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WOMAN'S WORLD



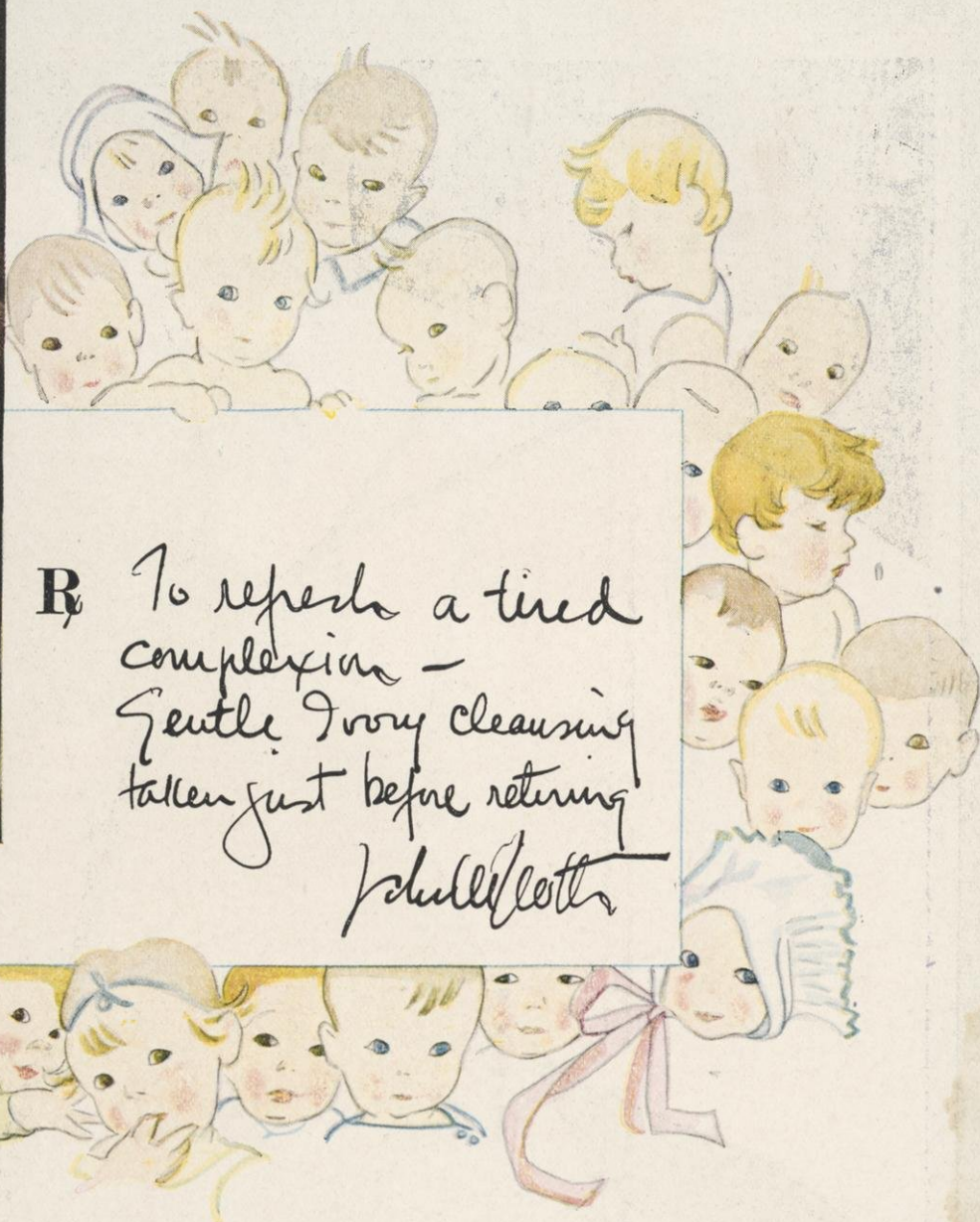
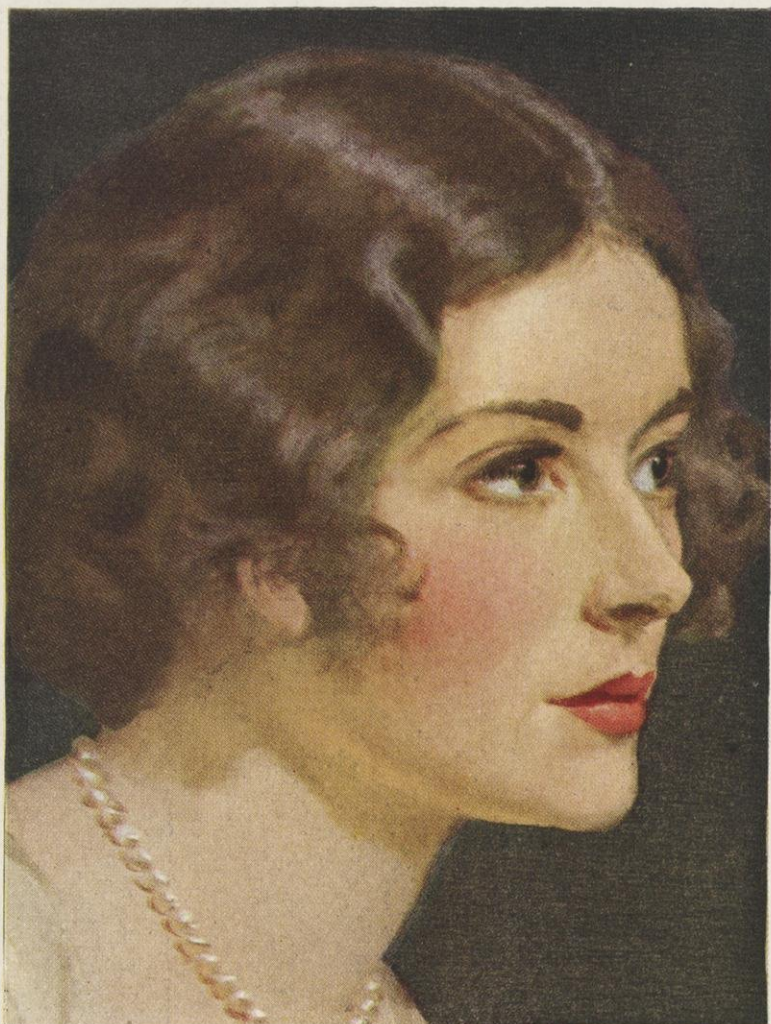
DECEMBER · 1929

15 CENTS A COPY

Presenting **MASTERPIECES** in **ETCHINGS** and **WATER COLORS**

and A CHRISTMAS INTERLUDE By FLORENCE RYERSON and COLIN CLEMENTS

Fiction, Fashions, Health, Beauty, Cookery, Gardening, Needlework and Holiday Novelties



Rx To refresh a tired complexion -
Gentle Ivory cleansing
taken just before retiring
Schuller/letter

The beauty treatment of ten million babies

Rx for *your* complexion

In ten million tubs, every day, ten million* adorable babies crow and clutch at a cloud-white Ivory boat. They don't dream that they have already begun the beauty treatment which doctors hope they'll never outgrow.

For doctors say that a grown-up complexion needs Ivory cleansing even *more* than a baby's flawless skin.

Really, it does—*your* skin goes out walking

*We're so busy *making* Ivory boats that sometimes we think there must be more than ten million. But this is a good round figure.

and riding in all kinds of weather, gets full of dust and soot (and we mustn't forget all those sophisticated rouges and powders, too)—and comes home just about exhausted.

How are you going to make it feel and look as fresh as spring again? (Not by smoothing on a bit of cream—that's the doctor's word on it!) Again and again doctors insist that only *washing* with a pure soap really frees the pores . . . really removes the deep-in soil which is the greatest enemy of a lovely skin.

And mustn't your soap be the *purest*,

finest soap—the kindest, *gentlest* soap—that you can possibly find? Well then, of course, it is bound to be Ivory. Unless you just *won't* believe all those babies!

PROCTER & GAMBLE

FREE! A little book on charm. "What kind of care for different skins? For hair, hands, figures? The 'why' of wrinkles." Send a post card for "On the Art of Being Charming" to Catherine Carr Lewis, Dept. VW-129, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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SOAP

- *kind to everything it touches* -



99 4/100% PURE & IT FLOATS

WOMAN'S WORLD

WALTER W. MANNING, Editor

CORA FRANCES SANDERS, Managing Editor

LILY HAXWORTH WALLACE • Associate Editors • MARTHA HAKES PIPER

Christmas Issue

DECEMBER, 1929
VOLUME FORTY-FIVE
NUMBER TWELVE

Announcing Twelve HEART OF THE HOME Competitions for 1930
A New Outstanding Woman's World Feature Begins This Month:

THE BIG "FAVORITE DINNER" AND RECIPE COMPETITION

A Competition for Every Good Cook

MANY years ago, we decided to invite our subscribers to help us edit Woman's World every month with original matter that they believed every woman would be interested in. We conducted a competition in the columns of the magazine, requesting them to furnish the name of their own page.

The response was immediate, over 25,000 answers being received, and the three names that they liked best were Postman's Whistle, Friendship Village, and The Heart of the Home.

We immediately added The Postman's Whistle Page to the magazine and it has run every month ever since, bearing its message of good cheer, laden with friendly stories, recipes, jokes and home helps. Later we established our Friendship Village Page.

The Heart of the Home Competitions

Now, beginning with this issue, and running through 1930 and as much longer as the page merits your support, we shall run every month another intimate page conducted by our subscribers: The Heart of the Home Page. This one will be a monthly page of competitions on the subjects that you are most interested in. For this month, the competition will be your "Favorite Dinner" and Recipes. We shall make it very attractive to you, for, in addition to the very generous sum which we have set aside for the winners, we shall present your dinner and these recipes in the magazine under your names (if you desire). Later we intend to make a Woman's World Cook Book of your dinners and the recipes, and when it is completed, will send an autographed volume to each of the winners.

About the 1930 Competitions

The Editors of Woman's World selected the seven subjects in the 1930 competitions which appear in another column after a very careful study of thousands of our subscribers' letters, in line with our policy to edit the magazine into the lives of our people and their interests. While we have to select our fiction and special articles upon our judgment of what you will most desire, we depend upon you for our information in all of the departmental matter.

On the 1930 contests, the winners will be decided by the editorial staff of Woman's World. If there are other competitions that you would enjoy, not mentioned below, kindly send in your suggestions with your recipe letter and we will be glad to have them.

On the competitions for 1930, we shall publish also an attractive book containing your practical suggestions on these subjects.

We have great hopes that our investment of interest, money and time will bring an added zest to you in Woman's World and also your friends. Tell your friends about Woman's World and let them join our steadily increasing family.

\$9,000.00
IN REWARDS IN ONE YEAR

\$750.00

Given each month, beginning with this issue

385 REWARDS

Will be given to the successful contestants in this

"FAVORITE DINNER" AND RECIPE COMPETITION

1 Reward of.....	\$100.00
1 Reward of.....	75.00
1 Reward of.....	50.00
1 Reward of.....	30.00
1 Reward of.....	20.00
5 Rewards of.....	\$10.00 50.00
25 Rewards of.....	5.00 125.00
50 Rewards of.....	2.00 100.00
100 Rewards of.....	1.00 100.00
200 Rewards of.....	.50 100.00
	\$750.00

In case of a tie between any of the contestants, rewards will be given to all.

Conditions Governing Competition

The winners will be decided on the basis of nutrition, palatability, attractiveness, originality, the economy of time, labor and money, serving suggestions and the cost of the ingredients in the dinner.

All dinners and recipes should be planned for four, six or eight persons.

All recipes must be original (not taken from a magazine or cook book).

- Be nutritious and palatable.
- Be attractive and well balanced.
- Be easy to prepare.
- Be economical.
- Be purchasable in every town.
- Be written plainly on one side of paper.
- Give idea of cost of ingredients.
- Give cooking time and cost, if possible.
- Give serving suggestions.
- Give arrangement for table flowers, if possible.

NOTICE: No employee of Woman's World is eligible to enter this competition.

Address all letters to Mrs. Lily Haxworth Wallace, Cookery Editor of Woman's World, 4223 Wes. Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

"Favorite Dinner" and Recipe Competition

This competition offers 385 good cooks the opportunity to achieve fame and fortune. With the need of preparing 1,100 meals a year for her family, we feel that good cookery is about the most important problem with which women have to deal. In asking your cooperation in this competition, we feel that the results may be a great service to our 1,200,000 subscribers. When they are published, besides giving you a fine chance to win distinction, you will have the inestimable satisfaction of helping thousands of other women to enlarge their repertoire of nutritious and economical cookery.

Send Recipes on These Subjects

Your "Favorite Dinner" with its recipes may be selected to include any or all of these four groups. Send as many recipes as you wish.

No. 1. Soups, appetizers and canapés.

NOTE: Combinations with canned soups may be used.

No. 2. Meats, poultry and game. Gravies and sauces, leftovers and made dishes especially, canned meats and fish. Vegetables.

No. 3. Salads, to serve with the dinner or as a separate course.

No. 4. Hot, cold and frozen desserts. Dessert savers, cakes, frostings, fillings, candy, pastries.

The "Favorite Dinner" and Recipes in the big competition will be judged by Lily Haxworth Wallace—our skilled domestic scientist whose recipes, menus and homemaking suggestions are such a vital part of Woman's World.

The "Favorite Dinner" and Recipe Competition closes promptly on January 1, 1930, and the winners will be announced in the March issue of the magazine.

\$750.00

Will be given in each of the

1930 Competitions

SELECTED SUBJECTS

In the January Issue, 1930
"What Woman's World Meant to Me in 1929"

In the February Issue, 1930
What I Buy and Why

In the March Issue, 1930
My Healthy Baby

In the April Issue, 1930
Saving Through Home Sewing

In the May Issue, 1930
My Garden and Me

In the June Issue, 1930
My Idea of an Ideal Husband

In the July Issue, 1930
How I Make Pin Money on the Farm

Thanking You for Your Confidence in 1929—We Wish You a Very Happy Holiday Season

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On the Wings of Noel

By ANN WEST

Illustrated by C. J. McCarthy

Two young moderns find that a story book Christmas in an old-fashioned home is one of the real things, the great things in life

WHAT a mob! The football field was black with people. And how queer they looked, far down below. Like ants. They were shouting for him now—he could tell by the waving arms and the way some of the ants were running wildly about. But how did they expect him to land if they crowded over into the meadow like that! Bless 'em—and drat 'em! Stay back there!

Where in thunder was Mike? Why wasn't he on the job? It was all Mike's affair, this celebration. There would be a big day at Chadwick, or Mike Connell was no Irishman. And most things that Mike pulled off—which meant about everything at Chadwick—went through without a hitch. Smooth, Mike was. He'd be something big in an executive way, sometime.

Well—he, Dick, couldn't smash a lot of ants making a landing. Nothing to do about it but to soar around. He'd give them an exhibition. Gallery stuff. It was the bunk—this showing off—but they'd eat it up. Dive! O-oh! Ah! Mount again—higher—higher—swoop! Turn over! Again! Dip, like a bird gone groggy—loop again . . . Lord, he was cold! And sleepy. He could sleep a week . . .

How funny old Chadwick looked down there, like a precise little map in relief. Once, not long ago, it had seemed the hub of the world. He loved it—he loved all the ants hopping around in topcoats and furs and getting their noses and fingers frozen to give him the glad hand! This was the real thing.

The rest hadn't seemed real, somehow: the crowds abroad, wanting to see him, to touch him; famous personages solemnly shaking his hand and standing beside him to make speeches which brought cheers from the people. He hadn't understood much of those speeches. Queer how his degree at Chadwick hadn't helped him a lot to understand them—though he'd kicked in on the Latin languages for four years. Those birds over there talked so darn fast. But, when they switched to English, because he was an American, he'd wished they would speak their own gibberish again, because he got so hot and bothered and wanted to hop the plane and zoom away to Greenland or somewhere and stay there. Gosh! What a fuss they made over a stunt that any good pilot—

Anyway, landing at home had been a kick. The crowds and the ovations and parades. Not that it was coming to him—the speeches made him positively ill. What was it that big guy from Washington had said: "What a flight! What an achievement! Not since Lindbergh startled the world has anyone—" Gosh! He felt his spine prick. "Me and Lindy!" he grinned.

BUT what was the use of pretending? The thrill of coming back had been seeing Bette. He'd wondered if she'd be at the field—or wait for him to call her. But she had been in the first crowd which pressed about him. Mike had seen to that. Mike was an ace! There she was, real as life and twice as wonderful. She'd looked like a million dollars. She always looked like a million. But (drearily, hopelessly)—she had millions and millions. That was the terrible truth. If only she were reasonably poor, like the girls at Chadwick. What was he going to do about it?

Gee, she'd been sweet! She hadn't missed a trick. Been with Mike in the front row the whole day. There had been only one hour alone with her. Darn Mike, anyhow—if he hadn't barged in with this big day at old Chad, he might have had this whole day with Bette. Only an hour—in her purring little jewel of a car which made everything else on the Avenue look clumsy and cheap. The perfection of her! Her manner, her clothes, the way her hair curled from under her little hat, the starry light in her long eyes that made him think of a jade-green sea in the sunlight, the cleft in her adorable chin—

Oh, what was the use! She was Bette—there was no one like her in the world! And what was he? A country boob, lucky with bird wagons. Last summer, he had dared to make love to her! And she had liked it. No fooling. Or was it fooling? Beautiful heiresses like Bette had so many men mad about her. Had she a technic? Now he was a cad. Bette was as clear and candid as a breeze.

Of course, he hadn't bound her with a promise. That would not have been fair, when he hadn't a dime. After this, some aviation corporation would sign him up, if he cared for it; but what was that, with a girl like Bette?

There had been something, as they drove to-

gether, which he could not fathom: a reserve, a sort of question. That was it. As though she waited to find out something before she returned to the status of that moonlit night on her uncle's yacht. It had baffled him, had put their tense staccato conversation on an impersonal basis. He'd felt pretty blue when he left her. If Mike hadn't whispered to him that he had got Bette to promise to come down to Chad, he'd have chucked the whole works . . .

WELL, for crying out loud! He was freezing. And so sleepy that if he didn't get a nap pretty soon, he'd just naturally drop on 'em.

Suddenly he realized that half the crowd below had stayed over the holidays to see him. They would have to depart on night trains or perhaps miss Christmas dinner at home altogether. To see him. He was touched, humbled, and did a reckless dive in consequence which surprised even himself and brought a shuddering roar from a thousand throats . . .

There! That was better! Mike and his underlings were herding them off the field. Clear space, now. One more bloodcurdling loop, then, float down—slowly, sweetly—like a great heron coming to rest . . .

How they yelled, bless 'em! And the band—they were blowing their fool heads off. For him. Oh, damn! Could he see it through without behaving like a calf? There was Mike, officiating as yell leader and looking like the missing link with a jag on . . .

And there—yes, by golly!—there was Bette! Oh, the darling! There she was, running across the field waving a long bunch of Chadwick colors. Dressed in blatant scarlet, the imp, so that he might pick her out at first glance . . .

He was too stiff to climb out—but no need. He was



He gathered the woman in his arms

lifted high and carried in a mad snake dance around the frozen field. He was put through a highly absurd hocus-pocus ceremonial, in the midst of wild confusion and noise, before being reluctantly submitted to formal official welcome. Students and citizens milled about and cheered and hero-worshipped. They loved his self-abandon and utter courage. They loved his embarrassed grin and the way he twisted his cap into a rag. They loved his weary boy's face and the wide haggard eyes that yearned for sleep. Oh, they'd let him sleep, presently; but, first must be indulged the conquering hero gesture.

In the town's biggest car, he was driven slowly through the streets, with Prexy on one side of him and the mayor on the other, to the college gymnasium. The place was a blaze of flags and Christmas scarlet. Long banquet tables were laid out. It was warm there; there was hot food. He felt his head reeling . . .

Bette managed, with Mike's help, to be near Dick all the time. He could see her vivid lovely face under the scarlet hat. His girl. Dearer than life or fame or achievement. The day and all it stood for were but a trophy to lay at her feet. His Bette. But—was she? What had happened? Something different from the pride-lashing facts of her wealth and background in contrast with his obscure poverty.

It was two o'clock before they let him go off with Mike to their old room at "the house"—and only then because he swayed on his feet when he tried to make a speech and his eyelids went shut as though pulled by weights. Bette's radiant eyes across the table blurred before him and his voice thickened, faltered.

Then, a chant arose: "Go to sleep! Go to sleep! Go to sleep!" Over and over, until Mike hustled him out and across the cold campus. Ice crackled in the bare maples; the afternoon sun on the clean white walks dazzled his aching eyes. He saw the old battered hall—the old beloved shabby room—a white bed, into which he tumbled—

THE next he knew, it seemed that the universe was crashing about him and that he was trying to climb out of a black abyss while pandemonium reigned. But it was only Mike, his pug countenance lost in a wide grin, yanking at Dick's black hair—as he had yanked it for four years, in the interest of eight o'clock classes—and with the other hand beating on a war helmet with a golf club. Quite like old times.

"Lay off!" growled the badgered birdman, making futile passes with languid arms. "Cut it out now, Mike! Leave me al—"

"Rise! Come forth, oh, eagle!" More yanking. "There's a dance in your honor—an early one so that the gang can leave on the night trains. No, you don't! You can't go back to sleep! You've got to dress and have dinner—"

Dick sat up, mad, disheveled, and so sleepy that his head wobbled. "Smarter guys than you have been murdered for less. I go to no dance—understand? No dance. I'm going to sleep until—"

"Aw, look, Dickie—you can't do that! It's for you, see? Why—"

"You started it, didn't you? You're one of those managing birds. Always starting something and bound to finish it. Listen, I go to no dance—"

"Gosh, Dick! You wouldn't leave me flat! I fixed it for you! Why, half the college stayed over—"

"Got no clothes—"

"Sure, you have. Brand-new outfit. Swell. Just home from the tailor's. All the pretties, too: linen, ties, new pumps, studs. New topcoat and swagger hat—say, you ought to see the hat!"

"What in thunder—"

"Mine. But they'll fit you. I'll wear my old ones."

Dick ran his hand through his tousled hair in a gesture of defeat. "You'll get by, fella. Some day, you'll have your name in the—" Suddenly he broke off, his muscles tensed, and looked off across the campus to the early winter sunset. "Mike! Where's Bette? Where is she? Where'd she go after—"

"She's over at the girl's dorm, waiting for you to wake up, you lullaby hound!"

"Good Lord!" With one bound, Dick was out on the floor and began to snatch off the clumsy flying suit, pitching garments on floor and bed and chairs and light fixtures—anywhere, everywhere. "Turn on a bath, Mike—be a good scout—"

"Bawth's drawn, m'lord!" minced Mike, who rolled a cigaret and watched the human dynamo from a safe berth on the window seat. "Clothes laid out, sir. Studs in—"



Yes, by golly!—there was Bette, dressed in blatant scarlet

Dick ceased his whirlwind activities and dropped down on the edge of the bed. "Say, Mike—no kidding—I appreciate—"

"Aw, shut up!"

"But—listen—it's keen! Your getting Bette down here, especially."

A wistful shadow crossed Mike's impudent face for an instant and he looked out into the twilight. "'S all right. She didn't need much urging. Some kid! First rich girl I ever met that I had any use for."

Dick's eyes were troubled. "You think I've a chance, Mike?"

Mike chuckled. "To escape?"

Dick threw a shoe at him and slammed the bathroom door.

AN HOUR later, resplendent in Mike's new clothes, he faced Bette across a tiny softly lighted table in one of the little yellow booths at Tony's, where a fair dinner might be had at sixty-five cents. He was so handsome that he felt handsome.

"Awfully sorry to bring you here, Bette—but the fraternity house dining-room is closed for Christmas, and the food at the Grand Hotel is the worst this side the Mississippi. You know, darling—"

"Strong language," murmured Bette, daintily selecting an olive from its icy bed and keeping her lashes down. Devastating lashes.

Dick swallowed hard. He was afraid to say, "But you are my darling, aren't you?" lest she disclaim the honor.

"The occasion calls for strong language!" he bluffed. "Why, when I saw you—"

"Let's not talk about me, Dick. Tell me about the flight—everything."

Perplexed and yearning, he looked at her. The wall was growing higher between them. No mistake about that. But, why had she come? She might have read about the flight in any newspaper. And Mike had said—

"I can't talk about flying now, Bette," he said simply. "Or think about it. I can't think of anything but you."

Damn it! Here was Tony, bringing steaming chicken soup in thick bowls.

Bette nibbled a bit of celery and looked about at the other tables. The diners stared back curiously at the day's idol having dinner with the prettiest girl in the room. She had changed the red frock for a dark traveling suit and close black hat. She looked stunning—and aloof. Dick suddenly realized the significance of the dress.

"Bette! Aren't you going to the dance with me?"

She looked at him with veiled glance. "No. Are you really going?" There was a strange tenseness in the question.

"Why, yes—I suppose so. You see, Mike—"

"I know. It's for you. But—I thought—" Whatever she thought trailed off vaguely into the air, as she took a bit of bread, buttered it and forgot to eat it.

"If you'd only stay, Bette!" poor Dick entreated, swimming hard, and not knowing the current. "I counted on dancing the first half of the dances with you. Because, after that—"

She shook her head firmly. "I'm leaving, right after dinner, Dick. I'm sorry. I have Parker and the car here, you know."

"No," he answered stiffly. "I didn't know. You—you're sorry you came at all—is that it?"

"Perhaps I am, a little."

After all, he had his pride—this country boob lucky with bird wagons. He wouldn't throw himself under her chariot wheels. So it had been a whim, had it? A flirtatious interlude. Something new to do and laugh about afterward with her friends. Already, she was weary of the game. She didn't belong here. Look at her! Not much like the girls at the other tables, was she?

Suddenly, he was so wretched that he wanted to put his head down on the table and sob like a kid. All the weariness of his overstrained young physique gripped him aching. Haggard lines came into his face.

Bette put down her napkin with an air of finality. "I think I'd like to start at once, Dick—not wait for dessert, if you don't mind. If you'll have the waiter call Parker—"

"The garage is only around the corner—we might walk there," Dick suggested, in a desperate, forlorn attempt to delay her.

"But you haven't finished your dinner—"

"For such a pleasure," he drawled, lips bitter, eyes smoldering, "I can cheerfully forego peach pie—even Tony's peach pie a la mode!"

As he gravely helped her into her fur coat, he saw the rich color mount under her smooth skin.

IN SILENCE, they went down the drab, dimly lit street with its pitiful Christmas displays in dingy windows, its last-minute harassed shoppers, its one decrepit taxicab at the corner. At the garage, Parker waited in the unbelievably opulent car which looked, if possible, more out of place than Bette.

She stepped inside, then held out her hand impulsively. "I'm so proud of you, Dick! Please believe that! It was

wonderful . . . You don't mind my running away? I—can't explain—but I must go! You don't misunderstand, do you?"

He stepped back and lifted Mike's hat with unconscious dignity. "I'm afraid I don't misunderstand, Bette. Goodby." And turning, he went away down the street.

"Oh—but you do!" she cried softly, but he did not turn back.

THE town, the world, the universe, were suddenly dark, cold, desolate. He wished he had never seen Bette. That he had never seen an airplane. He wished he need never see his name in print or be interviewed and lauded and stared at. He hated the dance. He hated Mike's new clothes. He hated Mi— Well, no, he liked Mike, all right. Mike could be depended upon—anywhere in the world . . .

The gymnasium had been cleared of banquet tables and early dancers were swinging over the smooth floor. They gathered hilariously about Richard B. Gibson, latest and most daringly brilliant of airmen. He was swept away on a tide of fun. And, after an hour or so, he decided that as an actor he wasn't so poor. Who knew that a steam roller had flattened him, ground him to bits; that life was suddenly bitter—even on this day when he seemed at the crest of success?

Doggedly, he danced with one bright-eyed flattered girl after another; doggedly, he wise-cracked with the jolliest. Oh, he played up. "Where's your girl, Rich?" "Where's the Queen of Sheba?" "Look here—I counted on dancing with that knock-out in red! Where is she?" Somehow, he answered them. Somehow, he muddled through.

At eleven o'clock, he pulled Mike aside. "Time's up. I've got to beat it."

Mike protested, "Oh, stay another hour, Dick—"

"No—on the level—eleven is the dead line. I can't make the trip, at that, before two o'clock. I've got to be home by Christmas morning. I'm sorry, Mike—but I told you I could only stay half the evening."

"I know. It's all right—"

"It's been great—the shindy, down here! I don't know what to say—"

"Aw—shut up!"

"Well—"

They grinned at each other. Words were excess baggage. "Better fade out before the music stops," Mike advised. "Quiet get-away. So long."

Roaring, droning over the hills again. After all, this was his real habitat. Up in (Continued on page 35)



When the lights flickered and went out, just as the dancing was in full

FORTY ROOMS

A PATRICIA ALDEN STORY

TO PATRICIA ALDEN, who for more than a month had been following an itinerary of poverty-stricken and almost primitive towns in the mountain and mining section of a not particularly progressive state, the Loiter Inn of Bienville seemed a villa in the better residence district of Paradise.

The lobby was most unhotel-like; it resembled rather the sumptuously simple living-room of a rich man's summer "cottage." Deep lazy-looking chairs and opulently roomy davenports promised comfort and careless ease.

Patricia noticed all this and warmed to it as she glanced about in search of the desk and the clerk.

A man in well cut tweeds, who had apparently been writing a letter at a tall secretary cabinet, rose and came over toward her. "Can I be of any use?" he asked.

"I was looking for the desk," said Patricia, "and the clerk. I want to see whether the Inn has any rooms."

"The desk," smiled the man, "is the one I was sitting at. I am the clerk—and proprietor. We have forty rooms."

"Any with bath?" Patricia asked anxiously.

"All with bath," said the host. "And they're mighty nice baths, too. But—"

"I feel like taking all forty," Patricia averred, "and bathing in each tub in sequence. The hotels up in the mining country usually had one tub, if any, and after one look at that one, I acquired the washbowl and sponge habit. Gosh, a real bath in a regular tub! I'd like to go right up. Will you have the porter bring in my bags? I left them at the Palace, up the street."

The proprietor shook his head. "Sorry, I'm afraid I can't put you up, Miss—"

"Alden, Patricia Alden," she informed him. "And why not? Don't tell me I've come my weary unwashed way to an Inn with forty baths only to find every tub is occupied!"

"Far from it," replied the host. "They're all vacant. And there isn't any porter—or chambermaid, or cook. Nobody."

"How come?" asked Patricia. "Have I arrived just ahead of your opening?"

"Just after my closing," said the proprietor. "The

servants have all been discharged, except the furnace man, and he's getting ready to clean out the fires and drain the boilers. I was just closing up my desk. Tomorrow the 'For Sale' sign goes up on my venture in Bonifacing. Back behind a desk in a New York hotel for Bob Chambers."

"Do you mean to tell me," queried Patricia, "that a little gem like this Inn of yours is a flop while a dump like the Palace flourishes? Again I inquire, how come?"

"Tis a long, a sad and a dismal story," said Chambers, "but—why bring that up? I'm leaving the Loiter Inn to Saunter On."

"And turning away from your door a poor wandering woman whose every pore thirsts for the laving waters of a luxurious bath. Mon, hae ye no heart? As a fellow New Yorker, won't you stay that furnace man's hand at least until morning, so I can bathe and sleep like a civilized woman for the first time in six weeks?"

"I'd like to," said mine host, "but—you can't stay alone in this hotel with only me on the premises."

"Recall a cook or a chambermaid," suggested Patricia. "Then the conventionalities will be observed. Mr. Chambers, I am a desperate woman—I simply must have me bawth."

CHAMBERS laughed. "I could phone Lily, the waitress, to come back and stay overnight," he said. "But what would you do for breakfast? Lily can't cook. Still, you could go to the Palace."

"I will not go to the Palace," said Patricia. "I know precisely what kind of a breakfast I would get at the Palace. The kind of breakfast I have had for six weeks—and which has converted my naturally sunny disposish in

the morning to something you could use to grind knives with.

"Be a good Samaritan, Mr. Chambers, get Lily for duenna and if there is coffee and an egg or two in the kitchen, I'll show you that here's one Manhattan lady as can burl a mean cuppa cawfee and who is a poifect poil at tossing two, sunny side up.

"Before you have a chance to say no, I'm going up and plunge into a tub. And in payment for the breakfast I'm going to fix you in the morning, you can get my bags out of hock at the Palace. What room shall I take?"

"You win," said Chambers. "Take No. 10, head of the stairs. I'll set your bags outside the door when I get back. And I'll bring Lily."

"If I hadn't shut up shop," said Bob Chambers, as Lily cleared away the breakfast dishes from the Loiter Inn dining-room, "I'd be offering you the job as cook. Lady, that was a breakfast. And I know, because our former cook was a mean manipulator of viands, too."

"I bow," said Patricia. "And now, though a frantic mob of women will soon be surging into the Bon Ton Emporium to see me do my legerdemain with Patrician Patterns, I am loitering in the Loiter Inn to learn why a metropolouse like you lets a small town lick him. If the small town lads can knock the big city for a tall stack of planking simoleons, why not vice versa? I pause for a reply."

"Yes," acceded Chambers, "I can understand how it would look to you. I thought it ought to be simple, too. But I've learned something about small towns—about this one, anyhow. And by comparison New York is a cinch.

"If you have money enough, you put up a hotel. If it's



swing, candles and lamps were swiftly lighted—and the party proceeded

Illustrations by Joseph Franké

FORTY BATHS

By BERTON BRALEY

a good enough hotel and you have capital enough to swing it for a year or so, and you know the hotel business and tend to it, the natural growth of the city will pretty near take care of the rest. It's a simple business proposition.

"So when an aunt died, I 'took the fifty thousand dollars' and decided to go into the hotel business, which I know from the storage bins to the roof garden.

"You don't build hotels in New York City for fifty thousand dollars, so I looked for a smaller town. Bienville was it. The local Chamber of Commerce was encouraging. The 'Bienville Bulletin' gave me much space. I bought a huge house that had been the mansion of some past town dignitary and rebuilt it. My fifty thousand and fifteen thousand dollars' first mortgage constructed the Loiter Inn as you now see it. Everything was jake—and I opened.

"Business was fine for a month. I was sitting pretty. So pretty that when somebody from the Bienville Real Estate Company came and offered me \$70,000 for the hotel, I laughed him out of the place.

"Like all New Yorkers, I thought Tammany Hall and big business were the last word in close corporations. Lady, I didn't know nothin'.

"THE Bienville Real Estate Company is owned by Hiram Smithers. Hiram Smithers is president of the Bank of Bienville. Hiram Smithers is president of the Chamber of Commerce. Hiram Smithers is chief stockholder in the 'Bienville Bulletin.' Hiram Smithers is president of the Board of Selectmen. Hiram Smithers' brother-in-law is the local justice of the peace. Hiram appoints the constables. And Hiram Smithers—not a bene, nota very benny—owns the Palace Hotel.

"I didn't know all those things when I started my Inn, but I know them now. I certainly know them now.

"Well, as president of the Chamber of Commerce and owner of the 'Bulletin,' Hiram was glad to welcome a new hotel in town. The town needed it, and if outside money would build it, fine and dandy. And, owning the brick and lumber yard, Hiram got his out of my building fund. Once it was built, however, Hiram the banker and real estate man felt that outside money had done its bit for the town. The ten or fifteen thousand a year profit that the outsider was going to make ought, he felt, to be local profit. His profit. Especially when, as owner of the Palace Hotel, he was losing easily half his business to the outsider—same being me.

"THE first move, therefore, was to offer me a quick profit of \$5,000 and thus keep the further profits localized. When I refused that offer, various things began to happen.

"The Bienville Taxicab Co.'s cabs, for instance, when they had passengers with heavy baggage for my Inn, began having stalled motors. Queerly enough, they always stalled in front of the Palace. And baggage loaded on their trucks always, by error, was sent to the Palace. And if my guests tried to have them moved, no trucks were available. Guess who owns the taxicab company."

"But weren't there any other taxis or trucks?" asked Patricia.

"One or two, owned by rather poor men. They did their best by me, but somehow or other, when they carried passengers or luggage for me, they were always getting arrested for some local traffic violation and taken to the J. P. He usually had to discharge them, of course, but

the constable always took the passengers along as witnesses, which lost them valuable time. Also, the drivers began to dodge my business, especially when the Palace shut off theirs.

"It was funny, too, that practically every drunk who got hold of bootleg was arrested on my porch or at my back door. And the 'Bulletin' chronicled all these arrests.

"I had told Mr. Smithers that I didn't intend to run a bus, because I preferred to let the local taxis get the business. I didn't know he owned the cabs, but that wouldn't have made any difference to me. As you see, he took the business all right, but directed it Palacewards.

"WHEN I bought a bus, after several months, and began to run it, the selectmen passed an ordinance forbidding busses beyond a certain size to park back of the railroad station. My bus was bigger than the Palace bus. And my driver couldn't seem to drive to please the constables. The J. P. fined him once on a purely technical point, and the next time he was brought in, threatened him with jail as a habitual offender. Of course, he quit. I had four bus drivers in a month and they all quit.

"When the high school dance was held here, after the football game, our efficient constables walked in and searched everybody for liquor. They found seven flasks. The 'Bulletin' made considerable scandal about it—even wrote an editorial. What the 'Bulletin' didn't publish was the fact that these flasks were found on young ne'er-dowells who weren't in high school and who had crashed the gate.

"The next day after the 'Bulletin' story, the real estate company sent a man to see me. He offered me \$50,000 for the hotel. Going down, you see. 'Better take it while the taking is good,' he said. 'Better beat it while the beating is good,' I told him, and opened the door.

"In spite of all these pleasant bits of unpleasantness, I was still breaking a little bit better than even on the hotel. New guests were few, but old guests stuck by me.

"Then I began having trouble with my electric lights. They went out at dinner time and frequently during the evenings. And the water supply had an uncanny habit

of failing around ten and eleven and twelve at night. And in the morning from seven to nine. Who owns the electric light company and the water company? You guessed it the very first time.

"Add it all up, Miss Alden, and maybe you won't think I'm exactly yellow when I decide that the small town hotel business is a little too complicated for me. The last offer from the real estate company was \$40,000.

"I 'ave me pride and I didn't take it. But me pride will probably cost me five thousand dollars or more, because when this place goes on the market the Bienville Real Estate Company won't have much competition in the bidding. So I'll take what I get from the sale, take the fifteen or twenty thousand that'll be left when my debts are paid, and buy some nice safe Liberty Bonds. And as for my career, or whatever you call it—well, I suppose that I can always get another job as night clerk in somebody else's hotel."

"S'tough," agreed Patricia. "And yet there's a little verse in Bartlett's Familiar Quotations that goes something like this:

"He either fears his fate too much
Or his deserts too small
Who will not put it to the touch
To win or lose it all."

"In other words, 'Fade me, fate—I shoots the wad.' I don't know the hotel game or small town politics, Mr. Chambers, but I know that the sportsman plays out his hand. He quits when he or the bank is broke, and not until then. I'm only an ignorant little kid just out of high school and lacking all the benefits of a college education, but no bunch of small town thimble-riggers would make me hedge. To put it vulgarly, they'd either finish by taking my shirt or I'd have theirs."

"Speaking bluntly then, you think I'm a quitter," said Chambers.

Patricia looked at him steadily for a moment. "No," she decided, "I don't think you're a quitter—not by nature. But I guess a temporary sag in your morale, due to being beaned, sandbagged, spiked and knifed in various places when you weren't looking, may have been responsible for my finding you alone with forty rooms and forty baths.

"But now that today is another day, bright with promise, and tomorrow is still another day, and now that my cheery optimism and contagious hopefulness, to say nothing of my golden coffee and crisply browned wheateakes, have restored your normal wim, wigor and will to victory, I figure that the thought of retiring in the midst of the battle is the last thought you'd think of thinking.

"Somehow I see you recalling your staff, revictualing your larder, and, instead of 'For Sale,' putting up a sign: 'This Hotel Is Reopening Under the Old Management.'"

"THEM'S brave words, Miss Alden," said Chambers. "And I'm beginning to think they're wise words, too. After all, to go back to New York feeling that I'd let a small town gang make me take a run-out powder before I'd run out my string wouldn't go big in a success story.

"I can borrow another ten thousand on a second mortgage. I believe I'll stick. But—that being Jake—where, oh, where do we go from here?"

"I dunno," admitted Patricia. "But I'm going to be in Bienville for a week. Maybe, by putting our two metropolitan heads together, we might get a hunch. One thing I know is this: whatever you do, it's got to be offense, not defense. You've let Hiram make all the plays. I don't know the hotel business, but I do know you can't make touchdowns by simply blocking kicks. What is it the poet says:

"Thrice armed is he who knows his cause is just
But three times more who gets his lick in fust."

"Mull that over while the mulling is good. My public awaits me, I must hie me hence."

It is approximately one hundred miles from Beaulieu to Bienville, so when Stephen Harrison left the "Beaulieu Beacon" office at five-thirty, his arrival at the Loiter Inn at eight-fifteen that night evidenced driving of considerable celerity. He didn't have to ask for Patricia, for she was in the lounge with Rob Chambers.

"Stout fella," Patricia greeted him. "I knew you'd come. He's a houn' dog for news," she explained as she introduced Stephen to Chambers, "and I thought your experience of local graft, corruption and mussiness might be meat to a paper which Uncle Hiram doesn't control. So I wired him there was News to be dug up and to bring his muck-rake with him.

"If I hadn't shut
up shop, I'd be
offering you the
job as cook"



"Tell him," she commanded Chambers, "about the hotel business in Bienville."

Now, Stephen Harrison had leaped into a cation on getting Patricia's wire because he wanted to see Patricia, and not because of the prospect of news. But as he listened to Chambers' recital, his newspaper instinct was aroused.

"It's a story, all right," he said, "if I can only get the dope. And there's a political angle to it that you folks don't know about. I've heard a lot about this Smithers. Politically, he holds this county in the hollow of his hand. And he's one of the chief wheel-horses of the reactionaries in the state. My paper is fighting that bunch, tooth and nail. Say, if we can hit him hard enough, right here where he

lives—show how he's tried to rook you for doing his town a benefit, and how he uses the police and the water and power company to settle his personal grudges, we can boil him in his own banana oil.

"I think my managing editor will eat this up. Wait'll I get him on the phone. He ought to be home now."

Stephen came back from the phone booth about fifteen minutes later. Grinning.

"Well," he said, "you've got another guest for your hotel. I'm assigned to stay here until further orders and prepare such bombs, petards and hand grenades as I can get ammunition for. Oh, yes, and there will be two new guests at the Palace tomorrow. A couple of eager searchers for knowledge. Students, as it were—detectives, as it is.

"The news-hound is on the trail, silent, sly and sure. The baying will come afterward, if he sniffs enough to bay about. Mine host, I have had no dinner. Is there provender available?"

"There is," said Chambers, "and the cook is back. I go to effect a liaison between cook and provender."

"Now," said Stephen, as Chambers left them, "I want to know why you got all hot and bothered about this hotel and its proprietor. Particularly the proprietor. What's he in your young life that you care whether he swims or sinks, survives or perishes? Considering that I have put my heart at your feet, you must admit that it's kinda cruel of you to walk on it as a stepping stone to another conquest."

"If you," Patricia said, "had spent six weeks in hotels where the nearest approach to a decent tub was the bird's bath they serve canned corn in, and if you came at last to a haven of forty rooms and forty baths—and found it about to close right in your dusty and disheveled face—you wouldn't need to impute any infatuation for the proprietor to explain why I did my noblest and notorious to keep said haven open. Me bawth, my dear boy, I must have me bawth."

"My Dear Patricia," wrote Mrs. Ravensdale from Beaulieu, "I agree with you that your friend

Mr. Chambers is getting a raw deal. And having once stayed at the Palace, I am naturally disposed to assist any other hotel venture in that town. It is really a lovely compliment you paid me in asking my advice 'as a woman of the world.' It flatters a small town woman like me enormously. But I haven't any advice to offer you. I never have advice to offer anybody. I never was a thinker.

"Still, I have been called a woman of action. And as you can't come to Beaulieu and I want to see you, I am driving over tomorrow afternoon.

"Faithfully,

"MERCIA RAVENSDALE.

"P.S. I forgot to say that I'm arranging a little party of forty to come along. Have Mr. Chambers wire me if he can take care of the party overnight. I am bringing four nice college boys who play jazz very nicely. Perhaps we might dance or something. I still love dancing, myself. I'm fifty, but there's life in the old dogs yet. M. R."

"All I can say is," observed Patricia, as she handed this note to Bob Chambers that evening, "considering that lady was an old sweetheart of dad's and considering what kind of a mother he selected for me, he knew how to pick 'em.

"I might add, Robert, if you don't mind me calling you Robert, that Mrs. Ravensdale is one of the best-known society women in the state, and that her husband—"

"Is Mr. Big Business himself," said Chambers. "The house is theirs. And—you are a wonder. Only—"

"Only what?" said Patricia. "I thought that glad news would make you fall on my neck and dance down the sidewalk, shouting, 'Holloa, Holloa,' or 'Hula, Hula,' or whatever it is you shout when you dance down the sidewalk."

"Only," repeated Chambers, "so far everything in this new campaign is your idea. I don't mind that, it's splendid, but I feel I'm not doing my share; I'm just letting you and your friends—"

"Yeah?" interrupted Patricia, "that's terrible. All you're doing is risking every last cent you own in the world because a brash kid came along and wanted a room with bath! Don't be sil, Bob, we're just the interference. You're carrying the ball."

"AS ONE newspaperman to another," said Stephen Harrison, sauntering up to the desk of the 'Bienville Bulletin's' editor, "I am bringing you two little society items I happened to pick up."

"Fine," said the editor. "That's right nice of you. You're from out of town, of course. I'd know you if you lived here."

"Beaulieu Beacon," said Stephen. "Just over here on a story. Staying at the Loiter Inn. Say, that little hotel does your town proud."

"I thought it had closed," said the editor.

"Far from it. Running on high. In fact, these two items come from there. Mrs. Dalton Ravensdale, of Beaulieu, is bringing over a party of forty or so to dine, dance and stay over the week-end. And Monday afternoon, Miss Patricia Alden is giving a tea there for patrons of the Howard Stores. Miss Alden is demonstrating Patrician Patterns, you know, and the tea is part of her campaign. Pretty good advertisers, the Howard Stores, aren't they?"

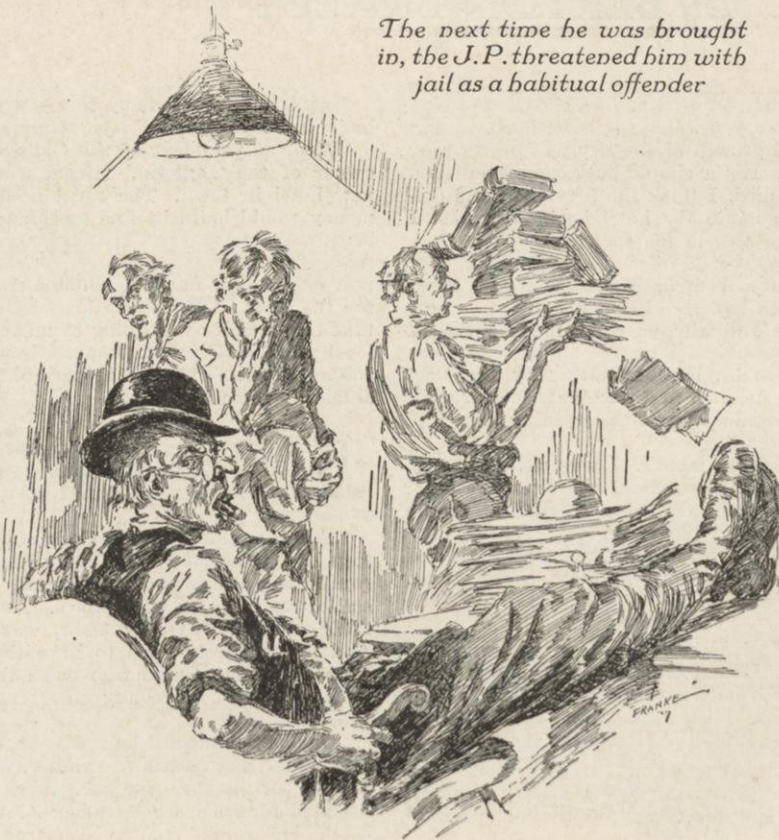
"H'mm," demurred the editor. "Is it—er—necessary to mention the Inn? You may not know it, but the Inn's local reputation—"

"Is entirely of your making, Mr. Westcott," said Stephen grimly. "And since you've always been glad to mention the Inn in connection with incidents framed by various parties to discredit it, the chance to mention it favorably should appeal to you. Only justice, you know. Besides, the Howard Stores, being part of a chain and not particularly influenced by influences which influence you, might be quite peevish if the notice of Miss Alden's tea was lost or garbled in printing—as I understand other items about the Inn have been."

"What are you hinting at?" said Westcott angrily.

(Continued on page 19)

The next time he was brought
in, the J.P. threatened him with
jail as a habitual offender





Mats lifted her coffee cup: "Here's to the rural districts"

BLUE HEAVEN

By JEWELL BOTHWELL TULL

Illustrations by Joseph Simont

MATS was sure, even for a week or two afterward, that Malcolm would return. Though she herself was irritated at Maizie, she felt that the young man would be piqued by the girl's difference, or indifference, into further pursuit. But she was mistaken. Malcolm Burr did not come back.

A coolness grew up between the two girls. Neither could understand the other's point of view; each felt the other's disapproval.

Maizie had never been so acutely miserable. Not on Malcolm Burr's account. Some innate instinct told her she was right there. But Mats's attitude hurt and puzzled her. Each girl went her own way, saying little or nothing to the other. But Maizie felt that if Mats should cast her off, she was cast into outer darkness indeed.

Then, one warm, spring-like evening, Maizie found the older girl waiting for her in the outer office. "I'm willing to be forgiven, if you are, honey," Mats grinned. "I'm not sure just what all the fuss is about anyway. Let's forget it and enjoy this large evening."

Tears welled into Maizie's eyes and ran down the pale small face that had grown paler and thinner these last two weeks. She seized Mats's hand gratefully.

They decided to celebrate by eating down town. Afterward, they strolled about window-shopping. In one of the smaller stores, Maizie caught sight of a dress that took her fancy. It was a golden brown taffeta, the color of her hair and eyes, and ridiculously cheap.

"It looks good, too," she said wistfully, her face close to the glass. "Yet, I don't suppose I'd have any use for that kind of a dress."

"We'll buy it!" declared Mats. "There's nothing like a bit of extravagance to exalt depressed spirits." She seized Maizie's hand, and, before the other could protest, had whisked her inside.

Maizie's prince needs no glass slipper to identify her when they meet again after the ball. The synopsis of this story of a girl who needed love is on page 57

A short, dark lady of unmistakable nationality came forward.

"The brown dress in the window," explained Mats airily.

"Jimmy," called the woman, "show the girls the dress in the window." She returned to a former customer. Maizie, watching, had a decided impression of having seen her somewhere before.

"What dress was it?" a pleasant masculine voice was asking.

Maizie turned and gazed into a pair of smiling gray eyes. She stared, speechless, blinking, as one coming from a dark room too suddenly into the sun.

"The brown taffeta." Mats's voice sounded somewhat abrupt and rasping, like the sound of an alarm clock to one having a pleasant dream and not wishing to waken.

The young man went to the window. In a moment he was back, holding up the dress for their inspection.

BUT Maizie could take in none of its charming details, her eyes upon those gray eyes that had grown strangely intent and puzzled on meeting her own breathless gaze.

Then he smiled, a broad, boyish grin that betrayed a unique, three-cornered dimple in the left cheek. "I like this one, myself. It looks like you, somehow. Would you care to try it on?" He turned toward the rear of the store.

Maizie followed, she never knew quite why or how. Her feet were not conscious of going up narrow stairs into a long, stuffy room filled with many racks of clothes—dresses, coats, suits; more dresses. Her mind had the vaguely happy unreasoning of one in a dream—or perhaps of one intoxicated. Nothing was quite real, yet she was happy—happier than she could remember ever having been before.

The young man pulled back the green curtains of the dressing-room, turned on a light. "Put it on, then come out to the mirror." He gave her the dress with a smile that lingered, that seemed trying to say strange things—things that never had been said before.

IT WAS a new Maizie that stepped out from behind the curtains in the golden brown taffeta with the tight bodice and quaint, full skirt, a cluster of golden flowers at the waist—a Maizie radiant and shining, flush-cheeked, star-eyed.

The young man stepped up behind her at the mirror, his hands holding the dress a little tighter under the arms.

"It's too large here. We haven't an alteration department in the shop, but—"

Their eyes met in the mirror. Silence fell upon them—a long silence that might last forever. There was no need of words. She could feel the hands at her waist tremble, could feel his heart beat against her shoulder. It was as if these two were alone here, intimately, beautifully alone; as if Mats, who stood watching with narrowed lids and mouth slightly twisted downward, were not present at all, until abruptly she spoke:

"If you want the dress, Maizie—"

Maizie turned, startled. "Oh, yes—I think—"

"Then we'll take it along."

"The tailor—it's a little large— We could—" The young man also seemed confused, incoherent.

"We'll alter it ourselves," Mats said decisively.

As they went down the steep, poorly lighted stairs, he said, "These steps are bad. Let me help you."

He took Maizie's arm and she walked close beside him, aware of Mats's disapproving eyes upon her back, but blissfully happy.

At the bottom of the stairs, he bent his head swiftly. "You'll come back again?" It was not a mere clerk's formula, it was entreaty.

And Maizie answered, "Yes."

"My name's Jimmy Gilmore. I—"

"Then if you'll just wrap up the dress, Jimmy—" Mats interrupted acidly.

"Of course!" He flushed and hurried away, bringing back the dress in a box. Very business-like now, he took out his salesman's pad. "If you'll give me your name and address—"

"That won't be necessary. We're taking it and paying for it." Mats reached for the box and opened her pocketbook.

Maizie felt herself being pushed toward the door. Her eyes sought the boy's eyes in regretful farewell. Then she was in the street with Mats clutching at her arm.

But she was still happy, with a gay, lifting happiness. She had found him! Out of all the chaos of this big city, she had been led to him! That was it—she had been led there! She was filled with reverence and love for that Unknown Kindness that must have guided her. How else could she have found him?

"Well, of all the exhibitions—"

"I'd met him before," Maizie cut calmly in upon Mats's sputtering disapproval.

"Where, for heaven's sake?"

"At the dance the other night."

"Well! Why didn't you introduce me?"

"I—I didn't think he remembered me, and I—"

"No, I thought he acted very much like a stranger! Even I was embarrassed. But I must say, for a girl with such delicate scruples—"

MAIZIE only smiled and said nothing. There was no explanation possible anyway, and she was too happy to quarrel. Yet, how inconsistent Mats was—Mats who had preached, "When you find your man, go out and nab him!" But Mats had wanted to pick the man, it seemed. Maizie was amused at Mats. The people on the El amused her. She hummed a little tune to herself. She wanted to dance.

It was only in the grayness of the next morning's awakening that Maizie felt her spirits sink into their accustomed despondency. It was nothing but a dream! It had all the glamour and unreality of a dream. Such things did not happen.

Wearily she got out of bed and went to the wardrobe. There it hung in all its golden brown piquancy! Here his hands had touched. She leaned her cheek against the soft folds, closed her eyes, shivering but happy in the chill room.

For a week the memory of that evening was enough. But Maizie grew weary of living in the past, as she had grown weary of living in an imagined future. Youth clamored for its rightful possession, the present.

She determined one night to go again to the little shop. She had promised to go back; she had always known that she would go. She had merely postponed the moment as long as possible.

Outside, she hesitated. It was a bold thing she was doing—pursuing a man! She—Maizie Montgomery, who had always held her proud chin high in scorn of such actions in others. But he had wanted her to come back, and he had no way of finding her. Besides, she really needed a dress or suit which she could wear to work. She entered, her heart pounding suffocatingly, her mouth dry.

The dark lady came toward her. In the rear of the store a small man of pronounced Hebraic features was fastening tags on a rack of dresses. But nowhere was Jimmy Gilmore.

"Something?"

"I—I'd like a suit—not anything very expensive. I—"

"Adie," called the woman, "a suit."

Adie put the yellow tickets on a chair and shuffled over to her. "A suit? What kind?"

Could it be possible Jimmy was upstairs with a customer? She would wait around awhile.

"Here you are. Fourteen your size? Tan—brown—b'ne—what you will. Lots o' zoots." He indicated a rackful.

"Here's one. No? This, then. Nice—very fine—look at the cloth in that—for ten-fifty! Try it on."

Try it on! That would mean going upstairs. If he were there—

"All right," she acquiesced, "I'll try it."

"Right upstairs."

She followed him. Dismal and ugly the stairs seemed now, that once her feet had climbed as if on wings. Dismal and ugly the room above, for he was not there.

She had lost all interest in the suit. She did not want to try it on. But she must go through with it.

It was altogether too large. "But our tailor can vix it," urged the disagreeable little man. "Here on the shoulders. The waist. You are so tiny."

"No, I don't want it!" Maizie felt she was shouting at him, afraid he was going to touch her.

"Very well. I will bring another."

"No, I can't! I have an engagement now. I must go—" She hurried down the stairs, almost ran from the store, the man pursuing, expostulating.

THIS outcome of her visit had never occurred to her. She had gone over the meeting many times in her mind. Strange and lovely things had happened. Never anything like this. Had he gone away? Had he been fired? Had he never been there at all? Perhaps her mind had played some terrible trick upon her. She had heard of such things. Perhaps it was that horrid little man



He sprang up, jerking off his hat, smiling, eager, yet shy

who had sold her the brown dress, and she had only imagined—dreamed the rest.

For once she was not conscious of the jostling crowd. Mechanically she took the familiar way home, entered her room. Mats was not there; she was thankful for that. She had not eaten, but she undressed and got into bed.

She was too exhausted to think—too exhausted even to care. She believed she could sleep. What a blessing sleep was. "He giveth his Beloved sleep." . . . Warm, secure arms held her; a deep voice was reading to her from a book: "He giveth his Beloved—"

She sat up suddenly in bed, laughing. "What a fool I am!" she said aloud. When she and Mats had gone to the little shop before, they had had their supper and had strolled around for some time. It was at least eight o'clock when she had spied the brown dress in the window. This evening she had gone directly from work. He was at his dinner, of course! How absurdly simple.

She got up, put on her bathrobe, made toast and a cup of coffee, fried an egg. She was no longer tired.

Maizie waited until ten minutes past eight the next evening; then she entered the little shop, eager, excited, but somehow, not afraid. She knew he would be there. He was busy. He did not see her at first. The dark lady also had a customer. Maizie hoped fervently she would not finish first.

Then he saw her. His face lighted. Their eyes met

again in that extraordinarily exciting encounter. He came to her immediately. "I thought you'd never come!" he whispered. "Wait for me."

Maizie waited, trembling, yet strangely confident, serene. Finally he came.

"It was something upstairs you wanted to see, wasn't it?" She nodded. He took her hand and together they ran up the stairs, laughing, excited, like children.

He seized her other hand, held them both tightly. "I was afraid you wouldn't come back. Where have you been? I've seen you before—"

"At the K. P. dance, three or four weeks ago."

"Of course! I bumped into you. You smiled."

"You smiled first!"

"I'll bet I did," he laughed.

Maizie withdrew her hands, grew suddenly formal. "I wanted to see a suit, please." One could not forget oneself so entirely!

He looked a little startled, then he laughed. "Sure. I have it—the very thing! I thought of you when I unpacked it."

He brought out a dark blue tailored ensemble of flat crepe. It was simple but it looked somehow expensive.

"I'm afraid I can't afford that. I—"

"It's the same price as the others, but it's much better. They buy in job lots. Some things are good, some are terrible. This is really good. Try it on."

They had both become business-like, impersonal. She'd take the dress, she said. It needed some alterations. He offered to accompany her to the tailor's in the next block.

Maizie knew that she and Mats could easily do what needed to be done to the dress. But she could not let things end like this. Something had gone wrong. He was very proper now, distant, like a stranger. It was almost as if they had quarreled.

With the dress over one arm, bare-headed, he led her up the street to the middle of the next block and turned down a dark, narrow alley. Not till then did he break the silence between them.

"This tailor we're going to is an interesting chap—Russian Jew. Looks like a rabbi—or one of the old prophets in the Bible. He was in the war and later was a prisoner in Siberia. He escaped from there. The fellow that helped him had been to America. So they got onto an American ship. Stowaways. He didn't have a cent when he got here and couldn't speak a word of English. The other fellow got him in, though, and got him a job. It's like a story to hear him tell it."

THEY had reached by now a basement door through the glass of which a light could be seen burning dimly. The old tailor, seated upon his table, looked indeed unusual and picturesque with his black skull cap, his black beard streaked with gray, his dark, tragic eyes. But why had Jimmy Gilmore spent all that time talking about this stranger and not about himself or herself? What had happened? Why was everything so queer and strained between them now?

The old tailor took her measurements, tried on the coat. He had a piercing, questioning way of looking at one. Once or twice he looked at Jimmy, who stood with arms folded and head bent, a frown between his downcast eyes.

"Vat iss, Jimmy? Vere iss de funnings tonight, eh?"

Jimmy Gilmore smiled, a vague, troubled smile, and shook his head.

They left the tailor shop in silence; in silence they walked down the dark alley. They had almost reached the street when he stopped suddenly, caught her swiftly toward him. And Maizie, as if she had known all along that this was to happen, lifted her lips to his to be kissed.

After a moment he released her, said almost roughly, "I—I'm sorry. I mean—I couldn't help it!"

Then again they walked in silence through the lighted street. His hands were in his pockets; he was biting his under lip, his head bent with that look of frowning abstraction.

Maizie could neither think nor speak, yet she felt vaguely that something ought to be said by someone.

At the door of the shop, he asked without looking at her, "Where do we send the dress when it's ready? What—what's your name?"

"Maizie Montgomery." She gave him her street and number.

He wrote it down. Then he looked up at her slowly. She could see that the gray eyes were swimming with tears.

"Maizie Montgomery," he

(Continued on page 36)

CLARA BARTON

The Story of "The Greatest Humanitarian the World Has Ever Known" Carries a Message of Peace and Good Will for the Christmas Season

By MARGARETTA RIVERS

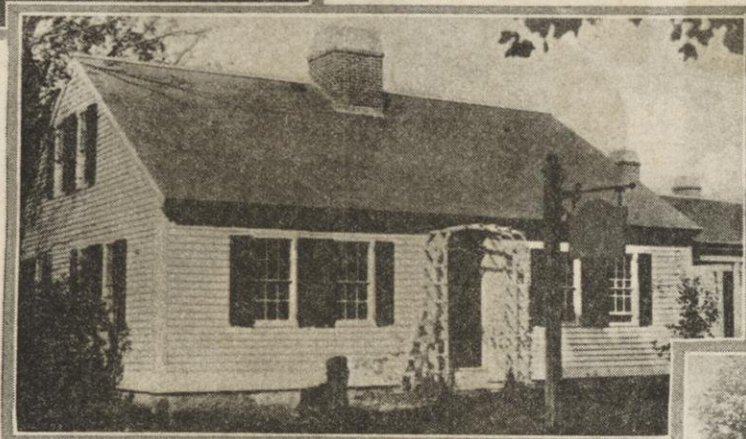


A vase of roses is always kept beneath her picture. Her big, comfortable, chintz-covered chair in which she used to rest still stands by the sunny window in her bedroom. Above the couch in the living-room is a picture of her pet black cat which she painted.

The house, which is located in Glen Echo, Maryland, is built of rough hemlock wreckage from the Johnstown flood of 1889. It has thirty-eight rooms and seventy-six closets. The house was originally built as a storehouse for Red Cross supplies. Miss Barton later made it into a dwelling.

The central oval-shaped rotunda extends

Left—Clara Barton, founder of the American Red Cross. Below—Clara Barton's birthplace at Danville, New York, which is kept up in memory of the "Angel of the Battlefields"



ON THE outskirts of Washington is a house built like a ship. From the upper galleries, light falls softly down upon a big square piano on the first floor. The yellowed keys have not been touched for years.

Remote, alone, the quaint house is almost hidden by trees and bushes. Yet it is not a dismal house. A spirit of serenity matches the yellow sunlight which floods through the many windows upon rare treasures which were gifts from emperors and czars. Autographed photographs of duchesses and gilded testimonials of appreciation line the walls.

Upstairs a hard army cot and field desk tell the story of the former occupant of the house more eloquently than any marble memorial. They belonged to Clara Barton, who dragged them with her up to the very front lines in two wars in this country and one in Europe.

A Long Life of Self-Sacrifice

After forty years of service, this courageous woman, who has been called "the greatest humanitarian the world has ever known," retired to this quiet country place where the soothing rustle of the trees helped dim the memories of shrieking bullets and agonized groans of dying men.

Here the "Angel of the Battlefields" again set up her little scarred desk and army cot. She was born on Christmas Day, 1821, and until she died on Easter Sunday, 1912, at the age of ninety-one, her life was one long record of unselfish self-sacrifice and devotion to humanity.

Dr. J. B. Hubbell, who was her physician, nurse, secretary and field agent on nineteen battlefields and to whom she left her house, tells how Miss Barton, even in the last years of her life, was up at six in the morning and often worked until midnight answering letters from all over the world.

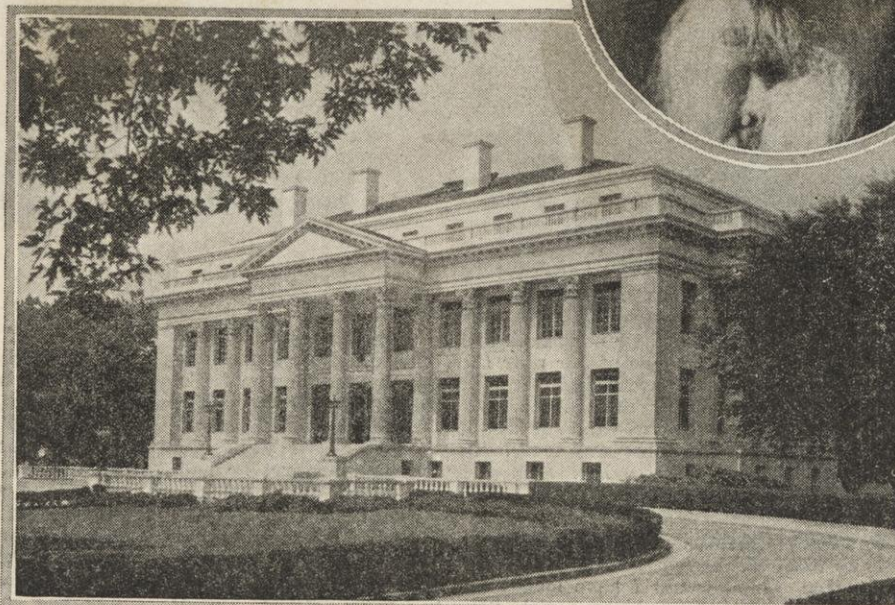
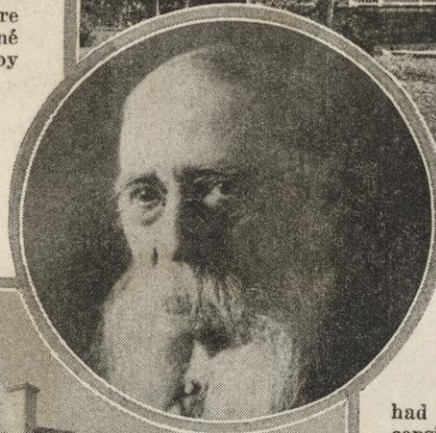
"She regarded the answering of those letters as a sacred duty," says Dr. Hubbell, now a gentle, gray-haired man of eighty-two. "Many of them were from men whose lives she had saved by her nursing, from their children or from relatives seeking to trace some missing soldier. She always sat on a chair without any back while working. Sometimes she did not stop for lunch but ate bread, cheese and an apple at her desk. She gave of herself unsparingly to the last, just as she did at the battle of Bull Run when she moved out upon the battle field, giving water to the thirsty, wounded and dying, though her own life was constantly in peril."

The aged physician, who almost lost his own life from fever in Cuba while caring for orphans and working in hospitals after the Spanish-American War, has found happiness in preserving Clara Barton's old home just as she left it.

up four stories to the roof. Galleries run round all the upper floors. Rare rugs, which were the gifts of the Empress of Germany in appreciation of Miss Barton's work in the Franco-Prussian War, adorn the floors. A gold scrolled diploma and decoration from the Sultan of Turkey hangs in the entrance hall.

An upstairs safe contains a rare treasure—a solid gold and cloisonné wine set presented to Dr. Hubbell by

At the right—Clara Barton's old home in Maryland. In the circle—Dr. J. B. Hubbell, to whom Clara Barton left her home. Below—National Headquarters of the American National Red Cross



the former Czar Nicholas of Russia for his work in relieving the Russian famine sufferers in 1892.

Now he lives in the memories of those exciting days when it was his privilege to work side by side with the founder of the Red Cross. Proudly he conducts you through room after room, showing the valuable tokens which a once grateful world showered on Clara Barton.

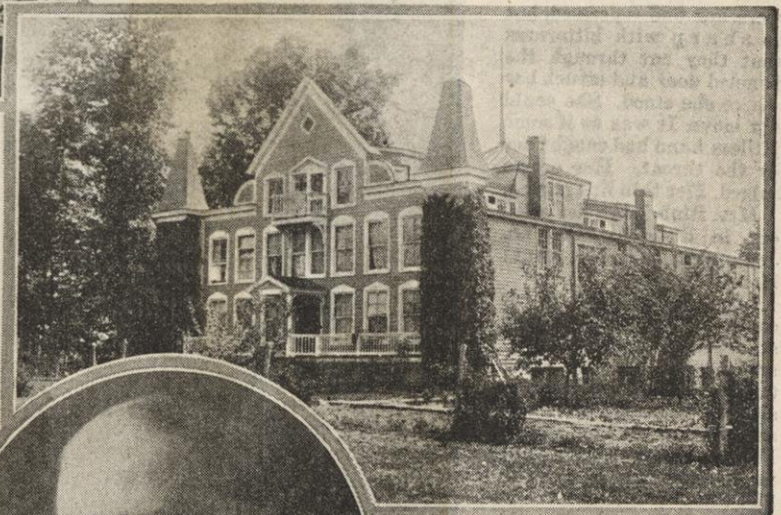
An Old House with a Friendly Air

In spite of its size the old house has a cozy, friendly air. With the same far-sightedness which invented her compact army field desk, Miss Barton arranged her home to achieve the utmost in convenience and comfort.

"She believed in economy, but three things she would not economize on," says Dr. Hubbell. "These were light heat and air. She had a wonderful mind. Whatever she tackled, she went through with. When her active work was over and she was living in this house, she was invited to address a banquet in Washington on a Monday night Sunday night came and she had not prepared a line of her speech. Monday she was busy all day doing a big washing. That night she appeared at the banquet and delivered a beautiful long poem which she had composed while working that day."

Clara Barton's nursing career began at the age of eleven. David, her brother, was hurt at a barn raising. Little Clara proved such a skilled nurse that the doctor preferred her small fingers to any others for applying the leeches used in that day. The mental effect on David of her faith and unflinching presence was miraculous.

"In two and a half years I only left his bedside for half a day," she writes. "I almost forgot there was an outside to the house."



This, then, was the heroic spirit which took a once timid little girl out onto shell-swept world battlefields. As a child, she was sensitive and fearful. Miss Barton admitted that the courage she later attained was not due to absence of fear, but to the fact that she had overcome it. When asked what she considered her bravest act, she recalled the battle of Fredericksburg.

"I was crossing a bridge, taking supplies to a surgeon on the opposite bank," she says. "Bullets and shells were hissing in the river on either side of me."

Yet the dauntless little figure kept on, the figure of the woman who had overcome fear that she might save others. Today a Red Cross flag perpetually floats at the foot of Clara Barton's modest grave in Oxford, Massachusetts.

In a quiet upstairs room of her old home in Glen Echo is a small plaster model of a beautiful memorial which countless friends of Miss Barton are hoping may one day arise on the green hillside facing her home as a fitting testimonial from a grateful nation to the founder of the American Red Cross, "the greatest humanitarian the world has ever known."

What Would a Stranger Do?

By ZOE MCKENZIE SMITH

Illustrations by Fred Olson

Roused from a dreary life of self-pity, Jessie works her way to love and understanding

TWICE within six months, Jessie May Severance received a serious jolt. The first had to do with the incredible change of her husband's heart. The second was the unbelievable fact that she was being advertised for in the newspapers, and that if she did not reveal her identity, detectives would be set upon her trail.

The first episode occurred in early September, while her mother-in-law was visiting them. Jessie had come downstairs, noiseless in her felt slippers, paused on the landing to yawn lazily, and remained transfixed with horror. Her husband's tones were low and repressed, but so sharp with bitterness that they cut through the paneled door and struck her where she stood. She could not move. It was as if some pitiless hand had caught her by the throat. Her eyes bulged. Her thin lips parted.

Mrs. Blakely's voice cried out in distress, "Oh, no, Jeff! Oh, no! Not that! Not divorce!"

"I've got to," Jeff's words came strangely rough and stubborn. "I can't stand it any longer. A man can't talk about his wife. But I'm sick of her. Ah, you can see for yourself how she is. I'm young yet; I don't want to live the rest of my life like this!"

"But, Jeff, maybe if you'd have a little talk— You've got on each other's nerves. She's not very well, Jeff. Jeff, I'll take her home with me for a week. The separation will do you both good."

"Ah, it won't make any real difference. How could it? No, I want her to go and never come back. But, as I say, I can't afford a divorce yet. I can't afford to hire a housekeeper to take care of the children—and pay alimony, too."

"But, Jeff, have you thought? You might not get the children! The mother is almost always—"

"Humph! I'll get the children, all right. Don't worry." Jessie May Severance turned and crept up the stairs with agonizing care. No one must know—no one must ever know—she had heard. She could not bear it. She stumbled over the rug. She fumbled things on the dresser. She looked up with dull eyes and saw herself in the mirror. Saw herself clearly for the first time in years, saw herself as Jeff must see her. A poor sordid figure she was, in a soiled and faded house dress of a peculiar green that emphasized her sallow, muddy skin. Her eyes were small and dark and lusterless as two holes, and her little tight-lipped mouth would be like a buttonhole before she was old—stitched close to her teeth with disapproving little

lines. Her hair hung lank and bedraggled as wet feathers on either side of her poor face. She could see herself as she must have looked last night, hanging weeping on Jeff's neck—her eyes reddened, tears rolling sloppily down her yellow cheeks—and she writhed. She had accused him of not loving her any more. There was another stab. He had comforted her. Sick of her, hating her, yet he had been kind to her. The humiliation of it fairly sickened her.

"I DON'T care!" she sobbed to herself. "It's all his fault anyway." Anger engulfed her. "If I hadn't married him, would I have looked like this? Why, I'd be like a girl! I would be a girl. Twenty-seven's not old. But I

expectancy of life that all the hard knocks of his orphan boyhood, and the wise cracks of various teachers and authors, had been unable to disturb. Jessie May had been slim and dark and vivid, but now—

She turned from her reflection in a dumb resentful misery. Through the triple window of their bedroom she could see Jeff. He was leaving. He looked back, took off his hat and waved to his mother in a gallant, friendly gesture. The sight of him reminded her afresh of the injustice of her lot. For Jeff was still tall and handsome, with a gold glint in his hair, his tanned skin, his whole sunny personality, and he was young, undeniably young. Jeff had gone. Jessie stared with hard intensity into



When Jessie heard the stair door open, she did not look up

The story of a woman who was forced to see herself and the duties of a good wife clearly

look— It's not my fault! I don't want to look like this. Jeff promised to take care of me and make me happy. And I haven't been happy at all! It's just like a man. After a woman's lost her health and her looks slaving in his k-kitchen, and b-b-bearing his children, he n-notices she's not as pretty as she used to be and decides to g-get a d-divorce!" She wiped her eyes, flung back the heavy drooping locks. "I hate men!" she muttered fiercely. "Oh, I just hate men! And especially Jeff. I despise him," she ended in a little fury, "I hate him to death. I loathe him more than I ever did love him."

SEVEN years before, Jessie May Meade had promised to love, honor and obey Jefferson Severance till death did them part. Promised with a light heart. The loving would be easy, the honoring meant nothing and, of course, she wouldn't have to obey. Jessie May was the only child of her middle-aged lawyer parents, who were so surprised and shocked when she put in her appearance that they never had the face to exert any real parental control. Both studied law, but neither enforced it.

Jefferson Severance, on the contrary, had helped to make his home. His father had died when Jeff was sixteen, and not till the five children were through high school and self-supporting, and he himself had attained the ripe age of twenty-two and the responsibility of a wife, did Jeff feel that what he earned was his own. He had taken a course in a business college and since had furnished the executive mind, the selling personality and the untiring legs for a pair of old fellows who had acquired too much taxable property and now called themselves realtors.

Jeff had had nothing saved up, but he had a job, a ready smile and a happy

the bright morning. "That's the last of him as far as I'm concerned," she muttered. "And he'll never see me again, either! I guess the old boy will be kind of surprised at the length of my visit! If he thinks I'm coming crawling back here to cook his meals and wash his dirty clothes while he gets money saved up to divorce me, he's got another guess coming! I'll get me a position in Seattle. I'll slip back here and get Jamie and just let Mr. Jeff wonder. I'll show him!"

Jessie made ready for her visit. She left Jamie, who was six now and going to school, with Grandma Burns, the old lady next door, until Jeff got home evenings. She hid some of her small treasures in her bag, left the rest to be picked up when she came for the boy, and shut the door behind her with a little jerk of finality.

George Blakely met them at the station—George Blakely, the elegant and fastidious old beau whom Jeff's mother had married three years before, to everyone's surprise, including her own. Four-year-old Janet, plump and adorable, studied him a moment with serious eyes, then threw her fat little arms around his neck. She loved him, and he smiled all over his clean, kind face.

His wife adored him, too, for that matter. The way that woman waited on him! It fairly nauseated Jessie. If he had been some distinguished guest, she couldn't have treated him better. The table set in the dining-room every night and gleaming with silver and crystal and fine linen, and sweet with the fragrance of flowers; the fire lighted on the hearth at the hour of his coming! His slippers waiting beside the deepest, most luxurious chair. The lamp on the small table set glowing pleasantly on magazine and pipe and the unopened paper.

"You'll spoil George, mother," warned Jessie. "You're too good to him."

Mrs. Blakely's tenderness shone in her deep violet eyes, trembled wistfully on her lips. "Oh, Jessie," she answered, "can one be too good? Anyway, I don't believe I could spoil George. And even if I could, I can't resist doing little things to make him happy. I suppose it's a form of selfishness, really, for when I try to make him happy, it makes me happy. I tell you, Jessie, I was a widow a long time, and I do appreciate having a home now—safe and secure. And to think George took me. To think when he might have married some fresh, pretty young thing, he loved an old widow like me!"

"My goodness!" exclaimed Jessie impatiently, "you're not as old as he is!"

BUT she saw there was no sense in talking to Mother Blakely. Besides, she had enough business of her own to attend to without trying to reform people old and set in their ways. Every day, Jessie pored over the columns of fine print in the daily paper. She was interested, that was all. She thought as her eye followed her finger that she might possibly choose some opening so brought to her attention. She had wisely determined not to choose hastily. She would look well into the different situations, find out what future each proposition had to offer, and take the thing she would enjoy most. Yes, she would do what she liked to do even if it meant taking a position with slightly lower salary. Concerning the work she liked to do, however, she was rather vague. True, she pictured herself in various fascinating occupations—but always at an idle moment when she was being no more than an ornamental member of a blurred group. She had glimpses of herself—though unconsciously she had become quite unnaturally beautified in the picture—as a coldly elegant personage in some exclusive establishment, or a trim, business-like figure, pencil in hand, head bent gracefully, while men of the world talked big business, or at the head of a long gleaming table, her shoulders bare and softly powdered, while savory viands were consumed and bright eyes sparkled over the delicious bon mots of the city's best wits. Always she had a fair place in these pictures, but just what her work was—there was the vagueness.

After searching in vain for advertisements of vacancies in these glittering posts, she decided, on account of her short stay, to call at one or more of the fashionable shops; she might happen in at a lucky moment.

Turned away without encouragement from every woman's shop in Seattle, Jessie tried the department stores, but was carelessly though firmly rejected. Plenty of help now. No experience? The powers smiled pityingly and shook their heads. Jessie asked for work at offices, but the refusals were embarrassing, even cruel.

So her first two dreams faded, but her bright hopes were not yet tarnished. After all, every one of those positions had had all the earmarks of drudgery. Probably something better was in store for her. She knew now she would never have enjoyed working in those stores, or taking orders from those critical men, either. It would be nicer to be head of a beautiful house, with everything to do with, and

be a charming hostess when her employer entertained. Jessie decided right here that she'd be careful in choosing her employer. What she preferred was an old but understanding man, a fine figure, with white hair and beard, who would be an adoring grandfather to her children and maintain a sympathetic attitude toward her. Without relatives, of course.

But up to the very last day of her visit, Jessie had found no sign of this elegant, sophisticated old Santa Claus. She had copied addresses by the score. She had ridden on street cars for hours. She had trudged miles on foot. Finally a terrible thought was borne in upon her.

"I may have to take just any place I can get," and she cried as she turned away from another door and tore the address into bits.

THE woman who was hiring her own successor—a housekeeper to take her place when she married—was very particular, but friendly.

"No references? Oh, you have to have references! Are you a good hand with children? Two of your own? Well, they couldn't be brought here. Mr. Stewart has his two, and they are enough. Things have to be pretty nice here, I tell you. His divorced wife visits the children and she keeps her eye peeled for any signs of neglect. Oh, she's nosy!"

"And, dearie, there's no use in your seeing Mr. Stewart. She would not be satisfied with you. Oh, I don't mean she would be jealous of you. Of course not! But you don't look like a housekeeper. Kind of easy-going, aren't you? I'll show you the house," she offered kindly, "and I think you'll see for yourself."

Jessie did. It was one of those immaculate dwellings that stirred Jessie to the point of animosity. It made her angry to look at it.

There was one more place she might try. Only one, and her visit was practically over. A cold trembling seized Jessie as she went in.

The employment agency was in the hands of a middle-aged business woman, firm-jawed, keen-eyed. She shook her head over Jessie.

"Lots of people want work this time of year," she said. "You'd better stay where you are if it's not simply unbearable."

"It is," whispered Jessie.

"What's the matter? Does the man drink?"

"Oh, no!" cried Jessie, surprised.

"Poor provider?"

"N-no, he provides as well as he can, I guess."

"Won't let you keep your children with you?"

"Oh, yes!"

The woman eyed Jessie with less pleasantness. "So?" she drawled. "Gave you notice, did he? Must have. No woman in her senses, with two kids to support, would give up a good place like that at this time of year when people leave the farms for the cities to find winter work."

Jessie's throat was dry. "He—hasn't given me notice, exactly," she defended herself, "but—"

"He isn't satisfied, eh?" The woman took down her hat and coat. "Well, I'm going to lunch now."

Jessie walked back to Mother Blakely's. It was miles, but she had to be alone. People she met looked after her curiously: a woman crying along, with little pitiful catches of the breath.

The hardest thing Jessie Severance had ever done was the only thing she could do next morning. Lying awake in the night, she had tried and tried to think of some way to play the proud lady with Jeff. She wanted to worry him, to hurt him; she wanted to leap to success, and scorn him haughtily from that height. She had to show him; she had to, or she felt she couldn't live. To go back and face him, wait humbly for him to say, "Get out!" was more than she could bear.

"I'll get even with him yet," she promised herself. "I'll think of something." She'd go back and work for him, she had to on account of the children, but oh, she would rather have slaved, endured anything, for a stranger, than go back to Jeff—Jeff, who wanted a stranger to keep his house and care for his children! Why should he want a stranger? Would a stranger keep house better than his own wife, or take better care of the children than their own mother? Here, Jessie moved uneasily in the plush seat. Homes she had been in, questions she had been asked, remarks that had cut her to the quick, now came to memory. Tears smarted in her eyes. "All right," she whispered resentfully to the accusing total. "If that's all he wants, I guess I can fix it so he will have a hard time getting the children away from me! I—I'll bet I surprise him, the hateful thing!"

Her mind dwelt on the pleasure of circumventing her husband, but the plan was not satisfyingly complete. Her pride demanded more. If only she had a job! If only she had even hopes of a job! If only she could pretend she had a job! If she could tell him, before he could dismiss her, that she had only been staying till Mr. X, let us say (the kind, fine-looking old gentleman revived), was ready for her and the children! Jessie's hands clenched in her lap, her nostrils quivered. She could just slam the door in his face and go!

When the idea came to her, she saw it was small and of little real worth, but it was better than nothing. It would save her face. Besides, it would be fun to pretend. "Let's see," she murmured. "What'll I call him? John . . . John . . . John Barrington-Hall. I'll put an E in for good measure. John E. Barrington-Hall. No one will have such a name."

"Oh, my!" wailed Jessie as she let herself into the house, and she burst into tears. Fresh from Mother Blakely's, her eyes were quick to make comparisons. Her memory of the Blakely home shone mockingly beside the sordid place she had made for her home. "Oh, there's so much to do! So much to do!" sobbed poor Jessie as she looked.

Ragged rugs on uncared-for floors, dirty windows with limp lengths of curtaining hanging dark with smoke and dust, pictures askew, furniture ugly and dusty, with no orderly placing. But even as she sat down to cry, her subconscious self warned her. So much to do and so little time before Jeff should come. So much to do, what was the use of trying to do any of it, she asked as she wiped her eyes.

"Suppose I were a stranger come to take the place," the thought came to her, "what would be the most necessary things?"

SHE changed the beds around, putting the big walnut bed, that had been a wedding present, in the children's room for her and Janet, and the twin beds from the children's room into the front bedroom. Jamie could sleep there with Jeff. She made the beds smooth and neat (she who had always kept the bedroom doors shut and let the beds air all day!), laid out the night clothes, set the rooms in restful order.

She set the table in the dining-room with a cloth; she laid the silver with care, put on pretty dishes, and had the children gather bright perennials from the garden to make the table sweet. In the kitchen, hot, appetizing odors came from bubbling kettles, poured out from browning deliciousness in the oven. The children whined to eat.

"Play you're the band come to meet daddy!" she proposed with false gaiety. "Put on your paper caps I brought you from Seattle, and get your harp and drum. It's a big honor to be met by the band."

That merry confusion at the door helped her through the first meeting with Jeff. She heard him pause in the dining-room and whisper, "Well! Is someone here, Janet?"

He came into the kitchen. He was standing there with Janet in his arms. A foolish, trembling anger seized Jessie. Hypocrite! Standing there looking so smiling and satisfied when he'd made her so much trouble! (Continued on page 17)



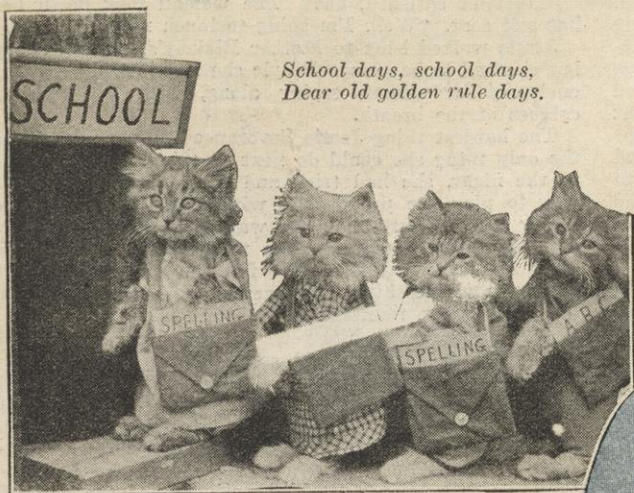
"Man! Man! Here's the little lady I was telling you about!"

Tales of the Animal Isle

An Exciting Day in Miss Puss Purry's School
When Tiny Tatters Wins a Popularity Contest

THE SECOND IN A SERIES FOR THE CHILDREN

By HARRY WHITTIER FREES



School days, school days,
Dear old golden rule days.



ONE bright sunny morning, when the kitten children came trooping into their little bark school on Pussywillow Road, not one had any idea of the pleasant surprise in store for them. Miss Puss Purry, who taught these fluffy little animal kiddies how to grow up to be wise old Toms and Tabbies, was just the nicest teacher in all the Animal Isle. She never failed to plan some sort of jolly playtime for her wee scholars.

"I have a pleasant surprise for all of you," announced the pussycat teacher, as she rang the tiny silver bell on her desk. "All the little kitty girls can bring their dolls to school next Friday afternoon."

"Oh-h-h!" went each little kitty girl with delight, making a little round "O" of a mouth.

"We'll call it Dolly Day," said Miss Puss Purry. "And then perhaps we'll take a vote to see which is the most popular dolly of Pussywillow School. Whichever one gets the most votes will be called Queen of Dolly Day."

By the time school was dismissed that afternoon, every last little kitty girl was quite sure that her own winsome dolly would be chosen Queen of Dolly Day.

"My Arabella is sure to win," said Cutie.

"Huh!" sniffed Curly, "wait till you see Susie Toddles."

"My Rosy Posy has golden hair and lovely blue eyes," declared Flossie.

"But Baby Dimples is just a dear," chimed in little Fluffy.

There was one little kitty girl, however, who never said a word all the way home. Kitty was quite sure she had the nicest dolly in all the world but—

You see, Kitty Mittens had always called her doll Tiny, but all her little playmates of Pussywillow Road had called her Tiny Tatters.

Tiny had a sweet face but never wore anything but a torn and tattered dress. And lately one of her chubby legs had come a bit loose and was quite wiggly.

But Kitty was quite sure that if she mended Tiny's dress and carefully sewed up all the little tears and tatters, her beloved dolly would come through with flying colors on Dolly Day.

So she carefully mended Tiny's dress and smoothed out all the little wrinkles and crinkles. But when she was all through, there still remained that jiggly joggly leg.

"I know what I'll do!" cried Kitty Mittens suddenly, as she laid aside her needle and caught Tiny up in her paws. "I'll take you right around to the Doll Doctor."

THE Doll Doctor was a kindly old pussycat gentleman who had a wonderful way of putting new arms and legs and even heads on those unfortunate dollies.

When Kitty entered his shop with Tiny Tatters, the mender of dollies pushed back his spectacles and peered at her rather sharply over the top of the counter.

"Aha!" he exclaimed with a knowing twinkle in his eye, as he examined Tiny's wiggly leg, "these careless little dollies will never learn to keep out of the way of automobiles. It's a big wonder she wasn't killed entirely."

"Oh, but it wasn't an automobile at all," declared the little kitty girl. "She fell out of our apple tree!"

"A very sad accident indeed," said the Doll Doctor. "But never mind, my dear," he told Kitty. "Her leg will never wiggle again after I get through fixing it."

And sure enough, Tiny Tatters was almost as good as new after the Doll Doctor got through tightening up her leg; that is, all except what had once been a beautiful silk polka dot dress. That was still quite tattered and torn.

Perhaps, if it hadn't been for Kitty's little brother, Tommy, things might have turned out quite differently from what they did. The more Tommy looked at Tiny in her wretched little dress the more he felt she ought to have a new frock.

So what did he do but write a letter to his Auntie Cuddles, who lived not so very far away at Catnip Corners.

"Please, dear Auntie Cuddles," he wrote, "send Kitty's doll a new dress so that she can be Queen of Dolly Day at Pussywillow School." And without saying a word of

what was in the letter, he gave it to Kitty to drop in the mail box on the corner.

Nor did Auntie Cuddles forget to answer. Two days later the parcel post doggie knocked at the door of the little brick bungalow with a box addressed to Miss Kitty Mittens. And when she opened the package, instead of finding a new dress for Tiny Tatters, there was a beautiful new doll in a fancy silk frock.

Poor Tiny Tatters! She looked more forlorn than ever in her shabby dress alongside her grand new sister.

quite so pleased with Auntie Cuddles' gift. "I can't see why she didn't send Tiny a new dress like I asked her instead of a new doll," he grumbled in a disappointed tone.

"Tiny won't mind a bit," said Kitty. "I'll put her away in the bureau drawer and she'll be quite happy there, I know."

But perhaps dollies miss their little mothers after all. Who knows but that Tiny Tatters cried herself to sleep that night all by herself in the dark lonely bureau drawer, while the new doll was cuddled close to Kitty's cheek in her little trundle bed.

BRIGHT and early the next morning the little kitty girl was all dressed and downstairs by the time breakfast was ready.

"Just think, Mother Mittens," she cried gayly, "today is Dolly Day!"

"Why, so it is," said Mother Mittens. "What a happy doll Tiny Tatters will be to go to school with you today."

"Oh, but, Mother Mittens," answered Kitty a little doubtfully, "Tiny Tatters isn't going. I'm going to take my new doll."

"Poor Tiny Tatters!" was all Mother Mittens said in a sorrowful sort of a tone. And, somehow or other, it made a queer little choky ache creep up into Kitty's throat.

She felt quite proud, however, when she started off to school carrying her new doll in one paw and a little bag in the other containing a bright red scarf that Dotty Darling was to wear when she reached the schoolhouse.

When she passed Flossie's house, her little schoolmate came running out to join her. And she didn't seem a bit pleased when she caught sight of the new doll.

"Why, Kitty Mittens!" she exclaimed in surprise, "what have you ever done with Tiny Tatters?"

"She's home in the bureau drawer," answered Kitty.

"Poor Tiny Tatters," said Flossie in a sad little voice, just as Mother Mittens had done.

When they reached the tiny bungalow where Fluffy lived, their little playmate came racing out the gate with her doll. Just as soon as she spied Dotty Darling, she was every bit as much surprised as Flossie.

"Where is poor Tiny Tatters?" she wanted to know the first thing.

"She's home in the bureau drawer," explained Kitty for the second time. But she said it rather slowly and was not quite so sure that Tiny wouldn't mind.

The nearer they came to the little bark schoolhouse the more Kitty began to wish that she had brought Tiny Tatters instead of the new doll.

"Poor Tiny Tatters!" she kept repeating to herself over and over again as she walked along.

All of a sudden, she stopped in the middle of the walk and looked first at Dotty Darling in a funny, queer kind of a way and then at her two little playmates.

And before either Flossie or Fluffy could say a word, Kitty turned around and darted up the street. She fairly flew toward home as fast as she could go and

(Continued on page 55)



Kitty carefully mended
Tiny's dress

A visit to
the Doll
Doctor



Tommy writes a
letter to Auntie
Cuddles

Kitty started to school carry-
ing Dotty Darling

Kitty was as happy as a lark and Tiny was almost forgotten as she squeezed the new doll tight in her paws and danced gayly about the kitchen.

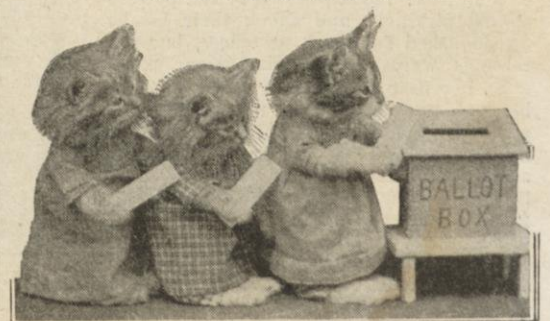
"I'll call you Dotty Darling," she whispered joyfully in the new dolly's ear. "You'll be sure to be Queen of Dolly Day."

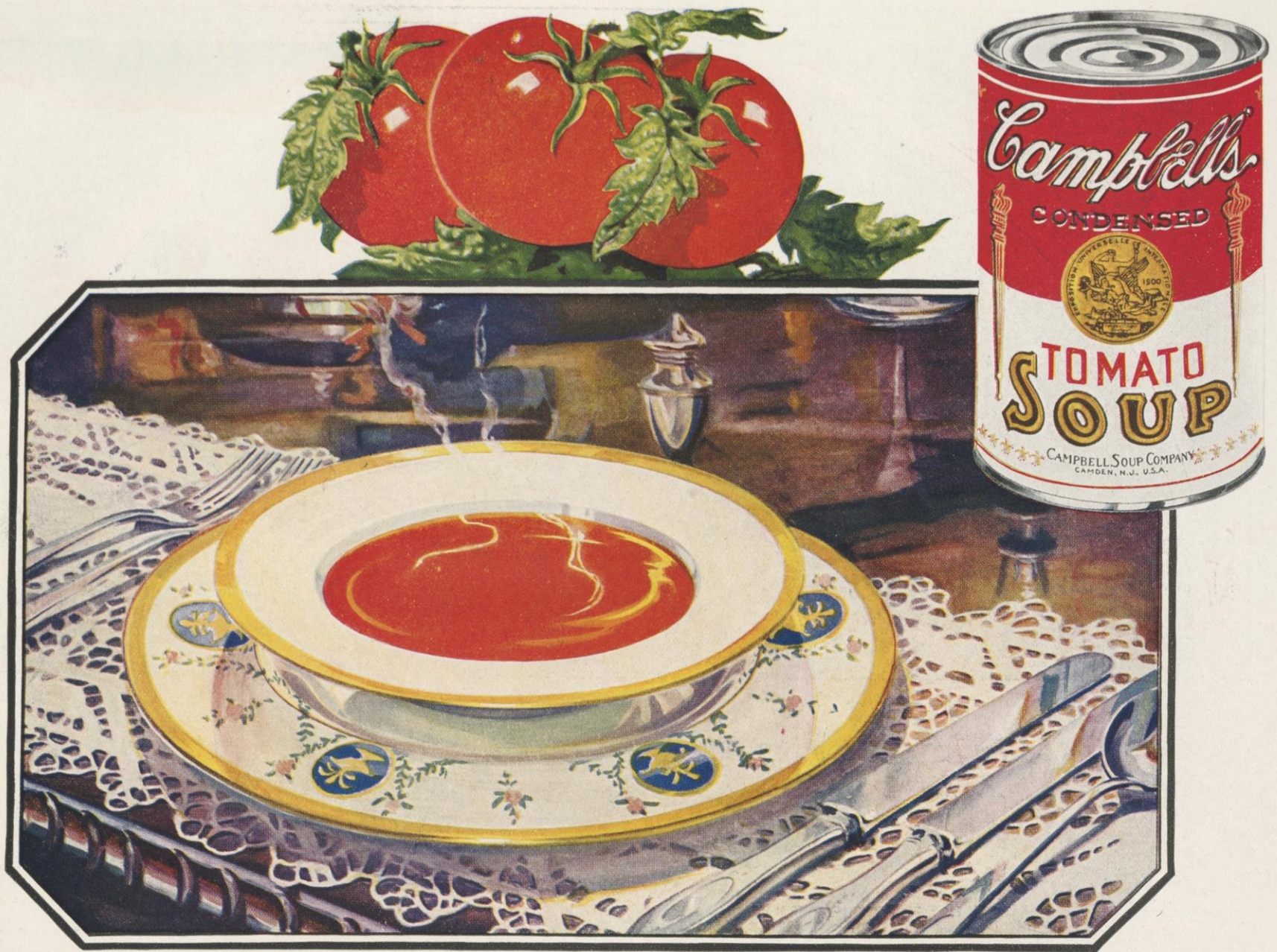
Tommy, however, was not



Left—Cutie and Curly sat in the teacher's big
chair holding their dollies

Below—All the kitty boys and girls dropped their
votes into the little ballot box





Why millions now enjoy this delicious Tomato Soup for their health!

When science announced the extraordinary healthfulness of tomatoes, people at once began to seek ways to include them more frequently in their diet. They found that Campbell's Tomato Soup was an ideal way — delicious, invigorating, convenient.

Then you have only to add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil, simmer a few minutes. The soup is ready — hot, savory, inviting — for your table!

What a challenge to your appetite! What a tonic, refreshing flavor! Is it any wonder that such a delightful and healthful soup is the favorite in millions and millions of homes! Make it your rule to serve it regularly and often. 12 cents a can.

No matter where you live, you have only to visit the nearest food store for your supply of Campbell's Tomato Soup the whole year round.

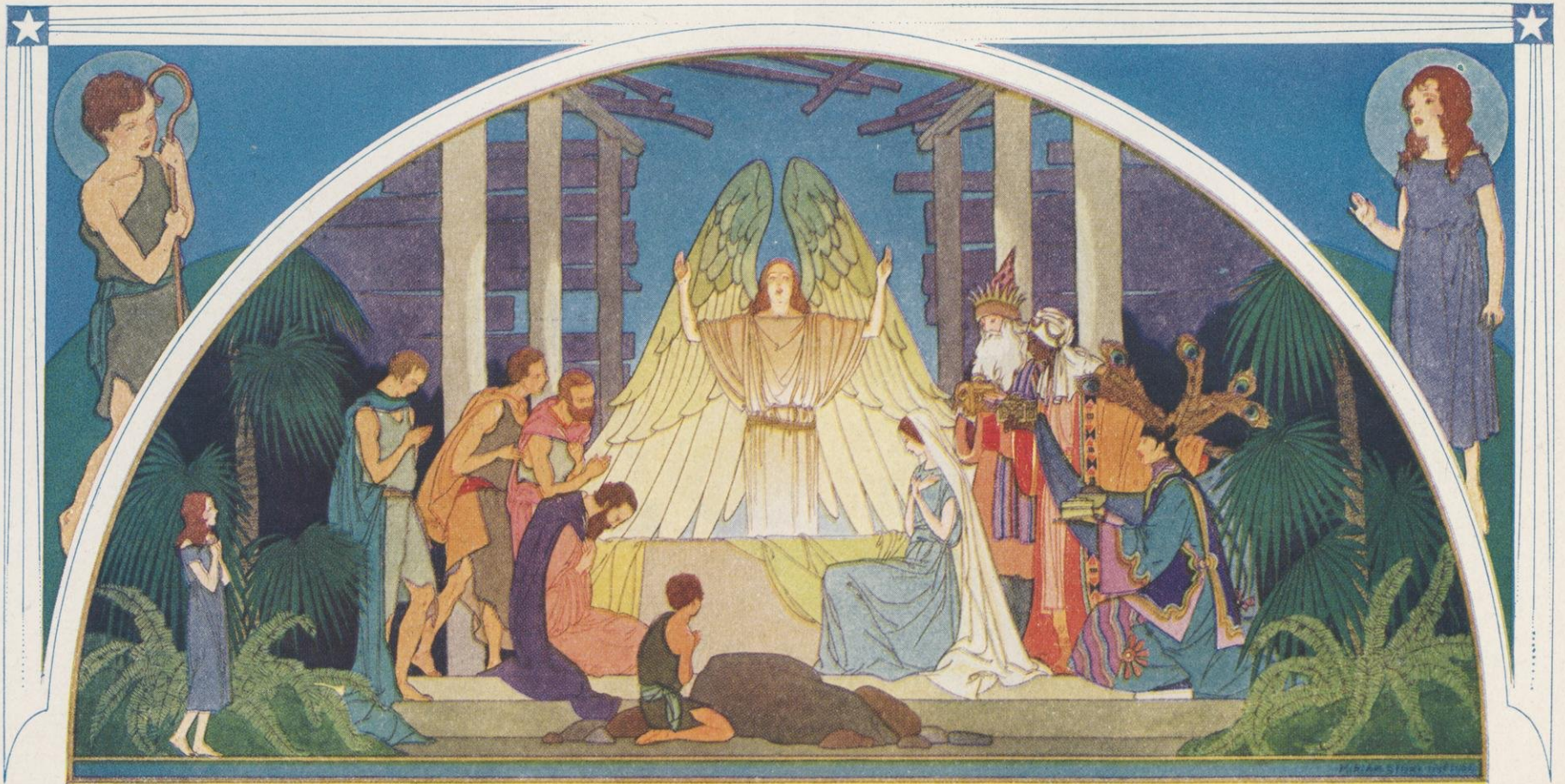


My tummy is empty,
Just begging, it seems,
For Campbell's Tomato
The soup of my dreams!

Ask your grocer to supply you with any of these Campbell's Soups

- | | | |
|---------------|--------------|----------------|
| Asparagus | Clam Chowder | Pea |
| Bean | Consommé | Pepper Pot |
| Beef | Julienne | Printanier |
| Bouillon | Mock Turtle | Tomato |
| Celery | Mulligatawny | Tomato-Okra |
| Chicken | Mutton | Vegetable |
| Chicken-Gumbo | Ox Tail | Vegetable-Beef |
| (Okra) | | |

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS!



The Littlest Shepherd

A CHRISTMAS INTERLUDE

By FLORENCE RYERSON and COLIN CLEMENTS

[The curtains part and the SPEAKER OF THE PROLOGUE, dressed in a long, full-sleeved gown of some rich, dark red material, steps forward; with her hands folded simply before her, she stands for a moment till all is quiet—then speaks.]

THE PROLOGUE

NOW when Jesus was born in Bethlehem, of Judea, in the days of Herod the King, it was the fulfillment of that which had been written by the prophet:

“And thou Bethlehem, land of Judea,
Art in no wise least among the princes of Juda:
For out of thee shall come forth a King
Who shall be Shepherd of my people of Israel.”

And, as a sign from God that Jesus was born upon earth, there shone high in the heavens a bright star, the like of which had never been seen before that time. Now it came to pass that three wise men: a King of the East, a King of the South, and a King of the North, saw the star moving through the heavens and followed it until they came at last to the lowly manger where lay the Holy Babe, and with Him was Mary, His mother. When they saw all this, they fell down upon their knees in worship, and offered unto Jesus rich gifts of gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

It so happened that in the fields, far beyond the white walls of the little town of Bethlehem, there were three shepherds, watching their flocks by night; they, also, saw the strange star in the heavens and, taking up their shepherd crooks, followed the star until they came at last to the place where Jesus lay. And when they had come before Him, they fell down upon their knees and worshiped and gave thanksgiving; in their hands they carried no rich gifts of gold or precious stones, for they were very poor, but their hearts were filled to overflowing with happiness, and happiness is more precious than all the riches of the world, for it endureth forever.

Now, before they set forth to follow the star which led them to Bethlehem, they put their flocks in the care of David, the littlest shepherd, and David did not go with them on their pilgrimage and yet, when they returned, the boy told them all that had come to pass as they knelt at the feet of Our Lord on that night of His nativity. And this is the story of David, the Children's Shepherd.

CHARACTERS

Speaker of the Prologue
David, a boy of ten or twelve
A little girl

THE TABLEAU

The Angel of God
Mary
Joseph
The Wise Man of the East
The Wise Man of the South
The Wise Man of the North
Three Shepherds

TIME

The First Christmas

PLACE

A Field, beyond the walls of Bethlehem

NOTE: This play has been so constructed as to make it possible for production in a church.

[With a low bow, the SPEAKER OF THE PROLOGUE disappears between the curtains. The lights begin to fade. There is a moment of silence and the curtains are slowly drawn back, disclosing a night field near the town of Bethlehem. Near the center there is a large rock; on either side are banks of palm, cedar or other trees. At the back is a stretch of dark blue sky.]

[The rock may be constructed by tacking wadded newspaper about the sides of a packing box, and then covering it with brown burlap. The night sky should be a “transparency” of dark blue or black net.]

[As the curtains part the scene is almost dark. A boy of ten or twelve enters from the right. He is dressed in a sheepskin which is fastened on one shoulder. His feet are bare and he carries a shepherd crook. As he enters, he is walking backward, waving and calling, as though to a group of people in the distance.]

DAVID: Goodby! Goodby! Don't worry. . . . I'll take good care of the sheep! Goodby! (He pauses, then turns and crosses to the rock. For a moment he stands looking back and waving, then he drops his hand and is silent. A little sob escapes him. He throws himself on the rock and begins to cry softly.) Oh, I wanted to go! I wanted to go with them so!

[As he cries, a little girl enters from the left. She is smaller than DAVID, and dressed simply in a straight, dark costume. Her feet are bare, and her hair hangs loose. For a moment she watches him, then she puts out her hand and touches his shoulder. DAVID springs up, ashamed to be seen crying by a girl, and quickly passes his arm across his eyes.]

THE GIRL: What's the matter, boy?

DAVID: Nothing—nothing's the matter at all.

THE GIRL: There must be something the matter or you wouldn't be crying like that.

DAVID: I wasn't crying—I was laughing.

THE GIRL: Tell me what you were laughing at. I want to laugh, too!

DAVID: I was just laughing—because . . . (He hesitates.) I was laughing because I am so happy. You see . . . (He swaggers a little.) You see, all the other shepherds have gone off following a star and they left me in charge of the flocks. I can tell you, it's a responsible position—to be in charge of all the flocks, I mean. You have to watch out pretty sharply for wolves and things.

THE GIRL: Oh, are there wolves about?

DAVID: Well, I've never seen one, and I don't know as I've ever seen anyone who's seen one, but there might be wolves—and so it's a very responsible position, to be watching the flocks.

THE GIRL: Then, how'd the other shepherds happen to go and leave you in charge?

DAVID: They wanted to go. They wanted to follow the star.

THE GIRL: What star?

DAVID (pointing up): The great big one. It's been getting larger every night and people have been passing down the road, great kings and priests and soothsayers, all of them going to Bethlehem. They say there's an ancient prophecy that a baby will be born in the town tonight, a baby who will some day be king of the world. (He forgets himself for a moment and speaks with a sob in his voice.) I—I'd love to see the king of the world!

THE GIRL: Then, why didn't you go with the others?

DAVID: Somebody had to watch the sheep, you know, and the others wanted to go. When the kings went by with the elephants and camels and milky-white mules, all carrying gifts for the baby, the other shepherds simply had to go into town and see it all. They said the sheep would be safe enough for one night. I went with them as far as the crossroads, but I (Continued on page 54)

What Would a Stranger Do?

(Continued from page 13)

But this was no time to quarrel. If she was to keep the upper hand, there would never be any time for quarreling. She must remember her role. What would a stranger do? As she thought of that, her panic left her. She lifted her head and smiled—smiled at Jeff as if he were some pleasant stranger.

"Supper will be ready as soon as you are," she told him cheerfully, and leaned over to look into the oven.

Jessie wondered what Jeff thought that night when he found his bed turned down, his slippers and pyjamas waiting, and little Jamie there asleep. Jeff must have slept better than she did, for he was whistling as he shaved next morning. Jessie had a headache, one of her headaches; but she got up. Pale and shaken with pain—oh, her headaches were real enough!—she stood before her mirror. Until now, pain had laid her low; she remained in bed, whimpering faintly when anyone came near. But today she could not. Not her first day. What would a stranger do?

"If Jeff were a stranger, I'd try to keep him from knowing I had a headache," she decided. She dressed carefully, powdered, rouged her poor pale cheeks slightly, combed back her heavy hair, though every movement aggravated her pain. Her hair was not oily and dull any longer. For a gift, Mother Blakely had had those lifeless locks made into shining waves.

"You'll like it, Jessie," she said kindly, "for very few of us women look good with a head as slick as a door knob."

WHEN Jessie, in one of the new dresses—this was a yellow—she had bought on one of her numerous shopping (?) expeditions, stood in the breakfast alcove with the sun shining on her burnished dark waves, and heard the stair door open, she did not look up. She had a waffle all golden and ready for its butter and sirup, the coffee was bubbling joyously, and she wondered what Jeff thought when he saw he did not have to fix his own cold corn-flakes and coffee. He had a pleasant look, but she pretended to be very busy. When Jeff was ready to go and had got to the street, she sent Janet running after him. "Wait, daddy, wait! Mother wants you to mail a letter 'cause it gets there quicker."

Jessie watched him take the envelope and read its superscription. He glanced toward the house. Jessie's anger rose and made her head worse. "You needn't think you are the only man on earth!"

The envelope had been addressed very plainly to Mr. John E. Barrington-Hall, General Delivery, Seattle, Wash., and inside on the sheet of folded paper she had written, "Arrived safely. Will write tomorrow. Jessie."

Not much, of course, but enough if Jeff should open it. He would not, though. The mail had always been private. She had not given her address. She felt better. It was such a nice name—Mr. John E. Barrington-Hall.

When she came to attack the piled-up drudgery of the day, she had her first relapse. Her head ached so, and there was so much to do. She lay down on the old leather davenport and let the tears trickle down between her lids. Presently she woke up and found Jamie home for lunch. She was weak, but her headache was gone. That afternoon she worked slowly but faithfully.

The days went by. Hard days. Days full of work that was never done. Days of headache. Days of discouraged self-pity. And evenings she hated Jeff so she could not sit in the room with him, and if she sat in the alcove off the kitchen, she'd mutter, "Like a servant!" Sometimes she read. If Jeff stayed at home, she often slipped out the back way and walked and walked. If he went somewhere, she liked to write to John E. Barrington-Hall. He became a great friend of hers. She visualized him as the fine-looking, gray-bearded old gentleman of her earlier hopes. She wrote always as if expectant of some day filling the place he had in mind for her. She confided in him somewhat as time went on. She told him when everything was at last clean. She wrote him about the painting, the wall decorations, the

refinishing of the floors, and how she had learned to do these things. About the new curtains, the gay-flowered drapes, the striped cretonne covering she had made for the old leather davenport. She told him about the cheer she had brought into the house by painting the cheap old furniture, and, of course, about the lectures on home economics she had attended in the big department store. She learned about calories and vitamins, budgets and home decorating, as she let John E. Barrington-Hall know. She told him about her walks. Once she went way out to Travis Folly—a beautiful, neglected old place off the main highway, and she described the house and farm and the picturesque setting.

She didn't hear a word in return from John E. Barrington-Hall, but, of course, Jeff couldn't know that. She might be getting a daily letter from the postman's bag for all Jeff knew. She hoped he did think so. As she worked, Jessie often brooded over Jeff's treatment of her. He had accepted her new services and sacrifices without a word. "He thinks," she thought to herself, "that I'm getting it all fixed up nice for his old hired help. He doesn't dream I'm just getting ready to leave him any time I get a chance!"

Then one evening Jeff came home with a strange, almost exalted look. He was very quiet, but it was the quiet of repressed emotion. He tried to speak casually, but she heard the overtones in his voice. "I'm selling Travis Folly," he began.

"Travis Folly!" she cried. "That beautiful place? I never pass it but I think how romantic it would be to live there."

"Well, you'll probably never get a chance to," Jeff answered. "A Seattle man is buying it for a client of his—a fellow with a chain of drug stores. He wants to raise his own herbs and live off here in summer in his own castle."

"What's his name?" Jessie asked idly. "I don't know. He's coming over here on some other business and I haven't met him yet. He's seen the place and is crazy about it, and I expect to have the deal closed in a day or so."

"Won't that mean a considerable commission for you?" asked Jessie innocently. "Big!" Jeff echoed exuberantly. "I'll say big! Why, it's big enough to make a great change in our lives, anyway."

Jessie listened to the rejoicing in his voice. She stood helpless for a moment, coffeepot in hand. Stood there with it foolishly, and did not pour. So it had come. He had money for a divorce now.

Jeff ate hurriedly and left. Jessie remembered it was lodge night. She put the children to bed, did the dishes, all in a kind of dream. She had no place to go. She could not save her face. After all her work to learn, she could not, step into a position before the blow fell.

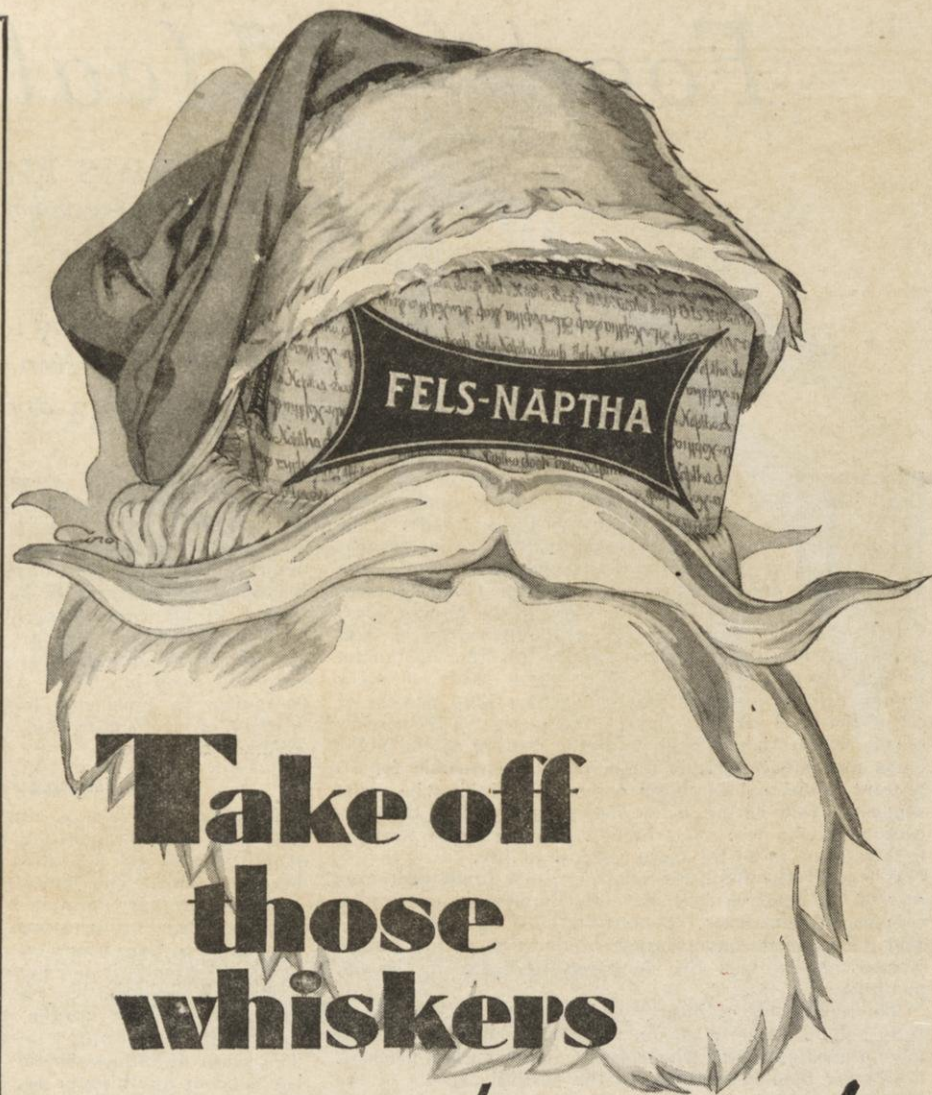
She looked around at the charming rooms. "I won't mind leaving the hateful place," she said, and caught her lip between her teeth, but she had a beaten look as she sat down and picked up the paper carelessly. She seldom read a newspaper. There were few openings in such a little city, but she could look. There was a bare chance. She might at least get an idea.

She ran her finger down the fine print. Suddenly her heart fluttered. Her eyes shone. It was funny to see her name in print like that. Of course, it wasn't her name. It didn't mean her. It couldn't be... It was classified under "Personal." Just a few lines:

JESSIE. I have come to solve mystery. Communicate with me at once or I shall employ help to reveal your identity.

It was a blind ad, of course. As Jessie read it over and over with fascinated, half frightened eyes, a cold conviction settled upon her. Against all reason, she felt a terrified certainty that somehow she was that Jessie. Had her letters found a reader somewhere? Surely not. Why, she supposed they had been cremated with the other dead letters long ago. She hadn't written for weeks. Oh, she hoped no one

(Continued on page 34)



Take off those whiskers

- we know you!

AREN'T you ashamed of yourself? An honest bar of Fels-Naptha Soap resorting to such methods! Slipping into a Christmas magazine disguised as Santa Claus!

What place have you in a magazine full of Christmas presents? We hope you're not venturing to suggest yourself as "a practical gift for any woman." You know as well as we do that women who have been practical for eleven and seven-eighths months out of every twelve crave frivolities at Christmas—and bless their hearts, they deserve them!

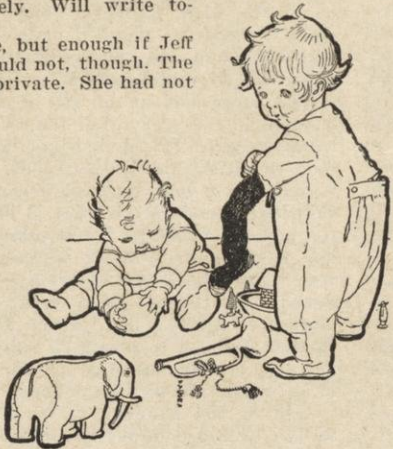
Ye-es, of course we know that you could be particularly useful while they're having to be practical—getting ready for the holiday, and cleaning up afterward. Your good golden soap and plentiful naphtha, working together, do give extra help with every soap-and-water-task. Extra help that saves a woman's strength. Yes, we admit all that.

But—soap for a woman's Christmas gift!

Even Fels-Naptha Soap!... No, we're all for silk stockings, or an amethyst ring, or—

What's that? Don't hang your head—speak up!... You weren't suggesting yourself for the woman of the house? You think washing machines deserve Christmas presents, too? Ah, now we see what you're getting at! You believe you should be on hand to help every washing machine with the first after-Christmas wash—to help it give its owner a whiter, cleaner, sweeter wash than ever before?

That's an excellent idea... Put the whiskers on again, if you like, and go back to the top of the page. You have our blessing. And just to show that we're in the spirit of the thing, we're adding a little gift of our own—to be sent to any woman who'll take a minute off between shopping trips to write for it. She'll find excellent use for it whether she uses a washing machine or not—and it goes to her with our best wishes for an easier New Year. Merry Christmas!



W. W. 12-29

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

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

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

© 1929, Fels & Co.



Food for Health and Beauty

By MORRIS FISHBEIN, M.D.

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

EXACT 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

MODERN medicine gives more attention to diet than to almost any other single factor in the control of the human body. The stimulation of appetite, the encouragement of digestion and the control of elimination are three problems which the physician must constantly have in mind in his care of the human body. On these three factors depends not infrequently the happiness, if not the complete success in life, of human beings. Eating occupies at least three hours of every human being's day, and thus constitutes 12½ percent of all of the time spent in living. It constitutes 20 percent of the waking hours, and, with the coming of the night clubs and cabarets, it is undoubtedly responsible for 10 percent additional in many cases. If drinking be made separate from eating as a distinct procedure, the percentage might rise even higher. Among some nations, eating seems to be the main purpose of life.

Certainly the hunger sensation is as fundamental as any of the motives that drive the human being through this world's existence. Time after time the philosophers and the novelists have argued the question as to whether hunger or sex was the dominant thought in human mentality.

The sensations of hunger and appetite are fundamentally bound. Many a person who is not hungry may still have a good appetite. The appetite sensation is a pleasant desire for food in contrast to the painful aspects of the hunger sensation. Appetites vary according to race, education, environment and hundreds of other factors. The savage will eat ants or puppy dogs with relish; the Eskimos lick their chops over blubber; Mexicans enjoy hot spices; some Scandinavians eat raw fish, and the American national dishes are pie, ham and eggs, pork and beans. Some people like their tomatoes with sugar and others with vinegar, salt and pepper. The proverb that there is no accounting for tastes goes back hundreds of years into civilization.

The Esthetics of Eating

Among all of the sensations of man, there is none so delicate as appetite. A nauseating anecdote told with the soup course may nullify the handsomest efforts of the most able chef. Appetite can be spoiled by the sight, taste or smell of things that are unpleasant. Illness frequently disturbs appetite and it is necessary to stimulate it for invalids by resorting to foods prepared esthetically and by studying carefully the desires of the invalid.

In the development of the modern food emporium, certain measures have unquestionably aided the consumption of food. The steaming coffeepot in full view of the patron and the stimulating odor of the coffee has, no doubt, cajoled extra dimes from the pockets of the luncheon purchaser. The cold buffet temptingly displayed has caused the tired business man not infrequently to linger unduly over the cold salmon or kalter Aufschnitt.

It was undoubtedly good psychology that caused the famous restaurateur to advertise, "No orchestral din." Unquestionably, periodic dancing between courses is ruinous to the digestion, if not to the appetite. The esthetics of eating have not yet been fully studied or developed in our rushing civilization. A quiet, clean dining-room, free from the glare of too much illumination, sufficiently lighted to make the food visible, artistically decorated with restful paintings, a quiet floor, and with food temptingly displayed will do more to stimulate the appetite and cause a proper flowing of the gastric juices than has ever been estimated by the most imaginative of advertising men.

Eating is a habit or ought to be. When meals are taken regularly, one becomes hungry at definite hours; then sufficient time elapses between meals to permit complete digestion of the food that is taken. Some foods require four or five hours for digestion. Obviously, it is undesirable to pour in new materials while the old are still in process of absorption.

Americans have developed the habit of eating or drinking to relieve fatigue. When a person is tired, his body needs a

chance to recuperate. At such times, it is not advisable to throw in quantities of food; neither is it desirable to overstimulate the body with stimulating drinks or drugs in order to overcome fatigue. At such times the body requires rest more than anything else. Some day a wise restaurateur is going to have a rest room closely adjacent to his cafe where the tired business man, the nervously strained stenographer or the exhausted mechanic will lie quietly ten or fifteen minutes before and after the noon luncheon. Already the great clubs which specialize in luncheons have made provision for this method of overcoming the stress and strain of modern civilized existence.

Appetite and Hunger Defined

Just as soon as a person feels appetite, his stomach begins to make preparation for the receipt of food. His mouth waters and the saliva that helps to digest starches begins to flow. The juices of the stomach are secreted, including the pepsin and hydrochloric acid, which are important for the digestion of proteins. Obviously, it is important to have appetite to aid digestion, but appetite, as has been said, is not hunger.

Hunger manifests itself by contractions of the stomach and the feeling of hunger pains. If a person is really hungry, he feels empty; he may be nauseated and weak. The sense of fullness is the opposite of hunger. Indeed, the moment anything is put into the stomach, the hunger pains or sensations stop or quiet down. Actually, the sight of food, various pleasant emotions or unpleasant ones, smoking, pressure on the abdomen or high fever will lessen the contractions of the stomach or prevent them. When a man is very hungry, he temporarily blocks the sensation by tightening his belt.

As an indication of how fundamental the hunger sensation really is, this is one of the few feelings in human life that is independent of control from the brain. If all the nerves going to and from the stomach are cut, the hunger pains go on just the same. Hunger pains are like the beat of the muscles of the heart. This is controlled by an internal self-regulating apparatus. We may, by our thoughts, speed up the heartbeat, but we cannot speed it up beyond a certain point, nor can we stop it. The chief purpose of the hunger contractions is to stimulate desire for food. They do not cause the secretions that digest food; the process of digestion involves other mechanisms.

Some foods make greater demands than others on the digestive organs. Some remain for long periods and others only for a short time within the stomach. Some foods cause the stomach to secrete large amounts of digestive juices, whereas others require but little. A full stomach empties rather slowly, whereas emptiness of the stomach brings about stronger and more regular contractions.

The Process of Digestion

It has been found that protein foods require more digestive juice than do those that are chiefly composed of carbohydrate or sugar. Bread will pass from the stomach within an hour and a half, whereas a combination of bread and meat will require two or three times as long before it passes from the stomach.

The degree to which food brings about a feeling of fullness or satisfaction depends on the rate at which it leaves the stomach. Therefore, meat keeps the sensation of appetite satisfied longest; after meat, fat and such mixtures of fat and proteins as are represented by cheese bring about a feeling of satisfaction. The substances

that stay in the stomach for the shortest intervals are cereals and starchy foods.

In picking a diet, one is not, however, chiefly concerned with the amount of time that the food will stay in the stomach. A satisfactory diet contains certain amounts of proteins, carbohydrates, fats, mineral salts, or the vitamins that are essential for proper body growth and body repair.

The sophistication of food substances seems to be pointing toward that time so much exploited by the wagsmiths, when a whole meal will be taken in a tablet. More and more we are inclining toward meat, eggs, sugars and fats, and less and less toward vegetables, fruits and bulkier foods.

The ordinary time required for food to be digested and pass through the body is from two and one-half to four days. If the food passes through too rapidly, the body does not absorb properly the qualities that it should get from the food.

Physicians analyze various food substances in relation to the amount of indigestible residue that they contain. The grains or cereals and the fine, white flours have had most of the indigestible residues removed. They are almost completely digested and absorbed.

Meats, including fowl, fish and shellfish, are almost completely digested. It is found that dogs fed almost wholly on meat may have only one excretion in five days. The animals chew bones with their meat and thus obtain indigestible residue. Eggs, milk sugars and fats are also almost completely digested and absorbed.

The lack of sufficient bulk in the diet and the abuse of the use of cathartics are believed to be responsible for many of our difficulties of digestion. A normal amount of bulk will help the process and will not give rise to the irritative disorders that result from the abuse of cathartics.

A person who eats the proper food in proper amounts and who has regulated his intestinal action will have one normal bowel action daily without any artificial assistance.

Eat to Satisfy the Body's Needs

Of all of the people of the world, Americans are apparently most addicted to and the readiest victims of food fads of one type or another. The explanation lies, no doubt, in high pressure advertising methods and "eat more" campaigns planned primarily for the promotion of single items of diet, when a diet should actually be widely assorted and well balanced.

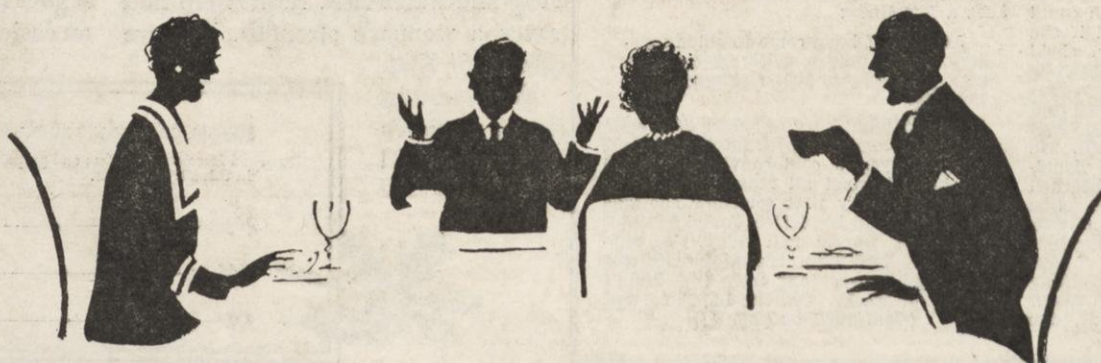
The most vicious of all of the food fads, strangely enough, is the starvation fad. Undoubtedly, most Americans overeat. The obvious corrective is to eat just enough food to satisfy the body's needs. Investigators have estimated that a man at hard muscular work requires 4,150 calories; a moderate worker, 3,400; a desk worker, 2,700; the person of leisure, 2,450 calories a day. A child under one year requires about 45 calories per pound of body weight, or about 900 calories a day. The number is reduced from the age of 6 to 13 to about 35 calories per pound, or 2,700 a day. From 18 to 25 years, it is still further reduced to about 25 calories per pound, or 3,800 per day. At 30 years one may have 2,750 calories per day if he weighs about 152 pounds; at 40 years, 2,500 for a weight of 154 pounds; at 60 years, 2,300 calories for a weight of 150 pounds; at 70 years, 2,000 calories for 134 pounds, and at 80 years, 1,750 calories for a weight of 139 pounds.

These figures indicate the importance of calories to sustain body loss during the time of greatest energy, the gradual reduction of food intake with increasing age, and the importance of the reducing of weight after 40 years of age in relation to longevity.

Nevertheless, at every age the human being requires a certain amount of food to sustain his physical mechanism. An occasional starvation may be worth while in relation to disease, but long-continued fasts or starvation as a routine is merely a fad and should be severely discountenanced.

There was a time when the vast majority of Americans had as a standard diet lean

(Continued on page 52)



Forty Rooms—Forty Baths

(Continued from page 8)

"Well, as a newspaperman to a trained seal, Mr. Westcott, I am not only hinting, I'm telling you that the Loiter Inn has new backing. I'm telling you that the Loiter Inn has assumed the offensive. I'm telling you that suits for libel and conspiracy in the manner of handling so-called news relating to that excellent little hotel are not unlikely in the near future. I'm telling you that such suits might easily disclose the whole neat little coalition between the 'Bulletin,' the bank, the real estate company, the Palace Hotel, the local police and other parties known and unknown. And I'm telling you that the 'Beaulieu Beacon' will run the story, when it breaks, and invade your Mr. Smithers' tight little feudal barony with iron-lunged, hard-fisted, hard-boiled news vendors difficult to discourage, who will sell their papers. And who, furthermore, will probably be protected in the exercise of their lungs and their constitutional right to spread information by state police.

"Live and let live, Mr. Westcott. Perhaps, if you run these items I'm so kindly furnishing you, we won't mention your name when the show-down comes. And then you'll be able to quit drawing a salary for sealery, and go out and get an honest job—say at real newspaper work. Some place where the Hiram cease from troubling and the Smithers are at rest.

"I am even authorized by the 'Beacon' to offer you a job as telegraph editor. Maybe it won't offer the emoluments of trained sealery, but it might save uncomfortable moments on the witness stand, and unless you really have the soul of a seal, maybe you'd like to call that soul your own again. Well?"

Westcott sighed and shrugged his shoulders. "And can you take away the year I spent in state's prison, knowledge of which by my present employers has kept me at this small town dirty job for five filthy years?" he asked.

"Were you guilty?" asked Harrison. "I was," said Westcott, "guilty of half killing a man for grossly insulting my daughter. But I didn't give that reason in court."

"The telegraph job," said Stephen, "is still open. And I doubt if your present employers will mention your past in the proceedings to come. They'll be too busy explaining their own present."

Westcott shook himself as if shedding a heavy load. "Thanks for the society items," he said. "I'll run them tomorrow. And after press time, I'll hand in my resignation."

"Good. I'll call up Mr. Blake and tell him you'll be ready for work next Saturday. O.K.?"

"K.O.," said Westcott. "A chain is as weak as its weakest link," said Harrison. "I think I found it." "But who's going to finance all these suits and things?" said Chambers. "It's all news to me."

"Mr. Blake did authorize me to offer Westcott the telegraph job," Stephen explained. "Beyond that—well, did you ever hear of a game called poker?"

"I see by the 'Bulletin,'" said Aileen Ravensdale, "that Dorothy Smithers has returned from Vassar for a short visit to her parents. I must drop around to see her while I'm here. She belongs to my sorority."

"Why not ask her to come to the party?" said Mrs. Ravensdale.

"Oh, boy," cried Patricia, "that would be grand and glorious. But I suppose her father wouldn't let her come."

Aileen smiled. "He may hold a whole county by the neck," she chuckled, "but Dorothy is something else again. She'll come."

WHEN the lights in the Loiter Inn flickered and went out at 11 o'clock on Saturday night, just as the dancing was in full swing, there was quick work on the part of the hotel staff. Candles and lamps, provided for just that emergency, were swiftly lighted—and the party proceeded with increased pep.

But Miss Dorothy Smithers didn't take it as the joke the others found it. Miss Dorothy Smithers had suspected that her evident liking for the young hotel man might have had something to do with the decision to send her East several months ago. And during this evening, Miss Dorothy Smithers had been asking a good many

questions about the hotel business in Bienville—asking them of Chambers, who told her nothing, and of Harrison and Patricia, who told her a lot.

Hence, we may listen in while Miss Dorothy Smithers is at the telephone:

"Hello. Mr. Carter? Dorothy Smithers. Did I get you out of bed? Well, I'm glad of it. Mr. Carter, I am at a party at the Loiter Inn. And the lights went out. And I want them on again. Oh, don't try to kid little Dorothy, Mr. Carter. It's no accident, it's a habit. And I don't care whether it's your habit or dad's habit, you phone the power house to turn those lights on again. You'll find out what the trouble is? You know what the trouble is, it's a short circuit in the hotel business. If it isn't fixed in fifteen minutes, you'll find you have hold of a live wire. Goodby."

How wonderful is the efficiency of modern business. The lights were on again at 11:15 and stayed on.

"WHAT you've neglected in this business," said Patricia Alden, "is the feminine angle. The feminine angle is that women don't believe all they hear about a real nice young man. The feminine angle is that if the real nice young man invites them to use his hotel for sewing bees and so on, and they see what a real nice young man he is and what a nice young hotel he runs, they'll be up in arms personally and in their organizations for his cause."

"Especially after a party like that one Saturday."

"Which is the why of my tea. Which, of course, you will pay for. And at which I shall demonstrate to them,

not Patricia Patterns, but small town politics as viewed by a young lady from Tammany's town. Including several things going on right under their noses which Stephen—and the guests at the Palace—have already smelled out. I think they will have a very interesting afternoon. You see, I have learned at the store that Mr. Smithers is not exactly the petted darling of this little burg's feminine population. And while Dorothy is popular, Mrs. Smithers' attempts to limit the local aristocracy have not precisely pleased those not among the chosen.

"If you see what I mean. The local election occurs next month. I believe, and women vote."

"I see what you mean," said Chambers. "And if you think you have really a dry town," Patricia was talking to the head of the Bienville W.C.T.U., "it may be interesting to you to know that Federal agents today arrested the clerk and the manager and the porter—who was formerly the bartender—of the Palace Hotel for bootlegging. On the evidence of two 'guests' who just happened to be detectives from the state's attorney's office."

"Oh, yes, and they learned a funny thing, too. It just happened that they learned that the boys who were arrested in this hotel for having liquor got it at the Palace. Isn't that funny?"

The mouth of the president of the W.C.T.U. became a thin line. "My nephew was one of those boys," she said. "It doesn't seem very funny to me."

She turned to Rob Chambers. "Mr. Chambers," she said, "I have talked a good deal about your hotel, and not kindly. Will you accept my apologies? I should have come and talked to you before believing what I read and heard. I wonder if we could hire your banquet room for the next meeting and supper?"

"It is yours for nothing," said Chambers. "That meeting would do more to smash the stories about the drinking here than columns of newspaper copy."

"Your offer is very kind and I accept it," said the president.

"And that," said Patricia, "is that."

In her room at the Schuyler Arms in Monroe a month later, Patricia Alden tore the wrapper of the "Beaulieu Beacon," which had been mailed her by Stephen Harrison. He had marked two stories. One of them began:

"Because a pretty young woman, Miss Patricia Alden, of the Patrician Patterns Company, wanted a room with bath, the entire political situation in Bienville has been cleaned up. The almost feudal control of Bienville and of Alton County by

(Continued on page 35)



What ~ reject half of the peaches you had selected and taken home?

Yet to make DEL MONTE Quality possible, we do it every day ~ after taking our pick of the finest fruit ~ right from the orchard

Imagine having the opportunity of walking out into the world's finest peach orchards, just when the fruit was fully ripe and luscious with juice

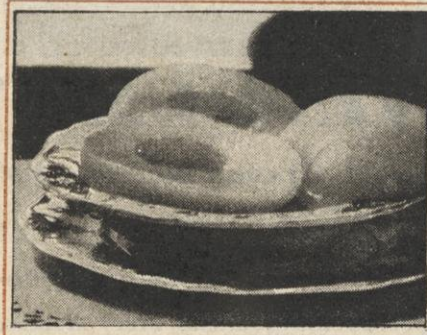
—taking your pick of just the peaches you wanted

—and then, when you got home, discarding a half of the fruit you had selected, because it didn't quite meet your quality ideals!

Not many women would do it! Yet we do it—every day—in packing DEL MONTE Fruits. No less exacting method will make possible the perfection and flavor for which this label stands.

Del Monte the finest orchard fruit

The orchards—where DEL MONTE Peaches are grown—are the finest in the world, de-



veloped from varieties most suited for canning needs.

Picking in DEL MONTE orchards begins only when the fruit is fully ripe—long after shipping has started to markets where the fruit is sold fresh.

Only a part of the crop is selected—fruit that measures up in appearance, size and perfection to the quality level DEL MONTE sets.

Yet this is only a start. After selecting its fruit in the orchard, re-checking its fruit at the cannery door, there are three different times when all fruit intended for DEL MONTE is again sorted—and part of it, perfectly wholesome but not measuring up to DEL MONTE ideals, diverted into lower grades.



And what is true of the care with which DEL MONTE Fruits are selected and graded is equally true of its selection of just the right syrup to bring out each fruit's own natural flavor.

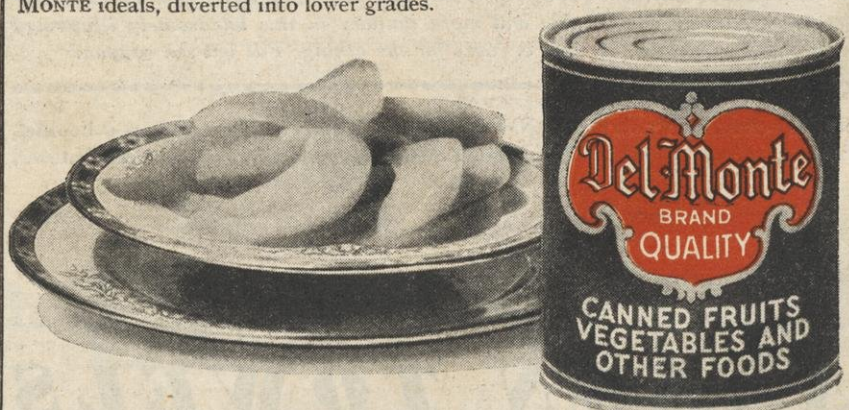
The syrup on each DEL MONTE Fruit is chosen for the variety itself—independent of any commercial standard—the particular degree of syrup which experience has shown to best supplement the fruit's own distinctive appeal. The result is a naturalness of flavor, a tree-ripened goodness, which means more than just "quality" in its ordinary commercial sense.

Back of all this, of course, is DEL MONTE's long experience—and the resources which it has built up over many years. From Alaska to the Mexican border—from Hawaii to the Middle West—DEL MONTE draws the world's finest foods for your everyday table.

Whether you happen to want fruits, vegetables, dried fruits, canned fish, condiments, or any one of a remarkably wide list of other prepared foods, you may be sure DEL MONTE has set its quality ideals just as high for all. By insisting on DEL MONTE you are sure of what you are getting—without lost time or argument—at reasonable prices—no matter when or where you buy.

New Dishes for Every Occasion

The most convenient way to serve DEL MONTE Fruits, of course, is just as they come from the can. But don't let that make you miss the many other treats they offer. In the DEL MONTE recipe collection you will find scores of suggestions for cocktails, salads and simple made-up desserts you just can't help enjoying. These books and folders—seven of them in all—will be sent you without cost. Just write Dept. 927, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, Calif.



THE CANNON ENSEMBLE SET contains two of the new, reversible bath towels, two reversible turkish face towels, two wash cloths and a bath mat, all in the same pattern and harmonizing shades of the same color. There are six new pastel colors: Rose, Jade, Peach, Orchid, Maize and Turquoise. The double set contains twice the quantity of each item. Prices range from \$4.50 to \$6.50, for the single sets; \$9 to \$13, for the double sets.



AN ENCHANTING GIFT

... you would love it yourself ... A Cannon matched set in the new colors and modern designs

CANNON TOWELS, in beautiful, colorful ensembles, are one of the most appropriate and appreciated of gifts. They possess the qualities every woman cherishes—beauty, loveliness, usefulness. The years of enjoyable, distinguished service that they render are continuing reminders of the discernment and thoughtfulness of the giver. There are many new Cannon towels in reversible designs, with all-over colors and patterns and terry hems, at prices from 39 cents upward. The towels, wash cloths and bath mats shown in the ensembles may be obtained singly, or in any quantity you desire. They are sold by the leading dry goods and department stores in all sections of the country. Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York City.

'MODERN IDEAS ABOUT TOWELS'—Free—You will find many suggestions for making your bathroom smarter, more comfortable and more sanitary in this handsomely illustrated booklet just published. A copy is yours for the asking. Fill out the coupon.

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CANNON MILLS, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York City. Kindly send me your new booklet, 'Modern Ideas About Towels.' This request places me under no obligation whatever.

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CANNON TOWELS

What a Girl Going to College Ought to Know

The third of a series of significant letters

By SHARLE TRACY

DEAR THEO: Who wants a friend? Everybody. Who needs a friend? Everybody. And no one more than a young girl like you, away from home for the first time, isolated from the homeland by a sea of strangers.

How, in all this stirring, exciting confusion of college, can you find those who will be real friends? Some people will tell you to pick out the students of promise, of social position, those who have money, for your friends. Cry "Shame!" upon that. Why should you take counterfeit when you can have the real thing? Cleverness, position, money—these are mere incidentals in friendship, not reasons for friendship.

But before we begin to analyze the friend-situation, let me again remind you that there are definite organizations in college which throw out the life line to lonely girls. They do not mean to thrust unwelcome friendships upon you but to protect you from the devastations of loneliness.

Loneliness a devastator? Indeed, yes! Loneliness can lay waste a whole life. Why? For the very odd reason that you were born without an idea in your head!

"My goodness!" I can hear you say, "what has that to do with loneliness?"

Well, that's a long story, but I will try to tell it to you because it comes in the same treasure box with friendship. Let's start with your lovely Angora cat, Ginger. He responds to the sight and smell of a mouse in his own peculiar way because that's the way his nervous system is made. But he can't understand what you tell him about George Washington, or learn to read Shakespeare. In other words, he cannot respond to that kind of a stimulus because his nervous system was not made to receive it.

But yours is. You are a lively, energetic girl with a wealth of responses to the world you live in. But—because you were born without an idea in your head—most of these responses were learned.

The Art of Getting Acquainted

You learned first from your family group. Then, from the family group, you stepped into larger groups: school, society organizations, social activities. And, insofar as you learned to respond to the same stimuli that the group did and as the group did, just so far did you "belong."

When your Uncle George meets your Uncle Henry, they talk about business; that is their point of social contact because they can both respond to that stimulus. Doctors will likely talk about doctoring, musicians about music, artists about art.

Now, what do you talk about? Why, about those things that condition your

group, of course: parties, dancing, swimming, athletics—whatever it may be that holds the group together at that time.

The reason you find it difficult to talk to strangers is that you do not know to what stimuli they will respond. And that, incidentally, is one of the reasons for polite chatter; it is the way we establish amicable relations while we find out the common ground. To have "good" manners is to have good social coin which admits one without awkwardness to most social groups.

Causes of Loneliness

Now, to go back to the idea of loneliness. That person who is cut off—or cuts himself off—from normal stimuli will be lonely. With girls, sometimes it is shyness that does it. But there are other reasons, too.

Vanity, for instance. Isabel D. is an example of that. She expected her friends to be a mirror, was unhappy if she did not get from her associates a reflection of what she fancied herself to be. A criticism was a flaw in the mirror from which she turned away. This shut her away from vital stimuli into a shadow world. By shutting off normal stimuli, she checked her own growth and development.

Sometimes it is jealousy. That was why Bonnie L. could not keep her friends. She kept snipping off the threads that tie friends together because she would not permit the normal give-and-take of stimulus and response that goes into the making of real friendship.

Such girls will always be lonely because they themselves cannot be friends. The cardinal principle of friendship is this: to have a friend, you must be a friend.

You will find in the dormitory all sorts of girls: girls of unstable character; girls who will impose upon you, borrow your clothes and bring them back soiled and spoiled; lazy girls who want you to do their studying for them; girls who come into your room to loaf and kill time; sentimental girls who "simply adore you"—for a while; girls who like to talk about themselves and are hunting for an audience; girls who are learners and girls who are hangers-on.

These types are not likely to be among your real friends, but they are the little foxes that nibble at the grapes of your precious time. You must learn, graciously but firmly, to protect yourself from them.

You will soon learn to take these girls at their true value. They won't hurt you any. But there is another type that is likely to do you real harm. This is the girl who sneers at love, truth and the moral code. Jane F. was that type. The girls shrank from her bold, sharp criticism.

(Continued on page 34)

The girl who likes to loaf and kill time



Girls discuss subjects of common interest



Answering 10 Million Letters to SANTA CLAUS

WHAT a shout of pride and joy there will be on Christmas morning when that healthy, strenuous boy of yours sees this shining velocipede, or this fast express wagon! And what a smile of happiness will light up the face of your little girl when she sees this beautiful doll among her presents . . . possibly, too, this wondrous grown-up carriage.

You will find these splendid toys and many others in all of the 1,400 J. C. Penney stores . . . toys as fine as any child in the neighborhood can possibly have . . . at prices that make every one of your dollars buy much more in quality and durability than you can get elsewhere.

The reason why we can offer these outstanding values is very simple. We are able

to go to the leading manufacturers of toys, and talk to them about purchases for our 10 million customers. Buying in these enormous quantities, we get the prices down.

Commonsense prices for these uncommonly fine toys

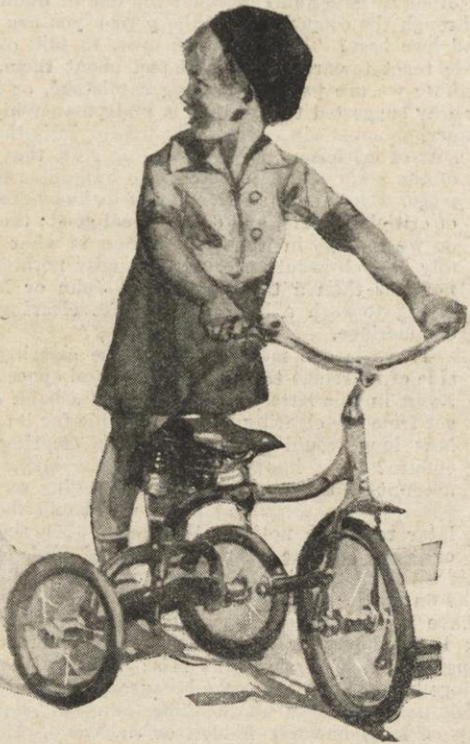
For \$4.98 your little girl can have the handsome Mary Lu doll-cart, equipped like a real, true baby carriage . . . and for only \$5.90, a Baby Dimples or a Mama Rosebud doll!

The velocipedes and express wagons we had built to our own specifications . . . strong enough to meet the high J. C. Penney standards. Test their strength yourself. Feel the thickness of their heavy rubber tires. Then look at their amazing price tags.

When you see these toys, you will find it hard to believe they can be bought at such low prices. But step into the J. C. Penney store and you will realize that in every department we have found the way to give you extra value. On fine clothing, shoes and dry goods we pass our savings on to you . . . savings that we earn by large-scale operations and good store management.



Baby Dimples in a ruffled frock, and a bonnet tied with a big pink bow. Your little girl can move this dollie's arms and legs, make her say ma-ma, and close her eyes. These are the famous E. I. Horsman dolls, only \$1.98 to \$5.90, 22-inch size. Other dolls from 49¢.



(Above) Ball-bearing velocipede, equipped with mud-guards, bell, tool kit and adjustable saddle seat. Chromium-plated handle bars. Enameled in green with cream head and striping. 2-3 year size, only \$9.90. Other full tubular, ball-bearing velocipedes from \$7.90. Plain-bearing from \$2.98.



With foot brake, safety strap and windows in the hood, this Mary Lu doll-cart at \$4.98 is one of the most marvelous values in our store. Woven fibre, enameled in a variety of attractive colors. Other doll-carts from \$1.98.

(Right) Penco Flyer, all-steel wagon. Gear of channel steel, braced to give extra strength. Roller bearing wheels on 1-inch balloon tires. An almost indestructible toy, for only \$4.98. Similar wagon with extra heavy wood body reinforced, \$4.98. Other wagons from 98¢.



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What's the Matter with Marriage?

The Twelfth in a Series of Letters That Point the Way to a Happy Life. Written by a Mother to Her Friends

By EDITH BARNARD DELANO

DEAREST EMILY: I was very much amused at the way you thought you were scoring a point against me in your last letter. You wrote, "You always have plenty to say about the relationship of everybody in the family except husband and wife, but I notice you side-step that. What's the matter—are you afraid to talk about it?" I have to confess you rather got me, that time; for while I may not be afraid to talk about that fertile subject, I guess I really have been afraid to write you about it. All my letters are long enough, goodness knows; but if I once began on the subject of marriage, I'm afraid they would break the back of the mail plane.

There is so much to say about marriage that one could scarcely know where to begin! Let me remind you that immediately after describing the creation of the universe, the Bible starts right in discussing married life, and that the world has been discussing it ever since. No matter how much people have had to say against it, it seems to have been the consensus of opinion that marriage was necessary, and that without it the world would have been an empty and useless place. So, since it does seem to be the great universal necessity, why do we so often hear the question, "What's the matter with marriage?"

AS A general institution, I don't suppose there is anything the matter with it at all! Nobody has yet found a workable substitute for it, and as far as one can see, nobody is likely to. Generation after generation has been born, gotten married, and died; great nations have risen and passed away; but people went right along getting married, through everything. Even in this, the greatest age of human invention and progress, we are still getting married. I can hear you answering to that, "And divorced!" To which I in turn reply, "And then getting married again!" So there you are! Man has not yet invented anything better for mankind to do; yet our attitude toward marriage may be changing, even though the institution itself does not change. I just called this the age of invention; even more truly it might be called the age of being willing to change our opinions. There are very few subjects which people nowadays are not willing to learn more about, to see into more clearly, if necessary to change their opinions about. It is perfectly natural that we should all be looking more clearly at marriage, that we are willing to change our minds about some of the aspects of marriage; and that being true, it, of course, follows that we all want to learn more about the causes of the all-too-frequent dissatisfaction with marriage.

It goes without saying that no two marriages could possibly be alike; yet one law has to cover them all. I am not talking about laws written in statute books; I mean that law that springs from the deepest nature of mankind—that if two people are to live happily and helpfully together, they have got to "get on" with each other. When marriages go wrong, it is because the man and woman have not been getting on together; and when they do get on together, it doesn't very much matter whether they are young or old, rich or poor, sick or well—the marriage is fine and real and lasting. Nobody could think of every reason why people do not get on together; but there are some that occur so frequently that we can surely find out something about them.

You remember the story of the man who wanted a divorce and was asked by a puzzled judge what he had against his wife; how he replied, "Why, I haven't a thing against her; she's a good cook, a good mother, a church member, and all that. But I just don't like her!" Yet, even back of

that apparently absurd remark, there must have been a reason; the lady may have been what a friend of mine called, the other day, "One of those saintly tyrants." Tyranny of any sort will not work, if marriage is to be happy; and I'm just a little afraid that women are apt to inflict little tyrannies more often than men are.

THEN, just because of its closeness and intimacy, marriage is a sort of clearing house for all our emotions, happy and otherwise. You know a real clearing house is an office where bankers swap their drafts and checks and get their balance sheets adjusted. That is what we all do in the greater clearing house of marriage. Whatever has happened to us during the day, good or bad, pleasant or unpleasant, is brought back into the home. Maybe John doesn't tell his Molly how the boss called him down, or how a certain sale fell through; but would any wife deny that if such things happened to him during the day, John wouldn't come home with them still hanging around him in a mood as heavy as crape, or with nerves ready to give off sparks at the first jarring contact with other nerves? He probably replied to his boss with all politeness; but just the very moment that Molly or one of the children does something to set off that spark in his nerves, all the stored-up anger that he has been feeling for other people comes crackling out like a bunch of firecrackers at his innocent wife or offspring. Of course, he "doesn't mean a thing" by it; he didn't even know he was going to snap out, and he is probably sorry and ashamed the moment he has spoken sharply; but does anybody think that the average Molly is going to love him,



Marriage is partnership



Taking it out on John

at that moment? Take the other side of the picture—Molly's; it is perfectly possible that her day may have gone wrong, too. It may have been the fault of the cook or a neighbor, it may even have been a disappointment in the last dress she bought, or the knowledge that she's looking hideous when she wants to look her best. She has been holding herself in; even if it doesn't show, there's a tight little feeling about her lips—and then John comes home. She hasn't the least intention of telling him about her troubles—poor old John, who has been working so hard all day; she certainly does not mean to snap out at him. But there he is, and she's married to him; and he's so oblivious, so unappreciative, so—so stupid or careless or forgetful. Well—does she say so? And at that moment, does John particularly love her? Ask yourself!

And yet, strangely enough, it is just because those two people believe in each other's love that they let down the barriers of self-restraint and politeness that they would not dream of letting down for perfect strangers. Good manners are the only universal language, the only language that everybody, of all ages and conditions and all nationalities, can understand. They are a free pass over all the rough roads, a key that will unlock any door. Why, then, do we fail to use good manners within marriage? For we do fail in that; we seem to feel that intimacy permits it, whereas intimacy should be the seed bed of all that is fine and beautiful.

Closely allied to bad manners is the little habit of criticism. It does not have to be put into words in order to be felt, especially when people know each other very well; I suppose we all know people who can say more disagreeable things by their silence than most of us could with the aid of a ten-volume dictionary.



I know one old lady who strikes sheer terror into the hearts of all her grown children, and some of her friends—of whom I am one—by her mighty, overpowering silences. Whenever she dislikes or disapproves of anything, she sits and she sits, and says never a word; and do we want to flee? We do!

But, of course, all criticism is not silent; far from it! It might be better if a good deal of it were; and yet, not all criticism is fault-finding. I cannot imagine a marriage going on to complete companionship without there being frank and open criticism, from both sides, of the constructive sort. To talk things over, to weigh them, to decide what parts of them are good and what are not worth while—that is constructive criticism, and it makes a large part of the comfort and joy of true companionship. What other satisfaction can equal the one of finding success through the cooperation of the person you are closest to, and love best? To talk things over, to talk over the way we react toward things and feel about them, to be told where we are perhaps making a mistake, or have a better way suggested to us—that is real partnership; and real marriage must always be partnership. It is the other sort of criticism, the fault-finding sort, that is one of the great stumbling blocks to happiness in marriage. Every man and woman of us knows that sort of criticism hurts, and does no real good; then, why do we indulge in it? Because that is what it usually is—self-indulgence. It is usually nothing more nor less than a taking-it-out on John or Molly—trying to cash a bad check in the clearing house of marriage.

There is one more aspect of the clearing house side of marriage that I have time and space to talk about in this letter, Emily dear. If a bank did not get from the clearing house full value for its checks, how long would the bank or the clearing house endure? You know, if we had the largest bank account in the world and kept drawing on it and never putting anything back, we should sooner or later receive a notice, "No funds." Marriage is—or it can be—the bank for love; and while love is a deposit without price, it has a higher value than any great fortune on earth.

I have always wondered why so many people seem to think it is sloppy or silly to show their affection, to demonstrate it. God shows us His! Many and many a marriage has gone on the rocks because a husband or wife has felt unloved, when all the time there may have been plenty of love, however hidden or neglected. Love can never, never, never be taken for granted. It will not remain fixed, like the kitchen stove. It simply cannot go on living and being love, unless it is fed by other love.

WHY should we feel shy or awkward or self-conscious at showing it? We are not ashamed of showing things that are ugly, things like bad temper. Why, then, be ashamed of the touch or the word that speaks of love, and shows it? Can any marriage be happy without love? No. No; but a husband's love is not much good to a wife if it is never spoken of, never actually shown her; a woman's tenderness doesn't mean one single thing to a man if she keeps it all hidden. I honestly believe that many a marriage might be saved, and made happy, if the wife had the habit, for example, of giving her tired man, or even her cross one, a quiet cheek-to-cheek, a hand on the shoulder, a whispered word of tenderness even while she might at the same moment be setting the potatoes on the table. And I honestly believe that many a woman's married life might be one song of joy if her husband would hold her close in his arms sometimes, or even say, quite simply, "Dear, I do love you."

To love and to show love, Emily dear, is the only sure way that I know of to keep all accounts straight in the clearing house of marriage.

My love to you always,

Edith Barnard Delano



A quiet cheek-to-cheek



Snapping at his offspring

The Gospel of Flowers

THE ROCK GARDEN

A natural setting of great beauty

By MAUD R. JACOBS

THE only gardeners I would urge to make a rock garden are those with rocky land. Unfortunately, it is rarely the woman with a rocky hillside who wants a rock garden, but her sister with flat, stoneless land—unfortunately, because the charm of a rock garden depends upon its naturalness, and it takes genius to make an artificial rock garden that will look natural.

There are two chief reasons for using rock in a garden: to create growing conditions that cannot be secured without rocks, and to provide a setting for plants that are lovelier when growing among rocks than when growing in the border. Wherever they are properly used, the rocks themselves are of secondary interest, with the plants the important feature.

The ideal site for a rock garden is a rocky slope or sheer cliff with water at the foot; hence, many gardeners combine rock and water gardens. The easiest rock to use in a garden is flat, stratified rock; the hardest is the rounded granite boulder. The best model to follow in making a rock garden is an undisturbed slope, cliff or moraine where nature has created a rock garden. It is well to study neighbors' rock gardens to learn what plants will thrive in your locality, but visit state parks or sections famous for rock formations to study arrangement.

Those determined to have artificial rock gardens would do well to start with wall gardens or with very small rock gardens that they can enlarge as their experience increases. Rock gardens should be on slopes; if there are no natural slopes in the yard, one must be created against the house, garage, back fence or wherever it can be made to look most nearly natural.

A Garden on a Stone Wall

By far the most satisfactory artificial rock garden for the flat lot is one made on a stone wall. A wall that holds a terrace is ideal, because the plant roots make their way to the soil back of the wall, and there is no bother refilling soil pockets.

Such walls should be made without mortar. When stones of various sizes are used, the largest are used at the bottom of the wall. All crevices are filled as the wall is built, using a mixture of one part torpedo sand, one part garden loam and one part rotted leaf mold. Many gardeners like to plant as they build. When the first layer of stone is in place, they fill all crevices part way, then set their plants in place. When the plants are in place, they finish filling the crevices, water thoroughly and are ready to lay the second layer of stones, repeating until the wall is finished. Those wishing to plant old walls, laid without soil filling, must cram soil into such crevices as they can reach, and plant as best they can.

Best results are always secured when very small plants are used, as the plants then adapt their growth to their situation. It is well to start with a few quick-growing species for immediate effect, replacing these gradually with the slower-growing species. The plants best suited to rock garden use are those with tufts or rosettes or mats of leaves.

Sunny rock walls and shady ones require different planting, although there are a few plants that do well in both. The sedums are an example. The name "se-

dum" comes from a Latin verb that means "to sit," and refers to the way the plants grow on stones and walls. Sedums are true rock plants and should be in every rock garden. They can be grown from seed or slips; some sorts can be grown from a single leaf. One of the best is a small white-flowered sort, *S. ternatum*, found growing wild in woods from Michigan and Indiana eastward to the coast.

Any rock garden should be made of weathered stone, for it does not look natural to have plants growing among freshly quarried stones. Stones used in a shady wall or garden are loveliest if partly covered with moss, those in a sunny wall if partly covered with lichen.

Plants for Sun and Shade

The shady wall should be planted chiefly with small ferns and such native plants as columbine, heuchera, hepatica, shooting star, *Polemonium reptans* and shade-enduring campanulas such as *C. divaricata* and *C. Rapunculoides*. Violets are lovely but hard to keep within bounds, although the small fragrant white ones are not likely to spread badly.

Both shady and sunny walls should use native columbine, *Aquilegia canadensis*, in quantity. Its leaf rosettes nestle among rocks most charmingly and its slender-stemmed red and yellow flowers are never as lovely anywhere else as when growing against a rock wall. It is most easily grown from seed. Heuchera has a heavier leaf growth that contrasts splendidly with columbine. The flower of the common wild heuchera is not showy, but that of the garden variety "Coral Bells" is striking.

One excellent plant for the sunny rock wall is the common sempervivum, better known as "hen and chickens." This plant is often despised by those who have never seen it with its proper background. When growing in the crevices of weathered rocks, it becomes a thing of marked beauty.

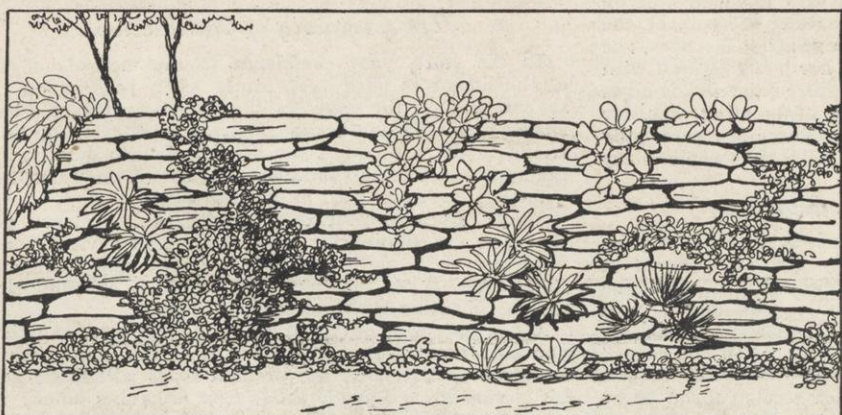
Other plants that do well for the sunny rock wall include our wild cactus, or prickly pear; the orange-flowered milkweed; saxifrage; the native everlasting; creeping phlox, *Phlox subulata*; creeping soapwort, *Saponaria Ocymoides*; *Arabis alpina*; armeria; *Alyssum saxatile*; *Campanula Carpatia*; and *Dianthus deltoides*.

Small bulbs, such as scillas, snowdrops, crocuses and muscari, will do well in a rock slope or at the base of a rock wall.

Seasonal Care for Best Results

All rock garden planting should be done as early in the season as possible; fall planting rarely gives satisfactory results. No manure should be used about a rock garden or wall, although most of the plants will benefit from summer applications of manure water, made by letting water and rotted manure stand together. Most rock garden plants will tolerate bonemeal. They like a summer mulch of stone chips or gravel and frequent applications of rotted leaf mold, but it is hard to apply either.

The best winter covering for a rock garden is one of brush, twigs or evergreen branches; fortunately, the plants need little mulching before the Christmas tree is discarded. Cornstalks can be used. Some successful gardeners use a single thickness of burlap as a winter covering for stone walls. The ordinary wall, planted with the species named in this article, should get along without winter covering.



A plan for a rock garden on a stone wall

Any woman can buy new lamps for a few cents, but she can't buy new eyes at any price



Every "center of interest" should include a lamp

It was too big for the Christmas stocking but—

Creative women, with a flair for making livable rooms, work around "interest centers." Davenport with end tables and lamps . . . wing chair at the fireplace with table and lamp . . . corner of books with comfortable chair and lamp . . . always there are lamps that make it possible to drop down and read, sew, or play a game without pulling furniture and lamps about. Be sure that your light sources are adequate—the larger Mazda lamps add little to your current bill and much to your comfort.

What gift will make Mother more proud or yield greater returns of happiness through the years than a General Electric refrigerator? It cuts marketing trips, simplifies menu-planning, and keeps the family food healthfully fresh. And it costs less than a dime a day to operate.



G-E MAZDA lamps to give correct illumination for the whole house cost little. Wiring too, is inexpensive . . . even the finest, such as the G-E Wiring System, marked with the G-E seal of dependability. Let your dealer or electrical company explain what comfort proper lighting and wiring will bring you . . . how many electrical servants can be put at your beck and call.

Light the outdoors too

Tiny G-E MAZDA lamps dancing in trees and shrubbery, on porches and gates as well as in windows, give street after street a festive air for holidays and parties. It's a generous way to share good cheer. Easy, too. Be the first on your street. Outdoor sets that light from the porch plug may be had in varied colors and cost surprisingly little.



Any woman who does anything electricity can do for her is working for a few cents a day.

JOIN US IN THE GENERAL ELECTRIC HOUR, BROADCAST EVERY SATURDAY AT 9 P. M., E. S. T. ON A NATION-WIDE N. B. C. NETWORK

GENERAL ELECTRIC

What the Trade-Mark Tells You

A Thoughtful, Enlightening Talk on the Reasons Why a Thrifty Homemaker Prefers to Buy Advertised Articles

By WILBUR D. NESBIT

In many ways, women know trade-marks better than men. Women shoulder a much heavier responsibility as purchasing agents for the home. Because of this, they should be given credit for creating the tangible value of the trade-mark



THERE are many singers who can make records of the same songs for which Caruso was famous—but when you see the name of Caruso on a record, you ask no more questions. There are many orators who can deliver the same speeches for which millions of people paid admission to hear William Jennings Bryan deliver—but, unless you could hear the voice of Bryan and see the face of Bryan, you would not care for the same words he used. Other moving picture stars can—and do—imitate Mary Pickford and Charley Chaplin. But you will not pay the same price to see an imitation, and you will not feel satisfied with the picture, no matter how cheap the admission. You want the real trade-marked article.

When you go to Washington for the first time, you recognize the capital of this nation by two trade-marks. One is the Washington Monument, the other is the dome of the Capitol Building. One insurance company adopted the rock of Gibraltar as its trade-mark, and many tourists wondered why they did not see the name of that company on the real rock when they reached it. Egypt would be a disappointment if the pyramids were not there.

The Origin of the Trade-Mark

Primarily, a trade-mark is an advertisement. Its use began in a day when the percentage of people who could read was very small. Its origin, no doubt, goes back to the time when taverns had geese and swans and stags and stars and horses and what-not as their signs. In those days, a man-about-town could tell you pretty well just which sign to depend upon.

Some of us can remember when we identified the shoemaker by the huge boot at the entrance to his shop. The tailor often had a pair of great wooden shears swinging over the street. The mortar and pestle of the druggist and the striped pole of the barber (who, because he practiced bloodletting in bygone times, could use this symbol of a bandage) are still with us.

In our country, the trade-mark is legalized for the purpose of commerce with the Indian tribes, foreign nations and the several states. A trade-mark or a trade name is a big asset to a successful concern. The writer invented one trade name which was listed with the "good will" of its company as worth ten million dollars. It is worth more today, because the company which owns it has probably invested five million dollars in advertising it, and the products on which it appears have grown in sales until they are of international distribution.

The trade-mark on a manufactured product is the connecting link with the public. It is the means of recognition and the creator of good will. It typifies the confidence you have in it. Some way or other, without the trade-mark it isn't the real thing. Fill two cans with milk from the same vat. On one can place an Eagle Brand label; on the other, paste, for instance, "Queen's Taste" as its label. Truly, the second one will not even taste the same.

Women as Purchasing Agents

It is not that you have been "educated" to accept and to insist upon these trade-marks. You did not require an education. Your own experience and your own judgment have convinced you as to just what is the true standard of excellence, and you want that. Another writer may use the same plot as that used by Sinclair Lewis—but his book never becomes a best seller. Another artist may paint the same scene as that painted by Corot, but it will seem like a different landscape to the eye of one who knows and loves Corot's paintings.

In many ways, in the opinion of the writer, women know trade-marks better than men. Women are better shoppers than men—they have more patience, and certainly they shoulder a much heavier responsibility as purchasing agents for the home. Because of this, women should be given credit for creating the tangible value of the trade-mark. When a woman sees the gold seal on a can of soup, or the cameo on a cake of soap, or the identifying symbol or name on the gelatine she likes, she realizes that the responsibility for her being pleased with her purchase is not confined to the store wherein she buys. The factory may be two thousand miles away, but, for her, both factory and individual producer are personally typified by the trade-mark. It tells the whole story to her.

The Manufacturer's Guaranty

You buy a mop or some floor polish. It may be your first purchase, but some way or other, away down in your subconsciousness, there is a sense of firmness in the thought of "O-Cedar." If you need a toothbrush or a dentifrice, how do you feel if you are offered a package bearing an unfamiliar name or design? "Just the same," or "Just as good." Maybe so. Pat—the penny or two more for the name you are sure of seems to you to be well worth investing.

Or perhaps it is a new gas range for your kitchen. Now, you have the most absolute confidence in your

dealer—but some manufacturer has been telling you about his range, using your favorite magazine to carry his message. And it isn't so much what he has said to you that is altogether responsible for your rather dogged determination to try that one particular range. Back of it is the further fact that his message has come into your home and to your hands with the influence of that magazine supporting it. You've been introduced to that trade-mark. You know you can trust it.

So it is with clothing and hosiery, rugs and linoleum, and everything else that becomes known to you by reason of a name or a picture. Food and candy as well. You place a definite value on the trade-mark yourself. Why? Because to you it is more than an identification; it is a guaranty. It is a pledge made to you by the manufacturer.

The better the product which is trade-marked, the oftener it is imitated, and the oftener a substitute is offered for it. The trade-marked article which is advertised creates the market—of which you are a part.

Let us say that in your community you trade with half a dozen stores. Why? Your experience has taught you that you can depend upon what you buy in them, and upon the service they will give you. The names of the firms—the signs on their buildings—are their trade-marks. When you see that name on the delivery wagon or on a package or bundle, you feel intuitively that you can depend upon whatever is being brought to you.

The Certainty of Satisfaction

In the store, your confidence in the methods of the establishment is fixed very firmly when you see on the shelves and on the counters the different articles whose names and trade-marks you know. When you advise a friend to try a product, you always go into detail as to the appearance of the package, the style of the name, and whatever design is used as a trade-mark.

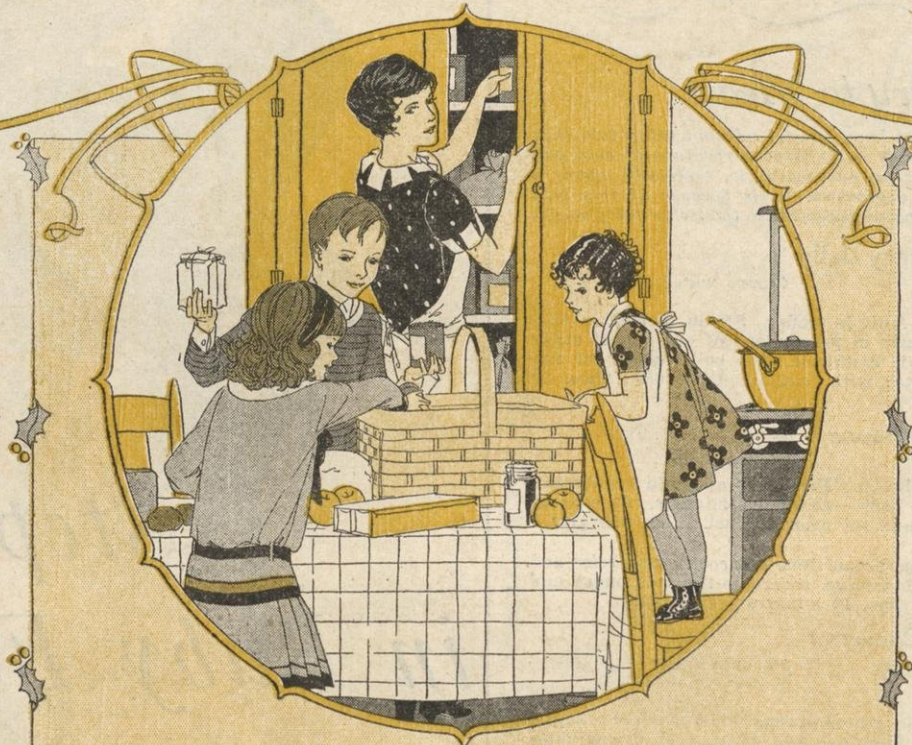
Why? Because your own experience has shown you that you are eliminating uncertainty and saving money when you buy the trade-marked goods, and your own judgment tells you that there is no profit in spending time in experimenting with unknown products.

When you see an advertisement of a trade-marked article, you may rest assured of two things: the manufacturer is satisfied, first, that the product itself will make good his promises; second, he knows he is saving money for you by reducing his selling expense through the use of advertising which is planned and prepared to insure the permanent value of his trade-mark.

Menus for Any Week in December

Wholesomeness Characterized by Variety and Economy

By LILY HAXWORTH WALLACE



ROAST pork may be substituted for the goose for Sunday dinner, using just the same accompaniments; a boned stuffed shoulder of pork will prove a profitable joint. This obviously would mean substituting some other sandwich for Monday's lunch — toasted cheese, for example, or perhaps baked beans and celery. If the goose liver is used, cook it gently with a little bacon or fat salt pork, grind the two together, season rather highly with mustard, salt and paprika and add a little lemon juice to counteract its richness.

The Chinese dinner for Thursday is in line with our plans for an occasional vegetable meal. The Chinese dietary is almost entirely lacking in salads; they are not needed because so large a part of the food of these people is vegetable, meat being used more as a flavoring and seasoning than for its bulk. The essentially Chinese ingredients for chop suey and chow mein are now easily purchasable, making it possible to have "oriental flavor" at home. The chicken soup may be a canned soup into which an egg (blended with a teaspoon of flour) is poured through a sieve. In order to keep the little strings of egg separate, beat the soup with a wire whisk while adding the egg.

Orange and Banana Sherbet

Grated rind and juice 3 large bananas
3 oranges 4 cups milk
Juice 1 lemon 1 cup light cream
2 cups granulated Whites 2 eggs
sugar

Combine the orange rind and juice, lemon juice and the banana pulp, this having been either pressed through a sieve or finely crushed with a fork. Add the sugar and when this is thoroughly melted, the milk and cream. Half freeze, add the stiffly beaten egg whites, complete the freezing and set aside to ripen for at least one hour before serving.

If desired, after freezing the sherbet may be packed into a mold and buried in equal parts of ice and salt, then unmolded for service. Dinner, Sunday.

Deviled Pineapple Salad

1 cup crushed canned 6 finely chopped sweet
pineapple pickles
1 tablespoon vinegar ½ cup mayonnaise
½ teaspoon salt 6 hard boiled eggs
¼ teaspoon paprika Lettuce or cress
¼ teaspoon dry mustard Additional mayonnaise

Drain as much juice as possible from the pineapple. Add the vinegar, salt, paprika, mustard, pickles and mayonnaise to it. Cut the eggs into halves crosswise, press the yolks through a sieve, chop the whites finely, then add to the pineapple mixture and chill. Serve individually on shredded lettuce or cress, dusting the surface generously with paprika and passing additional dressing separately. Luncheon, Sunday.

Ravioli

1 ½ cups flour 1 egg
¾ teaspoon salt About 2 tablespoons
1 ½ cups minced sea- water
soned meat Buttered crumbs

Sift the flour and salt together; beat the egg, add the water and combine to make a stiff dough. Knead this thoroughly, roll out very thinly and cut into rounds about three inches in diameter. Put a spoonful of seasoned meat on half of each round, wet the edges and fold the remaining dough over the meat like a turnover, then poach in boiling salted water. When done, the Ravioli will rise to the surface and should be skimmed out and served with tomato sauce and grated cheese.

Appealing to the Family's Appetite

Sunday		Monday		Tuesday		Wednesday		Thursday		Friday		Saturday		
Breakfast	Halved Oranges Grilled Ham Hot Whole Wheat Biscuits	Stewed Prunes Oatmeal Popovers Coffee	Spiced Apple Sauce Poached Eggs on Graham Toast Extra Toast Coffee	Cereal with Fruit Frizzled Dried Beef Rolls Coffee	Orange Juice Savory Omelet Scotch Scones Butter Coffee	Stewed Winter Pears Sausage Meat Cornmeal Griddle Cakes Sirup Coffee	Luncheon	Consommé Deviled Pineapple Salad Mayonnaise Nut Bread and Butter Tea	Goose Liver Sandwiches Pickles Baked Bananas with Lemon Juice Sweet Crackers Tea	Cheese Cream Soup Toast Triangles Hearts of Lettuce with Fruit Mayonnaise Tea	Hash on Toast Tomato Catsup Chocolate Junket Tea	Pepper Pot (Canned Soup) Pilot Crackers Fruit and Nut Salad Tea	"Kedgerce" Puffi Bread Stewed Dried Apricots Little Cakes Tea	Split Pea Soup with Croutons Apple, Celery and Date Salad with Boiled Dressing Tea
Dinner	Roast Goose with Sage and Onion Dressing Mashed Potatoes Red Cabbage Apple Sauce Orange and Banana Sherbet Lady Fingers Demi-tasse	Thick Vegetable Soup with Goose Carcase Nut Loaf, Brown Gravy Baked Hubbard Squash Jellied Fruit Salad Cream Mayonnaise Coffee	Broiled Steak French Fried Onion Rings Parsley Potato Balls Parsnips Watermelon Pickles Golden Shortcakes Tea	(Chinese Dinner) Chicken Soup with Egg (Chop Suey) Steamed Rice Candied Fruits Almond Cakes Tea	Filet of Fish with Olive Sauce Potato Puffs Lettuce with Roquefort Dressing Vanilla Eclairs Coffee	English Hot Pot Spinach Lemon-filled Jelly Roll Coffee								

Sometimes Ravioli are egged, crumbed and fried, but the real Italian method is poaching. With a light meat course such as this, stuffed peppers form a good and satisfying accompanying vegetable. Failing them, substitute string beans, baked squash or a generous service of winter greens. Dinner, Wednesday.

Kedgerce

2 cups cooked rice ¼ teaspoon paprika
1 cup flaked smoked 1 Salt
fish 1 teaspoon minced
1 hard boiled egg parsley
3 tablespoons butter

If the rice is freshly boiled, combine it while still hot with the flaked fish, which may be canned or fresh. Add the egg, finely chopped, the paprika, parsley and salt — remembering that with salted smoked fish very little additional salt will be required. Heat all thoroughly together before serving.

If leftover rice is used, it should be reheated either in a double boiler or by pouring boiling water over it, then thoroughly draining before combining with the other ingredients. Luncheon, Friday.

Cheese Cream Soup

¼ cup butter or short- ½ teaspoon celery salt
ening ¼ teaspoon paprika
1 tablespoon finely 1 egg
minced onion ½ cup milk, additional
¼ cup flour ½ cup grated cheese
4 cups scalded milk

Melt the shortening and cook the onion in it without browning for three minutes. Add the flour and when smoothly blended, pour in the scalded milk carefully, stirring continually. Season and simmer three minutes. Beat the egg, add it with the cheese to the third of a cup of cold milk and pour the boiling soup slowly over these, stirring while pouring. Serve with toast triangles or toasted crackers.

If desired, half milk and half white stock may be used for this soup. Luncheon, Tuesday.

Scotch Scones

2 cups flour 2 eggs
½ teaspoon salt ½ cup milk
4 teaspoons baking 1 tablespoon sugar,
powder optional
¼ cup shortening ½ cup raisins, optional

Sift together the flour, salt and baking powder, work in the shortening, and if the sugar and fruit are used, stir these into the dry mixture. Moisten with the beaten eggs and milk, divide into two portions, roll these into rounds about one-third inch thick, cut each roundwise so as to make four triangular-shaped cakes, brush over the tops with a little of the egg reserved for this, place on greased pans and bake about fifteen minutes in a moderately hot oven—375 degrees F. If preferred, instead of cutting right through the scones, they may be marked with the back of a knife, then broken apart after baking. Serve hot with plenty of butter. Breakfast, Friday.

English Hot Pot

2 pounds lamb for Salt, pepper and a lit-
tling stewing tle flour
2 pounds potatoes Water or stock
4 onions

Cut the meat into pieces convenient for serving. Peel the potatoes and cut them into small, thick pieces; slice the onions thinly. Mix the salt, pepper and flour and roll the meat in this mixture. Put a layer of potatoes in a deep dish or casserole, then a layer of meat, next onions, and repeat the layers until the dish is filled, having potatoes for the top layer. Fill the dish with stock or water and bake about three hours in a very moderate oven, adding more water if necessary. Serve in dish in which it is cooked. Dinner, Saturday.



Sweets for Christmas

Filling the Cooky Jar

THE recipe for Ice Box Cookies gives a mixture that keeps well either before or after baking. It really is a comfort to know that one has dough already mixed and that a few crisp cookies can be baked quickly and economically while the oven is being used for some other dish which still leaves plenty of room on an unemployed shelf for the cooky pan.

Ice Box Cookies

- | | | |
|--------------|--------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 cup sugar | ½ cup chopped nuts | ¼ teaspoon salt |
| ¼ cup butter | About 2 cups flour | 1 teaspoon baking powder |
| 2 eggs | | |

Cream sugar and butter until very light. Add beaten eggs one at a time, stir in nuts, then add flour, salt and baking powder sifted together. Form into a roll and wrap in heavy waxed paper or press into a greased pan. Place in refrigerator overnight, slice thinly and bake about ten minutes in a moderately hot oven—375 degrees F. Dough may be kept in refrigerator and sliced and baked as wanted over a period of two or three weeks. Cost, 55c; time of making, 40 minutes; makes approximately three dozen cookies.

Nut Brownies

- | | | |
|--------------|------------------------------|-------------------------|
| ¼ cup butter | 2 squares (ounces) chocolate | ¼ teaspoon salt |
| ¼ cup sugar | 1 cup flour | ½ cup chopped nut meats |
| 2 eggs | | 1 teaspoon vanilla |
| ¼ cup milk | | |

Cream butter with half the sugar, add remaining sugar gradually, then the well beaten eggs, milk, the chocolate (melted over hot water) and the flour and salt sifted together. Lastly, stir in nut meats and vanilla and drop by spoonfuls a little distance apart on a greased baking sheet. Bake twelve to fifteen minutes in a moderate oven—350-375 degrees F. Cost, 58c; time, 45 minutes; makes approximately two dozen.

Quick Coconut Macaroons

- | | | |
|----------------------|--------------------------|--------------|
| 1 teaspoon vanilla | 2½ cups prepared coconut | 2 egg whites |
| ¾ cup condensed milk | | |

Add vanilla to milk, stir in coconut, add the stiffly beaten egg whites and blend all thoroughly. Drop by spoonfuls onto a greased baking sheet and bake about fifteen minutes in a moderate oven—350-375 degrees F. Remove from pan as soon as baked. Cost, 46c; time, ½ hour; makes approximately two dozen.



Ice Box Cookies are easily made

Recipes by Lily Hawthorn Wallace

Seasonable Cakes

CAKES are always likely to hold their own as important members of the dessert family. The White Fruit Cake for which we are giving you a recipe is one which need not be consumed rapidly; it has another advantage in that it requires no frosting, the top layer of fruits taking the place of this. These may be imbedded in the batter in some decorative design. The Sour Cream Cake is an excellent one to make when the butter supply is very short and sour cream is available.

White Fruit Cake

- | | | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| ½ cup butter | 3 egg whites | ¼ cup shredded blanched almonds |
| 1 cup sugar | ¼ cup thinly sliced citron | ½ pound seedless raisins |
| Scant ½ cup milk | ½ cup diced candied pineapple | 1 teaspoon lemon or orange flavoring |
| 2 cups flour | ½ cup halved candied cherries | ½ cup prepared coconut |
| ½ teaspoon salt | | |
| 2 teaspoons baking powder | | |

Cream the butter and sugar until very light and frothy. Add slightly warmed milk, then flour, salt and baking powder sifted together, and fold in gently the stiffly beaten egg whites. Put a layer of batter into a well greased and floured cake pan, then a layer of the mixed prepared fruits and nuts, continuing in this way until all are used, but reserving some of the choice portions of fruit for the top of the cake. Bake in a moderate oven—350-375 degrees F.—about forty-five minutes. Cost, \$1.08; time, 1½ hours; makes one loaf cake.

Sour Cream Cake

- | | | |
|------------------|------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 egg | 1 teaspoon flavoring extract | ¼ teaspoon salt |
| 1 cup sugar | 2 cups flour | ¾ teaspoon baking powder |
| 1 cup sour cream | | |

Beat egg until quite light, add sugar and beat again. Next add sour cream and flavoring and lastly the flour, salt and baking powder sifted together. This cake may be baked either in layers or as a loaf—if the former, from twenty to twenty-five minutes; if as a loaf cake, from forty to fifty minutes. Use a moderately hot oven—375 degrees F.

Maple Filling and Frosting is particularly good with a Sour Cream Cake, but chocolate, caramel or any other desired flavoring may be substituted.

Quick Maple Frosting

- | | | |
|------------------------|------------------|----------------------|
| ½ teaspoon butter | ½ teaspoon Maple | Confectioner's sugar |
| 2 tablespoons hot milk | | |

Melt the butter and add the milk; then, when hot, add the Maple. Beat in enough confectioner's sugar—about one and one-half cups—to make of a proper consistency for spreading. Cost, 40c; time, 50 minutes (layer), 1½ hours (loaf); makes one layer or one loaf cake.

Make Gifts of Cakes and Cookies

What's wrong with modern parents?



This daughter found out!



"My Dad had the flu. When it departed, it must have taken Dad's good disposition with it. Whew! Breakfast was hush time; lunch was rush time and dinner the worst time of all.

"Dad and Mother always took caffeine, but we were never allowed to have it. The more Dad took, the more crabby he got and the more nervous Mother became. Finally Mother had a nervous breakdown and the doctor insisted that she try Postum for a month. She tried it and gave it to us. Then Dad tried it. Three cheers!

"Now we have a party at our house every meal. We sit around the table, every one of us with a fragrant, steaming cup of Postum, and there is a feeling of companionship and understanding that we never had before. Dad is interested in everything that interests us. We youngsters are learning, by the Postum route, that our parents are not just parents, but real human beings and royal good sports."

J. S. . . . (Lowell High School student)
San Francisco, Cal.

That's because there is no caffeine in Postum—nothing to keep you awake o' nights, nothing to irritate your nerves, nothing to cause indigestion. Postum is made from whole wheat and bran, carefully roasted and blended. Its flavor is fine and mellow—distinctive. Two million families could tell

MOST fathers and mothers want to be more than just "parents"—but how difficult it is when Father feels "crabby" and Mother has "nerves"! The sad part of it is that most men and women don't stop to look for the cause of their trouble. They go on taking caffeine—and wonder why uncongeniality has crept into the family circle.

If it seems incredible to you that caffeine could be the cause of nerves and irritability in your own family circle, just make this test. Let Postum take the place of caffeine at your table for thirty days. Then check up on yourself and your family!

You'll be amazed at the difference you find. You yourself will feel better, both mentally and physically—and you'll see the same improvement all around you. Postum has only good after-effects. © 1929, G. F. Corp.

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

you you're sure to like it!

Postum costs less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer. Or mail the coupon for one week's free supply, as a start on your 30-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

P—W. W.—12-29

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

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

INSTANT POSTUM Check which (prepared instantly in the cup)

POSTUM CEREAL you prefer (prepared by boiling)

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Fill in completely—print name and address

In Canada, address Canadian Postum Company, Ltd.
The Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario

The PICTURE OF HEALTH

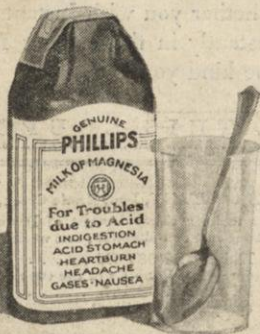


HAPPY, healthy people. Children whose very complexions tell of health. Parents whose clear-eyed, carefree faces belie their age. Sometimes folks think this enviable state of health just "runs in the family." Often it's due to the friendly aid of Phillips Milk of Magnesia. There is no age at which the human system does not at times need an anti-acid. Magnesia is the most effective means of correcting over-acidity. Its most perfect form, according to physicians, is Phillips Milk of Magnesia. Specialists put Phillips Milk of Magnesia in infant's milk and it never sours in the little stomach. They urge its use all through childhood for the gentle correction of digestive disorders and sluggish bowel action.

A coated tongue or fetid breath, or other sign of biliousness, is the signal for a spoonful of Phillips Milk of Magnesia. Its creamy, pleasant taste makes it ideal in such usage.

As one grows older, the value of this perfect anti-acid increases. It neutralizes many times its volume in acid, so there is never need to take anything harsher to sweeten a sour stomach. It is far more efficient than the cruder things some people still take for gastric disturbances. The quickest relief in any over-indulgence. And in the afternoon of life, it guards the intestinal tract from auto-intoxication. For your system's sake, get acquainted with Phillips Milk of Magnesia. Get the genuine, prescrip-tional product—made only by Phillips.

In conjunction with Phillips Milk of Magnesia, use Phillips Dental Magnesia. A single tube of this perfect toothpaste will convince anybody of its remarkable whitening action, and your dentist can tell you how it aids the gums.



PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia



Some Timely Tea Tips

Contributing to the enjoyment of the afternoon repast

By EDNA SIBLEY TIPTON

WHEN you can hardly drag one foot after another; when illness has deprived you of favorite foods; when, burdened with too much *avoi-r-du-fois*, you contemplate dieting; when you are confronted by guests on the maid's day out; when you want to express your individuality via the food route—and with the least effort, do you instinctively turn to a cup of tea?

It puts to flight end-of-the-day weariness; it agrees with finicky stomachs; it satisfies the palate, without increasing the waistline; it provides cheer for congenial souls, and it lends itself to decorative treatment, not only in sweetenings and in food accessories suitable to it, but in china, in silver and in linen used in its service.

Individual Tea Gifts

Making tea gifts marks the donor as individual and original, too. You may choose from hundreds of blends, black or green, fancy or plain, in packages selling for as low as ten cents each and as high as you care to pay. For the tea merchants have not been slow to realize what an acceptable gift a package of good tea is, to homemaker, to hotel dweller and to tourist alike. And, realizing this, they have put up their wares in fancy boxes, in decorative tins and in entrancing baskets. They have even put up the "makings" for their "brew" in little bags ready for use, thus guaranteeing quick service and clean hands for her who concocts the beverage.

In making up tea gifts, the attractiveness of your package need only be limited by your imagination and the dictates of your purse. You may present only a package of tea or you may fill a box with cartons of tea and surround them with accessories for its service. Think what such a box might contain! There could be a package of green tea, a package of black tea, a package of orange blossom tea and a package of jasmine tea; there could be a sugar bowl filled with sugar, with hard candies or with colored rock candy crystals for sweetening; there could be a tin of evaporated cream; there could be either a can of sliced grapefruit or an orange or a lemon, with a fruit knife tucked in between them; there could be a package of whole cloves and one of cinnamon sticks; a few candied mint leaves or candied rose petals or candied violets might be added, and a bottle each of red and green maraschino cherries should nestle in the package. Of course, you would want to supply a can opener and a corkscrew, too. You would want to add a cup and saucer or two, some silver teaspoons and either a silver tea ball or a strainer and stand.

How would you tie up such a box? You'd wrap it with Japanese tissue and fasten a flower or two into the bow of the ribbon which secured it to the box.

For Favors and Prizes

Tea gifts are appropriate as favors or as prizes at lawn fetes, at bridge parties, at luncheons or at teas where the Oriental theme is carried out; the "orange blossom" blend, made of dried orange blossoms, is lovely at the pre-nuptial festivity. And just any good blend of tea makes a safe and delightful gift that is sure to be appreciated when the recipient happens to

be either a tourist or a hotel dweller. For a gift of tea will keep indefinitely.

Accessories to Pleasant Service

We in America have hardly realized the dainty atmosphere which should surround the "five o'clock cup." We are so hurried that, whether we serve it at home or partake of it in public tea rooms, we miss much of the pleasure we might derive from it were we, like the Orientals, to linger over it and to enjoy not only the beverage itself but the use of our finest china, silver and linen in its service.

What dainty china, silver and linen are available for the tea table?

In china, one needs cups and saucers, and either bread and butter plates or salad or dessert-sized plates. But one may substitute for these the teacup with a saucer large enough to hold sandwiches or cake at one side. If you have really lovely china sugar, creamer, teapot, hot water jug, and bowl for dregs, you may substitute them for those of silver, for, as lovely as is gleaming silver; a rare old tea set of china lends distinction to the informal repast served at "candle lightin' time."

In silver, the accessories possible for use at tea time are legion! There is the teapot, the swinging kettle for hot water, the sugar and creamer, the silver tea caddy, the tea ball, the tea screen, the sugar tongs, the lemon fork, the teaspoons, forks for cake or sandwich service, sometimes, either the butter spreader or tea knife, the tea strainer and the drip bowl or tray, the extra bowl into which to empty cold tea when a second cup is taken by a guest, the silver tea tray which holds teapot, hot water kettle or jug, cups and saucers, sugar and creamer, etc., and small dishes for candies, nuts, lemon and spices.

Linen for the Tea Table

And then the linen! In many homes, only tea napkins are thought of in connection with tea service. But in the homes of hostesses who are always on the alert to ascertain what can be added to their store to make their hospitalities different from those of their neighbors, other pieces of linen are on display to lend a homey atmosphere to their small collations as well as to their more pretentious ones.

Today the linen merchants are showing tea cloths in lovely white damask, in colored damasks, in laces and in linen and embroidery, with napkins to match, of course. The more exclusive merchants are displaying the tea cosy to slip over the teapot to keep the brew warm. And if your local merchant cannot supply you with one, you can make it, for it is merely a well padded, dome-shaped affair much resembling a muff with only one opening.

In passing, you should be told of the tea cosy being used in a fashionable Fifth Avenue tea room. It is made of gay flowered chintz and is bound with upholstery tape in harmonizing shade. It is lined with stitched table padding, being made separately and merely tacked to the chintz at the bottom, in four places. The cosy thus fashioned is sufficiently large to allow it to slip over both the teapot and hot water jug.

A PRESENTATION OF THE GREAT MASTERPIECES ETCHINGS AND WATER COLORS

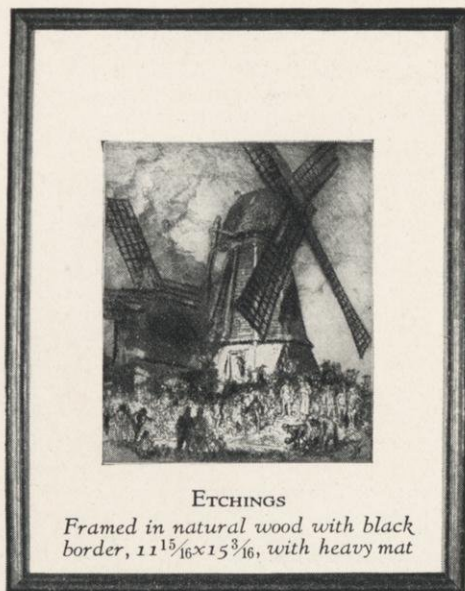
BY

JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER ~ FRANK BRANGWYN ~ RICHARD PARKES BONINGTON

THE following collection of etchings and water colors by the great artists whose lives are briefly described on this page are beyond praise.

To adventure in the Old World, in magnificent cathedrals, along the water fronts, in the heart of city and country, is the pleasure in store for you as you study the reproductions of these marvelous works of art, on the following three pages. Each subject tells a romantic story of the history of the ages—social, religious and commercial—and with the Christmas season approaching it seems an especially favorable time to introduce you to these works of art.

Placed upon the walls of your home as framed pictures, these masterpieces will grow upon you as you discover their hidden beauties in subject and technique.



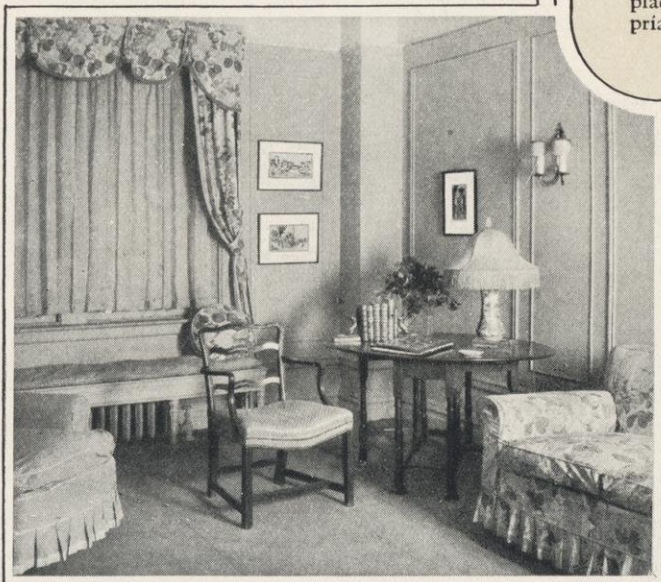
ETCHINGS

Framed in natural wood with black border, 11¹⁵/₁₆ x 15³/₁₆, with heavy mat

James McNeill Whistler

Whistler was born in Massachusetts in 1834. From his eighth to fifteenth year he lived in Russia, where he received some training in art.

Leaving West Point at seventeen, where he was discharged for deficiency in chemistry, he went to Paris as an art student and when he died in 1903 at 69 years of age, he was acknowledged to be the peer of Rembrandt, who has been acknowledged as the finest etcher the world had ever seen.



PAINTINGS OF THE GREAT ARTISTS

Bring Distinction to Your Home

Mindful of the great interest in etchings and water colors, Woman's World has made an arrangement with the foremost foreign publishers for an exclusive presentation of eighteen of the greatest masterpieces of all time.

The pictures are romantic as to subjects and perfect as to technique, presenting many of the sacred and never-to-be-forgotten incidents and chapters in the struggle of civilization. All reproduced by a marvelous process which duplicates with perfect fidelity all of the exquisite values in the originals.

The frames in which they are shown are correct in every detail and present properly the priceless genius of Whistler, Brangwyn and Bonington.

WHISTLER and BRANGWYN ETCHINGS

Are the Ultimate Word in Art

Etchings are in greater demand at the present time, particularly in small rooms, than any other form of art—and practically all of the master etchers have first had to serve a long apprenticeship through other forms of art before attempting to etch.

The etching is done on a sheet of copper, coated with wax or varnish, by a sharp steel instrument. The hundreds of fine lines to achieve the shadows and high lights must be perfect or the result will lack expression.

The master etcher prints but a few proofs and then destroys the plate in order to secure a greater price for his work. The new aquatone reproductive printing on a gelatine plate defies the examination of the technical expert and liberates to the world—the artist's genius.

BONINGTON WATER COLORS

Are a Joy Forever

In the hands of the master, no form of painting presents the naturalness, softness and realism of nature's own colors better than water colors.

They give the impressionistic touch to the painter's craft, suggesting the charm of hidden depth and distance that grasps the imagination and touches the heart.

It is unquestionably true that good pictures do more than any other one thing in making a home of refinement and character.

With the etchings they are pictures that may be placed anywhere in the house and need only an appropriate grouping and setting to give character to any room.

All really great pictures exhibit the general habits of nature, manifested in some peculiar, rare and beautiful way.

—RUSKIN.

HOW TO HANG ETCHINGS AND WATER COLORS

An idea of the dignity of small appropriately framed etchings and water colors in the home is given in the two photographs. Pictures may be hung on plain or paneled walls and those covered with wall paper of small modest design.

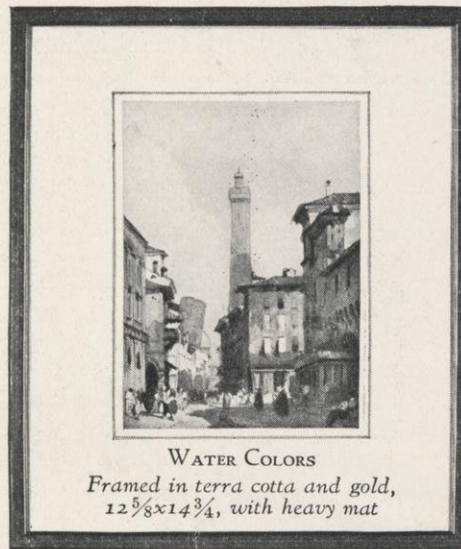


Frank Brangwyn

Brangwyn was born in Belgium in 1867 and is still active in the field of art. His first painting was exhibited by the Royal Academy when he was eighteen. His color work has been outstanding among all contemporaries and he stands today conceded by all authorities as the greatest living etcher.

His work is of great variety and virility and has included oil and water color paintings, illustrations and etchings. As one critic says, "This is no mere picture making. It is the very intensity of nature and of man's work in nature wrought into poetic expression."

Brangwyn's work commands the highest prices among all of his contemporaries with those who know and value etchings.



WATER COLORS

Framed in terra cotta and gold, 12⁵/₈ x 14³/₄, with heavy mat

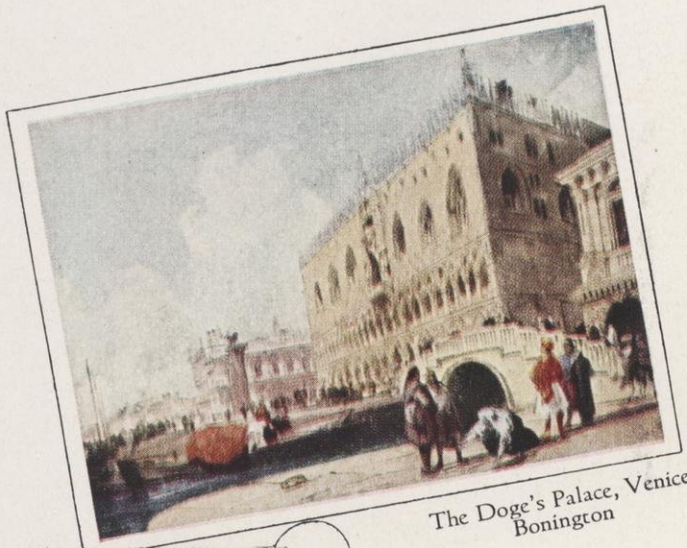
Richard Parkes Bonington

Bonington was born in Nottingham, England, in 1801. As a boy he lived in Calais, going to Paris to study art at the age of 19. In the brief space of seven years, he produced many exquisite works of the rarest conception and execution. One of the most sensitive and delicate colorists that ever lived, he was also in the front rank of draughtsmen, as the masterpieces which we present will testify.

To have a Bonington is to have a world's classic in water colors.

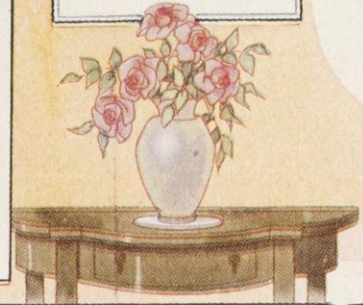
A PRESENTATION OF THE GREAT MASTERPIECES

BONINGTON'S WATER COLORS OF DELICACY, CHARM AND NATURALNESS



The Doge's Palace, Venice
Bonington

Saint Sophia, Constantinople—Brangwyn



The Storm in Picardy
Brangwyn

SIX FAMOUS WATER COLORS BY BONINGTON

The Doge's Palace, Venice. A painting of the dignified old eighth century palace which has housed a long line of Venetian rulers. The architecture and colorings are handled with masterly technique.

Cathedrale de Notre Dame, Rouen. The highest cathedral spire in France stands as a sentinel in splendid serenity and dignity above a union of shipping and architecture in this masterpiece.

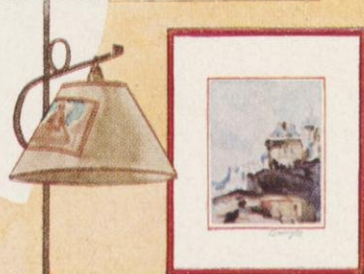
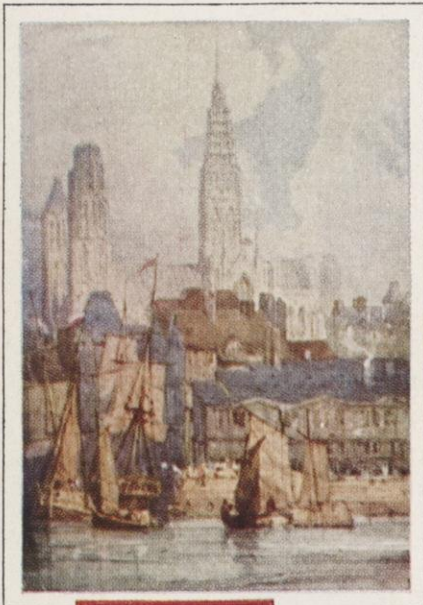
Quais and the Institut, Paris. Bonington is at his best in this superb painting of the celebrated Institut of Paris and the Quais on the River Seine. The cloud effects are most unusual and effective.

Sant' Ambrogio, Milan. This historic church built by Saint Ambrose in the fourth century is an inspired painting both in architectural perfection and the skill with which it depicts the human touch in the kneeling figures of the worshipers and choristers.

Fishing Boats, Normandy. That Bonington was a master of many styles is evidenced by the contrast between this lovely serene water color of the Normandy fishing boats and the awe-inspiring Cathedral of Sant' Ambrogio.

The Leaning Towers, Bologna. The rare color of the stonework in Italian cities, which has eluded many great painters, was always exquisitely handled by Bonington. The Leaning Towers, built in 1109 and 1110 A.D., are one of the wonders of the world.

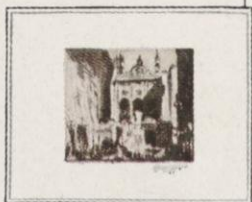
PICTURES OF GREAT DISTINCTION



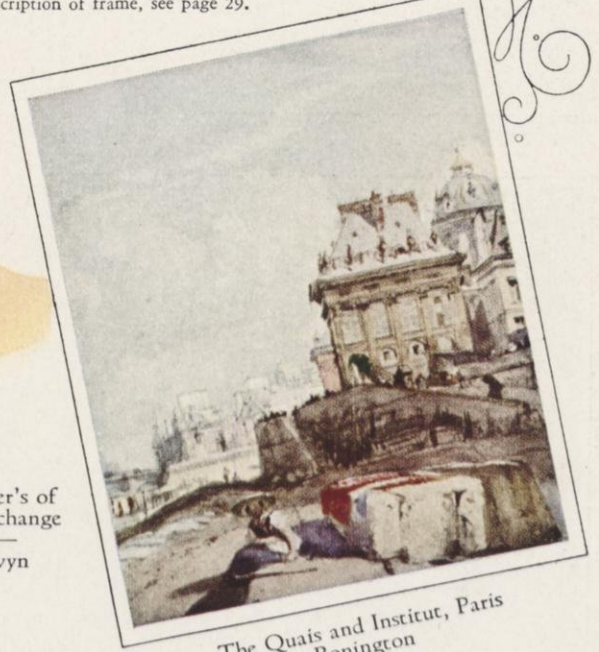
Each masterpiece is reproduced as large as possible to show detail. It is also shown in smaller size with suitable mat and frame. For description of frame, see page 29.



Cathedrale de Notre Dame
Rouen, France—
Bonington



St. Peter's of the Exchange
Genoa—
Brangwyn

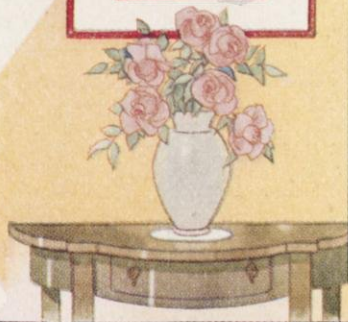


The Quais and Institut, Paris
Bonington

DEPICTING THE WONDERS OF THE OLD WORLD

BRANGWYN'S ETCHINGS OF DIGNITY, HUMAN INTEREST AND VIRILITY

The Church of Sant' Ambrogio, Milan—Bonington



Alcantara Bridge, Spain
Brangwyn

SIX NOTED ETCHINGS BY BRANGWYN

Saint Sophia, Constantinople. Brangwyn's etching of St. Sophia—the most glorious cathedral of modern Christendom—is an inspired masterpiece. It registers in art as "one of the great things of all time."

The Storm in Picardy. This was the first of Brangwyn's etchings to grip the imagination of the lovers of etchings. The contrast between the lights and shadows gives convincing proof of the artist's genius.

St. Peter's of the Exchange, Genoa. A sacerdotal procession is shown issuing from the ancient Genoa cathedral in the old seaport town in which Columbus, the discoverer of America, was born.

The Windmills, Dixmude. The majestic windmills of old Flanders lend a most picturesque background to the skittle match of the villagers. It gives a fascinating insight into the pastimes of the Belgians.

Alcantara Bridge, Spain. Brangwyn's genius has caught the flawless construction of one of the most beautiful bridges in the Old World, the scene of many sanguinary battles in the last 900 years. The atmosphere of old Spain in its finest mood.

The Boat Builders, Venice. Here is a masterpiece depicting one of the daily scenes in the life of the Venetians. The artist's execution of light and shade are beyond compare. Venetians and Venice have always been wedded to the sea. Brangwyn, a lover of the sea himself, gives a graphic picture of the home of the typical Venetian.

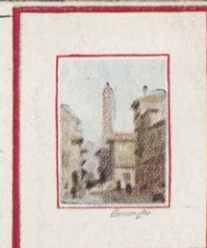
SUBJECTS OF HISTORIC INTEREST



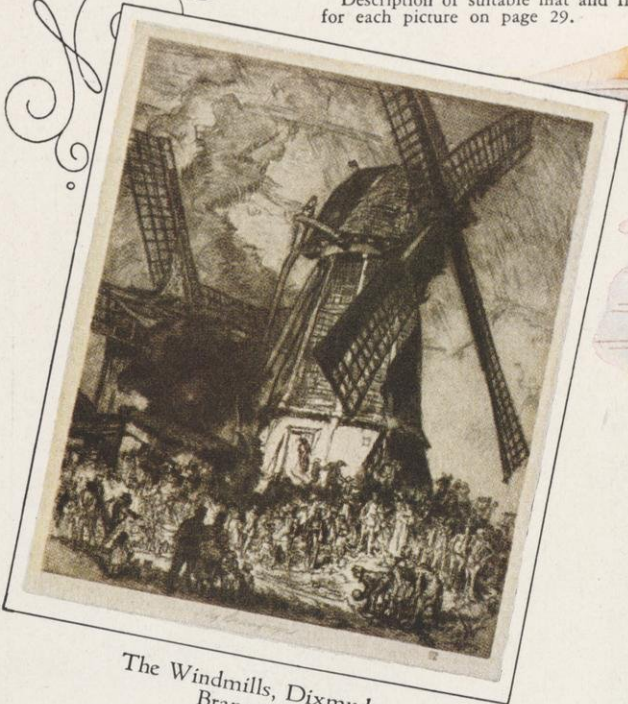
Fishing Boats—Bonington



The Leaning Towers Bologna—Bonington



Description of suitable mat and frame for each picture on page 29.



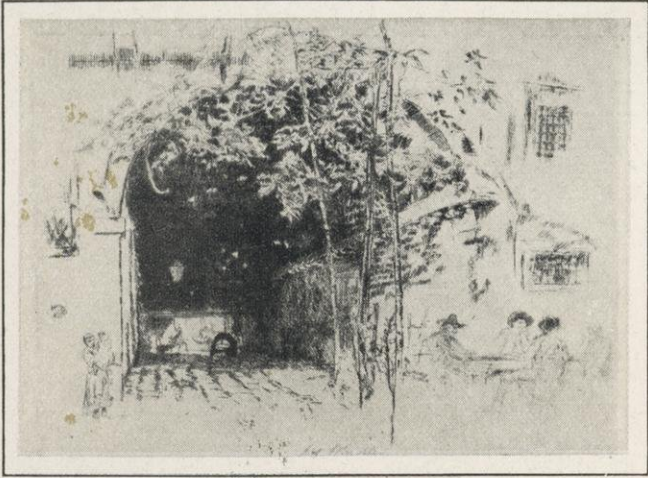
The Windmills, Dixmude
Brangwyn



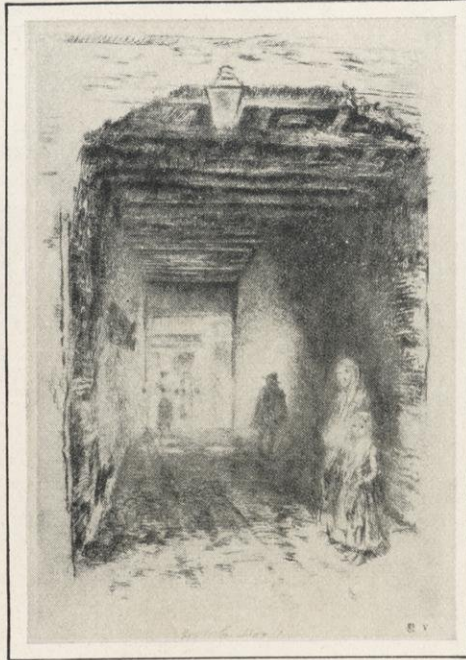
The Boat Builders, Venice
Brangwyn



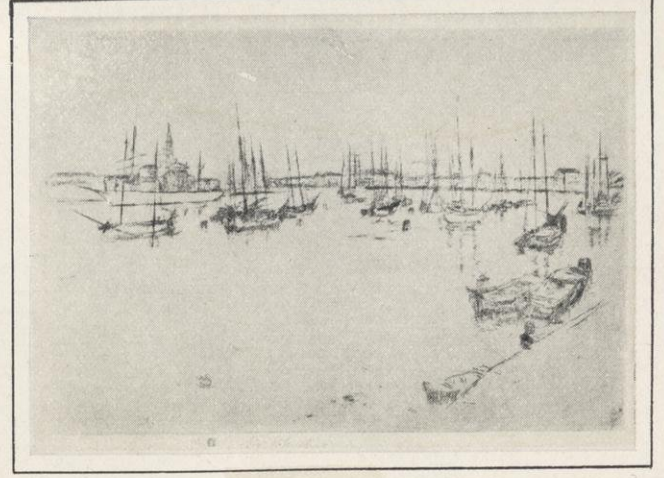
Additional information regarding the historic backgrounds of these masterpieces may be found on page 33



The Traghetto
Venice



The Beggars, Venice



San Giorgio
Venice



SIX ETCHINGS BY WHISTLER

Lovely Studies of Dreamy Old Venice

The Traghetto, Venice. Who but Whistler with his imaginative vision—his originality of conception—would have created such a thing of beauty out of a gondolier's shelter. This etching is one of the loveliest marvels of the etcher's art.

The Beggars, Venice. With what a wonderful witchery Whistler has focused the humble human interest of this subject. With what a poignancy has he idealized the vocation of those to whom fate has been unkind.

San Giorgio, Venice. The enchantment of a dreamy lagoon with its waters aglow with beautiful reflections of many Venetian craft appeals to every imagination. It is a marine par excellence.

Nocturne: Palaces, Venice. A marvelous picture of the beauty and mystery of the old Venetian palaces with romance lurking in the lights and shadows of their mystery.

The Balcony, Venice. With its fascinating facade, its magic casements, ready to be charmed, and a pervading romantic air that need not wait for the veils of night. It is the imagination and vision of a master etcher.

Battersea Bridge, London. Here Whistler has enthusiastically turned his etcher's needle to the pictorial enchantment of his beloved Thames, depicting the old Battersea Bridge—a fascinating touch of his genius.

For the Holiday Season

These masterpieces may provide a Christmas inspiration. They are the last word in artists, subjects and pictures appropriate for the best and the humblest home in the land.

The Genius of Whistler

IF REMBRANDT with his profoundly expressive humanity was the Shakespeare of etching, Whistler with his principle of beauty in magic utterance was the Keats, and though he revered Rembrandt as the supreme and inspiring master of the art, yet as Keats was confident that he would be with the English poets after his death, so Whistler, while he was creating his own masterpiece upon the copper, never doubted that his place as an etcher was already in Rembrandt's plane, if not beside him.

The auction rooms of two continents have confirmed Whistler's opinion, for the collector is today paying in three figures for single proofs of the original copies of these exquisite and romantic Venice etchings.

The Venice etchings of Whistler done in 1880 with their lyricism of expression—making lines and spaces seem to sing from print—have nothing to ask from praise of their enchanting visions of humble byways, silvery lagoons and backwaters, and stately mystic palaces. They represent an art triumphant which time will not wither nor age decay.

Making the Home Beautiful

NOWADAYS when good taste and custom have decreed that rugs and carpets be of dark figured patterns, with light neutral tinted plain or paneled walls, and walls papered with small indistinct figurations, pictures become of vital importance in the decoration of the home.

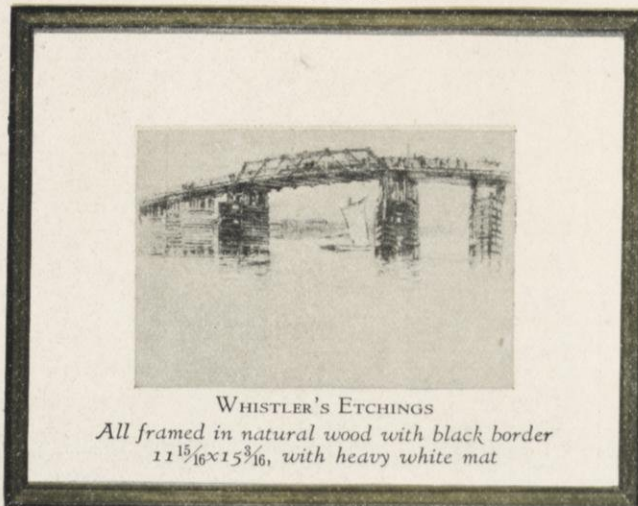
The appearance of the large picture in the small home is incongruous to the last degree, disturbing seriously the balance, proportion and composition of the furnishings in the room.

Etchings and water colors consequently have come into their own as never before, for like diamonds, they are always better taste and value if not too large, being judged by the brilliance of their technique or coloring. There is practically no wall in the house that they will not adorn and they invariably give the finest touch when arranged in groups of two, three or four pictures, as has been suggested in this presentation.

While these framed pictures are reproductions, they are by the marvelous permanent aquatone process which cannot be told from the originals.



Nocturne:
Palaces
Venice



Old Battersea Bridge, London



The
Balcony
Venice

WHISTLER'S ETCHINGS
All framed in natural wood with black border
11¹⁵/₁₆ × 15³/₁₆, with heavy white mat

Wonders of the World

THE HISTORIC SUBJECTS

Which have been immortalized by the genius of Whistler, Bonington and Brangwyn



A pictorial presentation of the great masters continued from pages 29, 30, 31 and 32

The Glory of the Old World

No matter how much we may love our America, the romance and mystery of the Old World have an irresistible attraction for all of us.

Our language, our habits, our manners, our customs, our ideas of life and many of our mental and physical characteristics have all been influenced by our Old World ancestors and surging through our veins today are the same hopes, ideals and ambitions that marked the lives of the medieval men and women who lived and struggled in the centuries which have gone before.

These wonders of the world pictured in this presentation of the great artists, Whistler, Bonington and Brangwyn, may bring back a flood of memories to you who have seen them or inspire in your heart the hope to pay a visit to them in days to come.

At any rate, the pictures of them cannot fail to be an inspiration to you and your family when they hang upon the walls of your home.

THE EDITORS.

The Scene of Bonington's Water Colors

The Leaning Towers of Bologna. Bologna is a city of Emilia, Italy. The leaning towers of the Torre Aimelli and the Torre Garisenda date from 1109 and 1110 respectively and are among the city's remarkable structures. They are of square brick construction, the former 320 feet in height and 4 feet out of the perpendicular and the latter 163 feet high and 10 feet out of the perpendicular.

The Quais and Institut, Paris. The houses of Paris nowhere abut directly on the river banks, which are protected by broad embankments or quays. At the foot of these lie many quays for the handling of goods.

The Palais de l'Institut dates from 1800. It is the seat of the Academies and the Bureau of Longitudes, the great national astronomical council.

The Doge's Palace, Venice. The office of doge was first instituted in 700 A.D. About 1000 A.D. the Venetian cities determined it would be more honorable to be under dukes than tribunes. So the several tribunes were replaced by a single official called a doge, who became the head of the whole state. One of the principal duties of the doge was to celebrate the symbolic marriage of Venice with the sea. This was done by casting a precious ring from the state ship, the "Bercentaur," into the Adriatic Sea. This ceremony was first performed by Doge Pietro Orseolo II.

The Cathedral of Notre Dame, Rouen. In Rouen, the ancient capital of Normandy, is the Cathedral of Notre Dame. This superb church was built on the site of a former cathedral which was destroyed by fire in 1200 A.D. The spire surmounting the central tower is 485 feet high—the highest in France. The square southern tower, the Tour de Beurre, is so named because funds for its building were given in return for permission to eat butter in Lent.

Sant' Ambrogio, Milan. Milan is a city of Lombardy in Italy. In this cathedral, built by Saint Ambrose, a bishop of Milan in the fourth century, Saint Ambrose baptized Saint Augustine and closed the doors of the church against the Emperor Theodosius after the massacre of Thessalonica. Here the Lombard kings and the early German emperors caused themselves to be crowned with the iron crown of Lombardy. It has perhaps the most perfectly preserved atrium in existence. In the church there are many carvings illustrating the life of David.

The Scene of Brangwyn's Etchings

Saint Sophia, Constantinople. The Cathedral of Saint Sophia, Constantinople, the most glorious cathedral in modern Christendom, was built by Justinian the Great. It was founded in 532 A.D. and dedicated on Christmas Day, 538 A.D. On a large scale and in magnificent

style, it combines the attractive features of a basilica with all the glory of an edifice crowned by a dome. It has a stately hall—235 feet north and south by 250 feet east and west, divided by two piers and eight columns on either hand into nave and aisles, with an apse at the eastern end, and galleries on the other sides.

The walls of the cathedral are reveted with marbles of various hues and patterns arranged to form beautiful designs. There are forty columns on the ground floor and sixty in the galleries crowned with beautiful capitals in which the monograms of the Emperor Justinian and the Empress Theodosia are inscribed.

Windmills, Dixmude. Dixmude is a quiet little town of Flanders in Belgium settled in the sixteenth century. In and around Dixmude are enshrined some of the chief memories of Belgian valor in the beginning of the world war in 1914.

The Storm, on a Road in Picardy. Picardy is one of the old provinces of France. Some of its chief towns are Amiens, Laon, Soissons, Montdidier, St. Quentin and Noyon, historic for the sanguinary battles in the recent world war.

The Picardy towns since the thirteenth century have always been noted for their love of independence, which brought them into collision with the early French kings.

Picardy has a high place as a home of Gothic art, as evidenced by the superb cathedrals of Amiens and Noyon.

St. Peter's of the Exchange, Genoa. Genoa is the chief port of Liguria, Italy, from which Columbus, a Genoese mariner, sailed on his voyage of discovery of America in 1492.

This ancient church shows a mixture of the French Romanesque and the Pisan style—basilicas with transepts and a small dome, the pillars being of ancient columns of alternate black and white marble.

St. Peter's was built in imitation of Bramanti's plan for St. Peter's at Rome, as it was then being executed by Michelangelo.

The Alcantara Bridge. Alcantara is an ancient town of western Spain, seven miles from the Portuguese frontier. It owes its name to the bridge, which spans the Tagus. This was originally built about 105 A.D. in honor of the Roman Emperor Trajan and at a cost of eleven Lusitanian communities. It is constructed of granite blocks without cement and consists of six arches with a total length of 616 feet and a height of about 190 feet in the middle piers.

The Boat Builders, Venice. The Oriental maritime trade of Venice was her chief source of standing and power in Europe in the early days, but since 1486, when Diaz discovered the Cape route to the Indies, the stream of traffic has been diverted from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic and her commercial prestige has greatly suffered. Her trade then passed to the Portuguese, the Dutch and the English.

The Scene of Whistler's Etchings

Venice, Italy. On a group of mud banks about the middle of the lagoon of Venice stands the city of Venice. The soil is oozy mud which can only be made capable of carrying buildings by the artificial means of pile driving. There is no land fit for agriculture or the rearing of cattle, yet the groups of islands called Rialto in the Mid Venetian lagoon were first the asylum and then the magnificent and permanent home of a race that took a prominent part in the medieval history of Europe.

The conveyances on the canals of Venice, which take the place of taxis of other cities, are the gondolas, flat-bottomed boats some 30 feet long and 4 to 5 feet wide. The gondolier stands on a "poppa" at the stern and propels the gondola by a single oar.

Battersea Bridge.

This Battersea Bridge, so wonderfully depicted by Whistler, spanned the Thames in London for over a century, being closed in 1881.



"WHEN IT RAINS IT POURS"

Even in rainy weather Morton's Iodized Salt refuses to lump, cake or harden. That's because it's made with cube-shaped crystals which tumble off one another instead of sticking together like the flake crystals of inferior table salts.

Remember, too, that when you use Morton's Iodized Salt you protect your children from simple goiter! Morton Salt Company, Chicago.

"We're no longer happy, Mother!"



FOR some time the young wife had realized that things were changing between herself and her husband. They went out rarely; they did not enjoy the companionship they had at first. They were drifting apart.

Why?

So often the answer lies in the wife's neglect—or more often misunderstanding—of the delicate part of her toilette called feminine hygiene. Yet no woman need misunderstand. "Lysol" Disinfectant has been the unquestioned standard for this purpose for 40 years. It is dangerous to use new, untried preparations. Buy a bottle of "Lysol" Disinfectant today. The directions which come with each bottle are simple and explicit, and they are easy to follow.

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What Would a Stranger Do?

(Continued from page 17)

was advertising for her in the newspaper, threatening her with detectives! Jessie shuddered. If she were suspected of something, how Jeff would hate the cheap notoriety! And how he would despise her! More, he might use it against her, prove her unfit to care for the children.

Jessie Severance burned that section of the paper. She dressed with great care, from shining smooth waves of dark hair to shining slippers.

"At least," she told herself, "I want to look nice, no matter what happens."

She could not look for a position tonight. She must see about this other—this thing like a threat out of the shadows. She must convince herself that she was not involved, or, if she were indeed the luckless one, she must avert any disgusting notoriety. Jessie got Grandma Burns to sit in the Severance living-room while the children slept, and then, running lightly down the street, hurried into the business section of the town. The printing office was still open. She stepped into the noisy place and spoke to the bevisored man who approached her inquiringly, "I'd like the name and address of the person who had a blind ad in the evening paper—to Jessie. I have information."

"Just a minute!" responded the man heartily. He walked back into the farther room, returned with an encouraging nod. "John Barrington-Hall," he said, "Hilton Block. Second floor."

"Barrington-Hall!" she repeated stupidly. "I thought—why—I . . ."

"Rich man," the other enlightened her. "Chain of stores in Seattle."

Jessie looked dazed and dumb, but she was being illuminated within. So that was where she got the name! She had thought she was making it up, when she had only dipped down into a subconscious storehouse. Frantic and worried as she had been in Seattle, she had stared unseeing at that name glittering above stores here

and there. Stared unseeing, and then like a fool used it. To write letters to!

Her letters . . . Had he got her letters? Her face burned with humiliation.

The Hilton Block was dark, but, as she turned the corner, she saw a light on the second floor. She ran lightly up the marble stairs, knocked on the door that bade one plainly Walk In, and waited.

A man's voice called, "Come!" But Jessie stood, not moving. She dared not touch the knob.

Steps approached. The door opened and a big, fat fellow with a face like an old baby's looked at her with little hazel eyes whose kindly approval changed as he gazed to a warmer feeling.

"Good evening, ma'am," he said.

"Are you—are you Mr. Barrington-Hall?" Jessie asked in a hoarse little voice.

He nodded, prepared to speak, but she rushed on, "I've come about that ad," she admitted desperately. "I—"

Light shone from the big fellow. "Jessie!" he murmured reverently. "Are you Jessie?" But he was so sure he did not wait for an answer. He took her hand, led her into the office, the while he told someone within, in a high, glad voice, "Here's the lady now! Man! Man! Here's the little lady I was telling you about!"

Jessie drew back, embarrassed. Her shy eyes looked beyond his ardent glance. She stared, blinked rapidly, and looked again. It was! It was Jeff there, sitting by the desk in the middle of the big, bare room.

He looked at her, too, and did not smile. He stood up, stiff and white-looking.

"Didn't you say the lady was a widow?" he asked strangely.

Mr. Barrington-Hall coughed deprecatingly, apologetically. "Ah, I told you the little lady had just lost her husband."

Jeff laughed, but it was a queer, unnatural laugh, and came toward her. "Well," he said casually, "I guess your

(Continued on page 57)

What a College Girl Ought to Know

(Continued from page 20)

cisms. She could unsettle a whole tableful of girls in about three minutes.

Jane was a sort of intellectual naughty child. She got the attention she craved by putting herself in the way, even if she had to make you stumble over her. Second, she liked to make people a little uncomfortable because it gave her a feeling of power over them.

Don't let such girls "get a rise out of you," as Jane puts it. Remembering that they are not fishing for honest, give-and-take opinions, but for attention which flatters them, listen politely, if you have to, and let it pass in one ear and out the other, as we say.

There will be girls whom you do not like. Of course. And equally, of course, there will be girls who don't like you. That is only natural. Their responses are built up from their family life, their whole social setting, and it will may be

that the stimuli you offer bring about responses that are unpleasant to them.

You can't help that. The important thing for you is that you do not let it make you unhappy. It is for you and you alone to determine whether or not you shall be happy. You are the one who has to learn happy responses. No one can do it for you.

You have to pay for friendship some way. That is, you in your turn must be a stimulus. Make this stimulus rich and wholesome and you will never lack friends.

But, you say, in all this giving and receiving of stimulus in friendship, is there nothing of sentiment, of emotion? Yes, indeed! It is a cold friendship if there is no warmth of feeling in it. But emotion must have a letter by itself. Of that I will write next time.

Most affectionately yours,
SHARLE TRACY.

Quilted Pillows with Tapestry Pictures

English Village



IN THE center of the top of this very pretty rayon-taffeta pillow is a tapestry picture which is first embroidered on open-mesh canvas with floss, then stitched in place on the pillow in a border of quilting made with double rows of simple running stitches which also go around the edge of the pillow. The pillow measures 11½ by 14½ inches.



The English Village pillow may be of orchid, rose, green or gold rayon-taffeta. The picture which is embroidered in natural colors is the same for pillows of all colors, and it is shown in detail at the right. The picture measures 3½ by 5 inches.

Pillows, stamped flat, with pictures and floss, \$1.00 each, may be obtained from Woman's World, Chicago.

On the Wings of Noel

(Continued from page 5)

the air, he could think. Things assumed their correct proportions; values shifted . . . He was dog-tired—too tired for safe flying. Still, he had to go. His mother would sit up all night, waiting. He had tried to telephone and telegraph about the dance, but there had been an ice storm; country wires were down and it had been impossible to get a message through.

A gallant, patient woman, his mother. What a thoroughbred she was! Never a reproach, never foolish womanish words of fear and caution. She trusted him, believed in him, gloried in his ambition to be a pioneer in the air. Gosh! If Bette could only know her! But, he mustn't think about Bette! It made him crazy. Maybe he would never see her again. Did a fellow ever get over a thing like this? Could he go on caring about anything else?

A clear, bright, cold night. Excellent for a landing. Twelve o'clock, one, one-thirty. Making good time, all right. That huddle of dark buildings with a faint light or two was Elmwood. Five miles more, bearing to left. The old Bates place—all dark, everyone in bed. Two miles more . . .

HOME. The old pasture, level, smooth, frozen. Down with her! Gently, evenly! Pretty work, if he did say so!

After a moment, he climbed out stiffly, with great effort, and looked about. Sure enough, there was a light in the south window. And now, as he ran heavily forward, a door was flung open and a woman's figure was outlined against a glowing fire. She stood quietly waiting. He tried to shout, but his voice was only a croak from weariness and cold. Somehow, he covered the distance, stumbled up the steps—then, with sudden renewal of strength, he gathered the woman in his arms and lifted her clear of the floor.

"Mother—"
"I knew you would come! I knew you would come!" she whispered, fighting down her sobs.

He set her down gently and closed the door. "Come? Well, I should hope to shout! Gee, mom—this is great!"

The woman with calm eyes and proudly held head laid her hands on his shoulders. "Let me look at you! Think where you have been—what you have done!" Her face quivered, but she controlled herself quickly and smiled. "I knew you would succeed! Come to the fire. You are the trested human I ever saw. And you have your hungry look. Hannah has gone to bed, but I have sandwiches and coffee ready for you. After you eat, you must sleep until noon, at least."

A door had opened behind them. Dick turned and saw—thought he saw—Bette! Bette, standing there gazing at them. He stared at the vision—then swept a hand across his eyes. "I'm all right, mother!" he gasped. "I'm all right, I tell you! It's the strain and cold and everything! Makes me think I'm seeing things—"

His mother's amused chuckle gave him courage to look again. It was Bette, indeed. Her green eyes were shining like jewels in the firelight—shining straight at him. Her hair was tumbled from her pillow and her lips curved in a smile in-

effably sweet. She wore a long warm robe over her pyjamas, and her little feet were snug in fur slippers.

"She's real, Rich," his mother said. "I told you he'd come, child!" she added triumphantly.

Her wise glance went from the bemused girl to the dazed boy and she murmured, "I'll bring the coffee!"

They did not hear her. They did not know she had gone. For a long moment, they stood there, a picture of arrested life; of still, beautiful youth.

He crossed the room swiftly, lifted her as he had lifted his mother, and put her down in a big chair before the fire. Then he dropped down on the rug and stared at her unbelievably. He tried to speak, but failed utterly.

It was Bette who first found her voice, "Oh, Dickie—I've been such a nut!"

"You're here—here!" he said huskily.

"Bette—what does it mean?"
She stroked his weary, weathered face with a cold, shaking little hand. "You are here—that is what matters, Dick! Listen, Dick—I came to see your mother once before—while you were on your flight. I wanted to know her—to comfort her, if she were frightened. Frightened—your mother! She's not like that! I adored her. I made her promise not to tell you I had come. Then, when you came back—and were so lauded and feted . . . You see, I thought you were staying on to be praised and patted on the back—that you were not coming home to her—that you would have let her wait—and wait—"

Dick sat back and blinked. "You thought I wasn't coming home for Christmas? You thought I'd let all that whoopee keep me away? Well, for—"

"I told you I was a nut! I made up my mind I'd come here, myself—if only to tell her about everything. You see—I've never had anything like this. I don't remember my father and mother at all. Uncle David is good to me and fond of me in his own way—but it's the way he's fond of his houses and ships and horses and all the rest. I'm just one of his exhibits. I knew—when I came here the other time—that this was the real thing—the great thing that I had missed. Somehow—it meant everything to me that you should know it, too! I've never had a story book sort of Christmas in my life. And the thought of your staying on at Chad—to dance—while your mother—"

HER voice broke, but she went on, "So I—had Parker drive to the nearest airport. He drives a plane as well as a car. We came to Elmwood two hours ahead of you."

"Well—I'll—be—darned! You know," he told her gravely, "you'd make a good wife for some smart young pilot!"

A log burned through and fell, sending a shower of sparks high into the night. A fussy clock in the corner chimed two sharp strokes. From the kitchen came the subdued clink of china and crystal and the fragrance of delicious coffee and browned toast.

"Yes?" Bette said softly. "Tell me more about that!"

Forty Rooms—Forty Baths

(Continued from page 19)

the Smithers machine has at last been smashed.

"In this job the exposures of the 'Bulletin' played a great part, but just as it was a young woman who started it all, so it was the women of Bienville who really deserve the credit for throwing the monkey wrench into the nicely oiled machinery of the Smithers organization."

And with that opening, Stephen Harrison had gone on for four columns revealing to the world, and to Patricia for the first time, the whole inside story of a small town's political and economic slavery to its local magnates. A slavery which, as the story showed, had been accompanied by dozens of other such business experiences as Rob Chambers had gone through.

Patricia finished the story with a cat-full-of-canary expression. Then she saw the other story marked with Stephen's blue pencil:

DAUGHTER OF BANKER ELOPES WITH BONIFACE

Miss Dorothy Smithers in Runaway Match with Robert Chambers, Proprietor of Loiter Inn

She lay back in her chair and laughed. "The poor simp," she chuckled. "If he'd done that when he started the hotel business, it would have saved Stephen and me a lot of work. Stephen is a dear. He rallies around something grand. A good husband for some nice girl—I might even be the girl myself. He's only twenty-four, though, and twenty-four is so young and immature."

She took out of her handbag a crumpled telegram and reread it:

MISS PATRICIA ALDEN SCHUYLER ARMS MONROE IF YOU CAN'T KEEP OUT OF PAPERS WILL HAVE TO RAISE SALARY AGAIN FORTY FIVE AFTER THIS WEEK WHO'S YOUR PRESS AGENT GORDON BRUCE

"But you take a man of forty—" Patricia didn't finish the sentence. Instead she put the telegram back in her bag and began taking off her dress.

"Keep your mind on business, Pat," she advised herself. "And the business of the moment is a bath."

"I simply must have me bawth."

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There's luck in that teaspoon, lady!



But no! It isn't luck—it's science. . . Calumet's Double-Action!

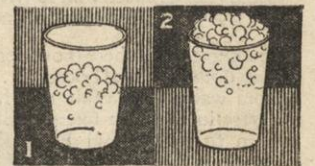
ONLY one level teaspoon of Calumet Baking Powder to each cup of sifted flour . . . Such a small ingredient. So inexpensive. But what wonders it performs! . . . For Calumet is scientifically made of exactly the right ingredients in exactly the right proportions to produce perfect leavening action. *Double-Action.*

Calumet's first action takes place in the mixing bowl. It starts the leavening. Then, in the oven, a second action begins. A steady, even rising swells through the batter—literally props it up while the oven heat does its work. There's the secret of the airy lightness, the delicate texture, of Calumet cakes and quick breads.

Your biscuits are feather-light—your cakes fluffy and beautiful. Perfect baking from Calumet—even though you may not be able to regulate your oven temperature perfectly.

All baking powders are required by law to be made of pure, wholesome ingredients. But not all are alike in their action. Not all will give you equally fine results in your baking. Calumet's remarkable double-action has made it the most popular baking powder in the world.

Bake a Calumet cake today. Use only one level teaspoon of Calumet to a cup of flour—the usual Calumet proportion for best results. A real economy, too. Mail the coupon for the new Calumet Baking Book.



MAKE THIS TEST

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.

CALUMET The Double-Acting Baking Powder...



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Please send me, free, a copy of The Calumet Baking Book.

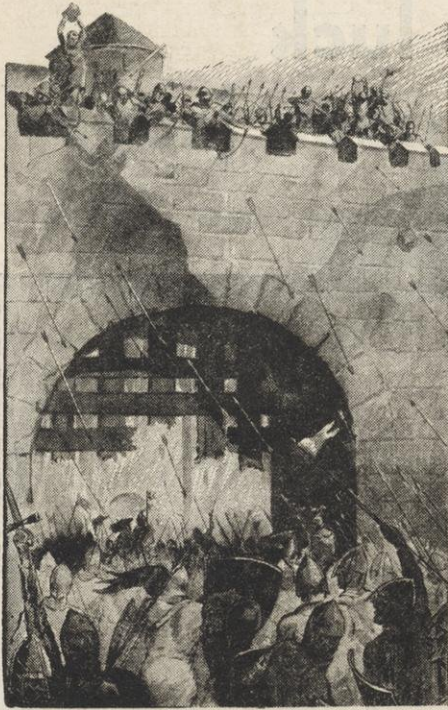
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C.—W. W.—12-29

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A Thousand Tons of Stone

but not one ounce of protection

WALLS bristle with armaments. Every buttressed salient speaks of mighty strength . . . protection.

But grim stone resounds to the tread of the conquerors who swarm through the broken gate—the one vulnerable point that renders the ponderous barriers of stone utterly useless. The impressive height of the sheer wall is without avail . . . it is protection that does not protect.

In a grave vault there is one consideration that outbalances all others . . . protection from water. Any vault that fails in this protection is like a fortress with the gate open to the enemy! Impressive beauty means nothing if, because of unsuitable material or weakness in construction, there is one single spot through which water may enter.

The Clark Vault has attained its nationwide leadership by providing dependable protection. To this end it is constructed of the finest special 12 gauge Armco Ingot Iron or Keystone Copper Steel. Metal alone is impervious to water.

It is designed on the principle of the diving bell. Water cannot get into the Clark Grave Vault. Each Clark carries a 50-year guaranty.

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

Blue Heaven

(Continued from page 10)

repeated softly. "Please, please—forgive me."

He held out his hand. She did not take it. She did not know why. She wanted to take his face between her two hands and kiss away the trouble in his eyes. Instead, she said hurriedly, "Goodby," and hastened away.

Maizie lay awake a long time that night, going over and over again the happenings of the evening. She could no more understand her own actions than she could those of Jimmy Gilmore. What had happened? What explanation was there for his erratic shiftings from gaiety to silence and then to animated but impersonal conversation? And that moment when she had let him kiss her—when she had wanted him to kiss her! Should all other things be taken from her, she would ask to keep the memory of that moment. His tears—he was not the kind of man with whom one associated tears—she loved him for those tears. Whatever they meant, they meant something real. Most puzzling of all—his asking to be forgiven. Had he thought her angry because he had kissed her? She had said nothing because she could not speak, choked with wonder, with happiness. But he had thought her the kind of girl who would be angry! For that girl were the tears and the apology! What if he knew she had deliberately gone there to see him, had wanted him to touch her hand, to kiss her?

Her face burned, her whole body burned in an agony of shame. And she had not been ashamed before—not at all. It had seemed right, beautiful, good! She had thought that he felt as she felt. But he was better than she was! And she had been so sure of her own goodness. Was there no trusting the feeling within one as to what was right or wrong? How then could one know?

She had felt that it would be wrong to let Malcolm Burr kiss her. Malcolm Burr had not liked or respected her for it. He had never come back again. And now she felt that even Mats would be horrified if she knew of this evening's escapade. The young man himself had begged for forgiveness! She could not trust herself. She was one of those unimpaired creatures who cannot tell good from evil!

SHE went to the bathroom, bathed her hot face in cold water, sat on the edge of the tub, shivering, afraid to go back to bed lest Mats might wake and ask her what was the matter.

She did not know what kind of a person she was! And she had been so utterly happy. One could not trust happiness, then. That was why the very good were usually so sad. One of the matrons of the Home had been like that. The children had not liked her. It was from her that Maizie had acquired most of her ideas of right and wrong.

Now she felt a sudden sympathy for those "bad girls" whose gaiety and care-free ways on park benches, in hallways, at the movies, she had once so scorned. She had acted exactly like one of them. If they felt no worse than she had felt, were they so "bad" after all? Was it only what others thought of you that made a thing good or bad? She did not know. But she must never go back to that store again. Must never let him know she was not the kind of girl he had thought her.

Another problem presented itself to Maizie when the new dress arrived. Mats was, of course, interested and curious.

"I like it!" she exclaimed. "Aren't you getting extravagant! Looks like a trousseau or something. Where'd you get it?"

"Same place I got the brown one." Maizie tried to be casual, her eyes averted. But there was no escaping Mats.

"So? And did the same exuberant young man sell it to you?"

Maizie's face grew red in spite of her desperate effort to keep it from doing so. But she could not share her secret, not in

this way, not with Mats amused and cynical. Mats had no right to pry.

"There was another man there—ugly little Jew. It's a real bargain, though, don't you think?"

Maizie was appalled at the glibness with which she had told this falsehood—made this deliberate attempt to deceive, at any rate. This was wrong. But better to suffer the torturing of her own conscience than to have her secret torn from her. That would be agony indeed.

If she could only have said boldly, "Yes, he waited on me. What of it?" As Mats would have done. These sure, fearless ones who dared to be honest, whose consciences never troubled them, who were not whirled this way and that with every doubt, fear, uncertainty. But she could not be like Mats.

MAIZIE had had a forlorn little hope that there might be some message in the box with the dress, just a word on the tag, on the sales slip. It would have been so easy. But there was nothing. Every day began with the thought that there might be word from him. He had her

CHRISTMAS GIVING

By ANNE SUTHERLAND

THE Little Missus is a very orderly person by nature. She has a smart bronze shoe scraper at the door, and she folds up my morning paper just so. All but Christmas time. Then you never knew such a hurricane as hits our house and how calmly the Little Missus takes it. Tails of red ribbon in the laundry basket, seals in the pin tray, wrapping paper on the pantry floor, nothing brings a furrow to her brow. In fact, I think she likes it, for she lets a sweet untidiness muss up her pretty face, too, and tears and loves and dimples play havoc with its usual bright serenity.

One year, on economy bent, we swore off Christmas giving. But the house looked so sober and the Little Missus' eyes so hungry and the money had such a guilty feeling in our purses that we put away that dud of a resolution and never took it out again. And now we save and anticipate all the year round and have one really dreadful perspiring evening of wrapping presents, and when it is all done, Uncle Thomas and the minister's new baby, mine, hers, young John's and the milk boy's, we smile wearily at each other and avoid mention of the budget.

But then, you remember, Christmas was made, first made, with high faith, in an empty stable!

name and address. If she had meant anything to him, he would surely write.

After more than a week had gone by, she was forced to admit bitterly that what had seemed a tremendous event to her had been to him but a trivial incident. He did not care any more than Malcolm Burr had cared. Perhaps it was just his way with all girls—his "line." How she hated that word. Or, perhaps, and it was strange this appalling thought had never occurred to her before—perhaps he was already engaged or married!

Gradually she sank back again into the old monotonous way that had neither past nor future. And then, one day, the letter came. It was scrawled in a big, generous, boyish hand:

"Dear Miss Montgomery: Please may I see you and talk to you? I've tried a dozen times to write to you, but it's no good. I can't get it down on paper. I want to explain, if I can, about the other night. I want to—well, I want to see you. Won't you let me come to your house Sunday some time? That's the only day I have off. Write me or phone me—Please.

Sincerely,
"JIMMY GILMORE."

Maizie wrote him that she would meet him at the park near her rooming house at five o'clock on Sunday. Her note was very prim and formal. It was well he could not see the beating of her heart as she wrote it, or the color that burned in her cheeks.

Mats must not know. How to get away from her was a problem to be solved. Maizie had never been clever at plotting. She hoped that some kind fate would take a hand in the solution.

When Sunday came at last, she cleaned her room, washed her hair, manicured her nails, prepared the Sunday dinner as usual. But she could not eat, her mind desperately groping for some plan.

"What's the matter?" asked Mats so sharply that Maizie flushed guiltily. "You aren't eating and you look as if you had fever. You've worked too hard this morning."

Maizie let it go at that, saying nothing. "How about a movie this afternoon?"

Maizie looked up eagerly. Here was the way out. "I—I have a sort of headache. I think I'll lie down for a little while. But you go, Mats. Please do!"

Mats made no answer. But when the dishes were done, she took a magazine and curled up on the couch in the little living-room.

Maizie, on the bed of the other room, watched the clock and waited, growing more and more impatient—desperate, at last. She rose and bathed her face, put on the dark blue suit she had not yet worn. Finally she entered the room where Mats lay.

"I—I'm going for a little walk. I'll be back pretty soon."

Mats sat up, yawning. "Wait a minute. I'll go with you."

Maizie stood speechless, her hand upon the door knob, caught, helpless. It would spoil everything to have Mats along; yet she could not tell her she did not want her!

Mats was searching about under the couch for a misplaced shoe. She looked up quickly as Maizie did not answer, then she crossed and put a hand upon the younger girl's shoulder, her eyes upon the white, anxious face.

"What's the trouble, honey? Why don't you spit it out—tell me to mind my own business or something. I'm not a grandma wolf—I won't eat you. Something's been on your mind for a week or more."

Maizie broke under the sympathy that lay beneath this rough directness. "I—I couldn't tell you. You didn't like him—the boy in the store. He wanted to come here. I—I promised to meet him in the park."

"This—Jimmy fellow?"

"Gilmore's his name. I—I did see him again. I—"

"I haven't anything against him except that he seemed too fresh and at the same time too—too— And he's only a clerk in a cheap little store. He probably doesn't make twenty dollars a week. But that's your affair. Run along. And you'd better bring him home to supper."

Maizie's chin quivered. She buried her face against that firm, confident shoulder. "I couldn't do without you, Mats. I'd have died without you."

"Oh, I guess not. But I wish you'd feel you could talk to me—about anything."

MAIZIE'S heart was lighter than it had been for days. Her feet kept time with her heart, almost running the two blocks to the park. She was late, but he was still waiting on the secluded bench she had indicated in her note. His hat was pulled low over his eyes; his jaw had a set look, his hands clenched tightly in front of him. He did not see her at first, then he sprang up, jerking off his hat, smiling, eager, yet shy. How nice he looked, Maizie thought, nice gray eyes, nice brown face—the kind of face one liked instinctively and trusted. How could Mats have been mistaken, think him "fresh"?

(Continued on page 37)

Blue Heaven

(Continued from page 36)

"I was afraid maybe you'd decided not to come."

"I—I was delayed. I'm—I'm sorry." The words came jerkily. It was difficult to breathe. What was it that he had to tell her? "I—I ran." She laughed, confused, unable to meet his eager glance.

"You shouldn't have run! Sit down."

He sat beside her, his hat still in his hands. "It's nice here," he said, taking in a deep breath, lifting his head. "Like the country almost. See how green the trees are getting already. And the lilacs. We have 'em all over the place at home—regular trees they are."

He chatted on in that cheerful, hurried way, as if he were trying to hide something, trying not to say what he really wanted to say. Finally it came:

"I—I wanted to tell you that—that I'm not the kind of a fellow you must be thinking I am. I mean, I don't act like that. I never have, anyway. I felt like a cad afterward, and yet I—I don't know—"

HE STOPPED. Maizie came bravely to his rescue. "It was my fault, too. And I'm not that kind of a girl, either—or I didn't think I was—"

"Of course you're not! I knew that. That's why I thought you'd hate me—"

"But I didn't," said Maizie very softly. He gave a deep sigh of relief. "That makes everything all right then!"

Suddenly he frowned with that troubled look she had seen before, his eyes downcast, his hands fumbling nervously with his hat. "I—I just wanted you to know that I—that I didn't mean anything by it."

Maizie sat very still. She felt cold, miserable. Didn't mean anything—didn't mean anything—She wanted to laugh. She wanted to jump up and run away. She wanted to say something to hurt him as she had been hurt. Instead, she heard herself saying quietly, "Of course not!" But she did manage to get to her feet.

"You're not going!" He stood up, alarm in his voice, his hand out as if to detain her.

Her pride wilted before the entreaty in those earnest gray eyes.

"My roommate, the girl who came with me to the store, said for me to bring you back for supper if you'd care to come."

"Would I! Say, I was just thinking, sitting here before you came, that I hadn't had a good home-cooked meal since I left the old place!"

So that was what he had been thinking sitting there, waiting for her! It occurred to her suddenly that she did not yet know whether or not he was married. She walked rather stiffly away and kept a safe distance between them.

But he did not seem to notice her silence nor her coldness. He talked on easily of this and that—his home in a little town down-state; his mother, what a good sport she was, what pals they had been, how she hated to come away and leave her alone.

"I don't remember Dad at all. There aren't any brothers and sisters—just Mom."

Of course he was not married! And he was the right sort of a boy—Maizie knew that. But she still felt hurt, lonely, resentful—she did not know why.

Jimmy was in high spirits from the moment he entered the little living-room and greeted Mats with his wide, ingenuous grin. "Gee!" he said delightedly, "this is the most home-like place I've got into since I left my own home."

"She's responsible," Mats looked at Maizie. "She's also the cook. I'm not domestically inclined."

Maizie went toward the little "kitchen" behind the screen.

"Let me help," said Jimmy. "Mom lets me sometimes. I'm pretty good, really."

Maizie would rather he stayed with Mats. But Mats got an apron, tied it about him and pushed him toward the screen. "I hope you are—good," she said.

Jimmy laughed. "Now, what did she mean by that?"

"There's no telling what Mats means by anything."

He stood grinning down at her, arms akimbo. "What can I do?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

Maizie looked up at him. Their glances met, and as they had done that night at the dance, that evening at the store. It

was a breathless moment. Anything might have happened then. But nothing did.

"I think," said Maizie, "you'd better set the table. It's in the other room. Mats will show you where things are."

She drew in her breath sharply when he had gone. Her heart was light once more, the blood warm in her veins.

He did not look at her at all during the supper. Mats kept him talking. He was going to school, taking a course in book-keeping and accounting. Nights and Saturdays he worked for Weisberg's Ready-to-Wear. He'd gone to college one year. It was great, but that one year had eaten up all the money he and his mother had been able to get together through many years of scrimping and saving. He had decided it was too slow and too round-about for his especial needs. He had to make a living and make it quickly to provide for his mother, who was getting old. She was a peach of a mother. She'd given up everything for him.

He'd gone to work in the general store at home for two years, saved his money for a business course. He hoped to get a position in the Ownsby State Bank or as bookkeeper for the lumber company.

Reluctantly, at ten o'clock, Jimmy Gilmore took his leave. He held Mats's hand warmly in his.

"This is the first real evening I've had since I came to town," he said.

"Then come again," invited Mats. "Any time."

"The only time I have is Sundays and holidays."

"Come Sunday then. Make it next Sunday for dinner. Maizie does the cooking, so I'll be glad to have you."

Jimmy laughed. His gaze traveled toward Maizie, but his eyes did not meet hers. "If the supper's a sample, I'll be delighted." He barely touched her hand, and was gone.

Maizie's spirits were suddenly low again. It was Mats he really liked.

"Well?" said Mats, looking at Maizie with her provocative smile.

"Well?" returned Maizie casually. "What do you think of him?" She began to put the room in order so she might not appear interested in Mats's answer.

"Nice boy—very nice boy—but unavailable for our purposes."

"What do you mean?"

"Not marriageable. Too young, too many responsibilities. Apron strings."

Maizie flushed warmly. "I don't see that that has anything to do with liking him."

"It doesn't. That's why I'm warning you. He's altogether too attractive. I could fall in love with him myself."

"You're funny," said Maizie, but she did not smile.

"And you're not, my dear—that's the trouble. I don't think you're entirely lacking in a funny bone. I think it will develop with age, maybe."

"Let's hope so," said Maizie.

SHE did not want to get into bed with Mats. She wished there were somewhere she might go and be alone. She feared the girl lying so unconcerned beside her might be able to feel her hurt, her bewilderment, and this new burning ugliness which she recognized as jealousy. For two years, Matilda Ray had been her only friend. She had admired her, relied upon her, loved her. How was it possible to turn upon her, deceive her, lie to her, almost hate her, all in a moment? Because she had met a stranger who had smiled into her eyes, had caught her in his arms and kissed her.

She did not want to see him again. She did not want him to come here on Sunday. If she could go away and leave Mats to get the dinner! That would be a good one on Mats. Or if— She lay very still now, her eyes wide open in the dark. If only she dared to do that—to ask Malcolm Burr for dinner also!

All the next day she struggled with this idea. She was naturally shy about meeting Malcolm again. But her pride was stronger than her embarrassment. On Tuesday she sent him a note in care of the firm for which he worked. Friday the answer came:

"My dear Miss Montgomery: Have an engagement for Sunday evening, but can

(Continued on page 53)

Fagged out? Japan Tea is the new safeguard against needless fatigue

Scientists have now discovered in flavory cups of Japan Tea a precious health-giving element

Always dog-tired—completely "played out" before noontime?

Then here's good news for you! An easy plan that is helping thousands.

Scientists have traced much of this needless fatigue, as well as a number of other common ailments, to a very simple cause. Our three meals a day frequently do not give us enough of a certain precious food element—Vitamin C.

It is this health-giving Vitamin C that has now been discovered in popular Japan green tea.

"Important to us," writes one scientist "are the results of a diet poor in Vitamin C. The symptoms are a sallow, muddy complexion, loss of energy, fleeting pains usually mistaken



In simple Japan Tea, scientists have discovered an abundance of health-giving Vitamin C



for rheumatism. It now appears that this condition is rather common among grown people."

A simple precaution

Thousands of men and women, formerly victims of unprofitable, low energy days, nervousness, sleeplessness and poor appetite, are today taking this simple precaution. They are drinking flavory, health-building cups of Japan tea regularly.

Of course Japan tea is no "cure all." But it is known to contain an abundance of Vitamin C—positive safeguard against needless fatigue and these other common ailments.

Try it for a few weeks

Only a very few foods, aside from Japan tea and some fruits and vegetables, contain Vitamin C. The ordinary Japan tea that you purchase in the grocery store is rich in it.

Try this simple plan that is helping others. Drink several cups of Japan green tea regularly, at lunch, at supper, in the afternoon.

See if at the end of two or three weeks you haven't perked up considerably. You'll probably look and feel more healthy, more vital.

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 for you.

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, 757 Wrigley Building, Chicago.

Name

Address

FOR BOYS

—A MAN'S UNDERWEAR IN EVERYTHING BUT SIZE AND PRICE



KEEP your boy safe through the danger months—in HANES Winter Union Suits. A man's underwear in everything but size and price. As good as dad's—as snug and comfortable. Made with the same skill and from the same soft cotton as the famous HANES Underwear for men.

Elastic-knit—and knitted, not cut, to size—to prevent binding, bunching or wrinkling. Seams flat-locked—non-irritating. Buttons firmly anchored, and they stay buttoned. Garments built to "keep on the go"—just as boys are. And guaranteed, every thread, stitch and button.

Only 75c to \$1 for boys, age 2 to 16, medium, heavy or extra-heavy union suits. Long or short sleeve, knee or ankle length. 85c for Merri-child Waist Suits for boys and girls, age 2 to 12. If your regular store can't supply your boy as well as his dad, write direct to P. H. Hanes Knitting Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

HANES UNDERWEAR

FOR MEN AND BOYS



FOR EVERY SEASON

Crocheted Christmas Dolls

Which Will Delight Small Children

Designed by PEARL C. GREGORY



This impressive Drum Major made of silk finish crochet thread is seven inches tall. He wears a white trowsers, a red and black coat and a black cap, all trimmed in gold crocheted braid. His face is pink, embroidered with black floss.

ANY child will love these dolls which are made with filet crochet and stuffed with cotton. They are inexpensive and so simple that even a beginner can make them.

To Make the Drum Major

Materials required: 1 end of a large spool, black, white, yellow, red and pink silk finish crochet thread, black floss for face, No. 9 crochet hook, cotton for stuffing.

Begin at base with white: Ch 5, join in ring, 12 dc over ring, continue around with 1 dc in each dc of preceding row, increasing at every 5th st or oftener if necessary to make work lie flat. Make a circle big enough to cover one end of a large wooden spool which forms the base. Make 1 round, increasing 1 st at every 3rd st, then * make 1 row, narrowing at every other st, repeat from *, make 1 round, put 1 dc in each st of preceding round, * 1 round, narrowing at every other st, repeat from *. Put wooden base in place, make 5 rounds, putting 1 dc in each dc of preceding row. In next round widen every 5th st, make 5 rounds, putting 1 dc in each st of preceding round. Make 16 rounds, widening at every 5th st, continue around without increasing until legs measure 5 1/2 inches from base, break thread. Join black, proceed around, putting 1 dc in each st, but narrowing at every 5th st. Select 1 st for center front, proceed around with black dc to within 5 sts of this center st, here with red make 11 dc on next 11 st of preceding round, that is, 5 before center, 1 on center and 5 after it. Repeat around with black and red for 3 rows, making the red sts over red to form the vest. Proceed around with black, putting 9 red dc across center, around with black, putting 7 red, and so on until only 3 red dc are made, then make 1 row entirely around with black dc, narrowing at every 5th st. * Proceed around with white, narrowing at every 5th st, repeat from *, join at front and break off thread. Beginning at the right side, * proceed around with pink, narrowing at the middle and end of round, repeat from *. Make another round with pink, widening at every 5th st until middle of the round. With black, make dc across the back to end of round, widening every 5th st. Proceed around without widening, putting pink on pink and black on black, * then across with pink without widening, but widen every 5th st on black, repeat from *. Make 1 round without widening, then 1 round widening every 5th st on black. * Make 1 round entirely around with black without widening, repeat from * 10 times.

With a needle and yellow thread, divide the legs by making a row of outline-stitch from the base up two-thirds of the way to the waist, working clear through from front to back. Make yellow outline-stitch up each side of the trowsers. Stuff doll with cotton, but not too full.

Continue with the black crocheting on the hat: make 1 round, narrowing every 3rd st, * 1 round, narrowing every other st, repeat from *, until all sts are off. Break thread.

For Coat Tails: Ch 12, turn, 10 dc over 1st 10 ch, ch 2, 9 dc, ch 2, 9 dc, ch 2,

8 dc, continue back and forth, narrowing 1 st at the end of every other row until 3 sts are left. Break thread. Repeat for other coat tail and sew in place across back. See illustration in lower right corner.

Sleeves: With black ch 17, 15 dc on 1st 15 ch, * ch 2, 15 dc, repeat from * until a strip 2 inches long is completed, sew up side, stuff with cotton. With white make 4 dc on top side of sleeve for hand. Repeat across 4 times. Repeat for other arm. Sew arms on at shoulder. Right arm bends to hold baton and is tacked in place.

Baton: With black ch 12, make 10 dc on 1st 10 ch. Repeat back and forth across until strip measures 3 inches, break thread. With yellow make 10 dc, proceed around with 2 dc in each dc of preceding round, make 1 round, narrowing at every other st, ch 2 to stand for double, 1 dc in every other st, keeping last loop of each st on needle and pulling loop through all at once. Break thread, sew up and stuff.

white again. Starting over white, make 10 red dc, then 5 white dc and around with red to 9 middle stitches of back; with green make 9 dc for pack on Santa's back. Finish around with red up to 2 sts before white in previous row is reached, then make 9 white dc for beginning of beard. Continue with red to back 9 green dc over 9 green dc, with red to white, 11 white dc, starting 1 st ahead of white in preceding row. Continue with red to pack, 9 green dc, around with red to white, 13 white dc, around with red to pack, 11 green dc, green starting 1 st ahead of green of preceding row. Around with red to front, 15 white dc, red to back, 13 green dc, red to front, 17 white dc, red to back, 15 green dc, around with red to 3rd st before beard, 1 white dc, 2 red dc, 17 white dc, 2 red dc, 1 white dc. Around with red to back 17 gr dc, red to 3rd st before 1 white dc of previous round, 1 white dc, 1 red dc, 3 white dc, 1 red dc, 19 white dc, 1 red, 3 white, 1 red, 1 white, around with red to back, 17 green dc, around with red to 2nd st before 1 white dc of previous round. White, 2 dc, 1 red dc, 2 white, 1 red, 4 white, 13 pink, 4 white, 1 red, 2 white, 1 red, 3 white, around with red to pack where make 17 white dc, around with red to first st before white dc of previous row, 10 white, 15 pink, 10 white, around with red to back where make 19 dc, around to front where make 10 white dc, 15 pink, proceed all around with white to pink dc, narrowing 3 times at each side by skipping a st each time. 15 pink dc, around with white, narrowing 3 times at each side, to middle of pink dc where make 1 pink dc. Narrowing 3 times at each side, around with white to center back where put 3 red dc. Proceed around and around with white except in middle back, where put red, increasing the red sts by 2 each time as follows: 5, 7, 9, 11, 13, 15, then around 3 times with plain red. This is the top of the cap and should be sewed together after stuffing with cotton, but do not stuff until legs are added.

Now picking up stitches around the bottom of the black belt or first ch 90, make 5 white dc which will come immediately below the bottom 5 dc of white band down front. * Around with red to white, 5 white dc, repeat from * 4 times. Proceed around 5 times with white dc. Make 1 row of red dc, narrowing at every 3rd st, then 1 row, narrowing every 4th st. Starting at one side, take up 18 sts, 9 in front and 9 in back to form a leg. Make 4 rows of red dc around these 18 sts, then 3 rounds of white dc. With black take up 5 dc in front and 5 dc in back for boot, make 7 rounds of dc. On the 3 middle sts of the 5 front sts make 6 rows of dc, going back and forth. Break thread, sew to back and sides of boot. Repeat for other leg. Stuff and sew cap across top.

With floss, embroider a face as in illustration.

Abbreviations

Dc, double crochet: Having stitch on needle, insert hook in work, take up thread, draw through, thread over again and draw through the two stitches on needle.

* repeat from *, means to go back and repeat directions between stars.

Santa's suit is red-trimmed in white

The face is embroidered with floss



Made from wool and stuffed with cotton

Santa is very fat and ten inches tall

Trimming: With yellow ch 5, join in ring, ch 12, join last 5 in ring, break thread. This is the gold braid for front of coat and cap. Three are needed for coat, one for cap. Tack in place. For buttons in center back, with yellow ch 3, join. Make 2. For sleeve trimming, ch 3, join in ring, leaving enough thread on both ends to tie around sleeves.

For face, make eyes, eyebrows, nose and mouth with black outline-stitch.

Directions for Santa Claus

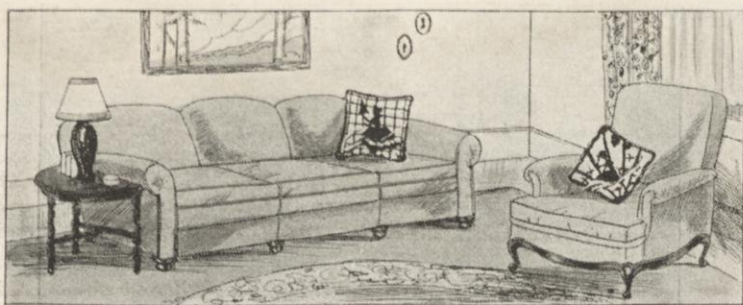
Materials required: 1 ball red shetland wool, 1 ball white shetland wool, 1 ball black shetland wool, 1 skein each of pink, brown and green shetland wool; 1 skein each of white, blue and red floss for face and 1 fine bone crochet hook.

Method of joining a new color: pull loop of new color through loop on needle before making first stitch in new color.

With black wool ch 90, join in ring. * 1 dc in each st, repeat from * twice, join red wool, * 20 dc with red wool, 5 white dc, continue around with red, repeat * twice. On next round make * 10 red dc, 5 white dc, 5 brown dc (for mittens), 5 white dc, 5 brown dc, 5 white dc, finish round with red, repeat from *. In next round make 10 red dc, 5 white dc, 3 brown dc, 2 red dc, 5 white dc, 2 red, 3 brown, 5 white dc. From this point narrow 1 st at each side on each round unless otherwise indicated. Start narrowing at the 45th st.

Continue around with red dc to white, then 5 white dc, 5 red dc, 5 white dc, 5 red dc, 5 white dc, around with red to





Silhouette Pillows

Artistic effects are achieved with scissors and needle in just a few minutes

THE use of sofa pillows contributes enormously to the atmosphere of charm and comfort in the home which every woman cherishes. In pursuance of this plan, the needle-worker's quest for variety is rewarded by a brand-new idea in pillows. Black felt silhouettes are used over rayon-taffeta in popular shades and the edges of the pillows are piped in rayon-covered cording in matching color.

From a piece of black felt the same size as the pillow top, a very carefully designed silhouette is made to stand out by cutting away the background. After this cutting

April Showers: On a blue rayon-taffeta pillow piped in blue cording an agitated miss makes haste to raise an umbrella which can't possibly protect more than half of her ruffy frock from the rain drops which are just starting to fall. The young lady wears a poke bonnet, and ruffled pantalettes peep from beneath her full skirt. A lattice effect covers the entire pillow front. This design will appeal to girls of all ages, especially those who are interested in making their own rooms attractive.

March Winds: Silhouette clouds scurry across a windswept sky in which countless birds try their strength against the elements. The girl who stands on tip-toe at the top of a hill holds tight to her hat while the wind tugs at her skirt. This black felt picture is put on the front of an orchid rayon-taffeta pillow piped in cording of the same color. Every line in this design expresses motion and the swift action of the wind. It affords a welcome change from the ordinary.

Conquest: The felt of this silhouette forms an oval frame about the

Farewell



April Showers



is completed, the silhouette is placed on the pillow top and basted to it all around the edges. Then the front and back are joined, placing the

March Winds



two Colonial figures. The man wears a high silk hat and a frock coat while the maiden is demure in a very frilly frock and a coquettish hat which closely shades her face as she demurely accepts a gift of flowers. Pillow is green rayon-taffeta piped in cording of the same color.

pipings between, and the pillow is completed. Each pillow is 16 inches square.

These cushions are so attractive and so very easily made that they are ideal for Christmas gifts of distinction.

Farewell: This black felt silhouette portrays a balcony with overhanging trees. On the balcony a Colonial gentleman is making a courtly bow as he kisses the hand of a Colonial lady who wears a graceful bouffant frock and carries a fan. This pillow is tangerine rayon-taffeta and is piped with cording covered with rayon of the same color.

Conquest



Anxious MOMENTS



To Modern Mothers—Children are Not a Constant Source of Worry

THE little ones in bed. Playtime for their parents. A wise mother does not permit children's minor ills and ailments to interfere with those well-earned hours of leisure.

There are times, of course, when every baby is too fretful or feverish to be sung to sleep. There are some pains even a mother cannot pat away. But there is no time when any baby can't have the quick comfort of Castoria! A few drops, and your wee one is soon at ease—is back to sleep almost before you can slip away.

A recent investigation found Castoria in nearly half of all homes where there was an infant. But some mothers make the mistake of stopping the use of this pure vegetable product when Baby has been brought safely through the age of colic, diarrhea, and other upsets. *Don't forsake*

Castoria until your youngsters are in their teens. Guard their systems from sluggishness; relieve any condition of constipation, gently but effectively. If they never know stronger medicines, they may never know their need!

The taste of Castoria is pleasant; children love to take it. The recipe on the wrapper is proof that it can't harm them. In homes where a coated tongue or impure breath is the signal for giving Castoria, healthy and happy children are the rule!

You'll find Fletcher's Castoria on sale everywhere. But drugstores close at night, so be forehanded! Have you read Fletcher's Baby Book? And the new edition of The Danger Age for Children? Both are mailed free if you write Castoria, 80 Varick St., New York and mention this publication. They contain a lot of valuable information.





The Most Beautiful BLACK you have ever seen

"THE most beautiful black you've ever seen!" "All my friends admire my new black silk!" "The coat I thought was hopelessly spotted is now a new, beautiful black!" These are typical comments from women who have used these true, jet black dyes.

Diamond Dyes Black never gives cloth a greenish or bronzy look, as so many black dyes do. Like Diamond Dyes Red and all the other Diamond colors, it is easy to use and gives such beautiful results because it is rich in pure anilines. It's the anilines in dyes that give them brilliance, depth and fastness; make them go on smoothly and evenly, with-

out streaking or spotting. And Diamond Dyes contain the highest quality anilines that money can buy. 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 and 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

Sun Proof

EASY TO USE - BETTER RESULTS

Diamond Dyes contain the highest quality anilines money can buy. And it is the anilines that count. They are the life of dyes; the source of their rich colors; brilliance and permanence.

ALL DEALERS

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Campbell's Infra-Red Ray Lamp

Write for Factory Price

30 Days Home Trial

Relieves Pain Quickly

Relieve That Troublesome Ailment

Write at once and let me tell you how to relieve that troublesome ailment with Infra-Red treatments in your own home. The Campbell Infra-Red Ray Lamp throws out mild beams of Infra-Red Rays which penetrate deeply into the tissues and bring a soothing internal heat—best, because it works where the congestion is, and restores active blood circulation. Medical authorities say most ailments are due to congestion—relieve the congestion and you relieve the ailment because nature itself does the healing through active, normal blood circulation.

Why Suffer Needless Pain?

Are you troubled with Sinus Irritation, Sore Throat, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lumbago, Tonsillitis, Catarrh, Ear Trouble, Gall Bladder trouble or similar ailments? Just let me send you this wonderful lamp on approval. Use thirty days according to directions and see if it does not bring you wonderful results.

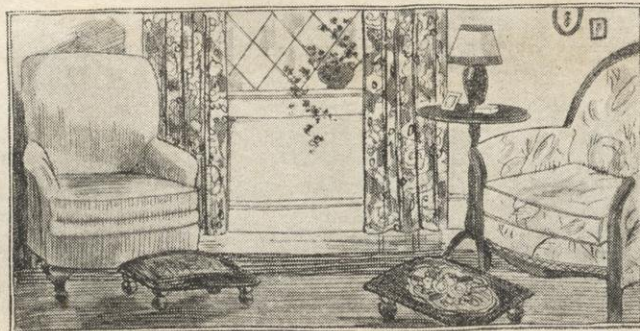
Harmless You or anyone in your home can use the lamp on instant notice. It is on an adjustable stand—easily carried to any room—easily placed in any position. Leading health authorities recommend it. Letters from satisfied users everywhere tell of wonderful results. Just a few treatments will surprise you. First cost only cost. Connect with any electric light socket.

Easy Payments Shipped by parcel post or express direct to you from factory at lowest cost. Don't delay—if you or some friend have some troublesome ailment. Write and let me send it at once.

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This book quotes leading medical authorities and hundreds of users. Mention your ailment when writing and we will send you free valuable suggestions on how to treat it with Infra-Red Rays. Thirty day trial period.

WILLIAM CAMPBELL CO. Dept. 1026, ALLIANCE, OHIO



Embroidered Footstools

Designs in colorful yarn cover the tops of these attractive pieces of furniture



FOOTSTOOL placed near an inviting chair is a pleasant symbol of comfort and easy sociability. In addition to its purely utilitarian function of supporting the feet, it becomes a thing of beauty when it is of graceful lines and dimensions, and is covered with an embroidered top. The two footstools shown here are of this variety.

The Foundation of the Stool

The stool itself is well designed. The top measures 10½ by 14½ inches and has upholstering 2½ inches deep. Upholstering material is a dark blue velvet corduroy. The legs, which are gracefully turned, are 4½ inches high, making the stool stand 7 inches high complete.

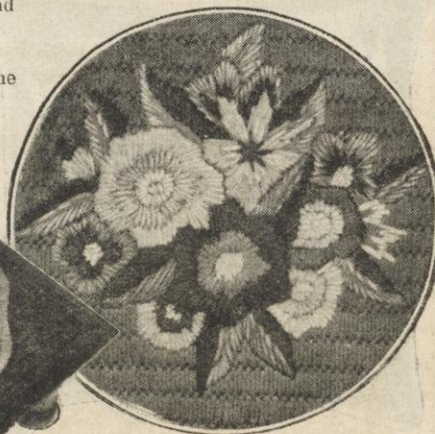
The Embroidered Top

The embroidered top is put on over the blue corduroy top, completely covering it. The designs are in tapestry effect and are worked with yarn on

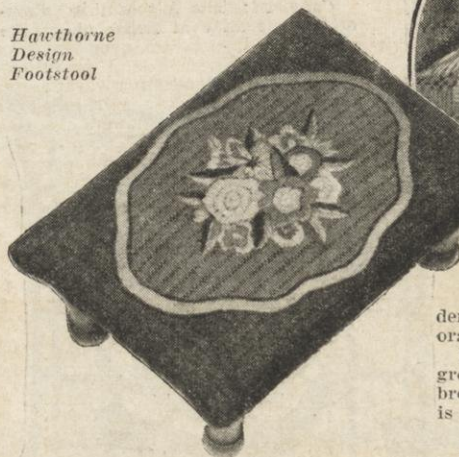
stool and tack it in place on the back. Next stretch the black muslin lining across the back, turn under the edges and sew to the edges of the top. Force the legs into the holes, using a little glue. See diagram below.

Hawthorne Design

The oval border around the flowers is green. The flowers are shaded in five different combinations of colors. They are light and dark blue with orange and yellow centers; purple and lavender with orange and green centers; lavender and rose with yellow and orange centers; rose, laven-



Hawthorne Design Footstool



der and purple with yellow centers; tan and orange with yellow and green centers.

Light brown may be used for the background within the green border, dark brown outside of it. Detail of the design is shown at the right of the stool.

Devonshire Lane Design

In the center design, the house is buff and two shades of tan, outlined in black. The chimney, door and windows are buff. Trees are four shades of green with brown trunks, and French knot hollyhocks are yellow, orange, orchid, purple, pink, rose, red and blue. Path is tan and brown, border is black edged in red. Black makes an effective background.

heavy open-mesh canvas, with long over-and-over stitches. In the center of each top is a complete motif surrounded by a border. These motifs are worked in bright colors described below, then the backgrounds, around the designs, are worked in plain colors. At the outset there is only the yarn to complete the design within the center border. After this embroidery is completed, the needleworker can compare it with other furnishings of her room to decide upon the color which she wishes to purchase at some near-by store for the background.

How to Assemble Stools

When the embroidery is completed, stretch this canvas top over the upholstered

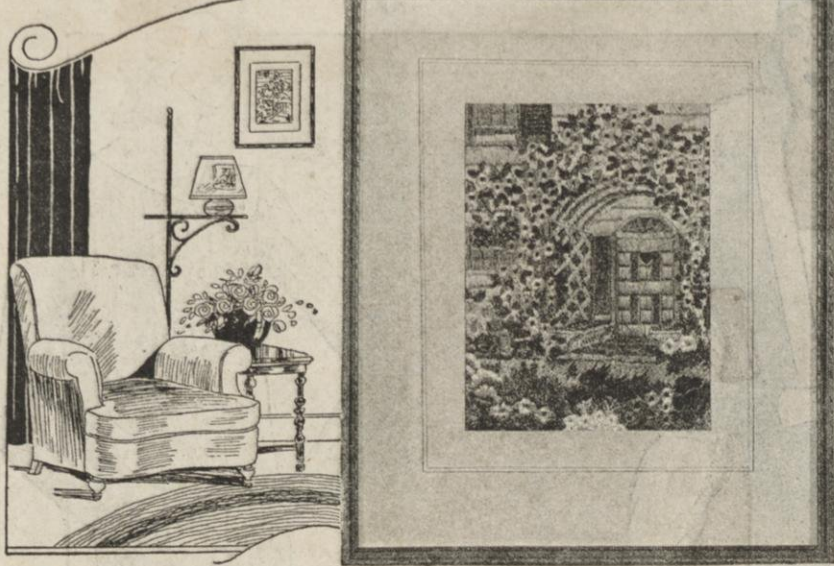
Devonshire Lane Footstool

Detail of design shown at left



Footstool covers with yarn for central motifs, \$1.00 each; upholstered stools, \$1.95 each, may be secured from Woman's World, Chicago.

Right—Rose Trellis



Tapestry Pictures

Tasteful additions to the home made with simple stitches

A PICTURE appearing in full color on open mesh canvas is embroidered in long over-and-over stitches with lustrous rayon floss. Because the stitches are so long and the work so simple a pic-

ture is completed in no time at all. Each picture is 7 by 10 inches. They are attractive mounted with buff mats and framed in gold frames with green relief designs, which measure 13¾ by 16½ inches. Each frame is equipped with glass, mat and cardboard back.

These pictures offer a pleasant solution to the gift problem for those people who prefer things for the home.

Rose Trellis: A beautiful Colonial doorway is shown with a trellis of luxuriant roses arched over it. In the foreground is a profusion of flowers of other varieties. The house is tan with green shutters. The flowers are three shades of pink, two of peach, two of red, two shades of lavender, three of green, four shades of blue, two of yellow, and white.

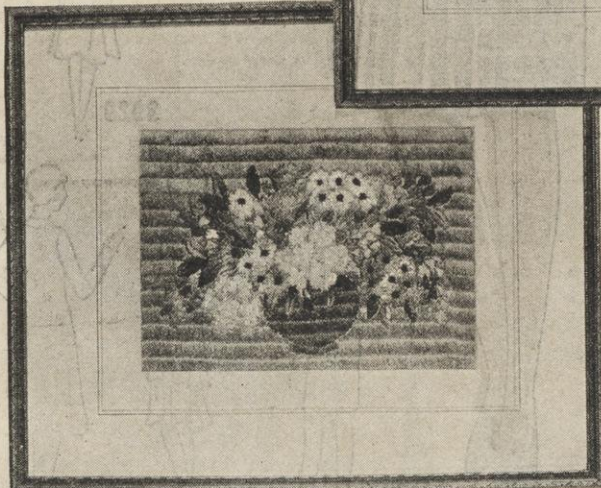
Pleasant Cove



Hillside

Hillside—above: On the side of a slope nestles a cozy brown cottage with a green roof. It is surrounded by stately Lombardy poplars and flowers of brilliant hues. The blossoms are yellow, orange, blue, pink, peach, red and lavender. The picture is alive with color.

Bowl of Flowers



Pleasant Cove—above: Green turf slopes gently back from the blue water on which rides a graceful sloop with snowy sail. Varicolored flowers bloom in the background.

Bowl of Flowers—left: A turquoise blue bowl holds garden flowers of every hue, which blend together delightfully. Table is lighter blue, background sea-green.

Needless Suffering



THE next time a headache makes you stay at home—

Or some other ache or pain prevents your keeping an engagement—

Remember Bayer Aspirin! For there is scarcely any pain it cannot relieve, and relieve promptly.

These tablets give real relief, or millions would not continue to take them. They are quite harmless, or the medical profession would not constantly prescribe them.

Don't be a martyr to unnecessary pain. To colds that might so easily be checked; to neuritis, neuralgia; to the pains peculiar to women; or any suffering for which Bayer Aspirin is such an effective antidote.

For your own protection, buy the genuine. Bayer is safe. Always the same. It never depresses the heart, so use it as often as needed; but the cause of any pain can be treated only by a doctor.



Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

BAYER ASPIRIN



Charm in Molded Lines and Longer Hemlines

THE new silhouette molded through the hipline complementing princess lines with its low placed skirt fulness, leads the mode. The even hemline falling three to four inches below the knees is shown smart preference for general daytime occasions.

Necklines acquire new importance in lingerie touches in silk crepe, lace and piqué. Sleeves are slenderly fitted about the wrists. The waistline indicated at normal or raised line through belts or seaming, is a chic Paris detail.

A feather-weight woolen or silk in tweed pattern of semi-sports character is included in every smart woman's wardrobe. The flecked tweeds are especially attractive in Spanish red, plum or yellow-beige and brown combination. They are usually trimmed with blending tone in faille silk crepe.

Canton crepe in Hunter's green, Army blue, and dark wine red are flattering combinations, and entirely wearable.

Black wool crepe is ultra-modish in combination with white panne satin. The sheer velvets in plain and print are obviously French, and show the important trend toward femininity in the afternoon mode. Sheer metal cloth expresses daring chic in simple afternoon models.

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

In the Vanguard of Fashion

Number 2988. Wrapped treatment. Designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 1/4 yards of 39-inch material with 1/4 yard of 27-inch contrasting.

The Collar Claims Attention

Number 3029. Youthful model. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years, 36 and 38 inches bust measure. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 39-inch material with 1/4 yard of 39-inch light and 1/4 yard of 39-inch dark contrasting.

New Princess Lines

Number 1370. Molded bodice. Designed for sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 3/8 yards of 39-inch material and 1/8 yard of 35-inch contrasting.

Close-fitting Hipline

Number 3015. Tiered model. Designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards of 39-inch material.

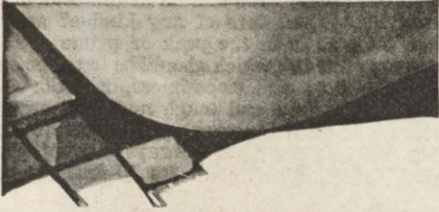
An Individual School Frock

Number 1372. Classic lines. Designed for sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 1/2 yards of 35-inch material with 1/2 yard of 35-inch contrasting and 2 3/4 yards of binding.





BATHASWEET



*Make your Bath
a Beauty
Treatment*

TRY IT FREE

There was a time when a bath was just a bath. Now it is much more. Just a sprinkle of Bathasweet and your daily tubbing becomes a veritable beauty treatment. Not only is the water made fragrant as a flower garden, but it gains a softness which cannot be duplicated in any other way. It washes deep into the pores, dissolves the secretions of the skin and leaves about you an indefinable, almost scentless fragrance that lingers all day long. Your skin is stimulated to more radiant health; blemishes disappear; and an air of springtime daintiness becomes an inseparable part of your personality. No charm is more in keeping with modern ideas of femininity.

The best indication of how Bathasweet accomplishes its remarkable results is to be found in the fact that the Bathasweet bath leaves no "ring" around the tub. Instead it holds soap and dirt in solution, so that they cannot wash back into the pores. In this Bathasweet is unique among bath preparations.

BATHASWEET is so inexpensive. 25c, 50c, \$1.00 and \$1.50 at all drug and department stores.

FREE A can sent free anywhere in the United States if you mail this coupon with name and address to C. S. Welch Co., Dept. WL, 1907 Park Ave., New York.

CHOPPED SIRLOIN
made in lightly pressed cakes, grilled or fried moderately well done, makes one of the most delightful dishes you could think of when well seasoned with

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE
Famous for almost a hundred years.
Write for free recipe booklet.
Lea & Perrins, 275 West St., N. Y.



Chic for Morning Hours

Number 3328. Designed for sizes small, medium and large. The medium size requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material with 12 yards of binding.

Number 2727. Designed for sizes small, medium and large. The medium size requires 2¾ yards of 32-inch material with 4¾ yards of binding.

Number 3259. Designed for sizes small, medium and large. The medium size requires 1½ yards of 40-inch material with 7½ yards of binding. Transfer No. 726 (blue).

Number 3489. Designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch material with ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

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

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

*It
Matches
Perfectly*

Perfect in its rich, dark shades and tones or perfect in its delicate tints and hues—an exact match for the fabric you have chosen. This you may depend on—always you will find it in J. & P. Coats and Clark's O. N. T. Mercerized Threads. And every color guaranteed boilfast!

Sturdy, lustrous in finish, smooth flowing through the needle, these are the threads to hold important seams securely, to make a stitching line of beautiful simplicity in wool, silk, rayon, cotton or linen. They never fray, never snarl, never fade. At your favorite notion counter—100 yards, 5 cents.



FREE! COLOR GUIDE
To help you plan your new clothes, Mary Brooks Picken, famous fashion authority, has prepared a "Color Guide" that tells what colors are best for your type and shows how to choose fabrics and threads to match. It is free. Send coupon below.

J. & P. COATS and CLARK'S O. N. T. MERCERIZED THREADS in Boilfast COLORS

THE SPOOL COTTON COMPANY
Dept. 20-M, 881 Broadway, New York

Please send me free your "Color Guide"

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Street (or R. F. D.) _____

City _____ State _____

The Vogue of Furs for Femininity

Things a Woman Should Know About Prices, Wearing Qualities and Care of the Many Different Kinds of Fur on the Market Before Making a Selection

By BLANCHE E. HYDE

IF RIP VAN WINKLE were to come to life again and in his tattered clothing, walk, on a winter's day, down a street in the shopping district of any small town or city in these United States, north, south, east or west, he would surely think that America had gone "fur-mad."

In fact, a winter's day would hardly be required, for furs are now worn at all seasons of the year and in all climates. In many cases it is far easier to count the people without fur coats or garments trimmed with fur than to attempt to number those who are wearing furs in some way.

It is an amazing fact that over two million people in the United States are employed in the fur industry; in New York City alone today it ranks in point of financial importance among the first ten leading industries. During one of the hottest days of last summer, I was visiting a noted fur dealer in a large city. In discussing the wide and increasing use of fur garments, he asked me to look into his cold storage department. Two sensations overcame me as we stepped into the low-ceiled rooms: the first, one of intense relief from the torrid temperature outside, and the other, amazement at the immense number and value of the fur garments hung row upon row,

animals has quite superseded the hunting or shooting method.

The Business of Obtaining Furs

Our best furs come from countries where "cold as Greenland" temperatures produce furs that are full, deep and of beautiful luster. Many hardships have always been connected with the industry, not the least being the intense cold and exposure suffered in the far north. Only recently the papers carried accounts of two young trappers who nearly met death by starvation because the fur dealer under whom they were working in an isolated country had failed to cache food for them as specified.

But there is another side to the industry, that of fur farming, which is well suited to certain animals. This industry is now so important a factor in the country that the Federal government has prepared bulletins on the subject and enthusiasts claim that it will soon take rank with agriculture as one of the leading industries in some parts of the country. Fur farming would seem on its face a much more humane method of procuring furs than trapping, although there are now stringent regulations as to the type of traps to be used, and rules moreover which must be closely adhered to in order to avoid extermination of breeds.

"To my daughter Louisa Ann I do give and bequeath my sealskin coat and muff; and to my little granddaughter Melissa, my beaver cape." Such were bequests from a will in the last century, and similar ones were frequent, for furs in those days were prized possessions to be handed down in a family. But in the last twenty-five years a new regime has come about due to the increasing importance of style and fashion, for fur garments and trimmings now change in style and usage with as much frequency as garments made of wool or silk.

Selecting Furs Intelligently

Since Santa Claus often favors furs as Christmas gifts, this would seem an appropriate time to discuss them and to give a few hints as to what an ordinary mortal should know in purchasing, wearing and caring for furs. In purchasing, the important question to be decided is: For what sort of wear is the garment intended, sports or dress wear? Few indeed are the people who can afford more than one fur garment; therefore, its selection is an important matter. In fur garments, the sports type is commonly used for general utility and service wear, and certain types of furs, more durable than others, seem particularly adapted for this use. When we speak of a fur garment for dress wear, we mean one elaborate or conspicuous in construction, to be used for occasional wear only, or one of a type that is too fragile for general service, or so expensive that the wearer would ordinarily have the appearance and feeling of being unsuitably dressed. We even hear the term "precious furs" now and then used in connection with those which are rare and of great value.

Fur itself is really a sort of down close to the skin of the animal and is protected by long and stiff hairs called guard hairs. In many furs, these protective hairs are

removed before we ever see the fur. In some cases the skins of animals which are covered with hair only instead of fur are used for garments, one instance being the coats made of Russian pony skins. See Fig. 1.

The quality of a fur depends very much upon the time of year when it is taken, the climate in which it has lived and the physical condition of the animal at the time of its capture. The highest-priced furs of any kind of animal are taken when its coat is in the peak or prime of condition. It is not only the fur which should be in prime condition as to depth, gloss and smoothness, but the skin or pelt itself should be firm and tough and of a creamy white on the back. A good fur seems to radiate life and luster, while a fur of poor grade always flaunts itself as an unfortunate investment with its lifeless appearance.

As to the type of furs for sports or general utility wear, one commonly thinks of raccoon, a species of wild dog. The under wool is thick and pale brown in color, while the top hair is dark and silvery gray. We are accustomed to associate raccoon coats with young people, football games and campus wear, and for general service, especially when the wearer does much driving in extreme cold. Illustrated in Fig. 9.

Musk rat is exceedingly popular for general wear, the



Fig. 1



Above: A serviceable coat of pony skin with a fox collar
Right: Natural muskrat in vertical stripes



Fig. 2



Below: A coat of Japanese weasel ranks high in beauty



Fig. 3



Center, below: Rabbit fur is inexpensive



Fig. 4



Fig. 5



Fig. 6

It may therefore be used for general utility wear



Below: Krimmer trims a dressy cloth coat effectively



Fig. 8



Left: Sealskin generally ranks first as a dress fur and it wears very well



Fig. 9



Above: Raccoon will withstand the most strenuous kinds of wear

Left: A coat of silver muskrat

seemingly as far as the eye could reach. Surely a city gone fur-mad!

It is said that we Americans are fond of using superlatives in our speech and writing—the newest, the most beautiful, the most unique, and similar terms, and we can with truth say that the fur industry is one of the oldest trades known to man, older even than those of spinning and weaving. The Bible tells us, "Unto Adam and to his wife, did the Lord God make coats of skin and clothed them." In these times, furs were worn solely for warmth, with the fur side next the body, while now they are for the most part worn with the fur side out to add beauty and decoration to the costume. And not only have changes come about in the use of furs but also in the methods of obtaining them. Hunting and trapping were for centuries the time-honored methods and all youngsters got their first impressions as to the means of procuring warm garments from the old nursery rhyme:

"Bye, Baby Bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting
To get a little rabbit skin
To wrap his Baby Bunting in."

At the present time, however, trapping of the wild fur-bearing

Right: Caracul, which is closely related to Krimmer, makes a practical coat

natural gradations of color in the skins offering excellent opportunity for decorative effects in the hands of a skilled furrier.

Different Effects with Muskrat

Years ago, garments of muskrat were all worked in whole skins but at the present time split skins are used. One finds muskrat coats with vertical or horizontal stripes, Fig. 2, and also worked out in herringbone designs. Quite different color effects are also obtained in these garments by using different parts of the fur of the animal, for each little "beastie" wears a coat of three distinct shades. When the furrier wishes a dark coat or one of natural muskrat, he uses the back of the animal. The sides give fur of a golden color—golden muskrat—and the bellies are a silver gray—silver muskrat. There is still another variety of animal known as black muskrat, the skins of which are of high value. Garments of silver muskrat will not stand as hard wear as those made of other parts of the animal, since the skin on the bellies is much more tender than that on the back and sides. This part of the muskrat is frequently dyed in (Continued on page 52)



"The same advice I gave your Dad... LISTERINE, often"



Gargle with full strength Listerine every day. It inhibits the development of sore throat, and checks it should it develop.



How to prevent a cold
Rinsing the hands with Listerine before every meal destroys germs that are ever present on them.

Do you remember—

When the good old family doctor came into the house how your heart began to thump? You didn't know but what you had cholera morbus or something equally dreadful. You saw yourself dying in no time.

Then his firm gentle hands poked you here and there. His bright kind eyes looked down your gullet. And, oh, what a load left your mind when you learned that your trouble was only a badly inflamed throat and that Listerine would take care of it?

The basic things of life seldom change: Listerine, today, is the same tireless enemy of sore throat and colds that it was half a century ago.

It is regularly prescribed by the bright, busy young physicians of this day, just as it was by those old timers—bless their souls—who mixed friendship and wisdom

with their medicines.

Listerine's success against infection is due to one quality—its amazing power against germs, particularly those lodging in the throat.

Used full strength it kills even the virulent Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds. Tests by three great bacteriological laboratories prove it.

Yet Listerine is so safe it may be used full strength in any body cavity.

Make a habit of gargling systematically with full strength Listerine during nasty weather. It aids in preventing the outbreak of colds and sore throat. And often remedies them when they have developed. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

It checks **SORE THROAT** *quickly*

KILLS 200,000,000 GERMS IN 15 SECONDS



Gifts for the Christmas Tree

Inexpensive Novelties Which Are Great Fun to Make

THE universal plea for "something different to give" is answered artistically and economically by the suggestions on this page. Everything shown may easily be made at home in a little spare time, and most of the materials are obtainable from ten-cent stores, so the cost is slight. In addition to the fun of making these attractive remembrances, their inexpensiveness makes it possible to lengthen one's gift list by ever so many names.

Cord Ball Holder: The front of this container is made from half a coconut shell. Eyeballs are made with white paint and have black shoe button pupils. The cord comes out through a hole in the middle of the painted red mouth. The hair is black yarn, the headdress half a red bandanna, and the ear rings and hanger are brass rings.

Twine Holder: Two squares of orange oilcloth are buttonholed together except at one corner where ball of twine is slipped in. Twine runs through a hole in the center of a white oilcloth flower trimming front.

Child's Bag of Toys: A large red tarlatan bag has a magazine cover picture glued to the front and is filled with toys from a ten-cent store.

Kit for Sand Toys: A giant turtle, 11 by 17 inches, is made from black oilcloth, with head, tail and legs of felt stuffed with cotton. Green paint makes markings on back. An opening on the under side admits toys.

Stick Horse: This fiery steed's head is a brown cotton sock stuffed tight with cotton. Eyes are black buttons, the mane black yarn and the bridle is oilcloth.

Stick Candy Man: Wrapped sticks of candy for head and body, arms and legs are encased in double layers of green crepe paper stitched together around the edge. Frills are white paper. A face is drawn on the end of one stick of candy.

Child's Purse: An envelope bag of blue felt with a rose flower on the flap measures 2½ by 4 inches.

Woolly Dog: Sateen body is stuffed with cotton. Yarn makes the fur, buttons the eyes and nose.

Organdy Pincushion: Three ruffles with picoted edges cover top, in the center of

which are organdy roses in pastel tints. Measures 5 by 8 inches.

Needlecase and Pincushion Hat: Two circles of cardboard covered with chintz and containing two layers of flannel form a needlebook. A small pincushion attached to one cover gives it the appearance of a hat. Measures 2¾ inches in diameter.

Wrist Pincushion: Handy for the seamstress is this little 2¼-inch square pincushion attached to a circle of black elastic to fit the wrist. Top is made with cross-stitches in checkerboard effect.

Door Stop: A coffee can filled with sand forms the base which is covered with black oilcloth. A china doll head wired to the top has an oilcloth frock. Heavy wire covered with oilcloth makes the handle.

Napkin Case: A transparent napkin case is made from yellow Argentine cloth bound with orange bias fold.

Dust Cloths in Holder: A basket of black oilcloth bound in rose bias fold contains two dust cloths of pastel tinted cheesecloth. Flowers are painted across front.

Handkerchief Case: A white linen case has an appliquéd lavender border and satin-stitch violets with green stems and leaves. Measures 5½ by 6 in.

Curtain Tie-Backs: Butterflies cut from blue oilcloth and decorated with gold and black paint are slipped into wooden clothespins painted gold and black, to form these interesting tie-backs, which snap onto the curtains.

Crayon Apron: Pink and white oilcloth bound in blue bias fold. Pocket across bottom accommodates scratch pads and crayons; a rabbit pocket holds a handkerchief.

Designs by
Sadie P. Le Sueur



Some Things I Heard at Christmas

By BLANCHE GARDNER SPINNEY

TEN little boys and girls, between the ages of seven and twelve, resolved to give up their usual Christmas gifts this year in order to help others who were less fortunate. They had read in their local newspapers the pathetic story of an aged grandmother of seventy-five years, who was trying to support four little grandchildren, left orphans by the death of both parents with "flu."

She had obtained employment and struggled bravely for over a year to keep them together in their neat, well kept home, when a serious illness made an operation necessary. It seemed as though the children must be taken from her and placed in an orphan's home. The unselfish act of these ten little boys and girls made such a tragedy unnecessary. They asked their parents exactly how much money they planned to spend at Christmas on their sleds and dolls and toys, and found the amount totaled fifty dollars.

So these children asked that a check for that amount be given them instead; the parents readily agreed and the beautiful lesson of the "brotherhood of man" these little children demonstrated, "started the ball rolling" that will be far-reaching in its help to the poor grandmother.

"Helen is so unbearably selfish I don't know what to do with her," a mother writes. "I have the hardest work in the world even to get her to part with her old toys when I want to pack a Christmas box for some hospital or needy family. She always wants to keep everything for herself—even the broken toys—she insists she wants them and likes them. Then they will lie unplayed with on her toy shelf the rest of the year.

Needless to say, Helen is an only child and has been spoiled and surfeited with overindulgence. If a child is selfish, the very best way to cure the hateful trait is to pick out at Christmas time some specific case that you know needs a bit of Christmas cheer. Select some little boy or girl to whom Santa Claus would be unlikely to pay a visit and then let your little girl feel that it is entirely "up to her" to make this child happy on Christmas day.

Not much enthusiasm can be awakened in a child's heart when you merely say: "Give me all your old toys, Helen, I want to send them to the Salvation Army," or, "Here is a check I am sending in your name to the Associated Charities."

The child, if coerced into giving up some old but beloved toy, may even come to hate the work "charity," feeling that she is being deprived against her wishes of that which is her own. No good feelings can be aroused in a child by that method. The giving must be of her own free will and heartily enthusiastic and spontaneous.

The Christmas season offers more opportunity to teach lessons of unselfishness to a child than any other time of the year. The whole atmosphere is filled with the spirit of gifts and gift-making, and in the contagion of enthusiasm a child generally inclined to be selfish may with patience be taught to overcome this most disagreeable characteristic.

Of course, you cannot expect a child to be unselfish and generous if he has nothing to give—that is why an allowance for children is one of the greatest character-building powers one can possibly give a child. It teaches him to save and deny himself in order to be able to do for others.

Be sure that you do not spoil the atmosphere of the true Christmas spirit for your children by any unnecessary remarks on the value of the gifts you receive or the value of those you send. Children are quick to absorb the spirit of their elders. Luther Burbank says: "All animal life is sensitive to environment, but, of all living things, a child is most sensitive. A child literally absorbs environment. It is the most susceptible thing in the world to influence; the life of a child can be practically molded by the influence with which it comes in contact."

So it behooves us mothers to see that the child is given the true meaning and interpretation of Christmas. How many of us mothers make the same mistake every year at the Christmas holiday season of working ourselves into a perfect frenzy of exhaustion and "nerves" until we bring no peace or joy or happiness to the dear ones in our own family circle?

To plan to entertain so many guests Christmas Eve or at dinner on Christmas Day that we are tired to the point of bad temper is to spoil the beautiful spirit of the day entirely for our own.

To work feverishly until the night before Christmas embroidering "guest towels" and centerpieces, to shop madly until the last moment with belated Christmas lists, is to deprive our children of joys that are their real due at this holiday time.

For, after all, Christmas rightly belongs to the children, and to mar the day for them by thinking more of what other people will think and expect of us is very poor policy.

I have a neighbor who invariably invites half a dozen forlorn and lonely ones to share the Christmas dinner with her family. A fine, generous spirit, but it reacts unfavorably on the children of the household, who have come to think of the Christmas dinner table as something to be got through with as quickly as possible. Betty, the fourteen-year-old daughter, excuses herself from the boring company of deaf old Mr. Smith at her right and hurries away to the "movies" with a boy friend. Tom bolts his turkey and cranberries, glaring stolidly at the silly remarks of little old Miss Jones that mother always insists on putting beside him, and is off to spend the rest of the day with some pals (where, his mother does not know).

Their mother says she is anxious to impress her children with the joys of sharing their home with others at Christmas, that she does not want them to grow up selfish, etc. But she is driving her own children out of the house and ruining the precious day for them, making it only a memory of boredom and restraint for them.

Children have the first right to peace and joy and happiness in their home at Christmas. Charities and social "pay-offs" should be entertained at some other time less sacred to the family circle.



The importance of Healthful Cleanliness in Good Cooking cannot be over-emphasized

HEALTHFUL CLEANLINESS is the first requisite in the preparation of palatable and wholesome foods—and there is nothing else like Old Dutch to provide this protection. It is safe... quick... economical.

SAFE: Because it is free from acid and caustic, contains no sand or hard scratchy grit. It doesn't scratch. Scratches make utensils unsightly. They also provide lodging places for impurities, cause food to stick more readily and often scorch and burn; they render cleaning more difficult—Old Dutch doesn't harm the hands.

QUICK: Because of their remarkable detergent properties and ultra-modern efficiency, the soft, flaky, flat-shaped Old Dutch particles wipe away stubborn dirt, grease, grime, stains and rust with a clean sweep. When you use Old Dutch, less work, time and energy are required because Old Dutch does so much more. You'll appreciate this especially at the holiday season... when there is so much to be done... cooking, baking, candy making and so many EXTRA utensils to be cleaned.

ECONOMICAL: Because EVERY PARTICLE of Old Dutch does its FULL SHARE of cleaning. The Old Dutch particles are flat-shaped, they lie flat on the surface and do not rake it with hard sharp points, like grit.

USE OLD DUTCH for cleaning cooking utensils of every description. Old Dutch removes all impurities, the visible and the dangerous invisible. It banishes all taint, all odor, assuring a healthfully clean utensil, which is an important factor in good cooking that cannot be over-emphasized.



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Full Fashioned PURE SILK Hosiery



Picture for Embroidery

No. 3923—Here is something new in art needlework. This picture comes to you stamped on imported open mesh canvas with sufficient lustrous rayon floss to complete, including the wooden frame, glass and the mat for mounting. Very easy to embroider—simply follow the included Instruction Chart for stitchery and placement of colors. Makes a richly colored picture that will add charm to your home. Size 5 3/4 x 7 3/4 inches. Our price includes picture, floss, frame, glass and mat complete. Very special, postpaid..... \$1.00

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No. 4338—An extraordinary value in fine quality, Service Weight hose—America's Greatest Hosiery Value.

The Pure Silk which is knit in a fine 42 gauge to the garter top insures great richness. Genuine Full Fashioned throughout for perfect shapeliness. Double garter top and slipper foot reinforced with mercerized cotton for extra wear.

We guarantee every pair perfect in workmanship and wearing qualities. Our exceptionally low price will win new friends for our hosiery department. SIZES 8 1/4, 9, 9 1/2 and 10.

Latest popular colors to choose from: Atmosphere, Breeze, Champagne, Mistery, Naive, Pearl Blush, Sun Blush, Sun Tan, Misty Morn, Lt. Gunmetal, also White. Our regular \$1.39 quality.

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- | | |
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| Luncheon Sets : Pillow Cases | Gifts and Pocket Books : Silk Hosiery |
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ESTABLISHED 1899

Decorate for Christmas!

LET your home express the spirit of the holiday to every passing friend. Dennison has prepared new plans to help you decorate your doorways and windows, as well as the interior. All needed supplies for decorating your home, school, church or club may be had at your local stationery, department or drug store where Dennison goods are sold—crepe papers (in plain colors and decorated), festoons, streamers and cardboard cut-outs.

Plans sent Free!

Send the coupon for free plans. And why not let us include the Christmas issue of the Party Magazine, containing 48 pages of ideas for gift wrappings, decorations and holiday entertaining.



DENNINGSON'S, Dept. 6-M
62 E. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me the Free plans showing how to Decorate for Christmas.

To get the Christmas Issue of the Party Magazine enclose 25c and mark an X here: _____

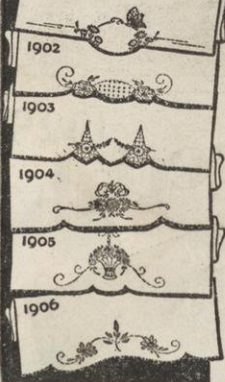
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1-18x45 inch Scarf



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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Dept. W-12
"You Buy for Less at Our Address"

Agents Something New!

3 SALES IN EVERY HOME Make \$90 a Week
Just out—latest thing in home furnishings—handsome, colorful Rubber Art Rugs! All the rage! Made in blues, taupe grays, maroons, with borders of contrasting colors. Very attractive. One outwears three ordinary rugs. Never looks shabby. Lies flat, will not curl up. Clings to floor—never slips. Soft and easy on the feet. No laundering necessary—simply wipe off. Ideal for hallways, between rooms, kitchen, bathroom, entranceways, etc. Women will adore them. Low priced. Sell fast. Every home needs at least three. Simply show one and take orders. Pocket big profits. No experience needed. **FREE OUTFIT** now. Send for Catalog of this and 47 other Quality Rubber Products. Direct from Rubber City. Free Outfit to hustlers. Write quick for all particulars. **SEND NOW!**
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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.

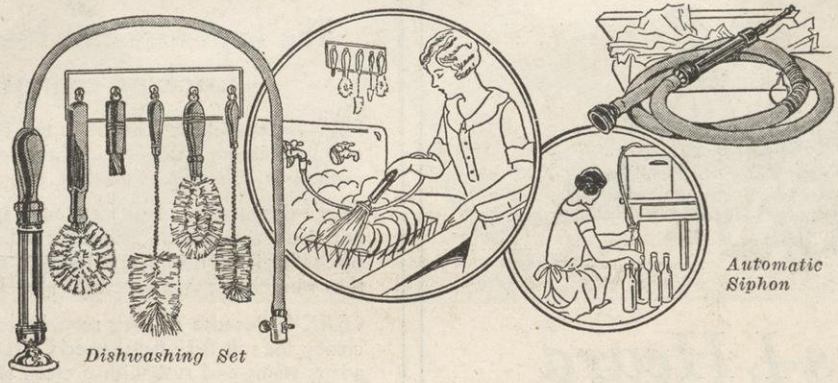
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The richest child is poor without Musical Training.



The Newest Conveniences

Practical tested devices to lighten work in the home
Reviewed by Lily Haxworth Wallace

DISHwashing Set

FROM New England comes the good-looking ensemble above for dressing up the kitchen sink, comprising everything necessary for simplicity, ease and efficiency in dishwashing. It consists of the dishwasher itself, large and small bottle brushes, dish brush, hard-fibered vegetable or pan brush, metal scourer or waffle iron brush, also enameled rack with attached screws for hanging each brush, together with faucet connections for threaded-screw or plain faucet.

The washer is very simple to operate: remove the spray head from the soap chamber and fill the barrel with small pieces of soap, replace, then turn on the hot water and play it directly on your dishes; after which, unscrew and remove the soap chamber before rinsing by means of the rinse handle. If the water is thoroughly hot, the dishes will dry themselves. If you should prefer to use the spray for rinsing also, remove soap from barrel before spraying with rinsing water. Red, yellow, blue or green handles.

Automatic Siphon

A very clever siphon, which filters as it fills, works automatically, stops at a touch, never splashes nor foams, is adjustable to run either freely and continuously or at varying speeds.

Use it as a vehicle for filling your home-made beverage bottles—ginger or root beer, for example. It works like a charm, and, due to its filtering feature, clarifies not only these particular beverages but also cider or vinegar or fruit juices.

It fills batteries with distilled water. It fills and drains goldfish aquariums. Is the sink clogged? Use the siphon to empty it without baling. Keep an automatic siphon in the car so that if you should unhappily run out of gas in an out-of-the-way corner, you may beg, buy or borrow readily from a passing car. Are you a country dweller with lamps or oil

lessly detaches jar, can, tumbler and other varieties of plain or screw caps. This little tool is stamped from a solid piece of metal and is but five inches high. The fixed jaws, designed for the removal of screw caps, are located at one end—the upper one being toothed, the lower one plain. This particular part of the appliance is double-acting; with the serrated edge uppermost, it will tighten a screw cap, but by turning the tool over and having the plain edge up, these same teeth will naturally loosen the cap!

Near the lower edge is a strong hook which opens tumbler caps, while the other end removes crown caps.

Doughnut Form

Are you one of the people who deny themselves doughnuts because they are afraid of greasy food? You need not any longer, for this is the advent of the greaseless doughnut—made in a form which bakes three at a time and turns them out golden brown, light, digestible and absolutely without grease.

The form is of cast iron, the units being joined by permanent hinges; the handles, which are heat-proof, can be easily detached if desired when not in use. The form must be seasoned before using, first washing it thoroughly, then heating over a slow fire, after which a little melted paraffin wax should be poured into each section and allowed to cool. In this way the grease penetrates into the pores of the iron, closing these pores so that the batter will not stick to the mold while baking. Finally, reheat the iron and wipe out any excess paraffin with paper or cloth.

When using, grease each mold as for cake and bake the doughnuts over the fire, putting in enough batter to just fill each unit level full. Close the iron as you would close a waffle iron and bake as you would bake waffles, turning once or twice to brown both sides evenly.

Waterless Base

Waterless cooking is always highly recommended by experts, largely because by this method we reduce the loss of vitamins, mineral salts and vegetable oils.

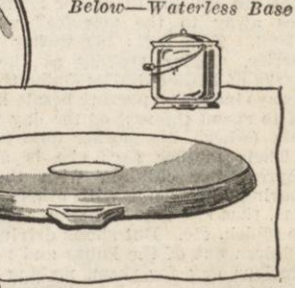
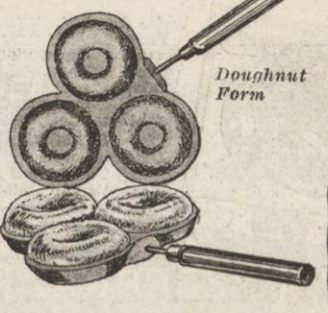
Those of us who do not possess waterless

Cap Remover

One particularly good feature of this siphon is the spring clip holder, which not only prevents kinks and insures an even flow, but at the same time holds the tubing firmly to the side of the container being drained, and incidentally at the required depth.

Cap Remover

As handy as the proverbial pocket in a shirt! It is a cap remover which pain-



5 good ideas for Xmas gifts and bridge prizes

These 5 articles can be easily and quickly made. Order one or all of them and know that you have something "different."

Introductory offer. Silk crepe handkerchief—design already stamped, 3 bots. bright French fabric paints, 1 tube plastic white, metallic gold bronze, brush, 6 cones, design sheet, complete directions (order 4252X) only \$1.00.

Plastic panel. Strong, white clear panel, smoothly finished. Urn and flowers in bold relief, all ready to be decorated. Lacquers, thinner, brushes and directions—complete (order 4578X) only \$1.35.

Black velvet wall panel—this year's exclusive novelty—panel 14x18, iris design, 6 tubes oil paint, velvet mixer, brushes, black and gilt edging brand, directions—complete (order 9100X) \$1.95.

Envelope purse, coin purse to match. Goldmetal cloth for bag 4x6 in., handle for bag, 8 rhinestones for clasp, 2 snap fasteners, tracing pattern, full directions—complete (order 9328X) 65c.

Glorified glass pictures. Pictures to color on glass—a background of glistening silver foil. New. Complete outfit includes glass, outline design, 4 colors of oriental lacquers, 2 metal hangers, black passe-partout binding, silver foil sheet, full directions (order 4320X) \$1.35.

FREE Beautiful new catalog for 1930 now ready. Hundreds of other new, interesting novelties. Send today.

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TYPEWRITER 1/2 Price

World's best makes—Underwood, Remington, Royal—also portables—prices smashed to below half. (See terms.)

SEND NO MONEY!

All late models completely rebuilt and finished brand new. Guaranteed for 1 year. Send no money—pay as you go. Free catalog shows actual machines in full colors. Get our direct-to-you easy payment plan and 10 day free trial offer. Amazing values—send at once.

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BRILLIANTLY COLORED Decorative Moore Push-Pins

"To Fasten Up Things"

3 Sizes 6 Colors
10c a Block All Dealers

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Stop the smarting and hasten the healing by prompt application of

Resinol

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Woman's World, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1929.

State of Illinois, County of Cook, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Walter W. Manning, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the President of Woman's World Magazine Company, Inc., owner and publisher of Woman's World, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Woman's World Magazine Company, Inc., Chicago, Illinois; Editor, Walter W. Manning, Chicago, Illinois; Managing Editor, Cora Frances Sanders, Chicago, Illinois; President, Walter W. Manning, Chicago, Illinois. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Woman's World Magazine Co., Inc., Chicago, Illinois. Owners of 1 percent or more of the total amount of stock: Walter W. Manning, Chicago, Illinois. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Walter W. Manning, President. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of September, 1929. (Seal) Anton Holmgren, Notary Public. (My commission expires July 7, 1930.)

Information relative to Kitchen Conveniences will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.

★ **O Little Town of Bethlehem—America's Best Christmas Carol** ★



O LITTLE town of Bethlehem!
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by.
Yet, in the dark street shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years,
Are met in thee, tonight.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts,
The blessings of His Heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
When meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray,
Cast out our sin and enter in,
Be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad-tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.



CHRISTMAS GIFTS for All the FAMILY

Use This Key to the Happiest Christmas Your Family Has Ever Enjoyed

IN THIS its fourth and largest cooperative Christmas service proposition to conserve the family income, Woman's World offers in return for your friendship and your friendly words to your friends a wide selection of high-grade merchandise as gifts for young and old.

Our buyers have combed the markets of the world for these choice articles and purchases have been made in car load lots in order that we might pass on to you the savings thus effected.

Look over these splendid items, make your selection and then set out to obtain them. Your friends, your neighbors, all will be glad to take Woman's World either for themselves or as Christmas gifts to their friends. Never has a magazine offered so much fine reading matter at so low a price.

Give Woman's World to Your Friends and Get These Rewards Without Cost

There is nothing you could give that lasts as long or costs as little or brings so much real enjoyment as a year of Woman's World. Make up your list of gift orders now, select the reward you desire and get started on the finest Christmas your family has ever had.

Handsome Christmas Card Announces Gift

These cards are mailed without expense to you to reach your friends during the week before Christmas. On each card is a beautiful four-color reproduction in miniature of Miriam Story Hurford's painting for the December cover of Woman's World.

Mail Orders Promptly

Write names and addresses plainly, indicate which are gift subscriptions. See that proper remittance accompanies all orders—and Mail Them Promptly.

WOMAN'S WORLD

4223 West Lake Street CHICAGO, ILL.

Smart New Articles for Personal Use and Adornment



Superb 3-Strand Necklace of Lustrous PEARLS

From Babylonian princesses and Egyptian queens to American maids of today, fair women have turned instinctively to the pearl as the one gem that not only adorns but enhances feminine beauty.

A name to conjure with—pearls! In their iridescent depths lie visions of the romance and chivalry of ancient lands and of the splendor of long-forgotten courts.

And now you may have a pearl necklace comparable in size and luster to the finest of them in return for but a few moments' effort on your part. A 15½-inch three-strand necklace of oriental, indestructible pearls. Each pearl is perfect and beautifully and evenly graduated. The necklace is fastened with a patent silver clasp in which is mounted a large pearl.

Gift No. FK128 postpaid for 3 yearly subs. at 50c each.

Exquisitely Wrought Silver Bracelet

Artistic in design and superb in its craftsmanship, this handsome silver bracelet sounds the newest note in modern feminine jewelry. Appropriate for either afternoon or evening wear, it is bound to be admired wherever it is seen. An artistically cut stone of amethyst hue enhances the beauty of the silver setting. The bracelet measures 1 inch across at its widest point and is 8½ inches long. It fastens with a patent, flat silver clasp.

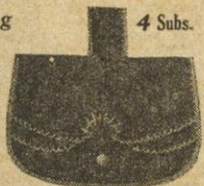
Gift No. FK131 postpaid for 3 yearly subs. at 50c each.

Postpaid to You for Only 3 Subs.

Suede Leather Bag

Smart in shape, convenient in size and rich in all its appointments. The bag measures 6¼ inches wide by 4½ inches high (not including the loop strap handle). It has two separate compartments and fastens with silver clasp. Made of finest grade suede leather, they may be obtained in either brown, black, green, blue or red leather. The bags may be worn either with or without the silver bead edging shown in the illustration. Silver bead edging is included with each bag and you may quickly put it on if desired.

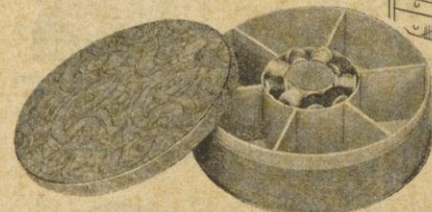
Gift No. FK132 postpaid for 4 yearly subs. at 50c each or for 1 two-year sub. at \$1.50. (State color desired.)



4 Subs.

Decorative Dresser Boxes with 10 Spools of Mending Silk

Here's the chic thing for Missy's dresser! Modish, decorative, colorful repositories for a lady's hose!



2 Popular Shapes—Your Choice for 4 Subs.

The boxes are strongly made—practically indestructible—and come in two popular shapes, circular and rectangular. The circular box contains compartments for 6 pairs of hose and measures 2¾ inches high by 8¾ inches in diameter. The rectangular box is 2¾ inches high by 8½ inches wide and 10¼ inches long and contains compartments for 8 pairs of hose. With each box is included 10 spools of mending silk in assorted colors with needle. Circular box comes in lavender with gold edges or in rose with gold edges. Rectangular box comes in a flower design with blues, pinks and greens predominating or in the more striking black, rose and lavender pattern illustrated. State shape and color.

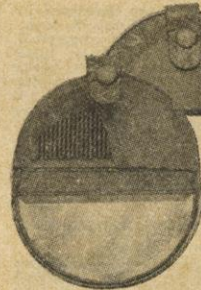
Gift No. FK145 postpaid for 4 yearly subs. at 50c each.

Chic Vanity Case with Mirror and Comb

A Valued Gift for a Particular Maid

Just the right size, 4½ by 3½ inches when opened. Contains clear beveled mirror and compartment with dainty lavender comb. Outside of case is finished in rich lavender silk edged with silver. Sturdy snap clasp is mounted with handsome half pearl. It is a beauty all right and you will find yourself making excuses to take it out and use it—whether you need to or not. A really splendid value!

Gift No. FK134 postpaid for 3 yearly subs. at 50c each.



3 Subs.

Modish Fabricated Leather Bag
A Surprise for Mother on Christmas Morning

Beautifully grained fabricated leather in a rich shade of brown with artistically tooled design on the flap. The bag measures 8½ by 5½ inches and contains three compartments, a large one for handkerchief, etc., and two smaller ones in which are respectively a dainty change purse and a clear mirror. Inside of bag is lined in lustrous tan Rayon. Hand strap on the back. Gift No. FK135 postpaid for 4 yearly subs. at 50c each or for 1 yearly sub. at \$1.25.



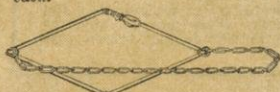
Tapestry Bags Are the Rage
Jaunty, Colorful, Convenient

Gorgeous reds, blues, yellows and greens abound in this one. It measures 11 inches across and 9½ inches high. The top of the bag is of handsomely embossed silver and a stout silver chain completes the jaunty appearance. A convenient feature of the top is the patent multiple-hinged opening shown in diagram below. The bag comes to you ready to be sewed together. The tapestry is cut to size, as is also the tan Rayon lining. It is but the work of a few moments to sew the bag together and fasten it to the silver top.

Gift No. FK141 postpaid complete for 7 yearly subs. at 50c each.



7 Subs.



Sketch shows way top of bag opens

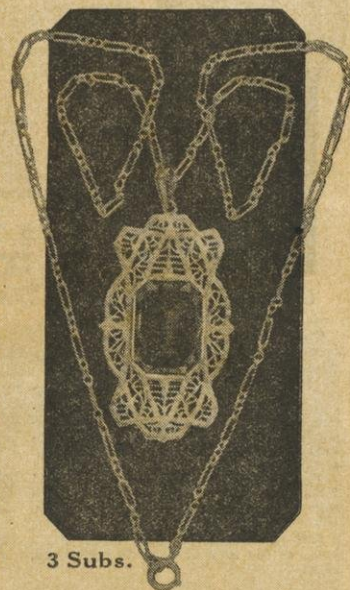
WOMAN'S WORLD Guarantees All Merchandise to Be Exactly as Represented on These Pages

Dainty Pendant on Silver Chain

Wrought by fairy craftsmen one would almost think, so dainty and delicate is the workmanship of this regal silver chain and pendant. Yet it is strong as the love of life itself. The chain measures 18¼ inches in length. The pendant is 1 inch wide by 1¾ inches long and is set off with an exquisitely cut synthetic amethyst crystal. It is appropriate for either afternoon or evening wear.

Gift No. FK133 postpaid for 3 yearly subs. at 50c each.

NOTE: Whether you desire this chain and pendant for your own personal wear or for a dainty gift to a fastidious daughter or niece, you will find it all that we have represented it to be—a thing of rare beauty and a source of pride.



3 Subs.

These Swagger Dance Scarfs Are the Mode
The Gift De Luxe for a Dainty Miss

Across a shoulder, tucked into a bracelet or flowing out from a purse, these dainty scarfs of sheerest georgette give a completing touch to feminine charm. Each scarf is 17½ inches square and comes in a choice of delicate shades. No. FK108 may be had in orange and blue, light rose and dark rose, light lavender and dark lavender. No. FK109 comes in red and white, blue and white, green and white and black and white. Specify number and color desired.

Gifts No. FK108 or No. FK109 postpaid for 2 yearly subs. at 50c each or for 1 yearly sub. at 85c.

Gift No. FK108

Gift No. FK109



Here's the PICK of OLD SANTA'S PACK

Practical Gifts to Make the Coming Year Brighter—For a Few Friendly Words to Your Friends

Dependable Utensils for Kitchen Use—SPLENDID VALUES!



Fine Quality Electric Toaster An Excellent Christmas Gift

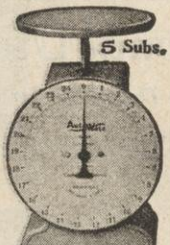
Toasts two slices of bread at once. Made of steel, copper flashed and beautifully nickel plated. 7 inches high, 6 inches long and 4 3/4 inches wide. A useful and ornamental table accessory. It toasts bread quickly to a fine, even brown and it does it with a minimum of attention from the operator.

Gift No. FK1239 postpaid for 6 yearly subs. at 50c each or for 1 yearly sub. at \$1.25.

Every Household Needs a Scale

Full size scale, gray enamel finish with 5 1/2-inch round steel top; weighs up to 25 pounds by ounces. Durable, well made and accurate. Weigh your parcel post packages and check the accuracy of the butcher and the grocer. A good scale has numerous household uses.

Gift No. FK797 postpaid for 5 yearly subs. at 50c each or for 1 yearly sub. at \$1.25.



5 Subs.



8-Cup Aluminum Percolator

Beautifully designed and polished. Stands 9 inches high and makes 8 cups of delicious golden coffee. Why bother longer with the old unsanitary, unsavory coffee pot when you can have an aluminum percolator almost without cost?

Gift No. FK1240 postpaid for 4 yearly subs. at 50c each.

Guaranteed Thermometer Tells Heat of Your Oven

All metal, heatproof glass face, registers accurately up to 500 degrees. Place it anywhere in the oven. Eliminates guesswork from baking. Beautifully nickel-plated and finished. Thoroughly tested. Guaranteed. Every cooking recipe nowadays tells the oven heat to use. Be up-to-date. Make this thermometer yours.

Gift No. FK1232 postpaid for 3 yearly subs. at 50c each or for one 1-year sub. at 50c and 50c extra (\$1 in all).



3 Subs.

Automatic Egg Boiler and Timer—Aluminum

If your appetite demands a 2-minute egg, why just set the timer and forget it. At the end of two minutes it automatically rises out of the water. The boiler holds from one to five eggs and it will boil them from one to five minutes, depending on your preference. Easy to operate, nothing to get out of order. Strictly guaranteed. Aluminum pan is separate from timer and may be used for other culinary purposes.

Gift No. FK75 postpaid for 6 subs. at 50c each.



6 Subs.

Substantial, 10-Quart Aluminum Dish Pan

Heavy gauge aluminum, yet light and easy to handle. Beautifully polished, inside Sun-ray finish. Dish washing becomes almost a pleasure when you look down into the bright smiling face of such a pan as this.

Gift No. FK136 postpaid for 4 yearly subs. at 50c each.



4 Subs.



3 Subs.

1 1/2-Quart Aluminum Double Boiler—FINE VALUE

Medium size, Colonial style, highly polished finish with cool hollow rust-proof handles. Large bottom vessel to avoid cooking dry. Aluminum utensils are easy to clean, light to handle and with care will last a lifetime.

Gift No. FK1257 postpaid for 3 yearly subs. at 50c each.

Handsome Christmas Card with All Offers

Woman's World includes a beautiful Christmas card with each one of these offers on which you can write the name of the person for whom the article is intended and your own name as the donor. Cards are printed in colors.



Out of the orient, crystal skies
A blazing star did shine
Showing the place where poorly lies
A blessed Babe divine.

NOTE: When you find through these offers how easy it is to obtain orders for Woman's World, perhaps you will want to represent us in your locality. If so, write for our proposition to you. Full information; no obligation.

Bright-Eyed Babies for Xmas Stockings Margie Is the Reigning Queen of Toyland



Petite, cheery, pretty—she's every inch a queen. And her poise is so perfect she can stand squarely on two feet—or even on one. She has almost as many joints as a regular girl. Ankles, knees, hips, elbows, shoulders and head can be turned in any direction. Body, arms and legs are of wood, while her pretty head is of bisque. She stands 9 1/2 inches high and she wears a dainty, blue silk vestie to keep her little tummy warm. Everybody likes Margie and so will you.

Gift No. FK137 postpaid for 4 yearly subs. at 50c each or for 1 sub. at \$1.10.



Girls, Meet BETTY

Betty is soft and warm and comfortable to hold for she is made entirely of felt, except her head, of course, and her flaxen hair and the dainty white shoes and socks that she wears. She stands slim and straight as an arrow, 11 1/2 inches high. Her dress is of bright orange felt with a light green collar matching her hair ribbon.

Gift No. FK138 postpaid for only 2 subs. at 50c each or for 1 sub. at 75c.

And HERE'S the Family Pet



The youngest member of the household cries when you lay her down. She is 10 1/2 inches long but her pretty white dress and underskirt extend 4 inches below her toes. Her head and hands are of bisque. She is a real six weeks' old baby because she was modeled from a live baby. She can do anything but grow bigger.

Gift No. FK1229 postpaid for 2 yearly subs. at 50c each or for 1 yearly sub. to Woman's World at 85c.

We Buy Car Load Quantities to Make Possible These Liberal Offers



Smart Waterproof Bag Convenient! Durable

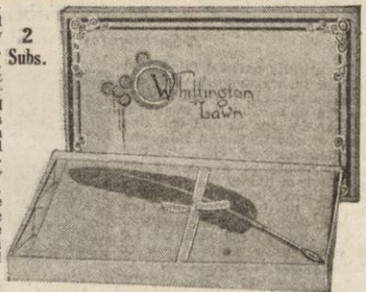
Swagger in shape, handsome in finish. Outside of bag is made of a durable, blue rubberized plaid material. Inside is lined with a rubberized silk. Bag opens and closes with popular zipper fastener. Sturdy, flexible handles make it easy to carry. Bag is 14 inches long by 4 1/2 inches wide at base. Height, 10 inches.

Gift No. FK70 postpaid for 5 yearly subs. at 50c each or for 1 yearly sub. at \$1.30.

Fine Quality Society Stationery for Christmas In Handsome Box with Quill Pen to Match

Think of it! 24 society style envelopes and 24 sheets of stationery to match. Size of sheet, 10 1/2 by 4 1/2 inches. Made from heavy weight vellum finished paper with deckled edges and gold borders—all in a handsome box. Each box contains a quill pen with excellent writing point. Stationery comes in white, pink, blue or peach. Give first and second choice of colors. A handsome box of stationery such as this makes an ideal gift.

Gift No. FK72 postpaid for 2 yearly subs. at 50c each or for 1 two-year sub. at \$1.00.



2 Subs.

Handsome Magazine Rack Substantially Made

Magazine racks are the smart thing now and this one is particularly pleasing in design. It is strongly made of hard wood, and finished in a shaded olive green with a decorative design in black on the side. The rack is 14 inches high, 12 1/2 inches long and 5 1/2 inches wide. It has two spacious compartments on either side.

Gift No. FK90 postpaid for 4 yearly subs. at 50c each, or for one 2-year sub. at \$1.50.



4 Subs.

PILLOWS for Your Home Big, Fluffy, Comfortable Ones

They are made of lustrous Rayon and piled thick with soft, downy stuffing. A delight to the eye and a comfort to weary heads or backs. The pillow shown above (No. FK122) measures 18 1/2 by 12 1/2 inches. It is made of blue Rayon and decorated with a flower whose formal petals are of blue, rose and pale green and whose graceful stem is green. The oval pillow (No. FK123) is 18 by 12 1/2 inches, of rose Rayon with a flower in rose, lavender and green.

Either Gift No. FK122 or No. FK123 postpaid for 4 yearly subs. at 50c each or for 1 two-year sub. at \$1.50.



Useful Wastebasket and a Thing of Beauty Sturdy—Full Size

The basket is strongly made in every respect and its prettiness covering is just as gay and colorful as you would imagine from the design, with blacks, blues, reds and yellows in striking combination. The inside is enamelled pale blue and the result is not merely a highly useful wastebasket, but a thing of unique and striking beauty.

The basket is 11 inches high and 11 inches in diameter at the top. It will find a welcome place in living-room, library or bedroom.

Gift No. FK126 postpaid for 4 yearly subs. at 50c each or for 1 two-year sub. at \$1.50.



A Fine Value

Self-Filling Fountain Pen BEST VALUE EVER OFFERED

A handsome and dependable pen in every respect. Popular, vulcanized red rubber barrel, gold pocket clip, gold band in middle and contrasting caps of black at either end of pen. Patent 14-k gold tip insures smooth writing. Dip point of pen in ink and press lever to fill. Size with cap on, 5 1/2 inches. An ideal gift for a man, a boy or a girl, or anyone else who appreciates fine quality.

Gift No. FK8 postpaid for 3 yearly subs. at 50c each.

Manufacturer's Guarantee

This pen is guaranteed to be perfect in workmanship and to give entire satisfaction to user. Every part is standardized, thus making it possible to replace any broken part immediately and at small cost.



3 Subs.



Only 3 Subs.

For a Little Girl
That You Know!

Gayly Colored Beads—Hundreds of 'Em for Necklaces, Bags, Table Mats!

In a Big, Handsome Xmas Box, Complete with Thread, Needle, Tray and Book of Instructions

Now you can have as many bead necklaces as you want, in almost as many colors as you want them. There are hundreds of bright beads in this collection—red, green, black, yellow and blue. Each bead is 3/4 inch in diameter. There are several strands of different color thread on which to string the beads as well as a needle and a handsome tray in which to place the beads while you work. A booklet printed in colors shows how to make baskets and mats and many other useful articles out of your beads.

Gift No. FK140 postpaid for 3 subs. at 50c each or with 1 yearly sub. at \$1.00.

Handsome Xmas Card
with All Offers



From WOMAN'S WORLD TREE to YOU

Give Woman's World to Your Friends This Year and Receive These Fine Gifts Without Cost



The pure white snow is falling fast,
O'er hill and dale, o'er tower and town,
The wind is high, a rushing blast,
And swiftly Christmas Eve comes down.

If you like Woman's World, if you appreciate its friendly cheerful visits, tell your friends about it—pass it on—and in so doing you will serve three—yourself, your friend and Woman's World. Mail your orders now to avoid delay later on.

Big, Good-natured Talking DOLLS You Can't Help Loving Anna Marie

Even when she cries you won't mind it because her voice is so musical. She stands 18 inches high, has a pretty bisque head and hands and when you take off her bonnet you find she has beautiful brown, real hair. Her eyes are blue and her cheeks are like roses. She comes to you fully clothed with a dainty figured blue dress and bonnet to match. Patent leather slippers encase her aristocratic feet. We call her Anna Marie but you can rechristen her whatever name you like. She is a doll to be proud of! See our liberal offer below.

Gift No. FK91 postpaid for 3 yearly subs. at 50c each or for 1 yearly sub. at \$1.00.



3 Subs.

25 Inches Tall and Radiates Happiness Everybody Likes Her

Fay Louise is another real life-size doll—25 inches to be exact (just measure that on mother's yard stick). She wears a dainty green-checked dress with a bonnet to match tied with pretty white ribbons. Her head and hands are of bisque and her eyes are a deep blue. You can easily tell from her plump pink cheeks that she is healthy and full of fun. She cries just like a real baby, but she does that merely to attract your attention and to let you know she wants to play with you. Really she is a beauty!

In order that all good little girls may receive this splendid doll on Christmas morning, we are making the liberal offer shown below.

Gift No. FK95 postpaid for 4 yearly subs. at 50c each or for 1 yearly sub. at \$1.10



4 Subs.

WHERE Does Your Talent Lie?

Learn the Facts as Revealed in Your Handwriting!



Just the merest fragment of your handwriting tells its story to the person who understands graphology. Tendencies, potentialities, natural bents 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 now to read this story of hidden capabilities—of things to strive for, of conditions to shun—as they are clearly and simply revealed in Madame Olyanova's authoritative new book.

144 Pages, Bound in Cloth, Illustrated
This fascinating book should be in the library of every thoughtful man or woman. It provides you with an accurate gauge of your own capabilities and it forms an unerring index to the character of your friends.

This Amazing Book, Postpaid, with Woman's World, 2 Years, for \$1.00

This is your last chance to obtain this remarkable book. Gift No. FK44 postpaid for 1 two-year sub. at \$1.00 or for 2 one-year subs. at 50c each.

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THE choicest work of the leading present-day writers in standard library editions. Ideal for Christmas gifts or for your own permanent library. Make your selection now and mail orders promptly.

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A tale of the Latin Quarter in the days of King Louis Philippe.

Doomsday (No. FK1060) by Warwick Deeping
A woman who turns to the soil after trying the life of a social butterfly.

The Jazz Singer (No. FK1071) by Arline de Haas
A gripping tale of the New York ghetto in which Al Jolson recently starred.

Forlorn River (No. FK1065) by Zane Grey
A dashing tale of the old lawless West.

The Black Hunter (No. FK1069) by James Oliver Curwood
A stirring romance of old French-Canadian pioneers.

"We" (No. FK1067) by Col. Charles A. Lindbergh
Lindbergh's own story of his epoch-making flight. Illustrated.

Master Mind of Mars (No. EK1072) by E. R. Burroughs
An imaginative tale of the planet Mars. Replete with thrills.

A Man of Little Faith (No. FK1073) by G. W. Kaufman
Powerful novel dealing with conditions in many modern churches.

Harmer John (No. FK1074) by Hugh Walpole
A problem novel of human conduct—gripping, compelling.

Broadway Melody (No. FK1062) Novelized by Jack Lait
An appealing tale of a show girl's sacrifice.

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A mile-a-minute mystery tale.

The Enemy (No. FK1075) by Channing Pollock
A gripping story of the World War. A sermon against all war.

Desert Moon Mystery (No. FK1064) by Kay C. Strahan
Action, thrills, romance on a Nevada ranch.

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Thrilling and swiftly moving, yet full of food for thought.

Under the Sun (No. FK1076) by Dane Coolidge
Indians and pioneers in New Mexico's early '60s.

Far Above Rubies (No. FK1077) Postpaid for 3 By Agnes Sligh Turnbull Subs. at 50c each

A vividly realistic and exquisitely beautiful interpretation of the lives of Bible women, replete with romance, thrills, tragedy. Bound in full cloth, handsomely illustrated.

Three Valuable Books for You 101 Famous Poems

The greatest poems of all literature—sems of thought that have encouraged, cheered and comforted all mankind—surpassingly beautiful verse that will live as long as human life shall last—collected into one handsome volume for ready reference in the home. Photograph of the author appears with each poem. Size of book, 8x4 1/2 inches, 186 pages.

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In this remarkable book Edna Wallace Hopper, famous beauty and stage star, discusses clearly and sensibly her system of exercises, diet, bathing. She shows the proper care of hair, eyes, teeth, skin and hands. She tells about correct posture, the art of make-up and all the things so vital to beauty. A splendidly bound and printed book.

Gift No. FK1079 postpaid for 1 NEW yearly sub. at 50c.

101 Best Songs

Patriotic songs, college songs and sacred songs; songs for children and songs of sentiment—a glorious anthology of them all with full words and music. Size of book, 5 1/2 by 8 1/2 inches.

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A splendid set of dominoes, a folding checker-board with checkers, a game of anagrams and the game of "Ludo" played with special men on the back of the checkerboard. Complete with dice and spin wheel. Rules for playing with each game. All packed in a big, gayly colored Christmas box and ready for Christmas morning.

Gift No. FK102 postpaid for 3 subs. at 50c each or for 1 yearly sub. at \$1.00.



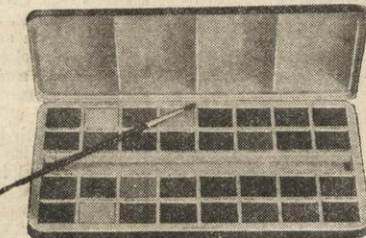
Toys for All Good Girls and Boys Here's a Real Phonograph 4 Subs.

It uses real records, real needles and plays real music. It is small in size of course, but it operates just like the larger phonographs. Made throughout of metal. 7 1/2 inches long, 5 1/4 inches high, 5 1/4 inches wide. Use small size records, purchasable in any 10c store.

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Every color of the rainbow in every tint and shade. 32 separate water-color paints with brush in a big metal paint box with hinged lid. Size of box closed, 9 1/2 by 5 inches. Inside of box enameled in pure white, outside in black. An ideal box for use in school or for sketching at home.

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2 Subs. Bring You These Paints

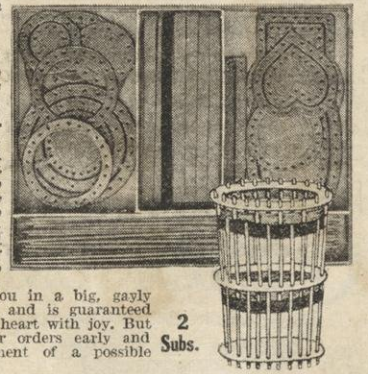
Loads of Fun—Making Fancy Baskets—Full Set

You Can Make Seven Different Baskets with This Outfit

In a few moments' practice you can make all kinds of decorative baskets—big and small. All materials with complete instructions for making baskets are included in this splendid set. Seven different kinds of baskets are shown. There are wooden stags for the frame, pieces of different shape for tops and bottom and brilliantly colored paper strips to weave around the sides.

The set comes to you in a big, gayly colored Christmas box and is guaranteed to fill any youngster's heart with joy. But don't wait. Mail your orders early and avoid the disappointment of a possible shortage of supply.

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2 Subs.

Sketch Shows Frame of Basket





"A beam of comfort like the moon through clouds"

COMFORT, born of the certainty that the living have rendered the ultimate tribute of devotion to the beloved dead. Comfort when the dark nights follow the dark days with never-ceasing questioning. Then, like the moon through clouds, comes the consoling assurance that neither earth nor water nor corruption from any external source can invade the protecting sanctuary of the

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GALION CRYPTORIUM

THE UNDER-GROUND MAUSOLEUM



The Vogue of Furs for Femininity

(Continued from page 44)

light shades, of which cocoa and platinum bid fair to be popular this year. See Fig. 8. In purchasing muskrat, one often hears the terms southern and northern muskrat. Coats of the southern muskrat are a little lighter in weight and possibly do not wear quite as well as the northern.

The weasel family, to which belong the mink and ermine, both "precious furs," gives us some less expensive furs also. The variety of fur known as Japanese weasel is dyed in cocoa and mink shades and used for coats that rank high in beauty. Shown in Fig. 3. This type of fur is used most successfully for trimmings on cloth coats.

For many years, Krimmer, a light gray tightly curled lamb, has been more or less in the discard but has now returned to favor. The name, sometimes spelled Crimmer, comes from Crimea, where it is native. Krimmer is seen in entire garments and is also used extensively for trimmings, as shown in Fig. 7. The best grades are soft and silky and in shaded effects, and are excellent for general service. Caracul, from caracul lamb, is closely related to Krimmer, but has a much smoother surface (Fig. 4). This is also a service fur.

Who would ever imagine that the lapin coat the furrier spreads so proudly before you was once a gay little rabbit, just the kind for which daddy went a-hunting so long ago! Rabbit was formerly referred to in the trade as cony, derived from the Latin word for rabbit, but the French name "lapin" is the one in use at the present time. Rabbit as a fur is quite satisfactory if buck skins are used and if only the strongest parts of the pelts are utilized. It is sold under many names other than lapin. The fur is soft, but often short. Being comparatively inexpensive, it is used for general utility wear. Fig. 5.

One of the most serviceable furs available is the beaver. This is more satisfactory for trimmings than for entire garments. It is exceedingly warm, not only on account of its deep, full nap but also on account of the quality of the leather. The beaver as we see it has all the guard hairs plucked away. In judging beaver, separate the fur and note whether the fur close to the skin is a soft gray, which indicates a good quality.

Among the dress furs, seal generally ranks first. The term formerly meant Alaska seal, which was extensively used for coats for women and for men as well. In fact, there was a time when sealskin coats were not considered a luxury. On account of its wide use, a scarcity in animals developed and in 1911 the governments of the United States, Great Britain and Japan entered into a treaty to protect the Alaskan seals. The number killed each year is limited by law and each government shares in the profits. One of the distinctive characteristics of Alaska seal is the bright reddish brown color of the fur close to the pelt and the deep brown, almost black, appearance of the top. Fig. 6.

Hudson seal, which is the fur now commonly spoken of as seal, comes from dyed muskrat and gives us an excellent fur of good wearing qualities. This must not be confused with Australian seal, Baltic seal, arctic seal, Hudson Bay seal, near seal and others, which come from the rabbit family.

Squirrel is not to be seen as much this

season, although it has been popular as a trimming for several years. The gray is the type used and the best grades come from Russia and Siberia. Squirrel is an almost universally becoming fur but needs great care in its wear and is more satisfactory for dress than for general use.

One of the most beautiful furs this season is American broadtail, a flat silky fur from a sheared lamb, which has its surface pressed flat. This differs from the true broadtail obtained from the very young Persian lambs.

We are having also a vogue of the use of long-haired furs for collars on cloth coats. Of these, fox, lynx and skunk are those most frequently seen. Fox is especially good when used with tweeds. This fur with its silky guard hairs gives a very becoming appearance to any garment. It is, however, a very delicate fur. Of all the varieties of fox, we hear the term "silver fox" most frequently. This is the most expensive variety and is so beautiful that it is generally used in whole skins as neckpieces. The under fur is a blue black, shading to a gray blue at the roots on a white pelt. The top hairs are white, giving a silvery effect, and it is the effect produced by a number of these hairs that gives it its name of silver fox. Silver fox is imitated very closely by dyeing red fox and pointing with white badger hairs which are glued to the pelt. This imitation can be detected by the absence of the gray coloring at the roots. The skins of the blue or arctic fox are somewhat slate-colored; being smaller, they are expensive, but the fur is quite durable. This type of fox, also the white fox, is often dyed a silvery gray and sold as platinum fox.

Lynx is an extremely becoming fur, long and silky, giving a very soft effect, but it does not wear quite as well as the fox, for the over hairs are so delicate that they break easily.

There has been considerable criticism regarding the shedding of long-haired furs, but this does not always indicate inferiority and can be remedied somewhat by combing.

Let us remember in purchasing furs that it is best to go to a reliable dealer, one where you will have a come-back if your garment proves unsatisfactory. We have had a reputable trade in used cars and there has now grown up among us one in used furs as well, for many people wishing to be quite "a la mode" discard fur garments as soon as they cease to be in style and long before they are worn out, either selling them outright or turning them in on the purchase of a new garment. As with the business of used cars, that of used furs has much to recommend it if carried on by responsible persons; in fact, it may be considered as one phase of clothing conservation.

Remember, too, that furs wear out the same as other clothing. Do not wear heavy jewelry where it will mar them, and look after hat brims in the back where they rub constantly against the collar. It is well to send a fur garment or one trimmed with much expensive fur to cold storage for the summer months, as one is then sure of protection against moths and the garment will seem to recover new life and luster from the cold temperature.

Food for Health and Beauty

(Continued from page 18)

meat, potatoes, coffee and bread. Such a diet is deficient in most of the important elements needed by the body for suitable growth. The efficient diet must contain suitable quantities of proteins, carbohydrates and fats; all of the mineral salts contained in food substances; all of the vitamins that have been shown by science to be necessary for health and growth, and sufficient quantities to meet the daily demand for energy. The vitamins are available in milk, leafy vegetables, butter, egg yolk, fresh fruits and portions of meats which were formerly discarded. The body-building proteins are not all to be best found in lean meat. They are available in milk, in vegetables, in gelatine, and in such portions of meats as liver, kidney, brain and giblets generally. The mineral salts that are needed include iodine, calcium, phosphorus particularly, but undoubtedly it will be found that copper and iron and even other metals in very small quantities are equally necessary.

Hence it is that modern science urges a well balanced meal, containing a variety of food substances: a breakfast that will include fresh fruit, cereal, milk, but-

ter, bread and perhaps eggs and ham or bacon; a luncheon that will have a salad and some vegetables and something to sustain energy; a dinner that is complete from soup to nuts.

Faddism has no place in foodism. The food faddist is especially a menace because he invariably tries to bring other people around to his point of view. Nothing ruins the appetite like an oration on digestion and indigestion delivered by a food fanatic in the course of a meal.

No doubt, in the future when children are as well educated regarding foods and their relationships to the human body as they have been educated in the past regarding reading, writing, arithmetic and geography, these facts will be taken as a matter of course and the world will be a much better place to live in. Today such knowledge is enough of a novelty to demand repeated reiteration, at least for the grown-ups who heard nothing of these things when they were young. Since the beginning of time, the world has had only ridicule for the gourmands who lived to eat. Today it has admiration for those who know how to eat to live.

Milk Alone is not Enough

DOCTORS say many babies need cod-liver oil daily to help keep them well and happy. Especially in winter when sunshine is scarce and milk less rich. It helps the growth of sturdy bones and sound teeth, and prevents rickets. Give it the easy, pleasant way—Scott's Emulsion. Pure Norwegian cod-liver oil whipped into a cream. This way even tiny infants digest and retain it perfectly.

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SUMMER SUNSHINE FOR BABIES

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THE OLD RELIABLE
DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE Refuse Substitutes

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And enjoy Florida warmth in every room of your home! Woman's World Home Heating Book, written by Harry F. Smith, foremost heating engineer, tells how to operate every kind of heating plant to obtain greatest efficiency at lowest cost. Also chapters on important subject of ventilation. An authoritative, non-technical book every home owner should have. 10c, postpaid.

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Blue Heaven

(Continued from page 37)

come to dinner. Thanks, Malcolm Burr." Cold it was, and impersonal. Crude, even, for a college man, she thought. But she did not care.

That evening she told Mats and exulted in the telling, "I'm following your advice and becoming a bold and pursuing female."

Mats looked up with a quizzical smile. "I've asked Malcolm Burr to dinner on Sunday."

There was no doubting that Mats was startled. Her mouth opened in her amazement. "Well, well! Who'd have thought it? You're actually getting subtle, Maizie. Even I don't quite get you."

"No?" cooed Maizie with a twisted smile. "Maybe my funny bone's beginning to grow."

Dessert and salad were prepared; chicken and biscuits browning in the oven; the potatoes ready to be mashed. Maizie went to dress for dinner. She needed no rouge this day. Excitement, anger, jealousy gave fire to cheeks and eyes.

She put on the brown taffeta. Its quaint gracefulness fitted exactly her slim, shy figure. She brushed the brown curls back around her ears, bound them close to her head with a band of brown velvet. The effect was startling, bringing out all the piquant wistfulness of the heart-shaped face, the slimness of the white throat.

Jimmy Gilmore came first. Maizie was glad of that. She was cool to him, very cool, and excused herself to see to something in the kitchen. But when Malcolm Burr arrived, she greeted him with exuberant friendliness. If that young man was surprised, he did not show it. He was accustomed to having girls treat him with exuberant friendliness.

Jimmy was very gay. They were all very gay. Even Malcolm Burr seemed in a good humor, although he said very little, except to make now and then a more or less subtle "dig" at Jimmy. Once during the dinner he remarked, "Where'd you get that dimple, Gilmore?"

Jimmy's face got red. "That's not a dimple, it's a picket fence! I don't suppose you ever saw a picket fence. But they still have them in some of the outlying rural districts of America. This is the scar of one of 'em that I happened to fall onto when I was a kid."

Mats lifted her coffee cup. "Here's to the rural districts whose scars are dimples and whose vices are virtues."

"Virtues? Sure, the dead are always virtuous. I'd rather be alive, myself."

Maizie forgot the role she was playing, forgot she wanted to hurt Jimmy and be

nice to Malcolm. "Alive?" she said hotly. "What's being alive? Just being noisy and lost in a whirl of people—doing whatever the crowd does—never stopping to think or to—"

Malcolm Burr looked at her with a curl of his lip that was not altogether a smile. "You would like the country. You're too good for the wicked city."

The retort cut Maizie. She was angry and humiliated. Jimmy would know she was not so "good." She glanced up at him. He was looking at her and there was no mistaking the sympathy in his eyes.

She had not planned things so, but she was now with him against these others. During the argument that followed, though she said nothing, she knew that Jimmy knew she was with him.

Good-naturedly he held his own in the timeworn debate of city versus town. The discussion grew warm and rabid. Finally, Mats rapped her glass with her spoon. "Children, children, softly, softly!"

"But Burr isn't fair," persisted Jimmy. "He knows nothing about the small town except what he's read in books. He never lived in one."

"Well, I have!" announced Mats sharply. Maizie looked at her, surprised. She had never heard of this before. Mats hurried on, almost as if she had said something she did not mean to say:

"It's my brilliant observation that people are the same, underneath, the world over—broad-minded or narrow, good or bad. And it's every fellow to his taste, as said the old lady that kissed the cow. For myself, I don't care for cows. I was in the country once for about a week," she rattled on, giving the others a chance to recover themselves. "And speaking of noise! The chickens all crowed at 4 a.m., and the dogs barked and the cows bellowed, or whatever it is cows do. I had to come back to town to get a good night's sleep."

Everyone laughed, and the argument was not resumed.

After dinner, Mats and Jimmy insisted on washing the dishes, leaving Maizie alone with Malcolm. That young man, half reclining on the couch, smoothed back his sleek hair with a slim, artistic hand and made no attempt to stifle his yawns.

Maizie felt awkward and shy with him. He was the kind of man with whom it is impossible to carry on an impersonal conversation.

Finally he said, "Where did you pick up the dimpled darling from the country?"

Maizie's shyness gave way to anger. (Continued on page 37)

The Newest Conveniences

(Continued from page 48)

cookers will welcome the news that there is now obtainable a cast bronze plate or base by which any heavy cooking vessel may be used as a waterless cooker.

The shape and form of this base mean that a pocket of imprisoned air is formed which holds and operates on the cooking vessel as the outer steam jacket operates in a double boiler, and with a minimum of fuel, all of the rich juices of meat or vegetables being retained.

Sink Stopper and Strainer

Wherever there is a modern sink, there is undoubtedly a need as well as a use

for this duplex strainer-stopper. The two are one in construction; once installed, they are always in position in the sink ready for instant use. The installing, by the way, is exceedingly simple and can be done by anyone in two or three minutes.

Normally, of course, you will leave the strainer holes open, but if you desire to use the sink for your dishwashing with abundance of water, move the tiny adjusting thumb piece to the right so that the openings are closed; then, to drain off the water, reverse the procedure with a left turn.

A Yarn Bag with a Slide Fastener

IMPORTED French yarn is used for making this modish purse in the season's favored shades. It may either be made in three shades of brown, or in a combination of white, gray and black. The embroidery of the Boulevard bag is done over open mesh canvas with long stitches. The work is easy and a bag is quickly made.



Boulevard Design

Yarn Purse

At each end is a pleated gusset which adds spaciousness; at the top is a slide fastener mounted on durable tape which is easily sewed in place after the bag is joined at the ends and lined with any preferred silk. Paris has heartily endorsed the slide fastener which is found on the smartest purses. Bag is 7 inches deep and 9 inches wide.

Bags with fasteners \$1.00 each, yarn for a bag \$1.95, may be secured from Woman's World, Chicago.

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NAME THIS

This Offer Open to Every Reader of this Announcement

Have you sent a name? If not, do so at once. It makes no difference who you are or where you live we want you to send us a name for this new and unusual shampoo. Whoever sends the most suitable name will win the one thousand dollars—nothing else to do. **Just write or print the name on any kind of paper—neatness don't count.**

NOTHING TO BUY — NOTHING TO SELL

You can use a coined word or a word made by combining two or more words, such as "Sungleam," "Youthglow," etc., or any other name you think of. Your name might suggest the handy new container, our latest sanitary tube from which the Shampoo is simply squeezed out, thus eliminating waste and trouble caused by the old-fashioned liquid soap in bottles. There is nothing to buy or sell—simply the person sending the most suitable name will receive \$1,000 cash prize, or if prompt \$1,100 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. Win this \$1000 cash prize by a few moments' thought. How can you earn this amount of money easier or more quickly? Remember, there is no obligation! The person submitting the winning name will have nothing else to do to win the \$1000 and the extra \$100, if prompt. In choosing a name bear in mind this shampoo is marvelous for cleansing the hair and scalp. It is designed to bring out the beauty, lustre and natural gloss of the hair. Remember, too, how handy the new sanitary tube is for traveling, no bottle to leak or spill, no cake of soap to lie around and collect germs. The only thing necessary to win is to send the name we choose as the best and most suitable for this shampoo. Only one name will be accepted from each contestant. This unusual offer is only one of a number of offers embraced in our novel distribution plan of ultra toilet goods, whereby those taking part may win any one of a hundred other prizes, the highest of which is \$8,000.00 cash. By participating in our distribution plan the winner of the \$1,100.00 cash prize may win an additional \$8,000.00, making a total of \$9,100.00. Everyone sending a name, regardless of whether it wins or not, will be given the same opportunity to win the \$8,000.00 or one of the other cash prizes. Get busy with your suggestion at once—do not delay!

\$100 EXTRA FOR PROMPTNESS

To get quick action we are going to pay the winner an extra \$100.00 for promptness, or \$1,100.00 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 April 30, 1930. 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.

PARIS AMERICAN PHARMACAL CO.,
932 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.

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NO MONEY DOWN \$275 ONLY \$12 A MONTH

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IN YOUR OWN HOME—WE PAY ALL FREIGHT

Direct from factory—save \$100 to \$200. Rich inspiring tone. 40,000 in use. 40-year guarantee. Pianos, Players and Grands. 30 styles. Easy terms. Write today for Book and offer FREE!

WING & SON, Founded 1868—61st Year
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Founded 1868
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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 MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
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Write for 50 Sets St. Nicholas Christmas Seals. Sell for 10c a set. When sold send us \$3.00 and keep \$2. No Work—Just Fun.

St. Nicholas Seal Co., Dept. 210.W.W., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"How's the cold?"
"It's gone."
I took—

These efficient tablets relieve pain harmlessly.

TRADE MARK

Want Some Money?

Here's a wonderful way to get it


Our beautifully illustrated book tells how. It tells all about our new methods of art decoration, art treatment and how anybody can learn without previous training or experience. It contains page after page of handsome color illustrations of what you can make and sell. You can make good money and this book is FREE us with the instructions and many have made \$25 the first week. Some society women have taken up this work for their own amusement—Either way, pleasure or profit, it's the most delightful home work you can imagine. Write Now for your copy of this valuable book; it's FREE.

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"The Sweetest Story Ever Told" is the title. A neatly-made, natural wood "book" box of eight 2-ounce cakes choicest Vermont Maple Sugar. New, novel—and delightfully in keeping with the Xmas spirit. We mail promptly direct to your list. \$1 postpaid. (Add 25c West of Rockies, foreign or U.S. Possessions.) Write addresses plainly.

Mt. Mansfield Maple Merchants
Dept. E, Stowe, Vt. Largest direct-to-consumer shippers of maple products. Send for price list.




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TO be able to taste your food and enjoy it, your mouth must be clean—free from acids and food particles. An effective and inexpensive way to keep your mouth clean and sweet is the regular use of Arm & Hammer Baking Soda as a tooth cleanser and mouth wash.

Baking Soda can be bought for a very low price at all grocery stores. Always ask for either Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand. The two are identical. Both are pure Bicarbonate of Soda.

== SEND FOR FREE BOOKLETS ==
CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., Inc.

80 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Please send me free one set of colored bird cards and booklets.

[Please print name and address]

Y-2

Name.....

Address.....

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



The Littlest Shepherd

A CHRISTMAS INTERLUDE

(Continued from page 16)



couldn't help thinking about the sheep, and how a wolf might come... so I had to come back to stay with the flocks.

THE GIRL: And that's why you were crying.

DAVID: I wasn't really crying. I was just thinking—about what was going on in the town—and wishing I could see it, too.

THE GIRL: I want to see it all! Is it very far to Bethlehem?

DAVID: Not very. You keep right on down the road.

THE GIRL: And will I find food there? I've not had anything to eat for a long time. I'm hungry as can be.

DAVID (doubtfully): I don't know. There's been a dreadful crowd going there all day long. No, I'm afraid there won't be very much food left. (Suddenly.) But if you'll wait, you can have some of my supper. (He brings out a small bundle from behind the rock.) I'll be glad to share it with you.

THE GIRL: No, I can't wait. I don't want to miss the elephants and the camels and the kings with their gifts...

DAVID: That isn't what I want to see. I want to see the Holy Babe.

THE GIRL: Then, why don't you come along with me?

DAVID: I told you why I couldn't come! I've got to watch the sheep.

THE GIRL: But I don't think that's any reason at all! Think of it... elephants and camels and Kings of the North, and South, and East with jewels and presents—and the King of Kings Himself—and you're going to miss all that just to stay and watch a lot of silly sheep!

DAVID: But if something should happen to them...

THE GIRL: What could happen? You told me yourself you'd never even seen anyone who'd seen a wolf.

DAVID: I know, I know.

THE GIRL: Think about the things that are going on in town! Think of how you can tell your grandchildren about seeing the Holy Babe!

DAVID: I have thought about it! And I want to go, more than I've ever wanted anything—anything, in my whole life.

THE GIRL (taking his hand): Then, come along!

DAVID (looking over the rock as though toward the sheep): I—I want to come with you, and yet—look at the sheep down there. They're so helpless, and so trusting. If anything should happen to them, I couldn't bear it! (Something catches in his throat.) Please—please don't talk any more. Just go, and leave me with my sheep!

THE GIRL: All right! Only I think you're a silly—silly! (She goes out.)

DAVID: Wait—wait! (He runs after her with a little bundle.) Here—take this.

THE GIRL: What is it?

DAVID (awkwardly): It—it's just some bread and cheese. You'll be awfully hungry before you reach the town.

THE GIRL: But won't you be hungry?

DAVID: A little, I guess. But you—you're a girl and I—I'm a man!

THE GIRL (laughing a gentle little laugh): Thank you, and goodbye, David! (She exits quickly.)

DAVID (in astonishment): How—how did she know my name? (He crosses slowly back to the rock and sits down, his head in his hands. He is evidently growing sleepier and sleepier, for he rubs his eyes and mutters to himself.) I—I mustn't go to sleep—I mustn't. I must watch my sheep.

[As he murmurs to himself, the lights gradually grow brighter. THE GIRL appears at the side of the stage. Her dark dress has been removed, disclosing a silver and gray gown which catches and reflects the light in a myriad of flying stars. She wears a high headdress with a great star upon it and there are silver sandals on her feet. She dances across the stage toward the drowsy boy.]

THE GIRL (calling musically): David! DAVID (startled wide awake): What? (His eyes widen.) Oh! Is—is it you?

THE GIRL: Of course it's me. Why are you staring like that?

DAVID: Because you look so changed.

THE GIRL: I'm really not changed at all. It's only that I didn't want you to know who I really was.

DAVID: Who are you?

THE GIRL: I'm your star, David.

DAVID: My star?

THE GIRL: Yes; your star. Every child in the world has a star—his very own star—and it shows just what kind of a child he is. When he's good, it's bright; when he's bad—oh, David, when he's bad, it's the saddest, ugliest, dingiest star! And it creeps away back into the very darkest spots in the sky until he's good again!

DAVID: But you—you're beautiful!

THE GIRL (pirouetting): Yes; I'm beautiful because I'm your star, David. Your star couldn't help but be beautiful. I've come down to make you happy—by giving you the wish of your heart.

DAVID: But I can't—I can't have the wish of my heart. The only thing in the world I want is to see the Holy Babe!

THE GIRL: Wait—just wait—until I blow a little star dust in your eyes!

[There is soft music and David sinks back on the rock while THE GIRL begins to dance. As she dances, she draws nearer and nearer to DAVID, making motions toward him. His head begins to droop until he falls fast asleep upon the rock. As he does so, the sound of a distant bell is heard. The lights begin to dim slowly. THE GIRL draws to the side of the stage and waves her hand. The sky at the back becomes brighter until it is flooded with light and there, behind, is seen:

THE NATIVITY

This may be played either as a tableau or as a pantomime.

THE TABLEAU

Before the manger in Bethlehem. Deep in the clean, sweet straw is buried a light—a symbol of the Holy Child.

At the back stands the Angel of God, his great wings folded behind him and his hands stretched out in benediction. He is wearing a white robe with a girdle of gold.

At the right is Mary, Mother of Jesus. She is wearing a robe of blue and a long white veil which covers her head and falls down over her shoulders. Across from her, on the other side of the manger, kneels Joseph. He is wearing a heavy robe of dark, homespun material. Behind him are the three shepherds in their simple clothes, made from the skins of sheep. Behind Mary are the three kings, holding forth their precious gifts.

The King of the East, Chinese in character, wears a long, richly embroidered coat of many colors and a small black cap into which are stuck, at various angles, long peacock feathers. His skin is yellow, his eyes are small and slanted, and his long black hair is braided.

The King of the South wears a robe of gold, lined with crimson; his shoes, also red, are turned up at the toes. Around his head is wound a turban hung with pearls and precious stones. His skin is ebony.

The King of the North is older than the other two. He wears a striped coat trimmed with fur, and upon his head is a tall cone-shaped hat with a gold crown about the brow. His hair and his long beard are white.

From afar is heard a chorus, or a single voice; it comes closer and closer singing:

O little town of Bethlehem!

How still we see thee lie;

Above the deep and dreamless sleep

The silent stars go by;

Yet in thy dark streets shineth

The everlasting Light;

The hopes and fears of all the years

Are met in thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary,

And gathered all above,

While mortals sleep, the angels keep

Their watch of wondering love.

O morning-stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.

No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him, still
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us today.

We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

THE PANTOMIME

Same setting as the tableau except that Mary, Joseph and the angel alone are visible. The shepherds are the first to enter. They kneel silently before the Virgin and begin their adoration. They are followed by the kings, one at a time, who offer their gifts. A group of the people of Bethlehem may be used in the background and slaves may accompany the kings.

[At the first part of this action, DAVID has awakened and sunk to his knees. From this position he watches it. At the end of the song the lights on the tableau or pageant slowly fade and, at the same time, the lights come up on DAVID and THE GIRL. The moment the picture at the back has entirely faded out, DAVID springs to his feet.]

DAVID: Oh, have I been asleep? Was it a dream?

THE GIRL: It was no dream, David, but something you must remember all your life! Something to tell to your children and to your children's children, because it will always be the most beautiful story ever told.

DAVID: The most beautiful story ever told, and I have seen it! Oh, I am so happy—happy...

THE GIRL (softly): That is because you have made others happy, David. It's growing late and I must fly back to the sky, but I'll leave you the magic receipt for life: To be happy, you must first make others happy!

DAVID: I'll never forget! To be happy, you must first make others happy.

THE GIRL: Think of it when you look up and see me! I'm the littlest star in the heavens, just as you are the littlest shepherd on earth. I'm the tiny weeny star, tucked in by the side of the moon. (She moves toward the side of the stage.) Goodby, David, goodby! Oh, wait a minute! I forgot something!

DAVID: What?

THE GIRL: Sh-h-h! It's a surprise! (She puts her finger to her lips and whispers to him, then laughs and runs away.) Goodby, David. Remember! I'm the littlest star, the one that's cuddled up to the moon! (She exits.)

DAVID: Goodby! Goodby! (He waves, then comes forward to the edge of the stage and speaks confidentially.) Do you know what she told me? She said she'd left, hidden behind the rock, presents for all of you there!

[DAVID runs to the rock and tussles with it for a moment. In the end he manages to turn it over and underneath is a basket full of gifts, candy or whatever is desired. These he distributes to the children in the audience.]

If the distribution of gifts is not desired, the curtain may be lowered and the play finished after THE GIRL calls, "Goodby!"

An alternative way of playing this last scene is to have the gauze curtain raised and the lights come up on the inner stage, after THE GIRL leaves, disclosing a Christmas tree upon which have been hung the gifts. DAVID distributes these.

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MISCELLANEOUS

SALESPERSONS—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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TRIAL OFFER—Kodak Films—Developed 5c—Prints 2c. Moser & Son, 1900 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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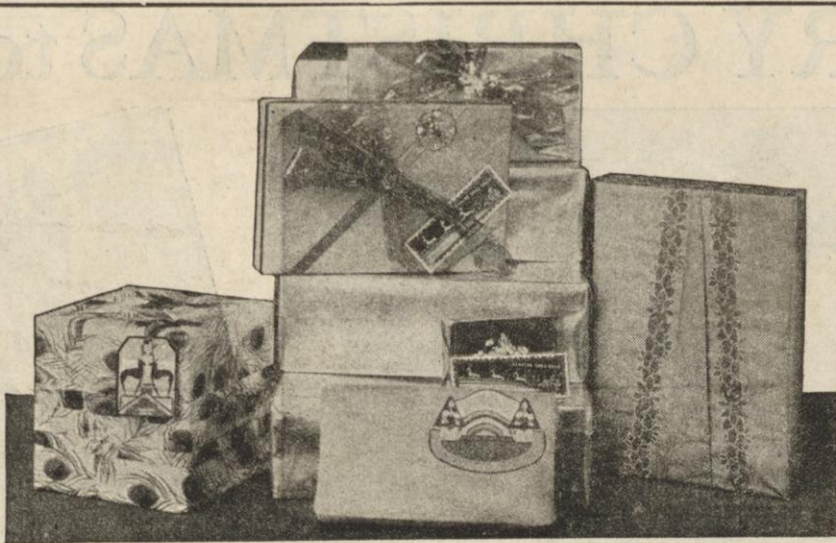
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8 LBS. GIVING A Beautiful Premium Worth 75c or More with each 8-lb. (60 yds.) Bundle \$2.69 plus postage. Contains Gingham, Percals, Prints, etc. All sizes and colors. 1 SEWING PACKAGE with each 2-lb. Roll (15 yds.) 69c plus postage, while they last. Pay postman on arrival. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Send No Money

Brentmoor Sales Co., Dept. 68, St. Louis, Mo.



Distinctive Gift Wrappings

Fancy papers, seals and fastening bands combined with imagination give individuality

LIKE modern art and the new silhouette in women's fashions, a distinctive new trend in gift wrapping is apparent. Yet a true holiday atmosphere is retained. Gift wrappings were never more delightful than they are this year. They fairly radiate with Christmas spirit.

Diversified Choice of Wrappings

The choice of wrappings is diversified and may be selected to suit each gift. There are the glistening transparent cellophane wrappings in purple, red, green, gold and other colors. There are printed designs on cellophane also. One printed cellophane wrapping that is delightful for a child's gift, or for an adult's, too, for that matter, has a jolly design of red horses. And for those who wish more conventional designs, there are the dainty holly and poinsettia patterns.

Unusual Printed Papers

Gay printed papers hold favor, too, as well as the smart cellophane printed coverings. One beautiful printed paper has huge white butterflies on a scarlet background. Another striking design has a silhouette of pine trees in red, green and black.

Then there are the beautiful mottled crepe papers that simulate marble, bright quartz, or even a gorgeous sunset.

Wrapping Gift Boxes

The wrapping of the gift may express individuality as well as the choice of paper. Tailored boxes with folds in sharp triangles or plaited bands, dainty presents wrapped in fluted or crushed paper effects and fluffy bows of cellophane, bizarre wrappings in odd color combinations with decorations of stars in assorted sizes and

colors, all add to the interest of the gift.

Bands and Ribbons

Gummed tape in Christmas designs looks smart on plain wrappings. For printed papers, gold or silver tape is favored. Then there are wide bands of cut-out silhouettes of pine trees or gold or silver bells. These may be attached around the box with Christmas seals. Particularly adapted to band a large box is a silhouette in black showing an English coach scene.

Decorations

Seals are a boon for holding decorations or corners in place. Square seals are stunning this year, particularly when decorated with modernistic gazelles. A red gazelle on a silver background adorns a seal that would set off any gift package in a true up-to-the minute style.

Tags are varied and interesting, and adapted to all kinds of gifts. Gift cards may be pasted on the box as part of the decoration. One interesting box has a Christmas place card of two conventional Christmas trees with a sunset background pasted on a mottled paper of pastel sunset colorings. The effect is delightful.

For a dressy gift, there is no decoration that glorifies a gift as completely as the sparkling fringe known as decosheen. Boxes trimmed with decosheen and tied to the Christmas tree look like bright baubles, for the decosheen catches the light and gives a shimmery radiant effect. When combined with gummed stars, no decoration so gloriously simulates the Christmas spirit.

Gift wrapping is an art in itself worth cultivating, for it not only enhances the beauty of the gift, but expresses the thoughtfulness of the giver.

Tales of the Animal Isle

(Continued from page 14)

never stopped until she had snatched Tiny Tatters out of the bureau drawer and held her tight in her paws.

When Kitty returned to the schoolhouse, she carried that same little doll dressed in her poor little polka dot frock just as she was.

As soon as Miss Puss Purry had rung the little silver bell, she told all the kitty girls to come forward and sit on the long bench near the platform. And there they sat in a long row of happy little doll mothers; that is, all but Cutie and Curly. There wasn't quite room enough on the long bench for these two little kittens, so they sat in the teacher's big chair.

"We will now vote for the most popular doll to be Queen of Dolly Day," said the pussycat teacher.

"Each scholar will write the name of his favorite dolly on a slip of paper and drop it in the box," explained Miss Puss Purry. "And whichever doll gets the most votes will be Queen."

So they all marched up to the platform and dropped their votes into the little box. Then the teacher counted the votes and wrote the list of names and numbers of votes on the blackboard.

- Polly Perkins.....3 votes
- Arabella4 votes
- Susie Toddles1 vote
- Topsy1 vote
- Buttercup2 votes
- Baby Dimples3 votes
- Rosy Posy2 votes
- Pansy1 vote
- Snookums2 votes
- Betty Blue.....2 votes

Miss Puss Purry turned around with a queer little smile on her face as Kitty gave Tiny a comforting squeeze. The little kitty girl had cast her vote for Arabella and it seemed as if no one at all cared for her own shabby little doll.

"Don't you care, Tiny," she whispered softly, in a choky little voice, "I love you anyway."

"And now for a pleasant surprise," said the pussycat teacher, as she reached up and marked down the last name:

Tiny Tatters.....10 votes

The shabbily but dearest dolly of them all was really and truly Queen of Dolly Day!

NOTE: Next month the Animal Isle story will be of "Little Fluffy's Adventure in the Big Woods."

Use it a Whole Week FREE!
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Each Cut-Out has 3 pages—When opened, as shown above, each measures 34 1/4 by 16 inches!



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With this cut-out set, as with all other offers on this page, will be included a handsome Christmas card on which you can write the name of the boy or girl for whom the gift is intended.



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What Would a Stranger Do?

(Continued from page 34)

party will come later then. This lady is my wife. Mr. Barrington-Hall, Mrs. Severance." And turning to the crestfallen one, Jeff explained briefly that his wife had come for him, they had an engagement, he would drop in tomorrow, and if there was any help he could give him in getting settled, just give him a ring.

Jessie felt as if she were taking part in a play. Jeff took hold of her as he talked, added the weight of his hand to his words of possession. It was strange to be walking down those marble steps with Jeff's hand tucked in her arm. At the curb stood a coupe.

Jeff opened the door and said curtly, "Go around and get in."

"Why, whose car is it?" Jessie asked, amazed.

"Get in," he said again.

In a dark silence, they drove home, came to a stop in front of the little garage. Jessie could see into the lighted living-room. The lamps glowed through the curtains she had made—all by hand, too—and she could see poor old Grandma Burns nodding by the fire. A thought hurt her. Sometime, she, too, would be old and sitting by a stranger's fire, glad to make a quarter. Her heart was a cold lump in her throat.

Suddenly, beside her, Jeff gave a queer, choking laugh. "It's one on me!" he said. Jessie waited, tense.

"I knew all along there was someone. I know just when you met him, too. At mother's. Oh, any fool could see! You—changed so! I had been doing a lot of thinking while you were gone. I knew I'd never made you happy, and I decided that I'd do better toward you when you got back." He stopped and cleared his throat. "You came home and treated me like—oh, I don't know—like some old fellow you had to be nice to so he'd leave you something when he kicked off. Even without your writing all the time, I'd have known. You got strong and well and happy. Able to do your work. Full of pep. But I wasn't prepared for the deal tonight. I didn't know till tonight that the new owner of Travis Folly is John Barrington-Hall."

Jessie gave a little gasp of surprise. "Ah," Jeff told her gruffly, "you needn't pretend! You wrote to him about the place. Made him want it. Said you'd love to live there! He was lading out the mush when you came tonight." Jeff laughed again. "Ah, I see the joke all

right," he went on with a new bitterness. "It's what you'd call fine irony. You get your lover to buy you a fine home . . . and I get . . . a commission on it! I suppose you were laughing up your sleeve all the time I was planning to buy our poor little house for you. Fool!" he interrupted himself in angry misery. "I thought with that big commission I—I could kind of buy you back. You hadn't been writing to this man lately, and every time I looked at you, you looked so sweet and pretty I could hardly stand it, and yet you were so—you treated me so—and well, I thought I'd buy this place and hand you the deed and say—but oh, gosh!"

In the dusky intimacy of the little car, Jessie sat shaken with she knew not what emotion. The hard, heavy lump she had carried for months to pump her blood, melted suddenly into warm, aching life. It gave a leap and hurt her. She whispered suddenly, "He wasn't my—oh, he wasn't my lover, Jeff. I was just going to be his housekeeper. But, Jeff, what were you going to say?"

"Ah, I was just going to hand you the deed—give you the house, you know—and ask you to make it your home. Not be so—darned polite all the time. And this car. I thought—I thought we could have fun!"

Jessie looked and saw that he was worried, he was suffering. Maybe—men are queer!—maybe he had, forgotten he did not love her! As for her, she did not remember that she had wanted to hurt him! She yearned over him. "Well," she suggested lightly, but with a quivering lip, "why not begin—having fun in it—now?" Strange fun! His rough coat hurt her tender cheek. They laughed, but their tears mingled. Even then he had to ask her, "And you're not in love with that fellow then?"

"Silly! How could I be?" How could she be, when she had made him up?

"Darling! You won't treat me like a stranger any more?"

Jessie May Severance smiled wisely in the moonlight. "Well, I began over—as a wife, I mean—and the—the first step was treating you as well as I would a stranger. And I must always do that, dear—treat you as well as a stranger would! But, from now on, from this very minute on, I'm going to love you and pet you and make you happy, and I'd like to see any old stranger beat me at it!"

Blue Heaven

(Continued from page 53)

She resented the words "pick up," particularly since it was, in a measure, true; she resented his description of Jimmy. "I've known him for some time," she said. "That so? Thought you'd never had any dates. But, of course, he isn't the kind that would think of kissing you!"

"You'd be surprised!"
 It was Maizie, however, who was surprised and shocked at the ease with which the slang phrase had slipped out. To be discussing in this cheap way her one High Adventure—for such it had been to her!

"At least, I like to have something to say about the people who kiss me," she retorted, her chin high.

He laughed. He seemed really amused. If he had been angry, Maizie would have felt better. "You know, you're rather pretty when you come to life like that. Think I'll draw your picture."

He took a piece of writing paper from the table near him, staided it against a magazine and began to draw. Maizie let him, not knowing what else to do. When he handed it to her later, she was pleasantly surprised to see that it was good.

She gave it to Mats as the two came in from the kitchen. It might explain the long silence, had the others noticed. Mats passed the picture to Jimmy. He looked at it a long time; then, glancing up quickly to see if anyone was looking, he slipped it into his pocket.

Maizie pretended not to see. She was suddenly very gay. She was even friendly to Malcolm when he rose to leave.

Jimmy Gilmore gave an audible sigh of relief when the door closed behind the other man. Presently he suggested that they all take a walk.

Mats tried to make an excuse for staying at home, but Jimmy insisted upon her going. When they returned an hour later, he would not come in again. He had promised the Weisbergs to come over and listen to the radio. And he had to write a letter to his mother.

"I write to her every day. It's the least I can do. She's all alone, you know."

He smiled a fleeting smile and was gone. Maizie, hanging up the brown dress, untying the brown ribbon from her hair, felt that the day had been something of a failure—an entire failure except for that one swift smile, that one sympathetic glance, and the picture of herself in Jimmy Gilmore's pocket.

"I had a hard time covering up your lack of conversation with young Malcolm. What was the idea?"

"He was drawing my picture. There wasn't anything to talk about."

"Then you're not interested in Malcolm?"

"I should hope not!" exclaimed Maizie. "Well, it's your own funeral. But I warn you Jimmy Gilmore's not going to marry you."

"Who thought that he was?" But Maizie, looking at herself in the mirror, brushing out the brown curls, felt her heart sink within her.

(Continued in January issue)

Synopsis of the Story

Maizie Montgomery, an orphan who has all her life longed for a home of her own, lives with Matilda Ray, an older and more aggressive girl. Mats tries to rouse the unhappy Maizie from her shyness by taking her to a dance. There they meet Malcolm Burr, an artist. When he and Maizie dance together they collide with a gray-eyed young man who smiles boyishly at Maizie. For a moment their eyes meet, then they are separated in the crowd. Malcolm takes the girls home and a few days later asks them to go to a movie with him. Mats, who believes that he would make Maizie a good husband, slips away when he brings them home, leaving Maizie to say their goodbys. She offends Malcolm and annoys Mats when she refuses to kiss the young man in payment for the evening's entertainment.



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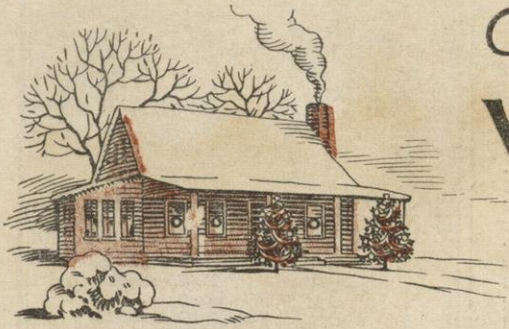
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The POSTMAN'S WHISTLE PAGE



To Hold the Candles Firm

If the candle ends are too large for the sockets in the candleholders, shave off a very little of the ends, then dip in boiling water and press into sockets. There will be no danger of their falling out. —G. D., Ga.

Cause for Complaint

Caller: "Look here, I want to see you about this paragraph announcing my resignation from the Chamber of Commerce."

Editor: "But it's quite true, isn't it?"

Caller: "Quite. But I should like you to explain why you've printed it under 'Public Improvement'."

—Miss H. O., Ill.

A Mending Day Hint

When sewing on buttons, use an embroidery needle with three or four threads instead of one, and much time will be saved and the buttons will be just as secure as if they had been sewed on in the usual way.

—Mrs. V. M. S., Nebr.

Meringued Sweet Potatoes

Select medium-sized, well-shaped sweet potatoes and scrub well. Bake thirty-five minutes in hot oven. Cut in half lengthwise, scoop out pulp with teaspoon. Mash light with a little cream, butter, pepper, a little salt and the beaten yolk of an egg. Pile lightly in shells with a fork. Cover each with a little of the egg white, beaten stiff with one-half teaspoon powdered sugar. Set in oven to get very hot and to lightly brown the meringue. This makes a very effective holiday vegetable dish. —Miss J. T. H., Minn.

A Packing Aid

When packing or storing clothing not in use, or putting household articles in boxes or trunks, paste a piece of strong paper on each container, and as each article is put in, write its name on the piece of paper. This will save confusion and time in locating the things later.

—Mrs. M. S. Q., Colo.

Matching Buttons Quickly

Keep buttons of different sizes on safety pins, a separate pin for each size. Keep these pins in the sewing basket. The necessary button can be located instantly without having to upset the button box to find the right size. A safety pin will hold about eight to twelve buttons by putting the pin through the holes of the buttons.

—Mrs. C. G. W., Calif.

Too Late Now!

A little Scotch boy asked his father to give him a penny to get an all-day sucker.

"Do you think I'm crazy?" asked his father. "Why, it is four o'clock already."

—L. A., Minn.

A New Rubbish Container

Recently I had my kitchen papered and needed a new rubbish container. I chose a large-sized lard can and covered it with the wall paper that was left, trimming the top and bottom with the border. Besides being attractive, it is very easily kept clean.

—Mrs. H. M. W., Pa.

Celery Sandwiches

Mince crisp celery and mix with mayonnaise. Mix with cream cheese half the amount of minced walnut meats. Use fresh rye bread. Butter one slice and spread with the celery mayonnaise. Spread the other slice, unbuttered, with the cream cheese and nuts. Press the slices together and trim off crusts. Instead of nuts, sweet red peppers may be chopped and mixed with the cheese, or stuffed olives, minced.

—M. M. P., Iowa.

Building Up Resistance

Judge: "But if you weren't going to steal the chickens, why were you in the coop?"

Rastus: "I was just testing my will power, judge, dat's all."

—Mrs. G. A. R., S. Dak.

When the Weather Is Below 32 Degrees

Freezing clothes whitens them, but tearing frozen linens from the line is destructive. Dip the corners of sheets, towels, pillowcases and other household linens in a strong solution of salt and water so that they will not freeze. As only the corners are pinned to the line, the clothes may be easily removed.

—Mrs. L. R., Mich.

Christmas Chocolate Caramels

3 cups granulated sugar 1 level cup of salted peanuts
1 square unsweetened chocolate ½ cup of condensed milk
late or 1 rounded teaspoon ¼ teaspoon of vanilla extract
cocoa

Melt one cup sugar in saucepan over fire; stir carefully not to burn. When it is a dark brown sirup (caramel), pour in milk a few drops at a time, stirring constantly. Then put in remainder of sugar slowly. Put back on fire, add shaved chocolate or cocoa, boil to soft ball. Add vanilla and stir in peanuts. Turn into buttered pan, cut in squares while warm. Let stand two days before using. Ordinary milk has too much water for this recipe, but pure cream may be used instead of the condensed milk.

—C. B. D., Wyo.

Getting the Idea Across

"Johnny," said teacher, "what does C-A-T spell?"

"Don't know, sir," said Johnny.

"What does your mother keep to catch mice?"

"Trap, sir."

"You stupid, what is it that scratched your sister's face?"

"A pin, sir."

"No! No! What animal is very fond of milk?"

"The baby, sir."

"I am out of patience! There, do you see that animal on the fence?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then tell me, what does C-A-T spell?"

"Kitten, sir."

—Miss V. B., Ill.

Salmon Balls

1 small can salmon ½ teaspoon pepper
1 cup mashed potatoes 2 eggs
½ teaspoon salt Bread crumbs

Drain and pick over the salmon; mash and add to the potatoes with the seasonings and one beaten egg. If too soft to handle easily, add a few bread crumbs; if too firm, add a spoonful or two of milk. Form into balls with the hands, coat with beaten egg and roll in bread crumbs, then fry in deep fat until golden brown. Drain and serve hot with cut lemon and cucumber or sour pickles. Serves four.

—E. H., Ind.

The Other Way Round

Grocer: "Son, I've had this car ten years and never had a wreck."

Son: "You mean you've had this wreck ten years and never had a car."

—Miss A. H., Md.

Cleaning Bed Springs

To clean bed springs, use a dish mop, as it is handier than a dust cloth and there is not so much danger of injuring the hands on the springs when using it.

—Mrs. H. E. C., Iowa.

Cream Orange Pie

6 tablespoons sugar 1 orange
1 tablespoon flour ½ cup water and ½ cup
Pinch of salt evaporated milk
2 tablespoons evaporated milk Pastry
2 eggs

Place in a bowl the sugar, flour and salt and moisten with the two tablespoons milk. Beat and add the egg yolks, the grated rind of half the orange, together with the juice of the whole orange. Add also the remaining water and milk. Turn into a pie plate which has been lined with any preferred pastry, bake in moderate oven—350 degrees F.—and cover with a meringue made from the stiffly beaten egg whites to which two tablespoons sugar have been added. Return to a cool oven to set and delicately color meringue.

—Mrs. O. S., Calif.

A Compromise

"Half of the City Council Are Crooks" was the glaring headline. A retraction in full was demanded of the city editor, under penalty of arrest.

The next afternoon the line read: "Half of the City Council Are Not Crooks."

—D. M. B., Ohio.

Santa Claus Salad

3 cups shredded white cabbage Cottage cheese
1½ cups diced celery 1 teaspoon onion juice
Green and red sweet peppers Melted butter or shortening
Boiled or mayonnaise salad Chopped roasted peanuts
dressing Salt and cayenne

Shred cabbage and put in ice water. Cut the peppers in narrow rings, removing the seeds. To the salad dressing add the onion juice. Roll enough cottage or cream cheese into a ball the size of a walnut for each guest. Drain cabbage and mix with the celery and dressing. Pile in salad bowl, decorate with alternating rings of the red and green peppers. Make a little hollow in the center of the salad and fill this with the cheese balls, which have been rolled in the crushed roasted peanuts. Wrap the stem of a sprig of holly in waxed paper and put in the very center of all.

—G. P. M., Ill.



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On Success	Budget	On Trifles
On Love	On Modern Age	On Moderation
On Faith	On Change	On Patience
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Margaretta Rivers will give a series of intimate, illuminating side lights on the lives of men and women who have distinguished themselves in every walk of life.

Clyde Cook has some brand-new close-ups of your favorite movie heroes and heroines—photographs and text.

Sharle Tracy, psychology expert, writes on the emotional problems of girls in their teens.

Fannie Kilbourne, world-famous writer, is retelling for Woman's World readers a series of educational stories that she is now telling to her own twins in the south of France.

Woman's World Writers

Woman's World all-star cast for 1930 includes many of the greatest names in contemporary literature—novels, short stories, poems. Such writers as Edith Barnard Delano, Edgar Guest, Douglas Malloch and a host of others need no introduction to any audience.

Woman's World Artists

The list is a veritable "Who's Who" in American art. Here are a few of the top-liners: Thomas Fogarty, Joseph Simont, C. J. McCarthy, Wallace Morgan, Hanson Booth, Phillip Lyford, Joseph Franké, Miriam Story Hurford, Paul Strayer—and the half has not been told.

Diet and Health

Nina Simmonds Estill gives practical talks on diet and health which are as good as a doctor's visit and cost you nothing at all. Ethel M. Hendriksen writes authoritatively on the care and development of children.

Beauty

Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the Journal of the American Medical Association and of Hygeia, the Health Magazine, pierces the buncombe of certain beauty cults and fads and gives sane advice on this important subject. Watch for these articles each month in Woman's World.



JOSEPH SIMONT

JOSEPH FRANKÉ



MAKE WOMAN'S WORLD Your Christmas Gift This Year

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IT ISN'T things but thoughts that bind you to your friends. Community of interest, subtleties of humor, a common appreciation of all that is true and fine in life. Isn't it reasonable to suppose, then, that the same features you find so interesting and helpful in Woman's World would appeal as strongly to your friend?

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A beautiful Christmas card announcing your gift and bearing your name as donor will be mailed in a dignified envelope to reach your friends during the week before Christmas. The card contains a remarkable full-color miniature reproduction of Miriam Story Hurford's painting for the December cover of Woman's World. Make up your Christmas list now.

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THOMAS FOGARTY



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MIRIAM STORY HURFORD



ANN WEST



BERTON BRALEY



LILY HAXWORTH WALLACE



SADIE P. LE SUEUR



BLANCHE E. HYDE



FANNIE KILBOURNE



JOHNNY GRUELLE

Woman's World for 1930

Travel

Agnes Sligh Turnbull begins a new series of sparkling travel stories based on her varied experiences in Europe this summer.

Fashions

First-hand fashion news from Paris and London by Irene Davis Worth, who lives in England's capital. Also Woman's World guaranteed dress patterns selling at 15 cents, postpaid.

Sewing

Like a course in dressmaking are Blanche E. Hyde's clear and simple articles on home sewing. Every step is fully explained and photographs and diagrams are freely used to illustrate the text.

Exclusive Needlework

Designs that make your fingers fairly tingle to be at them are presented both in colors and in black and white by Sadie P. Le Sueur, nationally known designer. All designs are original and exclusive to Woman's World.

Arts and Crafts

Colorful yarn rugs, furniture painting, basket making, lamp shades, pottery decoration and numerous other fascinating features are presented in colors and in black and white.

Practical Cookery

Recipes—Menus—Table Decorations—Parties. The important department of cookery is in charge of Lily Haxworth Wallace, dietitian, teacher and lecturer of national renown. Nutrition, palatability and economy are prime requisites of every recipe and menu in Woman's World.

Homemaking and Decoration

Furniture, drapes, rugs—harmonious color schemes—cleaning hints, labor-saving short-cuts all are ably and authoritatively presented.

Flowers and Gardening

Maud R. Jacobs, associated with one of the largest conservatories in America, tells each month what to plant and how to care for it—both indoors and out.

Exclusive Children's Features

All the pets of animal land will romp and frolic in a new series of animal pet stories written by Harry Whittier Frees and illustrated with actual photographs of the pets themselves. Exclusive to Woman's World.

Uncle Johnny Gruelle continues his delightfully humorous and imaginative tales illustrated by himself. The same Uncle Johnny who created Raggedy Ann and Quacky Doodles.

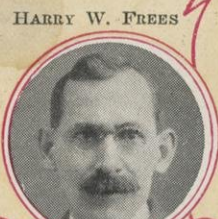
Entertainment and Humor

The Postman's Whistle page and the Friendship Village page are filled with a miscellany of curious facts, literary gems and good fun. The Postman's Whistle page is made up entirely of contributions from subscribers—jokes over which they have chuckled, savory cooking recipes and money-saving household hints. The Friendship Village page is a brilliant anthology of philosophy, humor, poetry and verbal masterpieces by the most famous authors of every age.

Decide for yourself which feature is best in 1930—the greatest year yet for Woman's World. Never has any magazine given so much of the best at such small cost.



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