

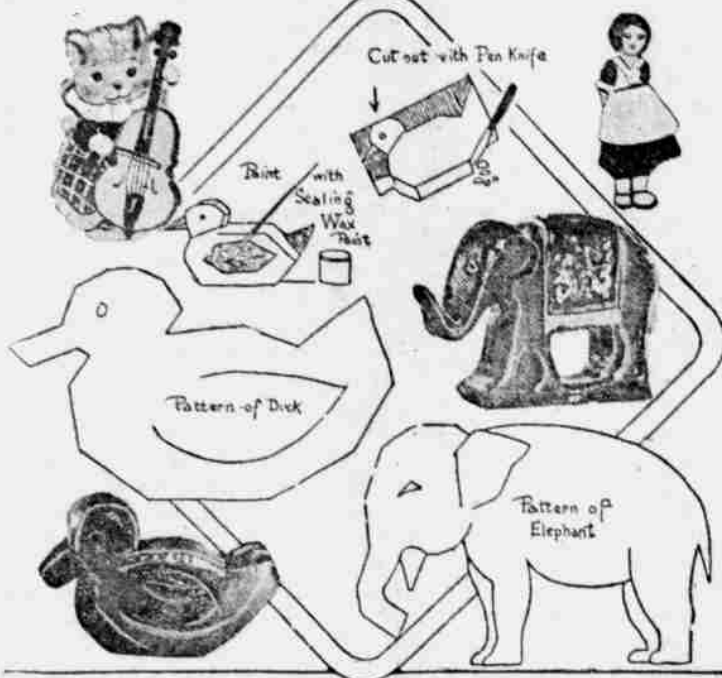
Pretty Things that are Made at Home

WANT to turn rainy, blustery, stay-in-the-house days, also long winter evenings into hours of joy for the children of the household? Easiest thing in the world to do, if you start them carving toys out of soap, beautifying them with sealing wax paint. The work is not only fascinating but instructive as well. Grown-ups themselves will welcome an excuse to show the "kiddies" how, for it's lots of fun making these toys.

In this brief article one cannot go into minute detail but "a word to the wise is sufficient." The materials needed are simple—just an oblong bar or more of white soap that floats, a

here could be enriched with jewel incrustations.

Why not select one's spring suit now? Get the thrill of being swept along on the current of fashion at the beginning of its onrush toward that which is new and "different." If you would be smartly attired on these midseason days which lead on to spring, choose a short-jacket suit of plaid, such as the model in this picture, for the mode is enthusiastic over this type. The new woolen plaids intended for the spring tailor are indeed handsome, but perhaps no more so than the lovely jacquard weaves, or smart tweeds in check formation.



LOTS OF FUN TO MAKE THESE

penknife or a paring knife, and sealing wax of various bright colors, also white or transparent amber.

To prepare the sealing wax paint, break it into small pieces, place each color in a separate little screw-top jar and cover the wax scantily with denatured alcohol. Put the covers on the jars and allow to stand until the sealing wax dissolves, which is usually about twenty-four hours.

In the meantime draw on paper an elephant or a duck. The outline pattern in the picture is half size. Cut this out and stick it on the top surface of the bar of soap so it cannot slip. Then cut away the soap from around the pattern. In other words carve out the toy as if sculpturing.

Now comes the fun of coloring with the sealing wax paint. Any child's

At any rate novelty cloth two-piece suits are the thing for immediate wear and for the weeks to come. Their popularity seems to be assured from the advance notices.

Among points to decide in regard to the new suit is that of double or single breast. Better flip a penny to find out which you'll have, for the mode favors either. And then comes that important subject of pockets, for pockets jauntily positioned are the pride of this season's tailored mode. Oh, yes, in regard to the plaits in the skirt, they may be kick plaits at the front, or they may be grouped at the right side of the front.

The compose idea is especially exploited in the short-jacket mode, such as the jacket of mannish worsted in all black, braid bound at all its edges,



NOVEL SHORT JACKET SUIT

animal picture book is good to refer to for ideas for painting.

The figures of the little girl and the kitty with the guitar which you see, are photographs of real pictures, such as one can cut out of gay printed crepe tissue paper. These can be used the same as patterns. After the carving out of the figure, it can be gone over with sealing wax paint.

Not only do these carved figures make pretty toys, but as ornamental figures for the mantel or the cabinet they furnish a gay note of color.

If these carved figures are to be used as ornaments, tiny colored jewels can be pressed in for eyes, doing so while the sealing-wax paint is still moist. The gorgeously painted rug thrown over the elephant as pictured

with a skirt of gray and black striping. For immediate wear many are preferring a little velvet coat with a plaid skirt.

Sounding an entirely new note are youthful suits in homespun or tweed with collar facing and belts of flat fur, preferably calfskin in solid beige, or in spotted white and beige, or black spotted with white. The entire ensemble is carried out in harmonizing or, rather, blended colors.

Suits in solid colored tweeds will be good. Ever so much is being said in regard to navy blue, for which fashion declares a coming successful season.

In smooth surfaced cloth suits the trend is to intricate seaming with conventional use of pin-tucks.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.
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THEIR PHOPHECY CAME TRUE

By KIRT BRADY

(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)

JIM BENNETT and Arthur Royce were described as the two boys in the village who least resembled each other. Bennett was selling newspapers when he was seven and planning a monopoly among village magazine subscribers. Arthur Royce at that age was described as the best pupil in the Sunday school. Naturally, Jim was the favorite among the townspeople, who admired his good deal more than they admired sanctity.

However, Arthur was not sanctimonious. He was just a hard-working, docile sort of chap. At fifteen he was clerking in a store to support his widowed mother, and turning in his eight dollars a week to eke out her Civil war pension. At the same age Jim Bennett was expelled from school as incorrigible, and being laughed at and petted by his adoring parents, who were already planning his college career. Thomas Bennett was president of two banks and reputed to be rolling in money.

At the same age Millicent Patterson was publicly telling Arthur that she preferred Jim anyhow, because he wasn't a milkop, and besides, Jim was rich and she meant to marry a wealthy man when she grew up.

"I'm going to be wealthy," answered Arthur, setting his teeth, "and you're going to marry me."

Millicent was secretly impressed, but she made short work of Arthur's pretensions. "I wouldn't marry you in a million years," she said. "The man I marry must go to college."

Arthur planned to work his way through college, but his mother lived through a long period of invalidism, and that put an end to his ambitious plans. What happened was that Bennett, senior, took the boy into his bank, where at twenty-two, he was earning twenty dollars a week. Soon afterward Bennett senior died, leaving the banks to Jim, and Jim came home from college with the expressed intention of making things hum.

Millicent and Arthur were on speaking acquaintance, but the young fellow had never got much further with her. When Jim came home there was not much doubt whom she preferred. She did not take much pains to hide it from Arthur, either.

Arthur went to work for Jim, who considerably raised his salary to thirty dollars. He told him, with a grin, that he would be able to get married on it, if he lived frugally.

By this time Jim Bennett and Millicent Patterson were as good as engaged, in the opinion of the townspeople. Jim Bennett operated a car—two cars, for the matter of that, and the two were to be seen together everywhere. People went so far as to say that if they were not engaged they ought to be.

They were engaged, but what determined Millicent to have it announced was the behavior of Arthur Royce. He was calling on her by this time, and one evening he seemed somehow different from what he usually was. Millicent said to herself, with a laugh, that he was falling in love with her. But she was not prepared for his sudden proposal, nor for the tragic way in which he took her refusal.

"I always told you I'd marry a rich man and a college man, and you are neither, Arthur," said Millicent.

"And I told you I would marry you, and I will," answered the boy.

"Maybe you will," replied the girl, "but I'm going to marry Mr. Bennett first, anyway." She stretched out a slim, white hand. "This is my engagement ring," she said. "Isn't it pretty?"

Arthur ran from the house. A week later the engagement was announced. Somehow there lurked the rudiments of a heart in Millicent. She was sorry for Arthur, and she said nothing about his proposal to Jim.

But that was what was at the back of her request that the announcement should be made. Nobody was greatly surprised, and everyone said that she was a lucky girl, and maybe Jim Bennett would steady down a bit with her hand on the checkrein.

They were married in the community church, and the wedding was the event of the week. There were columns about it in the papers. Arthur read them in his hall bedroom. His grip lay packed on the bed. He had resolved to run away, anywhere, without notice, but when he had finished reading them he suddenly sat up and squared his shoulders.

"I'll stay," he said. "And I'll get her. Somehow—in heaven if not on earth."

Which expression, though far-fetched, might be pardonable in a young fellow of twenty-three.

Jim Bennett had made things hum when he returned from college, as he had said he would, and he kept up the process after his return from the honeymoon. During the next two years Jim Bennett and his wife made the money fly. They inhabited the finest home in the town, and life was for them a succession of entertainments and pleasures. Arthur Royce was now getting forty a week. Bennett never saw him and seemed to have forgotten him. But Millicent bowed. There is something about a rejected lover that makes a woman feel tender toward him.

Two years passed and Bennett be-

came a financial leader in the place. A few who watched knew that his affairs were unstable. Arthur was among these. And for Millicent's sake he dreaded the crash that must come. But Bennett plunged more wildly, until the banks were tottering upon the verge of the precipice, while Bennett juggled with his millions and refused to look facts in the face.

He treated his wife badly, too, everyone knew. There were reports of his infatuation for several women successively. Arthur saw Millicent rarely, but he noticed the progressive look of unhappiness upon her face.

Bennett began to notice Royce again. He raised him to fifty, chiefly because another bank, an old, conservative institution, wanted to get hold of him. Arthur would hardly have left, but he had an instinct against leaving his present bank when it was in difficulties.

One day the truth came out. Arthur had been sent to Bennett's house on an important errand. He found Bennett out, but as he was about to leave Millicent came in.

"What did he send you for?" she cried hysterically.

"The manager sent me, Mrs. Bennett. It was about a private matter."

"A banking matter?"

"Yes."

She burst into tears. "I thought he sent you to taunt me," she cried. "He has told me I ought to have married you. O, I am so wretched."

She cried on his shoulder. During that interval the young man learned many things—of Bennett's infidelity, of his dishonor. He had made her life a misery from the day they were married.

Presently she grew calm. "I should not have spoken in this way," she said. "But sometimes I think of the old days—do you ever remember them, Arthur?"

Somehow the boy tore himself away. Remember them? When they lay upon his mind forever?

Somehow he managed to leave. His last memory of Millicent was of a pale-faced woman who watched him at the door pathetically, as if nothing in life was worth living for.

Faster and faster Bennett's banks careened toward disaster. The coming crash was clear to everybody now. Bennett himself went about with an anxious face and glum expression. It was at first a matter of months, then one of weeks—then people just waited.

Arthur Royce waited. He was thinking all the time of Millicent and wondering what she would do.

One afternoon Bennett sent for Arthur to come to his house. Arthur had not been there since that last interview with Millicent. He did not like the task; but he went, because it was part of his duty.

"Mr. Bennett is in his library, sir," said the butler. "He said you were to go right in when you came."

Arthur went in. He saw Bennett seated at his desk. Bennett did not look up, and when Arthur approached he saw that he was quite dead, with a bullet hole through his head. Upon the desk was a letter addressed to him. Arthur opened it.

"Take her. She loves you," was all that it contained.

Arthur never quite remembered the details of the following hour—his hurried summons of a doctor, the terrified servants; lastly Millicent, whom he had vainly tried to keep out of the room, standing before her husband's body. And she wrung her hands, and all she could say was:

"I meant to leave him tomorrow."

"It was six months before Arthur saw Millicent Bennett again. She had been traveling. When she came back she went to her old home. She announced that she was going to open a school. All the heartlessness seemed to have died when Bennett died.

But Arthur had other plans for her. "Do you remember, dear," he said to her one day, "how I used to tell you you would marry me, and your own prophecy? Yours has come true. Now make mine true. I am going to take over the management of the Fifth National next month, and—dearest, I have loved you so long."

And Arthur thus came into his own.

The Record

Alexander Simpson, the prosecutor in the Hall case, told a story at a dinner in Trenton.

"Talking about bribery and corruption," he said, "I heard of a remarkable case the other day. For sheer brazen audacity it would be hard to beat.

"As a court crier came out of court for his luncheon one day the plaintiff in a damage suit stepped up to him and said:

"I beg your pardon, but you know the judge, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," said the crier.

"The plaintiff took out a two-dollar bill.

"Please give him this with my compliments," he said, "and tell him there are plenty more where it came from!"

Women's Fire Brigade

The first women's fire brigade in Germany has been formed in the village of Oberjoch, situated high up in the Alleghuer Alps. It came into being because the housewives of the town, solicitous for the safety of their homes, were not satisfied that the existing fire brigade, comprising virtually all the brawny males in the hamlet, afforded sufficient means of protection should a big fire break out in their absence at work in the forests. The women fire-fighters, however, are for the most part not less husky than the men.

The Kitchen Cabinet

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To everything there is a reason, and a time to every purpose under the heaven. A time to weep and a time to laugh; a time to mourn and a time to dance.—Ecclesiastes.

FOOD IN SEASON

A very nice dish that the German cooks prepare, which is very appetizing is:

Red Cabbage.—Shred very fine and put on to cook in a little water, let cook slowly, adding salt, butter and the sirup from pickled peaches to season. Cook for three hours to have the cabbage well seasoned.

Baked Dried Peaches.—Soak one pound of dried peaches overnight. Place in a deep dish, sprinkle with cinnamon and pour over them one-fourth of a cupful of sirup or honey. Cover with cold water and bake until nearly tender, add one tablespoonful of butter and finish baking.

Potatoes With Cheese Sauce.—Boil potatoes in their jackets, peel and cool and then cut into slices or with a French cutter into balls. Scald one pint of milk. Cook together two tablespoonfuls of butter and flour, add salt and pepper and a little minced parsley. When the flour is well cooked with the butter add the milk, and when well cooked together add a cupful of finely flavored cheese.

Pimento Bisque.—This is such a pretty soup that it will do for state occasions. Put through a ricer one can of pimentos, add two teaspoonfuls of salt, one-half teaspoonful of tabasco sauce, one-half cupful of cream and three pints of chicken stock. Boil up before adding the cream. Serve in cups.

Cream of Chestnuts.—Peel and blanch three cupfuls of large chestnuts. Cook for half an hour in boiling water to cover, add two cupfuls of chicken stock and cook until the nuts are tender, then rub through a sieve and reheat, adding salt, pepper and butter to season. Serve with hot, split and buttered toasted crackers. Just before serving add two cupfuls of boiling cream.

Benares Salad.—Grate fresh coconut, add twice the measure of finely diced apple, a tablespoonful of each of chopped red pepper and onion, salt, cayenne to season and serve on lettuce with French dressing. Use the coconut milk with the oil and vinegar in making the dressing.

Mock Terrapin.—Take a pound and a half of veal cut into small pieces after cooking until tender. Add a small bunch of sliced celery, two hard-cooked eggs diced, salt, pepper and grated onion to taste. Prepare a white sauce, using a pint of milk, four tablespoonfuls each of flour and butter cooked together before the milk is added. Season well with salt and pepper and pour over the prepared meat. Serve with toasted bread.

Helpful Hints

Vegetables because of their bulk, form a large part of our necessary food.

Vegetables are rich in mineral salts and acids as well as the growth determinants called vitamins, which are invaluable in the diet of the child at any time.

Fried cornmeal mush is a food "which will stay by" until another meal. Bits of chopped meat, chicken or dried fruits added to the mush will make it more tasty and nourishing. Cut into slices and fry for breakfast.

Less butter is used on griddle cakes if a little is added to the sirup used on the cakes.

Gum camphor in the silver chest will keep it from tarnishing.

Clean the painted walls of the kitchen on a damp day or with the room steaming with hot water; this lessens the work by half.

A little paraffin rubbed over the kitchen range will keep it from getting rusty.

Always save all the paraffin from the tops of jelly glasses, wash it carefully and it is ready to melt and use again.

Muriatic acid will clean sinks and all bathroom porcelains. Rinse thoroughly after using or it is apt to remove the glaze if left on too long. This acid is very poisonous and should be used with care.

A cupful of any kind of good flavored cheese finely chopped or grated, added to a white sauce is good over toast or as a sauce for scalloped onions, cabbage or potatoes.

Sour milk when used in cakes makes a more moist, tender and better flavored product, and it keeps longer. Use one-half teaspoonful of soda to a cupful of thick sour milk.

To keep a juicy pie from boiling over add a small paper funnel in the opening. The juice will boil up in this and go back into the pie.

Make over worn tablecloths and put away for emergency cases.

When roasting chicken place it in the roasting pan breast side down and baste frequently. The juices will season the breast and make it better flavored.

Can tops are easily ruined by using a knife to cut round the edges when opening the can.

Nellie Maxwell

COLDS COST MONEY

It is estimated that a sufferer from colds loses three days' time from work in a year.

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Passing of Community Singing Loss to World

"What has happened to community singing, which did its part in winning the war and afterward made life merrier for age as well as youth?" asks the Independent, Boston. There is a dearth of it now, and even when one finds it the old gusto is gone and the listless choruses drag through to a drooping end. This ought not to be. There is much more than a social heart warming in popular song, important as that may be in our congregate country. The individual's own stimulus is most important of all, for he ought to "go forth to life" with spirit and power.

One cannot listen in church, which ought to be the greatest place for community song, without wondering why the gift has fallen into disuse. People mechanically go through the form of opening their hymn books and rising, and then seem abashed into silence by the sound of their own voices.

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Too Bad

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Flora—I was in hope that you could confirm it.

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