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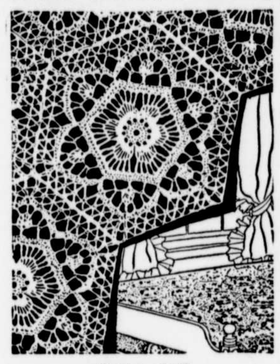

Pattern 1443

dresser or table scarf, or perchance a cloth could also be your choice. It may be done in one or a combination of colors. Pattern 1443 contains detailed directions for making the 8¾ inch medallion shown and joining it for a variety of articles; illustration of it and of all stitches used; material requirements; color suggestions.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

Giving and Asking

In offering help, you make a step toward gaining a friend; in asking it, you please by this mark of confidence. The result of this will be a constant habit of mutual forbearance, and a fear to be disobliging in matters of greater importance.

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THE STORY'S END

By WILMER RIGHTER

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FREDERICKA paused in the hall to glare scornfully at the opposite flat. With equal disdain she turned up her nose already tip-tilted by Nature. Then she smiled at her wasted energy. No hateful Rod Bradford lurked this morning behind that closed door to be impaled by her contempt. He had brazenly telephoned her boarding house the preceding day, he must leave town on a short trip. A cheeky message Freddie had answered by banging the receiver back on its hook.

What cared she, where he went? Let that Monica What's-her-name mourn his absence. As for redheaded Freddie Harding, Rod had passed out of her life forever! If he preferred brunettes to blondes, that was his affair. And as for his absurd tale, that he had taken that sloe-eyed, raven-haired creature to dinner and the movies merely to be polite to the daughter of his mother's dearest friend . . . Horse feathers!

As Freddie sped lightly downstairs to look in the mailbox, again her lips curved. What a joke on Rod this would be, when he heard, his former sweetheart had lived for a week, unknown to him, right across from his rooms in those of Rose Shubert, the friend of them both! A joke in truth! But one that Rose must spring. Never again did Freddie intend even to notice that fickle playboy!

Her errand finished, her hasty progress back to the flat ended abruptly on the topmost step. Her door stood wide open! Stealthily she tip-toed forward in the knitted slippers she was wearing, that no noisy heels might betray her presence in the supposedly empty rooms. Timidly she peeped into the living room. Empty! A false alarm after all!

Hurriedly slamming the door but neglecting to release the catch to its lock, she walked to her typewriter. The sooner she finished her present story for "Flippant Romances," the more quickly could she start another. Thanks to Rose's kindness in loaning Freddie her flat while Rose was out west, before her stretched an entire week of uninterrupted quiet.

"I say, Rosy-posy! I thought you were away till I found your door unfastened. I got back myself sooner'n I expected. I came to borrow some coffee." A bass voice sounded from the kitchen—Rod's! There was an intruder! Rod, nervy as ever! Better he than some stranger. But Rod was now a stranger! Then came a slip-slapping along the passage. He faced her, handsome as always, his brown hair tousled, a bathrobe hanging open over his pajamas, his feet bare in floppy slippers.

"Fredericka Harding!" he jerked forth. He rubbed his eyes. "Am I still asleep? If so, what a magnificent dream?"

"You look a nightmare!" she taunted.

"And you a lovely vision! . . . But what are you doing here?"

"Telling you to get out!" acutely conscious of her own disordered hair, comfortable kimono and missing stockings.

He grinned. "No can do! . . . My door blew shut! The lock snapped! Rod and Fred are marooned here together!"

"Not if I know it! . . . The key to my door may open yours."

Into the hall she darted. Vainly she strove to turn the latch, while the gentleman blandly watched her. Only, however, for the brief space of a minute or so. Then soprano accents shrilled behind him, "So that's what you're up to! No wonder you failed to meet me at nine, playin' 'round here with this hussy, both of you scarcely dressed!"

"Hussy yourself!" flared the redhead recognizing the hated Monica. "This ninny locked himself out and borrowed my flat key but it won't work. Lucky for him you can let him use yours."

"Whadda you mean, sayin' I've a key to his door?"

Ladies! Ladies!" temporized Roderick, fearing the outbreak of an Amazon war, "You must shake hands on ent'rin the ring. Miss Harding, this is Miss Burton and vice versa. Now let's kiss and make up."

"Kiss your own sweetie!" ejaculated Freddie slipping past Rod into her own living room.

"I'm on my way, too," flashed the brunette. "And as for you, Mr. Bradford, I don't ever wantta see you again!"

As Monica turned away, her enemy gave Rod a shove. "Hurry'n dress," she giggled, "and trot after your pet wild cat."

"Before breakfast?" he demanded. "Not me! . . . when'll that meal be served?"

"Tomorrow morning," crowed Freddie. Then smiling, she added: "Go grab a bite and clear out. This is my busy day!"

Minute after minute the typewriter keys clicked merrily. Line followed line until at the end of the page she stopped to read her manuscript. "Sheer tommy-rot!" she groaned. "Damn it! I can't think straight with all that hullabaloo this morning!"

Hard at work again, she heard the door open and turning to see who was there, she beheld a young man with light hair.

"Mr. Hawthorne!" she faltered, blushingly realizing she was not exactly dressed for company. "What are you doing here?"

"I'm after your script if you can give it to us today."

Freddie's hour of triumph had arrived! Now she would show conceited Rod Bradford he was not the only bluepoint in the stew. By skilfully maneuvering her enraptured visitor into the outside hall and talking to him long enough, she must inevitably attract Rod's attention and set him ablaze with jealousy. Mistakenly she supposed Rod had already returned to his flat, forgetting in his eagerness his locked door.

"I'll do my best," smiled the authoress. "But my thoughts are all upset right now," with a coyly suggestive glance, "Maybe after lunch . . . "

His Heaven sent chance had come! "Why not lunch with me? We can then discuss . . . er . . .er . . . what I wish to say to you. And tonight," pressing his advantage, "how about a show . . . ?"

"Not so fast, fella!" blustered Roderick stepping from his ambush behind the entry curtain, his eyes snapping.

Surprised, Hawthorne forced himself to speak, "I did not know you had a . . . a husband."

"Wrong surmise, me lad!" corrected Rod briskly. "I'm sorry to say, Freddie hasn't picked the winner in the matrimonial sweep . . . I mean, I'm jolly glad, if you grasp it."

"Oh! Shut off the loudspeaker!" Freddie cut in, embarrassed. "Mr. Bradford lives across the hall," she awkwardly explained, "and dropped in to beg a cup of coffee. One has to be charitable."

"But you just moved here," suggested Hawthorne. "Evidently you pick up strange men easily and make them feel quite at home."

"That'll do for you, Mr. Butt-in!" barked Rod. "No more nasty cracks outta you, unless you want one on the jaw!"

Turning to Freddie, Hawthorne spoke, "Good day. Never mind the story."

Tears of vexation flooded the girl's gray orbs. Angrily she exploded, the instant the editor was outside, "Now you've done it! I hate the sight of you! They'll buy nothing more from me! Get back into your flat before I scream! Call the janitor! Phone a locksmith! Use the fire-escape . . . or . . .or . . . "

"How about my key? It'll be less trouble." He brought forth that flat object from his pocket and smiled maliciously.

"So you had it all the time!" she blubbered. "Then be on your way! You've brought me nothin' but . . . "

"Love and kisses!" Vainly she strove to escape Rod's arms. At last she yielded and wept on his manly shoulder.

"My story's rejected and my time wasted!" she sobbed.

"Why not try actin' 'stead of writin' love romances?"

"I'll starve," persisted Freddie.

"We'll do it together." Then more hopefully, "A pal of mine edits 'Life's Drama.' We'll ask him to be best man and make him buy your script. . . . Is it finished?"

"Not quite." Freddie was bewildered and somewhat subdued. "I'm havin' trouble with the ending."

"Is that all? Try this climax." He caught her chin, raising her vivid lips to his eager ones . . . Again he spoke, "What could possibly be better'n this"—another imperatively necessary interruption—"for the story's end?"

Made the First Banjo

At the beginning of the Nineteenth century, a native on the island of Banjoemas, Java, wanted a musical instrument of his own, but having no money to buy it, decided to make one for himself. And so, according to "Fact Digest," he took a cheese box, wrapped a goat skin around one end, attached a handle, added violin strings tuned to the first, third, fifth and eighth notes of an octave, and christened it "banjo," after the first two syllables of the island's name. The idea caught on among the natives, and the instrument eventually arrived in America, where it had a great success. It has achieved international popularity, but when it was first introduced in conventional England it was treated with scorn.

Mystery of Life Cannot Be Explained, Says Noted Brain Wave Specialist

When the man in the street says that, after all, he doesn't know what life is—whether it is electrical or electro-chemical, or what—he is talking, it now develops, just as talks the man who started the wave of experiments on what are called brain waves, states a writer in the New York World-Telegram.

Prof. Hans Berger, of the University of Jana, Germany, who began the work with brain waves—tracings on paper of the electric currents which arise in the brain—confesses now that he believes the mystery of life itself cannot be explained.

All activities of life are accompanied by electrical impulses, the current thus produced being called bioelectric. The English scientist, Caton, was the first who showed that electric currents arise in the brains of the higher animals, dogs and the ape family.

In 1924 Professor Berger showed the existence of these currents in man and devised a method of leading these currents off from the brain so that they can be amplified and charted or recorded, appearing as wavy lines on paper.

Recent study has shown that these waves vary during sleep, consciousness, mental activity, under the influence of anesthetics or sedative drugs, and in certain diseases. Though the waves are different under differing conditions they are always present, showing that the human heart is continually active.

Study of the currents from the brain will, it is hoped, give valuable information about various mental disorders, much as similar studies of the currents from the heart tell certain important things about the condition of that organ. But apparently they will not shed much light on the question of what makes life.

SAVING TIME IN GETTING MEALS

Ready-to-Use Foods Are Big Help in Hot Weather.

By EDITH M. BARBER

THESE are the days when the housekeeper takes advantage of the ready-to-use foods and makes her usual quick meals a matter of minutes as far as their preparation is concerned. Perhaps she will select a variety of sliced cooked meat which may include various types of what we call summer sausages, although most of them can be obtained in winter.

With ham or chicken she may like to use one of the fancy loaves of mixed meats, liverwurst and a salami type of sausage. By the way, if you are pernickety about the usual garlic flavor, you may now get salami minus garlic. And have you tried the very popular new sausages flavored with Angostura bitters? One of two kinds of sliced cheese also may be arranged with the meat and a most attractive platter will result if a garnish of green leaves, parsley and radishes is added.

With a platter of this sort, you may like to serve a smaller platter of relishes, which is colorful and refreshing, if slivers of raw carrots, dill pickles, cucumbers and flowerets of raw cauliflower are arranged in alternating piles.

Left-over cold meats may be made into a most appetizing jellied loaf if thought is taken one evening for the next night's dinner. Gelatin may be soaking, bouillon cubes may be dissolved in boiling water; the two may then be combined while supper is being prepared. The mixture may chill in the refrigerator, while the meat is eaten. Afterward, the meats may be cut into pieces and added with minced celery, carrots, onion and any left over cooked vegetables to the gelatin mixture which has begun to thicken. If this is poured into a loaf pan and put in the refrigerator, the main dish will be ready to serve the next evening with a garnish of mayonnaise, sliced tomatoes and cucumbers, mixed with a French dressing.

Russian Dressing.

½ cup mayonnaise
¼ cup whipped cream
½ cup chili sauce
1 tablespoon minced green pepper

Mix ingredients thoroughly and serve.

Tartare Sauce.

1 cup mayonnaise
2 tablespoons minced parsley
2 tablespoons minced chives or onion
2 tablespoons minced capers
2 tablespoons minced olives
2 tablespoons minced cucumber pickles
1 teaspoon tarragon vinegar

Mix the ingredients thoroughly and serve.

Plum Marmalade.

3 pounds plums
1 pound seeded raisins
3 oranges, cut into small pieces
Juice of two lemons
3 pounds sugar
1 pound chopped nuts

Wash plums, remove stones and cut into small pieces. Add raisins, oranges, lemon juice and sugar to a preserving kettle and let come slowly to a boil. Cook slowly until the fruit is clear and sirup thick. Add nuts, cook one minute and then pour into clean, hot jars. Seal with an eighth of an inch layer of paraffin.

Raspberry Jam.

Wash raspberries and crush them. Weigh the crushed berries and add three-fourths as much sugar by weight. Boil mixture until it is thick and clear. Long boiling should be avoided, because it makes the jam dark and strong. Pack hot into clean jars and seal immediately.

Poached Eggs on Toast

6 eggs
1 tablespoon butter
Salt
6 slices toast

Melt butter. Turn out fire. Break the eggs into a small dish, slip into the pan, cover and let stand three to five minutes. When of the desired consistency, remove and serve on buttered toast. Dot with butter and add pepper if desired.

Baked Beans.

1 quart beans
½ pound salt pork
1½ teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon mustard
½ cup molasses
Boiling water

Soak the beans in cold water overnight. Drain, cover with fresh water, and cook until soft. Drain and place in an earthen bean-pot. Bury the meat in the beans. Mix salt, mustard and molasses, and add one-fourth cup boiling water. Pour over the beans and add enough boiling water to cover. Cover, and bake in a slow oven, 250 degrees Fahrenheit, eight hours.

Fruit Salad Dressing.

½ cup sugar
⅓ cup melted butter
¼ teaspoon dry mustard
Pinch of salt
1 egg
1 tablespoon vinegar
1 tablespoon pineapple juice

Cream butter and sugar, add dry ingredients, add to beaten egg and beat together; then add vinegar and pineapple juice and cook in double boiler until thick, stirring all the time.

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Room Schemes Blend

The living room and dining room in a modern apartment recently opened appear to be one large room until the curtains between are drawn. The same upholstery fabrics are used in both. The only contrast is found in the colors of the walls, which are painted dark blue in the dining room and parchment color in the living room. The ceiling color is the same in both rooms and a dark blue rug with red and white border covers the floor of both.

Household Hints

By BETTY WELLS

LETA M. turned a deaf ear to everybody's ideas about her house . . . all her friends and relations were advocating white. But that wasn't what Leta had in mind at all.

"I always did want to live in a brown house," said she, "ever since I can remember. When I was ten, Father promised to have our gray house done over in brown the next time he painted it. But when that time came he bought me off for a quarter and had it gray again. I've never gotten over it. So when Theo and I got this old house we decided it would be brown before the deeds were signed. So don't talk to me about white."

We saw Leta's point. Though white houses are nice, they're pretty usual, and so it's fun to be a little different. Brown has a comfortable air about it, a pleasantly withdrawn satisfied manner that makes a brown house nestle back in its trees complacently, oblivious to the world going by.

We don't really have anything against white. In fact other things being equal, it's the best color of all, so starched and fresh it looks.

"I Always Did Want to Live in a Brown House."

And there are ways of giving it distinction; white with red shutters, or even red window shades, Venetian blinds or awnings pep up a house. And here's pink again bobbing up for shutters at a white house. Robins's egg blue is another nice shutter-color for a white house.

It's fun to stray a little from the straight and narrow path of convention when it comes to color if it's for an informal house, or a house of nondescript design. We can even imagine places and people who could go Bavarian with fancy designs painted on the front of the house.

But for the more formal dignified house, better stick to tradition and be very white and austere if that's its traditional color.

• • •

Smart and Welcoming

"Before" and "after" pictures always fascinate us. We love to see those photographs of mountainous women suddenly grown smartly sylph-like, those wrinkled worried faces miraculously smooth and untroubled. And particularly, do we like those pictures of dull, drab uninteresting rooms made over into pleasant, smart and welcoming interiors. We should have liked a "before" and "after" picture of a bedroom we saw recently.

Before it had been a typical bedroom—a suite of mahogany furniture, tie-back curtains and roses-and-leaves draperies, a rather nondescript paper on the walls and loads of family pictures trying to decorate the walls and only succeeding in giving a cluttered effect. An ingenious homemaker, plus the aid of a painter and paper-hanger, changed all that into a room of infinite charm.

The walls were repapered in a plain white satin-striped pattern—the stripes wide and very "new" looking. The ceiling was painted a lovely, watery green. This home-

Reframing Old Pictures Makes All the Difference.

maker made her own curtains for the three windows. She bought yards and yards of white fine French voile and made straight-hanging, very full glass curtains which came to the floor. At the top of each window she swag-draped a length of heavy green silk cording with long green silk tassels falling at the high points of the drapery. A white silk bedspread, corded with the green silk rope carried that note to its logical conclusion.

Family pictures were reframed in unusual small oval and shadow box frames and grouped in one corner of the room, and several fine French engravings took their places on the more important walls. These were framed uniformly in pale green with a narrow gold mat around each picture. The room was carpeted in a deep blue-green and a really luxurious white throw-rug was placed in front of the dressing table. A small gilt French chair was bought to replace the old dressing table bench and a slipper chair was reupholstered in a white striped silk. The entire "after" scene was different, charming and very modern.

© By Betty Wells —WNU Service.

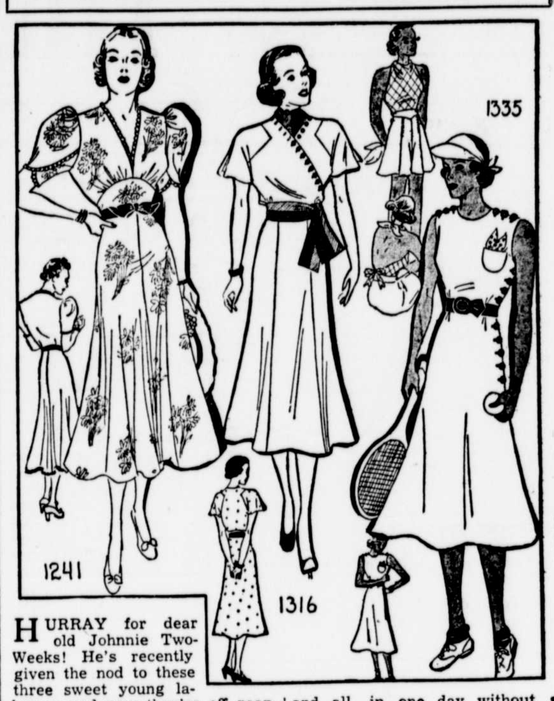
Taupe Origin

The color term, "Taupe," originated in France in the early Nineteenth century and was immediately adopted into English. The word, according to the Maerz and Paul "Dictionary of Color," means "mole"—the name of the little burrowing animal.

Kitchen in Three Colors

When using three colors to decorate a kitchen, it is well to remember that two light colors combine well with one of a darker tone.

Fashions at Vacationland



HURRAY for dear old Johnnie Two-Weeks! He's recently given the nod to these three sweet young laborers and now they're off reaping the rewards. Yes, they're vacationing — and how! But, of course, Sew-Your-Own had them dressed right up to the hilt. There was a luscious array of sports togs, including a trig sun 'n' fun suit, all occasion dresses, and charmingly young informal dinner frocks, and — well, just about everything a girl could wear.

Chic in Chiffon.

Miss M, picturesque blonde, above, left, knows what glamour is and how to have it. That's why she chose this softly feminine frock with its swirling skirt and delicately slim waist. You should see her of an evening in the outdoor terrace. She's a picture in black gossamer chiffon trimmed with white satin. And to think, she made it all herself!

Cunning in Cotton.

Miss B, above, center, and center of attraction at the Surf club, has everything under perfect control as she strolls along the boardwalk. With not a care in her pretty head, and lots of streamlining in her natty little sports dress, she walks with confidence and pride. She has a clever way of achieving variety by switching scarfs and belts. In fact, she's so clever she made this little number, button holes and all, in one day without a hitch.

Miss Y, the sports enthusiast at the right, says that her three piece ensemble is so very, very and practical she wears it almost to the exclusion of her other frocks. Her idea is to soak up as much sunshine as possible, and that's pretty easy to do when she wears the halter and shorts sans dress. Take a tip from Miss Y. Make your version of this ensemble in duplicate for all summer wear. Have one in seersucker, the other in acetate.

The Patterns.

Pattern 1241 is for sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 44 bust). Size 18 requires 4⅝ yards of 39 inch material plus 1½ yards of ribbon, and 3 yards of trimming.

Pattern 1316 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38 bust). Size 14 requires 4 yards of 39 inch material.

Pattern 1335 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38 bust). Size 14 requires 4¾ yards of 39 inch material for the dress and shorts, and 1 yard for the topper. The dress alone requires 3⅜ yards.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 247 W. Forty - third street, New York, N. Y. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

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Hot Weather is Here—Beware of Biliousness!

Have you ever noticed that in very hot weather your organs of digestion and elimination seem to become torpid or lazy? Your food sours, forms gas, causes belching, heartburn, and a feeling of restlessness and irritability. Perhaps you may have sick headache, nausea and dizziness or blind spells on suddenly rising. Your tongue may be coated, your complexion bilious and your bowel actions sluggish or insufficient.

These are some of the more common symptoms or warnings of biliousness or so-called "torpid liver," so prevalent in hot climates. Don't neglect them. Take Calotabs, the improved calomel compound tablets that give you the effects of calomel and salts, combined. You will be delighted with the prompt relief they afford. Trial package ten cents, family pkg. twenty-five cts. At drug stores. (Adv.)

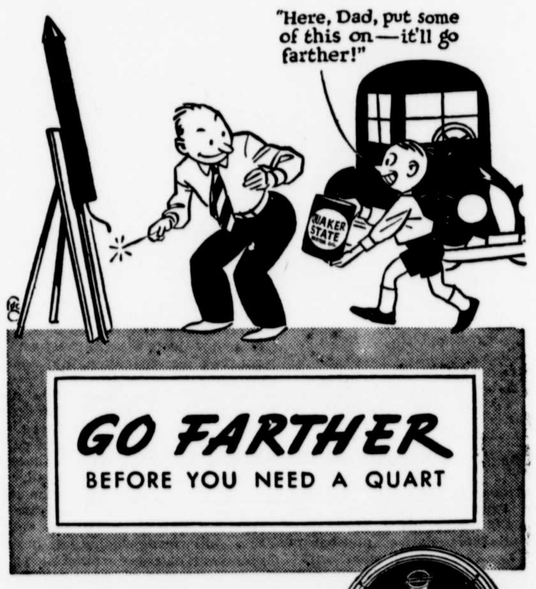
Shipwrecked on Conduct

Among nations and men whoever is shipwrecked is shipwrecked on conduct.—M. Arnold.

Absolute Power

Possession of power changes a man's whole nature, and if it is absolute, seldom for the better.

CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO 5¢ PLUG



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