

The Tale of Two Boys

By OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

I WATCHED the two boys abstractedly for awhile and then I began to take a lively interest, although the width of the street separated them.

The boy on my side of the street was carefully dressed, suit precisely creased, shirt smart and new, expensive looking stockings, with tie and handkerchief to match. It was 10 o'clock in the morning, a beautiful summer morning, and he stood idly by, watching a man mowing the lawn.

The boy across the street was dressed in old trousers and a worn-out sweater. There were black smudges on his face and his hair was standing on end. He was washing a car in the driveway beside the house.

The boy on my side picked up a pair of clippers and started to snip off some dandelion stalks the mower had left standing.

Instantly a voice called from an upper window. "Bob, you needn't help Frank. You'll get your hands dirty. Get a book, or go over to see Aunt May. Maybe you'd rather go shopping with me and we'll go to a show while the car is being washed."

"All right. I'll go."

In 10 minutes they were gone.

THE boy across the street finished his car, put it away, and started on the porch with a hose. Then he scrubbed the steps and walk. By the time I was called in to lunch he had the lawn half mowed.

"That boy across the street," I remarked, "is too good to be true."

"Oh, you mean George! He's priceless." "He hasn't got it quite so easy as your other young neighbor two houses down. Splendid looking young chap and whoever dresses him has good taste too."

"Don't feel too sorry for George, and don't fall all over yourself admiring that 13-year-old tailor's dummy. His mother's forever talking

to him about being a gentleman, and he's growing up into a beautiful dumbbell. Poor child—it isn't his fault! We're all sorry for him."

"The other boy's getting enough exercise for both," I suggested.

"His mother used to pay for having all that work done, but she said one day, 'If you think you'd like to have the money I pay those men, George, you may as well have it. It's all the same to me.'"

"There's only one thing wrong with that," I suggested. "A boy has a right to help without being paid."

"Of course! But George does a thousand things he doesn't get paid for. He's always been industrious. The first thing his mother taught him was to pick up his toys before he went to bed."

"I see!" I admitted. "He's just a paragon."

"No, he isn't. He's full of the Old Harry. He never could be still a minute and he has a terrible temper. I think that's why his mother thought up this plan. She just shrewdly turned his strong will into the work channel, that's all—at least part-time work."

"Another thing, she allows him to buy all his own clothes. He isn't 14 yet, but he pays for everything he wears. And he's got taste, too, or learned it. Wait till you see him dressed up this afternoon."

I OFTEN think of those two boys as an interesting study in juvenile contrasts.

"Don't get your hands dirty, Bob!" "I don't know what to do, Mother!"

And the other one, the manly, upstanding worker, who started out with his cronic at three o'clock, dressed up as immaculately as his neighbor had been in the morning—to spend his own money in his own way. Independence written all over him. In his head held high and his swinging stride.

Was it work? Yes, undoubtedly. There is no mistaking that look in a man's—or a boy's—eyes.



A Bridge Dinner for Four Couples

By MISSIS PHYLLIS

Fresh Fruit Cocktail
Roast Stuffed Lamb New Potatoes in Cream
Buttered Green Beans Hard Rolls
Orange and Pecan Salad
Ice Cream Cakes Coffee

SOME people come so late when they are asked to an afternoon bridge party that hostesses have tried small bridge dinners with great success.

Of course, the expense of such a party is slightly greater, but if you are doing all of the cooking and serving yourself, your guests won't expect an elaborate dinner. It is the party they came for, not the dinner altogether! And if you are to be one of the players and are to enjoy the evening, you don't want to start all tired out.

There is another advantage to a dinner bridge. The hostess may play through the evening in peace and not have to dart out to fix something in the kitchen every time she is dunned.

So let's study the menu above in detail.

A MIGHTY good fruit cocktail for this time of year is fresh pineapple and fresh strawberries. Cut the pineapple into small cubes or into slivers and dredge with sugar. Set into the ice box to chill before you wish to use it. Stem and wash the berries and set into the ice box.

When you are ready to serve the dinner, slice the berries and toss lightly with the pineapple so that there are bits of bright color all through the cup. Serve in small sherbet glasses. A very nice dab of whipped cream on top will be very nice, topped with a whole berry, but is not absolutely necessary.

If you serve this dinner when cantaloupes are in season you may have halves of seed melon for your fruit course. Or slices of honeydew melon are delicious and very pretty.

All through the summer and early autumn it would be a pity to serve canned fruit in your cup. There are so many fine fresh fruits and berries to choose from and they serve so much more attractively.



NEW POTATOES IN CREAM

Use small potatoes of uniform size. Cook with the skins on. Skin, put into a serving dish and pour a rather thin cream sauce over them. This, you will see, is a wee bit different from creamed potatoes. There is less cream and what there is is used more as a sauce and less as a mask. Parsley adds a pretty touch.

ROAST STUFFED LAMB

Have your meat-cutter bone and make ready for the oven a leg of lamb. Make a bread forcemeat using 2 cups bread crumbs, 1 egg, 1 small chopped onion, 1 small stalk celery, chopped and enough water to hold the whole together. Salt and pepper to taste and add 1 teaspoonful poultry seasoning and a half teaspoonful powdered sage.

Fill the hollow where the bone was removed. If the leg was rather large you will need more forcemeat. Make more as you need it. It isn't much of a job. Put in a covered roaster in a hot oven and roast 15 minutes to the pound and 15 minutes extra. Lamb is usually liked well done.

BUTTERED GREEN BEANS

You will need 2 pounds of fresh string beans. Cut off the ends and string them if necessary. Then cut in long lengthwise strips. Have ready enough boiling salted water to cover the beans and drop them in a few at a time so as not to stop the boiling. Cover and keep the water boiling gently until the beans are done. Add a tablespoon of lemon juice to the water while cooking. It gives a fine flavor. When done (and beans are likely to take longer to cook than you expect them. They often take



an hour) drain and add melted butter, tossing them about to be sure that the butter goes well through the mixture. Serve very hot.

ORANGE AND PECAN SALAD

Cut oranges into sections and remove all membrane. Break into pieces and marinate in french dressing. Mix with a few pecans and serve on a salad plate with crisp pieces of lettuce. Serve mayonnaise separately.

ALLOW a half orange and about six pecans for each person. One good-sized head of lettuce for each plate. The lettuce is really a part of the salad.

DESSERT

Now if you are very busy you may want to buy the little cakes to serve with the ice cream. Get some dark ones and some light ones. Or you might make cookies because they keep so well and you can get them made a few days in advance. You don't need a rich dessert. Plain ice cream with plain cake or sugar cookies is all that you need. Pound cake, because it keeps well and can be made far ahead of time, is an excellent choice.

The Housewife's Beauty Problem



"IT'S all well enough," says Mrs. Housewife, despairingly, "to talk about beautiful hands and their care to business women, but what of the women whose hands are in hard water soap suds a great part of the time?"

"As for me," she continues, "what with peeling vegetables, dusting and dishwashing, my hands are stained, my fingernails broken and the skin harsh and rough. Just reading articles on the care of the hands makes me furious when it is evident that the writer has never given a thought to the problems of the woman who does her own housework."

Truly, the woman who does her own housework, has beauty problems that her business or professional sisters escape. And it is true that one of her greatest difficulties is the proper care of her hands. But let her be thankful that the problem can be solved.

Since her trouble in keeping her hands in good condition is caused for the most part by too much harsh soap and water, it stands to reason that this must be the subject of first consideration.

HARMFUL hard water can be softened by the addition of a little washing soda, borax or household ammonia. A month's supply of any one of these costs no more than a quarter.

Cheap soap is not economical when its effects on the hands and fingernails are considered. Good soap has no free alkali to rob your skin of its natural softening oil. Once that oil is gone, the result is disastrous.

Since most of the hand troubles are caused by the dishwasher problem, why not eliminate as much of the problem as possible? Avoid as much soaking as you can.

A dish mop, that may be bought for 10 cents, helps a great deal, but why put the hands in soiled and greasy water at all if it is unnecessary?

Rubber gloves are a sure protection, but few women use them.

IT is true that at first the gloves seem clumsy and hampering, but you soon become accustomed to that, as witness how the surgeon performs his delicate operations while wearing them.

An acquaintance of mine has found that wearing a rubber glove on her left hand, while wielding the dish mop with her right, is a satisfactory way of keeping her hands out of the dishwasher, and has reaped the benefit in the improved appearance of her once work-worn hands.

Finally, here is a lotion which is inexpensive and efficient as a softening and whitening application:

Glycerine, 3 fluid ounces; extract of witch hazel, 2 fluid ounces; tincture benzoin, 20 drops; water, enough to make 6 fluid ounces. Apply several times daily and at night.

To Make a Lamp Shade of Chintz

A NEW lamp shade is always a welcome asset to any room and none a welcome or better suited to rooms of almost every type than the cheery little glazed chintz affairs. They are extremely easy to make.

The first thing to consider in fitting a shade to a lamp is the question of proportion. You have seen lamps overtopped by shades much too large for them and others made to look ridiculous by the reverse of this. So choose your frame carefully.

The shade should be in height—including fringe, if fringe there be—two-thirds the height of that portion of the lamp which appears below it. Of course, this applies only to table lamps!

Take a strip of glazed chintz twice as long as the longest circumference of the shade frame and just enough wider than the frame's height to allow for a neat "turn-in"—perhaps about two inches. Turn these edges until you have exactly the frame's height, and crease neatly the entire length as tightly as you can.

Now take the chintz lengthwise and fold in half, fold the half again, and so on, creasing as firmly as possible each time, until the whole is creased evenly with creases about an inch apart. Be very careful not to wrinkle the material, as it must be fresh and crisp, and crispness once gone is gone forever.

THE chintz is now pleated, but you will see that many of the pleats are on the wrong side of the material. To remedy this go over the whole again, emphasizing the creases on the right side of the chintz, where it is necessary, and turning those on the wrong side so that they will "face" in the right direction. Again, make all as tight and smooth as possible and then put under a weight and press firmly.

Next punch a hole through the center of each pleat about an inch from the top and run a pretty silk cord through all, drawing it up until the shade top so formed fits the top of the frame, and tie in a bow with tassels.

LITTLE strain will come upon these holes, so they do not really need reinforcement, but to make assurance doubly sure they may be buttonholed or finished off like eyelets. When the two ends of the shade are to be joined, just slip one end pleat into the other and fasten with small brass paper fasteners which may be further hidden by a touch of paint. Shades of this sort need no lining.

For a finish at the bottom, some of these shades have a fringe and others a band of plain colored glazed chintz. These bands are made by stitching a fold of the plain chintz to the bottom of the shade material before the pleating is done.

Many interesting color schemes are possible if the bands are well chosen. Red roses and green leaves on a white background, a common chintz design, calls for a red band and a red cord. Apple green chintz is attractive, particularly when the lamp is lighted.

The frame, of course, is tacked to the finished shade.



Modernism for Average Interiors

By ALIDA VREELAND

IN their efforts to make modern interiors striking, many designers have caused walls, windows, ceilings and sometimes even floors to go through a veritable metamorphosis.

That they succeeded in making the world thoroughly and speedily conscious of the new furniture art by these drastic methods is now an amply attested fact. But you may have felt that you could hardly introduce modern things into your home if it meant the tearing down of old familiar walls and windows and the rebuilding of ceilings.

With a sincere desire to remove this obstacle and enable you to fit modern things more readily into your present home or apartment, the members of the American Designers Gallery, Inc., have sought to create individual sets and pieces of furniture that will show off to advantage a simply conceived background.

Donald Deskey, a member of this pioneering group, was represented in the organization's recent showing by an extremely simple and smart living room.

The modern spirit of the room was chiefly translated in terms of beige, brass, aluminum, shining satin and white parchment. With these apparently cold mediums a very definite feeling of refinement was made to pervade the room. It was suggested by a lack of anything ostentatious in either furniture or accessories.

COLOR at its highest point was centered in the modern tapestry by Ruth Reeves, which hung over the divan. Several landscapes in oil by Mr. Deskey and a few pieces of pottery were the only other color notes.

The walls themselves were treated as large frames, with a series of painted emerald green, brown and beige moldings going around tops, sides and bases. These borders enclosed a rather distinguished beige wall paper, cross-hatched with fine silver stripes and blocked in shaded brown.

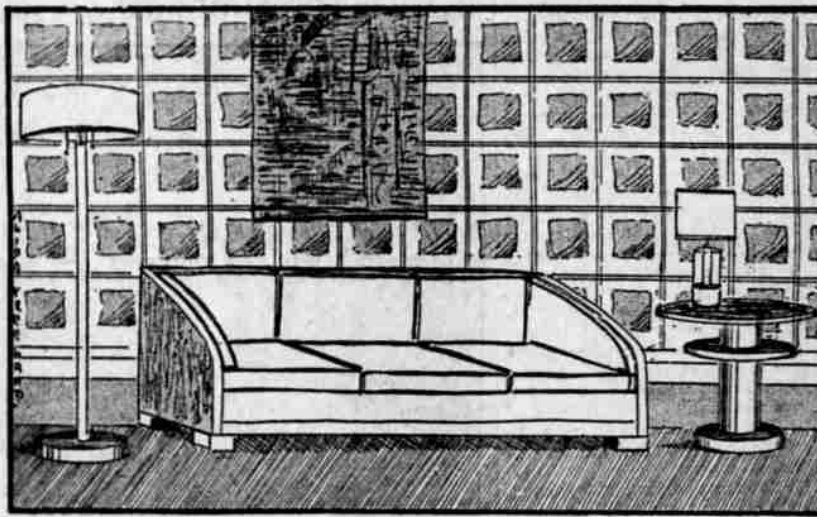
A long mirror with gun metal-toned borders at either end was the only other mural decoration.

The simplicity of the furnishings and their essential comfort is shown in the large illustration. The low sweeping lines of the couch are well proportioned. The curved wooden and thinner-than-ordinary type of cushions suggest a delicacy of treatment exhibited by few modern couches.

Bands of aluminum edge the curved wooden arms and heavy beige rayon satin covers the cushions. This same fabric upholsters the dainty side chairs, an armchair and an ottoman. The whole couch structure rests on four square blocks of shining brass.

The couch is flanked with articles similarly embracing modern wood and metal combinations, the idea being that things conceived in these terms can readily be manufactured in large quantities and so made available at low prices.

In the lamp, shining nickel is used for the solid round base and the slender column holds a drum-like shade of clear white parchment bound with silvered paper. A smaller shade



Four square blocks of shining brass support this modern divan. . . . Aluminum bands its curved arms. . . . Similarly wedged metal and wood yield a slender lamp . . . double-decked table.

(Designs courtesy of Donald Deskey, New York)

of the same material tops the lamp on the low round table at the other end. With its asymmetrical base breaking itself up into halves and quarters it modestly indicates how ornamentally the plain surfaces of nickel and brass may be combined.

The book ends in the smaller picture also have the mechanical feeling engendered by metal against wood, yet they remain quiet in keeping with the general spirit of the room.

A PLEASING departure

from ordinary table routine is the double-decked round one having for its main shaft a heavy brass cylinder with circular wooden top, base and under-shelf edged, like the couch, in aluminum bands.

A large oval table similarly styled, as well as two stunning little side chairs, occupy an end of the room.

In the cabinet standing against the wall directly opposite the sofa the designer quite aptly embodied into one unit all the ingredients that go to make the "home, sweet home" of today. The upper part is divided into what appears to be two drawers. On turning the brass handles, however, they pull down the partitions and one discovers behind each, respectively, a writing desk and a radio cabinet. The space below is divided to form bookshelves.

To the left of this stands a comfortable low armchair duplicating the outlines of the couch. In front of it is the convenient ottoman, its stocky lower wooden frame surmounted by a square satin cushion, the whole resting on four brass blocks.

Included in this same group is another one of the new whimsical but eminently practical

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A Husband's Worst Job

By ALLENE SUMNER

THERE is nothing novel in the theme of cross currents of mother and wife swirling and eddying about a man. Novels and plays have been crammed with this situation in these Freudian years, with everyone mouthing ideas once relegated to the human scientist—"the mother fixation," "the Oedipus complex," etc.

One may read and read and see play after play, but the idea never really comes home until it is seen in real life—in the human drama played by the man and woman next door or by someone even closer.

Helen and Bob have been playing out the theme to the alternate amusement and sympathy of those who know them well.

Bob is the only son of a widowed mother, and her last child married. Most of us knew that pretty old Mrs. Blake always tacitly assumed that either her devoted Bob would never marry or, if he did, would, as a matter of course, bring his bride home to live. We

always thought her a grand old sport for the way she rallied to the situation when Bob married a girl who made it very plain from the beginning that she intended to live in "her own home" and nowhere else.

"Of course she wants her own home just as I do," said the old lady, rallying from the first shock to piece quilts and "put up" preserves for the new daughter-in-law, and adjusting herself to living alone for the first time in 60 years.

Son Bob knew his mother well enough to appreciate the adjustment she was making, and installed a program of looking after her in the same way as when he lived at home.

He carries out ashes and puts in and takes out the screens. He makes her garden and mows her lawn.

Now wife Helen rebels. She reminds Bob that he isn't the only child.

"She expects it from me," says Bob, working like a Trojan to carry his full load both places. Books and plays to the contrary, I believe most of the sympathy goes to the mother, as in the Bob-Helen case.

