

THE AUCTION FANS

(By D. J. Walsh.)

"DO YOU know, Dora," Mrs. Archer said, pointing excitedly to a small yellow handbag she had in her hand, "that there's to be an auction, over on Miller avenue at one o'clock this afternoon? A family by the name of Carter are selling everything they have. They are going away, I guess. I called Mary France and she said the Carters had only been housekeeping a few years and their things ought to be as good as new. She said she would be ready to go when we came by. I want you to go with me—you can, can't you?"

"Why, I don't know," said Mrs. Frisby doubtfully, "I haven't much money I can take, I bought so much at that auction last week that I've been short of housekeeping money all this week. I've had to crimp awfully and Jack asked me this morning if he was to expect corned-beef hash and rice pudding again today. I don't know why he said that, seeing I've only served it—let me see," and she thoughtfully counted a moment and then said with a startled look at her friend, "Why, I believe I've served it five times lately. Oh, dear, I don't see how I dare go, Fanny."

"Oh, pshaw!" protested Mrs. Archer. "It won't kill Jack Frisby to eat hash and rice pudding is wholesome enough for anyone. And the chance of going to such an auction as this one over on Miller avenue is an opportunity of a lifetime. There isn't much I want, but still it won't do any harm to go and see what they've got. It won't cost anything just to look."

"No, I suppose not," said Mrs. Frisby, slowly weakening. "Maybe I'll go, but I mustn't stay long." And so it was settled.

The two women started out after hurriedly cooked dinners. They did not even take time to wash their dishes, simply piled them in the dishpan and threw dish-towels over them. On their way over they stopped for Mrs. French.

"I know what I'd catch," said Mrs. French, "if Fred French knew I was going to another auction. The last time I went I bought a lot of kitchen utensils and when Fred went after them he found a perfect lot over my purchases. He found holes in every single piece I had bought. But then I tried to tell him a little soldier would make 'em as good as new. And land knows I got the whole mess for almost nothing."

"Well," said Mrs. Frisby, "did you get it mended?"

"Oh—hm, not yet," answered Mrs. French. "To tell the truth, I haven't had time. They are piled up out there in the woodshed, but as I tell Fred they'll come in handy. Any day some of my things may give out and then I'll have those things to fall back on."

Arriving at the auction the three friends were quite disgusted to find that the auctioneer had already begun to sell and there was no chance to look the things over that were going to be sold. They would, if they did, just have to buy a cat in the bag, as it were.

The three women were shy at first and stood a little apart from the group of people who were bidding, but gradually their curiosity overcame their determination not to bid and they moved up and finally joined the rest of the crowd. None of them bid for a while. Finally the auctioneer had his assistant bring out several baskets piled high with nondescript things and a bit of fun entered into the bidding. The baskets and contents—good, bad and indifferent—were to be sold to the highest bidder. The women craned their necks in a frantic effort to catch a glimpse of the contents of the several baskets, but the auctioneer kept them discreetly behind him. The one that was to be bid on he placed on a table by his side. It was so far above the heads of the bidders that nothing could actually be seen. It was positively thrilling.

"Here's your chance!" sang out the auctioneer, who was a young fellow with piercing black eyes, with a glint of fun in them. "Here's your chance to get your money's worth. Every one of these baskets contains more than a dozen articles that are just what you will be trying for in less than a week if you don't seize this grand opportunity I am offering. I'll start this basket at one dollar—make it one-fifty—one-fifty, make it two—, and he laughed and looked directly into Fanny Archer's face. Here's a chance that will make you the envy of your neighbors—two dollars—make it two-fifty—"

Fanny Archer got confused and bid two-sixty, thereby starting the bid for the basket. Mrs. Frisby had been peering and thought she had a glimpse of something that looked like brass and as the auctioneer caught her eye, just then she said: "Two-seventy-five!" And then the fun began. It wasn't a moment before there were six or seven women bidding frantically against each other. The basket was finally struck off to Mrs. Jack Frisby for \$5.30. Dora was too much excited to even take a peek at the contents of her basket, so anxious was she to get her treasure home. She hired little George Freer to carry it home in his roller-coaster wagon and without even a look in the direction of her two friends she hurried away in the wake of the girl, fearing that she might not be careful in handling the precious basket.

On the way home, however, her excitement began to evaporate. The \$5 she had left from her housekeeping money was nearly gone and the washing would be home this very night. She was out of everything to eat, too. She had intended stopping at the store on her way home to make some necessary purchases, but now there was only seventy cents in her pocketbook—there would be only sixty cents when she paid George for bringing the basket home.

As she was slowly going up her front walk following George, who should come around the corner of the house but Jack, her husband. When he saw George Freer and the basket and his wife he sensed at once what had happened.

"Been to that auction over on Miller avenue, Dora?" he asked.

"Yes, I have," said Dora with blushing cheeks. "She was ready to cry with nervousness."

"Well," said Jack, "let's see what you've got," and he began to sort out the contents of the basket. First he took out three or four dilapidated vases which never having cost more than a quarter were absolutely worthless now from picks and cracks; here was an old wash bowl and pitcher, two or three hand lamps, and a few other articles which were quite worthless and last of all he removed a big brass door plate with a name engraved upon it.

"Bless me," said Jack with a twinkle in his good-natured eyes. "What are you going to do with this, Dora? I don't see how you are going to use this unless I die and you marry a man who bears the name engraved on this plate. What say?"

"This was too much for poor Dora and she burst into tears.

Her husband let her cry a moment, then in sight of all the neighbors he put his arm about her and led her to the house.

"I was afraid you'd get roped in by the auction, so I came home, but I see I didn't get here in time," I saw Carter downtown, and he said his wife had always had a perfect passion for picking up old junk and they were making this auction to get rid of it. They are going away, I guess, but Carter said his wife was worn out sorting and caring for all the truck she had in the house. She couldn't bear to throw it away after she had bought it and the house finally had got so full that there wasn't room for the family. Now what do you think of that, Dora?" Jack asked.

"I think," Dora said, soberly, "that I'm done with auctions forever—and Jack, dear, I also think I've got the best husband in the world."

"Enough said," said Jack heartily, "and now shall I tell George to take that basket of junk away?"

Dora could only nod gratefully.

Over-Sensitive Person Prey to Unhappiness

There is neither virtue nor comfort in hyper-sensitiveness. Those who are born with it are to be pitied, and those who cultivate it as a sign of temperament are fools. Both types should make haste to get rid of it. It is sheer storing up of trouble for the future, the fostering of and ever-increasing susceptibility to small hurts that can rise to the magnitude of a nervous breakdown in later life. It puts lines on faces and an edge in the voice.

Set your mind on essential things and people. Keep straight on toward your goal, deaf to flattering remarks and oblivious of sneers, ignoring all the little pinpricks that can perforce your ordinary daily happiness. After all, happiness is mostly concerned with the everyday things. Trenchant, overwhelming joys are as rare as overwhelming tragedies, and over-bearing opposition is infrequent as petty obstruction is common. Repulse bow trifling if at all, and realize, too, that to respond to every gibe and thrust is to become increasingly petty oneself.

This is the basis of the family life. Even the meekest of folks have some thing of the clan spirit, and would rally round a member of the family against whom an outsider made thrusts. This persists as mere tribal instinct, if for no higher reason. But it is the family itself who too often denials in pinpricks, for the simple reason that it knows so well its members' weaknesses. It knows the joint in the armor that can be penetrated. But there is no encouragement to prick if the prick can't be made to squeal.—Exchange.

Phalanx in Battle
The phalanx formation was the order of battle in which the ancient Greek hoplites, or heavy infantry were formed in an unbroken line, several ranks deep. Especially the famous Macedonian body of soldiers ranged so as to be from 8 to 16 ranks deep and armed with lances 12 to 18 feet long. The lances of each rank (except the first) projected over the shoulders of the men in front of it and the shields could be locked into a temple. The strength of this body consisted in its power of resistance and of onset; but it could not readily change front, defend itself against an attack on the flank, or reform if once broken. Its actual numbers varied from 10,000 to 20,000. The Macedonians were the first people to use the phalanx formation.

Mechanical Automata
"Robot" is a coined word invented by Karel Capek for his play, "R. U. R." The term describes mechanical automata, which are manufactured by the millions to attend to the world's labor and welfare. The word is pronounced with the "o's" long and "r" silent.

NEARBY AND YONDER

(By T. T. Maxey)

"God's Acre" Forlorn

DOWN on the lower East side of New York city, almost within the shadow of Brooklyn bridge—on New Bowery street, to be exact, behind a tall iron fence, a tablet carrying the following announcement unexpectedly attracts the attention of the passer-by: "This tablet marks what remains of the first Jewish cemetery in the United States, consecrated in the year 1056, when it was described as 'Outside the city.' During the War of the Revolution it was fortified by the patriots as one of the defenses of the city."

History records that this resting place of the departed was in high esteem for many years, many who were prominently in their day having been prominently interred therein, but as the encroachments of the commercial activities of the living practically pushed the dead out of their own, many of the bodies were moved to a larger place, then far beyond the city confines where supposedly they would remain undisturbed forever. But, as America grew and New York city expanded, this once beautiful place also had to give way to the march of progress.

All that is left of the original cemetery is a small plot of ground, containing probably one hundred tombs of unknown dead. The inscriptions have been worn by time to a state of illegibility, the actions of the elements have badly disintegrated the stones and caused the vaults to crumble in decay. The rear windows of surrounding apartment houses frown upon this hallowed spot and an off station adjoins to the south. A more forlorn sight would be difficult of imagination.

Busy Water

NEWTON CREEK forms a part of the boundary line between Brooklyn and Long Island City. Its navigable length is approximately five miles, its maximum width probably is 250 feet and its greatest low-water depth is perhaps 25 feet. Four bridges enable vehicles, street cars and pedestrians to cross it at convenient street intersections. It empties into the East river, which separates Long Island and Manhattan island, opposite Thirty-third street, New York city. Its eastern end is near the geographical center and its western end is near the center of population of Greater New York.

By virtue of the fact that its entire length is near to both the wholesale and the distributing centers of Manhattan and that it penetrates one of the world's leading manufacturing centers, which is growing with astonishing rapidity, this little creek has the reputation of being the busiest waterway of its size in all the world.

Statistics indicate that during a recent year receipts and shipments via this little waterway aggregated more than 5,000,000 tons of freight—manufactured products, sand, oil, stone, lumber and ore constituting the chief items, having an aggregate valuation of something like \$39,000,000. More than 10,000 arrivals and a like number of departing vessels were recorded during that time. Allowing for the additional tug, lighter and barge movements which necessarily took place, it seems safe to conclude that its waters were churned some 45,000 times during those twelve months.

"The Corn Belt"

THE CORN BELT is generally and favorably known as the outstanding crop-producing section of America. It extends east by west from mid-Ohio to mid-Nebraska, for about 900 miles and north to south from about 150 to 300 miles, including portions of ten states—Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska and South Dakota. Although this belt comprises only about 8 per cent of our national land area, it produces about 70 per cent of all the corn grown in America or about 40 per cent of the world's supply—to say nothing of staggering quantities of other crops.

Nature apparently intended this for her prize-winning, corn-growing section, because conditions combine to make it ideally suited for that purpose. The loamy soil is particularly adapted, its general levelness conduces to ease of cultivation and operates to prevent the flowing away of rainfall; to grow rapidly corn should have hot nights and this region certainly has them during the corn-growing period; the crop usually has ample time to mature before frosty nights appear and experts declare that the dry, cold winters which often prevail in this area are beneficial from the soil standpoint. Big cities have grown up in and around this section, created made-to-order markets and hold an enormous-consuming population. Half the population of the United States lives within 700 miles of the center of this great belt. Railroads cross the territory and provide wonderful transportation. The "Corn Belt" is most appropriately named.

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Clams Grow Slowly

It takes from two to four years for clams to grow to edible size, the exact time depending on food conditions, temperature of the water and other conditions.

Community Building

(By T. T. Maxey)

Consider Harmony in Selection of Colors

Selection of the colors for the exterior of a house requires careful study of surroundings. Houses which stand out prominently as a result of the most simple treatment. Neutral grays or drabs, with lighter gray or ivory white for trim, give satisfactory results. Ornamental work of all kinds should be kept in harmony with the body color. When a house hides among the trees and shrubs, light colors come into their own. Bright colors on an exposed house give a bare look.

When houses are grouped closely together the colors of those nearby must be considered. If the house next door is yellow, yours shouldn't be bright green. Don't try to make yours different. It's up to you to do your share to make both houses appear to best advantage. If you painted yours a creamy gray body color with ivory white trim and green roof, you would be doing well by yourself and your neighbor. Two wrongs if color selection never make a right.

A house between two others painted in strong colors should adopt a neutral hue. Try to make your color blend into or bridge over the other two colors. There are many ways in which color questions can be solved, but it is best to look carefully before you choose. An atrociously colored house is more than an individual mistake—it is a crime against the good taste of a neighborhood.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Wisdom in Spending When Building House

The reasonable economies in home building should start at the very beginning. First, commission a competent architect to plan your house. To use a common expression, lay the cards on the table, tell him exactly what you want to pay and what you want in your house. Let him tell you about the materials he plans to use and then have him "diagnose" the case. The average architect really takes as much pride in producing a good house as he does in the money received, and you can rest assured that he would rather lose some money in commission and turn out a good structure than the other way about, declares a writer in the Philadelphia Ledger.

He really has the interest of your house at heart, and when he makes suggestions it is not because he wants you to do something you don't want to do; it is only because he thinks it is for your best interests.

You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, as the saying goes, and you can't get a well-constructed house out of poor materials. Spend wisely and well, and you will find that when the house is completed it will measure up to every expectation and then some.

Home Always Big Asset

The satisfaction of life and contentment with government in any civilized country are measured largely by the extent of home ownership. Anything that endangers the welfare of the home endangers the welfare of the government; contrarily, anything that aids in the development of the home, makes for stability of government.

Frequently the only asset of much value in a man's estate, which he leaves to his family, is his home, and this is often sufficient to carry the family through. A home is the best security against poverty in old age. The desire to own a piece of your own is the most common desire of man.

Profitable City Planning

What sane, farsighted and economic development can do for a community is no better exemplified than in their residential area of the Border cities, South Windsor.

There one will see the acme of correct city planning carried out to the ultimate benefit of all. Aside from the wide, paved boulevards and streets which abound in the South Windsor district, the size of individual lots is at once inviting and attractive to the prospective home owner. Nowhere in the district is a lot width less than 40 feet, many hundreds of the building plots exceeding this width by generous margins.—Detroit News.

True of Most Communities

If we have a good administration of affairs by public officials we never take the trouble to tell them. If we have an unusually large number of public-spirited men who are working for the betterment of our local conditions, we seldom ever give them even faint praise.—Cathy (Ore.) Herald.

Brass Piping

The difference between the cost of brass pipe and galvanized iron or steel pipes is so little as to be almost negligible. In the long run the former will probably cost less.

Proper Color Harmony

Wire fences of either the woven or chain-link type may now be given a permanent color in any desired shade of green or brown to harmonize with the home entourage.

The KITCHEN CABINET

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"Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed"
Observe some solemn, sentimental owl:
Maxims like these are very cheaply said;
But, ere you make yourself a fool or fowl,
Pray just inquire about his rise and fall,
And whether larks have any beds at all.
—John Godfrey Saxe.

DIFFERENT GOOD THINGS

When preparing a mayonnaise dressing, add when serving it a little whipped cream and one or two hard-cooked eggs chopped fine. A little chopped onion with seasoning also adds to the dressing. Serve on plain loaf or head lettuce as it may be preferred.

Piquant Sandwiches.—Cream together one cream cheese and two tablespoons of peanut butter. Chop one hard-cooked egg very fine, add one chopped sour pickle and a tablespoonful of chopped green pepper, add salt and pepper and spread on buttered bread.

Savory Sandwiches.—Brown in one tablespoonful of oil one-half cupful of blanched almonds. Chop fine. Season well with salt, paprika and add two tablespoonfuls of chopped pickles and one tablespoonful of chutney. Spread bread or crackers with cream cheese, or an equal quantity of cottage cheese; sprinkle with the almond mixture. For a vegetable dinner, try:

Carrots and Onions.—The forehanded housewife when the garden carrots were pulled for blanching canned milk of the little new vegetables for winter use. Reheat a can of these small carrots and season well with butter with a dash of lemon juice. Heap them in the middle of a large chop plate. Arrange around the buttered carrots six rounds of toasted and buttered bread. On the bread place three or four small onions which have been well seasoned with salt, pepper and butter. Pour over each a tablespoonful of hot cream and serve.

Green Peppers With Oysters.—Take six medium-sized green peppers, wash and dry them, then toast over the heat, turning frequently. Scrape off the blistered skin, holding them under running cold water. Remove the seeds and cut with scissors in long strips. Mince one small onion. Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter, add the minced onion and green peppers and let them brown slightly. Add two tablespoonfuls of flour and when well mixed two cupfuls of milk, a little at a time. Wrap a thin slice of bacon around each oyster, using one and one-half dozen and fasten with toothpicks. Place under the broiler flame and cook until the bacon is crisp and brown. Arrange the green pepper mixture in the center of a hot deep platter and surround with the oysters. Or, the oysters may be placed on buttered toast.

Art of Sandwich Making

The choicest of food may become unattractive by the careless way of serving it. The making of sandwiches is an art and certain rules should be followed if satisfactory results are to be obtained.

First the bread used should be at least twenty-four hours old. It should be cut into even, thin slices.

Butter should be creamed before trying to spread it and it should be spread evenly and thin on the slice and quite to the edge.

Lunchbox, picnic or hot sandwiches are left with the crusts on; for afternoon tea they are removed.

If circles are to be used, save waste by baking the bread in circle loaf pans.

Square loaves are best cut into strips, squares or triangles.

The filling should be carefully mixed, not too moist to make the sandwiches soggy.

Spread the filling evenly and not too thin.

Lettuce, cucumber or sandwiches with fillings of that kind should be prepared very shortly before serving.

When using meat remove all gristle fat and dry edges and put through the meat chopper. Season well and moisten with a little salad dressing; melted butter or chili sauce.

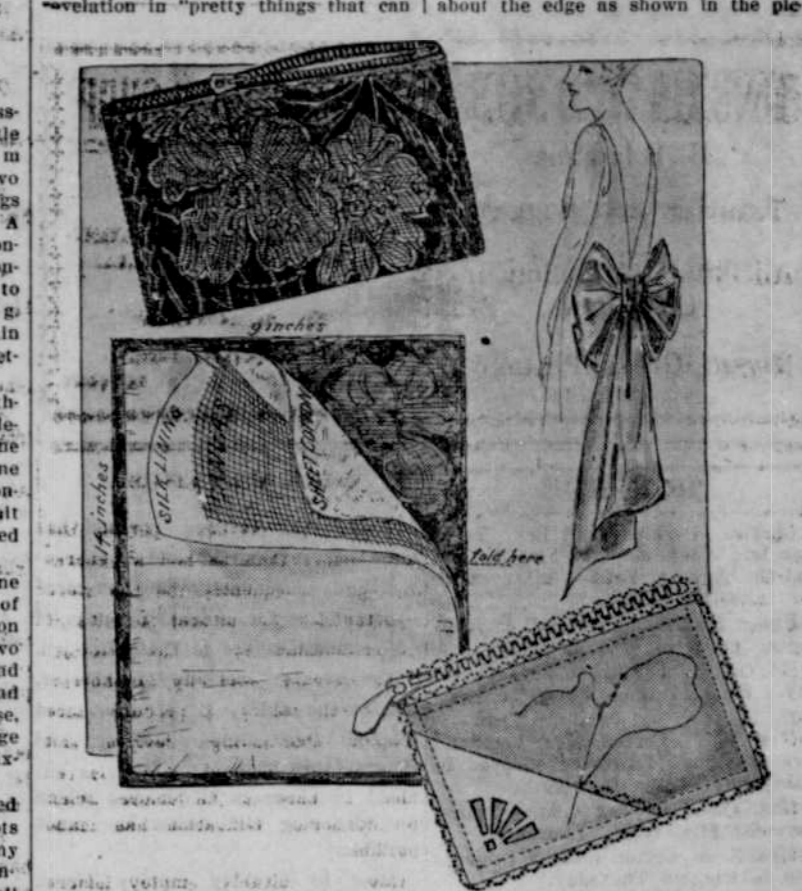
Very thinly sliced meat spread with salad dressing may be used as filling.

If sandwiches are to be kept any length of time put into the refrigerator after wrapping in a damp cloth.

When packing for lunchbox or hiking trips wrap in paraffin paper.

RIBBON HANDBAG EASILY MADE; BRIMS REVIVED FOR MATRONS

A FEW inches of handsome wide ribbon, a bit of silk lining cut to fit, also suitable interlining; ten minutes or so devoted to basting and machine stitching—the two short side seams, the sewing in of the hookless slide fastener across the top—and behold! a finished handbag as exclusive and elegant in appearance as those shown by the smartest shops in town. These pocketbooks are really a revelation in "pretty things that can



Handsome Ribbon Handbag.

be made at home," for they cost so little and the process of making is so simple, while the dividends they pay in point of beauty and elegance cannot be told in words. Make one and you will find it almost amusing to find how eagerly your friends will express a resolve to do likewise.

The diagram-drawing in the picture is almost self-explanatory as to "how to make." Stated briefly, it requires 14 inches of colorful 3-inch-wide metal brocade ribbon. The silk lining, which may be crepe de chine, satin or flat crepe in some gay color, measures the same as the outside ribbon, allowing, of course, for a turn-in edge all around. Cut the canvas lining and the layer of sheet cotton to fit.

Study the sketch in the picture as to just how to arrange the lining and interlining. Baste the silk lining and the layer of cotton and the canvas together, turning in three-eighths inches of the silk lining over the interlining all around the edge. Baste this padded silk lining to the brocade ribbon. Fold across the center as indicated in the working drawing here-with. The side seams are then machine-stitched together, leaving the top

ture—a "short cut" to the always sought for "hand-made" appearance. Matrons' hats which are youthful, that's the thing! What the comely matron of becoming dignity and refinement wants is not flippant flapper modes, nor does she relish the idea of being directed to a department of age-accenting hats in response to her request for a larger-than-teenage head size.

What the average matron covets, yes, longs for, is a hat of "youthful" lines which is not designed exclusively for "bobbed" locks and which, while it discreetly flatters, in no way offends by flaunting a super-youthfulness.

At last milliners are awakening to a realization of this need, even to such an extent that many of them make a specialty of creating "youthful hats for the matron." Wherefore this should be a season of rejoicing for the woman seeking a becoming suitable chapeau.

Then, too, this is a season which happens to sponsor just those things most conducive to flattering effects for the matron. First the revival of brims is a good omen or omen, how many women have suffered un-

told trial in trying to "look pleasant" in a skull-fitting shape which was anything but becoming! Lovely rich materials, especially velvet (always a favorite) and butter's plush are victoriously contending the supremacy of felt. Fabric manipulation is another element which is so featured in hat designing just now and drapes and shirtings and such are always kindly to mature lines. Intricate handcraft enters into the scheme to a greater extent than for many seasons past, especially finding pleasing expression in youthful matron modes.

The interesting group of hats here-with presents styles for the matron from various interesting angles. Beginning at the top to the right to describe them, this model stresses a rather high crown of velvet, over which is draped a filigree of gun-metal net, the same worked in multi-colored chenille and metal stitching. The turn-up brim is an especial claim to becomingness.

The center hat is of crepe hand quilted in an elaborate patterning. A narrow gold metal ribbon with an enamel flower ornament is the well-chosen trimming.

In the top corner to the left is a hat which emphasizes the use of two materials, velvet for the brim and fancifully hand-branded satin for the crown.

The felt cloche centered just below boasts an elaborate applique motif of velvet and metal chain-stitch embroidery. This model is very effective carried out in fuchsia shades.

Lastly comes a modish toque hand-somely working metal brocade and velvet together.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.
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