," Stan continued. "Carmichael showed it to me, let me read a copy."

"What—what did she tell?" Don faltered.

"All about you. Said Carmichael hounded her into it, but it's a pretty plain story. And she gave dates. No one will be able to escape the fact that your affair

with Isobel came after your engagement to Margaret. And copies of the letter have been made for the newspapers if you show up. Good God, Don! Why couldn't you have picked out the wife of anyone on earth except John Carmichael?"

Desperation had driven Stan to this statement of the situation, but he turned away rather than see his friend's distress. For the very qualities which made Don Lyon lovable were responsible for the startling defects in his character. Don always clothed his recklessness in vivid colors and his escapades in romance. His courage, of which Stan had no doubt, was displayed beneath the snowy plumes of knighthood. And he had always won, always emerged scatheless. Now, facing defeat, he would not admit it.

"I don't care what I've done!" he exclaimed furiously. "I've paid for it. My word's as good as Carmichael's. It will be better when I get back. I'll own the town. He won't dare start anything. And if he does, he won't be able to put it through. But whether he does or not, I've had enough of this hiding out, living like a beast, hearing nothing but the jabber of dirty Indians, eating their filthy food. I'm going back, I tell you!"

Stan's face was white as he listened.

"There's Margaret," he said. "She'll take my word against anyone's!" Don exclaimed. "Besides, it will be the truth. You know it's the truth. She and dad will believe me."

"Isobel's letter?" "I'll deny it; I'm not going to let that ruin my life."

"HAVE you thought what this will mean to Margaret?" Stan asked, and for the first time his tone was harsh.

"She'll believe me, I tell you."

"I hope so, but I'm afraid you don't know Margaret very well. It's her happiness as well as—"

"So that's it!" Don flared. "I should have known. That's probably been at the bottom of it all along. How do I know how hard you tried with Carmichael? It was the only chance you had with Margaret—to have me disappear. But I'm damned if I will. I'm going out despite Carmichael and despite you."

Stan's face was still white. The real reason for his fight to save Don from the results of his own folly had been put into words for the first time. More than anything else in the world, he wished to preserve Margaret's faith. Better grief for a dead hero than to see that high, white trust trailed in the filth of Carmichael's story. Don saw that look of agony.

"I'm sorry, old man!" he cried, and again his arm was across Stan's shoulder. "That was beastly of me. But don't you see I can't rot here? I spent last night thinking it over. It's been hell, Stan. Perhaps I'm wrong, but I'd go mad if I stayed with those Indians another week. And I've had a year of it. That's paid for anything."

(Concluded in November issue)

### SYNOPSIS OF THE STORY

In the hope that Don Lyon, a round-the-world flyer who has been missing for a year, is still alive, his father, his sweetheart Margaret and his best friend Stanley Craig charter a fishing vessel owned by Captain Dean and sail to the Alaskan coast, where a trader has seen a white man with a band of natives. After spending two days ashore, Stan reports that he can find no trace of Don or of the Indians. Captain Dean, fearing bad weather, insists on abandoning the search. As they sail out of the harbor in a storm the ship strikes a reef; only through the heroism of Stanley, who risks his life to swim ashore and rig up a breeches buoy, is the party saved.

When they have recovered from the strain of shipwreck, Stan suggests that the crew, Tom Marsh, Halvor, Jens, and Jim the negro cook, move camp to a more favorable spot ten miles east, while he makes a final search for Don. In his absence the others decide to postpone moving until the next morning, and Captain Dean discovers traces of an Indian camp site. Stan returns, unsuccessful, late that evening; when they tell him of the discovery, he explains that the camp is years old, and only a one-night stop.

The castaways break up camp the next morning, and have begun their march to the east when Don Lyon comes striding out of the forest toward them.



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# THE MAGIC OF HAPPINESS

(Continued from page 51)

So Wamba waved her magic wand, and the kind old wrinkled face of the ragman changed, and the sweet old face of "Gran'ma" changed and there they stood just as they had looked when they had left the castle years and years before. So the queen and the king took turns in hugging Princess Teely Teely and laughed and cried with joy.

Wamba had sat and thought and thought during this time and finally she asked the magician, "If Gran'ma is not really Jan and Janette's gran'ma, then perhaps you can tell us who they are; Jan and Janette, I mean."

"Will you let me take your magic wand a moment, Wamba the witch?" the magician asked. "I promise that I shall not use the magic to escape. Honest! Cross my heart!" So Wamba handed the magician the magic wand and the magician touched Wamba the witch, then her husband Muggs. A queer look spread over the faces of Wamba and Muggs, and while all watched, their wrinkled faces smoothed out and they became young and pretty.

Jan and Janette had watched the change in Wamba and her husband and could scarce believe their eyes. Then with glad cries they ran to Wamba and Muggs and threw their arms about them. "Mamma and Daddy!" they cried.

"And to think, my dears," Wamba said as she hugged them both, "with all my magic, I never knew either myself or you. But I did know that I loved you dearly and felt that I must help you find Princess Teely Teely."

"Yes," the magician said in a shamed voice, "I worked my magic upon all of you good people and mixed up your memories so that none of you recollected who you had been when you lived here at the castle, nor could any of you recognize each other. Now you know that Jan and Janette are the cousins of the Princess Teely Teely and the queen is Wamba's sister."

**T**HE old magician was silent for a moment and brushed a tear from his eye. "I am so sorry that I was so mean and

selfish," he said. "I wish that I could undo all the sorrow and unhappiness I have caused you all these years."

"Perhaps," the king who had been the kindly ragman suggested, "perhaps with your magic you can make us all forget that we were all mixed up in our recollections and memories and can work the magic so that none of us will remember that you caused us any unhappiness. Could you do that?"

"I should like to try," the magician said. "And, if I may do that, I am certain that I shall be the happiest person here!"

So, taking the large magic book and the magic charms, the magician pointed the magic wand to each point of the compass and spoke some magic words. When he had finished speaking, there was a sound as of many musicians playing softly on beautiful instruments and all those in the great magic castle forgot that anything strange had ever befallen them. They laughed and talked together just as if they were having a lovely party and neither the king who had been the ragman, nor the queen who had been Gran'ma, nor Wamba who had been the witch, nor Muggs who had posed as the real magician, nor Jan and Janette and Princess Teely Teely ever once remembered that they had had such remarkable adventures as have here been told you.

And, if it had not been for the magician not forgetting, perhaps this might not have been told. Anyway, the magician took good care that never again would he work magic which might cause anyone a moment's displeasure or unhappiness, so that is why, should you be fortunate enough to visit the magic castle of Princess Teely Teely, you would be received with love and unselfish friendliness.

For, those who really and truly have the magic of love in their hearts are filled with a sunny happiness which they always wish to share with those about them. So, the magical castle is always filled with the sunshine of happiness.

The End

## BARE STEEL

(Continued from page 6)

words for the moment. Tears were running down her cheeks.

The elderly gentleman spoke, "My daughter brought me here to prevent your assassination in her behalf. We arrived just at the height of the swordplay, when an interruption might have proved dangerous. Besides," he smiled pleasantly, "it did not appear as if you required much assistance. I most fancied I saw in your use of the sword something of the skill of my old comrade at arms, Le Sieur Gaspard de Nossendile."

"My father," cried Raoul feebly. "Ah, I had surmised as much after my daughter turned me out betimes to tell me

her tale of a chivalrous young stranger."

"Your daughter, monsieur?" asked Raoul, confused. "I do not understand."

Denise turned to the gentleman with a smile. "Of course he could not know," she said. "Monsieur," she said softly to Raoul, "Denise is, after all, not a servant at an inn. This is my father, the Count de Graucourt."

"So you really were a princess in disguise," Raoul said, after a moment of silence.

"And if I were?"

"It somehow wouldn't make any real difference at all!" he breathed, and they both smiled with complete understanding.

## The Newest Drapery Patterns

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signs are shown in full color on page 46.

**Blossomtime:** Six-inch squares with soft lines of demarcation are a feature of this pattern. The backgrounds of the squares are cream, green, blue, gray, yellow, orange, brown and red, the colors, each with a different flower, alternating.

Below—Field of Flowers



Above—Blossomtime

**Field of Flowers:** Willowy leaves in two soft shades of green are interwoven across the cream background. Flowers are shaded red poppies, yellow and white daisies and bluebells. Clusters of berries and leaves in autumnal shades are scattered about.

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# The Magic of Happiness

The end of Jan's and Janette's exciting adventures

Told by **UNCLE JOHNNY GRUELLE**

The Friend of Children Everywhere

**W**ITH a wave of her magic wand, Wamba the witch changed the magician from a hoppy toad into his true form. And there he stood in his long black cloak and his white beard shaking in fright. The magician knew very well that Wamba the witch with her good magic was more than a match for his selfish magic and he was much afraid that Wamba would punish him.

"Now, Mister Magician," Wamba said, and her voice was kind but firm, "unless you wish to be changed into a hoppy toad again, you must tell us exactly why you had the three men capture lovely little Teely Teely and bring her here to your castle."

The magician wiggled and twisted about just as a small boy does when he is ashamed of himself. Then he finally said, "I see that it is no use trying to tell you a fib, Wamba, so I shall tell you everything."

"A long, long time ago," the magician said, "this lovely castle was owned by a very good king and queen who were dearly loved by everybody. But, one day, when the king and queen went on a long journey to visit relatives, I thought to myself, 'It would be very nice for me if I owned this castle and all the people.' So, I studied my book of magic and with my charms had a great storm sweep over the land. Then I caused all of the people to go to sleep, just as I have read they did in the Sleeping Beauty story. And, when all the people had gone to sleep, I caused the thicket of briars and thorns to grow up around the castle so that no one could get in here."

"The king and queen had a beautiful daughter whom they loved very dearly. But as I was afraid the daughter would grow up and be able to work good magic, I had her carried away into the forest. For years and years I thought that the princess had gone for good. But one day I discovered that she was still alive and that she was working her good magic to help the little creatures who live in the forest. So, being afraid that some day she would learn of what I had done, I sent three men to capture her and bring her here. With my magic I put her to sleep and would have kept her in the glass box for hundreds of years if you had not come along and spoiled my plans."

"Oh! Goody! Goody!" Janette cried. "Little Teely Teely is a real-for-sure fairy princess!"

"Isn't that lovely!" the kindly ragman said. "Anyone can easily see that to be true!"

As the kindly ragman spoke, the tall magician turned and looked at him and, if he had not caught hold of the throne, the magician would have fallen down, his knees shook so hard.

"Now, Mister Magician," Wamba cried as she pointed the wand at him, "what is the trouble? Why do your knees shake? Tell us!"

The magician was very frightened and it was quite a while before he could find his voice. Then he said, "I had worked my magic upon the king and queen, but I never discovered what became of them. Now, I know, this kindly ragman is—is—is— And the magician's voice grew fainter and fainter as his knees shook.

"Ha!" Wamba cried. "Speak up, old Mister Magician, or I shall turn you into a hoppy toad. Is the kindly ragman the king?"

"Yes," the magician replied in a weak voice. "He is Teely Teely's father, and now that he knows it, I am afraid!"

**WAMBA** pointed her wand at the kindly ragman and spoke a few magic words. The ragman rubbed his eyes and looked about him in a bewildered way. Then, seeing little Teely standing with her arm about Janette, he ran and took her in his arms.

"Now, Mister Magician," Wamba cried, "doesn't it make you feel small and ashamed to think of the years of unhappiness you have caused these good people? Well, I should think it would!" The magician nodded his head and then said, "It is only just now, this very moment, that I am able to know where the queen is! So, Wamba, if you will work your magic, you can easily bring her here." Wamba the witch waved the magic wand and spoke the magic words and into the throne room walked a lovely old lady. With a cry of happiness, Jan and Janette ran to her and put their arms about her. "It's Gran'ma!" they told Wamba between kisses on the old lady's cheeks.

"But not your real gran'ma," the magician said.

"Well," the queen cried, "if I am not their real gran'ma, I'd like to know why?"

"Because," the magician said, "you are the queen and the ragman is the king, and Teely Teely is the princess! If Wamba will work her magic, I am sure you will all take your real shapes."

(Continued on page 50)

# Win \$1000 CASH

This Offer Is Open to Every Reader of This Announcement It makes no difference who you are or where you live we want you to send us a name for our toothpaste. Whoever sends the most suitable name will win—nothing more is necessary to gain this cash prize of \$1000.00.

## Nothing to Buy—Nothing to Sell

You can use a coined word or a word made by combining two or more words, such as "Snow-White," "Gum-Strength," etc., or any other name you might think would fit the high quality of this dental cream. There is nothing to buy or sell—simply the person sending the best and neatest suggestion for a name will receive \$1000 cash prize, or, if prompt, \$1100 in all.

## ANY NAME MAY WIN

No matter how simple you think your suggestion is you cannot afford to neglect sending it at once. Any name may win.



## \$100 Extra for Promptness

To get quick action I am going to pay the winner an extra \$100 for promptness, or \$1,100 in all—so send your suggestion AT ONCE!

## CONTEST RULES

This contest is open to everyone except members of this firm, its employees and relatives.

Each contestant may send only one name. Sending two or more names will cause all names submitted by that person to be thrown out.

Contest closes November 30, 1929. Duplicate prizes will be given in case of ties.

To win the promptness prize of \$100 extra, the winning name suggested must be mailed within three days after our announcement is read.

**MR. H. E. RAY, Contest Manager,**  
703 McCune Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa.  
Enclosed with this coupon on separate sheet is my suggestion for a name.

Date this announcement was read.....  
Date my suggestion is mailed.....  
Name.....  
Address.....  
Note: Being prompt qualifies you for the extra \$100.00 as outlined in this announcement.

## FREE

A GENEROUS SAMPLE OF

# FAMAMI SHAMPOO

Just send your name and address. You will receive a sample of this delightfully fragrant shampoo. It eliminates dandruff, imparts a sparkling sheen to the hair and cleanses perfectly. Contains no animal fats. Absolutely free. Write to

**PRICHARD & CONSTANCE**  
Dept. 158 48 Warren Street, New York

## BIG MONEY for Your Spare Time

Free Book Tells How to Make Money

Send for big Free Book showing 157 Christmas designs and telling all about coloring and selling. Or better, send for \$1 Trial Box.

**Hand Color Greeting Cards**

We show you how to color beautifully. Start making money first day. No talent necessary. Color 100 cards an evening—\$6 to \$15 profit! Many make big money every season, in spare time. Get \$1 Trial Box containing an assortment of cards, (sell for \$3 to \$4 when colored) paints, brush and instructions. Act quick! Write NOW to:

Little Art Shop, Dept. 125-K  
474 La. Ave., Washington, D.C.

**Get FREE Book or Dollar Box**

## Big Profits in Candy Making!

Alice Bradley, famous teacher, shows how to make and sell her "APPROVED" Home Made Candies. Work sheet formulas, equipment boxes, adv. cards, full selling plans—everything provided. Make money after 1st lesson. Quick profits assured. Write today for free "worksheet" on FUDGE.

American School of Home Economics, 854 E. 58th St., Chicago

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**YOU MAY NOT KNOW**

these interesting and helpful facts about 20 Mule Team Borax. They are well worth reading.

First, Borax softens water, gives it a delightful feeling of smoothness and allows the soap to lather more freely. For use in the bath and in washing hands and face 20 Mule Team Borax is ideal—for it is cleansing, mildly antiseptic, deodorizing and beneficial to the skin.

Next, Borax as a sweetener for the mouth and breath is unexcelled. It may be used as a mouthwash, dissolved in water—or on the toothbrush. Borax banishes "tobacco breath," unpleasant morning taste and is truly refreshing. It is good for the teeth and helps to heal any lesions of the tongue or mouth. Try this for a week and you are sure to form a pleasing habit.

20 Mule Team Borax should be on hand in every bathroom. Send the coupon for our free booklet telling many of the personal uses of this health product.

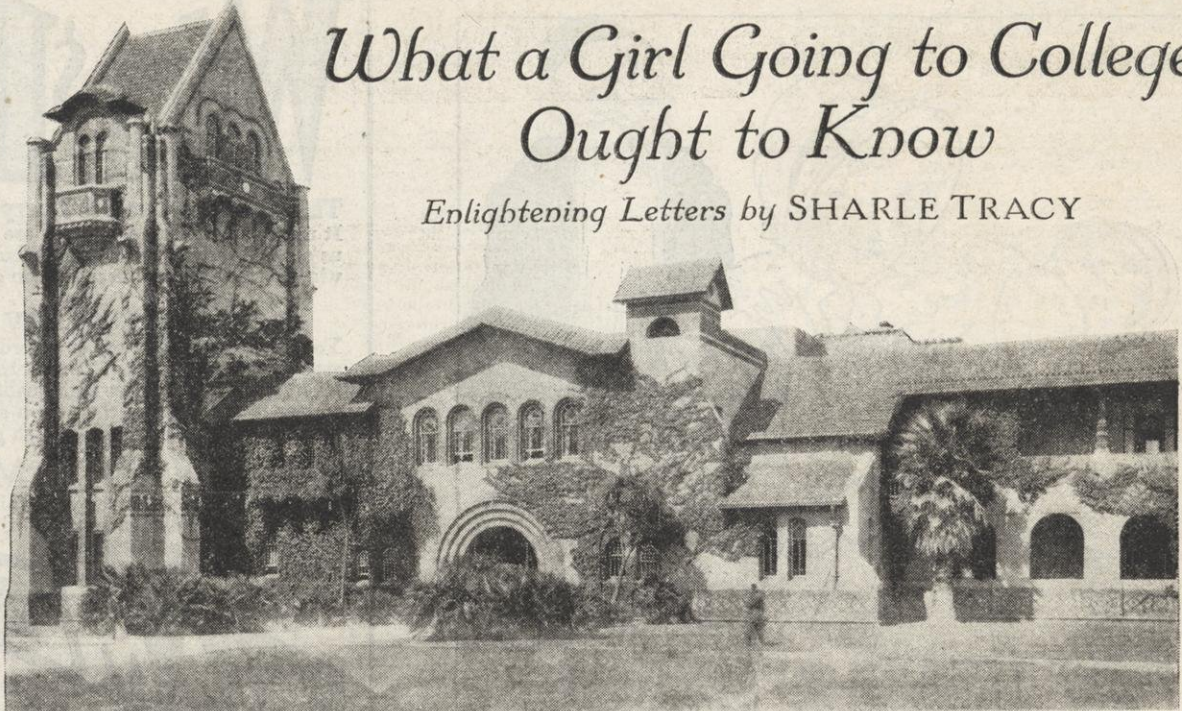


Pacific Coast Borax Co., Dept. 713  
51 Madison Ave., New York City

Please send free copy of your booklet, "Everyday Personal Uses of Borax and Boric Acid."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



# What a Girl Going to College Ought to Know

Enlightening Letters by SHARLE TRACY

**D**EAR THEO: So you are going to college! Congratulations, my dear. I am delighted. It will be a wonderful experience for you. New doors will open upon breath-taking vistas and strange paths will entice you to explore. But some of these doors will be hard to open, and there are stumbling blocks for unwary feet in many of these paths. You realize that a little yourself, I think, when you ask me to tell you "everything" a girl going to college ought to know.

That is too large an order even for me who, in true pedagogue fashion, would rather explain the workings of the universe than eat. But "everything"? Hardly that, Theo!

So many girls; so many problems. But, after all, there are many things which ought to be common knowledge, and some of these I can tell you about now, leaving your more personal problems until later.

**Selecting the Right Clothes**

Let's begin with clothes. I know you love pretty clothes. Indeed, my dear, for general college wear, your clothes are likely to be altogether too pretty. Not to overdress will be one of your first difficulties. So many freshmen come to college with the wrong kind of clothes and too many of them. An outfit which would be "right" for the home circle of friends may be all wrong for the new school setting. Many a girl has had her first year at college spoiled for her by the wrong kind of clothes.

The first tenet concerning clothes is this: They must be simple. Beside the question of good taste, there is the question of economy as well—economy of both time and money. It costs so much to have your clothes laundered, cleaned and pressed, that you will have to do most of it yourself.

Most dormitories have excellent facilities for this, but there are so many more pleasant ways of spending your leisure time than in pressing out fussy clothes that you simply won't do it. You'll just leave them hanging in the clothes-closet. Then why bring them in the first place?

See that all your dresses are of a material and style that can be easily taken care of, for no matter how much or how little your clothes cost, they must be clean, they must be neat. It sounds like taking coals to Newcastle to talk to you about cleanliness and neatness, doesn't it? But, my dear, you have never yet lived where time goes by with such cyclonic velocity as it does in college.

Morning and night clip by like the shutters of a camera and there is scarcely time to set the scene between. You see, Theo, the time won't be all yours. There will be ten, fifty, a hundred people snipping bits of your

time away, and you will have precious little of it left for yourself. You must economize on the things you have to do in that time.

**Uncertainties of College Fashion**

The second tenet about clothes is this: Don't have too many of them. Quite apart from the care of them, there is another reason. College fashion is likely to be different from any other fashion. With utter disregard for what the outside world is wearing, odd little fashions spring up and spread like wildfire through campus groups. Perhaps, when the fashion books say sweaters, your particular college will be wearing funny little jackets. Or perhaps, when the rest of the world is wearing funny little jackets, college girls will be knitting themselves sleeveless sweaters. Why? I don't know. I don't know anybody who does. We, who live on the campus year after year, just know that it is so and accept it as we do the vagaries of the weather.

Keep your outfit down to the minimum. You will need, first, a simple, plain traveling dress. This should serve also for church, shopping, daytime theater, and other practical purposes. It should be serviceable, unobtrusive, becoming. With it, of course, a simple hat.

You will need one afternoon dress which you may also use as a dinner gown. Most of the early affairs of the campus are of the informal sort: "get-acquainted" parties, "to meet the president," Y. W. C. A. receptions, and so on. For these the pretty, simple afternoon dress is appropriate. The more formal affairs come later, and for these—if you wish to attend them—you may get your clothes after coming to college.

There must be one or two dresses for general year, to classes, to meetings, to rallies, and those other innumerable places you dash to at the last minute. Remember, in buying these, that you will be sitting in them for hours at a time, so don't get material that will muss easily or require much pressing or cleaning. Save time and labor!

**Economies of a Limited Wardrobe**

Shoes? Not many. Shoe fashions change quickly. Stockings? If you have too many pairs of stockings, the other girls will wear them out for you. Oh, yes! It is so much easier to borrow a clean pair of stockings from someone else than to wash your own, especially if you are in a hurry. And what

college girl isn't in a hurry? And, my dear, if you have not already learned to darn your stockings, do it now!

Underwear? Again remember that most of your washing and ironing has to be done by yourself, and when you long for the pretty little flummiddies, just ask yourself how much time they will demand of a girl who just has no time at all!

Now, about your coat. That is important. Don't get a sports coat unless you can afford two coats. You don't look "right" if you have to wear a sports coat to a dinner party. Get a simple, serviceable coat that can be worn anywhere—to church, to a dinner party, to a football game. That means one less worry.

Your mother, with the fluttery generosity of mothers, will want to send you away fully equipped for the year. But it won't do. Neither she nor you can tell what your college mates will be wearing three months from now. But whatever it may be, you will want it, too.

**Learning Financial Responsibility**

This means, of course, that you must have an allowance. You have to learn sometime to spend your money judiciously, to buy carefully, to check up on value received. This is a good time to learn.

Do you remember Anne Dailey? She was only sixteen when she came to us here, had never been away from home before, and had never had an allowance. Over her mother's protests, her father gave her an allowance, bought her an expense book, the purpose of which he explained as a sort of budgeting proposition, taught her how to bank, to check, and put her on her honor as a partner in a strictly business proposition. Anne took the matter seriously and when, at the end of the year, they went over the expense book together and he found how well she had done, he gave her a check book and let her check straight from his own personal account, with the one stipulation that if she wanted to draw more than twenty dollars at one time, she should consult him first. In that way, she bought her clothes as she needed them, felt the freedom that comes with exercising one's own judgment, learned something about financing herself and how to shop without depending on someone else. Excellent training! Anne stepped straight from college into a budget system for two and has made a great success of it.

Not all girls, of course, are to be so trusted. But I think you might be. Talk it over with your parents and suggest that this is the time for dad to teach you some of the things he knows.

With affection,  
SHARLE TRACY.

NOTE: This is the first of a series of letters dealing with the many phases of college life for which a girl should have some preparation. The second letter in the series deals with dormitory life, things to expect and things to avoid.

A game of hockey—one of the most popular fall sports in women's colleges



# Corns

new way ends pain



## Gives instant relief

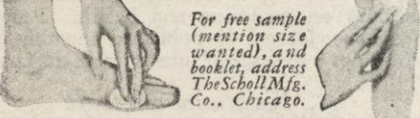
The healing power of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads is amazing. One minute after you apply them you would never know you had a corn. Pain stops instantly. The healing starts immediately.

Removing shoe pressure and the soothing medication is the reason.

Be done with risky methods, such as cutting your corns, or exposing your toes to acid burn from harsh liquids and plasters. Zino-pads are thin, protective, cushioning—guaranteed safe and sure.

## Bunions and Callouses

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are also made in sizes for Bunions and Callouses. At all drug, shoe and dept. stores —35¢ box.



# Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

## Have EXTRA Pay Check

Hertel's Christmas Cards offer biggest opportunity to men and women of refinement for making extra money. Full or part time. Weekly Pay. Monthly Bonus. NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY. Stenographer earned \$1000 during lunch hours. Clerk \$800 evenings. Hertel Cards, created by skilled artists, sell easily. Our 20 years experience assures your success. Write at once. Give references. JOHN A. HERTEL CO., Dept. 10304 318 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill. **10 Outfit FREE**

## This Big 75¢ Box of KAPTIV FACE POWDER GIVEN!

To introduce Manners fine Theatrical Cold Cream, we are giving a large, 75¢ Box of famous KAPTIV Narcissus-scented Face Powder FREE with each \$1 can. Containing 1 lb. of pure, white, cleansing Cold Cream, enough to last many months. Act QUICK! Send only \$1 (reg. price of Cold Cream alone) and get (specify whether you want White, Naturelle or Brunette) tone! A 75¢ Box of KAPTIV Face Powder FREE. Footnote: Write: Paramount Drug Co. 224-226-12th St., S. W., Washington, D. C.

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Attractive basket design stamped on high-grade fine finish WHITE SATIEN. Full size nine inch blocks. Complete instructions for putting together; color chart; quilting chart; chart of other new designs included. Why work on muslin blocks when sateen costs no more? We'll refund your money if you don't say this is best bargain you ever saw. We pay postage. Send your \$1 today. Quilt Block Co., Dept. H, Box 707, St. Louis, Mo.

## HELP WANTED

We require an ambitious person to do special advertising work right in your own locality. Pay is exceptionally large. Work is pleasant and dignified. No previous experience necessary. You simply carry out our instructions. Your full time brings you a handsome income—spare time pays you well. If you are making less than \$150 a month write at once for full particulars. Costs you nothing to investigate. I will give you all the facts so you can decide for yourself. ALBERT MILLS, Gen. Manager Employment Dept. 6733 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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TRADE MARK  
THE OLD RELIABLE  
DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE  
Refuse Substitutes  
Sold at all Drug Stores  
Used the world over for generations  
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**YARNS** pure wool worsted for hand and machine knitting—also for Hooked Rugs and Needlepoint. Free samples. Orders sent C. O. D. Postage Paid. CONCORD WORSTED MILLS, Dept. J, Concord, N. H.

# CLOTHING AND HEALTH

(Continued from page 20)

Infections which seem to have a special affinity for secondary location in the feet, and proper attention to bathing and pedicuring.

The best type of shoe is one with a shank sufficiently rigid to give some support when support is needed; it should have a round toe, be of medium width and made over a last with a straight inner border. The height of the heel should be sufficient to be comfortable for the person concerned. Extremes are undesirable because they throw extra strains on the muscles of the legs and of the back. Rubber heels lend comfort in minimizing shock, and their popularity makes little justification necessary.

The stocking should fit well, because if too short the contraction has a tendency to cause ingrown toenails, hammer toes and bunions. If the stockings are too long, they form wrinkles and cause uneven pressure and irritation of the skin. Stockings should be changed daily, but seldom are. Probably they are changed in proportion to the bathing habits of the person concerned. Everyone ought to bathe daily, and many do.

Alternating hot and cold water baths are stimulating to the circulation in the feet and benefit. Among the exercises especially valuable for the feet are those which throw the weight occasionally on the outer or inner edges. If the transverse arch is weakened, picking up objects with the bare toes is helpful.

A shoe that is too short may serve to develop hammer toes that turn downward and are exceedingly painful. A shoe with a heel that is too high may throw a burden on the bones and muscles of the back and of the thighs. A shoe that is too narrow causes rubbing and irritation with the production of corns and bunions. The human foot carries a heavy and moving weight and should not be too small for that weight. Along with other changing feminine modes has come a fortunate realization of the fact that an active woman needs a foot large enough to carry her around on her multitudinous interests. The admiration of man for a tiny foot was the admiration for the useless, like that given by the unthinking to needless luxuries.

The toenails should be cut straight across to prevent the appearance of a painful ingrown toenail that may require surgical operation. If defects of the feet are disturbing, a good chiropodist is help-

ful. Most important is the selection of one who has had at least some training in the sterilizing of instruments and in the care of his hands. This chiropodist's hands should be thoroughly washed in soap and water after each patient and instruments should be boiled before they are used on a new patient.

Corns develop where there is an unnatural localized pressure or friction. The corn is not likely to be dangerous to life, but may be exceedingly painful, especially when stepped on. Measures to relieve the corn involve removal of the pressure as far as is possible and redistribution of the arrangement of the tissues so as to avoid continuous pressure. If the corn is pared or the size reduced by application of caustic substances, temporary relief is afforded, but unless the pressure is removed, the corn will return. Corn plasters, adhesive plasters and cotton pads relieve the corn by redistributing the pressure.

Sometimes surgical operation is necessary for readjustment of the joints of the toes. A bunion results from the wearing of shoes that are too short, or of stockings that are too short. The big toe must go somewhere when it is crowded, and it is pushed toward the smaller and more easily compressed toes. Once started, the lump receives more than its share of the pressure from the shoe, there is constant irritation, and a permanent hardening and growth. The shifting of the pressure by the use of appliances and pads relieves the disturbance and allows the irritated bones to become as nearly normal as possible. If the deformity becomes too great before corrective measures are taken, surgical operation is necessary. This sometimes involves the removal of the prominent part of the bunion, but occasionally may require removal of the head of the bone.

Ringworm of the foot is more common today than formerly, apparently because of the use of public shower baths in gymnasiums and public pools. The fungus or mold that causes this condition also produces the infection that is found frequently in the groin. In ringworm between the toes there is intense itching, softening of the tissues and sometimes blistering and breaking of the skin beneath the toes. In this condition the feet should be washed carefully every night, a clean pair of socks worn each day, and the soiled socks washed and boiled after wearing. A physician will prescribe proper remedies for the destruction of the organism.

## RETAINING GOOD TEETH

(Continued from page 22)

building of the Forsythe Dental Dispensary and in Rochester by a similar institution. Splendid laboratory work is possible in Rochester through the gift of Mrs. Rudolph H. Hofheinz. Mr. George Eastman endowed the Rochester Dental Dispensary and a similar dispensary in London, England.

Among the cities where the schools cooperate very cordially with the dental program is Atlanta, Ga. The work which was begun there by private philanthropy is now supported through the school budget. When the superintendent of schools, William A. Sutton, of Atlanta, Ga., discovered that he was saving a school attendance of four days a year per pupil through the prevention of toothache, he generously decided to share this gain with the children. So Atlanta school children have a holiday when they can show teeth in perfect condition. Then another holiday is declared for an entire room when every pupil in the room has a perfect record for teeth in repair.

School progress is furthered by good teeth. This was demonstrated also in Atlanta. When eighteen pupils were sent to the superintendent's office at his request as the group in a certain school doomed to failure, their teeth were examined and then put in good condition. Every pupil passed his or her grade. "It costs the taxpayers \$75 for every pupil who repeats a grade," relates the superintendent. "When this money can be saved by giving the children a fair deal in health, it is not only their gain but the city's." Through the dental program it has been possible to reduce the number of "repeaters" by one-third in Atlanta.

After ten years' experience with school dental work, Boston made a reexamination of ninth grade pupils and found that ninety percent out of every one thousand pupils had four good six-year molars with vital pulps and only small fillings. These

teeth will last a lifetime. Boston reduced the number of extractions among school children from one in every three teeth to one in every two hundred teeth.

Environment is more important than structure in teeth. If teeth have good care from childhood; if the diet is rich in the minerals needed for growth and of such a character as to provide exercise for the teeth; if the individual gives attention to living in fresh air and sunlight and secures proper rest, the teeth which nature provided him should last him in good condition for his lifetime. None of these important essentials can be neglected without the sacrifice of good teeth.

Individuals should be taught that the loss of a tooth is irreparable. They should know that artificial teeth interfere with natural speech and that they ruin the natural lines of the face. The wearer of artificial teeth is annoyingly aware of them all the time. Artificial teeth do the work of mastication indifferently. The grinding power of sound natural teeth is about 175 pounds, while that of artificial teeth is but 25 pounds. The ease with which artificial substitutes for natural teeth have been supplied has led to an unconscious indifference to the preservation of natural teeth.

Research into the cause of dental caries indicates that the ultra-violet ray will bring about a great benefit. It is quite possible that our children do not get enough sunlight, that substitute sunlight should be provided for them on dark days, and that this great chemical process of nature will effect a lessening of dental decay. At present we must rely chiefly on cleanliness, both through personal hygiene and the dentist's prophylaxis, on diet and other hygienic measures. It may not be too optimistic, however, to look forward to a day when teeth will remain perfect throughout life with no decay whatever, due to scientific prevention.



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Does he sell PETER PAN? \_\_\_\_\_

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This year surprise your friends with a new kind of Hallowe'en Party. Dennison has prepared complete plans—and they are free! New ideas for invitations, decorations, costumes, games, stunts, prizes. Just send the coupon.

### Plans sent FREE!

And remember you can get everything to make your party a big success—crepe paper, place cards, favors, novelties—at your local stationery, department or drug store where Dennison goods are sold. Send for the free plans now. And why not the Hallowe'en number of the Party Magazine at the same time—its only 25c.

DENNISON'S, Dept. 6-K  
62 E. Randolph Street, Chicago, Ill.  
Please send free, plans for our Hallowe'en Party.  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street or R.F.D. \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

- To get the Party Magazine (Hallowe'en Number) enclose 25c and check here—
- Why not let us include some of these famous Dennison books? Check those you want and enclose 10c for each.
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Jewell Bothwell Tull's big serial, "Blue Heaven," begins in an early issue.

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Ethel Hendriksen writes on health for children.

Agnes Sligh Turnbull is now in Europe preparing more of her sparkling travel articles.

Robert E. Pinkerton's thrilling new serial "Rescued" has just started.

Maud R. Jacobs tells more about flowers for indoors and out.

Daby Barnett presents practical articles on interior decoration.

Morris Fishbein, M.D., and Herman N. Bundesen, M.D., will contribute special articles on health.

Edgar Guest and Douglas Malloch present their philosophy of life in whole pages of verse. And then there are pages for Christmas on needlework and arts and crafts and a host of other brilliant features which you can not afford to miss.

## Needlecraft

Needlecraft is a monthly magazine specializing almost exclusively on needlework. The many designs which it presents are both new and artistic and cover every phase of this fascinating craft. If you like needlework, you will like Needlecraft, and you will find it full of interesting designs on which to try your skill.

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Modern Homemaking is a magazine of entertainment and practical helpfulness on many departments of home activity. Its stories are well selected and its patterns, cookery and special articles cover a wide range of appeal. It is published every month.

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Stories for grown-ups and children, articles on home building and home furnishing, helps on cookery and clothes, beauty hints, needlework ideas and miscellaneous facts are attractively presented in People's Popular Monthly.

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The Farm Journal is one of the oldest farm publications in the United States and has an honorable record of service to its credit. Its editorial comment covers a wide variety of subjects both political and agricultural which are of interest and importance to every progressive farmer. It is published monthly.

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Each issue of People's Home Journal presents interesting stories of romance and adventure with a special story on animal and bird life that the children will enjoy. There are many articles on cookery, presentations of up-to-date fashions and timely talks on gardening and health. People's Home Journal is published monthly and brings a message of interest to all the family.

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Whatever is of importance to farmers and their families you will find clearly and concisely explained in the monthly issues of Farm and Fireside. Soil, crops, markets and everything else that affects a farmer's pocket-book and prosperity are dealt with in a practical and authoritative way. Neither is it all work! You will find stories, articles and many other features of general information and entertainment.

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Do you like stories? Then you will like Good Stories, for it is all stories—long ones and short ones—interspersed with poems and ballads of the past and present.

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An interesting review of news events, current opinion and unusual information is concisely and attractively presented you in the weekly issues of The Pathfinder, published in the nation's capital city. You will find it eagerly watched for by every member of the family.

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Stories, poems, articles and many other features of interest to women and children will be found each month in the Household Magazine.

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The magazines in these money-saving combinations have been carefully selected by Woman's World to appeal to all the family. In the great wealth of entertainment and instruction they contain, there will be found many features to interest every member of the family every month.

Order your magazines now. Provide this continuous source of enjoyment for the family and you will find the young folks staying home of their own accord—for home and the family reading table will be the most interesting place in all the world. A small investment now in good reading matter will pay you big dividends in happiness throughout the year.



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<p>CLUB No. 10-1 People's Home Journal ..... } Both And WOMAN'S WORLD ..... } for 60¢</p> <p>CLUB No. 10-2 Needlecraft ..... } Both And WOMAN'S WORLD ..... } for 60¢</p> <p>CLUB No. 10-3 Modern Homemaking ..... } All Good Stories ..... } for 60¢ And WOMAN'S WORLD ..... }</p> <p>CLUB No. 10-4 Household Magazine ..... } All Good Stories ..... } for 60¢ And WOMAN'S WORLD ..... }</p> <p>CLUB No. 10-5 People's Home Journal ..... } All Needlecraft ..... } for 75¢ And WOMAN'S WORLD ..... }</p> <p>CLUB No. 10-6 Pathfinder (26 weeks) ..... } All Modern Homemaking ..... } for 75¢ Good Stories ..... } And WOMAN'S WORLD ..... }</p> <p>CLUB No. 10-7 Modern Homemaking ..... } All Good Stories ..... } for 75¢ Household Magazine ..... } Farm Journal ..... } And WOMAN'S WORLD ..... }</p> <p>CLUB No. 10-8 Pathfinder (26 weeks) ..... } All Gentlewoman Magazine ..... } for 75¢ People's Popular Monthly ..... } And WOMAN'S WORLD ..... }</p> <p>CLUB No. 10-9 People's Home Journal ..... } All Needlecraft ..... } for \$1 Pathfinder (26 weeks) ..... }</p>	<p>CLUB No. 10-10 People's Home Journal ..... } All Needlecraft ..... } for \$1 Modern Homemaking ..... } Farm Journal ..... } And WOMAN'S WORLD ..... }</p> <p>CLUB No. 10-11 Pathfinder (26 weeks) ..... } All Needlecraft ..... } for \$1 Good Stories ..... } Successful Farming ..... } And WOMAN'S WORLD ..... }</p> <p>CLUB No. 10-12 People's Home Journal ..... } All Modern Homemaking ..... } for \$1 Good Stories ..... } Household Magazine ..... } Farm and Fireside ..... } And WOMAN'S WORLD ..... }</p> <p>CLUB No. 10-13 Pathfinder (26 weeks) ..... } All People's Popular Monthly ..... } for \$1 Household Magazine ..... } Good Stories ..... } American Poultry Journal ..... } And WOMAN'S WORLD ..... }</p> <p>CLUB No. 10-14 People's Home Journal ..... } All Needlecraft ..... } for \$1 Gentlewoman Magazine ..... } Everybody's Poultry Magazine ..... } And WOMAN'S WORLD ..... }</p> <p>CLUB No. 10-15 Fruits and Gardens ..... } All Modern Homemaking ..... } for \$1 Good Stories ..... } Gentlewoman Magazine ..... } Farm Journal ..... } And WOMAN'S WORLD ..... }</p> <p>CLUB No. 10-16 Pathfinder (26 weeks) ..... } All People's Home Journal ..... } for \$1 Household Magazine ..... } Farm and Fireside ..... } And WOMAN'S WORLD ..... }</p>
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ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS are for one full year unless otherwise stated. Subscriptions may be new, renewal or extension. Clubs can not be split—that is, all magazines in a club must be sent to one address. All orders must be accompanied by remittance.

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4223 West Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed is \$....., for which please send me Club No.....

Name.....

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# CAMPBELL'S INFRA-RED RAY LAMP



**STOPS PAIN QUICKLY**

**Have You Some Troublesome Ailment?**

I want to send you one of my INFRA-RED Lamps to use for 30 days without obligation to purchase—so you see for yourself how quickly you will be relieved. Infra-red (invisible) rays penetrate deeply into the tissues. This creates an active circulation in the congested parts, stopping pain almost instantly. *Nature herself does the healing by stimulating the normal circulation of blood.*

**Sent on 30 days' trial** may be used safely by anyone. Just plug into any light socket, and concentrate the infra-red beam on the affected part. A blessing in the home both for children and adults. Physicians say most ailments are due to congestion—relieve the congestion with infra-red rays and you relieve the ailment.

**Now—low factory price and easy terms** Write today for free book quoting medical authorities and hundreds of users. For a limited time low introductory price and small monthly payments.

- Sinus Trouble**  
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**Free Book** Tell us your trouble, and we'll send free valuable suggestions for infra-red treatment during 30-day trial period.

WM. CAMPBELL CO., Dept. 1026, ALLIANCE, O.

**40 Pages**

**LATEST CREATIONS in Needlework**

**Sent FREE**

**This Big New Needlework Book**

Just send your name and address and we will mail free and postpaid, this valuable Needlework Book, 40 pages, 9x12 in., profusely illustrated. Shows more than 500 NEW IDEAS such as Modernistic, Lazi-Dazi, Virginia Circle and other designs for Luncheon, Brides and Buffet Sets, Aprons, Towels, Pillows, Children's Garments, Quilt Blocks, etc. Also full line of stamped goods and needleworkers supplies at money-saving prices. Write today.

VIRGINIA SHOW STUDIOS, Dept. 736-C, ELGIN, ILL.

**CLOGGED PORES** prevented if skin is well cleansed with non-irritant soap. Thousands use only

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**Earn Christmas Money Easy**

by taking orders for our magnificent Christmas Greeting Cards in Box Assortments, 21 Artistic Cards and Folders in Florentine, Old English, Water Color, Engraved and Embossed designs. Superb creations in ribboned and parchment folders of costly paper. All with harmonizing envelopes in a beautiful Christmas Box. Actual value \$2.60—Sells for \$1.00—Costs you 50c. No selling experience necessary. Clarence Walker, made \$440. Lillian Spies made \$280. Just show the cards—they sell themselves.

**Samples FREE** Write for free samples and particulars

WALTHAM ART PUBLISHERS, Dept. 24, 7 Water St., Boston, Mass.

**1 foot sews 8 ways**

Do your own braiding, embroidery, picotting, tucking, binding, and hemstitching, besides regular sewing—all with one Dooley Foot—not an attachment, it replaces regular foot. Only \$1.00. C. O. D. \$1.20. We guarantee to fit your machine, new or old. Tell name of machine when ordering. **Send now!**

DOOLEY PRESSER FOOT COMPANY  
6856C Plymouth St., St. Louis, Mo.

Distributors wanted—special terms for teas, bazaars and fairs

**MEN and WOMEN**

It's Easy to Make **EXTRA MONEY!**

Write Today Piece Goods!

\$25 to \$50 per week. Spare time will do. Nearly 1,000 sample fabrics. Silks, rayons, percales, dainty prints. Write for exclusive territory and sample outfit today.

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Established 1892, Desk 164  
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**Big Profit in Home Made PASTRY**

Earn \$25 to \$75 weekly making cakes, pies and pastries at home. We teach secrets of successful pastry-making in your spare time—show you how to make money from first day. Your kitchen is your pastry shop. We supply tools FREE of extra charge. FREE BOOK explains.

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**WOMEN \$3 to \$5 Every Hour**

Easily made showing Lingerie V-Chains—A dainty new invention that prevents lingerie straps slipping. Every woman buys. No experience necessary. Write today.

LINGERIE CO.  
10 North Street North Windham, Conn.

**FREE CHAIN OFFER**

**ROSES OF NEW CASTLE**

is an exquisite book in natural colors offering choicest flowers for fall planting—Our famous Roses, Perennials, Shrubs, Tulips, Hyacinths, etc.; tells how to grow them. Write today. *The Book is Free.*

HELLER BROS. CO., Box 104, New Castle, Ind.

## THE GOSPEL OF FLOWERS

(Continued from page 23)

purples, oranges, yellows, near-blues, near-black, and white, as well as in striped, flecked, spotted and variegated sorts.

Darwin, Breeder and Cottage tulips are useful for garden combinations with forget-me-nots, pansies, arabis, wild blue phlox, mertensia, polemonium, primroses and other early flowers. *Clara Butt* is effective massed in front of lilac bushes, or planted with wild blue phlox; *Princess Elizabeth* is exquisite with bleeding heart; the combinations are endless. Those who practice simplified gardening secure lovely combinations by using different tulips together—for example, by planting the Darwin tulip *Raphael* in masses with the Breeder tulip *Chestnut*, or by planting *Bronze Queen* with *Louis XIV*.

There are few homely tulips offered in this country. You can safely buy any sort listed by a reliable dealer if the catalog description appeals to you. *Pride of Haarlem* is the most popular of all tulips today, a gorgeous rose red. *Clara Butt* is a salmon pink whose slightly weakish stems make it exceptionally popular for cutting—the stems bend just enough to be most graceful. Other popular varieties, some moderate in price, others rather expensive, include: *Pink Beauty*, *Prince of Austria*, *General de Wet*, *Flamingo*, *Gesneriana Spatulata Major*, *Princess Elizabeth*, *Louis XIV*, *Bronze Queen*, *Panorama*, *Dom Pedro*, *La Tulipe Noire* (the black tulip), *Velvet King*, *Picotée*, *Bleu Aimable*, *William Pitt*, *Faust*, *Bartigon*, *Inglescombe Yellow*, *John Ruskin*, *Murillo*, and *Couronne d'Or*. The last two are double varieties; there are dozens of other lovely varieties.

Tulips can be grown from seed, although they do not come true from seed. Ripening seed is none too good for a bulb, but will not kill it. The seed is little thicker than paper and should be planted in a seed bed as soon as ripe. Plants will probably come up the following spring, looking like onions from seed. Bulbs usually require several years to reach blooming size.

Tulips should be mulched with straw or leaves or corn fodder after the ground is frozen to a depth of two inches or more; to mulch earlier invites mice to spend the winter.

Tulips need no special fertilizing in the perennial border. Bonemeal applied to the surface of the ground in spring or fall is good for them. Nitrate of soda, a tablespoonful to a gallon of water, may be sprinkled on the ground around tulips after the buds show color. No sort of fertilizer should ever come in direct contact with the bulbs.

## LUNCHEON IS SERVED

(Continued from page 38)

easy to serve and needing very little other than fruit or green salad with bread and butter to complete them.

And how about lunch for one with mother the only one to be served? What does she have, and almost equally important, where does she have it? All too frequently she conserves both time and energy by taking her lunch as someone once said "from the top of the refrigerator or the corner of the kitchen table." That's all wrong—it's bad enough to eat alone anyway but if one must do it, at least have the service attractive. Perhaps it's only a tray—but use pretty china—it doesn't take any longer to wash—and take the tray to the most comfortable place in the house, or onto the porch in summer—and then sit down quietly and restfully with a book, if you like, and enjoy it.

Even the leftovers can be served appetizingly, if possible being transformed into something quite different from their original appearance. There's just a scrap of lettuce, a tiny bit of chicken or tongue and one small tomato? Why not combine them with crisp brown toast into a chicken salad sandwich or club sandwich? That bit of steak can be thinly sliced, seasoned and eked out with a baked potato and a sweet pickle. You need not light the oven—just bake the potato over one burner turned down very low, covering it with a heavy pan to serve as a make-believe oven and keep in the heat.

Anent tray service—while the one shown on page 38 is really for "breakfast in bed," it is also just the thing for "Luncheon for One." For the noonday service it may stand on a coffee table or a low porch table.



She is washing these dirty clothes whiter than snow—and yet the water which filled the tubs was hard city water out of a faucet.

But the hard water in these tubs was softened with Melo. Such water becomes a wonderful cleaner, with or without soap. Soap becomes much more effective. No scum forms. No dirty ring. No grayish white clothes.

One tablespoonful in the dishpan saves hands and makes the dishes sparkle. Two tablespoonfuls in the bathtub prevent the dirty ring.

Melo costs only 10 cents a can, (slightly higher in far western states). Buy 3 cans and keep one in the kitchen, one in the laundry and one in the bathroom. Get it at your grocer's.

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.  
Canton, Ohio  
Manufacturers of Sani-Flush



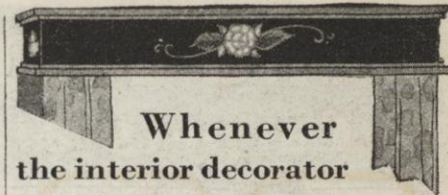
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

# MELO

WATER SOFTENED WITH MELO IS A REMARKABLE CLEANER

10 cents

The water in the United States is generally from 5 to 25 times too hard. Melo will make the water in your city as soft as rain water.



Whenever the interior decorator has his way, he's using window cornices!

The very latest note in interior decorating today is the window cornice. Very expensive if done by the professional, but very, very low in price if you do it yourself—the Thayer & Chandler way.

We furnish the wood cornices, cut to size and shape, shipped flat and all ready to be put together easily. We even furnish the necessary hooks to hang the cornices. Suggestions for selecting the exactly right cornice for your room are given in our new Idea Book—our 1930 catalog, just off the press. Instructions for decorating and hanging the cornices are sent with every order.

And, remember this: the cornices supplied by the interior decorators cost between \$5.00 and \$16.00 a window. Our prices are much lower. The cornice shown in this advertisement, undecorated, costs only \$1.90 postpaid. On the average our cornices will cost you less than half what you would pay in the stores, yet you always get exactly what you want and can easily change the color harmony as often as you desire.

The new window cornice is one of many novelties shown in our fine new handsomely illustrated catalog for 1930—

## "IDEA BOOK"

Our catalog for 1930

Novelties in new lamp shades; rug hooking; velvet, satin, oil cloth pillows; art furniture; leatherettes; boxes of all sorts; screens; pictures in wool; plaques; tie-backs for drapes; satin and velvet wall panels—all to be decorated. They are all pictured and described in the Idea Book. Full details, as to the materials you need to make these interesting novelties—and new low prices—are in the new Idea Book. Ready now. Send today!

## THAYER & CHANDLER

Dept. O-36, 913 Van Buren Street Chicago, Illinois

— THIS COUPON WORTH 50c —

Good until Dec. 31, 1929

THAYER & CHANDLER, Dept. O-36, 913 Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me, postpaid, carefully packed, 3 single-window cornice boards—exactly like the one shown in the advertisement. Also send me tracing pattern for marking design on cornice. My windows are \_\_\_\_\_ inches wide, measured from outside of frame to outside of frame. I enclose \$5.20, which with this coupon makes up the usual price of \$5.70, for the three cornices.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Note: You can use any oil paint or lacquer on the cornices—or you can make your selection from our big 1930 "Idea Book," copy of which will be sent free.

## Books That Keep You Up-to-Date

Three New Books That Sharpen Your Wits, Test Your Knowledge and Keep You Abreast of the Times

**WHAT DOES YOUR HANDWRITING REVEAL?** The secrets of Graphology made clear in this splendid new book by Madame Olyanova. Qualities which even you do not suspect—talents of which, perhaps, you have never even dreamed—cry out for recognition in every line you write. Learn to analyze yourself and your friends by means of Graphology, the Science of Handwriting. Read the story of hidden capabilities, of things to strive for, of conditions to shun, as told in your handwriting. This book tells how. 144 pages, cloth bound. Illustrated. Size, 7 3/8 x 5 1/4 inches.

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**100 RIDDLES AND 101 THINGS TO DO!** What is the easiest way to swallow a door? Why did Eve never fear the measles? Here they are, the newest brain-teasers and wif-testers of the day—stimulating, thought-provoking and loads of fun. Why be a wallflower when with this interesting book you can be the life of the party and the center of its hilarity and joy? Also there are 101 clever new games for parties for every occasion. 156 pages, cloth bound. Size, 7 3/8 x 5 1/4 inches.

Any ONE BOOK, postpaid, and \$1.00 WOMAN'S WORLD—2 Years for 1

For 30 days only—your choice of any one book with two years of Woman's World (new or renewal) for only \$1.00.

## PREFERRED SERVICE COUPON

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4223 West Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed is \$..... Send me Woman's World 2 years and the book I have checked.

Name.....

Address.....

CLOTH BOUND—LIBRARY EDITION—128 to 160 PAGES  
Printed in large, clear type on fine quality paper, these books are a valuable and popular addition to any home.

USE COUPON NOW

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- THE BOOK ON ETIQUETTE
- THE BOOK OF RIDDLES



# Send Your Old Rugs Carpets and Clothing

**FREE TRIAL**

**We'll Make Them into Soft, Warm, Reversible Rugs Like These—At a Saving of 1/2**

By the Patented Olson Process, greatest scientific development in rug making of recent years, we extract the wool from your materials, and bleach, spin, dye and re-weave it into new Duo-Velvet rugs guaranteed to rival rugs sold retail for double our price.

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Every rug is woven Seamless and Reversible with the same deep, close, velvety nap on both sides to give double wear. All designs are woven clear through, so you can use both sides. Any size in One Week. **WE GUARANTEE** to satisfy or pay for materials. (Our 54th Year.) We pay transportation from All States. New Low Prices now in effect.

**OLSON RUG CO.**

Write Dept. E-50, Laflin Street, Chicago

**FREE! Mail this Coupon**

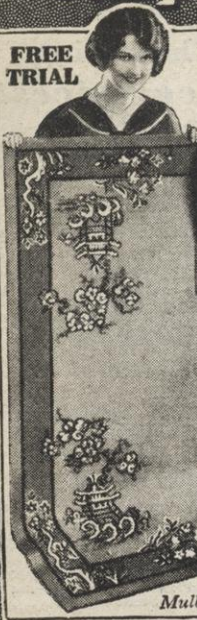
OLSON RUG CO., Dept. E-50

28 Laflin Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

Please send, FREE and postpaid, Book, Samples, Trial Offer and New Low Prices.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
Street (R. F. D.) \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**30 NEW PATTERNS ORIENTAL TWO-TONE HOOKED OVAL RUGS**



new Chinese design. Taupe field, Mulberry border.



Left: A picture framed with bands of paper

Below: A candy box covered with cretonne

## Novel Handwork

Using scissors and glue to make inexpensive gifts

**T**HERE is a fascination in making things with one's hands, especially when only such materials as paper, bits of cloth, scissors and glue are required.

In using the glue, follow these suggestions: Allow the glue to become almost dry before placing together the parts to be joined, as this will prevent the glue from making spots on the material and will also cause the parts to adhere more readily. Thin materials need only a very little bit of glue.

### To Frame a Picture

Cut a rectangular picture from the cover of a magazine. Cut a piece of cardboard to fit it, for backing, and have a piece of glass cut the same size. Glue the picture onto the cardboard. Now from durable, but pliable, drawing paper, cut four strips of paper an inch wide to go across top and bottom of picture and along each side.

Fold each piece through the center lengthwise and glue around the edges of the picture, lapping half of each strip over the glass on the front of the picture, and

A house and cart made from paper



the other half over the cardboard backing. See the illustration at the top of column.

### An Artistic Candy Box

Any tin or cardboard box can be covered with attractive material such as chintz, cretonne, etc., by cutting pieces of material to fit, gluing the edges neatly in place, and then covering the edges with braid. Filled with homemade candies or cakes, these boxes make delightful gifts.

### Amusing Paper Toys

Use fairly stiff paper of any color. The cart is simply a box with four disks for wheels, and a double piece of the paper for a tongue.

One long piece of paper is folded to form the four walls of the house. The ends of the paper are glued together, then windows and doors are cut. Two triangular pieces of paper with their upper edges folded over to the inside form the gable ends onto which the roof is glued.

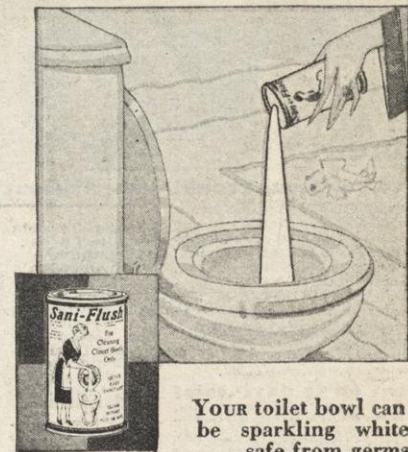
### Child's Picture Book

Two pieces of heavy cardboard, covered with cretonne in a nursery design, make the back of the book, the edges of the cretonne being turned over to the inside and glued in place. Plain colored paper is glued over the inside of the cover. The double pages are creased through the middle, put in place in cover, then holes are punched through all layers and a ribbon or cord lacing is put in to hold book together. Magazines and old books yield the pictures which are glued in place.

A child's picture book



# Immaculately clean!



**YOUR toilet bowl can be sparkling white . . . safe from germs . . . sanitary. And it needn't be scrubbed and scoured and labored over. Sani-Flush will clean it quickly and easily.**

Just pour a little Sani-Flush into the bowl, following directions on the can. Then flush. Marks, stains and incrustations vanish. Odors disappear. The toilet bowl is left spotless.

Sani-Flush reaches the hidden trap, purifies and cleanses the whole toilet system. And it's harmless to the plumbing.

Use Sani-Flush frequently. Always keep a can of it handy.

Buy Sani-Flush at your grocery, drug or hardware store, 25c. In Canada, 35c.

## Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.

Canton, Ohio

Also makers of Melo . . . a real water softener



"Does your neuralgia trouble you?"  
"No! I'm entirely free from pain since I took

These efficient tablets relieve pain harmlessly.



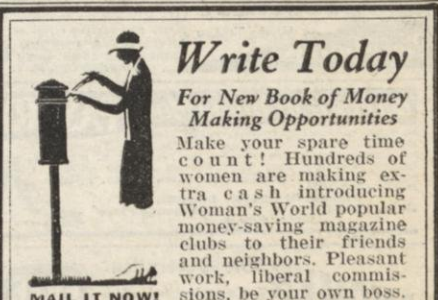
## Don't forget to Shampoo your hair to-night with Cuticura Soap

You will be delighted with its fragrance and efficiency. Send for samples and directions for using. Address: "Cuticura," Dept. L, Malden, Mass.



Alice Bradley, famous expert, shows just how to make home cooking, cake-making, candy-making give big profits. How to cater, run profitable TEA ROOMS, Motor Inns, Cafeterias, etc., over 51 Ways to Make Money in your own business or good positions. Write today for illus. booklet, "Cooking for Profit," it's FREE.

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Make your spare time count! Hundreds of women are making extra cash introducing Woman's World popular money-saving magazine clubs to their friends and neighbors. Pleasant work, liberal commissions, be your own boss.

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Just ask for our Representatives' Book of Popular Magazine Clubs. Let us show you how quickly you can make some extra money. No obligation.

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# Sell Dresses

**\$32.50 WEEK FOR YOUR SPARE TIME—\$85.00 FULL TIME CAN BE MADE—YOUR OWN CLOTHING GIVEN!**

The Shaughnessy Knitting Co., largest and oldest concern of its kind in the world, offers a wonderful opportunity to 350 reliable, ambitious men and women, who will make unusual profits selling America's finest line of dresses, lingerie, hosiery and specialties direct to wearers.

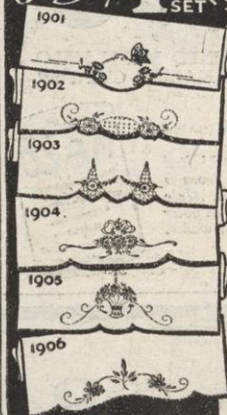
**WE FURNISH EVERYTHING**  
You get absolutely without cost, our complete, powerful selling outfit, containing actual samples of materials, full instructions, and our Sure Sales Plans, which make big profits for Shaughnessy Representatives certain.

**THREE GREAT MILLS**  
Shaughnessy Merchandise is actually manufactured in our three giant mills. This means quality goods, up-to-date styles and prompt deliveries. Over half a million dollars has been spent for national advertising to make your sales of Shaughnessy Merchandise easy. If you want to make big money in a business of your own, here's your chance!

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## Only \$1.00 PER SET 1 Pair Hemstitched PILLOW CASES 1-18x45 inch Scarf



An amazing value which demonstrates how "You Buy for Less at Our Address."

Pillow Cases are 42 inches wide. Wonderful new designs stamped on fine quality guaranteed SEAMLESS Pillow Tubing and Hemstitched. 18x45 inch Hemstitched Scarfs stamped on splendid quality white embroidery cloth.

Your choice of 6 designs shown—2 pillow cases and 1 scarf for only \$1.00 POSTPAID. Be sure to give design number when ordering. Write for our latest Needlework Catalog—FREE.

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**YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet. THE MENHENTT COMPANY Limited 875 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.**

## RAISES \$5.00 FOR CHURCH in 6 minutes

Mrs. Seawell of Missouri found DUST-AWAY—the amazing mop innovation—the greatest money raiser ever heard of. A West Virginia auxiliary raised \$276 with it—and one Sunday school class made \$60 in one week.

DUST-AWAY sells everywhere like wild-fire. Has 13 novel features. Makes broom into a mop in one minute. Washes out in a jiffy. Gets into hard places, under radiators, between banisters, etc. Holds dust without oil. No metal to scratch. Exactly what women have always wanted. Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute!

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Test sample of this clever work-saver now sent for free inspection, on request, to officer of any recognized church, society, club or other organization. A two minute test will show you tremendous money-raising possibilities. Our special plan increases church funds quickly without investing one penny. Write for sample and details today! Generous proposition to spare-time workers, too. **ALLENCO PRODUCTS CO., Dept. M-243, Quincy, Ill.**

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For your baby, the skilled French needlewomen of New Orleans hand-stitched and hand-embroidered this exquisite little nainsook dress. Just 98c brings it to you postpaid. **FALL FASHION GUIDE FREE**

Illustrates DE LIS' new creations for babies, styles for girls to 14, clothing for boys to 6. Write for your copy. **DE LIS New Orleans Dept. 099**



## To Match the Stockings

**5833—Hosiery Mending Case with ten reels of different shades to match any stocking with a tendency to run. And so easy to unwind. All in a genuine leather case.**

Postpaid **\$1.00**

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Gifts for children, for women and for menfolk—young and old. Established 1895.

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Rich inspiring tone. 40,000 in use. 40-year guarantee. Pianos, Players and Grands. 30 styles. Easy terms. Write Today for "The Book of Complete Information about Pianos" and our offer FREE!

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### MISCELLANEOUS

**SALESPERSON—Woman's World** offers an exceptional opportunity to men and women who have their own cars and are free to travel rural routes in the Middle West. Our new Subscribers' Service is the best ever conceived and sells on sight. Hustlers easily earn \$5 to \$20 per day. Write at once for particulars. Address Rural Sales Dept., Woman's World, 4223 W. Lake St., Chicago.

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**HEMSTITCHING AND PICOTING ATTACHMENT.** Guaranteed. Fits any sewing machine. The old reliable. 60c prepaid or sent C.O.D. Circulars free. LaFlesh Hemstitching Co., Dept. 49, Sedalia, Mo.

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## Rainbow Aprons

Ribbon ruffles and simple embroidery motifs on organdy

**T**HE apron which is worn over a best dress while serving refreshments or a company meal should be just as dainty and attractive as the dress itself. The aprons shown here are ideal for these special occasions and also for gifts. They are made from organdy in pastel tints, several colors being combined in each apron. Since these pieces are already joined, the aprons are quickly completed by sewing around the edges a frill of 1-inch satin ribbon and attaching ribbon ties. Designs are worked in simple stitches.

**Georgia:** Pink, yellow and green organdy are combined in this apron. The center panel is yellow, the ones on either side are green and the outside ones are pink. Finished with yellow ribbon. Embroidery design has black darning-stitch lattices, pink and rose rambler roses, blue French knot forget-me-nots and green leaves and stems. Requires 7½ yards ribbon.

**Grace:** Pink, orchid and green organdy finished with green satin ribbon. Center panel is pink, outside ones green. A green darning-stitch basket is filled with pink, rose, yellow, orange, orchid, purple and blue flowers worked in French knots and lazy-daisy-stitch. If desired a bow of ¼-inch green taffeta ribbon may be tacked onto basket handle. Requires 8½ yards ribbon.

**Gertrude:** Main part of apron is peach organdy with trimming pieces of pink, blue and green. Finished with a ruffle of blue satin ribbon and



Aprons, stamped, with floss, \$1.00 each; ribbon, 8c yard, may be secured from Woman's World, Chicago.

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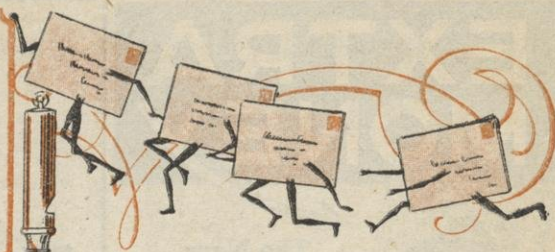
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**T**HE Postman's Whistle page reflects the lights and shadows of our readers' lives. We ask you to send us the jokes that amuse you—the recipes you find dependable and practical—the homemaking ideas and short cuts that save money, time and labor. For original suggestions of not over 100 words that we accept, we shall send you 50 cents promptly. Address Postman J. Whistle, Woman's World, 4223 West Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.



# The POSTMAN'S WHISTLE PAGE

## The Cover Contest

Postman Whistlers' letters, resulting from the cover contest in the June issue, expressed many worth while and interesting opinions as to why they preferred the modern covers or the old-fashioned ones. There were more advocates of the old-time ones, but the supporters of the modern ones, while fewer in number, were enthusiastic and convincing in their reasons for their choice. From the hundreds of bright, friendly letters sent to us, the judges have selected the following prize winners:

First Prize: Mrs. Carrie Cady, Reedsburg, Wis.  
Second Prize: Agnes Schubert, Twin Falls, Idaho.  
Third Prize: Mrs. John Perrenoud, Humboldt, Kans.  
Fourth Prize: Mrs. R. E. Hein, Blue Hill, Nebr.  
Fifth Prize: Gretchen Colnik, Milwaukee, Wis.

Advocates of the colonial group of covers emphasized the fact that women are eager to learn about the customs of great-grandmother's day. The others expressed their pleasure in glimpsing the activities of the modern girl.

## Perfect Agreement

An aviation lieutenant had his father up for a spin and could not resist the temptation to brag a little.

"Fifty percent of those people down there think we'll never get down alive," he said.

"That's nothing," his father answered, "fifty percent of us up here think the same thing." —Mrs. C. H., Ohio.

## Surprise Cakes for Hallowe'en

1 teaspoon baking powder  
¼ cup butter or shortening  
½ cup sifted sugar  
1½ cups flour  
¼ cup dry cocoa  
2 eggs  
1 teaspoon almond or vanilla extract  
2 tablespoons milk  
Peanuts or almonds

Beat butter with sugar until light. Sift flour. Add yolks of the two eggs and white of one to sugar and butter; stir baking powder with flour. Mix flour with eggs, etc., add milk and vanilla extract and work smooth with a wooden spoon or the finger tips. Cover and set aside for two hours. Pull off pieces of the dough the size of walnuts and form into potato-like shapes. Set these in a floured pan far enough apart so that they do not touch and bake slowly for twenty minutes. Let cool, brush with beaten white of egg and roll in sweetened cocoa until a dusty surface is produced. With a skewer, make little holes here and there and insert almonds or peanuts to represent potato eyes. A little care will produce wonderfully natural-looking potatoes. —E. H. H., Iowa.

## Birthday Cake Candle Holders

Marshmallows make attractive candle holders for birthday cakes; they are light, and can be eaten afterward, which delights small folk. —Mrs. A. M. M., N. Dak.

## Complication in Refusal

Mrs. Nip: "Does your husband's stuttering bother you?"  
Mrs. Nap: "On the contrary, it helps me. He'd much rather help with the housework than say no." —M. V. R., W. Va.

## Peanut Clusters

2 cups granulated sugar  
½ cup sweet milk  
Heaping tablespoon butter  
Heaping tablespoon cocoa  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
1 cup peanuts

Mix sugar, cocoa and milk. Boil six minutes, counting from time bubbling begins. Add butter, nuts and vanilla, take from fire, stir just enough to mix in nuts. Drop by spoonfuls on waxed paper. —K. McC., Nebr.

## Mexican Meat Loaf with Tomato Sauce

This is far superior to the ordinary meat loaf and not much more elaborate to make. It requires:

1 pound chopped beef  
¼ pound chopped salt pork  
¼ pound chopped veal or lamb  
1 green pepper  
1 canned pimiento  
1 teaspoon salt  
½ teaspoon pepper  
1 cup bread crumbs  
¼ cup chopped walnut or other nut meats  
1 small onion  
1 can tomato soup

Mix the meats together, taking care that they are chopped very fine, add the onion, seasoning, nut meats, bread crumbs and enough of the soup to moisten well; then place a portion of the mixture in a well greased pan,



UNCLE JEFF the Old Postman

## and His Homely Philosophy on REGRET

*There's a thing we all must learn, friend,  
As over th' road we go,  
It's th' sorriest kind of folly, friend,  
T' shiver at last year's snow.*

**S**OME real poet or other has opined that th' four saddest words that ever was spoken or writ are th' followin' four—it might have been. An' I don't know but what th' poet feller was right. It has allus seemed t' me th't regret holds every degree of pain in th' gamut of sorrow—fer force is added t' misery when we must reflect that we are t' blame fer unfort'nate circumstances.

Sorrow is th' one emotion th't 'll strip a mortal of all his little pretenses an' make him sincere. Because—in order t' conquer it a body is first bound t' yield himself to it an' t' thereby undergo a gentlin' process. Th' finest vines need cuttin' an' prunin'.

Preachin' Joe says th't "when a man is guilty of folly, th' best amends he c'n make is t' warn others not t' foller into th' same faults."

Regret is th' heart's sorrow fer past offense. An' when this feelin' is deep an' hopeless it turns into remorse. Us old folks ought t' remember that in relashun t' our attitude towards youth. T' th' old, regret c'n usually be recognized as regret. To th' young, it sometimes appears as despair.

T' escape regret—never act with haste. Pause a bit afore ye put that thoughtless or cruel thing into words. It might be of such stuff th't ye c'n never undo its effect. An' it may make bitter your own entire future life. Th' deepest troubles are not usually brought upon us by th' world. We can, if we want, repel th' world's wrongs. But th' sorrows, we bring upon ourself, we never c'n get away from.

It is well, too, t' consider this. Honest, heart-felt regret is Mount Sinai. If one will, he c'n go up an' talk with th' Lord, face t' face.

*Jeff J. Lincoln* U. S. A.

packing it down well, arrange the peppers, thinly sliced, on the meat, and place the rest of the meat over them. Press all well, then pour the remainder of the soup over the loaf and bake in a hot oven forty-five to sixty minutes. When finished, turn out on a hot platter and garnish with small pickles or parsley. —H. E. W., Calif.

## A Boy's Essay on Cats

"Cats that's meant for boys to maul and tease are called Maltese cats. Some cats is reckoned by how quiet their purr is and these is named Pursion cats. The cats what has very bad tempers is called Angorie cats; and cats with deep feelin's is called Feline cats. I don't like cats." —Mrs. W. E. B., Wis.

## An Aid in Keeping Toys Picked Up

Little Bobbie disliked to pick up his toys until I made him an attractive box for them. I took a wooden box and pasted a band of heavy brown paper around the top and over the edge down on the inside two inches, then around the bottom of the sides. Next, some pretty pictures cut from magazine covers were pasted on the box between the

bands of plain paper. Rollers were put under it, and it was shellacked with clear shellac. Bobby likes it because he can push it around to pick up his toys.

—Mrs. R. C. W., Calif.

## Scotch Tendencies

A small boy: "Father, I walked all the way home from town today behind a street car and saved seven cents."  
Father: "Why didn't you walk home behind a bus and save ten cents?" —B. J. G., Ind.

## Navy Bean Soup

Soak a pound of navy beans overnight. Put on to boil Saturday morning with three quarts water and one-fourth pound lean bacon, a small onion with two cloves stuck in it, one carrot cut in thin strips and one or two stalks celery cut small. Cook slowly until the beans are broken up and nearly dissolved, then take out the bacon and put the rest through a sieve, forcing through as much of the vegetables as possible. Thicken soup with two tablespoons butter and two tablespoons flour. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Strain again and after cooling keep in a cold place until wanted, when reheat, strain and serve with croutons and little sweet cucumber pickles. —Miss R. O. E., Tex.

## Lettering Sheets

When beds in a home are of several different sizes, it is often hard to pick out from freshly laundered sheets the size to fit a particular bed. It saves time to letter or number small sheets "one" or "A," three-quarter sheets "two" or "B," and full size sheets "three" or "C." Put in one upper corner, these identifications can be seen easily.

—Miss A. R., N. J.

## Malted Coffee

Two cups strong coffee, six tablespoons malted milk, one-fourth cup sugar, one and one-half cups milk, one-half cup cream. Add hot coffee gradually to the malted milk and beat until free from lumps. Add sugar and stir until dissolved. Add milk and cream, chill and serve with cracked ice. This makes six servings. —M. J. B., Ky.

## A Dishwashing Hint

If the sink is too low, the fatigue of dishwashing may be lessened by setting the pan on a wire dish drainer inverted in the sink. —Mrs. L. A. F., Colo.

## On a Credit Basis

Little Patty's doll needed a new dress, so she went to a near-by store where she purchased some red calico. Upon receiving her merchandise, she inquired the cost. The salesman, chuckling, replied, "Just one kiss."

Patty picked up her package in a business-like way and said, "Granny will pay you the next time she comes to town." —J. W., Minn.

## Whitefish Croquettes

1½ cups cold cooked whitefish  
¾ cup mashed potatoes  
½ cup bread crumbs  
½ teaspoon grated lemon rind  
Salt and paprika  
1 teaspoon lemon juice  
1 egg  
A little milk or cream, if needed  
Egg and bread crumbs

Mash the fish and add it to the potatoes with the bread crumbs, lemon rind and juice, salt, paprika and egg yolk. Beat all thoroughly together, add the milk or cream if necessary to moisten—the mixture should be rather stiff. Divide into twelve portions, roll into thick cork shapes, dip into slightly beaten egg, then into bread crumbs, and fry in hot deep fat until golden brown. Drain and serve garnished with parsley and lemon. —V. M. T., Okla.

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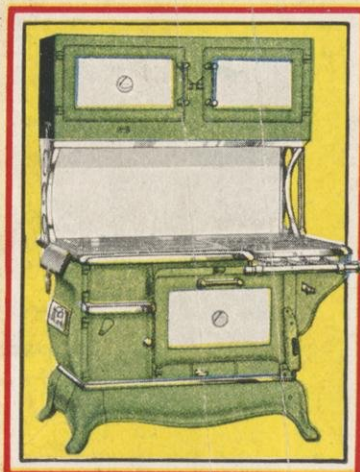
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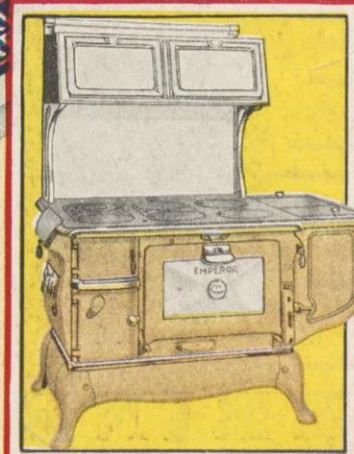
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