

# Mrs. Johnson is here!

**She will call on you by appointment PHONE NOW—NO OBLIGATION!**

Mrs. Nellie Johnson, the celebrated authority on home ironing, is here to help you with your ironing problems. During her limited visit, she will call on you by appointment and give you interesting and educational advice about your weekly ironing. Her schedule will be made up in the order appointments are made. Some have already spoken in advance, so avoid disappointment by calling at once.

**She will do your ironing absolutely FREE**

In addition to her valuable advice, Mrs. Johnson will do your ironing absolutely FREE. She will show you the easy, modern way of doing a formerly burdensome task. You will be amazed to see your whole week's ironing finished so quickly and perfectly in less than an hour.

**Here for limited time only**

Mrs. Johnson will be here for a short time only. You will like Mrs. Johnson, and appreciate her helpful advice. Do not miss this opportunity to solve your weekly ironing problems. Phone today.



**The World's Leading Ironer—**  
The Junior Simplex Ironer is the lowest priced standard Simplex ever made. It is a real Simplex with all the exclusive Simplex features. In addition illustrated above

- is convenient and useful every day of the week.
- is particularly adapted to the housewife of the small family and the small home.
- has open end. My! how it irons!
- will save hours and hours on ironing day.
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- you can iron easily and comfortably while seated on an ordinary kitchen chair.

The latest model family size Wender "Junior"

**SIMPLEX IRONER**  
The Best Ironer

Mrs. Johnson will accomplish these amazing ironing results on the kitchen size Simplex Ironer. Through years of experience she has found this to be the ideal way of ironing the family wash. She has shown thousands of women how they can have spare time for recreation, an abundant supply of clean linen, and rid themselves of the tired arms and aching back by adopting this new and better way of ironing. During Mrs. Johnson's visit, we are offering the Junior Simplex Ironer for

Only **\$5.00** Down

Table Top \$10.50 additional

These remarkably low terms and Mrs. Johnson's services comprise an offer which we will probably never be able to make again. If you like the ironer, she uses in your home, give it a thorough trial. If you like it, pay only \$5.00 down. If not perfectly satisfied we will come and get it. This will not obligate you in any way.

**Special Limited Sale**

Remember, this extraordinary sale is for a limited time only. It will pay you to investigate this right away. Don't put it off until too late.

## Mountain States Power Company

**SO BIG**

By **EDNA FERBER**

(© Doubleday, Page & Co.)  
WNU Service

He was bored with these women who talked about their weight, figure, lines. He thought it in bad taste. Paula was always rigidly refraining from this or that. It made him uncomfortable to sit at the table facing her; eating his thorough meal while she nibbled fragile curls of Melba toast, a lettuce leaf, and half a sugary grapefruit. It lessened his enjoyment of his own oysters, steak, coffee. He thought that she always eyed his food a little avidly, for all her expressed indifference to it. She was looking a little haggard, too.

"The theater's next door," he said. "Just a step. We don't have to leave here until after eight."

"That's nice." She had her cigarette with her coffee in a mellow, sensuous atmosphere of enjoyment. He was talking about himself a good deal. He felt relaxed, at ease, happy.

"You know I'm an architect—at least, I was one. Perhaps that's why I like to hang around your shop so. I get sort of homesick for the pencils and the drawing board—the whole thing."

"Why did you give it up, then?"

"Nothing in it."

"How do you mean—nothing in it?"

"No money. After the war nobody was building. Oh, I suppose if I'd hung on—"

"And then you became a banker, hm? Well, there ought to be money enough in a bank."

He was a little nettled. "I wasn't a banker—at first. I was a bond salesman."

Her brows met in a little frown. "I'd rather," Dallas said, slowly, "plant one back door of a building that's going to help make this town beautiful and significant than sell all the bonds that ever floated a—whatever it is that bonds are supposed to float."

He defended himself. "I felt that way, too. But you see, my mother had given me my education, really. She worked for it. I couldn't go dubbing

along, earning just enough to keep me. I wanted to give her things. I wanted—"

"Did she want those things? Did she want you to give up architecture and go into bonds?"

"Well—she—I don't know that she exactly—" He was too decent—still too much the son of Selma DeJong—to be able to lie about that.

"You said you were going to let me meet her."

"Would you let me bring her in? Or perhaps you'd even—would you drive out to the farm with me some day. She'd like that so much."

"So would I."

He leaned toward her, suddenly.

"Listen, Dallas. What do you think of me, anyway?" He wanted to know. He couldn't stand not knowing any longer.

"I think you're a nice young man."

"That was terrible. But I don't want you to think I'm a nice young man. I want you to like me—a lot. Tell me, what haven't I got that you think I ought to have? Why do you put me off so many times? I never feel that I'm really near you. What is it I lack?" He was abject.

"Well, if you're asking for it. I do demand of the people I see often that they possess at least a splash of splendor in their makeup. Some people are nine-tenths splendor and one-tenth tawdriness, like Gene Meran. And some are nine-tenths tawdriness and one-tenth splendor, like Sam Huebch. But some people are all just a nice even pink without a single patch of royal purple."

"And that's me, hm?"

He was horribly disappointed, hurt, wretched. But a little angry, too. His pride. Why, he was Dirk DeJong, the most successful of Chicago's younger men; the most promising; the most popular. After all, what did she do but paint commercial pictures for fifteen hundred dollars apiece?

"What happens to the men who fall in love with you? What do they do?" Dallas stirred her coffee thoughtfully. "They usually tell me about it."

"And then what?"

"Then they seem to feel better and we become great friends."

"But don't you ever fall in love with them? Pretty d—d sure of herself. Don't you ever fall in love with them?"

"I almost always do," said Dallas.

He plunged. "I could give you a lot of things you haven't got, purple or no purple."

"I'm going to France in April, Paris."

"What do you mean! Paris. What for?"

"Study. I want to do portraits. Olla."

—He was terrified. "Can't you do them here?"

"Oh, no. Not what I need. I have been studying here. I've been taking life-work three nights a week at the

Art Institute, just to keep my hand in."

"So that's where you are, evenings?" He was strangely relieved. "Let me go with you some time, will you?" Anything. Anything.

She took him with her one evening, steering him successfully past the stern Irishman who guarded the entrance to the basement classrooms; to her locker, got into her smock, grabbed her brushes, went directly to her place, fell to work at once. Dirk blinked in the strong light. He glanced at the dais toward which they were all gazing from time to time as they worked. On it lay a nude woman.

To himself Dirk said, in a sort of panic: "Why, say, she hasn't got any clothes on! My gosh! This is fierce. She hasn't got anything on!" He tried, meanwhile, to look easy, careless, critical. Strangely enough, he succeeded, after the first shock, not only in looking at ease, but feeling so. The class was doing the whole figure in oils.

The model was a moron with a skin like velvet and rose petals. She fell into poses that flowed like cream. Her hair was waved in wooden undulations and her nose was pure vulgarity and her earrings were druz-store pearls in triple strands but her back was probably finer than Helen's and her breasts twin snowdrifts peaked with coral. In twenty minutes Dirk found himself impersonally interested whether that shadow on the model's stomach really should be palated blue or brown.

Even Dirk could see that Dallas' canvas was almost insultingly superior to that of the men and women about her. Beneath the flesh on her canvas there were muscles, and beneath those muscles blood and bone. You felt she had a surgeon's knowledge of anatomy.

It was after eleven when they emerged from the Art Institute doorway and stood a moment together at the top of the broad steps surveying the world that lay before them. Dallas said nothing. Suddenly the beauty of the night rushed up and overwhelmed Dirk. Gorgeousness and tawdriness; color and gloom. At the right, the white tower of the Wrigley building rose wraithlike against a background of purple sky.

Just this side of it a swarm of impish electric lights grinned their message in scarlet and white. In white:

**TRADE AT**

then blackness, while you waited against your will. In red:

**THE FAIR**

Blackness again. Then, in a burst of both colors, in bigger letters, and in a blaze that hurried itself at your eyeballs, momentarily shutting out tower, sky and street:

**SAVE MONEY**

Straight ahead the hut of the Adams street L station in midair was Venetian bridge, with the black canal of asphalt flowing sluggishly beneath. The reflection of cafeteria and cigar-shop windows on either side were slender shafts of light along the canal. An enchanting sight.

"Nice," said Dallas. A long breath. She was a part of all this.

"Yes." He felt an outsider. "Want a sandwich? Are you hungry?"

"I'm starved."

They had sandwiches and coffee at an all-night one-arm lunch room because Dallas said her face was too dirty for a restaurant and she didn't want to bother to wash it. She was more than ordinarily companionable that night; a little tired; less buoyant and independent than usual. This gave her a little air of helplessness—of fatigue—that aroused all his tenderness. Her smile gave him a warm rush of pure happiness—until he saw her smile in exactly the same way at the pimply young man who larded it over the shining nickel coffee container, as she told him that his coffee was grand.

**Chapter XV**

The things that had mattered so vitally didn't seem to be important, somehow, now. The people who had seemed so desirable had become suddenly insignificant. The games he had

played appeared silly games. He was seeing things through Dallas O'Mara's wise, beauty-loving eyes. Strangely enough, he did not realize that this girl saw life from much the same angle as that at which his mother regarded it. In the last few years his mother had often offended him by her attitude toward these rich and powerful friends of his—their ways, their games, their amusements, their manners. And her way of living in turn offended him. On his rare visits to the farm it seemed to him there was always some drab dejected female in the kitchen or living room or on the porch—a woman with broken teeth and comic shoes and tragic eyes—drinking great draughts of coffee and telling her woes to Selma—Salrey Gampish ladies smelling unpleasantly of peppermint and perspiration and poverty. "And he ain't had a lick of work since November—"

"You don't say! That's terrible!"

He wished she wouldn't.

Sometimes old Aug Hempel drove out there and Dirk would come upon the two snickering wickedly together about something that he knew concerned the North Shore crowd.

It had been years since Selma had said, sociably, "What did they have for dinner, Dirk? H'm?"

"Well—soup—"

"Nothing before the soup?"

"Oh, yeh. Some kind of a—some of those canape things, you know, Caviare."

"My! Caviare!"

Sometimes Selma giggled like a naughty girl at things that Dirk had taken quite seriously. The fox hunt, for example. Lake Forest had taken to fox hunting, and the Tippecanoe crowd kept kennels. Dirk had learned to ride—pretty well. An Englishman—a certain Captain Stokes-Beatty—had initiated the North Shore into the mysteries of fox hunting. Huntin'. The North Shore learned to say nec'ssary and conservatory. Captain Stokes-Beatty was a tall, bow-legged, and somewhat horse-faced young man, remote in manner. The nice Farnham girl seemed fated to marry him. Paula had had a hunt breakfast at Stormwood and it had been very successful, though the American men had balked a little at the deviled kidneys. The food had been patterned as far as possible after the pale flabby viands served at English hunt breakfasts and ruined in an atmosphere of inkewarm steam. The women were slim and perfectly tailored but wore their hunting clothes a trifle uneasily and self-consciously like girls in their first low-cut party dresses. Most of the men had turned stubborn on the subject of pink coats, but Captain Stokes-Beatty wore his handsomely. The fox—a worried and somewhat dejected-looking animal—had been shipped in a crate from the South and on being released had a way of sitting sociably in an Illinois corn field instead of leaping fleetly to cover. At the finish you had a feeling of guilt, as though you had killed a cockroach.

Dirk had told Selma about it, feeling rather magnificent. A fox hunt.

"A fox hunt! What for?"

"For! Why, what's any fox hunt for?"

"I can't imagine. They used to be for the purpose of ridding a fox-infested country of a nuisance. Have the foxes been bothering 'em out in Lake Forest?"

"Now, mother, don't be funny." He told her about the breakfast.

"Well, but it's so silly, Dirk. It's smart to copy from another country the things that that country does better than we do. England does gardens and woodfires and dogs and tweeds and walking shoes and pipes and leisure better than we do. But those luke-warm steamy breakfasts of theirs! It's because they haven't gas, most of them. No Kansas or Nebraska farmer's wife would stand for one of their kitchens—not for a minute. And the hired man would balk at such bacon." She giggled.

"Oh, well, if you're going to talk like that."

But Dallas O'Mara felt much the same about these things. Dallas, it appeared, had been something of a fad with the North Shore society crowd after she had painted Mrs. Robinson Gilman's portrait. She had been invited to dinners and luncheons and dances, but their dotings, she told Dirk, had bored her.

"They're nice," she said, "but they don't have much fun. They're all trying to be something they're not. And that's such hard work. The women were always explaining that they lived in Chicago because their husband's business was here. They all do things pretty well—dance or paint or ride or write or sing—but not well enough. They're professional amateurs, trying to express something they don't feel; or that they don't feel strongly enough to make it worth while expressing."

She admitted, though, that they did appreciate the things that other people did well. Visiting and acknowledged writers, painters, lecturers, heroes, they entertained lavishly and hospitably in their Florentine or English or Spanish or French palaces on the North side of Chicago, Ill. Especially foreign notables of this description.

Since 1918 these had descended upon Chicago (and all America) like a plague of locusts, starting usually in New York and sweeping westward, devouring the pleasant verdure of greenbacks and chirping as they came. Returning to Europe, bursting with profits and spleen, they thriftily wrote of what they had seen and the result was more clever than amiable; bearing, too, the taint of bad taste.

(Continued next week)

**Using Plaster of Paris**

If you use vinegar instead of water when mixing plaster of paris you will not have the annoyance of it hardening while you are applying it.



They Had Sandwiches and Coffee at an All-Night One-Arm Lunchroom.