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WOMAN'S WORLD



SEPTEMBER · 1930

15 CENTS A COPY

Beginning a New Patricia Alden Series by Berton Braley

“I, MYSELF AND ME”—A MESSAGE TO YOUNG WOMEN
~ and Twenty-one Other Exclusive and Timely Woman's World Features ~



Then he turned to page 3 ~ and this is why I received another letter from a P and G home

The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.
GENTLEMEN: After taking from the line the whitest, sweetest wash that I've ever had, I must tell you about it!

Really, that wash can be traced back to one evening when my husband read one of your "Visits to P AND G Homes."

"Why don't *you* use P AND G Naphtha?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know," I told him.

"That's not like you," he said. "With your faith in other Procter & Gamble products, I should think you'd use everything with the P AND G label."

Well, I thought it over and there was no argument to his logic. So the next day I ordered P AND G Naphtha just to see. I saw!

"The Runabout," our small and lively daughter (and almost a redhead), loves to play at the brook. So every day I have a whole wash for her . . . three or four rompers and dresses, her socks and undergarments. Hitherto I have soaked them in suds—then brushed the soiled spots out on a board!

Well, today I soaked her clothes in P AND G suds. Thirty minutes later I came back armed with a brush and board, and—I can see you smiling to yourselves—*there wasn't any scrubbing to do!* Just a swish and the dirt was gone. Then I did some smiling, too—for I'd clipped 30 minutes from my work schedule. And, as I first said, the wash was so white and sweet. So Bill *was* right, of course! Mrs. Geneva M. Vincent, Burke, Idaho.

Mrs. Vincent not only said, "Of course, you may print my letter,"—but she even sent me two photographs of her little "runabout."

Mrs. Vincent wants *everyone* to know that P AND G Naphtha is a wonderful soap! It even looks nicer—so white and firm and fine. Logically, it ought to cost more than inferior soaps. But it costs *less!* Perhaps you'd like to know *why!*

Well, Procter & Gamble buy fine soap materials at a great saving because they buy in huge quantities—literally shiploads of oils! And, too, millions of cakes of P AND G are made every year, so the price is naturally less.

You see—millions of women buy P AND G and save money—because they know that it *really is a better soap!*

ANN CUMMINGS

FREE! *Rescuing Precious Hours*—Every washday problem is discussed in this free booklet. Send a post card to Ann Cummings, Dept. NW-90, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

White soap preferred by more and more women. In a recent survey which I made in Detroit, Michigan, I discovered that as many women are using P AND G White Naphtha Soap as all other laundry soaps put together! And the reason is easy to find: good housewives everywhere have found that this fine white soap gives them easier washdays and whiter clothes!



The largest-selling soap in the world

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WOMAN'S WORLD

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"I, MYSELF AND ME"—A MESSAGE TO YOUNG WOMEN BY SHARLE TRACY

Sharle Tracy, whose sane and helpful talks to girls of college age have attracted such favorable attention in *Woman's World* during the past year, has never written anything finer or more fundamental than this reply to a girl who has grown restive under parental restraint and who has expressed, as youth has done since the beginning of time, a desire to live her own life.

—THE EDITORS.

DEAR GRACE:

You say you want to live your own life, to be yourself, not a shadow of someone else. More power to you! I applaud you.

But the human world is a queer world, my dear, and the feminine half of it is not the least queer part of it. It is because our queernesses are so much alike, I suppose, that we are "sisters under the skin."

And one of our sisterly queernesses is that when we come along into our teens, we suddenly grow restive under the parental hand, want to take the bit into our teeth and run our course. Then—more sisterly feminine inconsistency!—having asserted our independence and tried to smash the family social carriage, we come panting home with the wreckage to those steadfast darlings who, in our wildest moments, never forget us or despise us, but keep for us the tenderest and loveliest treasure the world knows—the deep and abiding love of parents for their children.

"I want to live my own life!" That is the flag of independence. We love it, flaunt it defiantly, shout for it, set off all our verbal fireworks for it. Most girls do that, Grace. I know I did. I remember very well that I did! And it took a long time for me to learn that no one—no one!—is really independent of other people.

The more modern we are, the more interdependent we are. Just as you depend upon other people to make the cloth for your dress (and probably the dresses, too), to grow food and bring it to you, so are you dependent upon magazines, schools, teachers, friends—yes, even parents—for your ideas and opinions. You can never, so long as you live, be independent of other people.

"But," you may say, "I don't mean that. I mean that I want to decide things for myself, to do as I please."

THAT is a sort of vacation attitude toward life, as when you sit on the beach and let the whim of the moment decide when you shall go into the water, or whether you shall go at all. That does very well for brief vacation times, but it makes poor business of living.

To decide things for yourself and to do as you please do not mean the same thing, Grace. To decide is to choose between considered things or actions. It means reasoning, deliberating. But to do simply as we please may mean just being rushed into action by uncontrolled impulses, by emotion that runs away with you, by anger, by jealousy, by downright ugliness. Women who nag their children day in and day out are doing what they please. Men who desert their families and leave them to shift for themselves are doing what they please. All the ugliness and meanness and vice that finally destroys us comes from our doing what we please.

Presented so, you know at once that you do not mean that. You want to do as you please—within certain limits. But you want to be the one to set the limits and to move them about from time to time

Some Golden
Nuggets
of
Thought
from the
Essay
on
"Self-
Reliance"



By Ralph
Waldo
Emerson,
the
Great
American
Thinker
and
Philosopher

ANOTHER sort of false prayers are our regrets. Discontent is the want of self-reliance: it is infirmity of will. Regret calamities, if you can thereby help the sufferer; if not, attend your own work, and already the evil begins to be repaired. Our sympathy is just as base. We come to them who weep foolishly, and sit down and cry for company, instead of imparting to them truth and health in rough electric shocks, putting them once more in communication with their own reason. The secret of fortune is joy in our hands. Welcome evermore to gods and men is the self-helping man. For him all doors are flung wide: him all tongues greet, all honors crown, all eyes follow with desire. Our love goes out to him and embraces him, because he did not need it. We solicitously and apologetically caress and celebrate him, because he held on his way and scorned our disapprobation. The gods love him because men hated him. "To the persevering mortal," said Zoroaster, "the blessed Immortals are swift."

as occasion may demand. You want the feeling of being untrammelled. Free!

Your parents, you say, interfere with you. Of course they do! They have ever since the day you were born. If they had not, you would be unbearably crude, a savage creature without refinement or training. One of the more or less automatic functions of parents is to train you to be a member of society, to make you understand that there are limits to individual wants and desires.

My dear, do you think you have not interfered with your parents? Every day. Nothing but a supreme love could make parents endure their children, make them go through the anxieties, the sacrifices, the financial and social difficulties of parenthood.

"But," you cry, "why should that give them a stranglehold on my life? I didn't ask to be born!"

No, you didn't ask to be born. Neither did your parents ask to be born. Nor their parents before them. No one does. It is impossible. And being impossible, that is, therefore, not a logical argument any more than a complaint that you were not born with wings to fly with.

NEVERTHELESS, it has some meaning to you. Let us see if we can find it.

First of all, "I didn't ask to be born" seems to imply a relationship that was forced upon you without your consent. That much is true. That is fact. You feel that the responsibility in the relationship is not yours.

If it were a matter of personal dispute between you and your parents, you might be left to argue it out. But it isn't. It is a much bigger thing than that. It is so big that innumerable laws are made concerning it and millions of dollars—billions of dollars—are spent to make these laws into reality. A personal question, sometimes; a social question, always.

Most states, for instance, require parents to clothe and feed their children; to send them to school; parents cannot exploit their children for money, cannot "bind them out," cannot enslave them.

These things the law insists upon. Not because the child was brought into the world without his consent, but because uncared-for children are a menace to society.

There you have it! Your parents' responsibility to you is not only personal but social. And so, dear child, is yours to them. The law puts its hand on you, too. You cannot, for instance, leave the state to care for your old, helpless parents if you are able to do it yourself.

But most of the state's laws governing this relationship are for the benefit of the child.

Those laws for the benefit of the parent, those governing the relationship of the child to the parent, are, for the most part, unwritten laws, laws of the moral code, of sentiment, of feeling, of attitude.

YOU can see for yourself, Grace, that it is in the field of these unwritten laws, these social codes, that the great emotional clashes come. And as I read your problem, I think the truth is that you do not want to grow up! Oh, yes; physically, with physical appetites and desires. But emotionally and morally, no. There you want to be yet a child with a child's irresponsibility. You want to do just as you please—but let someone else bear the consequences.

The conflict between you and your parents, then, is due chiefly to the fact that you want to be on your way but do not know where you are going. So you fuss and fume and make yourself and everyone around you unhappy. What a waste of perfectly good energy!

First of all, if you want freedom, you must prepare for freedom. If you want independence, you must cultivate the power of independence. This does not mean defiance, temper, tears, childish rebellion. It means the cultivating of poise, the letting enthusiasm wait on judgment, the substituting of definite things to do in the place of vague, romantic dreams. It means the getting down to the real business of living.

Freedom—the being yourself—is not found by throwing away all the tools humanity has forged and going back to the raw materials of life again. We do not need to go through that agony again. Never, never before, has life offered so much to a girl. Never, never before, has she had so many tools to carve her freedom with. Never, never before, has there been a girl-world with such fast-opening doors.

You have to live in this new girl-world, Grace. Be friends with it, give it gracious welcome as it comes to your door, and it will open up to you such treasure-chests as you scarcely dream of as yet.

Freedom to do. Freedom to be. These are yours if you will. I can't give them to you. No one can. You must earn them. And in the earning you will find the power and mastery you seek.

Most affectionately yours,
SHARLE TRACY.

BREAKING HOME TIES

Beginning a New Series in Which Patricia
From the Big City Again Demonstrates Patterns

By BERTON BRALEY

Illustrated by Joseph Franké

Patricia has made a name for herself among *Woman's World* readers for her vivacity, initiative and feminine common sense and we confidently expect that in this new series, Berton Braley's fascinating heroine will give you many a chuckle as she wanders through the land waking up the sleepers in the countryside of America. In the Patricia series, Berton Braley, renowned on two continents for his poetry, has created a character of great charm and human interest for young and old of both sexes.

—THE EDITORS.

"WHAT I should like to know," Patricia Alden said to herself as she surveyed the unattractive front of the Richburg Dry Goods Store, "is who picked this moss-grown hut as a local outlet for Patrician Patterns? I'll bet a bell rings in the back when you open the door."

The pretty young demonstrator set down one of her light suitcases, turned the knob and pushed the door open. A tinkle at the rear of the store confirmed her suspicions.

She shrugged her shoulders, picked up the suitcase and went in.

A beady-eyed little woman who somehow reminded Patricia of a suspicious bantam hen approached from the dim rear recesses of the shop. She cocked her head at Patricia's bags and said, "We don't need no new stock."

"I'm not selling anything," said Patricia. "I happen to be the Patrician demonstrator."

"That don't mean nuthin' to me, young lady. Reckon maybe you've got in the wrong place."

"I'm sure I'm not mistaken. The New York office sent me here. Are you the proprietor?"

"For most prattical pupposes I am; my son 'n I runs the place. An' I don't know 'bout no demonstrator comin'."

"Er—just a moment," said an apologetic masculine voice, and Pat turned to face a tall masculine figure that emerged from a tiny office in a farther corner of the shop. "I—please—I guess mother didn't happen to know I—I arranged to have you come. Miss Alden, isn't it?"

"Mother" eyed Patricia more hostilely than ever. "Well, I don't hold with these demonstrator notions. I guess that's why you didn't say nuthin' to me about it. When your father ran this store—" She sniffed, left the sentence unfinished, and, an indignant bantam with ruffled feathers, disappeared in the office from which her son had emerged.

"You mustn't mind mother," said Oscar Taylor. "I guess she's just a little surprised. This is about the first time I've done anything about the business without consulting her. Maybe I should have, but if I had—"

"I wouldn't be here," said Patricia. "And now that I am here, I don't know that I'm so crazy to stay. I have a sort of strange presentiment that your mother and I aren't going to get along."

"Please, Miss Alden, stick around awhile. I—mother's the best in the world and I owe everything to her, but—well, I hoped you'd be as you are—young, and—and citified and—pretty. I—I wrote to Patrician to send me somebody who was bright and up to date because I—well, I've got a few ideas of what might be done in this store and I thought maybe a demonstrator would maybe have some ideas, too."

"I get you," said Patricia. "I guess perhaps I get you more than you realize. Where do I park my stuff?"



The girls passed out the favors—neat gold pencils for the men

At half past five that afternoon, "mother" announced, "Well, I'm goin' home to git supper. You better close up right soon, Oscar, becuz supper'll be ready at quarter after six. An' don't you be late." She gave Patricia a glance that seemed to say, "And don't you keep him a minute, neither," put on a hat that would have been conservative in the early nineties, and departed.

Patricia began packing her patterns and her sample dresses into the two suitcases.

Oscar Taylor watched the proceedings for a moment with troubled eyes. "You don't have to take those things with you," he said. "They'll be perfectly safe here until morning."

"But you see," replied Patricia, "I won't be here in the morning."

TAYLOR looked dismayed. "But I thought—I expected—"

"So did I," Patricia replied. "I thought I might be some use to your store and I expected I might do some good for my employer. But when Providence helps only those who help themselves, you can't expect a mere pattern demonstrator to aid those who won't. And my job is to build business for Patrician Patterns, while all I've done here today is to make waste motions. And with all due respect, et cetera, your mother's attitude isn't exactly chummy."

"But I thought the ladies who came in today seemed much interested," said Oscar.

"Uh-huh, interested as they would be in an animal in the zoo. But did I sell 'em any patterns, or did you sell 'em any materials for bright new dresses? They came, they saw, they faded—to go home and gossip about the length of my skirts, the form-fittingness of my jersey, the sheerness of my stockings and whether my color was my own. You can't sell youth and charm in patterns or dresses to people who think anything pretty is wicked."

"TELL me, Mr. Taylor, hasn't anybody been born in this town in the past thirty-five years? Are you the only person under thirty in Richburg?"

"Why, yes, there are quite a few young people here," said Taylor, "but mostly they go over to Wellston to shop and I guess I'm not popular. I don't get out much. Up to the time father died, five years ago, I had quite a few friends among the girls, but mother took his death awfully hard and she seems to need me so much that I sort of dropped out. Seems like I'm all she has now and she isn't well and can't stand the noise and excitement of my old crowd. So they've sort of drifted away. I had an idea of getting Letta Hopkins in to clerk for me once—she's young and popular—but helping me in the store is mother's chief interest now. When I suggested getting Letta, she was all broken up and actually sick in bed for two days."

"The Silver Cord," said Patricia.

"What's that?" asked Taylor.

"It's the name of a play. One you ought to see. But I won't tell you anything more about it just now."

Copyright, 1930, by Berton Braley

Would you really like me to stay over another day or so?"

"Would I? You know I would! You may not be doing anything for Patricia, but you're peppering me up just by being here. And you mustn't mind mother. She's kinda funny with young people, but—"

"Well, you certainly ought to get the young bunch to gather around a bit. Any ideas on how?"

"I'm sorry, but I haven't a notion."

"Notion! Notion! That's it! That's the hunch."

"I don't follow you. What's the hunch?"

"A way of getting the young crowd in—and a lot of the older ones, too, maybe. But—" Patricia's elation diminished, "it can't be done. It would, to be frank, mean a row with your mother. And I don't crave such."

She thought for a moment. "See here, are you really set on putting new life into this business?"

"I am."

"Then perhaps you could coax your mother to go away for a few days. Fix it up with some relative in another town to get ill or something—"

Taylor's eyes lighted. "That won't be necessary," he said. "The yearly county convention of the Western Star meets at Amityville next week. Mother's the president of the local chapter. She always goes to that meeting—and it lasts four days. Nothing but being flat on her back would keep her away. Could you—would you come back then?"

Patricia considered. "Can do," she agreed. "I was due in Wellston Wednesday, anyhow. I'll go tonight instead and put in a day extra. You can phone me when to come back and I'll arrange things somehow. The home office wrote me to give you any aid I could, so that'll be all right. Now that's fixed, let me tell you my hunch."

They went into conference.

As a result of Oscar's telephonic conspiracy with his uncle in Amityville, that uncle called Mrs. Taylor on Friday evening, suggesting that, inasmuch as she was coming over Monday anyhow for the Western Star convention, she and Oscar come for Sunday dinner.

"We never see much of you during the meeting, Jennie," he told her, "and if Oscar drives you over, we can have a nice visit. Then he can leave you here for the convention and drive home Sunday night."

Oscar was careful not to seem too eager for the trip, but agreed that there wasn't any "real good reason" why they couldn't go.

He found reasons to step out of the store several times Saturday morning, in which periods he attended to sundry matters that came to mind—including a telephone talk with Wellston.

As Oscar drove out on the road to Amityville at nine o'clock Sunday morning, he waved twice to Letta Hopkins, who happened to be out on her porch.

The car disappeared down the road and Letta went in the house. "All right, let's go," she said to Patricia, who had been brought over late the night before in Letta's brother's car.

THE two girls and Letta's brother sauntered down the street. They walked past the store, down the side street and into the alley at the rear. They disappeared inside the back door.

In a few minutes, two more young men and two more girls had taken the same route, and one by one arrived at the same destination. Even curious little Richburg saw nothing unusual in this casual idling of some of its youth. Casual idling was typical of that youth.

But behind the drawn curtains of the store, things began to happen. Six other young people under the direction of a young woman with an idea and a plan can accomplish much in a brief time. There was dusting and scrubbing and polishing. There was rearranging of counters and a redistribution of stock. And close on the heels of this there was a distribution of brushes and various cans of bright quick-drying lacquer. And when Patricia distributed shop-worn Mother Hubbards as painting costumes for men and girls alike, there was mirth and raillery. But also there was painting. If it wasn't quite professional; if some of the edges weren't perfect; if a good deal of lacquer went on Mother Hubbards instead of show-cases and shelves, and a couple of dollars' worth soaked into canvas gloves instead of into the wood—nevertheless, there was painting, and the result was practically a new store.

Hard work, but a lark. They slipped

away by one's and two's for dinner, and returned for more painting. The once dingy store began to glow with color and somehow to absorb some of the spirit of the youth that was joyously entering into this conspiracy.

When Oscar Taylor drove up at ten that night, he walked into a place that made him rub his eyes. Seven flushed, disheveled and paint-bespattered young people in Mother Hubbards gave him glad welcome as he gaped about at his metamorphosed emporium. With Patricia and Letta he had planned for all this, but—"Gee!" he exclaimed. "Gee! Gosh! It's swell. It's wonderful! Gee!"

"Glad you like it," said Patricia. "Will you have coffee or tea with your sandwiches?"

"Eats!" said Oscar. "You think of everything, don't you?"

"Letta thought of the repast," said Patricia.

Oscar looked about him again. "Well, it's great! Gosh, I don't see how mother can object when she sees this."

"You never can tell," said Patricia. "I wouldn't bother her with it for a day or two, if I were you."

Oscar wandered about, still staring. "She'd better like it," he announced after awhile. "It's going to stay like this."

ON MONDAY morning every post office box in Richburg, and every R.F.D. box for miles around, contained a nicely engraved invitation as follows, to wit, and as arranged by Patricia with a Wellston printer:

The Richburg Dry Goods Store has a Notion for a Party. You are cordially invited and we hope you take a Notion to come

This Party is a sudden Notion, and it will be held this (Monday) evening at 8 o'clock

Reception at the Notions Counter

Dancing at the Town Hall from 9 o'clock until the Orchestra takes a Notion to stop. (Holden's Orchestra from Wellston—and they have a pretty good Notion of dance music)

Favors for our Feminine Guests—just according to your Notion

Refreshments

This card admits the Family and it's OUR party; there is no admission fee

Miss Patricia Alden, of the Patricia Patterns Company, will be Hostess

In a city, that would be just another ad. In Richburg and environs, it was an Event.

They came.

Oscar, in a new suit—and a smart one—greeted the guests, and he knew most of them, at the door of his store. Letta and Patricia, with the aid of three other pretty girls whom Letta had drafted as assistants, decorated the refurbished and newly restocked notions counter. Air mail had brought most of these attractive new notions. Oscar had worked fast. The five girls passed out the favors—dainty little compacts for the girls; filmy handkerchiefs for the

older women—unless they chose compacts, and at least half of them did; neat gold pencils for the men.

The store shone like a boy's newly scrubbed cheeks. The glass and lacquer glittered. The rearranged and refurbished stock aroused covetous gleams in many feminine eyes.

If those feminine and the masculine eyes also concentrated often on Patricia, it wasn't wholly because of her looks or her personality. No attractive girl who is a stranger in a small town can be taken for granted. Especially when she acts as hostess for a party given by one of the town's few eligible bachelors.

Patricia sensed that she would be talked over very thoroughly during the evening—and after. In fact, she had counted on it. Helping out a young man who was tugging at the silver cord was all very well, but it wouldn't do any harm to have plenty of people in the store Tuesday when she gave her talk on "Homemade Beauty in Dress."

That announcement was printed on the card that accompanied each favor. Maybe it would be gossip that would make them come again tomorrow—but they'd come.

Her prophecy was correct. The party—and it was anybody's notion of a party—was something for Richburg to enjoy and remember. But the crowd in the store the next afternoon was almost as large—and by no means all feminine.

"You went big," Oscar Taylor told Patricia Tuesday evening, when at last the store was closed. "And what with your demonstration and the party and the crowd and everything, I've got to order a raft of new stuff. And say, we're getting the young crowd in, all right. Did you notice?"

"You're doing more than that," said Patricia, "you're putting a little youth into some of the old ones, too."

And then old Mrs. Newman went to Amityville to visit her daughter.

And old Mrs. Newman met Mrs. Taylor in Amityville. And old Mrs. Newman told Mrs. Taylor that it was her opinion that that pattern demonstrator was staying over for no other reason than to "ketch" Oscar Taylor, and besides the store was full of a lot of young folks loafing around and making a regular club out of it, and everything painted up like a circus, with Letta Hopkins waiting on customers and everything until a body couldn't feel like it was the same store at all.

"Mother" went home.

MOTHER wouldn't wait for her brother to drive her to Richburg. She took the train. She dismounted from the train and marched straight to the store. She marched down the aisle of the store with a grim look in her eye that seemed to freeze the chatter of half a dozen girls in the air, and then to make them slip silently away, so that by the time she had confronted her son at the back of the store, there were only Letta and Patricia for witnesses.

Oscar's first impulse was to quail. He had quailed before at that look. But out of the corner of his eye he saw that Patricia was watching him with a quizzical smile.

"Hello, mother!" he greeted her gayly. "Didn't look for you so soon."

"I kin see you didn't expect me so soon—getting everything topsy-turvy while my back is turned. Well, thank heaven, I'm back in time to see that our business don't go to rack an' ruin. Now, young woman, you kin pack up them things of yours and get out. Comin' in here an' turnin' a good son agin' his mother! An' Letta, I guess I kin manage to wait on customers hereafter."

"Just a second, mother," said Oscar.

"I—I—" he wavered a little, then again caught Patricia's eye and faced his angry parent, "Just a second. Did you say our business?"

"Suttinly I said our business. Whose is it—ours or this—this demonstrator's?"

"Neither," said Taylor quietly. "It's mine. I know you've been running it so long you've almost thought it wasn't ours but yours, but father left it to me. And I'm running it now—and I'm going to run it from now on."

"You running it, heh? You mean you're letting this smart-aleck female drummer run it?"

"I think, mother," said Taylor quietly, "I'll have to ask you to apologize to Miss Alden for that. She is here because I asked to have her sent here. Maybe I was just a bit weak not to fight it out with you before I sent for her, but I

(Continued on page 31)



Mrs. Taylor, sitting up in bed, looked more like a perky bantam than ever

Over fried chicken, he again
asked Natalie to discourage
Celia in her attempts to go
on the stage



Illustrated by B. W. Schlatter

The Pink Rose Leaf

A story peopled by real men and women
and filled with the joy of a spiritual triumph

By HELEN ST. BERNARD

IT LAY in the center of the living-room rug. Natalie's eyes fell on it as she entered the door: just one petal from the great sheaf of shell-pink blossoms that had come from the office. Hardly an hour ago, she had watched that mass of color disappear below the surface of the earth—slowly, slowly. "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

She was alone. Channing Byrd, her brother-in-law, had stopped on the front walk and was talking to Robert Bell, a next-door neighbor. Through the open door into the kitchen, she could see portly Mrs. Bell standing at the sink. There was the splash of running water, the roar of a motor as it rolled away—the black limousine in which she had followed Leigh and which had brought her back. The house was orderly and neat again after the confusion of the past three days. The davenport was back in its accustomed place before the three front windows.

Mrs. Bell was coming toward her through the dining-room. "Let me take your hat, dearie, and you go lie down. I'll make you a cup of tea, and Mrs. Conway sent over a coconut cake and some potato salad. You haven't had a bite all day."

Natalie removed her hat and ran her fingers through her short hair, pressing the palms of her hands against her temples.

"You poor child, you are completely done out."

"The—children?"

"Miss Kirker hasn't brought them back yet. Don't you worry about them. They have been having a good—good care. Now, I'll make the tea. It will do you good."

"You are so kind, Mrs. Bell, but I don't want anything now. Perhaps later. Mr. and Mrs. Byrd will be here any moment. They stopped at their hotel on the way back."

"Well, I'll just leave the kettle on the stove and the tea is in the pot ready. There is still half a pan of baked beans that Mrs. Doyle brought over yesterday and we haven't touched the pie Mrs. Archer brought in nor the baked ham I brought over, so you won't have to worry about food for a couple of days. I ordered two bottles of milk this morning for the children, but Miss Kirker taking them away so early, neither have been touched. I put them in the top of the ice-box."

"Thank you, Mrs. Bell. Please don't bother about us. We are all right. How nice the house looks! You must have worked very hard while we were—gone."

"Well, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Archer stayed, and after the men got the chairs and palms out, it didn't take long. Someone lost a black silk glove. It's on the table there."

MRS. BELL'S eyes swept the room appraisingly. Her eyes rested on the rose leaf, the blot of color in the center of the rug, and she bent to pick it up, but Natalie was there before her. "I'll take care of it, Mrs. Bell. Everything is lovely, and thank you so much. Here they come now—the Byrds."

Mrs. Bell peered through the curtains at the little group of people on the sidewalk, another great black limousine forming a somber background in the bright afternoon sunlight. Channing Byrd was coming slowly up to the porch with his mother. Mr. Byrd, Senior, followed close behind, his cane swinging from his arm, and with him walked his daughter Celia, dressed entirely in white from the tips of her small kid pumps to the crown of the tiny felt hat pulled down over blond hair that curled out from beneath its brim.

"My sakes, how alike those brothers are—were,"

remarked Mrs. Bell as she left the window. "Now, don't forget, dearie, to call on us if you want anything."

"Thank you, Mrs. Bell, you are very kind," wearily.

"And do drink some hot tea," whispered Mrs. Bell as she started toward the kitchen. "It will brace you up."

"Thank you."

The Byrds were in the living-room. Natalie drew forward a chair and Mrs. Byrd sat down heavily and opened the black fan she carried. Mr. Byrd hooked his cane over the top of Leigh's smoking stand and pulled a handkerchief from his pocket. He wiped his gleaming forehead and then sat down on the davenport. Celia dropped beside him, one leg crossed over the other, a pump dangling from her toes as she swung her foot. Channing stood near the window, his hands deep in his pockets, his feet well apart, teetering nervously from toe to heel.

"Channing, please—" from his mother.

"Park yourself, Chan," advised his sister. "You're getting on mother's nerves."

"Celia!" pleaded Mrs. Byrd.

Mr. Byrd coughed nervously. Leigh's old chair creaked as Chan lowered himself into it after lighting a cigaret.

Natalie sat opposite them in a straight chair. She looked down at her hands clasped in her lap. Something cool and moist between her fingers; she smoothed the rose petal into the palm of her hand with her right finger.

SILENCE. They were waiting for something. For her? She looked at them, one by one. Channing in the chair beside the reading lamp. How much like Leigh he was, taller and broader-shouldered, but the same high forehead, the same reddish-brown hair and deep gray eyes. Suddenly she was aware that he had turned his head and was looking at her through a cloud of gray smoke. Her eyes went quickly to his mother—to Leigh's mother. A fine-looking woman in her sixties, gray hair peeping from beneath a modish black hat. She sat very straight, very dignified, slowly waving her fan back and forth. Mr. Byrd looked uncomfortable. He fingered his close-clipped gray mustache as his eyes rested anxiously on his wife. Celia's kid pump had dropped once and sounded unusually loud as it struck the floor. Her white silken foot had sought, found and slid into the shoe and again it was dangling from her toes.

"Well," Mr. Byrd finally broke the silence, "it's five-forty and the train leaves at eight-ten."

"There is time, Albert."

"Plenty of time, Dad," and Channing leaned forward to extinguish his cigaret in the tray of the smoking stand.

"Seems to be getting cooler," remarked Mr. Byrd. "I have never known it to be so hot as it was out there during the service."

Another silence. From the kitchen came the sound of a singing teakettle. Mrs. Bell had not turned out the gas.

"I—may I make you some tea?" Natalie asked, looking eagerly from Mrs. Byrd to Celia. "The teakettle is on, and there is cake—and salad—and beans." Oh! Why had she said beans? To the Byrds!

Mrs. Byrd resumed her fanning. "Mercy no, thank you! I couldn't eat a—" and her voice caught, "a—a crumb!" For a brief second, Natalie wondered if she were going to say, "a bean."

"We will have something at the hotel before the train goes," said Mr. Byrd and there was a gentle note in his voice. "But I would like a glass of water, please."

THE tension was over. Natalie placed the rose leaf on the table beside the lone black glove as she passed. She opened the refrigerator door and picked up the ice pick, but someone reached over her shoulder and took it from her hand. Channing jammed it into the cake of ice and struck it sharply with his palm. "I know it's ghastly," he whispered, "but it won't last long."

She filled three glasses with water and he dropped a piece of ice into each.

"I say," he whispered again, "what kind of cake is it?" "Coconut."

"May I have some?"

"Help yourself. The forks are in the right-hand drawer of the dish cupboard and the cake is—where did Mrs. Bell put it, I wonder? Look around and find it. I must go back—to them."

The three glasses were emptied and she placed the tray on the table. Then she resumed her chair and again Mrs. Byrd's fan moved slowly.

"We came back to talk over your plans," began Mr. Byrd.

"I haven't made any plans, Mr. Byrd. It was all—" "But they must be given thought at once," interrupted Mrs. Byrd.

"Natalie hasn't had much time to think of anything since Tuesday, Mother." Chan was again lowering himself into Leigh's chair.

"Have you—money?"

Natalie's head came up sharply. "Enough to see me through until I can go to work."

"Work! And how about the children?"

"They will be taken care of, Mrs. Byrd."

"Would you consider—would you let— I wonder if you would like to have us—"

"No!" and then more gently, "No, Mrs. Byrd, I wouldn't."

"But they must be brought up—correctly."

"Mother!"

"Channing, please!" She turned to Natalie again.

"What do you expect to do?"

"I told you I had not had time to think about it, Mrs. Byrd, but I can always go back to my old job—at Gerson's."

"Playing—the piano?"

"Yes, playing the piano."

"But now that you're out of it—"

"Yes, I am out of it." She looked about the living-room: the shabby rug and scarred furniture; the worn floors; the dingy loose wall-paper above the register.

"You must think of your children."

"I have thought of nothing else—for four years."

"They must be brought up as their father would want them to be."

Natalie straightened up. She started to say something, then stopped.

"And we—will be glad—to do it!"

"Thank you. I will support them."

"But think what we can do for them. We will send Buddy to college—to his father's college. Education is so important—and their early environment."

"Mother!" Chan's voice was impatient.

Natalie's chin was almost as aggressive as Mrs. Byrd's. "Yes, education is very important. I didn't have much, but my children will have and I hope they will make better use of it than their father did!"

There was the slam of a screen door and the patter of feet across the kitchen floor, shrill, childish voices, an older voice imploring silence, and then: "Mommie! Mommie, where are you?"

"Shhh!" warned Miss Kirker anxiously from the kitchen. "Your Mommie is busy, children. Come back, Buddy—come back."

Pattering feet across the dining-room, through the archway and to her side. Buddy looked from one of the guests to the other inquiringly. Betty, two years his junior, placed her finger in her mouth and dropped

her head bashfully, but her lowered eyes swept the group with a panoramic effect. Mrs. Byrd looked down at the tousled head of the child and then blew her nose violently on a black-bordered handkerchief. Channing grinned and the child grinned back engagingly.

"Da-de," she said.

"Aw, Betty, didn't I tell you Daddy—was dead?" scolded her brother. "You ain't got no Daddy—nuther have I. Have we, Mommie?"

"You must consider—them."

Channing rose to his feet and pulled his watch from his pocket. "Let's run along. Give Natalie a breathing spell, time to think it over. She is tired out. Say, Buddy, old man, shake hands with your uncle."

Buddy looked up at his mother and she smiled assurance. He extended a soiled brown hand up to the strange man who looked like his father. Betty clung to her mother's skirt and Natalie's hand rested on the child's head as she stood beside her. Mrs. Byrd rose from her chair, tall and dignified. Mr. Byrd was carefully creasing the top of his hat with the side of his hand.

They moved toward the front door, Natalie and the children following.

Mrs. Byrd closed her fan with a sharp snap and dropped it into the bag she carried on her arm. Then

LITTLE SOCKS

By Nellie G. Fosdick

*Baby socks upon a line,
All woolly, warm and tiny,
Waving over dewy grass,
Wind-rippled and sunshiny.*

*Little socks of dainty rose,
And red, as ripest cherries,
Azure, white, and golden-hued
As wings of gay canaries.*

*Chubby little feet that hide
Within their gentle curvings,
Dance and flit along the paths
That run in sudden swervings.*

*Little socks! The tiny feet
That seem so prone to roving,
Cannot pass the faith that keeps
Prayer in a mother's loving.*

she turned to Natalie in the doorway: "Channing has made use of his education! He is a member of the firm of Dumont and Greer—Wall Street! I told you—that time, before you married Leigh—that you might spoil his life. If his home—and his efforts—were not in keeping with what they might have been, perhaps he was not—entirely to blame."

Natalie caught her lower lip between her teeth and her hand tightened on Buddy's shoulder. She looked at the older woman for a second, then she looked at Mr. Byrd, at Celia, at Chan. His gray eyes looked straight into hers and he extended his hand, "By, Nattie."

She turned and picked up the black silk glove from the table and held it out to Mrs. Byrd. "I think—you lost—your glove. Here it is. Goodbye!"

THE children lingered in the doorway, but Natalie turned back into the living-room. Again that beautiful bit of color, shell-pink, caught her eyes as she passed the table. She picked up the rose leaf and opened a book that lay near by. Painstakingly she pressed the petal against the fly-leaf, smoothing it out until it lay flat against the paper.

"I'll never—forget—that!" jerkily. "I'll never—forget—what she said—never!"

The teakettle had almost boiled dry and she refilled it. She lit the oven and pushed a pan of beans into its depths. She spread the kitchen table with a linen lunch cloth embroidered with yellow daisies. There was the bowl of salad and the baked ham and the big glittering cake from which a generous piece had been removed. She vigorously shook a milk bottle to

mix the cream with the milk and filled two glasses. She pushed Betty's chair up and placed Webster's Dictionary on another to raise Buddy to the required height.

"Mommie, I like the man who looks like Daddy." Buddy and his sister were standing in the kitchen door.

"That's your Uncle Chan. Don't you remember when he came last year and took us for a ride in a nice new car?"

He shook his head. "I don't like the lady—the cross one."

"But you do like milk and coconut cake, old son, so climb up there on that nice wordy book and get busy."

"Will you sing for us, Mommie?"

"Not tonight, Buddy. Stories tonight."

"Nall right! About the Jersey skeetos that buzzed . . . and buzzed . . . and buzzed all around!" and he waved his spoon in demonstration.

"Yes, sir! And pretty soon, next week, maybe, Mother is going to be a New York fly that is going to whuzz and whuzz all day long over in New York, and you and sister will be Jersey skeetos that will buzz and buzz all day here in New Jersey, and then at night, about six o'clock, the New York fly and the Jersey skeetos are going to whuzz and buzz together and see who can make the most noise. Won't that be fun?"

The dishes remained on the kitchen table and Natalie sat curled up in the corner of the davenport where Mr. Albert T. Byrd had sat that afternoon, Betty asleep in her arms. Buddy lay full length, his head in her lap.

"Now, another story, Mommie. A brand-new one this time, 'bout good folks and bad folks, and all that."

"WELL, let me see. Good folks—and bad folks. The world is made up of them, old son. Well, once upon a time, there was a man and a lady who had lots of money, heaps of it! And the lady thought that folks who didn't have any money—or any family tree—were nobodies! And they had three children, two Buddys and one Betty, only, of course, their names were not Buddy and Betty."

"What were they?" Buddy insisted on details.

"Let—me—see. Well, one boy's name, the older one, was Fine! And the other, just two years younger than Fine, was Charming! And their sister's name was—Fair! How do you like those make-believe names?"

Buddy nodded his approval.

"Well, Fine and Charming had lots of money to spend, and they went to college and had many friends and such good times. One day, in New York, Charming saw a girl, just the kind of a girl he liked. It was at one of those places where there are lots of pretty girls who sing and dance and all that, and this girl—"

"What was her name, Mommie?"

"Oh, yes. Her name was Lonesome! You see, Lonesome didn't have a Mommie or a Daddy or any sisters and brothers and she had lived all her life on a funny old ranch down in New Mexico. All she did was to play the piano and work for her auntie and uncle who had brought her up. She had played the piano since she was a little girl, and such a squeaky old piano that it was! Well, when her auntie died and her uncle got a housekeeper, Lonesome just decided she would go to the city, and she did! She came to New York and she got a job playing the piano where the girls sing and dance. And then this boy, Charming, was introduced to her. He had such nice gray eyes and white teeth and such a nice, educated way about him—just the sort of a Prince Charming she had always dreamed about—and they fell in love! Then he took her to see his mother, the tall lady who was so uppish, and oh, my! She didn't like Lonesome one—little—bit!"

"Why?"

"Well, maybe it was because Lonesome was poor, and didn't have lovely clothes and pretty rings and automobiles—and a family tree! She told Lonesome that if she married Charming, she might spoil his life! And she told Charming that if he dared to marry Lonesome, he could not have one cent of all their money! Lonesome felt pretty bad because the lady did not like her, and so did Charming, but, of course, they were in love, and Charming said he didn't care about their old money—all he wanted was Lonesome, and he would work and make money and they would have a fine home, and be happy forever and ever, so they got married! At first it was lovely and Lonesome was not lonely any more. Then when the money was all gone, it was not so lovely, but Charming went to work. And they lived in a little house near some kind neighbors, and pretty soon God sent them a little Prince Charming, and not so very long after, along came—a Princess Charming. And Lonesome worked very, very hard and did her very best, (Continued on page 32)

THE MYSTERY of the PAVILION

By GRACE SARTWELL MASON

Illustrated by Joseph Franké

(A synopsis of preceding chapters will be found on page 28)



Lola was too slow by a second. There was a brief struggle, and quickly, competently, Bat shoved her into the hall

UP TO mid-afternoon, the day that followed the murder of Vincent Knowles was for me quiet enough. In spite of my nerves, which had been strung tight by the frightful event on Knowles Island, I managed two or three hours' sleep that forenoon. After a bath and an early lunch in a shady corner of the veranda with Michael, I felt decidedly more cheerful.

"I feel sure Julie will talk to us this afternoon," I said to my nephew. "You mustn't brood over this thing, Mike. Did you sleep at all?"

"Couldn't. Besides, I had a call or two to make—old Mrs. Knowlton's influenza is getting the best of her, by the way. But this afternoon I'm going to cut office hours and go over to see how Julie is."

"Has news of the murder leaked out in the village yet?"

"It hadn't, apparently, when I was making my rounds, but I gather it's broken now. Look down at the road."

I walked over to the edge of my east terrace, where a low stone wall prevents one from plunging down the sheer face of the cliff. From here I could look down upon the long bridge that connected the island with the mainland and I could see a bit of the road that wound down the face of the cliffs to the bridgehead. Several motor cars were halted at the mainland end of the bridge, their drivers being interviewed by a member of the state police. Only one car out of the lot was allowed to go on over the bridge. Already the island was being besieged by the curious.

As soon as I had finished my coffee, I hurried out to the garage and two minutes later I was pushing my car past the waiting line. I was not at all sure I would be allowed to pass, but when I saw that the officer on guard was an acquaintance of mine from the days of the smallpox scare at Coles Inlet, I knew I was all right.

"Hello!" he saluted me. "Go right along over. I guess Miss Knowles wants to see you."

In front of the house stood several cars with official license plates; out on the Point three men moved

Julie and Miss Ellen all mornin', askin' 'em questions and makin' 'em walk here and there, pointin' out where this and that happened." He looked cautiously behind him and lowered his voice, "I never told yet that I saw Miss Julie inside the tea house. An' I won't, either."

I shook my head at him, "You'll have to tell everything you know, sooner or later. You can't commit perjury, Barney."

"Oh, can't I?" he cried defiantly. "Just let 'em give me a chance. I'd like to sock 'em all in the jaw for the way they're tryin' to frame Miss Julie. She couldn't do a thing like that, Doctor. But they're going to arrest her, as sure as shootin'. Benson says so, too. He's heard 'em talkin'. They think she knows something and won't come across."

This was my private opinion, too, but I did not say so to Barney. Instead, I asked a question: "Barney, you'd been driving about three years for Mr. Knowles, hadn't you? You must have got to know him pretty well, in a way. Was there anyone you'd think might hate him enough to kill him—that way?"

HIS face grew dark with distaste, "I guess there was one or two that felt like it, all right. But they was girls. No girl did that job, tough as some of 'em are these days. Say, I've got no use for a man of his age, a gentleman, that—that runs after young girls. Gr-r-! That always made me sick!"

"Young girls—any particular young girl, lately?"

He hesitated an instant, then he looked me desperately in the eye, "I wouldn't ever have told anyone but you, Miss Prescott, but—there was a girl—he used to have me drive past the country club of an evening and then he'd pick her up. At first he pretended it was just a happenstance, but I darned well knew it wasn't, after I'd seen 'em together on my night off in that joint over on the Mill Valley Turnpike. After that I knew what he was doing all right, all right,

slowly here and there, and in the house others passed the windows or came out to stand for a few minutes on the terrace. The hunt was most certainly on.

As I parked my car in the angle between the garage and the men's quarters, Barney, the chauffeur, came out. His young face looked haggard from anxiety and lack of sleep. "Lord, Miss Prescott, I'm glad you've come!" he exclaimed. "I never saw such crazy goin's on. Benson says they've been pestering Miss

when he drove himself out of an evening. He'd always turn the car to the left when he got up top of the cliff—"

He paused, looking at me beseechingly, as if he wanted me to say the rest, but I said nothing. Finally with a wriggle he burst out, "If you must know, it was that little niece of Miss Reeves. The damned old hound!" he added.

I turned away. He had given me no news, he had merely confirmed a suspicion, but I felt sick with the picture he had suggested.

I could imagine Doris creeping out of the house to meet Vincent Knowles, dressed in the lovely, demure little frocks her Aunt Eunice bought her, straight from Eunice's blind love and protection—the silly, treacherous little fool. I could imagine them speeding over the dark roads, or parked in some lane, or whispering together in dubious road houses. And I could imagine Doris last night softly paddling her canoe over the dark water to the island, softly slipping out to her tryst in the tea house, and then—what?

I WENT on up to the house, and when I had reached the door, Bill Jimpson called up ahead of me to an officer who was stationed in the broad upper hall, "Let Miss Prescott go through to Miss Knowles's room, Richie," and the man opened the door that led into Ellen's wing of the house.

I said to myself that Augusta had been indeed forehanded in going through the old desk in the little room at the top of the next staircase last night, for now everything was too much watched over. Trying to look as mild and dull as I often feel, I passed the officer and went on down the corridor. A maid came out of Ellen's room and held up a warning finger, "She's asleep, Miss Prescott, an' a good thing, too. She's been that nervous, poor lady," she whispered.

"Miss Julie's in her own room?"

"Yes'm, and for a wonder she's alone. I guess they can't think of anything more to ast her."

"And the young lady who was Mr. Vincent's guest—Miss Guinness—where is she?"

"Oh, they let her go back to the city. She left about half an hour ago."

So they've narrowed down to Julie, I thought. Or was it that, in letting Lola go, they were playing cat-and-mouse with that aspiring young woman? I passed Ellen's door with a sense of gratitude for not having to wrestle with her tremors and ineptitudes just then. Outside Julie's door I called, "It's Jane Prescott, Julie. May I come in for a moment?"

There was a moment's delay before Julie opened the door to me; as I went in, I saw that she must have been writing at her desk between the windows. The inkwell stood open and an envelope had just been freshly sealed—a stick of jade-green sealing wax lay beside it. With a wan smile of apology, she picked up this envelope and slipped it into the blouse of her pale yellow sports frock. "My rooms aren't my own any more," she said. "This morning a policeman searched them quite thoroughly."

I remembered with a shiver that footprint under the

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breakfast room window and the satin slipper that exactly fitted it, and I admired Augusta from the bottom of my heart for having obliterated the print before anyone else had seen it.

"You've seen the lawyer, I suppose?" I asked, trying to find the right approach to the appeal I had come to make to her.

"Oh, yes, I've seen him. He advised me to tell the whole truth, of course." She gave a weary little laugh. "He's a very scared lawyer. I told him he could go back to town, I really didn't need him."

"But, Julie, you do need him! And his advice was right—you must not keep anything back, in justice to yourself and to—to us who love you, my dear. Last night you were in no condition to tell what happened out on the Point, but today you—"

"Today I've been telling over and over exactly what I told them last night, and I shall keep on telling them that much and nothing more, until—"

"Until when, Julie?"

She gave me a strange look; walking slowly over to the window, she stood staring out. Suddenly she turned toward me again, her arms flung out in a desperate gesture. "Jane, what would you do," she cried, "if you came to a crossroads and knew that, if you took one way, you would save your life, and if you took the other, you would lose your peace of mind and your self-respect, maybe? What good would it do me to live if I despised myself, and if—if someone I love despised me, too? I would rather die, I tell you. It's simple enough to die, but it isn't easy to live when you've lost something—something—you value—"

Her voice died away and she turned her back to me, struggling for self-control again. She looked all at once pitifully young and bewildered.

Whatever the problem was that had been put up to her, she was trying to solve it honorably, and alone, and the gesture she made, turning her shoulder to me and scorning to let me see her tears, reminded me of the small Julie who had pressed her slim body against a tree trunk and pretended that she had not been weeping when Eunice Reeves and I discovered her, long ago.

I wanted to put my arms about her, but I knew that would undo us both, so I only said quietly, "Don't you think, dear, it's a mistake trying to make up your mind, all by yourself? Perhaps, if you were to tell me, or Augusta—"

"No." The word was spoken in a low voice, but in it there was a gravity, a finality, that left me with no further argument.

I STOOD up, preparing to go, when Julie crossed the room and put her hand on my arm. "Dear Jane, don't think I don't appreciate your coming. I was going to ask you to come to see me, anyhow. For there is something you can do for me, if you will."

To my surprise, she took the sealed envelope from her blouse and put it into my hand. "Will you keep this safely, for me? If anything should happen to me, if—if—" she lifted her young face and I saw that it had grown stern and white, "if I should die, you may open it. I should want you to open it, then—you and Michael. Then you'll understand."

More moved than I dared to let her see, I put the envelope into my handbag. "I'll be giving it back to you in a few days," I chirped cheerfully, "when everything's been ironed out. In the meantime, don't fog the issue with too much heroism, my dear. Heroism gone wrong can be awfully painful to the heroine's friends, you know. Well, goodbye, Julie dear. Michael is on his way over here now, I imagine."

Her eyes lighted hungrily for an instant, then became somber again. "I shall not see him," she said. "I'm not going to drag him into this and hurt his whole future. You must keep him away."

"You'll hurt him most by denying him your confidence, Julie," I retorted, and closed her door behind me.

In the lower hall I met the coroner's doctor and talked with him for a bit. I was just going out the door when Benson hastened out of the library; someone wanted me on the telephone, he said.

It was Annie, my maid. She said that Miss Augusta had telephoned from New York; she wanted me to take the very next train and meet her at a certain tea room in the East Thirties.

"She says it's very important, Doctor," said Annie. "And you are not to get to the wrong place, as you often do, and you're to come as quick as you can, and—"

"All right, all right, Annie," I grumbled. "But I hate hopping on trains at a moment's notice. When is the next one?"

"You'll just have time to catch the three-ten, if you hurry, Miss Jane."

"All right. Bring my commutation ticket and my other hat down to the gate and I'll snatch them as I go past," I said, and hastened out to my car.

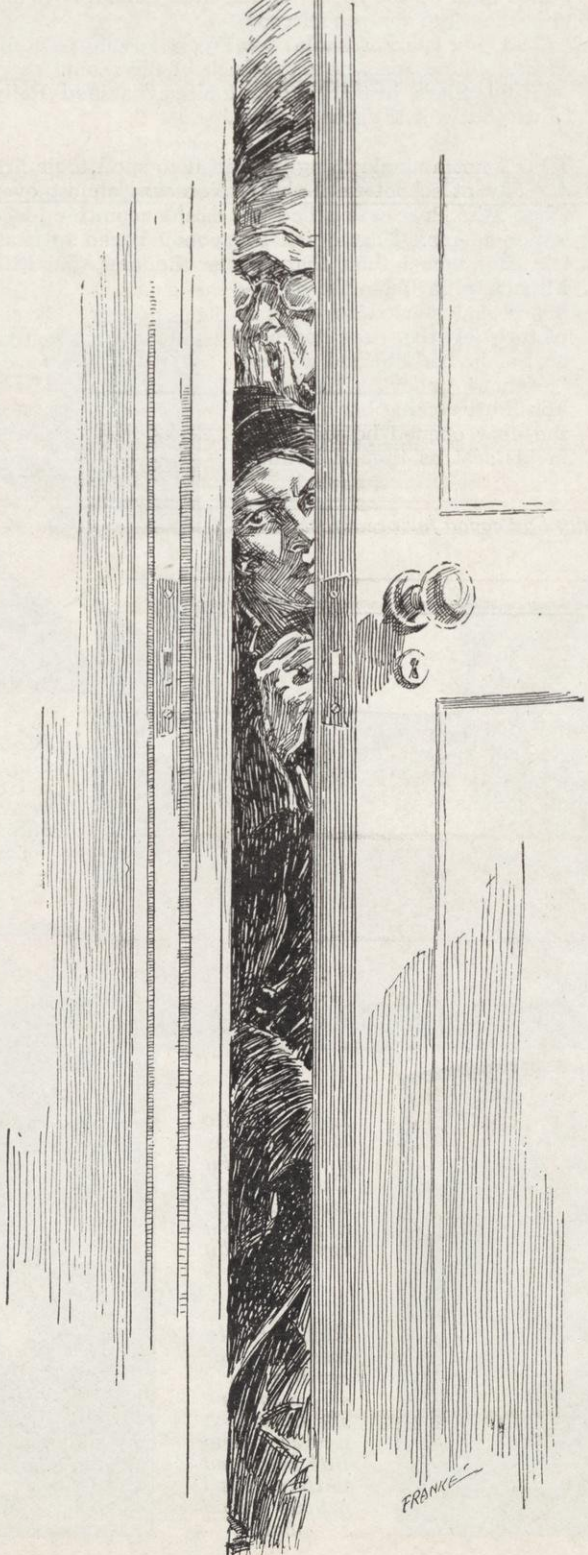
I made the three-ten by a hair and sank panting into a seat. It was not much past four when I got into a taxi at the Pennsylvania Station, and heartened myself by reflecting that, since we were to meet at a restaurant, perhaps Augusta would allow me to have a cup of tea, which I sadly needed. When I arrived at our trysting place, I was pleased to see that Augusta did not look as if she meant immediately to fly off somewhere else. She had taken off her wrap and gloves and sat at her ease before a small table, looking as fresh and smart as if she had spent the previous night in bed instead of in hunting for a murderer.

THE Blue Heron Tea Room was on the street floor in one of those drearily respectable brownstone fronts prevalent in the neighborhood. A small, rather unsuccessful-looking tea room, at this hour empty except for Augusta and myself and a limp waitress who was sleepily folding paper napkins at a table in the dark rear of the place. In the one wide window at the front were two small tables. Augusta had selected the one with the best view of the street. We could see all that went on, and yet be screened by the thin window drapery. She motioned me to sit at her right, on the settle that stood with its back to the wall.

"Are we going to have tea?" I inquired hopefully.

*I was chilled to my back—
could have pried me*

*bone, and yet nothing
away from that crack*



"Yes, we're going to eat our heads off, slowly," replied Augusta, motioning to the waitress. "For heaven knows how long we may have to stay here. I've been here myself almost an hour, but I had the excuse that you were late for our appointment. In another hour they'll probably charge us rent, so order a good tea."

"I get the idea, Augusta," said I and ordered toasted muffins and anchovy sandwiches and jam and cake and tea with plenty of hot water.

"That will hold 'em for awhile," sighed Augusta. "Now, are you comfortable? Have you a good view of the street?"

"Why should I want a view of the street? Heaven knows it is like every other street on Murray Hill—"

"Because we're watching that house on the other side—the house with the bay window stuck on like a mud swallow's nest. We're real sleuths now, my good Jane."

Augusta smiled contentedly, and I leaned forward the better to examine the house with the bay window. It was a rather large brownstone house. Jutting from the second story was the bay window with each of its shades drawn closely. The whole house had an aspect of dignity out at the elbow, and I saw that a sign standing near the steps announced small apartments for rent.

"In that house," said Augusta, not attempting to conceal her pride, "Vincent Knowles had his secret apartment. In fact, that bay window with the drawn shades is in his—what was his—living-room."

"My good gracious, how did you—"

"Found it out from his check books. I was struck first by the fact that, about the fifth of every month, Vincent paid someone one hundred and fifty dollars. No name was noted on the stub, but now and then there would be scrawled in one corner some figures, and it dawned on me they meant an address. I was right, as I discovered when I tried Doris' key to that door across the street."

"Augusta! You didn't go in there?"

"Yes!" she smiled triumphantly, "I've been in that apartment. Ssh! Here comes the waitress."

I thought the limp girl would never have finished setting down the tea things. Augusta conversed in a sprightly manner in the meantime, and I gathered that I was supposed to be her old Auntie from the country, come in for a good long talk. I looked at her witheringly, but she kept right on being imbecilic until the girl had retreated to her dark lair again.

"Now, maybe you'll tell me what you've been up to, Augusta," I said, buttering a toasted muffin.

"First, you tell me something—did they let Lola Guinness come back to town? They did? Good! Let me see, if she left Knowles Harbor about one—yes, she should have been here before this."

"Here?"

"I mean at the door of that house across the street. That's what we're waiting for—Lola, and someone else, maybe."

I reminded her there were quite a few steps she had not yet made clear to me, and she proceeded with her tale of how she had spent the day.

SHE had suspected all along that Sidney Shallot had it in for Lola; acting on this suspicion, she had gone directly to the Hotel Deems. She was not surprised to find Sidney was not there, for she had in mind that Lola had wanted to give Sidney some last instruction—and had probably succeeded. But she took a look around Sidney's place of abode, found it to be, as she had expected, a dingy, shabby sort of rooming house rather than hotel, and then went across town to the new and pretentious twenty-story Van Dyke, where Lola lived. Evidently Lola was riding the waves of fortune, for the time being, at least.

"I took a chance with the clerk at the Van Dyke," said Augusta, "and told him Miss Shallot was probably in Miss Guinness' apartment, and I wished to see her; he let me go up. Jane, as an example of the home of a successful young-lady-on-the-make, you should have seen that apartment. Modernistic furniture, silver walls, red lacquer dressing table, old gold bedspread. French dolls lolling everywhere—oh, Miss Lola had arrived, in one sense. And there was the green-eyed girl in her cheap little street suit packing up as fast as her hands could fly."

She was quite willing to talk to Augusta, evidently feeling that she was discharging, by this last act of helping Lola to get off to safer surroundings, any remaining debts of friendship.

"I'm through with Lola," she said, sweeping a foam of lingerie off a chair. "I've stuck to her for four years and I've seen her through a lot of things. I got her in with her first picture outfit and I taught her how to walk and dress herself. And then here she turns around and persuades Mark Marcin to back her instead of me. I've learned my lesson, (Continued on page 26)



Miss Purr,
the new
teacher

Tales of the Animal Isle

Rolly and Polly Puff Meet with a Surprise
on Their First Day at the Catnip School

By HARRY WHITTIER FREES

*The models for these photographs are live little animals
whose excellent training is the result of Mr. Frees's
untiring care and kindness*



Rolly and Polly Puff had to wear dunce caps

POLLY PUFF, the little kitty sister of Rolly, was busy counting the figures on the calendar by the kitchen door in their cozy little bungalow on Pussywillow Road.

"One—two—three—four," she repeated, softly, to herself. "Oh, Mother Puff!" she cried, suddenly. "Just think! Only four more days until school starts!"

"Won't that be fine?" smiled the pussycat mother, as she sat sewing a tiny sleeve in Polly's new school dress.

"Will it be finished in time?" asked Polly, a bit anxiously, as she eyed the little frock.

"Yes indeed," promised Mother Puff. "And tomorrow you may run down to Madam Rover's shop to get your new hat."

"Oh, I forgot all about the new teacher," declared Polly. "I just wish she weren't coming."

"Why, Polly Puff, is that nice?" asked her mother.

"But Mother Puff," answered Polly, quickly, "everybody says she's sure to be an old crosspatch."

"Perhaps everybody doesn't know," said Mother Puff, wisely.

But Polly felt quite sure that the new teacher would be grumpy and disagreeable and not a bit like their nice Miss Pointer who taught them before. When she scampered outside to Rolly a few moments later her little kitty brother was equally sure that things were not going to be very pleasant at the Catnip School.

The next day Polly hurried down to Madam Rover's to buy her new bonnet, and there she found one trimmed with a wreath of pink roses.

open. Suddenly they all stopped playing to watch the new teacher coming up the walk.

"What a lovely morning to start school," she greeted the little group at the door. "I'm Miss Purr, your new teacher, and I'm sure we're going to have the best of times together."

Then Miss Purr spoke to one of the little kitty boys. "If you don't mind," she said pleasantly, "you may ring the bell; it is almost time to start school."

Ding dong! Ding dong! rang the old bell as Tommy pulled hard on the rope, and the little animal boys and girls filed into the school room.

"Did you see her smile?" whispered Polly to Rolly as they found seats near the back of the room.

"Huh! She's just trying to fool us," sniffed Rolly. "Just you wait till school starts."

BUT not a single thing happened to spoil their first day at school until the session was almost over, when Miss Purr was called out of the room for just a few moments. That quick everybody began to chatter. But worse than that, Buster Cuddles, the little kitty chap, darted to the blackboard and started to draw a picture of the new teacher. Just as he had finished writing "teacher" under it he heard Miss Purr coming back. Before the door opened he was back in his seat as though nothing

had happened. As soon as the new teacher caught sight of the picture on the blackboard, she stopped smiling.

"The one who drew that picture will please come forward," she commanded.

But no one stirred, least of all Buster the wee mischief maker. Before Miss Purr could say another word, a most surprising thing happened. Rolly Puff snickered right out loud, and Polly just had to snicker, too.

"Very well," said the new teacher, "come right up here."

And would you believe it, when the two little Puffs walked slowly up to the platform, Miss Purr pulled a stool from under her desk and made the two little culprits sit on it. Nor was that all; she placed a dunce cap on each fuzzy head.

Poor little Polly felt too bad even to look at her little kitty brother. She rubbed the tears out of her eyes with the back of her paw.

When school was dismissed the two little Puffs were still sitting on the stool wearing their dunce caps. Miss Purr, after putting on an apron and dust cap which she got out of her desk, started to sweep out the school room.

TWO pairs of bright blue eyes followed her up and down the aisles.

"Please, Miss Purr," asked Polly at last, "may we help you dust the desks?"

"Do you want to?" smiled the new teacher as she took the dunce caps off their heads.

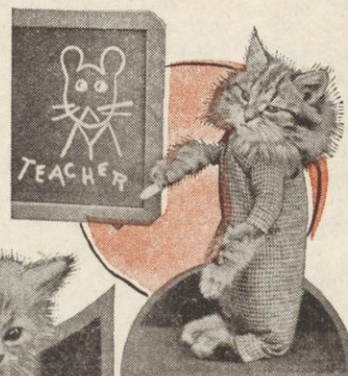
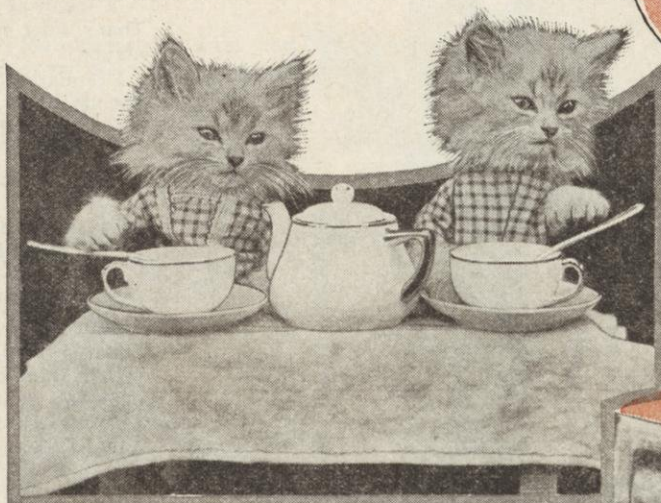
My, oh, my, how those two little Puffs did work! They dusted and swept and cleaned. They found it jolly good fun helping teacher.

Miss Purr must have found it jolly, too, for as they finished their dusting she patted each fluffy little head.

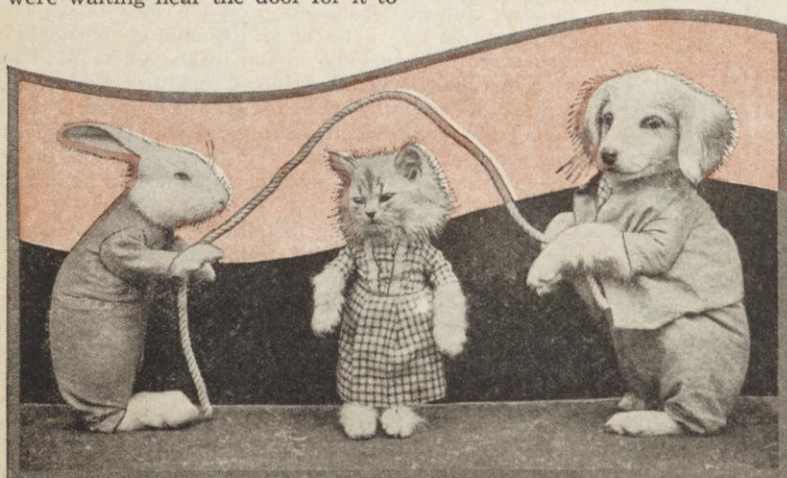
"I knew you didn't draw that picture," she told them, "but I had to punish you for laughing. Now run along home."

But before the little Puffs started on their way they smiled up at Miss Purr and both said, "We're glad you are our new teacher."

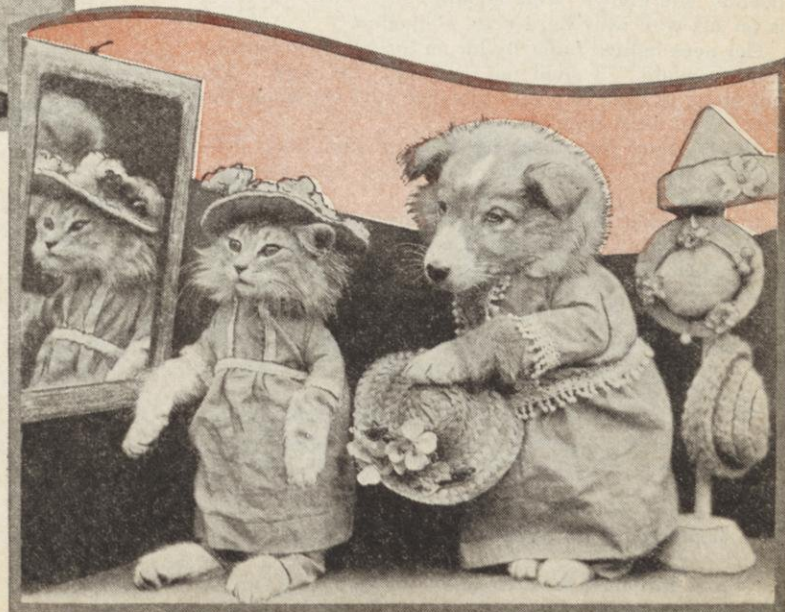
Rolly and Polly had cocoa for breakfast



Naughty Buster Cuddles drew a picture of the teacher on the blackboard, then ran to his seat



Left—Laddie Whitepaws and Bunty Cottontail were turning a jumping rope for Dolly Cuddles



Right—Polly went to Madam Rover's shop where she bought a pretty new hat trimmed with roses and a little ribbon bow

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LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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HERE *and* THERE *and* EVERYWHERE

all through the house you'll find twice as many uses for Bon Ami Powder and Bon Ami Cake as there are hours in the day. This popular cleanser and polisher is truly a "good friend" of the busy housewife. For Bon Ami's gentle, magic action quickly "blots up" dirt, dust, stain and tarnish . . . doesn't scour . . . doesn't scratch the surface it cleans.

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In almost no time at all, Bon Ami Powder soaks up that stubborn "ring" around the bathtub — blots up every soapy mark and every speck of dirt from white or colored tiling—makes the bathroom fairly glisten with cleanliness.



Mirrors

For mirrors, as for windows, there's nothing quite like Bon Ami. Rub a damp cloth over the *Cake* and cover the glass with the magic film. It dries in a moment. Then whisk—and gone are all the dirt and finger-marks.

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The Bon Ami way is the easiest way to clean windows. Just rub a damp cloth over the *Cake* and apply the film to the glass. A moment's wait — then polish with a *clean*, dry cloth—and your windows are as clear as air!



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Dust and tarnish soon dull the loveliness of brass, nickel, pewter and copper. But a few quick rubs with Bon Ami takes off every spot, stain and bit of tarnish—polishes all these metals till they shine like new.

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Bon Ami is best for utensils of aluminum, enamel and agate. For it "blots up" dirt and stains—instead of scouring them off. Stubborn burned patches—even those obstinate stains in coffee pots—vanish before Bon Ami's magic touch.

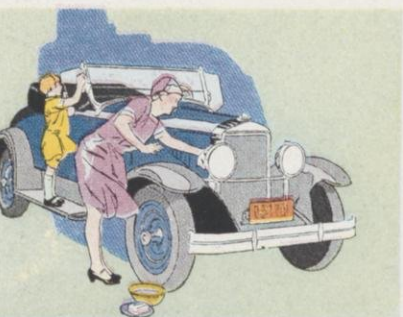


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Until you use Bon Ami you'll never know how easy it is to keep smooth painted woodwork and walls spotless. For Bon Ami quickly blots up the dust, dirt and smudges—and best of all it doesn't scour off the paint!



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Yes, indeed, Bon Ami cleans white shoes—all kinds except kid! Apply the Bon Ami with a damp cloth or brush. Let it dry—then dust it off. Your shoes are snow-white, without a single blemish—really clean, not merely coated over.



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Bon Ami

A Pioneer Art Modernized

Patchwork Quilts of Today Combine the Beauty of Fine Old Designs with Modern Improved Methods and Materials

By BLANCHE E. HYDE

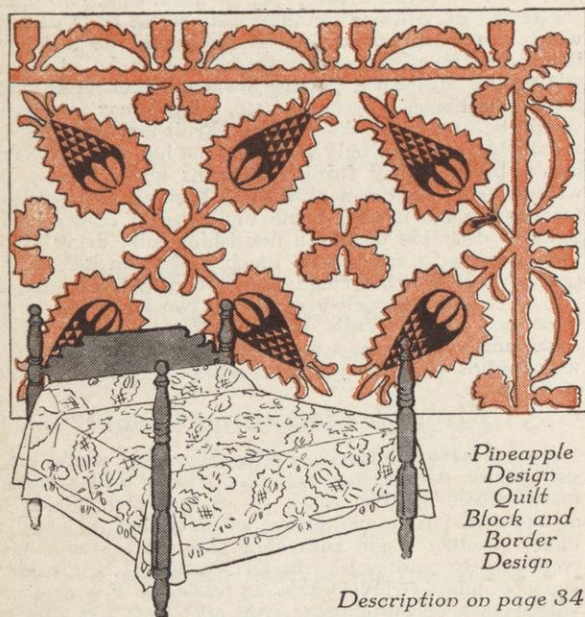
THE housewife of pioneer days whose interests were centered mainly in the home regarded her store of bedding as her chief pride and asset; it was something which was definitely hers. This was especially true when she had spun the thread and woven the material for the blankets, sheets and coverlets, had pieced the quilt tops and had perhaps herself done the quilting. She prided herself on keeping ahead of the game in her store of new bedding ready for all emergencies. The hope chests of those days were filled with the products of work done by mother and daughter over a long period. So the custom passed from mother to daughter and from home to home.

To be worthy of note, a quilt should be made in a design that is beautiful, unique or interesting in some particular; of colors which are pleasing or effectively used; and more than anything else, beautifully quilted.

With the present revival of the art, some manufacturers are putting out materials of fine cotton in some of the quaint old designs. If one is planning to make an elaborate quilt, it is worth while to purchase a good quality of material. In colored goods, and white, too, for that matter, there is nothing better than a fine quality of gingham, which may now be obtained in printed designs as well as plain colors. Satine is very attractive but sometimes loses its luster after use or laundering. Cotton broadcloth is excellent but expensive. The material used for the back of the quilt should correspond in some way with the top, although, if the material used in the top is too expensive, a good grade of bleached muslin will be satisfactory, and preferable to unbleached, unless the unbleached has already been used in the top.

Aids in Quilt-making

There are two definite methods for making quilt tops, piecing and appliqué, and frequently the two methods are combined in one quilt. The work is generally done in blocks, which are afterward sewed together. A quilt



Pineapple
Design
Quilt
Block and
Border
Design

Description on page 34

may also be made in one piece. The designs for pieced quilts are mostly in geometric figures. The square, triangle and diamond are the most common shapes, although other straight-line as well as curved-line patterns are used.

The old-time appliqué was always done with a fine, almost invisible, hemming stitch. Occasionally one sees appliqué quilts of the present with the figures held in position by embroidery stitches. While embroidery may be used with appliqué for an unquilted counterpane, in no case should it be used with quilting.

Commercial patterns are now available in beautiful designs, not only for quilt blocks but for quilting as well. In using a perforated quilt pattern, if the design is for an appliqué block, it can be stamped onto the foundation

block itself, giving the exact position for the placing of each part of the appliqué figure. Even if the blocks are later to be set diagonally in the quilt top, the foundation block should be cut true with the lengthwise and crosswise threads of the material. Do not tear the material for the blocks. This will stretch the edges and make it difficult to seam them so they will lie flat.

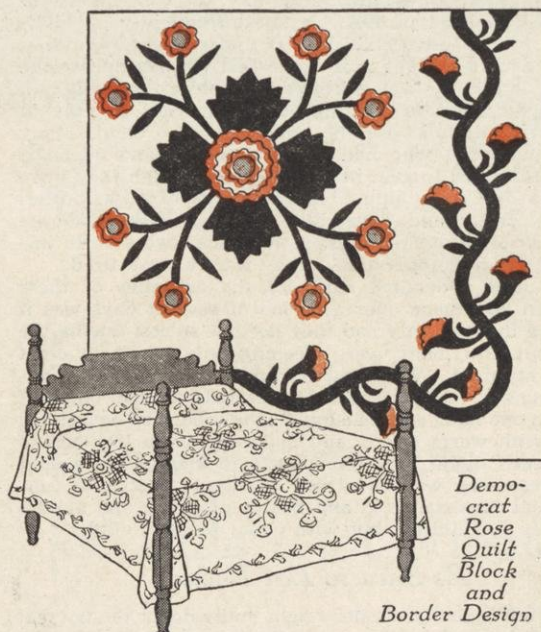
When transferring the design to the block, draw lines parallel to the lengthwise edges of the block on the different parts of the pattern. These markings should then be transferred to the separate pattern sections to indicate the method of placing on the goods. If done in this way, the threads of the material in the figures will all run the same way and the effect of light and shade will be more uniform.

Beauty Results from Accuracy

In cutting the sections for a pieced block, cut also a square of smooth strong paper the exact size of the block and transfer the design to this, then decide on the method of placing the various sections on the material for cutting. Much of the beauty of pieced quilts lies in the combinations of different materials or of sections of the same material cut in different ways. Thus, goods in a striped design may be used effectively by having the stripes run in opposite directions in different parts of the design.

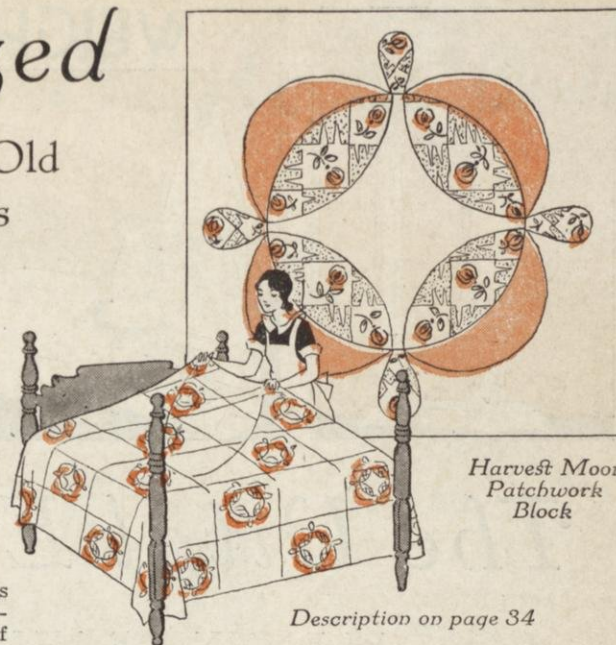
While most of the perforated patterns are furnished on an excellent grade of paper, it is well to make permanent or "master patterns" for constant use. A thin cardboard is better for this than paper, and the material known as pressboard which can be obtained at any printing office is especially good. It does not break in cutting and leaves a clean, smooth edge. These cardboard patterns should be cut the finished size; in cutting the material, allow a seam three-sixteenths of an inch wide. Indicate on the cardboard the method of placing the pattern on the goods, then mark around this pattern for the desired number of sections.

For a pieced block, place the pattern on the wrong side of the goods; when sewing, the line of marking will serve as a guide. For an appliqué design, place on the right side of the material and mark very lightly a little outside the edge of the pattern; when turning under the edge, make sure that the line of marking is not visible. Do not pinch the edges, as it is almost impossible to remove the



Democrat
Rose
Quilt
Block and
Border
Design

little creases without dampening. The edges may be folded under and basted, using a fine needle and thread so as not to leave holes in the material. If the edge of the design does not have too many sharp curves or indentations, you can place the cardboard pattern on the wrong side of the goods after cutting



Harvest Moon
Patchwork
Block

Description on page 34

and with the point of a small iron press the seam edges over the cardboard.

In preparing material for a quilt, try to do all the cutting at one time. Keep all similar sections together in envelopes or boxes, numbered according to the design. Much of the finished appearance of a quilt depends on the care which has been taken of the different parts during construction.

The thread used in hemming appliqué figures should match the figure of the design. If it is not possible to match the color, a fine number of white will answer. The hemming stitches should be small and even and fairly close together.

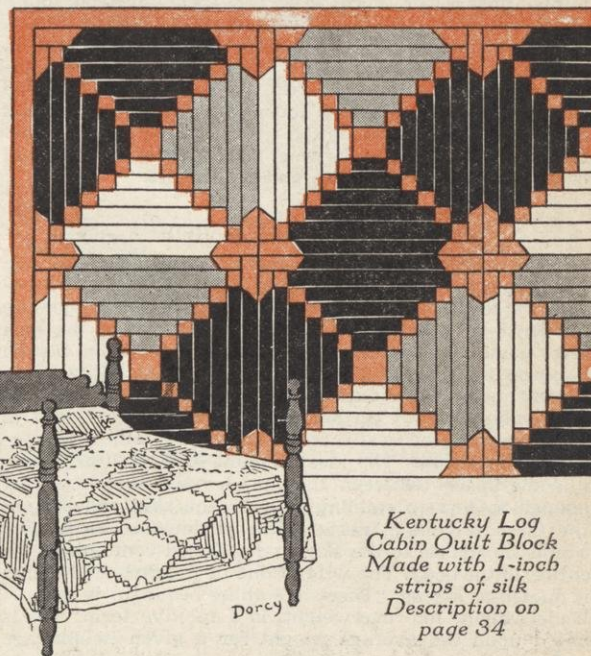
In the old-time pieced quilts, the sections were joined by hand with a "running-and-occasional-back-stitch." Now they are generally joined by machine. If the design is intricate, careful basting is necessary before stitching.

As soon as a number of blocks sufficient for the entire top are completed, they should be pressed and then arranged in proper order. Join in lengthwise strips first, making sure that the long edges of the strips are straight and even. Press the seams open, then join these strips, unless the quilt is to be made up with sections of plain material between the blocks.

Assembling the Quilt

When the top is completed, the next step is the making up; the first necessity for this is a frame. Quilting frames are very similar to those used for stretching curtains. They may be purchased ready for use or made at home. Four strips of wood are needed. These should be about four inches wide and one inch thick. Two of the strips to be used for the sides should measure about two feet longer than the finished length of the quilt; the other two should be two feet longer than the width of the quilt. These are for the ends. Wind the strips with ticking or denim, tacking it occasionally to prevent slipping. The edges of the quilt are fastened to this cloth by sewing or pinning. The back of the quilt is put into the frame first. Since a quilt top is likely to

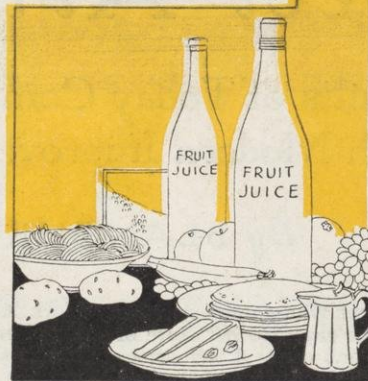
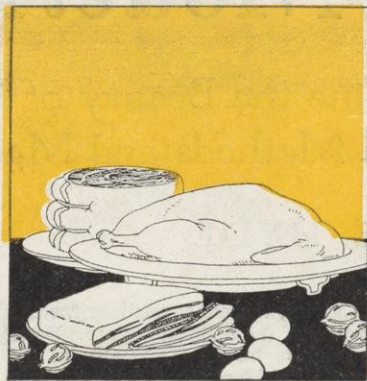
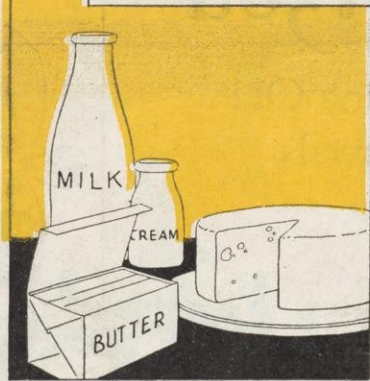
(Continued on page 34)



Kentucky Log
Cabin Quilt Block
Made with 1-inch
strips of silk
Description on
page 34



WEIGHT PRODUCING FOODS



The Vital Effect of Diet on Health

PLENTY OF NUTRITIOUS FOOD, SUNSHINE AND REST
MAKE UP THE HEALTH PROGRAM FOR THE UNDERWEIGHT

By Nina Simmonds Estill

This is the eighth of a series of articles by Nina Simmonds Estill, who received her degree of Doctor of Science from Johns Hopkins University, where she has done extensive research work with Dr. E. U. McCollum in diet and nutrition

IT HAS been during only the past few years that nutrition has come to be regarded as a very important factor in the life of the individual. The public health worker realizes the importance of diet in maintaining health, and the progressive physician knows that it is an invaluable aid in combating disease. That few school children are in an ideal state of nutrition, however, is shown by a nation-wide survey made during the past few years; in many schools, from 15 to 40 per cent of the children were found to be definitely undernourished, and in a few schools as many as 60 per cent were underweight. To remedy this situation requires the cooperation of the parents, the teacher, the physician and the child.

Weight as a Health Indicator

Normal weight is a very important indication of good health. Underweight usually means that the body is either not supplied with the right amount or the right kind of food, or that, because of impaired digestion, not enough food is digested and absorbed. Underweight may be due to some glandular trouble, or to some diseased condition, such as infected tonsils or decayed or abscessed teeth. Whatever the cause, a condition of underweight should be corrected in order to build up resistance to disease, to improve one's personal appearance and to permit one to enjoy the best possible state of health.

Tables of heights and weights for boys and girls and for men and women of various ages may be consulted in any one of a number of books on nutrition in any public library, or a copy may be secured from one's physician; they are also given on many public scales. If one is considerably below the ordinary standard in weight, it is important to be examined by both a competent physician and a skilled dentist to determine whether one has diseased tonsils, infected teeth or has any other abnormal condition which may account in part for the condition of underweight. If present, they should be treated by the physician and the dentist.

Dangers of Underweight

Underweight may be a serious condition, especially in young people. Growth is often retarded and one's resistance to disease is frequently reduced. Although the incidence of tuberculosis has decreased during the past few years, nevertheless it has increased in young women between the ages of 15 and 24 years of age. Physicians are inclined to attribute this increase to the recent fad for slenderness. A certain amount of fat is essential to an appearance of health and beauty; it is also a protection against cold. The ideal amount of fat is that which fills the spaces between the muscles and which is just enough to form a padding beneath the skin and around the more prominent parts of the skeleton so as to give a smooth surface to the skin and graceful contours to the curves of the body. The wife of one of the early Presidents is quoted as saying, "There is nothing beautiful in bones." Underweight, like overweight, is a relative term, and is based upon the average weight for a given height, age and sex.

If careful examinations by a physician and a dentist reveal no diseased conditions, or, if found, they have been remedied, it is safe to say that rest and nourishing food

will bring about the desired increase in weight in most individuals. Certain underweight persons are so nervous and in such a run-down condition that it is necessary for them to take a complete rest as one of the measures for increasing their weight; in most cases, however, only an increased amount of rest is necessary. There are many underweight adults who are not aware of the energy and the vitality which they waste by many purposeless movements caused by nervous habits. Some of these habits are the restless moving of the hands and feet; the inability to sit still; shrugging the shoulders; swinging the feet; tapping of the fingers or toes; sitting with the hands tightly clasped in the lap instead of permitting them to rest there in a relaxed condition; but possibly the most wasteful of all nervous habits is talking almost incessantly in an excited manner. Every move we make takes energy. Only a certain amount of energy can be derived from a given amount of food, so when the little energy reserve which may be left after our daily requirements are met is used in the above-mentioned ways, it is not possible to gain in weight unless one takes more food.

Rest Is of Fundamental Importance

Many children have so many demands upon their time—for example, in addition to their regular school work, there are music lessons, dancing lessons, home school work, club work, as well as a few duties in the home—that there is no time left to rest during the day; the consequence of this overcrowded program is not infrequently a "high-strung," over-active child who is underweight. Children who are underweight must have rest periods during the day in addition to a nourishing diet before they will gain in weight. This fact was brought out very forcibly in the nutrition clinics for the undernourished child. Many of the children who had diseased tonsils and adenoids removed, failed to gain in weight, even though they were given a diet containing liberal amounts of milk, butter, cereals, fruits and vegetables together with moderate amounts of meat and eggs; in fact, they were little improved after the operation. They were always tired.

Not until a detailed study of the activities of these children was made over a period of several days was it realized that not only had they no time to rest during the day, but also many were sleeping only seven to eight hours at night. When these children were given mid-morning and mid-afternoon rest periods of from one-half hour to one hour each in a quiet, darkened, well-ventilated room with warm covers and had from 10 to 12 hours of sleep each night, they soon began to increase in weight and were soon well-nourished children. Rest is of fundamental importance in any health program, and applies not only to children, but with equal force to adults.

Be Sure to Eat Enough

Not infrequently, underweight individuals do not eat enough food, due in part to faulty habits of life; the irregular hours which they invariably keep results in upsetting the regular meal hours. The daily life of one who desires to gain in weight should be so planned that considerable time is spent out of doors in the fresh air and sunshine, because these things aid in increasing the appetite; eating should take place at regular hours in order that the digestive apparatus has suitable rest periods.

The most common cause of underweight is an inadequate diet. When one is not taking sufficient food, then the number of calories will be too low to meet the energy requirement, with the result that the person will feel tired and have little endurance because he is really in a

state of partial starvation. One who wishes to gain in weight should not overload the body with fat-forming foods. It is a matter of first importance that the diet taken should be a complete one. This will not be difficult if it is planned according to the directions which will be given. If one desires to regulate the diet according to the calories (heat units) required, calory food-tables may be found in a number of books in any public library or one can be purchased at any bookstore. However, any plan which urges the mother to count the calories consumed by the family can hardly be recommended because it is a time-consuming procedure. If only one member in the family is trying to increase his weight, it often adds interest to consult a book giving these tables in order to visualize the number of calories in a given amount of food and to estimate the number eaten per day. But if one follows the suggestions in this article, the scales are the simplest way to tell whether one is taking the amount of food necessary to increase the weight.

In planning a diet for increasing the weight, one must take sufficient protein foods, such as meat, eggs, milk and cheese, for growth and for the repair of the body tissues which are worn out daily. There should be a fairly liberal amount of the energy foods, such as fat, starches and sugars; sugars and starches are readily converted into fat by the tissues. Cream, butter, milk, honey and nuts should be used freely in the diet. Fruit and fruit juices should be used, not only at meal-time but also between meals, because they furnish vitamins and minerals as well as extra nourishment without spoiling the appetite for the regular meals. Some underweight adults have found it desirable to take a nourishing milk drink after they have had a fairly good lunch, and again before retiring. Such a drink could consist of a pint of milk, a gill of cream, one well-beaten egg, two teaspoonfuls of sugar and a little vanilla, all well shaken together. The sugar and vanilla could at times be omitted and a few teaspoonfuls of chocolate sirup added to give a change of flavor.

Menus for Increasing Weight

A good breakfast for increasing the weight would consist of fruit, two poached eggs on a slice of well-buttered toast, bacon, griddle cakes or waffles with generous amounts of butter and honey or sirup, and a glass of milk. Another might consist of fruit, cereal with rich cream, bacon and eggs with well-buttered toast, and a glass of milk. Griddle cakes or waffles or French toast with plenty of butter and sirup or honey add a large number of calories to any menu. It is well to use them rather frequently for breakfast or for dessert for lunch when one wants to increase the weight.

For luncheon one should choose a rich vegetable soup or a creamed soup, together with creamed meats or vegetables on buttered toast, a vegetable or fruit salad with mayonnaise, French, Russian or other salad dressing, together with hot buttered rolls or bread and butter and a pint of milk.

Dinners should consist of one of the fat-rich meats, such as pork, duck, goose, mutton, or beef streaked with fat, or fish such as salmon, shad or other fat fish; white potatoes, sweet potatoes, rice, macaroni or spaghetti with rich gravy; hot buttered rolls or bread and butter; vegetables of various kinds; a vegetable salad with French or other dressing; and a dessert such as ice cream with chocolate sauce or other sauce, and cake or cookies, or custards or other desserts using whipped cream. When menus such as these are served together with foods which aid in proper elimination and sufficient rest is taken, one usually has no difficulty in increasing the weight.

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Plans for Half a Dozen Dinners

Introducing Variety into the Menu for Families Both Large and Small and Offering Some Happy Thoughts for Kitchenette Dwellers

By LILY HAXWORTH WALLACE

EVEN those foods of which we are especially fond quickly begin to pall if always served in the same way and with undue frequency. The really successful meal is one which contains an element of surprise. It is not only more interesting to the eaters, but it takes away some of the monotony of menu planning if the housekeeper herself has the incentive of trying new dishes or new forms of service, even though the ingredients composing these dishes are essentially the same. We are here presenting half a dozen menus; as a matter of fact, it's a "baker's half dozen" just for the sake of good measure, the extra menu dealing with that troublesome problem which every housekeeper has at times to work out—"the prettying up," in limited time, of an ordinary family meal (a meal perfectly good and substantial in itself, though not perhaps specially interesting) for service to the unexpected guest or guests.



Dinners "Just for Two"

It is not only the inexperienced bride who finds it difficult to cater for two; sometimes this small quantity problem arises toward the end of one's housekeeping life, and it is quite an art to readjust one's catering habits from the big family dinners served for so many years, to the savory, dainty, intimate meals which are again in order after the fledglings have left the home nest and started their own "dinners for two." The solution lies very much more in careful planning and marketing than in the actual cooking itself. Over and over again, one hears the comment, "We two cannot possibly eat our way through a roast of beef or lamb. It is just chops and steaks and chops!"

Actually, that need not be true. It is all in the "knowing how" and in the ability to utilize the somewhat larger cuts of meat to good advantage. Take a roast of beef, for instance, as suggested in Menu One. Planning for this roast beef dinner means getting three dinners and one luncheon out of a two and one-half to three-pound roast. You never saw a three-pound roast? Perhaps not, but what the particular housekeeper who is writing this does, is to buy a three-pound porterhouse steak, which means it is going to be very thick. First and foremost, cut out and set aside the tenderloin—that spells Broiled Filet Steak. Should the cut be one in which the tenderloin is not very heavy nor large, that steak can be extended by the addition of perhaps four mushrooms (two each) broiled with it, the remainder of the mushrooms purchased doing duty at a subsequent meal. Or it may be stuffed tomatoes or peppers, these serving both as amplifications of the meal and as attractive garnishes to the steak.

Now for the roast: bone, tie and skewer the steak into compact shape and roast it according to regular roasting rules, being careful, however, not to overcook it. This



Family Dinners

An Everyday Meal

Roast Lamb with Gravy
Baked Potatoes Lima Beans
Cole Slaw
Canned Peaches Cookies
Coffee

The Same Dinner "Dressed Up"

Clam Broth or Tomato Bouillon, Saltines
Roast Lamb Gravy
Mint or Currant Jelly
Baked Stuffed Potatoes
Lima Beans with Parsley Butter
Cabbage and Pineapple Salad
Stuffed Peaches Cookies Coffee

will provide one hot meal and one cold—sliced. With the service of the cold sliced meat there should be an accompanying salad, perhaps Waldorf, or tomato and green pepper, this aside from the necessary hot vegetables.

Then we spoke of luncheon. That is going to mean either croquettes, roast beef hash, curry, shepherd's pie, minced beef or whatever else you choose, from the ground or coarsely cut up tougher tail portion and fragments left over after slicing the cold meat. Needless to say, the bone has gone into the stock pot served with the cold meat.

The soup for Menu Number One may be canned or made from canned asparagus. If the latter, set aside a few of the tips to use as a garnish for a subsequent salad.

With the scalloped tomatoes, if using a large can, there will be leftover juice available for a tomato juice cocktail, for a small jellied salad, or to add to the stock for soup.

The second menu in this

a very low heat but rather long cooking. It would be economy to bake beans at the same time, or to make a rice pudding or loaf cake ready for service another day. The chicken should first be browned in the frying pan, then placed in the casserole with its accompanying vegetables: potatoes, diced or cut into balls; carrots, sliced; celery, diced; onions, left whole (choose the smallest ones you can find); perhaps a half can of peas or lima beans.

Thicken the gravy before putting it into the casserole; with oven cooking, this does away with the necessity for last minute thickening. As regards seasonings and flavorings, don't be afraid to experiment: a little grated lemon rind or chopped parsley or poultry seasoning or minced green pepper, one or two cloves, or a pinch of dried mushrooms. With a rich hearty meat dish such as this, the orange and pepper salad suggested will be just the thing to follow, a tablespoon of minced green pepper and one seedless orange being enough to serve two people.

Menu Number Two centers around baked fish. Bake it in a fireproof dish, adding the liquor which runs from it during that baking to the milk for the sauce—just a cream sauce with a half cupful of grated cheese stirred into it—and pour that sauce over the fish, sprinkling a spoonful more cheese over the top, then brown for a moment before serving.

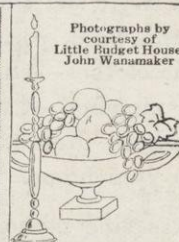
The potato, or rice, was particularly chosen here because of their savory flavor and the note of color they will add to the meal. The gingerbread, either homemade or bought, should be served hot with whipped cream or homemade apple sauce.

Family Dinners

Mother, who caters meal after meal, week after week to the vagaries and appetites of a family whose occupations are radically diversified, is entitled to all the help she can get in the planning of her meals, for it is no easy task to cater at the same time to the athlete, the student, the hungry small boy and the mature brain worker, especially with a limited budget. (Continued on page 37)

Mother's Anniversary Dinner

Julienne Soup Toasted Whole Wheat Wafers
Fried Chicken Bacon Curls
Peas or String Beans Southern Sweet Potatoes
Cucumber Sweet Pickles
Lettuce French Dressing
Lemon Sherbet Petit Fours
After-Dinner Coffee
Nuts Candies



Photographs by courtesy of Little Budget House, John Wanamaker

group makes use of ham as the meat dish, complemented by either stuffed mushrooms (when these are reasonable in price), which make a party dish out of a plain one, or apple rings sautéed in the ham fat; or, if you prefer, pineapple rings cooked in the same way.

In preparing the apples, core them but do not peel. If mushrooms are selected, peel, take out the stems and stuff with bread crumbs and savory herbs, moistening with a little butter, milk or stock, baking them while the ham is cooking. The peelings and stalks of the mushrooms will make a delicious cream of mushroom soup for next day.

A la Kitchenette

Let us glance at the kitchenette menus; these are quite likely in many instances to be "à deux" also. They have been planned with a view to simplicity of preparation and ease of service. The casserole of chicken needs

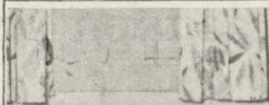
Kitchenette Dinners

Menu Number One

Chicken en Casserole
Orange and Green Pepper Salad with French Dressing
Coconut Tapioca Cream Coffee

Menu Number Two

Baked Fish Cheese Sauce
Parsley Potatoes or Spanish Rice
Hearts of Lettuce Roquefort Dressing
Hot Rolls
Gingerbread with Whipped Cream Coffee



Dinners Just for Two

Menu Number One

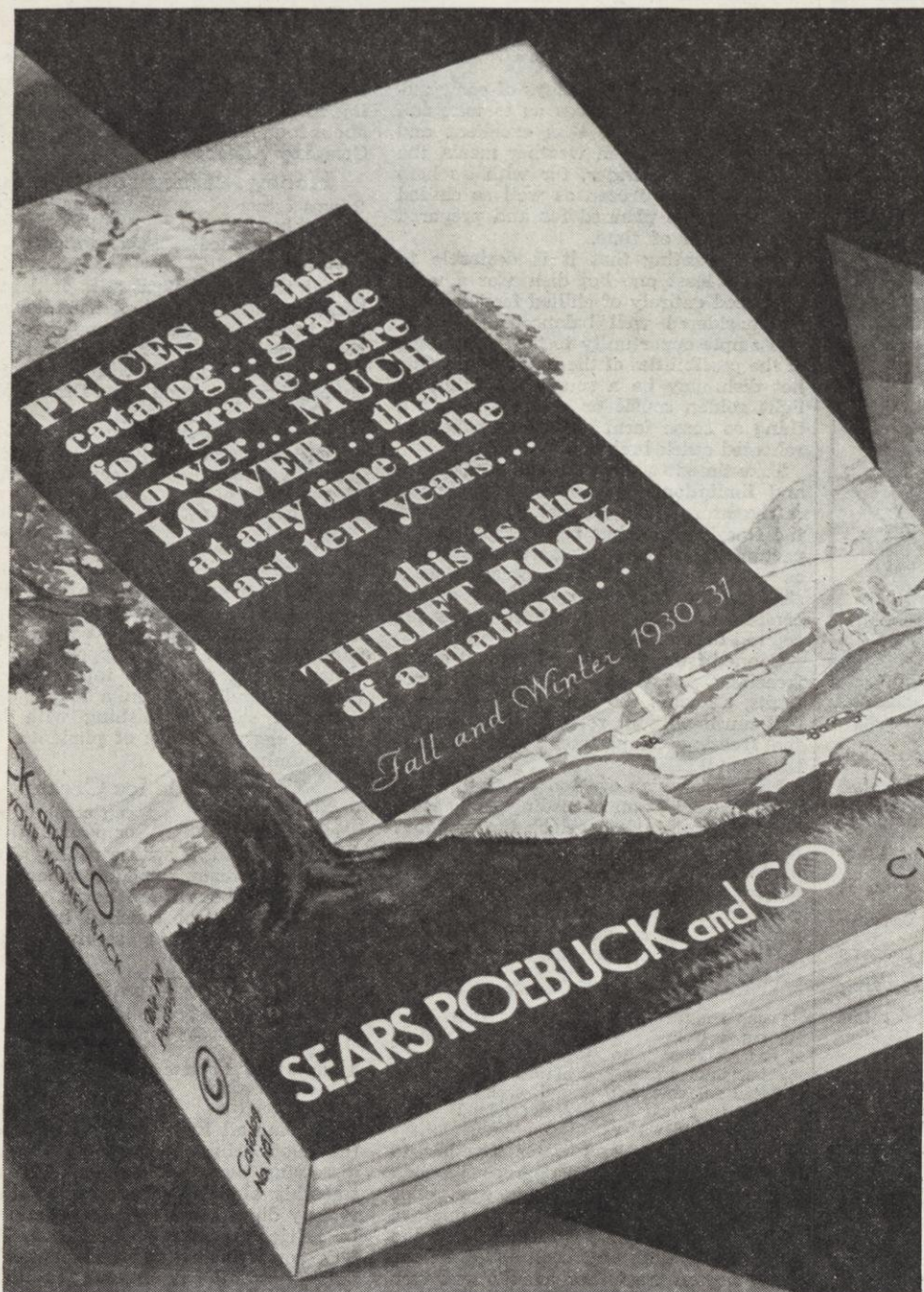
Asparagus Soup (Canned)
Roast Beef
Browned Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes
Pickled Peaches
Old-fashioned Individual Shortcakes
Coffee

Menu Number Two

Fruit Cup Broiled Ham
Stuffed Mushrooms or Apple Rings
Grilled White or Sweet Potatoes
Mixed Vegetable Salad with French Dressing
Cheese Jelly Wafers Coffee



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57
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SPAGHETTI
IN TOMATO SAUCE WITH CHEESE



Refrigerator Meals

Cold dishes which may be prepared in the cool morning hours take the drudgery out of cooking

By LILY HAXWORTH WALLACE

DURING the hot days of early autumn it behooves us to take full advantage of that excellent and efficient aid to warm weather meals, the automatic refrigerator, for with its help many delicious frozen as well as chilled dishes can be planned for and prepared hours ahead of time.

Even granting that it is desirable to serve at least one hot dish (for a meal composed entirely of chilled foods cannot be considered well balanced), there is still ample opportunity to take advantage of the possibilities of the refrigerator. Our hot dish may be a soup or bouillon, a light golden soufflé or even so simple a thing as some form of freshly baked or reheated quick bread.

Take time to study both the possibilities and limitations of your own automatic refrigerator. Plan to make full use of the freezing chamber both as giving opportunity for frozen desserts and salads as well as using it upon occasion as a storage chamber, to say nothing of the comfort of always having ice cubes for cooling drinks.

Canned fruits may be chilled just to the freezing point as also may crushed fresh fruits, allowing the sirup to freeze to a soft mush without remaining so long in the freezing compartment as to harden the fruit itself.

Mixtures which are too sweet will not freeze except at an exceedingly low temperature and don't overlook the fact that it is undesirable to use more than one part sugar to four parts liquid. A similar theory applies to gelatine mixtures; not only do they set more quickly but also more stiffly in an automatic refrigerator for which reason do not use too much gelatine.

Biscuit Tortoni

2½ cup sugar	1½ cups cream
½ cup water	1 teaspoon vanilla
4 egg yolks	½ cup finely chopped
¼ teaspoon granu-	blanched almonds
lated gelatine soft-	and crushed maca-
ened in 2 tea-	roons mixed
spoons cold water	

Boil the sugar and water together to the soft ball stage—238 degrees F.—then pour slowly over the beaten egg yolks, beating while pouring. Cook this mixture in double boiler until it thickens, add the softened gelatine and cool. Fold in the stiffly beaten cream and vanilla and turn into paper cups. Sprinkle the nut-maca-

ron mixture on top, set the cups in freezing chamber of automatic refrigerator for about four hours or until mixture is firm. Company Luncheon.

Honey Marshmallow Whip

2 cups cream	6 marshmallows, cut
½ cup honey	small
1 teaspoon grated	Sugar wafers
orange rind	

Beat the cream until stiff, fold in the honey, orange rind and marshmallows and chill in freezing compartment of refrigerator. Serve in sherbet glasses lined with sugar wafers, topping with a cherry or cube of bright colored jelly. Dinner Number One.

Veal Medallions

1 tablespoon granu-	¼ teaspoon paprika
lated gelatine	1½ cups finely minced
¼ cup cold water	cooked veal
1 cup hot white	½ cup minced ham
sauce	½ cup chopped cooked
2 tablespoons may-	mushrooms
onnaise	

Soften the gelatine in the cold water, dissolve in the hot sauce, add all remaining ingredients and spread in a square pan which has been dipped into cold water. Chill, then cut into squares or diamonds and serve on a larger platter with the salad, garnishing with hard-cooked egg and strips of pimiento. Dinner Number Two.

Nut Brittle Ice Cream

2 cups whipped	1 cup crushed walnut
cream	or peanut brittle

Crush the brittle with a rolling pin, stir it into the cream, turn into freezing pan and freeze about three hours. Sprinkle a little additional crushed brittle over each portion when serving. Sunday Night Supper.

Tomato Velvet Salad

1 can tomato soup	1 teaspoon Worcester-
2 tablespoons may-	shire or other table
onnaise	sauce
1 cup whipped cream	¾ teaspoon dry mus-
1 teaspoon granu-	tard
lated gelatine	

Combine all ingredients, first softening the gelatine in cold water to cover, then dissolving over hot water. Beat until smoothly blended, turn into a mold previously dipped into cold water and place in refrigerator for at least two hours. Serve on lettuce with cream cheese balls, passing additional dressing if desired. Company Luncheon.

SATISFYING HOT WEATHER MENUS

Dinner Number One

Fruit Cup
Broiled Chicken
Steamed Rice Green Peas
Lettuce with French Dressing
Honey Marshmallow Whip Coffee

Dinner Number Two

Cream of Spinach Soup
Veal Medallions with String Bean,
Cress or Asparagus Tip Salad
Saratoga Potatoes
Raspberry Ice Box Cake Coffee

Sunday Night Supper

Sea Food Cocktail
Tongue Sandwiches
Olive Sandwiches
Nut Brittle Ice Cream
Hot Coffee

Company Luncheon

Chilled Orange or Grape Juice
Chicken à la King on Toast
Tomato Velvet Salad Rolls Butter
Biscuit Tortoni
Small Cakes Coffee



Suggestions for School Wardrobes

Number 110. Designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 35-inch contrasting and $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of 1-inch ribbon.

Number 185. Designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch dark and $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch light material with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of pleating.

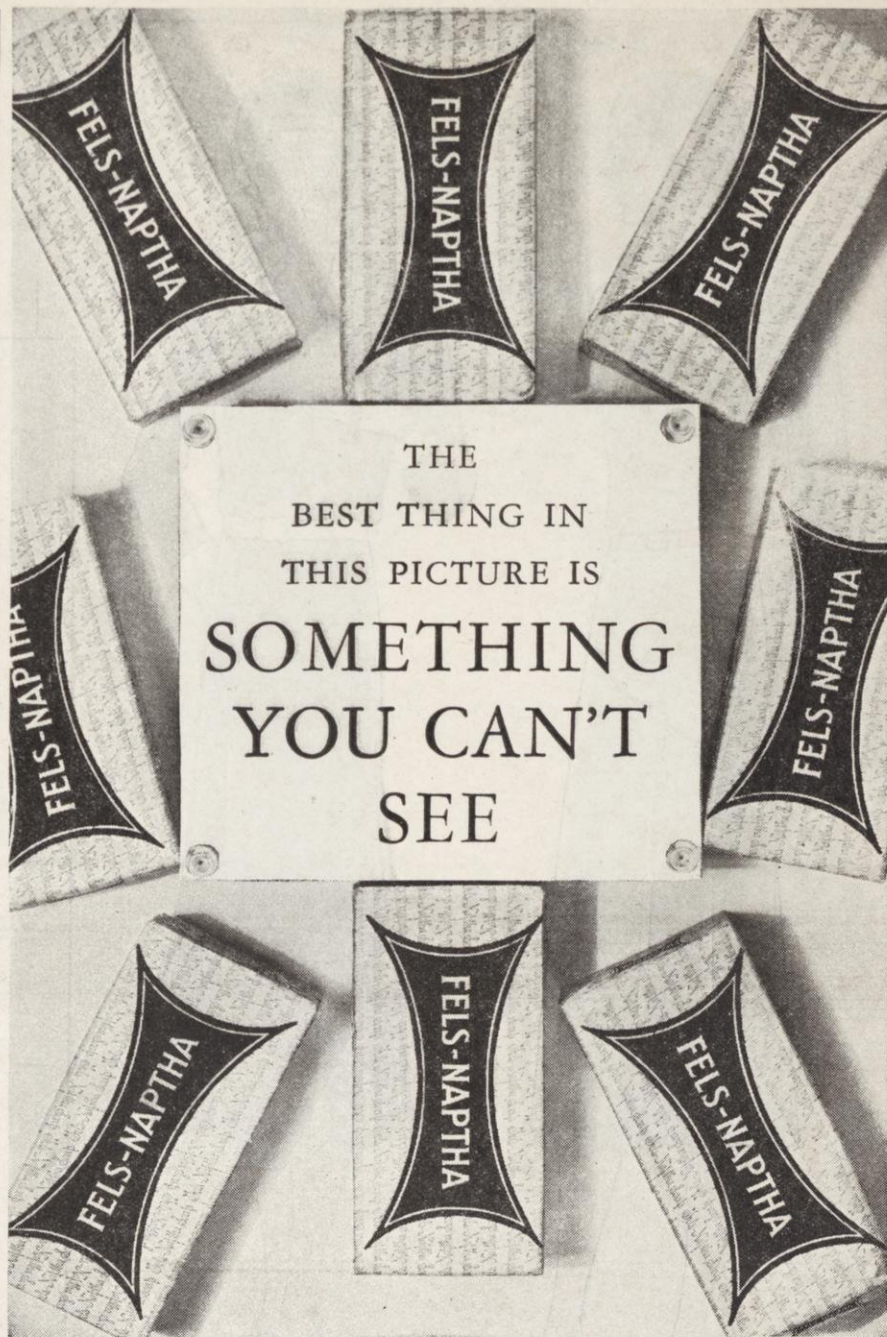
Number 622. Designed for sizes 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 8 requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of

35-inch contrasting and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 35-inch lining.

Number 488. Designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material. *This style is well adapted to light-weight woollens.

Number 269. Designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material for bolero and skirt and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 35-inch material for waist, collar and cuffs and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 35-inch contrasting.

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warm or even cool water. So boil or soak your clothes, as you please. Use machine or tub. Fels-Naptha works so speedily, you don't have your hands in water long—a big help in keeping them nice.

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NEW STYLES FOR AUTUMN

*Smart Frocks for Street or Campus Wear Adopt
Soft Tailored Lines and Sponsor Silk
and Wool Impartially*



786



777



759



760

DAME FASHION insists on the long-limbed silhouette that is slim, youthful and abruptly flared of hemline. There is a subtle indication of waistline achieved through a narrow loose belt, shirring, tucks or gathers. Especial attention is paid to details so varied that each design is of individual importance.

Clothes for street and general all-day occasions show smart wearability. Tweed sports frocks are of decided interest, worn with coats of matching or harmonizing fabric. Soft woolen materials which drape gracefully are noteworthy for early autumn wear.

An Interesting Use of Scallops

Number 786. Designed for sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material with $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of binding. This frock is well adapted to tweed which is to be very smart this fall.

Pleats for Low-placed Fulness

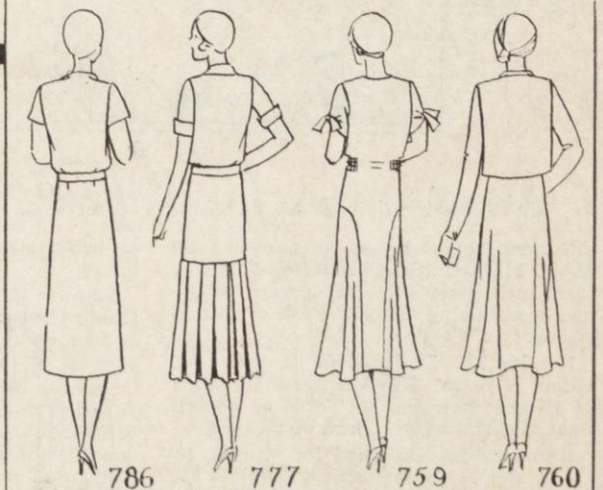
Number 777. Designed for sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 39-inch contrasting. This model is equally smart whether developed in silk or soft woolen material.

A Flattering Circular Skirt

Number 759. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material with $\frac{1}{8}$ yard of 39-inch contrasting. A close fitting hipline is skillfully combined with a circular skirt.

A Bolero Jacket Ensemble

Number 760. Designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 39-inch figured and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch plain material. Note the new sleeve treatment and the bolero lapels faced with the blouse material.



786

777

759

760

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

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SIMPLE LINES ARE CHIC

*Capes, Peplums and Boleros Are Favorite Details
in a Mode Which Offers Becoming Styles
for Every Type of Figure*



813



797



790



820

DIVERSIFIED necklines, sleeve details, boleros, peplums and a snug hipline are outstanding points in day dresses. Skirts are moderately flared, the fulness being achieved through circular arrangements and pleats of varied expressions, and they are of even hemline. Sleeves show tricky cuffs and flounces.

Fabric interest centers on silks of ribbed construction such as canton-failles and crepe marocain. For late afternoon, satin crepe is smart. Wool crepe, novelty silks, flat crepe silk and woolen materials distinguish the models for general day-time occasions.

A Graceful Peplum Model

Number 813. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material. Two of the season's smartest details, the peplum and the circular skirt, are combined in this model.

A Frock with Youthful Lines

Number 797. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 35-inch material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 35-inch contrasting. A tailored frock which is particularly suitable for school.

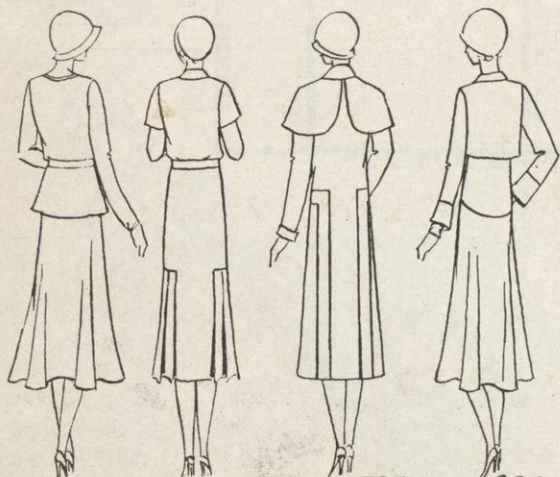
A Fall Coat Wears a Little Cape

Number 790. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material with $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch lining for coat. The divided shoulder cape is a guarantee of smartness on any coat.

A Bolero Frock Takes New Lines

Number 820. Designed for sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 27-inch contrasting. The diagonal lines of the front treatment give a slenderizing effect.

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



813

797

790

820

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When you use Certo, you see, only one minute's-boiling is needed . . . and hence no fruit juice boils away. You get half again more glasses . . . ten when you expected a meager six.

Now figure up the costs, and another thrill is yours. Including fruit, sugar, Certo, fuel, everything . . . these extra glasses bring your jelly cost down to less than 8¢ per glass!

But best of all, perhaps, is the speed, ease and certainty of this modern jelly-making way. A few minutes to cook, a second to add Certo, a minute more to boil, three or four minutes to pour . . . and you are through. Without the slightest hurry you are putting your jelly out to cool 12 minutes after you start!

What is Certo? Certo is the natural jelling substance of pure fruit, scientifically extracted, concentrated and bottled.

This jelling substance is so scarce in some fruits that jelly cannot be made from them by the old-fashioned way. With many others, jelly can be made only with partly ripened fruit and after long, wasteful, tedious boiling.

Now in Certo this jelling substance is yours to use whenever you wish. With it you can make jellies from *any* fruit—even from strawberries and pineapple; yes, even from bottled grape juice! And, because with Certo you use the fruit at its ripest and best, your jellies take on an exquisite new deliciousness.

Certo is a product of General Foods Corporation. A single bottle will show you why it has won 4,000,000 jelly-makers.

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LACE LUNCHEON SET

Inexpensive Gift Novelties

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE WOMAN WHO SEWS

Designed by Sadie P. LeSueur

GIFTS need not be expensive in order to be very attractive and highly prized when one can make them at home in spare time, and especially when the required materials may be found in the scrap bag, as is the case with several of these dainty articles.

Lace Luncheon Set: A priceless gift which costs almost nothing is made from scraps of lace and bits of net, either old or new. If the laces have accumulated through the years and each piece recalls some happy bygone day or lovely garment, so much greater the value. The luncheon set shown consists of a center-piece measuring 15¼ by 24 inches and plate mats which measure 11 by 15¼ inches. A paper pattern is cut for each piece, the bits of lace are basted onto the paper, then net is placed over all and the edges of the lace are whipped to the net from the back, after which the paper is torn away.

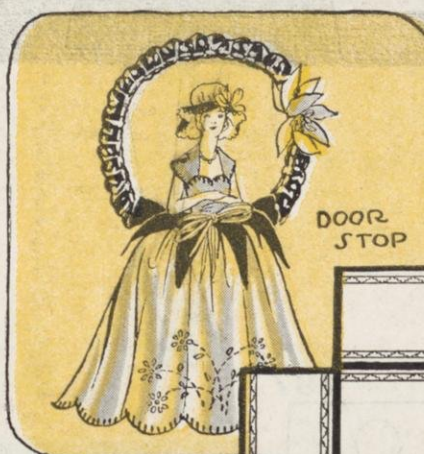
Doorstop: A doll's head (obtainable from most ten-cent stores) is wired to the top of a tall, weighted coffee can. The doll's yellow oilcloth dress, which covers the can, is embroidered in black yarn; her hat is yellow and black oilcloth. Heavy wire handle is covered with black oilcloth and trimmed with a yellow and green oilcloth flower.

Handkerchiefs: Scraps of linen and voile make lovely handkerchiefs when edged with insertion and net footing. One shown is green linen edged in ecru insertion and green footing, with yellow rambler roses in one corner; one is pink linen with a row each of white and pink footing; one is white voile trimmed with orchid drawn threads and matching footing and rambler roses. A white linen handkerchief is bordered with white insertion and footing, with yellow inserts at the corners.

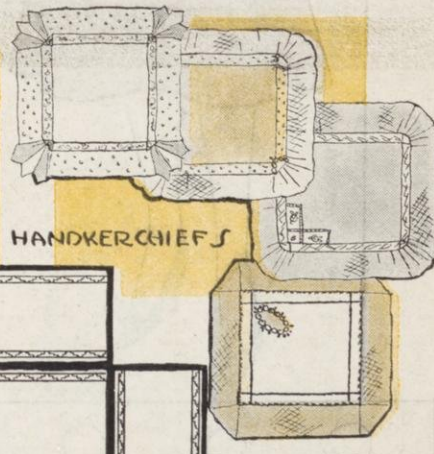
Swedish Weaving Luncheon Set: Consists of Italian linen centerpiece 16¼ by 18 inches and four plate mats 10½ by 18 inches. Selvedges form the ends of each piece; the sides have half-inch hems with the threads drawn above the hems for a space of one inch. A design, shown in the detail photograph below, is woven into these drawn threads with white floss.

Handkerchief Case: A blue organdy case, six inches square, has on its flap an appliqué in basket shape. Rose petals are included between appliqué and flap. Rolled blue ribbon forms basket handle and ribbon flowers trim it.

Handkerchief Bag: Made of unbleached muslin in the shape of a doll, with coat and hat of flowered print trimmed in rick-rack. Face is made with water colors.



DOOR STOP

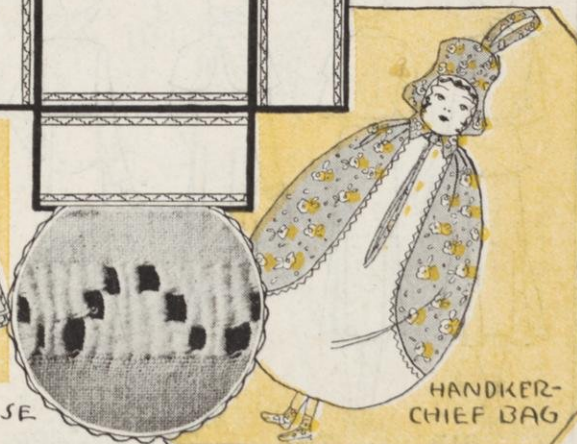


HANDKERCHIEFS

SWEDISH WEAVING LUNCHEON SET



HANDKERCHIEF CASE



HANDKERCHIEF BAG



FREE!

Miss Palmer's new booklet, "Secrets of the Jam Cupboard," contains many recipes for exquisite desserts and salads using jellies and jams. Another booklet contains 93 jelly and jam recipes for use with Certo. Kindly mail the coupon at the right.

Address Elizabeth Palmer, Home Service Dept., Certo Corp., Fairport, N. Y. (In Canada, address General Foods, Ltd., Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ont.) (W.W. 9-30)

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____
PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS. FILL IN COMPLETELY

Diagrams and instructions will be furnished on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope



Hawthorne
Pillowcases

New Linens for the Bedroom

Pillowcases and dresser scarfs are lovely with touches of cutwork and cross-stitch

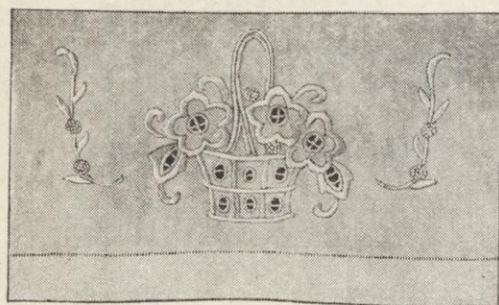
EVERY woman loves the homey air of a room furnished with linens made beautiful with touches of simple embroidery, such as the pillowcases and dresser scarfs illustrated, and any woman who can sew at all may create this coveted atmosphere for her own home, for the work is very easily done.

The pillowcases and one scarf are trimmed with cutwork, which is really

16 inches wide and 45 inches long which has 1½-inch hems already hemstitched in place. The basket of flowers design is embroidered in white at each end. Really the only parts of the design done in cutwork are the flower centers and the trimming on the basket; the rest is in simple satin-stitch.

Rose Tree Cross-stitch Scarf: A scarf of natural colored linen, 16 inches wide and 45 inches long has a cross-stitch design worked in red, green, blue, orange and black. Its 1½-inch hems are already hemstitched in place. Such a scarf satisfies the modern longing for color variety.

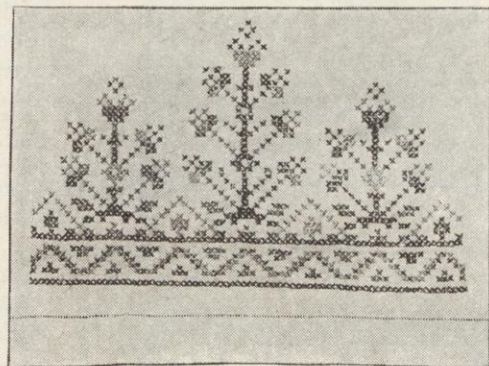
Forget-me-not Pillowcases: A design of white cutwork and satin-stitch appears at the scalloped ends of 42-inch white linene pillowcases. The outline of the scallops is hemstitched for ease in adding a simple crocheted edging made with No. 50 white cro-



Wild Flower Cutwork Scarf

only a combination of buttonhole-stitch and satin-stitch, both of which go quickly. The whole trick of achieving dainty, lacy effects is in cutting out portions of each design after the embroidery is completed, being careful always in working the design to turn the buttonhole edge toward the edge that is to be cut. This will leave a firm edge after the cutting.

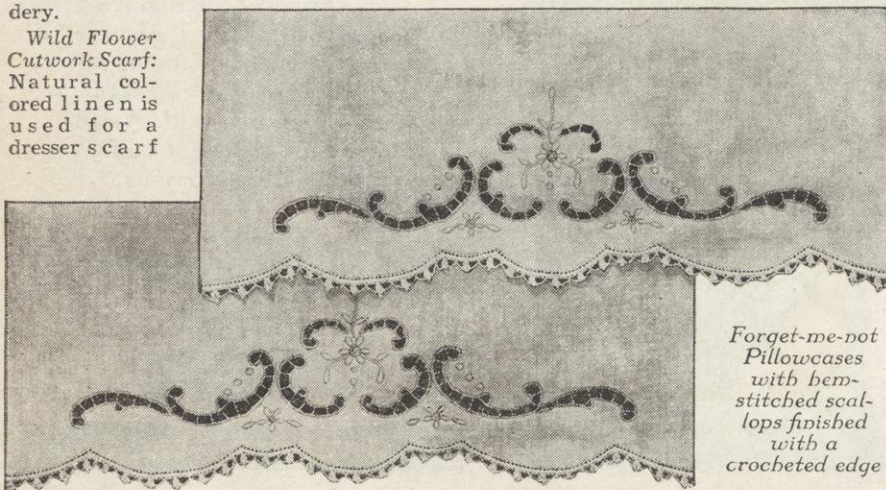
Cross-stitch, which is used on the other scarf, gives a delightfully quaint effect with the minimum of time and effort, for it is the simplest of all embroidery stitches.



Rose Tree Cross-stitch Scarf

Hawthorne Pillowcases: A dainty scroll design of cutwork is worked in white above the 3-inch hemstitched hems of these 42-inch linene pillowcases which are 33 inches long. The pillowcases are already made up and the hems are hemstitched in place, so they are very easily finished with the embroidery.

Wild Flower Cutwork Scarf: Natural colored linen is used for a dresser scarf



Forget-me-not
Pillowcases
with hem-
stitched scal-
lops finished
with a
crocheted edge

Pillowcases, hemstitched and stamped, \$1.00 a pair, floss for pillowcases, 15c; dresser scarfs, hemmed and stamped, 80c each, floss for a scarf, 15c, may be secured from Woman's World, Chicago, Illinois.



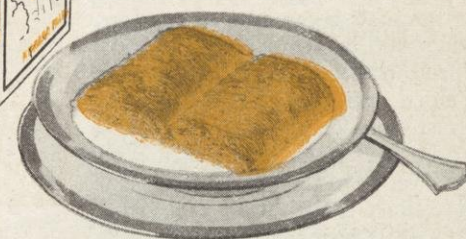
School days are— SHREDDED WHEAT DAYS

THEY are the joy-days too for mother and children who know Shredded Wheat. It is no longer a difficult task for mother to get the children off to school with a warm, nourishing breakfast—no longer a problem of what food will give them the needed strength for study and play.

Shredded Wheat contains in a digestible form all the elements for making good muscles, bones and teeth. Heat the biscuits in the oven to restore their crispness and pour milk or cream over them—a delicious breakfast ready in two minutes and the children just love the crisp, crunchy shreds of baked whole

wheat! As a noon-day lunch for school, nothing can surpass Shredded Wheat and milk.

It's just as good for grown-ups too.



SHREDDED WHEAT



Costumes from Kaskel & Kaskel Dunlap

Perfect freedom with this lighter, cooler sanitary protection

Kotex stays light, cool and delicate for hours . . .
it deodorizes . . . and has rounded corners for
perfect fit—thus giving unique summer comfort.

MODERN living demands so much
of us! Freedom and perfect poise
. . . every day of every month . . . for
sports or business or some other interest.

This constant activity would be very
difficult, particularly in summer, without
the wonderful comfort provided by
Kotex. Kotex . . . with its light, cool
construction . . . its careful shaping . . .
its safe deodorizing . . . its easy disposa-
bility . . . has ended forever those dis-
quieting mental and physical handicaps.

Used in hospitals

Many of the unusual comforts of Kotex
are due to its unusual filler, Cellucotton
(not cotton) absorbent wadding. This
material is used by 85% of America's
leading hospitals because of its comfort,
absorbency and hygienic safety.

Cellucotton absorbs *five times* as much
as an equal weight of cotton, or any
cotton material. This means your Kotex
pad can be five times lighter than ordi-
nary pads, yet have the same absorbency.

And Cellucotton absorbs away from
the surface. It is made in sheer layers,
laid lengthwise. These layers permit free
circulation of air, and they carry moisture
quickly away from the surface. Thus the
surface is left soft and delicate . . . com-
pletely comfortable . . . and so much
more hygienic.

Always inconspicuous

Kotex deodorizes . . . so doubly impor-
tant in summer. And it is never conspic-

uous. The corners are rounded and
tapered to eliminate awkward lines and
bulging corners.

You dispose of Kotex just as you
would a piece of tissue . . . no laundering,
no embarrassment. All drug, dry goods
and department stores sell Kotex. Just
ask for "a package of Kotex." Kotex
Company, Chicago, Illinois.

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Kotex is made.
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tive softness, that soon packs into
chafing hardness. But a delicate,
fleece softness that lasts for hours.
- 3 **Safe, secure** . . . keeps your mind
at ease.
- 4 **Deodorizes** . . . safely, thor-
oughly, by a special process.
- 5 **Disposable**, instantly, completely.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12
Also regular size singly in vending cabinets
through West Disinfecting Co.

Ask to see the KOTEX BELT and
KOTEX SANITARY APRON at any
drug, dry goods or department store.

KOTEX
The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes



Stage-Coach

Silhouette Pillows

COLONIAL DESIGNS ARE USED
ON RAYON-TAFFETA

PILLOWS of colorful rayon-taffeta
with silhouette designs in black are
very easily made. Two different types
are illustrated; the designs of the two top
pillows have been stenciled onto the rayon
with black paint and need only to be out-
lined with black darning-stitch. The two
lower pillows have designs cut from
squares of felt; when placed over the pil-
lows the rayon shows through the cut out
portions. All pillows are 16 inches square
and are piped with rayon-covered cording.

Stage-Coach, Above: This design is
stenciled on a tangerine pillow piped in black.
Coach wheels are black felt.

The Courtier, Below: On an orchid pil-
low piped in black the stenciled black
design is outlined in black darning-stitch.



The Spinet, Below: This silhouette is
cut from black felt which is placed over
a gold rayon pillow piped in gold.



Raindrops, Below: A blue rayon pillow
piped in blue has a black felt silhouette
design.



Pillows with stenciled designs, floss and piping, \$1.00
each; pillows with felt silhouettes and piping, \$1.00
each, may be secured from Woman's World, Chicago.



Announcing PROTECT-O-PAD

Blue-jay's New comfort-partner

Blue-jay has a new team-mate
. . . Protect-O-Pad. The name
describes it. A satin-smooth,
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hollow-centered, impregnated
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Like Blue-jay, the familiar
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PROTECT-O-PADS
LIQUID BLUE-JAY

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DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY
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YOUR clothes—baby's clothes—all the family wash—need the gentle purifying touch of BORAX.

To begin with Borax-softened water permits the soap itself to do 3 to 5 times more work. White clothes are actually whiter and colors look brighter. Then BORAX deodorizes. A final Borax-and-water rinse will sweeten and soften the clothes—and remove every tiny, irritating particle of the soap besides! Let 20 Mule Team give you this special freshness, softness and purity—so grateful to baby's tender skin—and yours as well.



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Please send me a free copy of your booklet,
"Better Ways to Wash and Clean."

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Your Healthy Baby

INEXPENSIVE AIDS TO COMFORT

By Elizabeth Thankful Bailey

PHYSICAL and mental comfort weigh almost equally in the case of adults, but with babies and small children, physical comfort ranks first, and it is the dearest wish of every mother to make her baby as comfortable as possible.

Since the publication of the second article of this series, *The Nursery*, in the March number, numerous inquiries have been received as to the smaller equipment and supplies needed in fitting up a complete nursery, hence the following list. While some of these items may seem inconsequential, they nevertheless make for Baby's comfort and general complacency. If the birth takes place at a hospital, everything is sure to be at hand, but in case of emergency, or if Baby is to make his advent into this joyous world in a home, it is well to have these articles on hand:

Olive, sweet or baby oil; vaseline; boric acid crystals; cakes of pure white soap; baby talcum; absorbent cotton; cleansing tissue; knitted towels; knitted wash cloths; bath apron, flannel; bath thermometer; infant syringe; nursery or safety pins; crib pins (very large safety pins); hot water bottle (small size); white enameled pitcher; white enameled measuring cup; white enameled funnel; set of glass jars; white enameled tray.

These might all be called staple supplies, for there are many other large and small articles quite likely to be suggested by the attending physician or nurse.

Until recently, olive and sweet oil have been the lubricants most commonly used for babies, but there is now available a specially prepared baby oil which has many virtues. Be guided, however, in the purchase and use of any oil by the advice of the physician or nurse. Vaseline should be purchased in a tube, for then each application comes quite fresh from the tube. Always replace the tube cap immediately.

Guard Against Impurities

It seems hardly necessary to say that the absorbent cotton used should be the best grade obtainable. Certain brands are standard for purity, but if one wishes to know how to judge absorbent cotton, just try pulling it apart and note whether the fibers are long and seem to cling together, or whether they separate quickly and fine particles of lint fill the air. The appearance of lint may have nothing to do with the cleanliness of the cotton, but it will sometimes irritate Baby's nose and throat. Occasionally, too, one finds absorbent cotton full of tiny white flecks. If these are too large, they detract from the smoothness of the cotton. It is possible to purchase a fine grade of sterile cotton and gauze in sealed cartons, but once the package is opened, its contents must be carefully guarded against impurities. Careful rewrapping of the cotton after each use will sometimes answer, or better still, it may be placed in an air-tight container. The best air-tight containers for nursery use are glass jars which come in uniform shape and a variety of sizes.

An enameled tray should be provided to hold these jars and the other small equipment.

The different makes of cleansing tissue now on the market are a somewhat new and valuable feature of nursery equipment. This material absorbs moisture readily and is as soft as the finest linen, therefore is well adapted to Baby's use.

Doctors and nurses often have decided preferences as to brands of powder to be used in Baby's daily "make-up," but if necessary to select this without a physician's advice, ask for the finest grade of baby talcum. In applying it, use a piece of absorbent cotton, to be immediately discarded. Then rub the powder into the creases with the fingers, making sure that it is distributed evenly, else it is likely to form small lumps which may irritate Baby's tender skin.

Essentials for the Bath

Pure white soap is the accepted standard for Baby's use, and has no injurious properties. This comes in cakes of convenient size. Take no chances with fancy soaps.

Baby's bath necessitates very special towels and wash cloths. The best are of fine knitted cotton, soft and absorbent; in fact, so delectable to his skin that he often tries to see if their taste is as satisfactory! The wash cloths used for face and body should be of different colors or marked in some distinguishing way.

If Baby is a first arrival, he will no doubt receive a sufficient number of hot water bottles to care for all his extremities. These baby bottles now come in different sizes and colors, and plain or decorated. It is far better to use a plain bottle than one with a design painted on the rubber, as the paint is likely to flake off.

Safety or nursery pins are perhaps the most familiar article of nursery equipment, and are often purchased with little thought except as to size. Many a young mother has sent in hot haste for the family doctor to come and diagnose the cause of her baby's tortured cries, which may possibly have been due merely to an unclasped safety pin. Again, it is a trying situation when preparing Baby for his bath to be hampered by a pin hopelessly entangled in his clothing. For these reasons, inquire carefully into the advantages and disadvantages of the different brands of nursery pins. Make sure that they are guaranteed not to rust; that the wire is firm and not easily bent; that the spring is strong and protected by a shield to prevent the clothing from catching in it. It is wiser to purchase the desired number of safety pins in the separate sizes instead of in boxes of assorted sizes. The very large safety pins commonly known as crib or blanket pins will be found useful in anchoring Baby's bed clothing.

With all these "first aids" to his toilet, Baby will emerge each day quite ready to lay siege all over again to the hearts of the entire family.

Baby Oil...



then Talc...



to keep him cool
and comfortable

SAVE him from the galling irritation and the painful red rashes that attack his skin, by following these simple directions: After bathing baby in the morning, gently pat him dry, and rub his entire body with Mennen Baby Oil. The oil is medicated and sterilized. It will keep baby's body soft and smooth, and prevent rubbing and chafing in the folds of the skin. It is pleasantly scented and will not soil diapers, clothing, or bedding. After any excess oil has been removed, dust Mennen Borated Talcum over his body to keep him cool, sweet, and comfortable. Be particular to massage the buttocks after every diaper change with Mennen Baby Oil, and then dust with Borated Talcum to protect the skin and prevent "ammonia diaper" condition.

BABY GIFT BOX

A delightfully modern Gift Box for mother and baby, containing the very things baby needs. Price \$1.50 at druggists, department stores and gift shops.

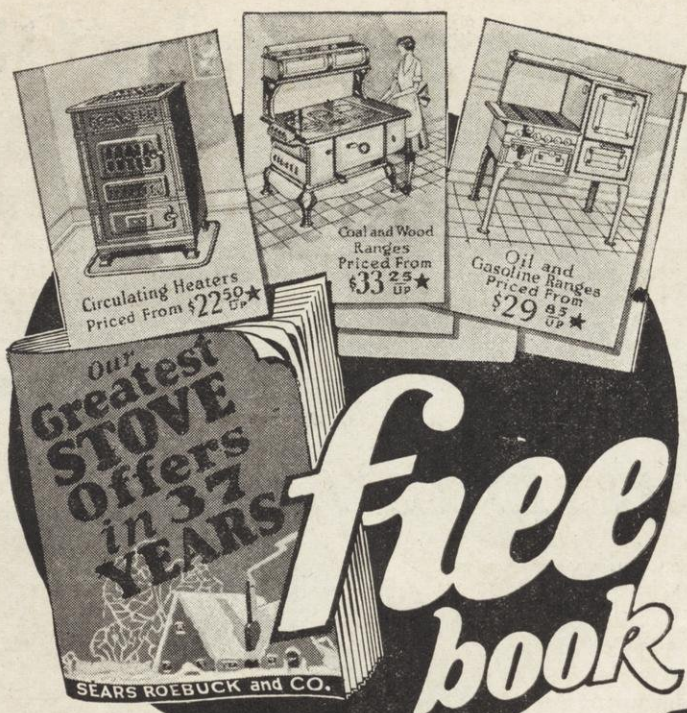
THE MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

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See the handsome heaters with the new *improvements* for *healthier* heat and *saving* of fuel. See the kitchen stoves—coal and wood ranges, gas stoves, oil, gasoline and electric ranges—in new *colors* and *perfect* in *efficiency*.

Don't buy a stove until you have seen this book—these low prices—and our

\$100,000,000 Guarantee

Look at the fine heater shown above at left. How much would you pay elsewhere for one similar in *quality*, in *looks* and in *heating capacity*? Try anywhere to match it for \$75.00 more! *Yes—\$75.00 more!* This is but *one* of scores of stove bargains shown in *free* book.

Liberal terms—Only a few dollars down and a few dollars a month. *30-day home trial* enables you to see exactly how the stove performs. Don't delay! Send *now!* Find out about these stove offers. *Compare quality—compare price.* Book is *free*—no obligation. Send coupon today.

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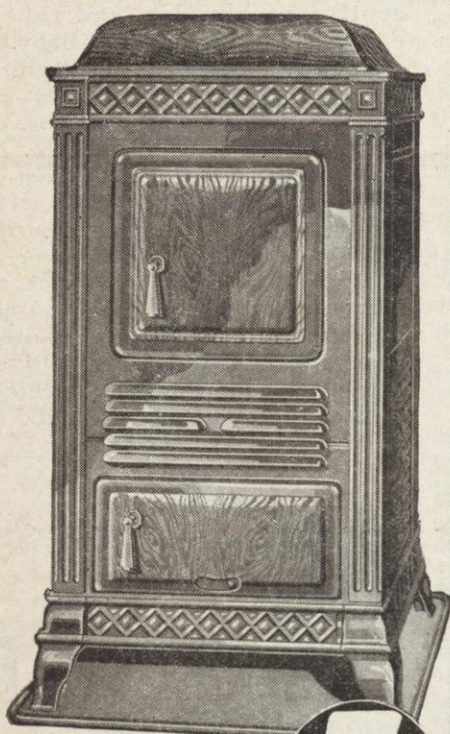
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LOOK! Only \$77.85*
Cash Price

\$5 DOWN

Here's the heater seventeen famous heating experts acclaimed as the greatest heating appliance ever developed. New harmonized beauty—graceful lines—scientific construction make this New Dauntless the heater sensation of the year. Heats the entire house, five to seven rooms, upstairs and down, even in below-zero weather. And—think of it—price now is only \$77.85! Read all about the New Dauntless, and all our other amazing stove values (greatest in 37 years) in Free Book.

*(Prices slightly higher in some states)

The Mystery of the Pavilion

(Continued from page 9)

and now I'm through. From this time on I'm a lone-hander."

"You're ten times as intelligent as she is," Augusta put in.

Sidney smiled bitterly, "I'm as intelligent as they come, but I let myself be done by the dumbest girl I've ever known."

"But you're here, packing up her things for her?"

"Oh, well, she's in a bad jam. She's afraid to stay in New York, now that Bat is—" And here she stopped abruptly, as if she had not meant to be quite so frank.

"Bat is another lover, I suppose?" inquired Augusta mildly.

"Humph! He's her husband, that's what he is. And they let him out of prison last week. Lola's been scared to death ever since she heard he was out ahead of time for good behavior. She meant to have got off to California before he ever came back. But she's too dumb ever to look ahead very far. I told her she was a fool to go down to Vincent Knowles's party, with Bat probably hunting them both, but she's got no sense."

When she heard this, Augusta knew she was at last on a straight trail to an important bit of Vincent's past. It took only a few questions to bring out the story of an affair, ended some weeks before, to be sure, but still hanging on its dark consequences.

IT WAS through Vincent Knowles that Lola got her first part of any importance in a motion picture. And Lola, with her feet on the first rung of the ladder, had promptly pushed off the young man she had married when she was merely Erma Grosman—a young gangster-in-the-making named Bat Herman.

Bat Herman did not take being deserted amiably. To be sure, he did not deserve much at Lola's hands, for, during their brief year of life together, he had allowed her to work for him and had beaten her when she was unable to keep their standard of living up to what he believed was his due. But he felt naturally that he had a grievance, and it was only the necessity of lying quiet just then because of various little matters of his own that kept him from adjusting his grievance.

It was probable, Sidney admitted, that Vincent Knowles never knew of Bat Herman's existence. When he met her, Erma had begun calling herself Lola Guinness and had moved from her old neighborhood. Bat, aside from levying tribute and occasionally indulging himself in terrorization of Lola, kept quiet. Perhaps he was waiting a good opportunity.

At any rate, one evening Vincent had taken Lola to a Long Island road house for a late supper. He had made the mistake of choosing one that was a bit too wide open, and in wandered Bat. He had perhaps made too good use of the hospitality of the place, for he walked straight up to their table, informed Vincent he was going to rid the earth of him, and drew a gun.

Muddled as he was, no one was hurt, but Bat was taken into custody by the police, who had long been trailing him for an excuse. Vincent, to keep the affair out of the papers, did not prefer a charge against him, but Bat got a term for carrying concealed weapons.

It was Augusta's opinion that he had nursed his grievance all during the three years he was in prison, had even sent out threatening messages to Lola, so that by the time he was free, she was in worse terror of him than ever.

"I suspect that she may even have seen him on the island some time during last evening," Augusta said. "In mortal fear of what he might involve her in, she may have gone out into the darkness last night in the hope of persuading him to leave, which would account for her calling Barney 'Bat.' I tried to find out from Sidney whether Bat had been on the island last night, but she either did not know or there was a limit to her frankness. She did admit that Lola had scrawled two words on the check: 'Pack—California,' so we know what Lola has in mind."

(Continued on page 27)

Never mind
Le Page's Glue
will mend it



LE PAGE'S GLUE

DRESS GOODS

Make extra money during spare hours taking orders for beautiful dress goods—Silks, Rayons, Prints, also Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Blankets. No experience needed. Exclusive territory. Tested plans bring immediate result. Full details free. Rush name and address.

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EXTRA MONEY for YOU EASY



Earn large income as our representative. Sell famous Lockwoven Dresses, Lingerie and Hosiery to friends at a big saving. Amazing styles direct from Paris; fascinating new fabrics; every garment guaranteed for quality, fit and absolute satisfaction.

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED

We furnish all sales literature, make deliveries, and pay you Big Profit in advance. Send TODAY for details.

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OILY SKIN? DRY SKIN? NORMAL SKIN?



Which is your type of skin? To meet its particular needs and enhance the beauty of your type, Plough's Face Powders are individually textured, one especially for you.

☛ For oily skin, choose heavy texture, Plough's "Incense of Flowers," in the oval box, 75c.

☛ For dry skin, light texture, Plough's "Favorite Bouquet," in the square box, 30c.

☛ For normal skin, medium texture, Plough's "Exquisite," in the round box, 50c.

Marvelously soft and clinging and featured in five modern tints, Plough's Face Powders offer you unusual quality at sensible prices. Select your texture and tint today.

Plough's FACE POWDERS



SPARE TIME MONEY

\$2 to \$4 an hour is easy

21 Superb Christmas Cards & Folders

Sells for \$1.00—Costs You 50c
All Shipping Charges Prepaid

We publish a magnificent Assortment containing 21 high-grade Christmas Greeting Cards and Folders, each with an envelope. Steel engraving, water color printing, sparkling metallic, gold and silver effects, panelling and bordering. Nothing sold begins to compare with the sale of Christmas Box Assortments.

WHAT OTHERS ARE DOING

Miss Cook of Kentucky sold 500. Mrs. Treadwell of Nebraska sold 360. This is what they say: "We received our first shipment of 40 boxes, everyone is delighted." "Best money making proposition ever offered us." "Ship 500 Boxes." "A wonderful assortment." "Everyone thinks your cards are beautiful."

If you want to make money write immediately for full particulars and free samples.

SUPREME GREETING CARD COMPANY
99 Broadway, Dept. Z Cambridge, Mass.

The Mystery of the Pavilion

(Continued from page 26)

"But then, surely, she won't be likely to come to Vincent's apartment, will she?"

"I rather figure that she will. She has to stay in hiding somewhere until Sidney can get her things together and buy her tickets west. And Bat knows nothing about this apartment, in all probability."

"But the police—surely they're keeping an eye on her?"

"Yes, I think it's likely they are, but, as Sidney says, I imagine Lola is just dumb enough to think she can fool them. Anyhow, I thought I'd watch the place."

"Yes, and in the meantime you went up to that apartment alone," I reproached her. "How did you get in? What did the hall attendant say to you?"

"Ah, that's the best thing about these old made-over brownstones—they don't have a hall attendant. The key that unlocks the apartment unlocks the street door. And so I just walked in and up."

"But what made you do such a thing?"

"Because," she said grimly, "if there was anything in that apartment—any letters or initialed vanity cases that would give Doris away—I wanted to get them out. Oh, I'm not thinking only of Doris, though I suppose I'd try to help any young thing caught in such a horrible web of circumstance. No, I can't help thinking there's more involved than that silly child—Quick! Pay the bill—there's a taxicab!"

She was stepping quickly toward the door as I laid money upon the table and caught up my gloves and handbag. Through the window I saw the slim, beige-colored figure paying the driver across the street, turning quickly and running up the steps. I was watching her so closely that I did not see the second cab nor the man who darted out of it until he was at the foot of the steps as Lola put her latchkey into the door.

THE girl herself must have heard him, or perhaps her skin crept, for, with her key turning in the lock, she threw herself against the door, as if panic-stricken. She was too slow by a second. The man who followed her took the last two steps at one leap and put his foot in the door. There was a brief struggle, he threw up his head as if he gave a short laugh, and quickly, competently, he shoved the girl into the hall.

"I'll bet my new hat that's Bat Herman," murmured Augusta. "There's only one thing for us to do. Come along—"

It didn't seem to me at all obvious that the thing for us to do was to follow Mr. Bat Herman and his erring wife. But Augusta had out the latchkey before we had crossed the street, and there was something so grimly determined about her back that I knew she was going into that house, with or without me. Of course, I followed her, feeling scared and as guilty as if I were the hunted criminal.

In the moment while I stood waiting for Augusta to unlock the door, I had time to feel astonished that Bat Herman should be a slim-waisted and neat-footed young man. Somehow, I had expected a black-browed bruiser, slinking and brutal.

"Augusta, I think this is a matter for the police," I whispered as we stood in the lower hall, closing the street door quietly behind us.

But Augusta made no reply. She was listening, her eyes very bright and intent. From the floor above came the sound of a door closing, carefully. Otherwise there was no sound in the house; all the white painted doors in the lower hall were closed. Augusta began to climb the stairs, stepping softly, and I followed her. I admit I was rather curious to hear, if possible, what Bat Herman would have to say to Lola in this reunion of theirs.

On the second landing were two doors. Afterward, Augusta explained to me that one of them led directly into the bedroom of the apartment, and the other into a small foyer. Stepping noiselessly across the hall, she listened at the nearest door and then moved to the other.

Into the lock of this door, to my horror, she slipped the key without a sound, and slowly, very cautiously turned it, at the same time holding the knob. The door

(Continued on page 28)

Can you score 90 on this chart? If not... it's time to make the thirty-day test!

Follow the directions below and find your total score!

- DISPOSITION**
What would your family and friends mark you on this?
- APPETITE**
Do you enjoy your meals, or are they only a habit with you?
- NERVES**
Do trifling annoyances upset and worry you?
- SLEEP**
Do you fall asleep easily—and sleep soundly?
- PEP**
Does 4 P. M. find you buoyant—or tired and "let down?"
- COMPLEXION**
Is your skin clear and flawless?
- DIGESTION**
Is your digestive system in good working order?
- ENDURANCE**
Can you stand work and strain without using stimulants?
- MENTAL OUTLOOK**
Do you think that life gives you a square deal?
- RECREATION**
Do you have a zest for play? Do you enjoy outdoor sports?

TOTAL SCORE

Directions for filling out the chart: If your disposition is good, put down 10 in the column provided. If it is only fair, mark yourself 7 or 8, or whatever you consider your correct number. If your disposition is between fair and poor, grade yourself somewhere between 5 and 0. Using this method of scoring, fill out the remainder of the chart. The questions will help you to judge your disposition, appetite, nerves, etc. Set the figures down in the column, then add up your total score. If it is under 90, it's time to make the thirty-day test!

FILL OUT this chart and learn the truth about yourself! If your score is under 90, read these important facts . . .

Lack of energy—unsteady nerves—sleeplessness—indigestion—may indicate that you are failing to observe the simple natural laws: *plenty of sleep, fresh air, and exercise—the right kind of food—and no artificial stimulants.*

It's easy for busy people to neglect these laws of health. Particularly the last one. Artificial stimulants, such as beverages containing caffeine, are often the direct cause of lack of energy, nervousness and indigestion. Are they to blame in *your* case? Find out!

Make this simple experiment! Give up beverages containing caffeine, and drink Postum with your meals—for thirty days. Then, at the end of that time, note the effects . . . and decide.

Postum, you see, contains no caffeine. It is made from roasted whole wheat and bran. Try a cup plain—or add cream and watch the deep brown color change to gold. Either way, you'll love that rich, mellow, *distinctive* flavor. And—one thing

Miss Anna Fitziu scores 95 on the chart!



Miss Anna Fitziu, whose marvelous interpretation of the fiery role of Tosca has been heard by every lover of opera, believes in keeping herself physically fit. Best known as operatic and concert soprano, Miss Fitziu is also a talented

writer. She has attracted a large audience with her feature articles in a prominent New York newspaper, and is at present at work on a book of short stories. Can you equal this versatile woman's score?

more. Postum is inexpensive. It costs less than most other mealtime drinks—*only one-half cent a cup.*

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Postum is a product of General Foods Corporation
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POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

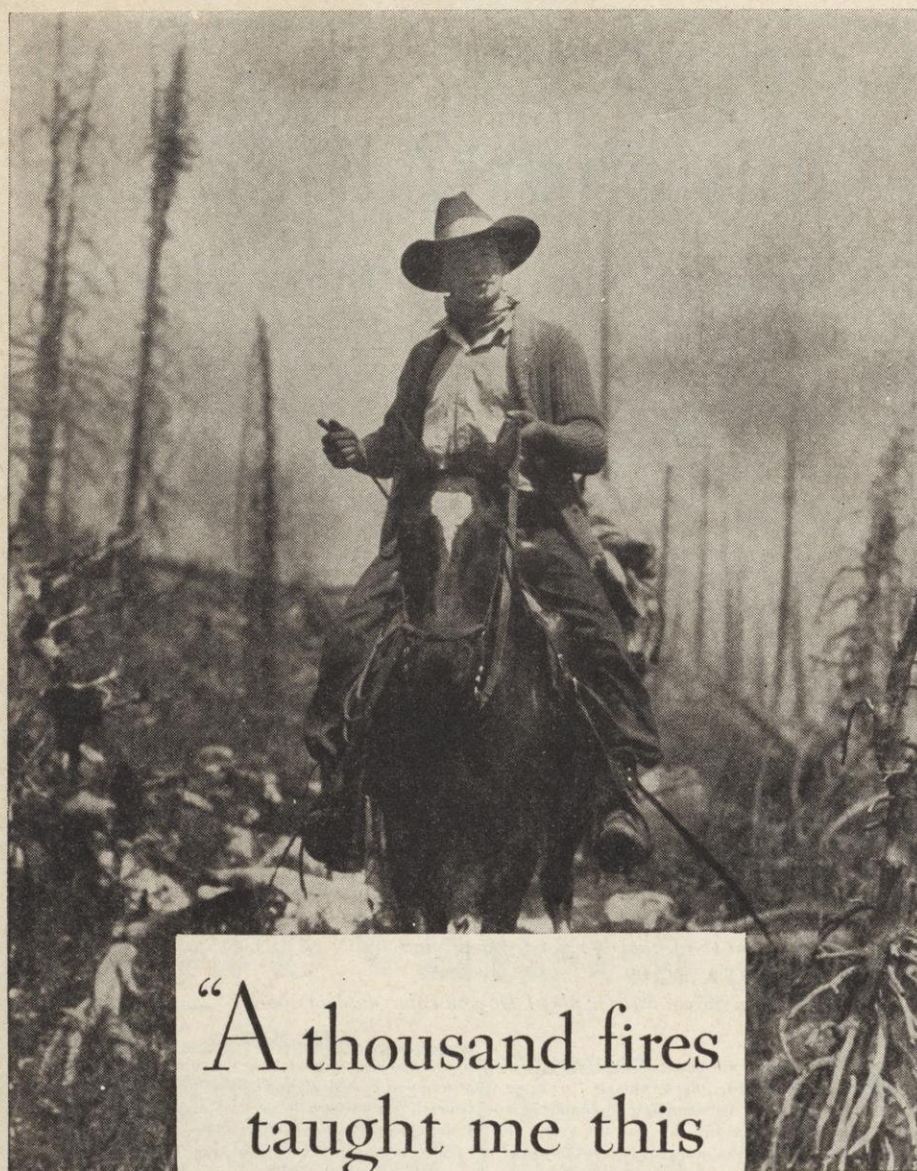
P. W. W. 9-30

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"A thousand fires
taught me this
about burns

Only Unguentine stops the pain so quickly"

VETERANS of a thousand fires, familiar with burns of every kind—naturally the fire wardens know the best way to treat burns.

So when these fire-fighters set out to direct the attack against menacing fires, a tube of Unguentine goes along, too.

It's amazing the way Unguentine stops the pain from even an ugly burn. Here's why. Cooling and *antiseptic*, Unguentine not only soothes the surface skin—but penetrates to the inflamed, smarting tissues *underneath*. Quick relief follows. Safe, *natural* healing begins immediately. And hardly ever is a scar left.

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Unguentine

Quick-healing and *antiseptic* for

BURNS
CUTS

SCALDS
BRUISES

The Mystery of the Pavilion

(Continued from page 27)

opened a tiny crack. Augusta applied an eye and then an ear to this crack, then motioned me to squeeze nearer so that I could do the same.

I heard a voice, disconcertingly close at hand, evidently coming from the room at the end of the tiny foyer, "Yeh? Well, you can drop that line. You never come here to help out no girl friend, not you. You ————" And there followed certain epithets that one does not often hear off the stage. I was chilled to my backbone, and yet nothing could have pried me away from that knife-thin crack.

We could not get all of Lola's conversation as plainly as we could the man's. She may have been standing with her back to the foyer, or she may have moved nervously about the room. But the fright in her voice was plain.

Bat snarled, "Tell that to someone that ain't as wise as I am! I know what you've been up to the last three years. I've got friends that kept me wised up. I knew where you'd be when I got out. Well, you won't make no more visits to this little love nest." And he added in a voice of gloating savagery, "I hope that bird's roasting in hell!"

Lola must have whipped around, for her breathless voice came to us clearly, "Bat—was it—you—?"

"It was me, all right," he swaggered. "Did you think I was going to let him get away with—"

"Bat, listen! Did anyone see you on the island last night?"

"Aw, say, what do you think I am—an amateur? I waded across at low tide, and slipped back over the bridge in the dark. Slick! Nobody saw me. Or heard me."

"But when you took the knife—Bat, didn't any of the servants see you?"

"What knife?" His voice was like a thin whip.

"Why, the silver knife—the one you— you stuck him with?"

There was a curious silence. A silence during which my skin slowly crawled, my hands went icy. And then I heard the man's voice oddly change, the brag going out of it and fright creeping in. "I don't know—anything—about no knife," he said slowly. "I used a noiseless. I don't like a knife."

(Continued in October issue)

Synopsis of the Story

As a friend of the family, Jane Prescott is called to Knowles Island the night that Vincent Knowles is murdered. With her goes Augusta Winship, her guest.

They learn that Vincent had entertained Lola Guinness, Sidney Shallot and Mark Marcin at dinner, slipping away from them late in the evening. When Lola noticed his absence, she went outside to look for him and, frightened by a scream, hurried back, running into Barney, Vincent's chauffeur, and crying out, "Bat!" The servants searched the grounds, finding Vincent's body, stabbed in the heart with a dinner knife and shot in the back, in a pavilion on the estate. Julie, Vincent's niece and sweetheart of Jane's nephew Michael, was discovered hiding in a cave on the beach, and is accused of having killed her uncle.

Augusta finds and obliterates Julie's footprint under the breakfast room window. Near the boat landing she picks up a vanity bag containing a key and a note from Vincent making an appointment with Doris, niece of Eunice Reeves, to meet him that night at the pavilion. Augusta takes Vincent's key-ring, looks over the contents of an old desk, and finds that one of his keys is the mate to the one in Doris' bag.

Having calmed Ellen Knowles, Vincent's cousin and housekeeper, and left Julie in the care of Michael, Jane and Augusta leave Knowles Island as the county prosecutor arrives to conduct the official investigation. Michael joins them later, and tells them that Sidney has been allowed to leave the island. When Augusta learns that Lola succeeded in giving a message to Sidney, she decides to go to town to continue her search for the murderer.

Baby Experts say:



"Give all
baby's things
this care"



Baby experts say: "It makes a big difference to a baby's comfort — the way you wash his little garments."

"Scratchy, shrunk-en woolens . . . diapers not safely washed . . . mean discomfort or actual pain to babies."

"Be very careful never to use a harsh soap in washing baby's things, for if even a bit of such soap remains in a garment, it may irritate his tender skin, cause rashes and chafing. Use only the purest, safest soap."

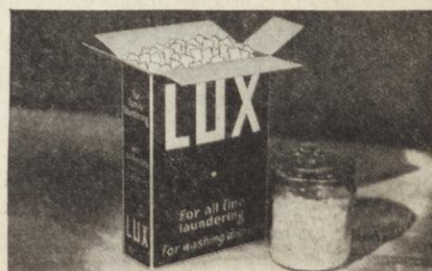
That is why nurses in famous clinics use Lux for *everything* of baby's—clothes, bottles, even toys.

And in doctors' own families, Lux is chosen as best. Among many doctors' wives recently interviewed, 91% said—"We use Lux."

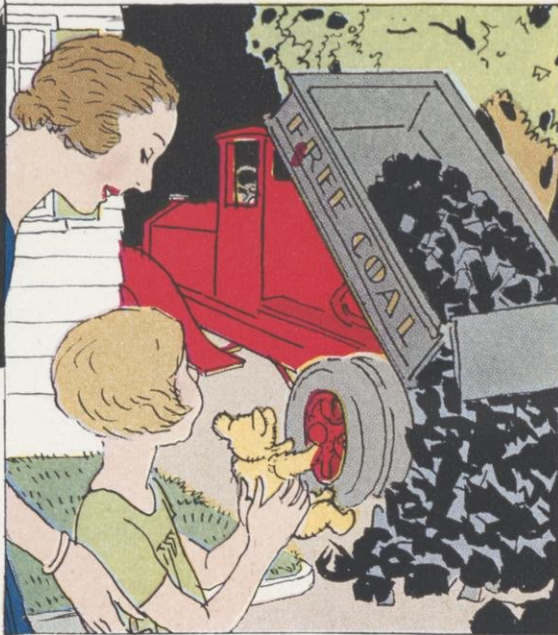
These experts know that Lux contains none of the harmful alkali found in so many soaps—cannot ever cause the least bit of irritation to baby's rose-petal skin.

And with the instant, richly cleansing Lux suds, there's no rubbing to shrink and harshen woolens.

Cleanse baby's things safely—always with pure, gentle Lux.



AGAIN...the **Thunder** of **FREE COAL** roaring into the Nation's bins

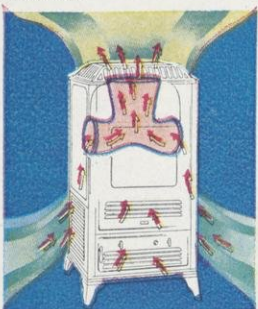


IN THE morning of August 9th, Heatrola Free Coal Clubs will begin forming all over the country . . . and thousands of thrifty, forward-looking people will enroll. This Fall they will have a genuine Heatrola installed in their homes, and, as a reward for their foresight, they will get a supply of coal, absolutely free.

Remember, when you join the Heatrola Free Coal Club, you get the genuine Estate Heatrola—the original cabinet heater with its many heat-making and fuel-saving features. Notable among them is that ingenious invention, the Intensi-Fire Air Duct, which practically doubles Heatrola's heat-circulating capacity—provides furnace comfort at the fuel cost of a single, old-fashioned stove.

HERE'S how you enroll in the 9th Annual FREE COAL CLUB, August 9th to August 30th

The Heat-heart of the Heatrola—the marvelous Intensi-Fire Air Duct. It is just one of the reasons why Heatrola far outsells its hundred imitators. Be sure to look inside for it when you buy. It is one way to identify the genuine Estate Heatrola.



As early as possible in the three weeks from August 9th to August 30th, see your Heatrola dealer. He will enroll you in the Heatrola Free Coal Club, applying your \$2 membership fee on the purchase price of your Heatrola.

If you decide on Model 6-D Heatrola, you will get a ton of coal free, when your dealer installs your Heatrola. With the smaller models—No. 15 or

For Coal, Wood, Coke or Gas

You have always wanted the modern, whole-house heating Heatrola, in place of those half-heating, old-fashioned stoves. This generous Free Coal Club offer makes it worth your while to act right now. Read the details below. Then see the Heatrola dealer, and enroll. He will show you just the Heatrola you need . . . for coal, wood, coke or gas. Or, if you prefer, mail the coupon for further information to The Estate Stove Company, Dept. 13-E, Hamilton, Ohio.

Sales Branches in New York, Boston, Minneapolis, San Francisco, Portland (Oregon).

No. 25 Heatrola Junior—you get a half-ton of coal.*

Then, if you like, you can arrange with your dealer to pay for your Heatrola on a convenient deferred-payment plan.

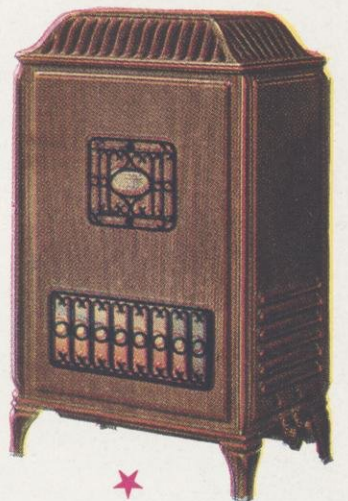
Remember, there is a time limit on this generous once-a-year offer—so take advantage of it now!

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THERE is sweetness, delicacy, and breeding in this face. And rightly so, for hers is a family of splendid traditions.

Its men were always men of courage and gallantry. Old New Orleans and Louisville, Virginia and Kentucky, knew them well and honored them. Their names are written brilliantly in the history of their times. Its women were always fair, always aristocratic — ladies every one. In the winsome, lavender-and-old-lace annals of the South, their romances and their lives form a lovely chapter.

Surely if any young woman inherited the right to be called a lady, it was Lila . . . the sixth Lila . . . with her breeding and her charm silhouetted against the rudeness that is 1930.

And yet . . . and yet—her friends avoided her, and behind her back people whispered the damning truth. Too bad she couldn't have overheard.

Portrait of a Lady (not quite)

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the unforgivable, social fault. It doesn't announce its presence to its victims. Consequently it is the last thing people suspect themselves of having—but it ought to be the first.

For halitosis is a definite daily threat to all. And for very obvious reasons, physicians explain. So slight a matter as a decaying tooth may cause it. Or an abnormal condition of the gums. Or fermenting food particles skipped by the tooth brush. Or minor nose and throat infections. Or excesses of eating, drinking and smoking.

Intelligent people recognize the risk and mini-

mize it by the regular use of full strength Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. Night and morning. And between times before meeting others.

Listerine quickly checks halitosis because Listerine is an effective antiseptic and germicide*

which immediately strikes at the cause of odors. Furthermore, it is a powerful deodorant, capable of overcoming even the scent of onion and fish.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office. Carry it when you travel. Take it with you on your vacation. It is better to be safe than snubbed. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

*Full strength Listerine is so safe it may be used in any body cavity, yet so powerful it kills even the stubborn B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000, in 15 seconds. (Fastest time science has accurately recorded.)

Breaking Home Ties

(Continued from page 5)

didn't—and I figured that when you came back and saw how we'd improved the store, you'd come to like it. Come on, mother, look it over."

Mrs. Taylor didn't look over the store. She looked at her son. Her lower lip began to quiver. She reached for a handkerchief and began dabbing at her eyes while she wailed and sobbed, "Five years now I ain't thought of nothin' but doin' for you. I been a good mother to you, seen that you had a real home, wore my fingers to the bone working for you at home an' lookin' after the store. An' what do I get for it? The first pretty face that comes along you send me away an' forget all I taught you about runnin' the business an' waste your money on flibbertigibbets an'— Oh, my heart!"

Mrs. Taylor fainted in her son's arms.

"It's one of her spells," said Oscar in an agitated voice. "Quick, get me a wet cloth. Mother—mother, wake up. Speak. I'll—I'll do anything. I'll—"

Letta Hopkins ran to get a wet rag, but Patricia started packing up her cases.

"How can you stand there like that?" demanded Taylor. "Can't you do something?"

"Sure," said Patricia, "I'm doing it. I'm packing up."

"Haven't you a heart?" "A perfectly good one, though probably no better than your mother's. But, to be brutal, I haven't room in it for a simp."

Taylor stared at her.

"Still, you're a nice simp," said Patricia. "So I will do something. I'll tell you that your mother's heart is all right, and that she fainted because it was her last weapon."

Just then Letta Hopkins came back with the wet rag, but not before Patricia had seen Mrs. Taylor's eyelids lift to dart at her a glance full of venom.



"It's Oscar," Letta announced, when she had answered it. "He wants us both to come over to his house. He says to shut up the store until we get back."

OSCAR met the two girls at the door and ushered them into the living-room. Dr. Tracy, a gray-bearded, humorous-eyed man whom anybody in the world would have recognized for what he was—a country doctor, may their tribe increase—turned and beamed upon Patricia. "So this," he said, "is the keen little diagnostician? My compliments, Dr. Alden."

"Please, Doctor, don't kid me. I'm beginning to think I was a cat to sneer at Mrs. Taylor that way. Is she—has she—?"

"I wasn't kidding, Miss Alden. On the contrary, I am quite serious. Your diagnosis was correct. I don't hold much with psychoanalysis, but I'll go far enough to say that all Mrs. Taylor has been suffering from is a son complex. These spells of hers always came when he started to do something that might get him out from under her thumb. There was the time when he had an opportunity to go to New York. When she couldn't stop him any other way—her heart gave out."

"Then there was the time he began to go out with a certain pretty young girl."

Letta Hopkins turned faintly pink.

"Another seizure—and young love went glimmering. Mind you, Mrs. Taylor is a good woman. She thinks she's being a good mother. Gosh! The wreck most of these 'good mothers' can make."

"Now, young man," he turned to Oscar, "I've told you the truth. And if from now on you don't run your own store and your own life, I'll go to court and have you sent to the hospital for the feeble-minded."

Oscar grinned. "Mother and I," he said, "have kind of had it out after you left the room. Mother's decided she doesn't like the store the way it is now; she says she wouldn't feel at home in it. So I guess I'll have to do without her there. But I'll need a clerk. Would you stay on, Letta?"

"You—you mean stay?" Letta stammered, flushing extraordinarily.

"Kiss her, Oscar," said Patricia. "Then I know she'll stay. Don't you think so, Doctor?"

"I'd prescribe it."

Oscar followed the doctor's orders. "Oscar—" Mrs. Taylor's voice came from upstairs, "send that Miss Alden up here. I want to talk to her."

"Needn't go unless you want to," said Oscar.

But Patricia was already part way up the stairs.

Mrs. Taylor, sitting up in bed, looked more like a perky bantam than ever. "So you've stole my son away from me, have yuh?" she piped.

"Why, no, Mrs. Taylor. I haven't stolen your son. It's Letta he's going to marry."

"Huh! Pretty smart, ain't you?"

"Why, I don't know. I—"

"Don't deny it, you are. Smart as a whip. Letta, eh? Well, she's a nice girl, but I wish 'twas you!"

"Me!" exclaimed Patricia. "Why, Mrs. Taylor, I—"

"Yep, wish 'twas you. You got gump-tion. Cute trick, too. You could do a lot for Oscar. I see now I was holdin' him back, but I ain't sure he'll go so far without pushin'. Wisht you could stay here an' push."

Patricia laughed. "Goodby, Mrs. Taylor. You're rather a dear, after all."

"Dear yourself," said Mrs. Taylor. "Next time you come around demonstratin', come an' tell me about who you been hornswoggin' in the meantime."

Patricia came downstairs laughing. "Did you get along all right?" asked Oscar. "What did she say?"

"That's our secret," Patricia replied.

(Continued on page 36)

"How I Got My Children to Drink Twice the Milk They Used To

Yet . . a few weeks ago I couldn't even coax them to drink enough"



My little boy and little girl would not drink the amount of milk the doctor said they should have. I tried every way I know to coax them to drink their milk without success. They were nervous, underweight, and irritable and I was worried.

Then a friend advised me to try Ovaltine—to put it in the children's milk and give it to them hot or cold.

I did this and noticed an improvement at once. That's how I got my children to drink twice the milk they used to, in face of the fact that a week ago I couldn't even coax them to drink enough. And they are so much more healthy.

—Mrs. C. A. Schumaker,
20th Ave. & 14th St., Fulton, Illinois.

This Swiss Discovery not only enables the mother to double a child's milk ration—but also adds a complete food to the milk—including the Sunshine Vitamin D

HAVE you a child whose appetite is poor? Who refuses milk? Who is nervous, underweight—lacking in energy and strength? Then we urge you to give Ovaltine a trial. We believe it will solve your problem.

A Swiss creation utterly different from food drinks American children are used to, it makes plain milk into a gay temptation the childish palate cannot resist. More milk is thus taken—and that milk is made far easier, quicker, to digest—much more nourishing, too. For—being a complete food in itself, it adds to milk practically EVERY nutritive element essential to child health and nervous equilibrium.

New to America, over 20,000 doctors are advising it. Weight increases of a pound or more a week frequently follow its use. Nervousness often is curbed in a few days. It may do much or little for your child—but try it!

What It Is

Ovaltine is a food-drink that is utterly different in formula, taste and effect from any other known. A scientific food concentrate not remotely to be confused with powdered, sugary, chocolate, malt or cocoa "mixtures" offered as substitutes.

Developed 38 years ago by a famous Swiss scientist, Ovaltine contains, in highly concentrated form, virtually every vital food element necessary to life, including, of course, the Sunshine Vitamin D.

Due to an exclusive process, employed by no other food-drink known, it supplies those vital elements in such easily digested form that a child's system can absorb them even when digestion is impaired.

How It Acts

Some of those elements in Ovaltine build

bone and muscle. And thus create new strength. Others build firm flesh. And thus constantly increase weight. Others develop nerve poise; for, as weight increases nervousness perceptibly decreases.

Other elements foster richer blood. And thus combat conditions of anemia. All are supplied in scientific ratio to meet the body's needs. Then, too, Ovaltine has high diastatic power. Which means the power of digesting the undigested starches from other foods eaten. That is why results are often so astonishing. Give at breakfast, always. Give at meals and between meals. Get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store, or if unable to obtain locally, send coupon for 3-day test. 7215

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for
STOUT
WOMEN
and
MISSSES

We Pay
Postage
on
everything
you buy

The Pink Rose Leaf

(Continued from page 7)

for, you see, Charming did not like to work very much. He liked to play much better, and sometimes he forgot all about Lonesome and Little Charming and the Princess and would go away with other folks and forget to tell where he was. So Lonesome just did the best she could. And then God took Big Charming away, where he was better off . . .

Buddy's eyes were closed and his little brown hand hung limply over the edge of the couch. She carefully slid out from beneath his head and started up the stairs, Betty in her arms.

" . . . and the lady said perhaps it was her fault! I'll never forget that! I could go to Uncle Jim's until you kiddies get bigger. He would love to have us—but I won't do it! I'll stay right here. I'll show her, and I think—I know—how!"

THE roar of Broadway growling up from below, and above it, the raucous voice of "Gersey": "Wake up there, Blondie, where d'ye think y'are? At a funeral? You're out! D'ye hear, out! Say, girlie, step on it. Ginger!"

Giggles, high-tensioned and nervous. A long line of rhythmically moving girls, with white faces and red lips; flashing legs. Over and over again, Natalie played the dance theme, almost mechanically.

"Say, Nattie, goin' to sleep? That goes for you, too. Ginger! Crash into it and make it roar! Ginger, d'ye hear?" Gerson was shouting at her now.

Then the short recess. Gerson, coatless and perspiring, wiped his forehead with a soiled handkerchief. He replaced his hat on the back of his head, clapped his unlighted long cigar back into his mouth, and with feet spread apart, his chubby finger swept down the line of dancers.

"What's the matter with you, huh? No pep—no nothin'. Saturday this show goes on! Now—all ready! You've had enough beauty nap! Make her rumble, Nattie!"

Tonight, the big green car was waiting directly in front of the entrance that led upstairs to the Gerson Studios.

"Where is it to be tonight, Nattie?" asked Chan as he took his place behind the wheel. "The Jersey skeetos or a little supper somewhere up the river?"

Nattie relaxed against the luxurious comfort of the cushions and raised her face to the wind as they turned out Riverside Drive. "Let's compromise. We'll drop in and see if they are all right, and if they are and don't raise too much fuss, and if Miss Kirker thinks she can get them to bed all right, then I'll go—with-out them."

Chan was carefully guiding the car through the milling traffic to the pier. Then the long line of vehicles moved through the gates, over the gang-plank and into the dark depths of the lower deck of the ferry. "Nattie," he said shortly, "have you seen Cele?"

"Yes. She came up yesterday. I was too busy to talk to her, so we lunched together."

"And she asked you—"

"Shh! We women must stick together, you know."

"Then, I'll tell you. Cele is stage-struck, always has been, and she wants you to help her, through Gerson. You know, of course, that she is engaged to Schuyler VanBrouck?"

"I read it in the papers. She did not mention it."

"She wouldn't—if she wants to get on the stage. It would finish mother. The VanBroucks are an old family."

"Oh, yes, I know, old and rich—and college-educated."

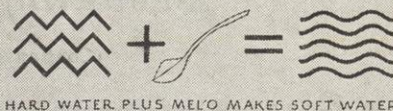
"I'm sorry, Nattie, but I'll call a spade a spade. The marriage will mean a lot to the family—to both families, in fact. But Cele is a spoiled little devil, doesn't know what she wants to do half the time. Always threatens to go on the stage when she gets in a jam at home, and this last one . . ."

"She is very lovely."

"Nattie, she mustn't! You must not let her get to Gerson. She must consider—the family."

"But, after all, shouldn't she be con-

(Continued on page 33)



HARD WATER PLUS MELO MAKES SOFT WATER

A greasy ring around the dishpan means a greasy film on dishes

THAT ring tells the tale! It means *hard water*—water filled with harsh alkalis. Those alkalis combine with soap and grease to form a scum that clings to dishes like grim death.

But you can wash your dishes in *soft water*. Add one or two tablespoonfuls of Mel'o to a dishpan full of the *hardest* water. Instantly it is softened. Then watch the suds pile up—thick and lasting—with less soap. Every trace of grease is cut away. Rinsing is swift and thorough. When you dry your dishes they will *glisten* spotlessly. And there will be no greasy ring around the pan.

Melo simplifies every washing and cleaning operation, and saves tender hands from irritation. It adds comfort and satisfaction to the bath. Try it tomorrow. Sold by your grocer in convenient cans—10c (slightly higher in far western states). The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio. (Also makers of Sani-Flush.)



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REMARKABLE CLEANER
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Sh-h-h-----! (a secret!)

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A secret indeed—a beauty specialist's secret! But you may share it, too! Just one Golden Glint Shampoo* will show you the way! At your dealers', 25c, or send for free sample!

* (Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glint Shampoo in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair!)

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Color of my hair _____

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Good jar rubbers are an insurance policy. "U. S." Pe-Ko Edge Jar Rubbers are made by the United States Rubber Company in red or white, single or double lip. They have been triple tested for—

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21 XMAS CARDS for \$1.00

JANE MORDEN STUDIOS, INC.
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ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The Pink Rose Leaf

(Continued from page 32)

sidered, too? Shouldn't she be allowed to—live her own life?"

"You do not understand."

"Oh, yes, I do. Better than you think I do, Chan. If she is not ready for marriage, should she be forced into it just because Schuyler VanBrouck is considered a catch and wants to marry her? Should she not be given the right to decide for herself what she wants to do?"

"Then you won't?"

"I haven't said I would, or won't—but wouldn't Gersey gloat, though: the debutante daughter of the Albert T. Byrds in the chorus, the daughter-in-law at the piano. He wants to bill me as 'Natalie Byrd, the daughter-in-law—'"

Channing turned sharply. "But—"

"Of course not."

They had landed at the Jersey pier and there was the roar of motors as the cars got under way to leave the boat.

"I wouldn't blame you much—if you did," Channing said slowly as he stepped on the starter. "You owe—the Byrds—nothing."

"Betty and Buddy are Byrds, Chan," she reminded him.

Up the steep road that led over the Palisades to the highway. Their appearance brought shouts of joy from Buddy and there was a prolonged "Buzz" as he scampered down the steps, while his sister made a more dignified and leisurely descent, one step at a time, her arms outstretched to balance her.

"Buzz . . . Buzz . . . Buzz . . ."

"Whuzz . . . Whuzz . . . Whuzz . . ."

"Skeetos are the loudest, Mommie!"

Chan produced red and green rubber balloons and proceeded to inflate them while his nephew and niece watched him with rapt attention. While Natalie washed and dressed, Miss Kirker recited the day's happenings.

Mrs. Bell was having another attack of sciatica and had come over for the liniment. The laundry had come back and there was a pillow-slip missing. Betty had run away this afternoon and Buddy had found her several blocks distant with a big bunch of weeds which she called "flowers." And she would go right down now and get the children's supper so it would take their minds off their mother going without them.

A SETTING sun turning the sky into rainbow glory; a winding road skirting the wooded banks of the Hudson. "Everything going all right, Nattie?"

"Fine, thanks. Miss Kirker is rapidly becoming the village modiste and she sees to it that the children have their lunches and naps. It is working out fine for the present, anyway."

"Any plans beyond that?"

"Oh, a heated apartment for the winter."

"Anything else?"

"Just Gerson's. It isn't so bad really, now that I am getting used to it. At first it was hard. I was so tired at night!"

"And you won't let me help?"

"Thank you, Chan. We're getting along fine."

"But they are my own flesh and blood—those kids."

"Mine, too. I said—I would support them—and I will!"

"Don't be bitter, Nattie. It isn't like you. It was hard on Mother. She hadn't seen him since—"

She turned on him fiercely. "Why should she have seen him? She told him, if he married me, he need never come back! He threatened—many times—to ask for money, and I told him—he would have to choose that—or-me."

"I'm sorry."

Over fried chicken, he again asked Natalie to discourage Celia in her attempts to go on the stage. "I think you could do it, Nattie, better than anyone. She likes you! She must not do it."

Natalie looked at him across the table, his gray eyes seriously following the meanderings of his fork as he traced figures on the cloth.

"In fifteen—no, seventeen more years—Betty will be another Celia. Put yourself in Mother's place."

(Continued on page 35)

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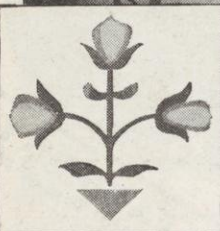
Deadens pain instantly
ONE drop of this amazing liquid and soon any corn or callus shrivels up and loosens. Peel it off with your fingers like dead skin. Don't risk dangerous paring. Removes the whole corn. Acts instantly, like a local anesthetic, to stop pain while it works. Doctors approve it.
Satisfaction guaranteed. Works alike on any corn or callus—old or new, hard or soft.

"GETS-IT" World's Fastest Way

... there's a memory in every stitch of that quilt

it was a wedding present
25 years ago

"My friends gave it to me. Each of them made a block, and initialed it, and, all of them together did the quilting. Every stitch holds a memory."



The "Conventional Tulip"—one of 16 beautiful Mountain Mist Quilt Patterns.

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

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Gentlemen:

Enclosed is 20c for the Conventional Tulip Mountain Mist Quilt Pattern, Design M.

Name.....

Address.....

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

A Pioneer Art Modernized

(Continued from page 13)

stretch, the back should be planned slightly larger than the top. In joining the breadths of material for the back, plan the seams at equal distances from the center. If two widths of material are sufficient, split one breadth down the center lengthwise and seam the raw edges to the selvages of the other breadth. Snip the selvedge edges diagonally at intervals so the seams will not draw, and press the seams open. With the seams uppermost, pin the long edges of the back to the cloth on the side pieces of the frame, taking care that the ends of the cloth are at an even distance from each end of the frame. Then adjust the end pieces of the frame under the side pieces, clamping the wooden strips where they cross. Pin the ends of the quilt back to the cloth on the end strips. Next comes the stretching, which must be done with the greatest care so there will be no ugly wrinkles. See that all angles of the frame are right angles, then tighten the clamps securely.

In purchasing quilt bats for filling, it pays to get a good quality of cotton. In placing the strips of filling, let them overlap very slightly and in quilting the extra thickness will disappear. A quilt about two yards square will take about two pounds of cotton. After the filling is spread, the top is placed carefully over the filling and pinned to the frame. In placing, see that the design is true with the sides of the frame and that the whole top is stretched evenly.

IN PASSING judgment on a quilt, the beauty of the quilting as to design and workmanship are strong factors. Having selected the design for the quilting, do not mar the beauty of the top by ugly pencil or chalk marks which cannot be easily erased. A few people quilt by eye entirely but for most people, and with elaborate designs, it is necessary to indicate the pattern on the material somehow.

One method of marking straight lines for quilting is to stretch a chalked cord tightly across the frame at desired distances, then snap the cord, depositing the chalk on the top. Frequently the design of the quilt block itself will determine the pattern of the quilting, but for the marking of the more elaborate designs, the use of paper patterns is advised. These may be pinned to the quilt and marked around very lightly, or the quilting may be done directly around the edges of the pattern. When the commercial perforated patterns are used, the design may be pricked through with a pin; if the quilting is done immediately, the marks will remain sufficiently long. The design may also be transferred with powder and then gone over very lightly with chalk in a pale color. Chalk will generally brush off, but crayola will not.

After the quilting is completed, the quilt is removed from the frame and the edges trimmed for binding, the usual finish.

The quilts shown on page 13 are unusually fine examples of real old-time designs.

Harvest Moon Quilt Block: An appliqué design of plain orange gingham and orange, blue and green print is used on 11-inch white muslin blocks.

Pineapple Quilt Block: Both pieced and appliqué patchwork are used in this rose and green design on a white background. Block is 20 inches square.

Pineapple Quilt Border: An appliqué design for a border 6 inches wide.

Democrat Rose Quilt Block: An appliqué design of pink and rose blossoms and green stems and leaves is 20 inches square.

Democrat Rose Quilt Border: An appliqué pattern of rose blossoms and green stems and leaves; 6 inches wide.

Kentucky Log Cabin Quilt Block: One-inch strips of silk make up 14-inch blocks.

Fall and Winter Fashions

10c Brings the new Fall and Winter Fashion Book which presents the latest styles for women's and children's clothing of all kinds and features the reliable Woman's World patterns exclusively.

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Mary L. Durgan	Raymond Meyer
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Jean E. Varney	Leon Margolia
Walter Mikesell	Rena Arenson
Marion F. Stokes	Jack W. Page
Kerwyn H. Parks	Billy Smith
E. C. James	Gilmore Rinick
Donald McCarron	Harold Hilgemann
Kenneth Dederding	Callie Lethco
Lorraine Cody	Jack Coffman
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By the time you read this notice, twenty-five state prizes of \$5.00 each will also have been sent out to July winners.



PAULINE FORMAN

Top: LORRAINE CODY



DONALD MCCARRON

EVERY DAY Counts from Now on in the LINCOLN CLUB'S GOLDEN COMPETITION

NOW is the time to put forth your greatest effort—to uncork your swiftest brand of speed—for the biggest prizes of all are still to be awarded, and every order brings you nearer the coveted goal. You can win or lose on what you do in the fleeting days between now and August 31. Victory will reward the boy or girl who keeps battling to the end.

\$625.00 in PRIZES to Be GIVEN SEPT. 10

In Addition to Regular Premiums and Cash Commissions

To each of the ten boys or girls receiving the largest number of subscription points between June 1 and August 31, 1930, will be shipped FREE a Ranger "Motorbike," or a check for \$50.00.

Twenty-five \$5.00 gold pieces will also be sent, one to each boy or girl securing the most points for the month of August

* Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan, Missouri, North Dakota, South Dakota, Kentucky, Nebraska, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Kansas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, West Virginia, Massachusetts, Virginia, Georgia, North Carolina, New Jersey, California and Connecticut.

10 RANGER "MOTORBIKES" GIVEN FREE

These ten Ranger "Motorbikes" are the finest and fastest bicycles made and they come to you fully equipped, electric head-

light, rear wheel stand, tools and everything. The color is golden brown with trimmings in chromium plate.

YOU Can Ride Off on This BICYCLE Sept. 10, if You Try!

Even if you haven't secured a single subscription up to now, you can still jump in and by working hard win one of these splendid Ranger "Motorbikes." Twenty-five, thirty, or thirty-five subscriptions ought to put you up among the leaders when the final points are counted.

And what is more, everyone who sends in three or more subscriptions will be eligible for another and bigger Lincoln Club competition which will be announced in the fall. Three subscriptions may even bring you the \$5.00 gold piece in your state for August, just as two orders brought the June prize to Ray Fain in Georgia and one order brought it to Andrew Peter in Connecticut.

Don't give up until the last minute of the final day arrives. If you have no order blank, write your subscriptions on a sheet of paper and send them in. Work hard and keep it up, and the whistle of the postman on Sept. 10 will be sweet music to your ears.

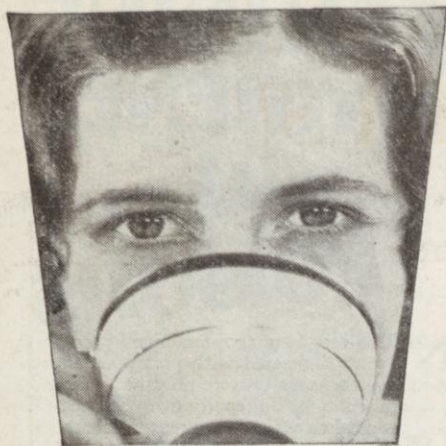


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(Continued from page 33)



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"Yes, and Buddy will be another Chan—or Leigh. And when that time comes, when they are ready to choose their life work, or their life partners, they will do it themselves. They will live their own lives—as I lived mine."

"But, this is different."
"Different? How? Family—and wealth? That is the only difference. And if Celia loves VanBrouck, she won't choose the stage rather than marriage. She won't let anything stand in her way—if it is real love. And it cannot be that, or she would want him as you will some day want the one you will love, as I wanted Leigh and he wanted me. Not even the money was a barrier, then, for him—and for five years he chose me in spite of the sacrifices and hardships and real poverty we endured."

THE river was a chest of glittering jewels as they drove back, rubies flashing out through the darkness, diamonds seemingly suspended in midair, as boats plied their way over the water. Chan was very quiet as they drove along the river road. Already the tang of autumn was in the air and Natalie drew her coat collar closer about her neck. Then the big car was slowing down, stopping.

"Cold?" he asked as he reached over and pulled the robe closer about her.

"Not a bit, and I'm a woikin' goil, you know," she reminded him. "Miss Kirker insists that the Jersey skeetos and the New York fly get plenty of sleep."

"We'll go on in a moment." He lit a cigaret and she watched the yellow flare from his match light up his fine lean face. He took a long puff and then snapped the cigaret into space.

"And besides," added Natalie as she watched the burning ember whirl through the darkness, "if you are stopping to talk about Celia, you can just—"

His face was brushing hers, and he was whispering, "Nattie! Nattie, Cele can go to the devil for all I care. I don't care any more—about the other—and them—than Leigh did, now that I—have found—you!"

His arm about her shoulders was holding her close. She drew back and tried to laugh. "Home, James! And if you don't step on the gas this very minute, you can never expect to see me again."

The angry roar of the motor and they were speeding down the tree-lined boulevard, between the crumbling stone pillars that marked the entrance to the street at the end of which was home. There was a light in the front room upstairs.

He held her hand tight in his. "You didn't mean that—back there, Nattie," he whispered. "I must see you again."

"Not until I call you, Chan—remember! Good-night!" and she was running up the steps, opening the front door.

A tall wraith in white was standing on the upper landing. "Buddy is down there—on the davenport," whispered Miss Kirker loudly. "He just wouldn't come up to bed until you came, and he cried himself to sleep, poor lamb."

Natalie turned on a light and shook the child gently. "Whuzz . . . whuzz . . . whuzz, old skeeto."

Buddy opened his eyes and sat up. Both arms were clasped tight about a book that he held close to him, and the light shone on a round tear-streaked face. "I was dretfully 'fraid you had gone away—like Daddy—and I was lonesome and made-believe this book—was you!"

She sat down beside him and lifted him on her lap. His tousled head cuddled against her shoulder and she held him close. "Old son, Mommie will never leave her skeetos, never!"

He nestled still closer with a deep sigh of content. "But it is dretful when you don't come—and don't come—and don't come! I'll never leave you like that."

"Never?"
"No, sir! Me 'n Betty are always goin' to stay with you. You just ask Betty if we ain't. We are going to live together—always!"

The book had fallen from his arms and lay open against the shawl Miss Kirker had wrapped about him. With a chubby

(Continued on page 36)

Pepsodent

the special film-removing tooth paste

(On the Air with Amos 'n' Andy)

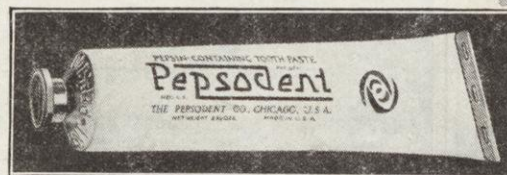
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Address

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The Pink Rose Leaf

(Continued from page 35)

finger he was tracing the outlines of a withered, seared rose petal pressed against the fly-leaf.

"What is that, Mommie?"

"Just a rose leaf, Buddy."

"Why is it in the book?"

"To remind Mother—of something—somebody said one day when the rose leaf was fresh."

"Was it pretty, Mommie?"

"Very. It was shell-pink and the edges curled up just like your little hands did when you were a baby. It was beautiful."

He was looking up into her face intently. "Just like you are now, Mommie. That was when it had lots of other rose leaves with it, but now it is all alone—and it is old and wrinkled and not pretty. It is like the cross lady that came with Uncle Chan and those other folks."

"Time to go to bed, old son."

"When you are old and wrinkled like the cross lady, and like the rose leaf, Mommie, Betty 'n me will stay right with you and make you smile and be happy. Will you like that?"

"I could stand anything if you and Betty will stay with me and love me as you do now—when I am old."

"Will you tell me a story, Mommie?"

"Well, we might have a sequel to the story I told you many weeks ago, about the rich lady and her children. Do you remember?"

He nodded and relaxed in happy anticipation.

"But first you can just pull that rose leaf off that page and we'll drop it here in the waste-basket."

"Why, Mommie?"

"I don't need a reminder any more."

"Now, tell me the story."

"Well, after God took Charming away and left Lonesome with little Prince Charming and his sister, the Princess, she felt very badly because somebody said something to hurt her. Oh, it hurt so after all those hard years; and she said she was going to get even! That was very naughty, wasn't it, Buddy? But maybe she didn't realize; and very soon afterward, the chance came! Two chances! And if Lonesome had not had a little boy to show her how wrong it all was—if little Prince Charming hadn't made her realize, why, the rich lady who said the unkind things would have been all alone without her children, because Lonesome could have taken them both away from her! But instead of that, Lonesome is going to send a telegram to Uncle Jim tomorrow and tell him we are coming—home! We are going to the ranch and live until you are big and brave, old son."

Miss Kirker was again whispering from the stair landing. "My goodness sakes, Mrs. Byrd, you'll catch your death—"

"Coming right away, Miss Kirker. Buddy insisted on a story, but, as usual, he passed out before the happy ending."

Breaking Home Ties

(Continued from page 31)

"Now I've got to go and finish packing."

"You're not going away, are you?"

"It has that appearance," said Patricia.

"But we've just got started. Under the new management, you could really do some business for Patricia."

"I've done it," said Patricia. "This market doesn't need me any longer. Besides, Letta's had the benefit of my training."

"Kiss her," said Letta happily. "Look at all she's done for you."

Patricia waved Oscar away. "I appreciate the compliment," she laughed as she slipped out the door, "but—I've done enough for you."

"Well, I'll be running along, too," said Dr. Tracy.

"Wait a minute, Doctor," Oscar pleaded. "Have you ever heard of a play called 'The Silver Cord'?"

"I've seen it."

"Then—what is a silver cord?"

"It's something like an apron string," said Dr. Tracy. "Only you can't untie it—you have to cut it."

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HYGIENE
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This family is typical of many families living in your town whose Woman's World subscriptions are expiring each month and who are but waiting for an opportunity to renew.

**We Will Pay YOU to
Help Us Call on This Family!**



*The Neighborhood
Secretary Plan*

The Neighborhood Secretary plan is the result of a need on the part of women everywhere to capitalize the spare time at their disposal, and a need on the part of Woman's World for women of standing in their communities to look after our local subscription interests during their leisure hours. You will be surprised at the high cash value of the time you used to waste!

WE WANT one woman in each town who has a little spare time during the day or week to act as our Neighborhood Secretary and to help us handle the renewal orders of just such families as these.

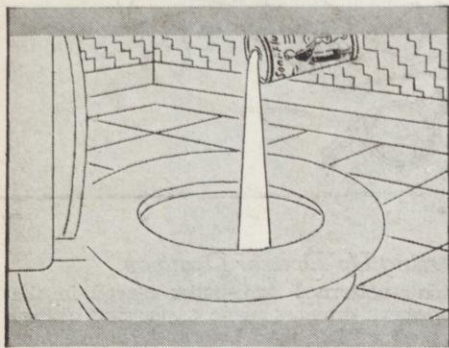
The work is congenial and interesting and the pay is liberal enough to make it highly worth your while. No experience is required. We send you each month the names of people in your locality whose subscriptions are expiring, and the rest is merely a matter of making a call.

Let us show you, without obligation, how easily you may have a substantial monthly income through our new Neighborhood Secretary plan of spare-time representation. Address Miss Reid,

WOMAN'S WORLD

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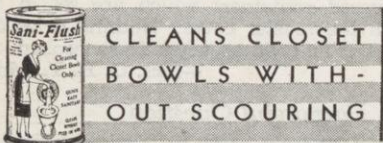


THAT hated task—scrubbing a toilet bowl—need never be performed in your home again! There is a modern way—quick, easy and far more sanitary.

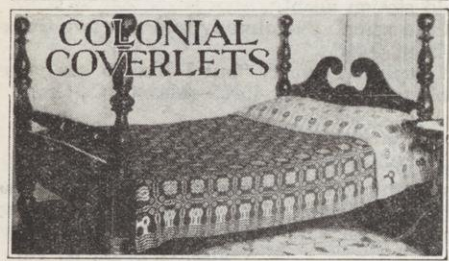
Merely sprinkle a little Sani-Flush in the bowl, follow the directions on the can and flush. Watch the results. The bowl is snow-white. All incrustations are swept away. All odors vanish. All germs are killed. Even the hidden trap, which no brush can reach, is cleansed and purified.

Try Sani-Flush tomorrow. Sold by grocery, drug and hardware stores everywhere in convenient punch-top cans, 25c; in Canada, 35c. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio. (Also makers of MELO—a fine water softener.)

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W. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1060 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Plans for Half a Dozen Dinners

(Continued from page 16)

With our national food habits, very little thought need be given to the question of starches and sugars other than to keep their quota moderate. It is infinitely more vital to increase the supply of minerals and vitamins—in other words, to see that the diet of every member of the family, regardless of occupation, includes an abundance of cooked and raw vegetables, fruits and green foods generally. Some green food should be included in at least two meals every day. Protein foods, especially considered as meat, pretty well take care of themselves where the budget is a reasonably generous one. With a less generous budget, cheese and the various legumes must be counted upon to do their share in providing the necessary protein. Nor must we forget that, despite all we have heard about the daily quart of milk, many of us, both adults and children, could with advantage increase our milk consumption.

Our family dinner menu is a typical one such as would be found in the average household in almost any part of the country—abundant and moderately well balanced, yet surely not just what one wants to serve when "his" father and mother, or one or two of your own old school friends, drop in for dinner, no matter how unexpectedly. But what can be done with a menu like this without undue extra labor or cost? The roast of lamb may be rather a small one and need eking out a little. We suggest, therefore, beginning the meal with a soup, which may be a light one by reason of the roast to follow. Clam broth or tomato bouillon would be excellent (and we assure you that canned clam broth is delicious), with two crisped saltines to each service.

Or shall it be the bouillon, and you haven't a can of it in the house? Then use bouillon cubes, flavoring with a spoonful or two of chili sauce or tomato catsup and just a dash of Worcestershire.

Baked potatoes are delicious, but most of us consider them not sufficiently "fussy" for company. Then, do one of two things: make crosswise cuts in the tops of the potatoes, open up slightly, put a piece of butter the size of a hazelnut together with a dash of paprika into each slit and know that you are serving your potatoes as they are often offered in the best hotels; or, with fork or spoon, scoop out the baked potato from its shell, beat it up with a little milk, butter and seasoning, add a spoonful or two of grated cheese if you have it, or a little bit of parsley, with or without the yolk of an egg, pile the mixture back into the skins and replace in the oven to become piping hot.

WILL your jam closet yield a glass of currant or mint jelly? Either one is delicious with lamb.

The cole slaw? Very good just as it is, but certainly made more interesting by the addition of a little diced pineapple and served with a slightly sweetened French Dressing.

To make a company dish of the canned peach dessert, drain the peach halves and insert in each cavity a spoonful of rich filling made by combining half a cup of raspberry or strawberry jam with half a cup of finely chopped pecans or English walnut meats, to which you may add if you like a little grated orange rind. Press halves of peaches together and serve with a garnish of whipped cream.

Mother's Wedding Anniversary Dinner was planned and carried out by the young daughter of the house, two old friends aside from the family being invited. Actually, the menu is quite a simple one. Canned soup was decided upon, thus eliminating any preliminary preparation for that course, other than the toasting of the wafers served with it. The dessert was made early in the day and tucked away in the automatic refrigerator. Being an up-to-date young lady, Daughter also saw to it that salad and dressing were ready and chilled for last minute arranging, thus being free to devote her entire attention to the preparation of the main course.

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AGENTS EARN \$250 MONTH. SELL NEW LINE Guaranteed Hosiery. Latest styles. Big sellers. Extra commission. Silk hose for your own use. State size worn. Write Silkint Hosiery Co., Dept. 1091, Dayton, Ohio.

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AGENTS WANTED—Continued

BRING HOME THE BACON—selling Christy's Iron Rust and Stain Remover. Sells like blazes. Write for Free sample. Christy, Inc., 6592 Edway, Newark, New York.

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TRIAL OFFER—Kodak Films—Developed 5c—Prints 2c. Moser & Son, 1900 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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THE POSTMAN'S WHISTLE PAGE

THE Postman's Whistle page reflects the lights and shadows of our readers' lives. We ask you to send us jokes that amuse you—recipes you find dependable and practical—homemaking ideas and short cuts that save money, time and labor. For original suggestions that we accept, we will send you 50 cents.

Announcement of Winners in "How I Save Through Home Sewing" Competition

ANYONE who has worked out clever color combinations for the home with inexpensive materials, or who has transformed an out-of-date frock into a modern one, just naturally wants to tell another woman about it. And that is the spirit with which our subscribers wrote to Harriet Harper about their pet economies in sewing and their own decorative touches.

Later, we will present some of these clever and worthwhile ideas, vouched for and edited by the Sewing Department of Woman's World, in a series of articles.

Checks have been mailed to the 385 winners of prizes. Following are the names of those whose letters were selected for the ten highest prizes:

- FIRST PRIZE, \$100.00
Mrs. J. W. Gaiser, Greenville, Pa.
- SECOND PRIZE, \$75.00
Mrs. A. E. Goodell, Kansas City, Mo.
- THIRD PRIZE, \$50.00
Mrs. L. L. Kitterman, Belvue, Kansas.
- FOURTH PRIZE, \$30.00
Mrs. C. J. Davis, Minneapolis, Minn.
- FIFTH PRIZE, \$20.00
Mrs. Rebecca Starr, Decatur, Ga.
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Mrs. Ralph W. George, Somerville, Mass.
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Mrs. Wm. J. Spence, Montreal, Quebec, Canada.
Mrs. Edgar Mentz, Faribault, Minn.
Mrs. Morris Miller, Houston, Texas.

For Chains That Tarnish

Often we find that expensive silver chains as well as the cheaper kind tarnish one's neck. Applying liquid finger nail polish over the surface of the chain keeps it from discoloring the neck, while not producing any visible effect on the chain. If the chain is worn frequently, the polish should be renewed from time to time.

—Miss D. M., Wis.

Wasted Energy

Teacher: "Can you give me an example of wasted energy?"

Bright Student: "Yes, sir; telling a hair-raising story to a bald-headed man."

—Miss W. V. M., Ark.

Saving Snap Fasteners

When ripping off snap fasteners, have a piece of heavy paper at hand through which to snap them together. Then when you wish to use them, much time will be saved by finding matching parts together.

—Mrs. V. B. B., Wis.

The Same Thing

While Kelly and Cohen were having dinner together, Cohen helped himself to the larger fish on the platter.

"Fine manners ye have, Cohen," said Kelly. "If I had reached out first, I'd have taken the smaller one."

"Well," replied Cohen, "you got it, didn't you?"

—I. R., Iowa.

Raised Date Bread

This can be started in the early morning and be ready for tea. For it, mix one cup each scalding milk and boiling water. Stir in one-fourth cup molasses and two tablespoons any preferred shortening. Dissolve one-half yeast cake in one-fourth cup lukewarm water. Mix four cups whole wheat flour with one and one-fourth cups white flour and two scant teaspoons salt. Add to first mixture and beat hard. Set to rise in warm place until doubled in bulk, then beat in a cup of stoned dates cut in small pieces. Put into two well-greased bread pans, let rise again until light, then put in hot oven and bake for fifteen minutes. Reduce oven to moderate heat and continue baking for forty-five minutes longer. This bread is delicious for cream cheese sandwiches.

—Mrs. M. L. B., N. Y.

An Hour's Fun

With a pasteboard box for a trunk, old magazines or mail order catalogs for stores, and a pair of scissors for money, a child will spend a pleasant hour packing for a journey.

—L. D., Iowa.

Uncle Jeff



THE OLD POSTMAN AND HIS HOMELY PHILOSOPHY ON EXPERIENCE

Joy—then grief—then joy;
Grief—then joy—then grief!
Bright red rose of happiness,
White—of sorrow's wreath.
Smiles—then tears—then smiles;
Tears—then smiles—then tears!
Th' wheel goes round an' round,
Revolv'in' through th' years.
As big as Life's whole cup—
Th' grindstone and time's sand
Will brighten or roughen us up,
Under th' Master hand.

Yesterday I stopped over at Mathild Wister's. She was bakin' lemon cookies t' put in th' children's school lunches. After she had th' batter all mixed fine an' smooth, she got down th' big bottle of lemon extract th't she keeps upon th' shelf. Without it th' lemon cookies would not be lemon cookies at all. Watchin' her and waitin' on th' cookies t' bake so as I could sample one, I got t' thinkin'.

It is schooltime again here in th' Hollow. Readin', writin', arithmetic—knowledge. Forward learnin'. I wonder just how important t' man is that other knowledge, th' backward kind th't us mortals call experience? Experience is th' extract of sufferin'. Without th' lemon, there would be no lemon cookies. Without experience, life itself would have no flavor.

D'ye know th't th' reason we are all so well able t' prophesy t' our neighbor is because we make our own history? Experience is like th' tail light on an automobile—it lights th' road over which it has passed.

Preachin' John from over at Mud Lick says th't "God sends experience t' paint a man's face into th' sort of semblance which identifies him t' other men." Sometimes experience preaches t' us in vain. Too great an idea of our own talents is th' cause fer this.

D'ye ever notice a fly buzzin' around? He can't see th' spider's web. One thing brings it t' his view. That is th' white frost. But when th' white frost comes, th' fly is no longer there. It is that way with many of us, friends. Experience is too often our white frost.

Jeff 3 Lincoln U.S.A.

A Hint for Gardeners

A sure way of saving all of the flower seeds is to tie a small paper sack securely over the blossom just before the seeds are ripe enough to scatter. When fully matured, cut off the blossom with a long stem, hang upside down to dry, and the seeds will all be in the paper bag.

—B. S. M., Ill.

Dressing Up Dresser Drawers

Some gay chintz-patterned wall-paper placed in the bottom of my dresser drawers made a pleasing change from the plain papers I had used before. This might be pasted in, then shellacked or given a coat of clear varnish.

—Mrs. J. E. R., Ohio.

These Modern Diversions

Nowadays one can't tell in passing a house whether it is the family having a quarrel or one of those radio dramas on the air.

—R. R., Va.

Blueberry Cake

3 cups flour	1 cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt	1½ cups blueberries
3 teaspoons baking powder	1 egg
¼ teaspoon grated nutmeg	1½ cups milk
½ cup shortening	

Sift together the flour, salt, baking powder and nutmeg. Rub in the shortening, add the sugar and blueberries and mix to a light dough with the beaten egg and milk. Turn into shallow greased pan and bake about forty minutes in a moderate oven—350 degrees F. Serve hot as breakfast cake, split and buttered.

—L. M. B., Ky.

A Home Steam Table

Whenever it is necessary to keep a whole meal warm, I fill the bottom of my large roaster about one-third full of hot water and place it over a small flame. I place the food in small covered containers which are set in the water, and put on the roaster cover. Nothing dries out and everything tastes as good as when fresh cooked.

—Mrs. G. H. T., Mo.

A Purposeful Question

"When does the next train come in?" asked little Edward of the old station agent.

"Why, you little rascal, I've already told you five times that it comes in at 4:44."

"I know it," replied Edward, "but I like to see your whiskers wobble when you say 4:44."

—Mrs. G. C., Oreg.

A Thoughtful Addition

When making aprons for bazaars or even for gifts, tuck several pieces of the leftover material in the pocket, to be used for future patching. The aprons made for our church bazaar last year sold twice as fast for this very reason.

—Mrs. H. E. L., W. Va.

Equal Suffrage

An Arkansas mountaineer was running for the position of county judge and his family was very much excited. "Maw," said the oldest son, "if Paw gits the jedgship, will we all be jedges?"

"No, honey," answered the old lady grimly, "nobody exceptin' me an' yer paw!"

—Mrs. G. I. M., Tex.

An Ice Box Help

Rubber rings such as are used on quart preserve jars, if slipped under dishes set on ice in the refrigerator, will keep them from slipping. Put one or two under the dish, and keep several hanging on a convenient hook.

—C. F., Ala.

Convincing Evidence

Two hot-headed neighbors involved in a dispute went to court to have it settled.

Judge: "Mr. Brown, what are your charges?"

Mr. Brown: "Your Honor, I loaned Pat McGinnis a large kettle and when he returned it, there was a big hole in it."

Judge: "Mr. McGinnis, what have you to say for yourself?"

Mr. McGinnis: "Yer honor, in the first place, I niver borried that kettle; in the second place, when I returned it, the kettle was in good condition; and in the third place, the kettle already had a hole in it when I borried it."

—M. E. K., Ind.

A Messenger of Sunshine and Good Cheer by and for our Subscribers



First aid to washing machines!

Mattie A—lives a piece up the road on a 430 acre farm. And with three children and her husband and the two hired men who've been with them this summer, she knows a lot about washing! I asked her to try Oxydol in her hand-power washing machine—and to be sure that she *soaked* her clothes 15 minutes before she started cranking. Well, I met her at Saturday market two weeks ago, and she *had* a story to tell! She said it took her half the usual time to put through a run of clothes.

If you have an automatic machine an Oxydol soaking saves about half on the running time—and that means a saving on your power costs.

I'm not a soap expert – but I can tell you that there's **more** than fine soap in Oxydol!

I'LL never forget the first time I sprinkled Oxydol into my washtub. I could hardly believe my eyes. Up came a pile of rich, lively suds, the like of which I'd never seen in my hard water!

Well, I'm the kind of woman who always wants to know *why* about everything! So before I started to write about Oxydol, I talked to soap chemists. And now I know why Oxydol is better than ordinary good soap!

You see, every grain of Oxydol contains two things—rich, safe soap and an *extra* ingredient that instantly softens the water. So every bit of soap in Oxydol is *protected*—not a smitch goes to waste. No more gray curds of wasted soap for us who have hard water!

Extra-rich suds in soft water

But perhaps you have soft water in your part of the country. Or a big rain cistern that keeps you supplied with soft water the whole year around. Then maybe you'll think you don't need Oxydol. Well, you do—if you are saving of soap pennies! For a little Oxydol goes such a long way in soft water. Sprinkle a *half* cupful of Oxydol into your tub next washday, and you'll see a bounty of *extra*-rich suds!

Oxydol isn't a soap that needs help. No, ma'am, after my clothes stand a few minutes in rich Oxydol suds, the dirt loses all its spunk—I can squeeze

the dirt out with my hands—only really bad spots need rubbing. I figure that I save myself about an hour of back-breaking work. (Yet Oxydol never hurts my hands like most soaps that work well in hard water.)

When I've put the clothes through two rinses, I'm proud of them! The white clothes put June clouds to shame—the colored clothes come through bright and smiling.

Do you blame me, then, for passing the good word along to you?



Hang up your dishpan sooner!

In harvesting or pickling or canning time, dishwashing becomes quite a big chore. So try Oxydol in your dishpan if you'd like some quick-working suds—a teaspoonful is enough. Oxydol suds go right after grease, and you ought to see them put a bright face on a messy baking pan. I use Oxydol to wash the milk pails, too, because it rinses away

so easily. And not a dish or tumbler or fork do I wipe! I pour hot water over my dishes in their wire rack—and let them dry themselves!



It's only hard—on dirt!

I like to see what a difference a 15-minute Oxydol soaking can make in a tubful of work shirts and the children's play overalls! Yet my finer colored clothes are perfectly safe in Oxydol suds, too. Yes, I'm mighty glad that Oxydol is rich, *safe* soap!

There's saving in this heavy box

Next time you go to the grocer's, balance the chunky Oxydol box on your hand. Then pick up the same-priced box of some other packaged soap! The difference in weight will tell you that Oxydol is a thrifty woman's soap!

Don't waste Oxydol. *Sprinkle* it on the water—for a little Oxydol makes a bumper crop of suds! A rounding teaspoonful will do a dinner's dishes. And a half a cupful makes a tubful of suds. Try the 10¢ Oxydol box first—but for a real soap bargain, buy the 25¢ box.

Sarah Benton



Quick-suds news!

When you want Oxydol suds in a hurry in your tub or machine or boiler or scrub pail you can use *tepid* water! Just sprinkle Oxydol in and swish the water—and you'll see a fine show of suds right away!

Free! I've written a booklet called "Shortcuts to the Clothesline," which would give you helpful washday hints. Just send a postcard. Address Sarah Benton, Dept. ow-90, St. Bernard, Ohio.



OXYDOL

MAKES RICH INSTANT SUDS EVEN IN HARDEST WATER
OXYDOL IS A COMPLETE SOAP

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MRS L E MONTGOMERY
544 LAUREL ST
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Allow us to present - this famous complexion-authority

CONSULTING
HOURS
9-11 A. M.
OR
5-6 P. M.

YOU might criticize her small soft button of a nose or the slight double curve of her chin. But you'd fetch forth a fluttering sigh in homage to her petal-smooth skin. For she is a living authority on the subject of beautiful complexions . . . every single inch of her, from her crown to her frivolous heels, is the pink of perfection—and very kissable!

What is her secret? Well, she goes in wholeheartedly for a very simple beauty program. She sleeps as soundly as a little bunny; she firmly demands plenty of water and milk; and every single day her entire complexion delights in a gentle Ivory bath.

For her doctor told her nurse, and her nurse told her mother that Ivory Soap-and-water cleansing is the very best beauty treatment for a very sensitive skin!

If you should ask your doctor, he'd say that this very same Ivory cleansing is perfect for a grown-up complexion, too. For Ivory's clear bubbly foam *really cleans* the pores . . . gives your skin its rightful chance to be clear and fine and smooth. It washes away every bit of clogging cream and powder and rouge. And then, how refreshed and wide-awake your complexion feels!

So won't you try this Ivory beauty treatment whenever your complexion feels a bit listless and tired? And by all means, give your face this thorough, gentle Ivory cleansing faithfully every night so that your sleep may become a real beauty-sleep!

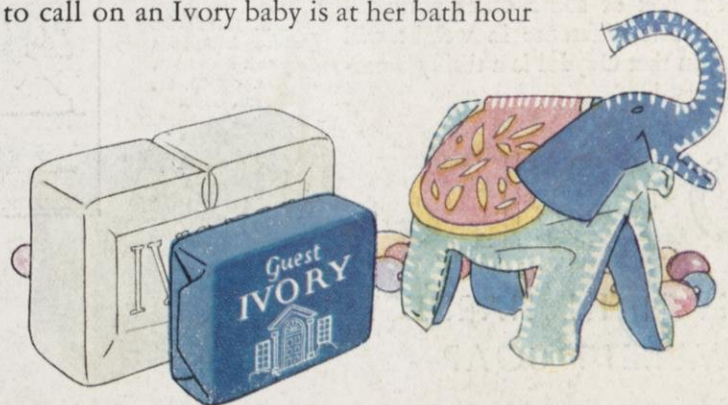
And do drop in for a consultation soon with an Ivory baby. You surely must know at least *one*, for there are about ten millions of them. Of course, the nicest time to call on an Ivory baby is at her bath hour



when she is displaying her whole complexion! Most Ivory babies take their tubs in the morning, but some prefer them toward evening. And then you'll see the *proof* that Ivory is a perfect friend of truly sensitive complexions!

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-90, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.



IVORY SOAP

- kind to everything it touches -

99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE & IT FLOATS