Luxuriousness Can Be Attained In Small Home

Modest Modern Home Comfortable And Charming

HOW TO be happy, though modern, is one of the problems of the present day home maker, limited as most families are where space is concerned—unlimited as they are in their love of the luxurious!

This combination of beauty, comfort and little space has been happily expressed in a Burlingame home built by J. B. Oswald. The architect, William I. Garren, of San Francisco has used practically every inch constructively, giving the vital needs preference, which has likewise resulted in a mimimum cost.

Not only in this home but in every home there are certain fundamentals that must be observed. For instance, there should, first of all, be an entrance hall separate from the rooms, with a guest closet for wraps and storage. The latter is a boon to the harassed housewife who tries to maintain an hospitible establishment on little space. Getting a group of friends in for informal parties is one thing—putting away their top coats, wraps and dripping umbrellas is another thing!

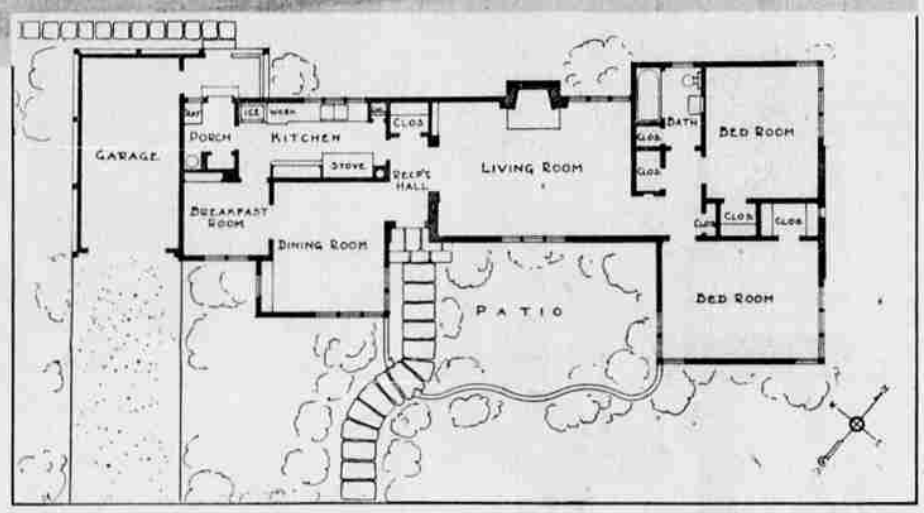
There should be a connection from this entrance hall to the kitchen, dining room and living room. This is practically a necessity for a one maid household—or a no maid household! Easy access to all rooms being a major requirement.

NEXT to congeniality comes another problem—and that is privacy for the family. Herein lies the importance of a rear hall connecting bedrooms, bath and living room, with suitable linen and storage closets and privacy separating public living from bedroom and bath uses.

What is actually required for the average standard of comfort? A living room, dining room, kitchen, breakfast or space room, two bedrooms and bath.

Now, as to cost for such a home, (house and lot) various estimates have been made, but many authorities agree that it can be built for approximately $6,000. On this basis, it would be possible under the Federal Housing Administration to borrow as much as $4,800. This could be paid for in 20 years in monthly installments of $35.65, which includes all costs except taxes and fire insurance.

Even the family of very limited means can now afford to build a home under the plan offered by the Federal government, and with the small long-termed payments can do so cheaper than by paying rent.



This home, designed by William I. Garren, architect, for J. B. Oswald, in Burlingame, California, combines beauty of structure and comfort for living. One of the important features of the plans is an entrance hall separate from the rooms, but connecting kitchen, dining room and living room; also a rear hall connecting living room, bedrooms and bath.

RANCH MYSTERY

A STORY FOR CHILDREN

By Paula Norton

Beth came, all alone, from a big Eastern city to a little flag station in Nevada where she was to be met by her Uncle Walter and his two boys. But, when she arrived it was dark, and still, and there was no one there to meet her. At dawn the boy cousins, Ron and Tim, came riding up to take her back to the ranch. They explained their tardiness; cattle-rustlers had robbed and wounded their father the night before. Their mother, Aunt Mary, was away, caring for a sick neighbor. Uncle Walter and Beth decided she had better do the housework, as the boys spent all their time arguing about it.

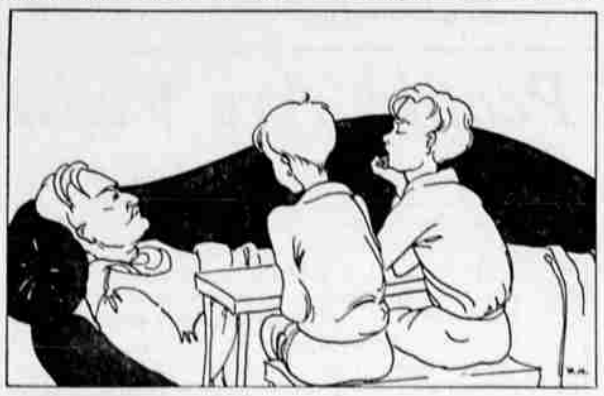
CHAPTER 4.

BETH cooked dinner that night for the two boys and her uncle. Of course, the boys helped, bossed each other, and were never have an idea like that," he said.

It was a gay meal, and the sick man seemed cheered, and the boys acted as though they were star performers at a summer picnic. Beth felt helpful and filled with responsibility, as she wrapped her Aunt Mary's apron around her and served the beef stew, steaming and brown. She had cooked the meals for her own mother for the last year, and had learned to make stew and baking powder biscuits and the simpler things.

Tim and Ron would not let her clear away the dishes. They insisted that she stay and "talk to Dad."

She got his pipe from the mantel and held the match for him. She liked this tired, kindly man. He was all she would have liked a father to be. Then she



really more entertaining than helpful.

They placed a little table by the couch in the big living room, so Uncle Walter could eat with them.

"You thought of that, Beth. These two Indians of mine would settled back in the big leather chair and suddenly felt very sleepy.

When the boys came in from their dish-washing, she was nodding. But she sat up with a sleepy smile when her uncle chided the two of them.

"I'll bet you two didn't wash the pans. Where did you hide 'em? Under the sink?"

"No, Dad," said Ron. "Tim washed 'em all but one. He left it to soak."

Tim shoved Ron off the foot of the couch. "Always have to say a little too much, huh? How about the dish-water you threw on the cat?"

"Well, THAT was an accident. But the pan you soaked wasn't," was Ron's ready defense.

"All right, boys, that's enough of that. I guess Beth is pretty well impressed with the fact that you two don't do much else than argue." Then he looked beyond her slow smile to the weariness there.

"Why don't you go to bed, honey? You look plum wore out."

Indeed she WAS tired. That night spent on the station platform had not been exactly restful. She rose and folded the apron. Then she took her newfound uncle's hand in her own. "Good night," she said, "I'm glad I'm here, and I know I'm going to like it fine." Then she turned down the little hall to the room where the boys had taken her luggage.

Beth undressed wearily and slipped into the snug white bed with no thoughts of anything but sleep.

She lay for a few moments, looking out at the great bright stars that hung in a curtain of velvet down to the very horizon.

Then, out of the distant rumble of voices in the living room, she heard her own name. It was her uncle talking. Beth knew it was wrong to eavesdrop, but that is a pretty hard thing to resist when one's own name is mentioned. She crawled out of the warm bed and stood at her door.

"You needn't worry Beth with this," she heard her uncle say. She opened the door quietly and tip-toed down to the living room door. It stood a little ajar; she looked in. She could see her uncle's face where the light of the oil lamp shone upon it. It was a different face than she had seen before . . . older, tired, and worried.

"Boys," he was saying, "this ain't just my fight, it's your fight, too. This isn't the first time they've taken horses from us. It won't be the last. They're gettin' bolder all the time."

Beth saw him brush his heavy brown hand across his worried eyes. She was sorry and wanted to go in and comfort him. But she knew that he was telling the boys something he had held back until she was out of the room. She knew she must leave, but . . . well, she wanted to help if they were in trouble.

"I jest can't figger out what they want to bust me for, boys," he went on. "There's more to this than we know. They ain't another rancher within miles of here that's lost a single animal. I seem to be the one they're bound to break."

Ron and Tim looked solemn and truly concerned. "But, Dad, do YOU think it's Juan that's causin' it all?" asked Tim.

"Well, son, he may be in with 'em, but he ain't got gumption enough to think up anything as big as this looks to be."

Then he sat up, and puffed at his unlighted pipe. Beth could hear the gurgling sound of it. "Like I said, boys, you needn't bother Beth about this. It's just our fight. It's our ranch, yours as well as mine and your mother's. It's all we have to leave you, and we can't lose it now. We'll have to get to the bottom of this. I'll be up in a couple of days . . . then we'll start seeing what we can learn." The boys nodded, with serious eyes on their father's face.

Beth slipped back to her room. She closed the door softly, and looked out at the great western stars. It was "their fight." Yes, she was a part of the ranch now.

To the star-filled night she whispered, "So it's MY fight, too."

(Continued next week)

SPY

"MY ONLY regret is, that I have but one life to lose for my country."

Surely, every school child knows that well known speech. Nathan Hale was a spy for the American Army during the Revolution. He sneaked into the British lines, disguised as a schoolmaster, was captured and sentenced to death. The above quotation is what he said just before he was put to death.

A DOGGY'S FUNERAL

RECENTLY a beloved dog was kidnapped from his mistress. Before she could pay the ransom, the dog was found, shot through the back. He was honored with a hero's funeral. Four cars of mourners followed him to his grave.

ARIZONA BEAUTIFIES

Because of a home-building boom and extensive modernization program under way in Flagstaff, Ariz., an architect has been regularly employed to personally supervise community beautification, inspired by adequate financing now available under the National Housing Act. Response to the campaign has been so great to date that a leading lumber concern of the community reports a 70 per cent increase in business, due to its active participation in the program.

PORTLAND STILL LUCKY!

A recent historian "looking back" finds that Portland, Ore., is not Boston, Ore., because an 1835 copper cent came up "heads" two out of three times. Lovejoy and Pettygrove, who built the first log cabin there, in 1844, each wanted to name the place after their native homes and the toss of the coin decided!

New Flowers Are Better

By Cecil Solly

IN SEED stores and seed houses all over the world it is recognized that the Pacific Coast of America is making greater strides in the production of improved strains of all kinds of flowers (and vegetables). The work done might well be compared with that experimental work done in a laboratory; for, in the seed production fields, experts are working almost every day of every year to produce something better for your garden.

Unless one has actually had an opportunity to study the work of these plant "doctors" or hybridists, one cannot realize the stupendous amount of time and labor and consequent disappointment that must be encountered when work of this nature is being done.

The work of hybridizing is done entirely scientifically not only to the "crossing" of the plants, but the elimination of the unfit and ordinary resultant types insures that the new kinds being originated are a super breed.

DISEASE-PROOF

Do you remember a few years ago that Snapdragons, Asters and many other flower plants were attacked by disease after they were set out in your garden? You either pulled them up in despair, or had to keep on spraying to counteract the troubles.

During these last few years, several important types of new flowers have been brought into existence. The two most important are the Rust-Proof Snapdragon and Wilt-Resistant Asters. Most of the labor in bringing these out was carried out by the University of California Agricultural Experiment Station and the planting-breeding departments of large California seed houses.

NEW STYLES FOR OLD

The Zinnia has always been one of the most popular of garden flowers. It is also one of the best flowers for cutting, because it lasts such a long time in water. The fact that it has been used, more or less, in nearly every one's garden, seemed to be lost sight of until the new type "Fantasy" was brought into the limelight by being named by the All-America Selections Committee. This new Zinnia with its shaggy, ray-like petals seems to be destined to bring its family to greater prominence.

Until a couple of years ago, the only departure from the recognized Zinnia type of flower was the "scabious" flowered type. Now with this important break we can look for almost anything in the way of Zinnias from the expert growers. The colorings in the Fantasy include all of the range of sunshine colors to be found in ordinary Zinnias. Because of the great range of colors provided by Fantasy it is undoubtedly going to prove most satisfactory as a cut flower.

GOLD AND YELLOW SUNSHINE

The Marigold family with its various types, in which are included the Calendula, seems to have come in for a great deal of improvement during these last few years. The Marigold vies with the Zinnia to take ranking place in the garden. It grows well, rapidly and with an abundance of flowers in almost any position. It is covered all season with a profusion of flowers. The more that are cut, the more seem to grow.

One of the Gold Medal winners in the 1935 All-American trials was the Yellow Supreme Marigold. This belongs to the African type. The standard African Marigold has a flower that is often compared to a rubber sponge, because the petals are so regularly placed in its globe-shaped blossom. Yellow Supreme is double but its petals are arranged like those of a Carnation. The flower might easily be mistaken for one. Its color is a pale lemon yellow which can be combined beautifully with some pinks and is a delightful element in other color combinations.

The Yellow Supreme Marigold is certainly an argument in favor of not growing many of the less known, hard-to-pronounce annuals.

WAR!!

WE all know about the World War, but some of us may not remember how it came to be. On June 28, 1914, the Archduke of Austria was assassinated by two young students, who were backed by a Serbian society. This deed threw the world into war!

Over the Captain's Coffee Cup

Travel Tales From Everywher

by Whit Wellman

FEW things in this curious world remain hidden forever. Old secrets which men said would never be known are dug up . . . a letter is found, a parchment map, or some ancient mariner adds a word to an uncompleted yarn, and pieces of the puzzle begin to take on meaning. To let light into dark places, follow a tale from the first hint to the end . . . calls for patience before all else, and patience is almost all. Think of one thing in life that you're sure you'll never know about . . . no matter what, and you'll be wrong. One day you will know; to every question there's an answer. Well, let's hedge a bit. If not you, then some one else . . . for truth comes out.

A WEALTHY COLLECTOR

has been on the trail of a small, fat and fabulous emerald Buddha.

For three centuries the green image found sanctuary in the stone palace of Angkor Wat, guarded by yellow-robed priests and the Khmer army. War came with the Siamese, who surrounded the palace. Outnumbered, with little water and less food, the Khmers were doomed. They became frightful ghosts of men, dropping one by one . . . issuing from the walls and attacking with insane fury, and crawling back when they lived. The Siamese conquerors swarmed in, and from that day the little green idol has been lost.

Every year brings new whisperings of its hiding place, and this hopeful collector is following the latest rumor . . . to a Cambodian temple, probably, where he may find the emerald Buddha . . . six inches tall, a carven gem worth a prince's ransom. A collector's life is spent delving into secrets.

WE TALK ABOUT SPEED

of the streamlined trains as if it were brand new, and marvel at the Burlington's new Mark Twain Zephyr (stainless steel, articulated, Diesel-powered) that rolled over new track at 122 miles per hour. They said it was a new world's record . . . until the Pennsylvania dug up data on its "Special" which had lost time to make up in 1905. It did 127 miles an hour. Thirty years ago that should have been first-page news, a high point in railroad history. Old-timers say that publicity about such speed would have turned the customers pale with fright; trains were not supposed to travel that fast! Just one more secret that lay in the archives to be almost forgotten.

OAKLAND'S ESTUARY

is the home of the little bird-class boats, tiny yachts that race in the bay, 10 or 15 at a time. Sporting looking craft, that should tip over at a breath of wind . . . but their keels go deep. And all identically fashioned, except as to color. . . .

Along the estuary, too, you'll find Lester Stone of a Sunday morning. A fine appearing chap with twinkling light blue eyes, he's a yachtsman and shipwright like his father before him. Often he's trailed by an inquisitive cocker spaniel, a furry youngster, and friendly to visitors who barge in on private property. "A man can get awfully foolish about an animal," Stone says, and you can't blame him.

Hard by is tied *The Wanderer II*, with a girl in a blue cap aboard cooking breakfast. She (the boat) was built by Stone in '31, and has roamed the South Seas more than once. Anchored farther out lie a couple of sadly battered old tramps, but you don't row out to them without special permission . . . the care-takers are crotchety old fellows who like to be left alone.

E. R. JOHANSON

tells one of the best tales to come across the desk. He's Master of the *Monterey*, and says that a "miracle" called out the deck crew to wash down in mid-day. Red rain swept from the skies in a bloody mist to blanket Melbourne's streets and color the trees, a few weeks ago. There'd been a wind, the skipper explained, which had picked up red dust from Australia's interior. The dust cloud met a rain cloud, and the result was a new kind of rain. He gives the scientific theory, not being a superstitious man.

"GET THE BUSINESS"

is the creed in China as in the West. Transportation is always a problem in reaching the potential customer, but Edward S. Wise, passenger agent extraordinary for a large steamship line, lets nothing phase him. When boats break to pieces on a river full of rocks, he rides a bamboo raft. He steps from 14-passenger planes to a sedan chair carried on coolies backs! And customers live everywhere. He missed a plane service between Chungking to Chengtu (it was booked weeks in advance) and instead of 65 minutes, he spent ten days going overland. Wise is a young man, but an old-time "China-hand;" his parents were missionaries, and taught him many country dialects. He operates out of Shanghai . . . thinks nothing of jaunting up to places like Kiating, Suifu, and Chengchow, and signing up passengers almost into Tibet.

Nancy Hanks' Boy Abe

ON February 12, 1809, Nancy Hanks Lincoln named her new baby Abe, after his grandfather, Abraham, who had died at the hands of an Indian.

Abe

While he was yet a little boy, Abe was interested in everything he heard or saw. At seven years of age he was a lank, black-haired boy, who walked four miles to school, where he learned to read and to write his name. This school was very different indeed from your own orderly classroom. These pioneer children studied out loud, all shouting different lessons at the same time. It was called a "Blab-school."

The road that passed the Lincoln log house was one where a boy could meet and talk to many travelers . . . especially a curious little boy. But Abe did not have a great deal of time for this pleasure, for he did farm chores, plenty of them—chores that would make your back ache to read about.

Abe's father moved his family many times, trying to find a land that would profit him most in crops. Little Pigeon Creek, in Southern Indiana, is the place they lived for the longest period of time. Here the struggling family lived for the first 12 months in a three-sided shelter, with the fourth side open to all the fiercest weather. Abe and his sister carried water from a spring a mile away.

When the cabin was finally built on this new farm, Abe slept in the attic on a pallet of corn husks. He walked nine miles to and from school (his father thought this a foolish idea), but the boy wanted to LEARN. As for the mother, Nancy Hanks, she was glad that her boy could have "larnin'."

Soon the pioneer hardships were too much for her though, and she fell ill and died. The father made a crude casket, and the unhappy boy whittled the wooden spikes that held the boards together.

In a very little while the widower, Tom Lincoln, left his two children alone and went to seek a new mother for them.

He returned with a step-mother for his children (she was a widow with three children of her own). This kindly woman was provoked to find the boy sleeping on a heap of corn husks, and at once she put him to bed on a feather pallet she had carried from her own home.

Like his own mother, the new one encouraged Abe to learn. He worked hard at the farm, too, before and after school. He spent long hours clearing the land of timber. He was always clever with an axe. Naturally, hard labor and simple food helped the boy to grow and develop. (When he was 17 he was six feet, four inches tall.) He liked to wrestle, and was considered tremendously strong for his years.

With all his love of strength and physical fitness, and rough boy ways, he was quick to defend a weaker person or an animal. He once wrote an essay on the cruelty of teasing animals.

There is no doubt he was considered a "strange" boy, and all because he would lie on the floor for long hours "larnin'." It was said that he even read a book while he rested from his plowing, out in the fields. And once he walked 20 miles to borrow a book from a lawyer. How could a boy with such determination be stopped? How could he help but make a place for himself in the world of men?

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