

Pretty Brown Hattie Hawks

Unsung Heroine of the Civil War

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smoothly to a poetic climax.

Hattie Hawks' greatest ability lay in shaving corners off the expense account but she had other abilities as aforementioned. She could think quickly and accurately. The genius that was hers for extracting herself from threatening predicaments stood her in good stead when she was accosted by bushwhackers on the road to Old Graham, Mo., and taken a captive; her horse was taken from her and she was given a mule to ride.

Fifty Union soldiers were encamped on the Fillmore Place and the maulers, three hundred strong, were en route to destroy them. Hattie, returning home with purchases for the Fillmore ladies, had been riding hard to beat a rain storm; after her capture, however, the rain began to pour down and she was called to the shelter of the commander's tent where innumerable questions were fired at her about the Federals at Maryville, Mo.

She was turned over to a young man who was instructed to keep a sharp eye on her, and when left alone with the other, Hattie Hawks bartered for her freedom, paying the one price she could pay. She was allowed to slip out of the tent, catch her horse and make her escape. The guard, however, with his rifle, fired three shots at her pretending she had caught him napping and fled to freedom. The slightest treachery on his part would have cost her life as he

could have shot her from the horse with ease. But he kept his word and she had soon out-distanced her pursuers.

She fell, finally, exhausted into the arms of the captain of the Union soldiers, and from a reclining position on his cot, in his tent, she told him of the coming of the bushwhackers. In this she not only saved the fifty federal soldiers, but she protected the town of Maryville, as well. The Union soldiers, strengthened when the local militia joined them, repulsed the bushwhackers capturing many and killing several others.

Hattie Hawks died, at the moment of her greatest happiness, at the last terrible moment of the rebellion; she was denied the thrill that came, was deprived of the opportunity she so richly deserved. While attempting to saddle a horse she was struck by a flying hoof when the high strung animal became frightened. The sound of a gun in the hands of Peeler caused the tragedy.

It was sad for him to realize that he was responsible for her death, and he never actually recovered from the tragic accident. For days and weeks and months he lamented, a grief-stricken man, with a powerful body, but a gradually failing heart.

But Hattie Hawks in her valor, her brave unsung deed, her noble sacrifice, stands out from the blurred yesterdays with the clear cut of an expensive cameo. And her act points out unmistakably the under-estimated strength and loyalty of her people.



TIME TO GO—
but still time to use **MUM**

Those times when you must be ready in a jiffy! Just time to slip on your dress. Not a moment more to spare—yet you must not chance perspiration offense. Then's when you're most grateful for Mum!

In no more time than it takes to powder your nose, your underarm toilet is made with Mum. One dab of snowy cream under each arm and you're safe. Mum doesn't have to dry. It is soothing to the skin, and just as harmless to the daintiest fabric. Mum doesn't even leave the skin greasy. This likable and usable deodorant has removed the last excuse for offending. For it is ready for any and all occasions. It offers you permanent protection for its daily use can do no harm.

Mum does not arrest the action of the pores, or interfere in any



way with their normal, necessary work. Its constant use is actually beneficial to the skin.

Why chance embarrassment—ever—when you can always have absolute protection in this delightful form! Mum will neutralize every bit of unpleasant odor. Not the slightest suggestion of any odor can possibly penetrate that protecting film. You are safe for hours.

Keep a jar of Mum on your dressing table and make its use a daily habit, morning and night. Many women keep it in the purse, just to be ready for any emergency.

Spread a little Mum on the sanitary napkin and you will be serenely safe from offense. Every vestige of odor is neutralized—not merely stifled, or disguised. All toilet-goods counters, 35c and 60c.

Charming Beauty



Miss Fredi Washington, who was a member of the cast of "Sweet Chariot" a play which had a recent debut on Broadway at the Ambassador Theatre. Another of the stars in this play was Frank Wilson, who played "Fergy" in the internationally known play "Fergy." Miss Washington hails from the District of Columbia and has spent much time abroad, where she appeared in Paris and other continental capitals.

COLOR ON THE TABLE IS THE NEW VOGUE

By TYBE CLAYBAR
Writer on Homemaking, for the
Illustrated Feature Section

Did you ever have a guest start with surprise as she caught her first glimpse of your table, and exclaim, "How perfectly lovely!"

If you have, it is almost certain that somewhere on that table you had injected a touch, or perhaps a veritable splash, of color. Hardly realizing the real reason for her enthusiasm, your guest reacted to color as all guests will, and expressed her delight verbally.

When color is injected into the table appointments it lends a touch of festivity and changes a plain, drab table into an attractive festive board. The color may be in the china, the glassware, the table cloth, the napkins, the decorations, or even in the food itself. Grandmother prided herself upon her snowy white table. But today we seek our reds, our greens, and our pastel shades to make our tables more attractive even than grandmother's.

Not only is color being featured on the dinner table, but it appears also at the buffet supper, on the tea table, and at the repasts served after bridge. In such instances the more formal linens do not appear, but

quite often a smiling hostess supplies each guest with a napkin in the form of one of the new, hem-stitched-design, square tissues which come in various pastel shades and delicate tints that harmonize with table color schemes. They are entirely different from old-style paper napkins, being much like satin crepe in texture. They are perfectly proper and very attractive. Best of all they are inexpensive and present no laundry problem at all.

If you have never catered to color, try this simple experiment some evening when guests are present and a light repast is to be served, or at the Sunday supper table when family and guests are present. Set your table in your usual way, but after this has been done substitute the colored napkins mentioned for the white ones usually used. Place a few flowers in the center of the table and arrange an attractive colorful salad for each person—placing the salads so that they will be seen immediately. Note the expression upon the faces of those who catch a glimpse of this table and you will be converted to the value of color.

It is very easy to prepare a colorful salad. Green may dominate this or you may call upon the fruits for

glowing red and a rich orange. A particularly delicious salad consists of a few crisp lettuce leaves, a slice of pineapple, a thick slice of orange, a mound of whipped cream, and a cherry as a topping. Chill this before placing it upon the table, and just previous to bringing it in sprinkle it liberally with a syrup made by dissolving three or four tablespoons of sugar in the juice of two oranges and one lemon.

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