NEXT DOOR

By WOLCOTT L. BEARD

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TONY was no Italian. He was as much of an American as though he had worn the star-spangled raiment of Uncle Sam himself. His barbershop had prospered greatly, and the hand-book that he made on the races became more profitable every day. So why shouldn't he lie in bed for an extra hour if he wanted to?

Tony's bachelor quarters, over his shop, were separated from the next apartment by a partition so thin that it allowed every sound to come through. Tom and Kitty, with Tommy Junior, aged five, lived in that other flat. They knew Tony only as their smiling landlord, never dreaming that he had adopted them; but that was the fact. In his own way, Tony was both lonely and diffident. During the morning hour he entered their family life, so to speak, by ear. It was the only family life he ever had known, and it meant much to him.

As Tony awoke he lay quiet and listened shamelessly. Experience had taught him to interpret each sound from next door so that his mind visualized the scenes there. Thus he knew that Tom, in accordance with an astonishing habit of his, was splashing in the bath while Kitty dressed their small son who, as usual, wriggled like a pollywog. Then came the trill of their electric doorbell.

Kitty answered the summons, and Tony knew that she wondered who would call at that hour; but even so she wondered no more than he—Tony—did. Therefore he listened so hard that, to quote his own phrase he "almos' spraina da ear." Yet the noise of a passing truck drowned the first words spoken, but could not drown those that followed.

"You know what I come for," bawled a strident voice. "Time's up today, an' he ain't got the money. So I want a quit claim on that patent and want it now! See?"

Before Kitty could reply, Tom had splashed forth from the tub. Bare and dripping he must have been, yet there was a clean "smack" as his fist met the visitor's face, causing Tony fairly to hug himself with delight. In quick succession there followed an obscene curse, another and more emphatic smack and then the soft thuds made by a half-senseless human body that is thrown down a flight of stairs.

"Oh, Tom, what have you done?" cried Kitty, as her lord re-entered the apartment.

"Licked Pinchley—and glad of it," was the reply. "He knows perfectly well that the money can be paid at any time up to three o'clock this afternoon. But he hoped that we didn't know, and so tried to bulldoze us, without marked success."

"But will the money come in time?" pursued Kitty, anxiously.

"Clinton's bringing it," answered Tom. "His train is due at the Grand Central Station at two-twenty-eight. Yes, there's time—with luck."

Tom's voice was troubled. Tony's mind was troubled no less, for previous morning conversations overheard through the partition, had given him a very fair knowledge of that little family's affairs. Also he knew the individual whose body made those soft thuds.

Pinchley was a loan shark, with an office in one of the old houses on Tenth street, opposite Jefferson Market court house which, as all the world knows, is in New York. In order to perfect an invention of his, Tom had borrowed money of Pinchley, giving the patent as security. This invention now bade fair to make Tom's fortune, but if the borrowed money was not repaid before three o'clock, he would lose everything. All rights in the invention should lapse to Pinchley.

Thoughtfully, Tony rolled out of bed and dressed. He still was thoughtful as he went out for breakfast and afterward returned to his shop, which was on Sixth avenue, just below the corner of Tenth street, so that it commanded a view of Pinchley's dingy office. Patrons of Tony's hand-book began to drift into the shop, but he accepted their wagers mechanically; his mind was on this matter that so vitally concerned Tom and Kitty.

The train that would bring the money wasn't due until two-twenty-eight, and the payment must be made at three. Thirty-two minutes at best was none too long for a journey from the Grand Central to West Tenth street—and suppose the train were a little late! Pinchley was not the man to waiver at a false oath as to a few minutes of time.

Time passed and Tony's suspense grew harder and harder to bear as he vainly watched Pinchley's office for some sign of Tom's appearance. At last the clock that hung on the barber shop wall announced the fatal hour of three and Tony's heart flopped into his boots.

The telephone jingled; Tony listened to its message without interest. It was only the detailed report of a race. Glancing up, as he replaced the receiver, he saw one Michael Hennessy jump down the court house steps, sprint across Sixth avenue and burst like a human cyclone into the barber shop.

"Twenty bones on Umiak—second race at N'Orleans!" he yelled. Tony never was anxious to accept his wagers. In the present instance he had an excellent reason for declining, for this was the race, supposed to be started at three o'clock, which had just been reported by telephone. Without troubling to speak, Tony pointed to the clock, which proclaimed that the hour had tossed seven minutes before.

"That ould coffee-mill!" scoffed Mike. "Sure it's fast by almost half an hour! Look at the court-house clock wanst, ye wop, an' see fer yerself!"

Angry but curious, Tony did as suggested and found—wonder of wonders!—that Mike had spoken truly. The great dials in that beautiful tower, the unquestioned standards for all that part of the city, registered eighteen minutes of three!

A gleam of joy shot across Tony's mind; Tom might yet be in time. But the joy was almost strangled by suspicion that instantly followed it. He glanced at his watch, which he knew was right, and it agreed perfectly with the clock on his wall. That gave the clue.

Learning that Umiak was first at the finish, Mike had retarded the great clock in order to slip a sure-thing bet over on the "wop." He would brag of this if he succeeded. Also he would wrongfully acquire a hundred or more of Tony's dollars. But, on the other hand, Pinchley had no watch; he depended wholly upon the Jefferson Market clock, which he could see as he sat at his desk. Mike couldn't set that clock right while he was there in the barber shop. And—eighteen precious minutes to the good!

Tony's soul was American, but his Latin brain nevertheless could work at lightning speed on occasion. It did so now, and without appreciable loss of time arrived at a decision that must have caused the Recording Angel to drop tears of joy that blotted out many sins. Loss and—worse still—ridicule might be his portion, but for the sake of Tom and Kitty, who never would know, he would brave them both.

The telephone jingled again as he took down the receiver with one hand and extended the other for that twenty-dollar bill. Mike handed it over with such self-satisfied glee that he failed to note the grin of perfect beatitude that appeared on Tony's face. This grin was caused in part by the sight of Tom, accompanied by a stranger, bolting from a taxi into Pinchley's office; partly by the message that he received over the telephone. Tony's enemies and his own were delivered into his hands!

The message just received was a short one, yet Tony still held the receiver to his ear. Time—just a little time—was all that was needed now. Therefore, as well as he could do it from memory, he began to repeat the report of that bygone race, as though it still were coming over his 'phone, in disjointed sentences, with long pauses between them.

"Off in a bunch . . . Tomboy in da lead, Miss Giggle secon', den Umiak . . . Miss Giggle comin' up, Umiak lappin', da rest trailin' . . . Shaw, on Tomboy, goes to da whip . . . Miss Giggle passin', Umiak brushin' her haunch . . ."

Tony's beatific grin grew broader; Tom and the stranger emerged from Pinchley's office, re-entered the taxi and were whirled away. No need to waste more time. One enemy was foiled; now to demolish the other!

"Da finish," continued Tony. "Umiak first—"

Mike was waiting for this; he burst into a raucous crow of triumph. He must, of course, have had reason to believe that the regular telephonic reports of the races would be delayed, but what that reason might be Tony neither knew nor cared. Now for that final, short message—the one that caused the happy grin! Pretending to listen to the silent 'phone, Tony spoke once more.

"Umiak disqualifi' for da foul," said he. "Miss Giggle she win, Mike, he lose. An' say! You foreigners giv'a me da pain. Get outa here!"

Duty of an Administrator

It is the duty of an administrator to collect and care for the personal estate. If the estate is solvent he pays the just claims, and after paying the costs of administration, turns the net balance over to the heirs. If the estate is insolvent the administrator pays preferred claims and the general claims pro rata.

No Difference in Taste of Ordinary Water

Ordinary water is an ideal thirst quencher. Heavy water creates an intense thirst when fed to experimental animals. There is no difference in the taste of the two kinds of water. Physical difference between them may be detected only by refined laboratory methods. Yet the molecular weight of heavy water is 10 per cent greater than that of ordinary water because of the double weight of the two atoms of heavy hydrogen it contains.

Dr. C. S. Brooks, professor of zoology at the University of California, recently made some experiments on the effect of heavy water on the blood cells of sheep. When the cells were immersed in the heavy water they shrank rapidly in size, while ordinary water produced no effect on their dimensions. Dr. Brooks offers the theory that the shrinking produced by heavy water forces the cells to give up some of their fluids and that this lack of fluids is responsible for the intense thirst that rats experience when given heavy water to drink.

On the Loss of America

At the close of the Revolution, on November 10, 1781, during the peace negotiations between Great Britain and the United States, King George III wrote the following to the prime minister, the earl of Shelbourne: "I cannot conclude without mentioning how sensibly I feel the dismemberment of America from this empire, and that I should be miserable indeed if I did not feel that no blame on that account can be laid at my door, and did I not also know knavery seems to be so much the striking feature of its inhabitants that it may not in the end be an evil that they will become aliens to this kingdom."

Arab City Inside Mountain

There is an Arab underground settlement at Garai, near Tripoli. This is a city inside a mountain.

Fine Wool Robes and Hostess Gowns

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

CONSIDERING fashion from a fabric angle, the big news is the outstanding importance attached to the use of fine wool weaves not only for daytime clothes, as one would naturally expect, but that which is the thrill of thrills is the widespread use of rich wool materials for the evening apparel.

If you have the right slant on that which is truly high style you will wear over your prettiest formal gown to the opera, horse show, or to your favorite dine-and-dance rendezvous, a floor length cape (three-quarter length if you prefer) of broadcloth, duvetyn, or nubby tweed or even fine jersey, as some few Paris designers now sponsor.

For the more casual and workmanlike modes, smartly patterned flannels are shown in gay young stripes, checks and geometrical designs that yield to flattering tailored treatment emphasizing square-shouldered lines with mannish details to accent, by way of contrast, the femininity of the beautifully molded silhouette. To the left in the picture you will see just such a garment. It is of deep wine flannel with a smart white pin stripe, the same distinctively tailored in a wraparound robe which is at once chic and practical. It has broad padded shoulders, slit pockets and tailored shawl collar and is built on graceful fitted and flared lines. A self-fabric sash is tied casually at the waist.

In keeping with the mood for elegance that dominates current styles, there is a decided tendency to embellish these lovely at-home flannels with glistening trimmings and bright metallic touches also lavish embroidery, beading and fringe that contrasts to perfection the smooth richness of the fabric. For closings all the fashion world loves the new decorative slide fasteners that run the full length of the garment. See centered in the group the slender sculptured lines of a fitted woolen robe in rich blue flannel enlivened with contrasting tri-colored bands that make a perfect setting for the neck-to-hemline slide fastener that gleams so brightly against its gaily colorful background.

A diagonal zipper glittering with gold sequins is striking against the jet black of a gracefully draped robe in soft lightweight flannel, as shown to the right in the group. From a slender, high-built waist the wraparound skirt falls in soft flowing lines and the well-cut sleeves are slightly puffed at the shoulders. Silk cord with gold pointed ends ties at the neck for flattering effect.

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STREAMLINE GOWN

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Streamliners are what they call the stunning party dresses that made their bow with the opening of the New York automobile show. The handsomely gowned young woman here pictured was photographed as she stood admiring one of the new-model streamline cars. She is wearing a dinner suit of uncut black silk velvet with emphasis on the word silk for there is an insistent and increasing demand for materials of sterling quality that bear an air of distinction. The smart fitted jacket has appliques of gold kid flowers. The applique idea is a fashion highlight this winter, carried out not only in gold on black which leads, but other very effective designing is being achieved with patent leather or suede appliqued motifs. The hat worn with this voguish costume is a black Persian coronet.

DESIGNER SETS OUT FASHION SIGNPOSTS

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

From no less an authority than the renowned Schiaparelli comes this foreword in regard to fashions on the way. Says this distinguished style creator: "Signposts signal a new class distinction for black tailored suits, giving them first place in fashion's relay."

They flash "go" to innumerable jersey stockings to match sports blouses in same material; pailletted bowknots; all the tinsel decorations of a Christmas tree directed in fashion channels.

The signals tell us the road lies straight ahead to long legs, a higher waistline and a covered throat, to draped sleeves and draped blouses, to bust length jackets, to jewels you never saw before made to flash from jacket lapels and so the story of fashion unfolds.

Coat Silhouettes Varied in Fashions for Winter

Coats for the coming winter have refused to conform to any one silhouette. Paris designers show sheath-like tubular coats that are sometimes edged with a band of fox at the bottom; straight, loose coats that are full-length and occasionally made with extra fullness in the back; or of classic lines, nipped in at the waist and flared to the hemline.

Generally speaking, broad shoulders have given way to a more natural line, waistlines frequently are accented, and plain, close-fitting necklines are new. Fur panels often give importance to straight-cut skirts, and lavish use of fur is seen at all of the leading fashion houses.

Leopard and Green Used in Smart Paris Costume

Touches of fine fur on wool dresses are important as trimming now. One smart form-fitting ensemble seen in a Paris collection is of soft deep green wool with long slide fastener closing at the front, slightly accentuated shoulders and bows of leopard at throat and belt fastening. It is worn with boxy leopard jacket and matching green turban, leopard trimmed. It is "sporty" enough to cheer your favorite football team on to victory and smart enough for any afternoon function.

Latest Tips From World Fashion Centers

Wear bright color accessories with black.

Many designers are using black fox for big luxurious collars or revers on coats.

Heim specializes in peasant trims of Balkan inspiration in his current collection.

Satin makes a number of smart blouses—simple styles for morning, long overblouses for afternoon.

Chin straps for hats have returned to style.

Chenille caps are rivaling those of suede and contributing a dressier emphasis to youthful costumes.

Socks that tie around the ankle are the answer to many a college girl's prayer.

It has been years since couturieres have shown such a profusion of costly and luxurious furs.

GOOD TASTE TODAY by EMILY POST

World's Foremost Authority on Etiquette

© Emily Post.

Night Club Is No Place for Unescorted Women

DEAR Mrs. Post: (1) In a great city such as New York or Chicago, is it considered proper today for two young ladies to go to a night club without men companions? I use the word "ladies" in order to make the distinction clear. (2) And in their home town, which has a population of about a hundred thousand but which has its "gay white way" too, does your same answer as to No. 1 apply?

Answer: It is not possible to think of ladies as going to a night club—meaning any public one—alone. Whether they would even be admitted at all to them, I am not sure. At a real club, meaning one to which only actual members are admitted and where young women members would be sure to find themselves among people they know (as they would at a neighborhood country club), it might be (though even this is doubtful) quite all right for them to go. These answers apply to both places but in the case you mention it is not likely that they could be members and well known at a private club in a strange city.

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You Needn't Return Social Favors in Kind

DEAR Mrs. Post: Within the past few months I have been invited by the same person to a tea, a bridge luncheon and to several big buffet parties. All these parties have been very grand. I can not make a return that in any way is proportionate to my obligations. The only thing I can do is ask several people at one time or ask this hostess to the theater perhaps, although she is not an intimate friend and these invitations of mine are necessarily so personal. What would you suggest?

Answer: All hostesses who entertain constantly invite those whom they like and who help to make their parties successful either by being very ornamental or amusing, or in any case friend-making. If you can find out the date of her birthday or their wedding anniversary, or other special occasion to her, or if not, then merely any special day on the calendar—for instance, Valentine's day—send her a present of flowers or a plant.

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Novel Shower Idea

DEAR Mrs. Post: Have you ever written anything about asking both men and girls to a shower for their friend who is to marry soon? Almost all the showers I have ever heard of, and certainly those I have ever been to, were women's parties, but I thought perhaps it would be fun to have an evening party and ask both so that afterwards we could take up the rugs and dance. And if men might be included, is there any type of shower which you think would be more suitable? Had I given the party for girls, I would have named it a lingerie shower and asked the bride's friends to bring presents all of that one type.

Answer: It seems to me that somewhere I have heard of a mixed shower. Certainly it would not be a lingerie shower, but I think it would be very amusing to make it a household gadget shower to which the girls send kitchen utensils and the men, tacks and hammers and screws and everything the husband might be expected to need when making himself useful (?) around the house. The men might also give him furniture polish and floor wax and a shoe blacking box.

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Changing Your Name

DEAR Mrs. Post: I have been married twice. My first marriage was such a happy one and we had one son. My husband died and years later I married again, but this marriage was very unhappy. My husband resented my love for my boy, and when I discovered this I left him and went back to business and we were later divorced. I then took my maiden name and everyone calls me by it, with Mrs. as a title, of course. I am leaving business and my son wants me to use his own father's name again. Is it possible to go back to my first marriage in this way, and how can I make this generally known?

Answer: As I am not a lawyer I don't know the legal answer to your question, but I can tell you of many cases where women have for the same reasons that you give taken back their first husband's name when the name was that of their children. Let your friends know and have new visiting cards printed with your name.

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Starting to Eat

IS IT considered impolite to begin eating before everyone at table has been served?

Answer: When two others have been served it is considered entirely polite to begin eating slowly.

WNU Service.

Founding of First Abbey

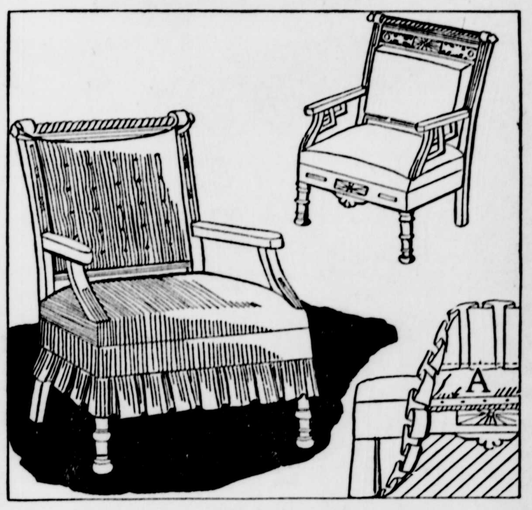
The first abbey was founded A. D. 372 by St. Martin, three kilometers from Tours on the site of the commune of Sainte Radegonde. The first abbey on British soil, says Literary Digest, was founded at Bangor in 560.

Granting Patents

Of the leading nations of the world which have granted the greatest number of patents the United States leads, France is second, Great Britain third, [illegible] fourth

HOW TO SEW

by Ruth Wyeth Spears



Making Over a Chair of the Ginger-Bread Era.

TO modernize the old walnut chair at the right the pieces under the arms were removed and most of the carving covered up. The padding at the back was removed entirely and replaced by a fiber board which was covered by a loose cotton filled cushion tufted like an old fashioned bed comfort except that the tied thread ends of the tufting were left on the wrong side.

This back cushion was fastened in place with tapes that slipped over the knobs at the ends of the upper carving. If the knobs to hold the cushion had been lacking it could have been tacked in place along the top on the under side by using a strip of heavy cardboard to keep the tacks from pulling through the fabric as shown here for tacking the box pleated ruffle around the seat as at A. A plain rust colored heavy cotton upholstery material was used for the covering.

Every Homemaker should have a copy of Mrs. Spears' new book, SEWING. Forty-eight pages of step-by-step directions for making slipcovers and dressing tables; restoring and upholstering chairs, couches; making curtains for every type of room and purpose. Making lampshades, rugs, ottomans and other useful articles for the home. Readers wishing a copy should send name and address, enclosing 25 cents, to Mrs. Spears, 210 South Desplaines St., Chicago, Illinois.

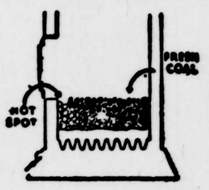
Home Heating Hints

By John Barclay, Heating Expert

Don't Shake Down Low Fire—Give Fresh Coal Good Start Then Shake Grates Gently

THERE'S a little fault with the firing method of quite a few home-owners that I should like to correct. They have a mistaken idea that when a fire is low, all they have to do is to shake the grates vigorously and the fire will flare up again.

Nothing could be further from the fact. A shallow, half-burned-out fire cannot be revived by shaking most of the remaining coals



into the ashpit. The simple way to revive it is to add a sprinkling of fresh coal, giving it time to ignite. When it is burning well, shake the grates gently, stopping when the first red glow shows in the ashpit.

Then refuel the fire, remembering to fill the firebox to the level of the bottom of the fire door. This will provide a deep fire, which is considerably more economical than a shallow one, for it burns less coal and lasts a longer period of time. Also, it minimizes the attention you have to give a shallow fire in trying to revive it.

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Favorite Recipe of the Week

Cranberry Jelly With Waldorf Salad.

ONE of the most refreshful tasting, and attractive looking salads is that of cranberry jelly and waldorf salad. It is effective to use for a buffet supper and blends well with any meat, fowl or casserole dish that is to accompany it.

Select a good size chop platter and place the well seasoned salad in the center of the dish and around it arrange pieces of cranberry jelly. Canned cranberry jelly is convenient to use because it always jellies, is firm and easy to cut, and is available in most markets. The slices may be left round, cut into halves, quarters or into fancy shapes by using a special cutter. The following ingredients will be needed.

1 can cranberry jelly
2 apples
1 cup sliced celery
Mayonnaise

If the apple has lovely red skin you may prefer to leave it on; otherwise, peel the apple and cut into pieces. Combine the apple with the celery and blend with mayonnaise. You may like some salt added to the apples. Arrange the salad as directed.

To get the cranberry jelly out of the can easily, cut both ends off the can.

MARJORIE H. BLACK.

HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS

For Meringues.—Eggs that are several days old make better meringues than fresh ones.

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Preparing Starch.—Stir a piece of lard about as big as a five-cent piece into your starch while it is boiling. Your clothes will take on a nice gloss, and the iron will not stick.

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Preserving Stockings.—Because perspiration acids are among the worst enemies of good hose, clothing experts advise washing stockings after each wearing—in lukewarm water with mild soap.

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For Cooling Cakes.—An ordinary wire dish-drying rack makes a good cake cooling rack when turned upside down.

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Herring Salad.—Boil and cut up about six potatoes as for potato salad. Place in a bowl with two pickled herrings (boned and cut into strips), a hard-boiled egg chopped fine, and a grated apple. Make a dressing of 2 tablespoonfuls each of cream, salad oil, vinegar, and pepper to taste, and pour over salad.

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Watering House Plants.—Rinse water from milk bottles will make house plants healthy and vigorous.

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Selecting Meats.—Good beef or pork or calves' liver is very bright in color and has little odor. Remember these points when selecting it.

666 checks COLDS and FEVER first day
LIQUID, TABLETS SALVE, NOSE DROPS
Headache, 30 minutes.
Try "Rub-My-Tism"—World's Best Liniment

Belief Necessary

You have to believe in happiness or happiness never comes.—Douglas Malloch.

Constipated?

Many doctors recommend Nujol because of its gentle action on the bowels. Don't confuse Nujol with unknown products.
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Ma!
I got my name in the paper!
Only Newspapers bring the news of vital interest to you
Headlines may scream of death and disaster without causing you to raise an eyebrow. But if your son gets his name in the paper — that's real news!
It isn't by accident that this paper prints so many stories which vitally interest you and your neighbors. News of remote places is stated briefly and interpreted. Local news is covered fully, because all good editors know that the news which interests the readers most is news about themselves.
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