

The Dirty Dish Blues

By OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

HATTIE BELLE sat up in bed. What was that she'd heard? That sound downstairs that came from the dining room?

Could it be chairs dragging and thumping into place around the supper table? She cocked her ear toward the floor.

A look of blank consternation crossed her face. For without doubt the clanking of forks and spoons against plates, and a low running of family talk, meant that Mom and Daddy and Larry and Top were not only eating their supper, but liking it—and liking it without her there! She, Hattie Belle, who was supposed to be sick, very sick, perhaps dying for all they knew!

At about three o'clock that afternoon something suddenly came over Hattie Belle. It seemed as though a couple of iron had silently descended from space and attached themselves to her eyelids, then pulled her head toward her desk.

The next thing she knew, Miss Bixbee was tapping her shoulder and saying, "Hattie, Hattie Belle, what's the matter? Aren't you well?" And her eight-year-old pupil had sat up suddenly, confused and embarrassed at being caught asleep in school, then had seized avidly on the suggestion in the last word, and sank deskward again.

"N-n-no—I—I'm not—well—I'm sick," she sighed, opening her eyes and shutting them again.

BUT in that second she had experienced an unexpected thrill. She had seen the laughter of the other children change to wondering sympathy.

There was she, the heroine of a tragic drama.

And instantly she began to feel really ill, her stomach felt queer, her head ached, she felt sick all over.

Miss Bixbee patted her head kindly. "That's too bad. You'd better get your things and go home, dear."

Her mother took her temperature and looked down her throat.

"I don't think you need Dr. Adams," she said, "but a little dose of salts will do you good."

"I think I'll be better if I just lie down," protested the little girl. "I just feel sort of weak."

Her mother considered this. "Very well. You sleep for an hour. See, I'll darken your room, and then when you're rested you can come down and set the table and help me get dinner."

Hattie Belle turned and tossed. The minutes dragged along like days. The stomach and the head were quite well now, but it was entirely too soon to announce a cure.

At some time a month later, so it seemed to her, her mother came in. Was she awake? How did she feel? Was she well enough to take Topsy for a little ride? She could wheel the cart down to the store and bring home some meat.

THAT headache! It had started all over again. And the queer feeling in her stomach! She moaned a little.

"I—I—don't feel so very well yet. I guess maybe I'd better not get up. I just feel miserable."

"Very well." And her mother went quietly out. The hours had dragged on—it was almost dark outside. She had heard Larry, and later her father come in.

Steps, talking, the radio, the doorbell, the telephone! Tantalizing smells of dinner! They would call her then and she would slip on her new pink kimono and slippers and go down and announce a recovery.

But this! She had never expected this!

Instant action was necessary. Would she call for help and be ill all over again, or go brazenly down and eat her dinner? Now if it had been ham and cabbage night she'd have chosen the former. But she had smelled baked sweet potatoes and she'd heard her mother say "lamb chops" over the telephone.

She would go down.

"WELL, well! Look who's here!" cried her father heartily. "Just in time, kid, too, or I'd have eaten that last lamb chop!"

"I'm so glad you're better," smiled her mother. "Pass her the honey, Larry."

Hattie Belle ate lamb chop, sweet potato, corn, bread and butter, and honey, and Brown Betty pudding.

"Now you run up and get your dress on. You and Larry have to do my dishes tonight. Dad's going to look after Topsy. Our club committee meets at 7:30 and I'm not dressed yet."

Hattie Belle went pale. "Really, I think—I'll have to go back to bed. I'm not a bit well. My head aches."

"Say, I wouldn't let that kid put the dish-washing blues over on me like that, Annie! I'd make her snap out of it," said her father when Hattie Belle had gone dolefully from the room and slowly climbed the stairs.

"Let her alone, Jim. I know she's not sick, but let her alone. She's usually pretty good about helping. Do you ever have days when you feel like running off from work? Days you'd like to sleep or go off somewhere and forget about everything?"

"That's all that's wrong. Tomorrow she'll be herself again."

She started to clear off the plates. Her husband lit a cigaret and walked out muttering, "Well, I'll be doggoned!"

Annibelle

By DOROTHY URFER

oh...hello, angel wings!

say...who did you have a date with last night?

a date?...who, me?...how'd you know?

I went past here last night, and all the lights in the living room were out.

I don't think you need Dr. Adams, she said, "but a little dose of salts will do you good."

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Color in New Jewelry

JEWELRY is the little chameleon in the world of dress.

It changes its color, shape and general appearance each time fashions change.

A season ago, blatant, gaudy modernistic jewelry splashed its color, decorative motif and its jazzy tone right down the front and around the wrists of the plain, unadorned costumes of those days. Earrings jangled, and everything was obvious.

Now, with the lady era in, jewelry is artistic, delicate, rather lacy and pastel-colored, when it is not black or white. Spring costume jewelry is apt to be colored, instead of gold, and floral motifs are quite the most appropriate.

Two colors are better than one, in many instances. An evening necklace has half pearls, half jet, with the black-white meeting in the center front and center back. Pearls combine with rondelles of marcasite and ruby or emerald-colored stones, and for suit wear a very new twisted rope necklace is made of beige and brown wooden beads.

Pastel-colored glass jewelry is very smart with summer costumes and for evening. Crystal, cut in flower form, makes some of the sweetest of these, and baby blue and flesh pink are the preferred colors.

TWO bracelets are better than one, also, and the chic woman wears both on the same wrist, one above the other. Bracelets are the coming jewelry, urged to more diverse forms by the new three-quarter and elbow sleeves. A neat pair of bracelets for evening are made of marcasite and emeralds in one, and pearls and rubies with some rhinestones, in the other.

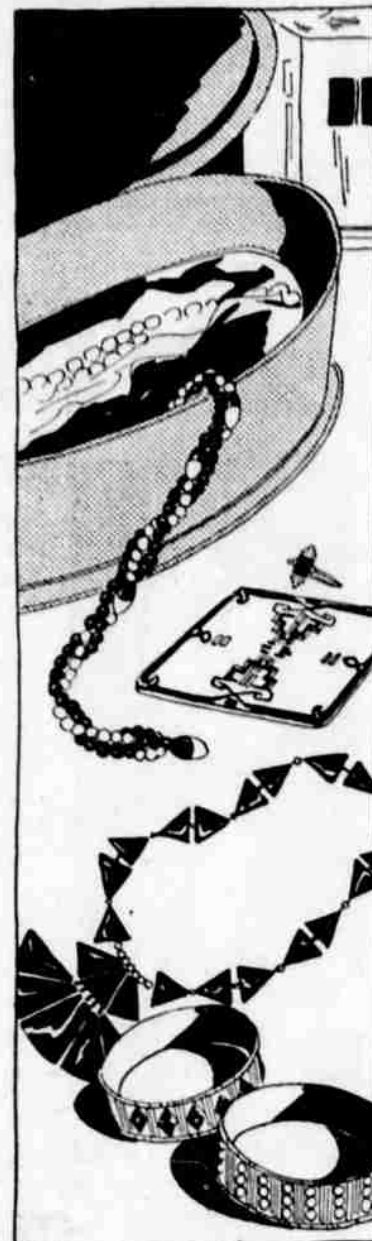
A ruby ring edged with baguettes is used with a scarlet vanity case with black and diamond trim.

New types of jewelry include "clips," usually either in monogrammed form or in the shape of little baskets of flowers. These can be used alternately upon hat or gown and upon occasion can be transferred neatly to ornament a black suede purse. The more correct are those that use green, blue, red and yellow in the flowers, along with rhinestones, all to give the effect of real flowers.

Cartridge rings are among the new jewelry. So are coral rings. Since coral has come into a real vogue, a coral ring of a single band of coral, offset by bands of small diamonds running across it at intervals, is effective and very new. A brooch of the same design and a belt buckle matching makes an effective and unusual ensemble.

EARRINGS have grown quite demure, with hoops of real stones quite the idea of smart women, but delicate hoops of rhinestones and colored stones take their place in most instances. A pair of these hoops feature diamonds and rubies and are tremendously effective. To go with these, a ruby ring with baguettes adds a modern touch in its setting and is twice modern when accompanied by a scarlet enamel vanity case which uses black and diamond trim.

Pendants of huge proportions and original design in the shape of jeweled hands, jeweled flower baskets, modern cathedral design and even doorways, swing from slender black ribbons or from gold or platinum chains. But many women now prefer brooches. Some of the new pastel-colored crystal makes effective pendants or brooches for costume gowns that are designed to set off these ornaments. One of the prettiest of these in a lavender crystal



The trend for color in jewelry is shown in this twisted rope necklace of beige and brown wooden beads, a ruby ring and scarlet vanity case, pink and gold crystal necklace, and heavily jeweled bracelets.

and onyx pendant, set in white gold, which goes with a smoky lavender chiffon gown.

There is a lot of costume jewelry in modified modernistic design left. One pattern from Paris is of pink crystal, in modernistic design, with gold, which is tremendously effective and graceful.

One Chin Is Enough

By CHARLOTTE C. WEST, M. D.

EVEN in young girls you may observe the beginning of an extra fold of superfluous flesh under the chin. This is the forerunner of future ugliness and should be vigorously combated. For this purpose the "sweating out" process is effective.

Towels wrung out of water as hot as can be tolerated, are applied. Cover with dry towels to retain the heat, thus inducing free perspiration. After 10 minutes slap and massage vigorously with an inert cold cream—one that contains no fats—and finish with repeated dousing of cold water, or better still, with iced compresses. An astringent lotion should invariably end this treatment. Pat on and allow to dry in, using iced compresses for this purpose.

First, in all exercises for the neck, it is important that all clothing be loosened and that the room be well ventilated; choose the early rising hour. Perform these rites in a leisurely manner. To hurry is to frustrate one's ends.

Slowly empty and fill the lungs with pure air, holding the shoulders straight and stationary. Now slowly bring the head forward until the chin rests on the chest. Pause for a moment; now slowly drop the head backward until it rests on the nape of the neck. Repeat five and ten times.

Next bend the head from the center near the right shoulder. Guard against moving the shoulders. Force the head down as close to the shoulder as it can be coaxed, assume the upright position and press the head downward toward the left shoulder. Alternate the movements 10 times.

Now rest and inhale deeply, then resume. Twisting the head upon the neck in an effort to look over the right shoulder at an imaginary object behind. Do not turn the body nor move the shoulders. All the action is done by the head. When the twisting has reached the limit, relax and perform the same exercises in the opposite direction, twisting over the left shoulder. Repeat 10 times.

Again rest, and slowly breathe in the fresh air. The final exercise consists in unhooking the head, as it were, allowing it to swing around in a circle. If done very slowly, no dizziness is experienced. Describe the circle five times in both directions.

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Roast Capon For Dinner

By MISSIS PHYLLIS

A ROAST capon dinner! What could taste better than that for a Sunday dinner or a week night spread? Here's a menu to work from:

Special Hors d'Oeuvre
Roast Capon Corn Pudding
Mashed Potatoes
Lettuce with Thousand Island Dressing
Cranberry Sauce Date Torte Coffee

You won't have to spend the whole day in the kitchen in order to serve that meal at six p. m.

SPECIAL HORS D'OEUVRE
Small Leaves of Lettuce Pickled Beets
Shrimps Hard Cooked Eggs

Those are the things necessary for each serving. On each plate lay three small, crisp lettuce leaves. Fill one with the thinly-sliced pickled beets. Fill one with three or four shrimps marinated in a thin cocktail sauce. In the third, place half a deviled egg—deviled by removing the yolks and mixing them with chili sauce, then filling the white and piling up the filling so that it is fluffy.

All the ingredients for this plate should be very cold and all should have a sharp, pleasing flavor. They are supposed to whet the appetite, not to satisfy it.

ROAST CAPON

1 seven-pound capon, 1 tablespoon flour, 1-2 pound fresh mushrooms, 2 cups bread dressing, 2 tablespoons butter.

Stuff the capon and truss it by tying the wings and legs close to the sides. Rub the butter over the body and sprinkle lightly with flour.

Put in hot roasting pan and pour over it a cup of water. Put the cleaned mushrooms all around the bird and roast in hot oven about two hours.

You may think that that is a very short time, but a capon is a fat and particularly tender chicken, and doesn't take nearly so long as a fowl of the same weight.

Remove to platter, take out all threads or skewers, surround with the mushrooms and serve.

BREAD STUFFING

1 stalk celery, 1 egg, 1 large onion, half loaf bread, 1 mashed potato, seasonings.

Boil the celery and onion. Without removing the liquid in which they were boiled add the bread, crumbed, and the mashed potato. Add the beaten egg and as much sage and poultry seasoning as is liked.

Furniture to Match Your Personality

NO WOMAN in her right mind would go into a hat shop and deliberately select a hat the color of which made her look sick and pasty, with lines that emphasized the least attractive contours of her face, and of a style not in keeping with another thing in her wardrobe.

She might do something of the sort, once, in a moment of weakness before a high-pressure salesperson, but once would be enough. Forever after a picture of that hat would rise in her mind and save her from another false step.

An increasing number of women are beginning to show the same use of gray matter in selecting furnishings for their homes that they display in picking out items for their wardrobe. Personal beauty and charm are considered within the reach of every woman, and the same is true of a home—furniture can be made to express a woman's personality and enhance her charm just as much as her costume does.

The much admired "atmosphere" in the home used to be the exclusive possession of a few artistic persons who, because of their greatly overrated temperament, were supposed to need just a certain kind of background, else their great inspirations would not be properly encouraged and perhaps even lost to posterity. "Atmosphere," or a real charm in home surroundings, is possible to every woman who will apply as much care to the selection of furnishings for her house as goes into the choice of a wardrobe.

THE interior of the home, even more than frocks and gowns, is the frame for personality. It is the setting, the background against which every member of the family may display to best advantage his physical and mental attributes. Especially is it so for the woman, the real home-maker. The home is essentially her expression of the correct setting for her activities.

Appropriate color schemes

in the various rooms of the house are the most obvious means of making them flattering to the occupants. The same colors which become a woman in clothes will in most cases be useful in arranging a room setting for her. In a more delicate and subtle way this is true of lines and styles in furniture. A woman with a vivacious, sparkling personality seems somewhat out of place in a roomful of pompous, formal furniture. In the same way a woman of scholarly turn of mind is rather uncomfortable in a fussy, cluttered room.

Just as the stage setting in the theater sets the pace of the play so that the audience knows something of the sort of play it is going to be even before the first act begins, the home indicates the kind of drama being enacted in it each day.

FURNISHINGS in the home are also a background for the woman's clothes. With the straight, tailored, unadorned lines of costumes popular a few seasons ago, the angular

modern furniture harmonized. With the more feminine, graceful, formal fashions of the present season there needs to be furniture of more pleasing, more decorated and ornamented lines and designs.

Attractiveness and comfort must go hand in hand in the well-furnished room today. Harmony is as much concerned with one as with the other.

Just as some colors affect the beauty of certain people, they also affect their dispositions. Discomfort may result from a color that tries the nerves as well as from one that influences the complexion.

True charm achieves its best results when it follows a simple standard and combines a knowledge of colors and good design. The red draperies and light cream walls of the room which is shown in the illustration tend to make it especially becoming to a dark-haired woman, but it would be harmonious to anyone.

All the discussion of harmonious backgrounds must not interfere with the chief requisite of furniture. Comfort

must hold the paramount place, whether one is buying a chair or table or draperies. If the sunlight is going to be pushed out by drapes that are too heavy, no matter how beautiful they are, they must go. Windows were put in homes to admit light and air, and drapes that defeat this are usually a nuisance.

IF a chair is going to make everyone who tries it sit nervously on the edge for fear it will collapse, instead of lingering indefinitely, it should collapse and be placed in the scrap heap, where it belongs.

Furniture should be enjoyed when in use as well as when one surveys it with the eyes. A room isn't meant to be admired from the entrance. It is meant to be used. Since there are several people using most living rooms and dining rooms, a general effect that insures comfort for everyone is usually best.



The red draperies and light cream walls of this room make it especially becoming to a dark-haired woman. The charm and simplicity denote an appreciation of good design in furniture. (Illustration by courtesy of American Furniture Mart, Chicago) (Copyright, 1930, By EveryWeek Magazine—Printed in U. S. A.)