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THRIFT *Your* GUIDE



Volume 1
Number 2

APRIL
1929

TRADE MARK
REG. APP. FOR



See Back Cover for the Name of *Your* Thrift League Store



Introducing
NEW
Easter
FASHIONS
for
Spring
1929

Smartly Styled
DRESSES

*featuring the
very latest
Spring Fashions
in the
New Silks
at notably*

**LOW
PRICES**

To improve the service they render to the people of their community,

**Many Thrift League Stores Have
Added a Dress Department**

Many women who prefer to buy ready-made dresses will find this new service an appreciated convenience. It is no longer necessary to send away for your frocks—you may select them in your home town in the style and color preferred, in the correct size.

There Are Dresses for a Variety of Tastes

—styles that are becoming to miss or matron. The style-wise woman of New York will have no advantage over her sister in the West. The same smart styles will be displayed in your favorite store, as are shown in the shops of Fifth Avenue.

The Three Styles Pictured Are Typical

of the snappy models shown in your home town. The one at the right is a *georgette* shown in the recent New York Fashion Show—note the trim little collar that ends in scarf ties over the shoulder; the waist bloused front and back—style touches that add distinction. The bordered print frock in the center with double collar and cuffs and the model at the left, with skirt straight pleated at top and box pleats below pocket lines, is a novel feature. While these particular models are not shown in every Thrift League Store, they are typical of the many beautiful dress styles shown in many Thrift Stores.

CHOOSE YOUR EASTER FROCK FROM YOUR HOME TOWN MERCHANT WHERE YOU WILL ALWAYS FIND REASONABLE PRICINGS AND GOOD QUALITY!

THRIFT ^{your} GUIDE

THRIFT LEAGUE STORES

Magazine

A Magazine of Entertainment and Practical Household Information and Helps Sent to You with the Compliments of the Thrift League Store Named on the Outside Back Cover

Vol. I, No. 2

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APRIL, 1929

The MAN on the STAIRS

By

MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY

Author of "Wine of Astonishment,"
"The Fortieth Door," etc.

ALL my life I've looked under my bed, but I always did it just to relieve my mind by the assurance that there wasn't anyone there; the possibility of there being anyone there never entered my head. So I hadn't an iota of a vestige of an idea what to do in that terrible instant when I saw that some one was there. But a blessed instinct in me somewhere had the sense to pretend to be picking up a pin; then I straightened and moved mechanically over to the dressing-table.

There was just a chance he hadn't seen me see him. I had looked under from the foot, and the impression of that lightning second of time was that he was facing the side, but I wasn't sure—I was sure only of a dark, huddled figure and two huge rubber sneakers. There was probably a pistol in his pocket and a sponge with chloroform.

I looked up and met my face staring back from the mirror, and it was the whitest, scariest face I shall ever see in this world, Johnny. And it had a right to be. For there I was alone in that flat at midnight—Grace gone to a reception—with not a soul in speaking distance and not a telephone at hand! I tell you it was the first time I ever wished I was married, but I wished it hard then. To whom? Oh, it was no time to be particular, Johnny—just a man, anyone to deal with that thing under the bed.

A little clinking noise caught my ears, and I noticed that I was foolishly opening and shutting the lid of my powder-box for a semblance of occupation. I snatched up a brush and attacked my hair furiously. I mustn't let him know I suspected. I opened drawers with a jerk and shut them with a bang, while I tried to concentrate my chaos of a mind on a plan of escape.

I'd taken off my dress, and to put it on again would excite suspicion. The door was 'way over on the other side of the room, right by the bed, and I had already shut and locked it for the night. While I was unlocking it that man might leap out at me!

And, anyway, I couldn't rush out into the street that way. My hair—no, it wasn't in curl papers, you wretch!—but it was flying like the Witch of Endor's. I finished braiding it with trembling fingers, and then crossed over to the closet door—feeling all the time those eyes on my slippers, watching every step!—and took down the gorgeous Japanese kimono that a cousin had sent from California and which I had contemplated using as an opera-cloak. A kimono was a disarmingly stay-at-home garment, I thought. Then I drew the big chair under the light and began rustling through a pile of magazines as if I were going to settle down and read a bit. I even tried to hum a careless tune, but not a sound could I produce. I was absolutely dumb—for once. I don't believe I could have screamed if a legion of husbands had been in the next room.

But I slapped down a magazine in disgust and marched to the door. I even tried to make my face look impatient and annoyed at not finding what I wanted, thinking perhaps that crouched thing could see my face. Oh, I'll never forget the suspense while I was unlocking the door. I was just a hollow, a dreadful, reverberating hollow in which something was thumping, thumping!

And then I was outside, with every inch of me yearning to scamper down the long hall as if the fiends were in pursuit. The click of the front door-latch under my shaking hands seemed as loud as a pistol shot, and it was eternities before I was safely out in the big dark hall of the building.

THE flat below was empty, I knew, and above were three young men, as yet unknown save for their names, which were posted over the bell. I frantically debated whether I should rush to them for help, on the chance of their being in, or out into the deserted street, and had just decided on the street when I heard one of the young men coming up and flashed on the lights.

"Oh, quick!" I gasped out to him. "Please be quick!"

Naturally he was amazed. He hadn't been prepared to see, at the turn, under the springing lights, a young woman in a garish, cherry-colored wrap, stretching out an imploring hand and incoherently urging him to haste.

He stood staring—a nice, broad-shouldered fellow in a big overcoat, with very quick, smiling gray eyes. At least they began to smile in a minute. For I gave a dramatic gesture toward the door I'd left ajar, and, in a mysterious whisper, "I've got a man!" I breathed.

"Really?" I could swear his lips twitched.

"A burglar!" I got out at last.

"Oh!" He was sober enough now.

"Under the bed," I went on rapidly. "At least he was. I don't think he suspected I saw. And I'm all alone, and I haven't a 'phone, and I didn't know whether to go up to your flat or into the street."

"H'm. That's pretty bad."

I didn't want his sympathy—at any rate, not then. "Do something!" I besought desperately.

(Continued Next Page)



"All my life I've looked under my bed . . . now, I saw that some one was there."

He contemplated the front door. "Is he a big fellow?"

"How should I know? He's under the bed. He has big feet, anyway. Haven't you a pistol?"

"You can't fire at a man under a bed without exposing yourself. It's a strategic position," argued the young man, with provoking placidity. "However, I have a gun." He drew it out with a deliberation that seemed characteristic, and stood looking at it as if he expected it to act for him. "Perhaps you'd better run for a policeman," he suggested.

"How can I?" My glance called his attention to my flame-colored magnificence. He regarded it, not unapprovingly, and then my scarlet face, and then—I didn't mean to be such a fool, but, Johnny I was so furious at his hesitation and so upset by the shock and all, that I could no more have kept from crying than a baby; the tears just jumped into my eyes and ran down my cheeks.

"I'm so frightened," I whispered idiotically—as if he couldn't see it clearly enough!

But it roused him. "Don't worry; I'll get him out for you," he told me, clapped his hat back on his head, gripped his revolver, and started in the door. "Leave it open," he said curtly, "and go off somewhere."

I was much too excited to go off anywhere; besides, I scorned to desert in any such cowardly fashion. So, trying to look unafraid, I tiptoed on behind, pointing out the door of my room. On the threshold my protector stopped, aimed his revolver sternly at my pink lace bedspread, and in grim tones commanded:

"Come out of this, you! The game's up. Hustle up, get out, and keep still."

The injunction to silence was obeyed. A breathless stillness prevailed.

"I mean what I say. You can't help yourself—I've got a gun here. You come out and come quick!"

Another pause, and then a grunting and a rumbling under the bed. I clutched my defender's arm as a brown bulk rolled out in sight and scrambled upright. Oh, John, you can't imagine what a surly, sullen, brutish face that burglar turned toward us! It was a foolish face, too, with its sheepish surprise and defeat, as he stood there with awkward dangling arms before the mouth of that revolver. His lips moved, but, "You keep still and march," said his captor. "Down the hall ahead of me, please, and go slowly. Don't move your hands! That's it—steady now."

In rhythmic procession they moved down the hall and out the door. What on earth the young man was going to do with him I don't know—he said afterward that he didn't either, unless he marched him through the streets until he found a policeman—but on the stairs there was a spring, a scramble, and a slam—the slam of the outside door—and then the vain commands of the young man.

He came back ruefully. "He got away," he said. "I didn't have the nerve to shoot the fellow from the back. He ducked into an alley, and I didn't want to chase him and leave you. Are there any others about the premises?"

"Horrors! I hope not!" I exclaimed. That was a new and startling thought, and I took that young man and his revolver into every nook and cranny of that six-room flat. We peered under beds, we poked into wardrobes, we pried into corners—we even dived into the clothes-basket and hung over the dumbwaiter! The absurdity of it all never struck me till I caught myself solemnly opening the ice-box, and then a sudden gust of laughter made me cling weakly to it for support.

"It must seem funnier to you than to me," I gasped at last, dabbing at my eyes.

"Well," he confessed, "I shouldn't wonder if it did."

"But it was simply dear of you," I assured him, and I said a lot more that didn't half tell him how grateful I was, while he stoutly protested that it was nothing, nothing at all, as if extracting burglars from beneath beds was just a casual courtesy he was always glad to extend to strangers.

"And I don't even know which one of you I'm thanking," I remarked. "Whether you are Mr. Grey or Richards or Peters." In my heart I was hoping that he wasn't Peters. And he wasn't. He was Richards.

What difference does it make? If you don't see any there's no use in my wasting this choice narrative upon you. I don't know why I'm telling you, anyway.

Perhaps I'm not telling all? Well, just you wait!

We talked a while—I told him who I was and how Grace was away at a reception, and he said that he and Grey and Peters had noticed us as soon as we'd moved in and wondered how they could meet us; and then the clock struck half-

past twelve, and he jumped up and said he mustn't intrude longer.

As if it were an intrusion to save your life!

And I couldn't bear the thought of being alone in that flat. The burglar was probably lurking outside ready to clamber in some window again, so I said that Grace would be home soon and would be mind waiting till then?

He didn't look as if he minded very much, and—we were still standing by the ice-box—it occurred to me that we both needed sustenance after our thrilling adventure. So we carried some chicken and fruit and cake into the dining room, and I started the coffee-machine, and in ten minutes we were sitting down like old chums to a midnight repast—a more than midnight repast, if you insist.

This Emblem



and You

The emblem, or mark, of the Thrift League Stores is far more than just a trademark, or a name of a good place to buy. It is the expression of an ideal, an accomplishment in the field of retail store service. It stands for a policy of doing business in a more generous spirit of friendly neighborliness, to give the utmost in values of honest merchandise, to save the wastes of old fashioned methods of doing business and to pass these savings along to you in return for your patronage.

Back of this emblem stands a great group of stores, a friendly league of home enterprises, each one individually owned but so grouped together that all the benefits of modern mass buying are received in full measure by each store for its group of customers. It brings the advantages of closer contacts between many progressive merchants, so that the best of all their ideas and ways of rendering better service to you may be offered by all. It brings the efforts of the keenest buyers and the most discriminating investigators of values and qualities to your Thrift League Store in a way that would be impossible in any other way.

Unlike a centrally owned chain of stores, it gives each merchant the privilege of carrying just the sort of merchandise that his customers need and want. No central power can thus force upon you a class of things that may not be just suitable to your tastes or needs. In this way you are assured of a real personal help in securing the things you need.

Thrift, the warchword of the league, is accomplished through the systematic performance of the many duties of storekeeping.....many of them that perhaps you have no realization of.....in the most careful way by those most qualified to do it, leaving nothing to guesswork or chance. Thus you are enabled to get, right at home, the best products of the great markets at prices that mean big savings for you over a period of time.

Remember this THRIFT LEAGUE STORES emblem as your guide to low prices, satisfaction and personal service.

OF COURSE I believe in adventures—haven't I been having them ever since I first discovered the world outside my nursery door?—but never had I known such an adventure as this. We were both so excited that we laughed and talked as though we'd known each other all our lives. But it was much nicer not to have known each other all our lives.

That's just the trouble with you, John; I remember just how you howled with the measles, and how you like your steak and loathe purple, and I know you know all about me and all my anecdotes and heart histories—there is no undiscovered territory with you.

But here there was. That man had been everywhere, and he could talk about it, too, in a quaint, droll way. It hadn't all been happy times, though, I surmised, for his face was rather grim when he wasn't smiling, but his smile was simply jolly. And then, just in the midst of it, came the sound of an opening door. "It's Grace," I said, and it was. But it was also Aunt Isabel.

Why Grace had been moved to bring Aunt Isabel home with her, I could not, at that moment, stop to inquire. Afterward Grace disclaimed any responsibility. It had been Aunt Isabel's suggestion.

As she stood there in the doorway, tall and imposing in her velvet and furs, I felt my cheeks flame to the hue of my unlucky kimono, every separate hair of my head seemed to tingle before her horrified stare, and I was wretchedly conscious that here, in the early morning hours, in shameless, flaunting garb, I sat participating with a young and handsome man in what, from her eye, I gathered appeared to her as a disgrace. Behind her, eclipsed by her magnificence, hung Grace's face, a pallid reflection of dismay.

The young man rose. So did I.

"Aunt Isabel!" I said in a sickly voice. "How very nice. I was waiting to—let me introduce Mr. Richards."

It was a cheerless ceremony, John. You know Aunt Isabel. Her breath was beginning to return, and I rushed on with a scattering explanation.

"We've had a burglar—at least I had, under the bed; and I got Mr. Richards to get him out!"

"Humph!" My announcement appeared to fall flat. Plainly a burglar was as nothing compared to the shock of this revelry of mine. I babbled on unhappily.

"Really it was dreadful! I don't know what I'd have done if Mr. Richards hadn't come then, and I just made him wait till Grace came, I was so nervous—"

Aunt Isabel's eye wandered from the steaming coffee-urn to the remains of the repast wherein my nervousness had found succor. And then I caught Mr. Richards's glance, and suddenly, and unfortunately, we both laughed.

"Don't look so shocked, Miss Dane," he said, in his pleasant, humorous voice. "Miss Brown doesn't have a burglar every evening."

Aunt Isabel's face conveyed the impression that she doubted it.

However Grace had at last awakened to the realization of the burglar, and she insisted excitedly on the facts with details and repetition and joined me in parting protestations of gratitude to my protector. But she made ~~the~~ speech too many.

"It's such a droll way to have met you, Mr. Richards. Wasn't it, Molly?"

"Have you never, Mary?"—Aunt Isabel does not say Molly—"have you never met this—this Mr. Richards properly hithertofore?"

There's something dreadfully impressive about that word hithertofore, John. Why couldn't she have said before? Mr. Richards's eyes met mine, brimming with such comic despair that I laughed recklessly.

"I'm afraid I haven't met him properly now, Aunt Isabel!"

I went to the door with him.

"I've let you in for an awful lot," he apologized.

"As if it wasn't I who let you in for it!"

We both laughed and then grew sober, and then—he told me it had been the happiest evening of his life!

Sudden? Of course it was! That's why I'm mentioning it. It shows his caliber. Anybody could have said the usual thank-you-and-good-night-and-hope-I-see-you-again kind, but he just gripped my hand in a quick, boyish way and blurted it out. "I won't forget it," he said.

What did I say? Well, I said I wouldn't forget it, either. And I'm not likely to.

Then I went in to Aunt Isabel. And I won't forget that either! I fear me that never, in her heart of hearts, will she believe in the burglar.

Grace was excited, too, because now we'd met the men up-stairs, one of them at least, and she hoped he'd have wisdom enough to bring one of the others when he came to call. I hoped so, too.

But he didn't. He didn't even come himself, though I waited. And, oh, Johnny, I've met the men up-stairs—Peters and Grey and Richards—and he isn't any of them!

Who is he? You know just as much as I do, every bit! The confederate of the burglar under the bed, I suppose, waiting outside. Isn't it dreadful to think of?

He was such a nice boy, Johnny! But isn't it funny, too? No wonder he laughed. The very funniest of all must have been the bed burglar's feelings when he heard his pal ordering him out!

You can call it a sell if you wish, my dear. It's just a bit of a compliment, too, isn't it? Only don't tell Aunt Isabel!

The GUNS of the HOLY TRINITY

By

HENRY C. ROWLAND

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

An old French pirate ship, known as the *Corvette*, lies at sea's bottom on an island owned by Dr. White, just off the Maine coast. It is supposed to be rich with treasure and captured brass guns and is the object of a search by Admiral Comte de Corlay, now retired from the French navy, and his son, Lieutenant Robert, who claim that it was captured by one of their ancestors. Tom Jordan, a newspaper reporter, wants to find it, too, although his search is all on account of Jessica, Dr. White's niece, who is the heir to a fortune of \$100,000, provided that she does not marry a man with less than she has. Tom loves her and seeks the treasure to match her dowry. A third, the rascal Sebastien, is also a contender in the search. This sudden interest has aroused the interest of Jessica and the Doctor, who have long known much about the old boat, and they decide to establish their claim to it.



Doctor White leaned over the gunwale of the boat, paying out the line and trying vainly to follow with his vision the downward course of the white limbs.

Part Two

III

REMINING his father after supper that he was going with Tom to search out Sebastien, Robert went down to the landing where he found his Yankee ally sitting in the stern of a large open launch, smoking a cigar.

"Hello, Tom," Robert greeted him. "All ready?"

"Yep. Hop aboard and we'll go," Tom answered cheerfully, albeit with a glint of remembered anger beneath the smile in his eyes. "Fine night for a murder, Bob."

"Gad, I hope you don't mean to scrag the beggars, Tom," Robert said, considerably startled.

"I'd like to stop just short of that!" With which rather grim speech he cranked the motor, a new-four cycle installation that was quiet and could drive the heavy boat about twelve miles an hour.

"What's the penalty for sinking a boat like this one of Sebastien?" Robert asked. "Not that I care a hang, but just out of curiosity."

"None—if you don't get caught. None anyhow, if she happens to be a bootlegger, or down this way if she's a Blue-Nose—a 'Scotieman'."

Robert chuckled again. "My word, but you're a cool hand, Tom. I'd almost believe you had a personal hate on the fellow."

Tom's reply to this was a non-committal "H'm." He had no intention of speaking to the young Frenchman of Jessica's narrow escape from Sebastien. That he felt to be his personal quarrel.

"The blighter's a bad egg, Tom," observed Robert, after a moment.

"Well, you can scramble a bad egg, if you can stand the smell. Some of these very laws of ours can be used to serve the ends of pirates. I learned tonight that this yawl rigged cruiser we're going to give the up-and-down is a Nova Scotia vessel that came in here leaking badly; and that they've put her on the beach to caulk and piece her planking around the rudder post. They said her motor quit on her running round from Sable Island to Digby in that hard nor'easter about a week ago, and as their sails were rotten they ran for it, not being sure about their position until they picked up Monhegan. That all might be."

"I told you he was an artful beggar, Tom."

"You told the truth, if that's the bird. There's no flaw to be found in the story, because this is about where he would fetch up running off be-

fore a nor'easter, and his first act was to go on the crib and rip the old caulking out of his seams and cut away the planking under the counter. As they are not hauled out and just afloat at high water they can work for only a couple of hours a day. The rest of the time they can go pirooting 'round hunting for the *Corvette*. They can't be fired out with their tub wide open, and she can't be sent to bottom as long as she's already there."

Robert nodded. "He's a downy bird, Sebastien. No ordinary guillemot. To be on the safe side, papa and I talked English that day. But I learned later that Sebastien speaks it as well as I do." He was silent for a moment, then said slowly, "Look here, Tom, all this alters our relations a good bit. I think I'd better tell you that papa and I know just about where that wreck lies—and so must Sebastien."

"The deuce you do," said Tom.

"Yes, her position was exactly marked in the old boy's diary, and we've verified it."

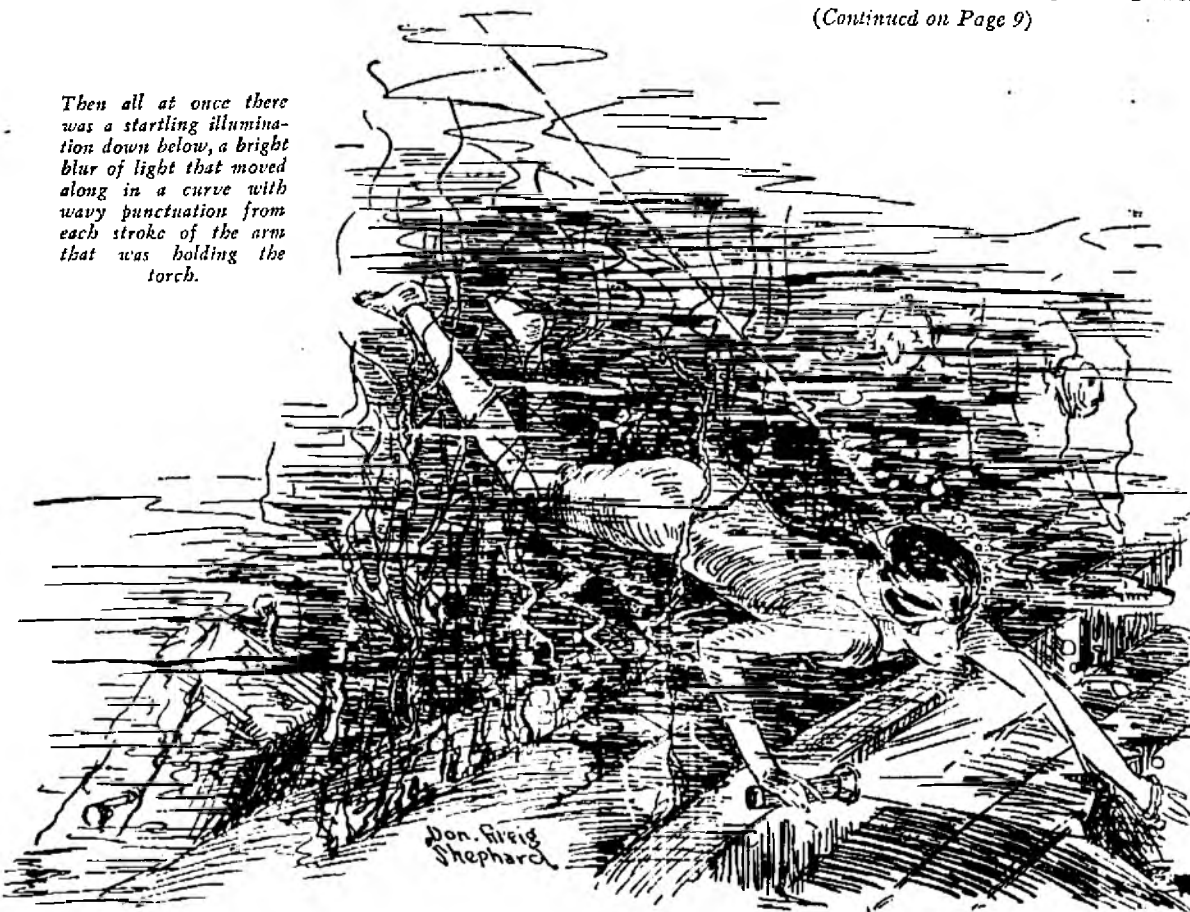
Tom drew a deep breath. Here was an armor piercing shell. Tom could see his immediate hopes and ambitions mounting to the zenith on the top of a detonated charge of trinitrololul. He squared his jaw and shoulders, then gave Robert a steady look. A good deal depended on the answer to the question he next asked.

"Just why are you telling me this, Bob?"

"Because it's no more than fair, my dear Tom. In all honor I can't let you go ahead and risk getting yourself into a peck of trouble only to bilk you of your share in the proceeds. That would not be according to the traditions of my service."

"Vive la France," Tom said, "and likewise, noblesse oblige. I understand that thing a little better, now."

Then all at once there was a startling illumination down below, a bright blur of light that moved along in a curve with wavy punctuation from each stroke of the arm that was holding the torch.



"Well then, Tom, I've learned a lot more about Yankee nerve and resource and your curious slant on things. Can't we come to an agreement about this business?"

"Unless there's some error, I should say you held all the trumps, Bob."

"There is no error at all, Tom. I've thumped a dipsey lead on the bottom of the old bark."

"On the bottom?"

"Right. She's lying bottom up. But we haven't all the trumps, because Sebastien holds a few."

"Then why hasn't he gone to it, Bob?"

"I think that boat of his did really open up, and he thought he'd better get her tight before he had his go. He mayn't have thought there was such a devilish rush. But there is, you see."

"Have you got her buoyed?" Tom asked.

"No need. You can almost see her old carapace at ebb tide. I doubt you ever could guess where she is, Tom. But before we go any further, you might tell me what you feel your claim amounts to."

"What I said this afternoon can stand, Bob. All I ever counted on was her guns; but if she's bottom up, like you say, it would be some job to get them out from under her. Scarcely pay the shot, or shots, because we'd have to dynamite her, and she's probably petrified by now."

"Then why not fix on a money compensation, Tom? That, of course, provided that we can give friend Sebastien the slip somehow."

Tom pondered this a little. They were by this time off Pemaquid Point, beginning to round that formidable bastion of the coast that can be so fearful to the inshore pilot under thick and stormy conditions of weather. Even now, still as it was, a great ground swell was humping up disturbedly as its long skirts caught and were

(Continued on Page 9)



"Just You and I"

An Editorial



Your Interest in Thrift League Stores

YOUR continued interest in Thrift League Stores will naturally rest upon the advantages which this organization — as represented by your local Thrift League Store — offers you as a buyer and consumer of merchandise. Self interest would dictate that your greatest consideration of the Thrift League Stores' plan must be inspired by what the plan represents in actual benefits — real values — genuine satisfaction to YOU.

Thrift League Stores — and particularly your Thrift League Store — accept the premise set forth above, confident in the thought that this system of merchandising will result in definite benefits to each patron of a Thrift League Store, because that is the foundation stone upon which the whole structure is reared. Knowing that your continued satisfaction is the soundest basis upon which to anticipate your patronage the Thrift League Stores' plan is definitely designed to attract and hold that patronage upon the theory of your greatest satisfaction in every transaction.

Thrift League Stores offer you the advantages of an association of several hundred good stores all working together with one aim in mind — working for you — buying — advertising and selling on a basis of co-operative action — gaining advantages and economies for themselves which are promptly passed on to you; there is an assurance that you will enjoy every saving which large scale operation can bring you.

Above and beyond all this there enters a human factor; the knowledge that your Thrift League Store is owned and operated by a member of your own community — a flesh-and-blood entity whom you know, who takes part in nearly all activities in which you are concerned or interested — a person to whom you can go knowing that your viewpoint will be that person's viewpoint because you both live in and are interested in the same community.

Every member of the great group of independently owned and operated stores which make up the membership of Thrift League Stores has and will maintain high ideals in merchandising — a determination to furnish you the best of values and the maximum of satisfactory service. That is the platform and the plan. You will be the judge of how well it is supported by action.

Thrift League Stores — Your Thrift League Store — will keep this idea to the front — watch your Thrift League Store!

Thrift

HENRY FORD recently aroused a commotion of controversy when he announced as his opinion that young people should expend their earnings in self improvement rather than in accumulated savings.

Because of his outstanding accomplishments as an industrialist and builder of one of the greatest modern fortunes, what Mr. Ford said was given wide publication, precipitated extensive comment and, naturally, brought forth much argument pro and con.

From the standpoint of arriving at a fair understanding of what Mr. Ford really meant can we not get a genuine definition of thrift which harmonizes with the thought that one may both spend and have at the same time?

Probably most people think of thrift merely in terms of the careful, systematic accumulation of what one earns or receives in the way of salary or income.

Ben Franklin's maxims were the product of a mind alert to conditions of his day. Largely they deal with the thought of thrift by saving.

But even in his day he thought in terms of wise spending for one of his favorite maxims was that nothing was cheap for which one had no use, no matter what the price.

Today, with earnings and income of which even the far sighted Franklin could not have dreamed, saving is far more complicated with wise spending than ever before.

Possibly Mr. Ford is correct. It is conceivable that the young person self developed and ably fitted for life has a thrift accumulation greater than any considerable sum of money.

What do you think about it? The editor of your Thrift Guide Magazine would like to know.

Your
THRIFT GUIDE
Magazine

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Styles That Dame Fashion Has Approved

What *the* Well Dressed Woman Will Wear

WITH the approach of Easter, our attention turns to new spring clothes and what the well dressed woman will wear during the coming season.

A trip through the shops convinces me that the new silhouette is more feminine in appearance than ever. Rippled and gently flared skirts, softer lines in graceful blousing, frilly collars, ties and jabots suggest feminine softness in line that is becoming to most types.

Since the suit or ensemble, which may consist of a coat and harmonizing dress, is the popular

By
JEANNE JORDAN

flared, a trifle longer and jackets are plain with tailored pockets.

The cardigan style suit, which also belongs to the short jacket suits, in smart woolen tweeds with silk blouse is popular.

jacket and the accompanying dress may be as feminine in appearance as the wearer chooses. In this type of ensemble the printed silks are important giving a springlike appearance to costumes.

The dress may be of a stunning silk print with a coat of woolen or of plain silk. Of course, for early spring wear, the woolen coat is desirable.

As a separate wrap and frequently as a part of an ensemble, the cape and cape coat are shown. They are made of light woolens, silk or satin and for very dressy wear they are shown in trans-

Blue feather-weight tweed, lighter than navy, fashions this three-piece suit consisting of long coat with tweed collar, skirt with flat front pleats and beige colored satin crepe blouse.

Tailored street dress is distinguished by clever self trim which gives individuality to the frock. Fabric is flat crepe in a soft shade of purple.



costume for early spring. I am going to discuss it first. The lines of new suits are much softer as suggested by the blousing of waists and somewhat fuller flared skirts but the details of tailoring, such as pockets, collar and cuffs revert to mannish styles.

Suits with short jackets are youthful and practical for everyday wear. They show the tuck-in style blouse of crepe, which when worn tucked in at the waist resembles a man's shirt. Many are finished to wear outside as well. Skirts are

Brown and beige coin dotted silk crepe dress has an interesting trim of self pleated ruffles and a gently flared skirt.

The older woman with more mature figure will look well in the suit with finger tip length jacket. Suits of this style are accompanied by a blouse that is long like a tunic. She also can wear the ensemble composed of dress and three-quarter or full length coat in a becoming fabric and color. The long coat takes on softer lines than the short

parent velvet. A new style cape collar adds new interest to some of the straight line coats.

FABRICS are more varied than ever. New tweeds have white twisted threads on the surface, forming checks and designs. Nubby woolens in natural shades to soft tans and browns are good. Silk and wool mixtures in small design, wool crepe, pure cashmere soft and thick, wool voile, etamine, Jersey and light weight woolens with linen weaves are featured for dresses and coats in the yard goods sections.

Dull weaves are in the lead in silk fabrics which include Canton and flat crepe, faille, chiffon, georgette, crepe Elizabeth and Shantung. The latter is used for sports wear. Some shops show sheer silks in printed designs for dresses with identical prints in heavy crepes for coats. Woolens break into prints and this season there are some lovely conventional patterns featured in light weight woolen fabrics.

If you are particularly fond of prints, you may enjoy making a jacket of printed silk to wear with a plain silk dress or with a plain silk skirt and print blouse.

The sports style dress is accompanied by a velveteen jacket in a bright color. For later use in summer the sports dress will be sleeveless. These jackets are made plain with tailored collar and pockets or in cardigan style with the dress collar worn on the outside of the jacket.



The one-piece sports dress is of yellow crepe and long coat is of printed pique in yellow, orange and black flower pattern on white ground. The coat is trimmed with yellow bands stitched with yellow.

For dress wear, three-quarter length velvet and velveteen coats are shown with printed chiffons and flat crepe frocks.

A new shade of blue, lighter than navy is one of the outstanding colors for spring. It is featured in both ensembles and dresses with accessories to match which include hat, shoes, purse and costume jewelry.

Shades of purple are very good and grey in two or three shades, beige, fawn, green and greyed pastels are shown in soft woolens and silks. Black and white are always worn but this season they are combined with a bright color to complement them.

For sports wear, clear bright reds, brick, vivid yellow red, sometimes spoken of as Spanish or gold red is outstanding. Sun tan, sun burn or sun orange shades are supplementing white for blouses, sports frocks for warmer days and party dresses.

If you make your own clothes and you are planning an ensemble in the tan or brown shades for spring you will want to add smartness by choosing a yellow crepe blouse to wear with it. If you prefer the three-quarter coat of brown kasha or soft woolen in basket weave, I can think of nothing more stunning to wear with it than a yellow printed silk with dark brown ground. A frock of this material would look well with an accompanying coat of beige colored woolen.

If you look well in navy and you

decide on a three-piece suit of navy tweed, your blouse may be of beige or a new sun burn shade, red or white crepe.

The ensemble of black, navy or brown combines well with gay printed silks. I recall one ensemble I saw that I liked very much. The dress was a feminine style of lavender, blue and green flowered print on navy ground. Coat was of a soft navy colored woolen lined with deep lavender, almost a wisteria colored silk. A green silk lining would have been equally as effective.

Ensembles of greys and tans are brightened with red and bright blue. Green is smartest combined with lighter greens. Some show greens with blue-greens and unusual combinations such as blue with deep purple blue, chartreuse green with brown and lemon yellow with mustard green. Blue-greens, yellow and grey-greens are more popular than clear greens.

Tweed mixtures look best with bright colors in blouses or accompanying dresses to pep them up a bit.

Afternoon and party dresses show added length in flowing drapes and panels and there is talk of longer skirts for street and for day time clothes.

With the popularity of long tresses and knotted chignons, naturally comes the longer skirt with its draperies floating and fluttering lower and lower. They are graceful and

lovely for certain type clothes. Fashion authorities also mention the natural waistline but that will come gradually if it comes.

It is important to choose lines and styles that are becoming regardless of what the fashion world dictates.

The street or service dress will add a little length but it will remain simple in line and therefore will be found becoming by most of the "average figures."

TYPICAL of the spring styles are these models shown here. They feature many of the new details of construction used in making the new dresses and ensembles. They are clothes that I like and that I thought would give you many suggestions that would help you in planning your new spring wardrobe.

Three piece suit of tweed in a lovely shade of blue is practical as well as becoming because the full length coat can be worn throughout the early summer with other frocks. It features many of the season's style points in its simple lines, long tuxedo collar, tailored pockets and turn-back cuffs. Skirt is plain with the exception of the double knife pleats at each side of center front.

Blouse of beige crepe can be worn tuck-in style or outside as shown in the illustration. It is belted with narrow belt of self material and a bow of crepe adds smartness to the V-neck.

A narrow band trim of white crepe at the neckline and finely pleated ruffles of self material give personality to the stunning dress, illustrated on page five at center. It is made of beige and brown cord printed silk. Waist is cut with round neck and just long enough to blouse slightly over peplum shaped yoke which is joined to gently flared skirt. Pleated ruffles form circular collar, trim top of cuffs and edge yoke of skirt.

Tailored dress for service wear, illustrated above at right, is made of purple flat crepe. It is decorated with band and point applied trimmings of self material which are machine stitched at edge in purple silk. Skirt is box pleated at each side of front. Sleeves are trimmed with bands which, for points on top. Narrow belt buckles at center front with silver buckle which matches silver ornament at neckline.

Capes and cape coats promise to be exceptionally smart this season. The ensemble illustrated combines a cape with a full length coat, a wrap-around skirt and a blouse in harmonizing color. It is made of soft woolen in beige with blouse of beige crepe which is worn with a dark brown silk tie. Cape snaps to coat at neckline so it can be removed and worn separately.

Skirt is a plain wrap-around style. Blouse is self trimmed with narrow bindings and tailored pockets.

And Now—House Cleaning Time Is About Here!

ALONG with the thoughts of new spring dresses, April showers and the possibilities of the summer garden, comes the none-too-delightful thought that it is about time for spring housecleaning. No matter how you look at it, it is quite impossible to think of this yearly job as a really enjoyable one. Yet when it is completed it brings its own reward in a sufficient measure to make the extra work well worthwhile.

The many modern conveniences that are supplied today's housewife are gradually simplifying this irksome task into a more pleasant one. With linoleums and rugs in place of the old-time, heavy carpets, and a vacuum cleaner to keep them in good shape the year around, we get away from one of the worst features of old-time housecleaning—that of taking up a lot of carpets, dragging them outside to hang on a line and beating the dust out of them. And that was only half of that job, for putting them down again, free from bulges and wrinkles, was certainly a task in itself.

The power washer, too, is a great help, for it saves many an hour of back breaking rubbing that used to be the order in cleaning blankets, curtains and a thousand and one other articles that require laundering at this time.

There is never a better time than when doing this job to make a good many of the changes that you really want to make around the house but due to pressure of every-day duties just don't seem to be able to get at. If your home is dark and dreary, without the bright spots that so enliven a room, why not take this opportunity to make this spring house renovating show greater results than it ever has before? When things are all kind of torn up you feel more like doing it and after you have it done you will think you have spent a hundred dollars instead of just a few to fix up with. It is mostly a matter of planning and taking advantage of the many wonderful



materials and methods that are offered to you right in your own home town store—much of them in your local Thrift League Store. Following are a few suggestions that you can change around to fit your own requirements that will help you to bring new beauty, new life and interest into your place.

Look at your floors and curtains first, for upon them depends much of the general appearance of a room. Plan now to get that new rug you have wanted for the living room, for there is no time like the present and the values that rug makers are offering today are probably greater than ever before in the history of the business. There is such a great variety of beautiful new patterns in solid or intricate designs that are rich in the colors that will harmonize with your furniture. It pays to buy good ones, for the extra years of service they render offset many times over the few dollars' difference in cost between the good ones and the cheaper grades.

In selecting rugs watch out for just these two things—stay away from freakish, gaudy designs, for you quickly tire of them; and select a

pattern and colorings that show as little of the every-day dirt and wear that they are bound to have, especially if there are children in the house. Never put down a new rug in direct contact to the floor, for the hard, unyielding surface under it quickly causes a wear that does not come when it has a shock-resisting padding underneath. Ask your rug dealer to show you the felt-like material for under your rugs that adds many years to their life, makes them softer, springier and much warmer in the winter time.

IF A wood floor shows from around the edges of your rug it is a simple matter to freshen it up with varnish or paints, whichever may be necessary in your case. The new kinds that dry quickly make this job an easy one, and one that you can do yourself in a most satisfactory manner. Wood kitchen floors can be varnished or painted, too, but there is nothing in the world so helpful or time-saving as good linoleum on the floors of kitchens or hallways. When you put down new linoleum, varnish or wax it well as soon as possible, for it adds a protective coat that makes it easy to clean and greatly lengthens its period of service.

On another page of this magazine are some suggestions about window curtains and hints on selecting and making them. Even if you have new curtains, especially the lacy kind, it is a good idea to make a special set for summer, and worthwhile, too; for dust and dirt that come in open windows take quick toll. There are many lightweight cretonnes and similar fabrics that make practical and pleasing summer curtains and are a delightful change from your winter ones.

For light-colored upholstery on furniture, or even the dark shades of velours and mohair, you should provide summer slip covers of fully colored cretonnes. They are not dif-

(Continued on page 21)

CURTAINS

in

Good Taste

Curtains are one of the most important features of home decoration. The wise home-maker changes them with the seasons, thereby keeping her rooms always new and interesting.

THE question of what to buy for new curtains is continually a puzzling one. Most of us seem to forget that fast-colored calico, gingham, percale and cotton prints featured at popular prices on the dress goods counters make attractive curtains. They are just the right fabrics to use to carry out color schemes inexpensively.

I saw a dashing red and white gingham in rather a large check that I particularly liked for curtains for an ivory colored kitchen, with black and tan tile linoleum on the floor. I planned them in my mind with inch hems down center front and across bottom piped with black rick rack braid and tailored band tie-backs with black rick rack trim. Don't you think that you would like them, too?

There was an interesting percale in lavender that I thought would look well with edges scalloped and bound with blue and black bindings for a south bedroom in a color scheme of lavender and blue.

A vivid orange and white print would add life and pep to any kitchen or bathroom in all white, grey or ivory.

In sheer fabrics, dotted Swiss, plain, dotted and checked grenadine, patterned voiles and marquiseses are lovely for the ruffle trimmed and cottage style curtains.

Ruffled tie-back curtains crossed at the top, like the set illustrated here, are good to use on bedroom and living room windows without drapes. This material is shown with small or large dots in red, blue, lavender, green and yellow.

The set illustrated shows rose dots on cream ivory grenadine. They are made with a single casing and hang on one rod. To make them, cut the upper curtain six inches longer than the under one, and turn this allowance like a three-inch hem at the top, inserting the upper edge of the lower curtain under the hem before basting it. Next stitch through four thicknesses on the lower edge of the hem and through two thicknesses about one inch above it to provide the casing and heading. Ruffles measure three inches wide and twice the length of the inner edge and bottom of curtain. Ruffles are bound with rose bindings. Tie-backs are made double of material, two inches wide and twenty inches long. They are trimmed on one edge with three-inch ruffles bound in rose. The cottage set illustrated below,

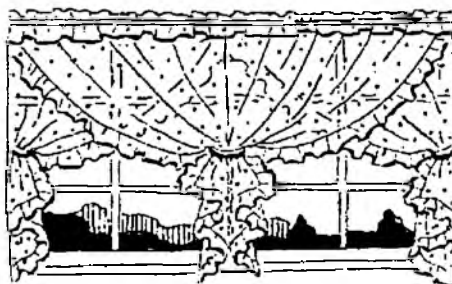
consist of two pairs of curtains made according to directions given above, with a narrow valance across both windows. The material is grenadine with a coin dot in bright red. Ruffles measure four inches and are bound with red binding. Valance ruffle at top measures five inches deep with edge bound in red. This ruffle can be

Draperies of green plaid gingham combined with Dutch style glass curtains of yellow organdie with yellow bindings.

Rose and white dotted grenadine used for ruffled tie-back curtains.

made in two sections and put in with the top casings when the curtains are made. Tie-backs are of bright red gingham. They are made double and measure two inches wide by twenty inches long when finished.

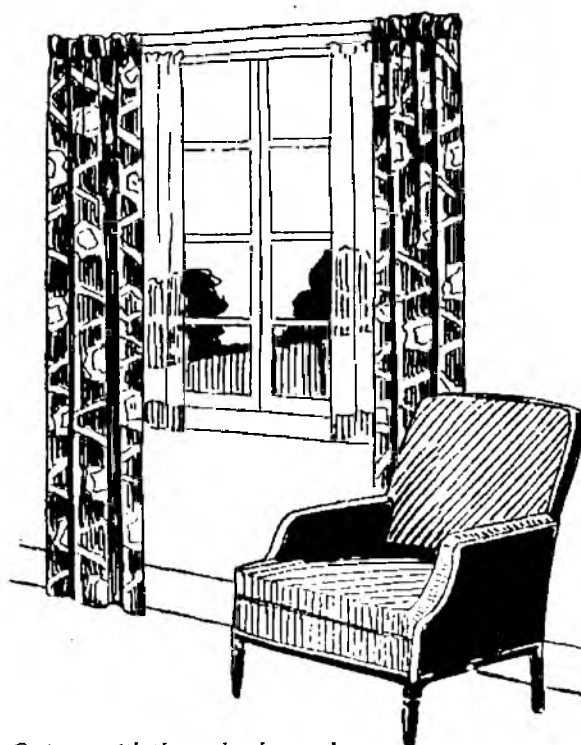
The living room needs cheery looking curtains to give it a homey atmosphere. The large living room



Cottage curtains above in red coin dots on cream colored grenadine with red bindings and tie-backs.

window illustrated above is treated formally. The glass curtains are of cream colored marquiseses. They are made to reach two inches below with inch headings, one and one-half inch casings, inch hems down inner edge and one and one-half-inch hems on lower edge.

Side drapes are of a heavy cretonne in yellow, rose, lavender and



Cretonne with plum colored ground shown in living room drapes harmonizes with the chair upholstered in green denim.

green pattern on plum colored ground. They are made to the floor and lined with natural colored sateen. The top fullness is arranged in French plaits. They are made as follows:

First pin a two-inch plait at each point where a cluster of plaits is desired and stitch down two or three inches from the top. Then arrange this fullness in three smaller plaits of equal size and catch their inner edges with a few stitches so that they will stand out rather than lie flat.

Glass curtains and drapes are hung on separate rods. The drapes would look well hung on black wood poles with blue-green wooden rings.

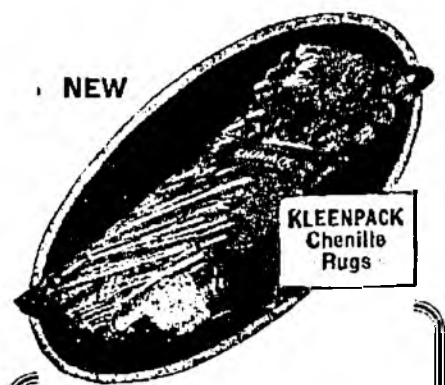
The material used for making these drapes is similar to the new cretonne designs shown in the shops. Bold designs in bright colors are featured in chintzes and cretonnes for curtaining large rooms. Small conventional patterns are shown for small rooms.

A pleasant window treatment for a dining room is illustrated here.

Green plaid gingham is used for making the draperies which hang in soft folds to the lower edge of the sill. Glass curtains are made of soft yellow, fast-colored organdie with edges bound in green. The upper set is made four inches longer than the lower set so they cover the heading and casing of the lower set. Inch heads and inch and a half casings are used on glass curtains and drapes.

Japanese crepe, cross barred linen toweling, dress linen, sateen, crash and ever fast linens are inexpensive and durable fabrics for draperies. Chintz, cretonne, rep, cotton taffeta cloth and sunfast fabrics are listed in more expensive drapery materials.

In last month's issue of The Thrift Guide suggestions were made for the making of bathroom and kitchen curtains from oilcloths and other waterproof fabrics. These can often be combined or used to alternate with the lighter types described here, giving a pleasing change and variety to the appearance of these rooms. Attractive curtains, colorful, crisp and clean, make a wonderful change in a room that would otherwise be cold, dark and uninteresting.



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THRIFTY RECIPES



Fruited Cereal Molds

Wash half a pound of prunes and soak them overnight. Simmer in the same water until tender, adding one lemon, sliced, one stick of cinnamon and a quarter of a cupful of sugar when nearly done. Let stand until cold, strain off the liquid and pit the prunes. Put aside one for each mold and cut the remainder fine, removing most of the skin. Soften one rounded teaspoonful of gelatin in one tablespoonful of cold prune juice and dissolve in one tablespoonful of boiling juice. Mix thoroughly with the prune pulp. Have ready two cupfuls of oatmeal that has been cooked with one teaspoonful of salt in four cupfuls of water. Rinse the molds in cold water and fill with the oatmeal and prune pulp, placing the latter in the center. Serve very cold with sugar and cream decorated with the whole prunes.

Hot Egg Chocolate

Make the chocolate according to any formula you like, but have it strong with chocolate. A very good way is to mix one heaping tablespoonful of grated chocolate with a quarter cupful of boiling water, stir until dissolved, fill up with hot milk, stir in quickly a well beaten egg and serve in a tall, narrow cup with whipped cream on top. Or mix strong chocolate syrup with hot milk, add egg and whipped cream as in preceding. This with the addition of a cracker or a sandwich or vanilla wafer is nourishing enough for a full meal.

Hot Egg Coffee

Make the coffee strong, stir in quickly a well beaten egg, add cream and sugar and serve. Sometimes the top is covered with whipped cream like the chocolate. This is a wonderful pick-me-up for a tired man or woman.

Rice Waffles

Heat one cupful of milk; add one tablespoonful and a half of butter and the beaten yolk of one egg; then add one cupful and a half of flour and beat well. Now add the beaten white of the egg, half a cupful of cooked rice and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat the batter for two minutes and cook on a hot, well-greased waffle iron. When the waffles are done, serve them hot with maple syrup, honey, powdered sugar or jelly.

Brown Onion Soup

Four medium-sized onions, two cupfuls of milk, one cupful of water, three tablespoonfuls of flour, three tablespoonfuls of butter, one and a quarter teaspoonfuls of salt. Slice the onions and put them in a buttered pan. Add a little water, cover them and put them into the oven. When tender remove cover and allow them to brown. Rub the onions through a colander, add the water and white sauce (made by adding the hot milk to the butter and slightly browned flour rubbed together until smooth), cook ten minutes in a double boiler before adding the onion. Heat the whole, season it, and serve.

Pecan Muffins

$\frac{1}{2}$ c. Graham flour $\frac{1}{4}$ c. milk
3 tsp. baking powder 2 c. stone ground yellow cornmeal
1 tbsp. brown sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
1 egg 1 tbsp. melted butter

Put the graham flour, corn meal, baking powder, brown sugar, salt and butter into a bowl. Mix with it one well-beaten egg and the milk. Fill well-greased muffin tins with the batter and sprinkle chopped pecan nuts over the top of each. Bake in moderate oven.

The nuts may be put through the meat chopper and mixed with the batter, if desired. Peanuts, almonds or walnuts may be used instead of the pecans if preferred.

Fried Bread With Cottage Cheese

Spread slices of stale bread thickly with cottage cheese, with which pimientos, nut meats or some marmalade or jelly has been blended.

What Do You Like?

THE THRIFT GUIDE wants more thrift recipes, ones that have been proven by use. Have you a favorite one? If so, why not pass it along to the thousands of other readers of the Guide, by sending it to us to use on this page? Thank you!

Dip in a mixture of egg and milk, and fry quickly in butter or other fat.

Variation—The egg and milk may be omitted and the bread may be fried lightly in a very small amount of bacon fat.

Stuffed Eggs

Boil five or six eggs hard and put into ice cold water until perfectly cold. Peel them carefully and cut in two lengthwise. Extract the yolks, rub them into a paste with a dessertspoonful of butter, season with a pinch of pepper and scanty teaspoonful of salt, and work in some very finely minced chicken or poultry livers. If you have no chicken substitute such cold meat as you have. Bind the mixture with a beaten egg, mold into balls the same shape and size as the ejected yolks and fill the whites with them. Fasten them with toothpicks, roll in beaten egg, then in cracker crumbs, and fry quickly in hot lard. Drain them on paper. Do not withdraw the toothpicks when you serve them.

Baked Eggs

8 eggs 3 tbsp. cream
Pepper and salt Bits of butter

Break the eggs into a well-buttered dish, sprinkle with pepper and salt, add the butter and cream; set in the oven and bake until the whites are set, or ten minutes. Serve very hot. Grated cheese may be sifted over it.

Shrimp Salad

Open a can of shrimps, rinse in cold water, drain and dry on a cloth. Cut each shrimp into three pieces. Chop three hardboiled eggs fine, add one-half level tablespoonful of finely chopped onion and a level tablespoon of chopped parsley. Mix with the shrimps, sprinkle with French dressing, and set in the ice chest. Arrange lettuce leaves on a flat dish, make a mound of the shrimps and garnish with spoonfuls of mayonnaise.

Baked Apple Sauce

Apples Brown sugar
Cinnamon Boiling water

Quarter, core and pare apples, cut in thin slices, put in baking dish with alternating layers of brown sugar and sprinkling of cinnamon. Add boiling water to cover bottom of dish. Bake in hot oven from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours. Apples should be reduced to pulp.

Honey Sauce

1 tbsp. butter $\frac{1}{2}$ c. honey
1 tbsp. cornstarch $\frac{1}{2}$ c. water

Melt the butter and blend with the cornstarch. Add the honey and water; cook until it thickens and serve as a hot sauce for colonial, date, fig or cottage pudding. This is also excellent as a sauce for ice cream.

Creamy Eggs with Cottage Cheese

1 c. milk 1 tbsp. butter
1 tbsp. flour $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. pepper
4 eggs $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt
1 c. cottage cheese Paprika
 $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. soda Parsley or pimientos

Make a thick sauce with the milk, flour, butter and seasonings. Cook 5 minutes and pour gradually on the cheese, which has been neutralized with the soda dissolved in a little of the milk. When the cheese and sauce are well blended, return them to the top of the double boiler and reheat over hot water. Beat the eggs slightly, pour them into the warm sauce, and mix well. As the mixture sets in a soft custard on the bottom and sides of the boiler, scrape it up carefully, forming large soft curds. The mixture is cooked when it is of a creamy consistency throughout. This quantity will serve eight or more people.

Potato Patties

Rub one pound of cooked potato through a sieve. Melt one ounce of butter in a stewpan and put in the potato. Add half a cupful of milk, salt and pepper, and mix well together. Chop half a cupful of cooked meat finely. Chop and fry one onion in a little fat and mix it with the meat in a stewpan. Add a little parsley, seasoning and enough sauce to bind the mixture. Grease six or eight good-size patty pans, line them with the potato mixture, put some of the prepared meat in the center, and cover with a layer of the potato. Put a little bit of butter on each, place on a pan, and bake in a moderate oven until brown. Take up, turn them out of the pans and dish up. Serve hot.

Fried Potatoes

A nice way to fry potatoes is to dip them in egg and then in bread crumbs. Then fry until brown.

Design from Butterick pattern No. 1811; developed in cocoa, amber and beige; trimmed with Wright's Bias Fold Tape, pure silk, wash fast No. 650B, width 5.

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The Guns of The Holy Trinity

(Continued from Page 3)

impeded by the shoaling bottom.

"That would depend a good deal on the prospective amount, Bob," Tom said presently. "You see, I haven't the least idea how much you expect to haul down—or rather up. But it seems to me that if I were to stave off Sebastien I'd be entitled to a third—after all costs were deducted, even to your expense in coming out here, of course."

"Well, I think so, too," said Robert. "I don't believe Sebastien has the least idea we're on the ground, because he would naturally expect us to come here in some such boat as his and get directly at work. There would seem to be no reason for our doing otherwise, since we've known from the start precisely where to find, or at least to look for the old hooker."

"Then why the deuce didn't you?"

"Because we hadn't the remotest idea that Sebastien knew what we were up to and was taking measures to let us down. Papa and I got a fearful knockdown when you mentioned another crew that looked like Miquelon men. Before that we had thought we might as well reconnoiter a little before spending any more money. We made the usual French mistake of trying to cut down the overhead, as your mine-sweeping chaps used to say when they cut loose a mine. I was with them when they were based on Lorient."

"Sebastien's apt to find it out at any minute, now," Tom said, "if he hasn't learned it already."

"You're right. We haven't an hour to lose. That's why I'm making you this offer. It ought to prove a goodish bit, unless that old duck, my revered ancestor, was dippy."

"By gum, I believe you, Bob. Well then, we'll agree to split three ways, and here's my fist on it."

"You're on, Tom." They clasped hands.

Robert's trained sea eyes, better far than Tom's because they had not been frequently tormented by a type-writing machine, immediately picked up the dark splotch on the smooth surface about a furlong ahead and the same distance inshore of them. He perceived also something that Tom had missed against the opaque background of rocks and trees.

"I say, Tom, that boat is yawl rigged."

Tom was able to see then, as the boat came abeam, that Robert was right. The fact was significant, as except for yachts and the larger fishing vessels, sail had become a relic of the past for the small craft of that coast.

If the passing boat, that was running under auxiliary motor power, had been a small yacht, she most probably would have been painted white and have shown sailing lights. As neither of these details was in evidence, Tom's suspicions became aroused immediately. It was more than possible that Sebastien, learning of the de Corlay's arrival on the scene, had decided that no more time was to be lost, and was now on his way to the Corvette Ledge to begin his diving operations.

"By golly, Bob, that's our bir!", said Tom.

"I believe you," Robert answered quietly.

Tom slowed the motor of the launch, then turned the spokes until the heavy boat described a wide arc and fell into a following position about a quarter of a mile astern of the cruiser, and directly in her wake.

IV.

FAIRLY convinced that Jessica was right about the wreck of the Fourquet, Dr. White did not allow the barnacles to form upon his motionless keel. He ate a hurried supper, then jumped aboard his launch and ran over to the village

to take counsel of that local oracle and information bureau which is the general storekeeper.

"There's a diver right now over to Friendship," said the storekeeper. "David MacFarlane. He lives there. Trades up and down whenever there's a job at Bath or Boothbay or Rockland."

"The boat builder? Why, of course. I never thought of Dave. You think he's got all the gear?"

"Sure thing, doctor. Dave's getting pretty old to go down himself, and I heard the other day that he's been laid up with sciatica. But he's got a 'Gese working for him that he has trained, and they say he's a first rate hand."

Here seemed the constellations in their proper places for a venture. The storekeeper went up stairs to his private apartment over the store and getting Dave MacFarlane on the telephone made strong and urgent representations. The name of Dr. White was, as has been stated, one to conjure by, which was well, as no man whose name is honorably prefixed with a Mac is apt to undertake in haste what may prove to be a fool's errand.

But such was the esteem in which Dr. White was bespoken that the master diver promised to despatch his understudy within the hour, that he might make the twenty-mile run around Pemaquid Point to Whale Island while the weather was clear and the sea smooth. Such a flat calm was apt to be followed by a thick fog toward morning; and the rocks were many and varied.

Dr. White returned to his demesne jubilant and in a state of suppressed excitement. Halfway up the big natural stone steps laid down on the path to the house stood Jessica with a few sprays of the first goldenrod in her hand. Dr. White, who knew the language of flowers as well as their medical properties, shook his head.

"Do you know the warning of goldenrod, my dear?"

"Hay fever," said Jessica.

"Sometimes, but we don't have that pest here. They say, 'Be cautious.'"

"Of what?"

"Of sunken wrecks—if they happen to be your most immediate interest." And he told her about the diver.

"Then that's all right," said Jessica. "What a lark, Gardy!"

"Perhaps. But this obviates the necessity of your being a mudlark. You don't need to go overboard tomorrow morning."

"I want to, though. There's a reason. Father was talking about salvage claims one day, and I remember his saying that ever since there had been any laws at all about marine property, the first claim on a vessel in danger or derelict or wrecked was that of a line to her. So I want to get a line fast to this hulk, if it's no more than a cod line. I sha'n't feel safe about her until I do."

The doctor nodded. "Like staking a mining claim until you can have it recorded."

"Nobody has located the wreck," said Jessica, "because they went on Tom's assumption that she hit the Corvette Ledge and then drifted clear. They never thought of her having hit McFarlane's Ledge."

SOME time in the night Jessica awoke and heard the muffled blare of the Monhegan fog siren, fourteen miles away. A moment later the pulsing growl of Seguin reported the sea about itself to be shrouded likewise.

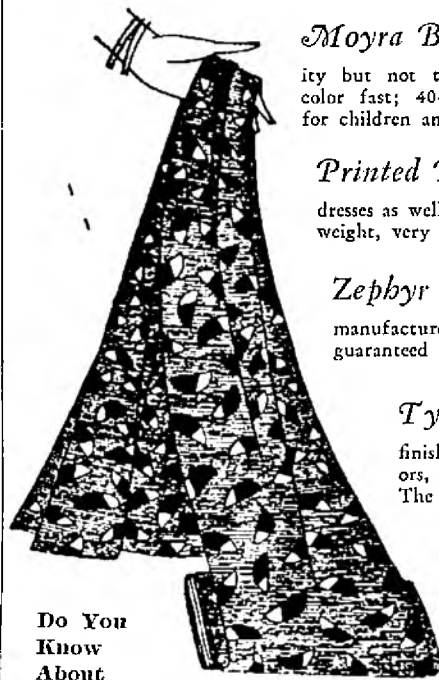
She wondered if the diver from Friendship had arrived, and was moored safely off the landing in the

(Continued on Page 14)

Borden Fabrics

Lovely Creations by Master Designers

DELIGHTFUL colorings and patterns. . . . Choice variety of new weaves. . . . To meet the needs of women who require the better grades. . . . at a very moderate price for quality fabrics.



Do You
Know
About

Moyra Batiste Wonderful new patterns in a fine combed batiste, sheer quality but not too sheer for practical uses; guaranteed color fast; 40-inch width; fine for attractive dresses for children and misses.

Printed Broadcloth Unusual variety of new designs for morning dresses as well as ensemble effects for sports wear; light weight, very lustrous finish; 36-inch width.

Zephyr Prints English print patterns in a fine combed fabric, especially manufactured for children's and misses' dresses; guaranteed fast to washing; 32-inch width.

Tydalk Prints A linen-like sport fabric of all cotton finished in a permanent linen effect; fast colors, high color sport effects; 34-inch width. The outstanding cloth of 1929.

Ellard Novelty A sheer, cotton and rayon fabric in striking new patterns; printed in fast colors; recommended for dresses where a sheer draping effect is desired; 36-inch width.

Borden's National Dressmaking Contest?

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of American housewives
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OZITE—the patented CUSHION for carpets and rugs, made of pure "ozonized" hair, soft, resilient, moth-proof—SAVE your rugs and save your floors, too!

HUNTING CINDERELLA

by

'PHONE

"Lady Luck" was kind to this young man, who tried to call a Miss Smith on the 'phone—and with the wrong number!

By

BERTON BRALEY

THAT is sure one nice little girl," said McGruder to Williams, as they came out from the Mason's dance and stepped on the owl car which was to bear them to their flat in the Anglomaniya apartments; "one nice, clever, bright, pretty young lady."

"Who is?" Williams asked.

"The one Miss Vinson introduced me to, the girl dressed in blue silk and she danced like a milkweed fluff in a wind and her name was Smith. She gave me her address and her telephone number. I've forgotten the address, but the telephone was Milton 8796."

"Sure of that, are you?" questioned Williams.

"Of course I'm sure. I always remember numbers and I didn't even trouble to put this one down. Milton 7896—it's a cinch. I'm going to call her up tomorrow afternoon and ask if I can call."

"Yes, you have a fine memory," agreed Williams. "I don't see why you ever bother to make a note of anything. You ought to be a professor in a memory school. What did you say that number was?"

"Milton 7896."

"No, you didn't, you said it was Milton 9876."

"I didn't say anything of the sort. I tell you once more, it is Milton 9786. How could a man forget a number as simple as that? All you have to do is remember that the four numbers total thirty and that the last one is six."

"Easy, easy," mused Williams, "and her name is Smith. I hope I'll have the opportunity to witness you tearing your hair when you try to call up that little lady tomorrow and find seven thousand Smiths in the telephone book. But then, you know the number; of course, I forgot that. Was it Milton or Felton exchange?"

"Milton. I'm as sure of that as I am of the number. Here's our corner, got your key?"

McGruder got home a little earlier than usual the next afternoon and it occurred to him that it would be an excellent idea to call Miss Smith before Williams came. If there was any difficulty in reaching her, he wouldn't have Williams around to jeer at him and get him rattled.

Confidently he called Central and asked for Milton 7896.

When a male voice answered at the other end he asked:

"Is Miss Smith there?"

"Which one," the male voice demanded, "the blonde or the dark one?"

"Why, er—The brunette."

"I'll see if she's here, hold the line."

A short pause.

"Nope," said the man, returning to the phone, "she's gone. Her time expired today and I don't know where you'll find her."

"Time expired!" exclaimed McGruder, "what number is this?"

"Milton 7896," said the voice.

"What place is it?" asked McGruder.

"County jail," said the voice, and McGruder hung up.

HE CALLED Central again.

"Central," he said, "I am trying to get a young lady named Smith whose number I can't exactly remember. I ought to have put it down, but I imagined I could keep it straight. It's either Milton 9876, or 8976, or 8796, or 7896, or 7986. All I'm sure is that it contains those four numbers and that it always ends with six."

"Are you sure it's Milton exchange? It couldn't be the Felton exchange, could it? People sometimes make that mistake."

"No, I'm certain it's Milton and not Felton!"

"What's the young lady's name?"

McGruder chuckled: "Her name is Smith."

"First name?" asked the girl.

"I don't know."

"Not much dope to go on," suggested Central.

"I'm aware of that," said McGruder, "but if you'll be a good girl and help me find this young lady it's a five-pound box of candy for you."

"You're on," Central acquiesced; "what number next?"

Then, as if humiliation must be added to defeat, the door swung open and in breezed Williams with a cheery, "Caught in the act, old top!" and flinging himself in a comfortable chair proceeded to enliven the situation with pointed sallies of wit.

"Try Milton 9786," said McGruder, struggling for self-control.

He got the number and asked:

"Is Miss Smith there?"

"Which one?"

"I don't know exactly, but she has blue-black hair and blue eyes and—"

"This is the Aetna Suit and Cloak factory. We employ five hundred girls and there are seventeen Smiths among 'em. I won't call any of 'em unless it's important, and when a crazy gink wants me to pick him out a blue-eyed brunette whose name he doesn't know I reckon it isn't important. I'm no information bureau."



"What is this place, the Morgue?" asked McGruder.

The receiver went on the hook with a bang that hurt McGruder's ears at the other end of the wire.

"Grouch, isn't he?" volunteered Central, "but I reckon the girl isn't there."

"No, I guess not," agreed McGruder; "try Milton 8976."

"Hello," he called, "is Miss Smith there?"

"Yassah, yassah! I'se Miss Smif. What can I do foh you, suh?"

McGruder heard Central snicker and he had to grin to himself as he replied:

"I guess you're the wrong Miss Smith. Your voice doesn't sound exactly like the young lady I'm looking for."

"Not much luck, so far," consoled Central, "but we'll find her yet. I'll give you 9876—there they are."

"Is there a Miss Smith living there?" McGruder began.

"Oh, yes," said the feminine voice at the other end, "I'll call her."

"This is Miss Smith?" queried McGruder, when a new voice was heard.

"Yes, sir, what is it?" The voice was slightly acid.

"Are you the Miss Smith I met last night at the dance of—"

"No, I am not. Young man, or old man, whichever you are, you have a good deal of impertinence. I haven't been to a dance in my life and I am president of the Society for the Suppression of Terpsichorean Dissipation. If this is a joke it is a decidedly impudent one and—"

"Madam," interrupted McGruder, "the joke is on me. I beg your pardon." He hung up.

NO. 7896 proved to be an Italian cigar store, and McGruder had to wait while the proprietor called in a boy from the street who could understand English. This boy informed him that there wasn't a Smith he knew within five blocks.

"No luck!" laughed Central. "Well, there is only one other number left in the Miltons, that must be it. I'll get you 7986. There they are."

Once more McGruder asked: "Is there a Miss Smith there?"

"Nope," answered the brusque voice at the other end of the line.

"Is Miss Smith known there?"

"Nope."

"Who is this?"

"Fire-station, Number 34."

"Let's take a try at the Felton Exchange if you don't mind," said Central, "I'll give you Felton 7896."

There was no Miss Smith at 7896 Felton, and no one had ever heard of her.

No. 7986 was a school for girls, and there were several Miss Smiths, but a voice that carried a chill even over the wire assured Mr. McGruder that they were all blondes and that even if this young ladies to attend such plebeian and common dances as Masons' dances. It was entirely impossible that any of the girls could have gone without the speaker knowing it, and besides she must inform him that all her girls were under sixteen, while the young lady he apparently sought was more than that, according to his description. Besides, she considered Mr. McGruder a bold person, and she could not listen any longer.

(Continued on Next Page)

Novel Purse and Scarf Sets

UNUSUALLY smart are the matching scarf and purse sets made of gay printed silks or of plain crepes with modern designs painted with



Stunning scarf and purse set in bright printed crepe is worn on all occasions to complete the spring costume.

velope purse. Scarf is made ten inches wide and the width of the material. Ends are cut diagonal and edges are rolled hemmed.

Purse measures seven and one-half inches wide by six inches deep when finished. A strip of heavy canvas is used to give the purse body. It is lined with beige crepe. When materials are sewed together and turned, the purse is folded in thirds, sewed together at the sides. Snaps hold the top flap in place.

A metal top with chain handle was used for the pouch silk purse illustrated. A modernistic print in red, white and deep blue on French blue background makes scarf and matching bag. The scarf measures forty inches long and twelve inches wide. It is particularly effective worn with a navy suit or dress. For sports wear this scarf and purse set of red and blue design on background of white with purse top and lining in bright red would be decidedly novel.

fabric paints. They add dash and pep to the last season's dress which may seem just a bit drab.

They are cut in all sorts of shapes but they are comparatively easy to make. Some are cut in triangles, some long and narrow, others short and rather wide but all are finished with picoted or hand rolled hems. Their smartness depends partially on the fabric, color and designs selected and partially on the way they are worn.

The saucy scarf illustrated here, resembles the Ascot Scarf in size and the way it is worn. It is made of printed crepe in conventional floral pattern in red, yellow and dark brown on a beige ground. One-half yard of forty-inch material was used for making scarf and en-



Blue crepe in modern design fashions the clever scarf and pouch bag. Both are simple to make.

Hunting Cinderella by Phone

(Continued from Preceding Page)

"Prunes and prisms," lisped Central gaily, "ain't it an awful thing to be roughnecks like us?"

"Ain't it," McGruder agreed. "That girl I want is young-looking all right, but I guess she said farewell to sixteen long before I met her."

Central giggled. "You aren't crazy over children, are you?" she asked.

"Nix, I like the grown-up kind, girls that have been around long enough to know the game a little. This sweet sixteen never did make a bit with me. What's next?"

"There's 8976 Felton," said Central.

It was an oyster house way down on the docks, and they could assure Mr. McGruder that there was no Miss Smith there.

"If a skoit came down here we'd chase her out," volunteered the informant.

No. 8796 had been taken out. "That leaves nothing but Felton 9786," sighed McGruder. "Call 'em, will you?"

"There they are," Central told him.

"Hello, have you a Miss Smith there?" called McGruder.

"I don't know," said the voice, "what does she look like?"

"Well, she has blue-black eyes and when I last saw her she was dressed in a blue silk dress, but she probably wouldn't be wearing it now. She is pretty and fair-skinned, red lips and long lashes, she—"

"That'll do, I'll see if we have her."

There was a long wait, and McGruder was about to hang up the phone when the voice of the man at the other end came again to his ears.

"No," it said, "she's not here."

"You're quite sure you haven't such a girl there?"

"Well, I found a fat stiff that weighs over two hundred, but there isn't anybody here that answers your description. I've searched all the slabs and—"

"All the slabs!" shouted McGruder; "what is this place, the morgue?"

"Yessir," said the man.

Central was having hysterics and McGruder could hear her as he hung up. He didn't blame the girl either. "I'm the prize mutt," he confessed, "and if you'll slip me your name and address I'll make that a ten-pound box and send it soon."

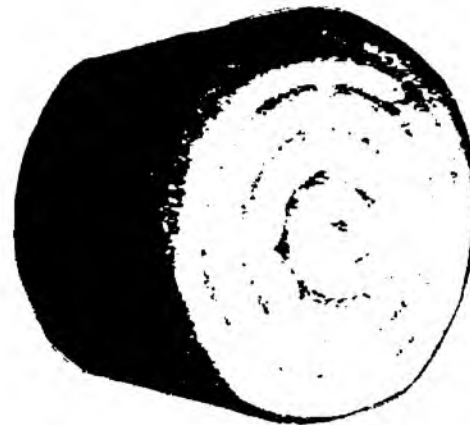
"My name," said Central, "is Mary Smith, I live at 1715 Highland Avenue, and my telephone number, when I'm at home, is 7876 Milton. Why don't you get the telephone numbers right when you want to use them?"

McGruder gasped. "Then you're the girl that I—"

"My hair is blue-black and my eyes are blue," went on the voice, tremulous with suppressed laughter, "and next time you want to call me up you ought to make a memorandum of the

(Continued on Page 19)

Best for Every Cotton Batting Need...



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Best for Quality, for Service, for Real Thrift—All Wanted Sizes.

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They will appeal to you because they look like the hand-made patch quilts of grandmother's day. Made of printed percale in pretty, old-fashioned patterns—in greens, blues, lavenders, pinks, yellows and reds.

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Thrift Values on the Back Page of this magazine each month will save you a good many dollars during the year. Get the "Back Page Habit" and you'll get the habit of trading at Your THRIFT LEAGUE STORE.

Planned for Cotton

New Colors and Marvelous New Patterns Make the Spring Cottons the Most Delightful of Materials for the Spring and Early Summer Wardrobe

COLORS and designs are the most interesting features of new cottons. So lovely are they and so practical that every woman will want to include several cotton ensembles in her spring and summer wardrobe.

A few hours spent in the cotton goods sections fill you with inspiration for making new cotton clothes that are most economical. I wanted to dash right home and let the sewing machine hum over these stunning prints and plain fabrics that lend themselves to becoming ensembles and dresses for the warmer days of spring and summer.

There are lovely printed piques and gabardines that would make the most interesting coats and

By
**JEANNE
JORDAN**



A
A red and white plaid gingham is belted in plain red linen to match the band trim on neck, sleeves and front of skirt.

B
The one-piece sports dress is of yellow crepe and long coat is of printed pique in yellow, orange and black flower pattern on white ground. The coat is trimmed with yellow bands stitched with yellow.

C
Blue and tan flowered print makes attractive dress which adds interest with circular skirt and tightly moulded neckline.

D
Sleeveless frock of lavender and white plaid gingham is self-trimmed.

E
Printed pique in red, orange, green and black is a one-piece style with extra front fullness arranged in knife pleats.

jackets for ensembles. Patterns are small in dots, squares, conventional fruit or flowers in joyous vivid colors on white grounds. Many of them are priced at 59 cents, others run higher depending on the quality and design.

Indianhead in designs that resemble hand blocked prints are also priced at 59 cents. Linene, broadcloth, ratine, percale and rayon mixtures in fascinating colors and patterns are well suited to the simple tailored type cotton frocks. I was astonished at the prices of these good-looking fabrics. One can afford several of these clever ensembles and frocks, and to be smartly dressed this season, one must include cotton.

The sheer materials include small patterned dimities in floral design on white and pastel grounds at 39 cents. They come 36 inches wide. Printed batiste and flaxons are as popular as organdie. They come printed in quaint dots, tiny rosebuds and calico print designs that are ideal for children's clothes. Flaxons cost 39 cents and batistes from 35 to 45 cents.

New printed voiles feature vivid floral patterns on dark grounds. Some percales and gingham prints are following this trend.

English prints are more beautiful than ever. They can be purchased in 36-inch widths, guaranteed fast color for 29 cents. Others in suiting weight cost as high as 35 cents.

Many prints based on vari-sized geometrical motifs printed in careless arrangement and colored so as to give the effect of a third dimension are flattering to large figures. Formerly it was necessary to veil prints with georgette but with these it is not necessary to produce a slender effect.

Younger girls will love the multicolored floral prints of medium size, thickly massed on colored grounds. Older women will look best in the dark ground prints, with small motifs in one or two colors that are not too light.

Nothing could have more dash for sports wear than the prints in stripes, dots, diagonals, checks and plaids in bright colors.

Modernistic prints are also very good for sports styles.

Printed pique, batiste and broadcloth are among the cottons featured in dresses, ensembles and tailored suits. Quilted calico is also used for ensemble coats.

I particularly liked a piece of green checked gingham material that would be good looking made up in a sleeveless style sport dress with a little hip-length jacket of green linen with shawl collar, patch pockets and cuffs edged with bias check binding.

I saw a clever cotton sleeveless frock fashioned of a green and orange print on white ground. It featured a box plaited skirt edged with orange and green linen bands and a yoke of plain white linen tucked and trimmed with green glass buttons. Its accompanying short jacket was of matching material with orange and green band trim to match skirt.

A rose print pique suggested to me a long jacket ensemble with white pique dress, banded in the rose print and the printed coat with contrasting collar and cuffs of white pique. Another in a cardigan print I thought would appear unusual print insets in the skirt.

Less pretentious but none the less fashionable



Youthful Styles Add Charm to These Misses' Dresses

STYLES that appeal to the Miss as being correct for her—in dresses that are carefully made and cleverly designed by famous fashion experts.

A choice variety of splendid materials—a large assortment of smart, new weaves in prints and florals in all the lovely, new colorings and patterns for spring and summer.

Sizes 7 to 14

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FLEISHER YARNS

are gingham in checks and plaids that are shown in sports wear ensembles. The checks are in varied sizes, many of them in one-inch checks. One good looking jacket suit of black and white check gingham showed a white blouse with check trim. Skirt was of black with gingham trim.

Illustrated here, is a sleeveless dress in red and white gingham which shows that it can be cleverly handled.

Tailored details in the plainer cotton dresses include skirt width introduced in circular godets or pleatings, decorative vestees and notched collars.

Variegated striped ratines are shown which make up into attractive frocks in tailored styles with white pique notched collar and button trimmed waistcoat fronts.

In the ready-made department, I saw a good looking printed percale which showed an oblique treatment on the blouse accented with black bindings. Another coat-like style carried the tailored lines in its notched collar, scalloped closing and flared section skirt inset. Cape sleeve cuffs and an elongated yoke piped in green lent distinction to a tailored one-piece dress of orange and green floral patterned linene.

These highly individual prints priced from 20 to 59 cents a yard suggest any number of pleasing designs for dresses, coats, ensembles, children's clothes and lingerie.

Organdie is particularly good for party dresses. It comes in beautiful designs that are stunning for the long-skirted draped styles.

Printed broadcloths are popular for pajama suits combined with plain cottons and gingham is used extensively for this purpose.

The cotton frocks illustrated here are chosen because they are individual, smart looking, flattering to many and economical. They are dresses and suits that I think you would find suitable for many occasions. You will want to vary the styles and colors to suit your particular type and you will want to select fabrics which are most becoming to you. You will have no difficulty this season in choosing becoming prints because there is a world of designs for those who are tall and slender, for the short and stouts and for the in-betweens.

Navy and tan flowered print is used for making the attractive one-piece dress with tight hipline, circular skirt and V-neck blouse with bow treatment. Sleeves are close fitting, bound at the wrist with narrow bias fold of self material. The waist blouses slightly over the hipline. Bow is made double of self material and applied to front of neck.

White pique printed in red, orange, green and black is combined with the same material in plain white for the becoming sleeveless frock as shown. Back of dress is made plain. Front is cut with side front opening and extra fullness is arranged in knife pleats across front of skirt.

Square neck is trimmed with plain band of pique and armholes are bound with bias bands of pique. Narrow belt of white fastens with red enamel buckle that matches the bright red buttons which fasten the side front.

Lavender and white plaid gingham in all its crispness is used for making the sleeveless hot-weather frock shown at center. It is a one-piece with pleated front insert in skirt. The pleats are laid to form an inverted pleat at the center. The V-shaped neckline is finished with a collar of matching gingham bound with self binding. A matching tie knots itself at the center of the collar to add a smart touch. Armholes are bound with narrow self bindings and belt of gingham is buckled with white glass buckle.

Samples of cottons used in dress illustrated show details of designs.

Red and white gingham is used for sports dress which is cut on the true bias of the material. Buttonholes on front and sleeves are bound with red linen to match narrow belt and band trimming on V-shaped neck and sleeves. White bone buttons and belt buckle match.

Sports dress of yellow crepe shows modernistic band trim on blouse and skirt. Invert pleats add fullness to the front of skirt. Back of dress is plain. Neck is V-shaped bound with self fabric. Narrow belt of crepe is fastened at front with modernistic buckle.

Long coat is of white pique printed in conventional flower design in yellow, orange and black. Sample of material, shown below figure, shows detail of design. Coat is made plain with set-in sleeve. Band trimming down fronts and on sleeves is of yellow linen, trimmed with rows of machine stitching in yellow.

The Washing of Fabrics

TESTING a garment before washing it may save the garment itself, and avoid some regret on the part of the owner.

Silk garments should be tested for shrinkage and color fastness before washing by preparing suds as for washing the garment, and then squeezing a sample, or some hidden part of the garment in the suds for three or four minutes, rinsing it in cold water, allowing it to partly dry, pressing it and comparing it with the unwashed material to determine whether the garment itself is washable.

The same process should be followed with wool garments, except that the wool should be rinsed in water the same temperature as the suds.

The suds for washing silk should have a temperature of about 90 degrees. Wool will stand a suds of 100 degrees. The silk garment should be rinsed in cold water, and the wool in water the same temperature as the suds. Silk should have as many rinsings as are necessary to remove every trace of soap. Three rinse waters are desirable for wool.

Both wool and silk garments should be dried by rolling in towels. The garment should be laid on one towel, another should be placed between the folds and a third on top. "Roll tightly and press out moisture, remove and shake until dry enough to press."

Rayon Becomes More and More Useful

Rayon, the material that was at one time called "artificial" or "fibre" silk, has won a permanent place in the field of textiles and its use has extended to many articles of clothing, draperies, table cloths, bedspreads and other things. Rayon is made from either wood pulp or cotton by a chemical treatment which reduces the raw material to a sort of sticky fluid. This fluid is drawn out into a fibre by a machine which has been termed a "mechanical silk worm."

It is easy to distinguish rayon from silk or wool, not only by appearance but by the burning test. Rayon burns as cotton burns, with a flash and odor of burning paper, leaving a residue of gray ashes. Wool and silk burn more slowly, the flame easily going out giving off an odor something like burning hair. The residue of burned wool or silk is a black, hard globule.

While rayon is a much cheaper material than silk, it should be handled and washed with as much care as is usually given silk. Rayon, as it is made today, is vastly improved over the first product, for it is far more washable. The old time rayon would often go to pieces if left standing in water, but this has now been practically eliminated.



Have This Dainty Dress for Yourself!

The season's accepted fashions in pretty, alluring dress fabrics are represented in the new Fasheen prints. When planning the new spring or summer dress

Make it of Fasheen!

Fasheen fabrics are not only right in style, they are economical in price, and in addition provide wearing qualities that are unsurpassed. The dainty patterns, the colorful patterns, each a beautiful example of the best, make Fasheen the wanted, popular fabric for NOW.

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Standard Bandeaux

Dainty styles made up in fine materials, with every new and improved feature which discriminating women demand, you'll find in the Standard line.

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Satisfy the requirements of the particular housewife's ideal as to what she wants in

Quilted
Mattress Protectors
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Table Pads

Made of standard quality bleached muslin and carded new cotton filling.

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For every-day use about the home there's real economy in Chicopee Maid

Gauze



Chicopee Maid is a

Bleached Cheesecloth

—commonly known as gauze—
for your convenience it comes

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The Guns of The Holy Trinity

(Continued from Page 9)

sheltered little thoroughfare. If this indeed were the case they would be glad of the fog to screen their early morning operations.

Jessica slipped from bed, went to a window and looked out. She did not look very far out because her vision fetched up against a black murk as solid and as still as the lower level of a coal mine. The sirens alone were audibly deploring its dangers. "Whoooooo-up," sighed Monhegan, and far to the westward Seguin answered crossly, "Rur-rur-rupp." It would not be precisely the sort of morning that a sybarite would choose for a sea bath, Jessica thought. There might even be a good many needy folk who would not have gone overboard and thirty feet deep into that glacial water for all the treasure at the bottom of the sea.

Meanwhile there seemed nothing much to do but to sleep, so Jessica got back into bed again and slept. She awoke automatically at half past three, got up and lighted her lamp, then slipped off her nightgown and into a swimming suit. She drew on a heavy woolen dressing gown and a pair of moccasins, then stole out into the kitchen to find Dr. White stealthily engaged in making coffee over the oil stove. There was need of silence, as all the treasure of Ophir and of Inde would not have countenanced that early morning expedition in Aunt Martha's eyes. It would have shaken her faith in her brother's sanity.

Dr. White himself protested it. He was worried also because he had been down to the landing and failed to discover any sign of Dave MacFarlane's diver.

"He smelled the fog and wouldn't risk crossing Muscongus Bay and rounding Pemaquid Point in it," said the doctor. "I shouldn't care to wander through that rock pasture myself when the weather's so thick that you can eat it with a spoon."

"All the more reason for my going down, Gardy," said Jessica, sipping hot coffee and nibbling at a ship's biscuit.

"It's bitter cold, Jessica. Wait until this afternoon. It may clear and come off warm."

"That's not going to change the temperature of the water. I'm warm now, and I sha'n't stay in long enough to get chilled. Come on, before Aunt Martha's subconscious self sets off the alarm clock."

She went out and down the steps, the doctor following growlingly.

Jessica stepped into a rowboat and picked up the oars, sensible procedure before an icy plunge. The doctor had provided a coil of light line and a mooring buoy. The tide was almost at the last of the ebb, with scarcely any current. Jessica, following the rough outline of the shore pulled vigorously around to the corner of the island from which the Corvette Ledge put out, when getting a bearing over the stern of the boat she rowed out into the fog, now whitening as the growing day illumined it.

The water was still and clear, not transparent as in the tropics, but making it possible to see the weed on the rocky bottom at a depth of about fifteen feet. Then suddenly they found themselves over a great mass of the skate-shaped algae that Jessica had mentioned. This will float when detached, and the current having now stopped running the big flat rubbery elephant ears were spread out just beneath the surface. Anchored by the tips of their long, tenuous tails, these sleek brown spatulate fronds were swinging and swaying with undulations of their lateral flukes, scalloped along the edges and seeming to be possessed of a crawling motion. There were always vagrant eddies over the reef

and the stirring of them now set the units of this mass of vegetation to oscillating in different directions, so that the whole, as one looked down upon it, suggested nothing so much as a mammoth school of stingarees nosing about in quest of bait.

"Here we are," said Jessica. "The roots of this kelp are on the wreck."

"Beastly stuff to dive through, Jessica."

"There's no harm in it, Gardy. Can't foul you up because it tears like wet blotting paper. But it is going to be pretty dark down there."

"Oh, let it wait, Jessica."

"No, I'm in a lovely glow and I'd rather have a plunge than not. Let's have your electric torch, Gardy. It will keep going as long as I care to. The trouble is going to be finding something to catch a turn on."

Dr. White handed her the torch with a wad of cotton into which he had worked vaseline. "Plug your ears and nostrils, Jessica. Don't take a chance with earache a few days later."

"All right. The pearl divers use wax, you know, but this ought to answer. We are directly over the

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wreck, I think. This little patch of kelp lifts up from it. Wet the line, Gardy, so there will be no tug on it."

Dr. White picked up the coil of new flag halliard stuff and soused it overboard. Jessica stood up, slipped off her long woolen gown and taking the end of the line, threw a loose bowline hitch in it and slipped her gleaming arm through the bight.

"Well, here goes, Gardy—" She fixed the rim of her rubber bathing cap securely under her ears and took a few deep, rapid inspirations, the more thoroughly to oxygenate her blood. Then, filling her lungs moderately she kissed her hand to the anxious doctor and went down head first, like the sea otter that her supple body suggested, and leaving no more of a commotion where the brine enveloped her.

Dr. White leaned over the gunwale of the boat, paying out the line and trying vainly to follow with his vision the downward course of the white limbs. The kelp fronds stirred and eddied and spread out to curtain what was underneath them. The snaky coils of the line straightened like a circular spring stretched out. A few bubbles came gyrating upward.

Then all at once there was a startling illumination down there below, a bright blur of light that moved along in a curve with wavy punctuation from each stroke of the arm that was holding the torch. The effect of it was weird, yet reassuring, because it signaled the vigorous movements of the diver.

Dr. White could see the dark mass that was described by this radiance, but the abundant growth of submarine vegetation masked its character. At the end of fifty seconds that seemed like as many minutes, the doctor was about to give an admonitory tug on the line, when the light was quenched suddenly. At the same instant he discovered Jessica coming up with speed. She bobbed out of the water bosom high, expelled the exhausted air from her lungs, refreshed them with a gasp or two, then laughed. But even in his relief at her reappearance Dr. White observed that she was clear of the line, and that its trend was downward at an angle.

"Are you all right, Jessica?"

She nodded.

"Then climb aboard and put on your wrapper before you catch cold."

"Let me get my breath. I'm catching gold."

"The deuce you are. Is the line fast?"

"All fast, sir. I landed on a ragged hole about the size of your head, near the garboard strake. Where she plumped down on a sharp rock, I should say. The swell must have bumped her up and down on it along the length of her. She seemed all gouged and stove in abaft it. I caught the bight of the line around what seemed to be a shattered butt. It ought to hold, I think."

"You are a living wonder, Jessica."

"Nothing hard about it. I never noticed the cold." She slanted her head. "Listen—there's a boat."

"Oh, never mind the boat. They're passing all the time. Climb in." The doctor dropped down on a thwart, shoving himself against the other side to balance her. Jessica, with a downward thrust of her strong round arms, raised herself across the gunwale and backward to the thwart, then swung her legs in after her. Then all at once she seemed to petrify, staring into the gray fog that had thinned a little.

"Look, Gardy!" she gasped in alarm, paling visibly.

Dr. White glanced over his shoulder, vexedly. This would be the diver from Friendship, who had preferred to wait for daylight before starting around Pemaquid Point. The doctor wished that the man had come a little earlier or a little later. It annoyed him to be found apparently in the act of employing his beautiful ward, Captain Warren Poole's daughter, as one might make use of a Kapaka pearl diver.

Dr. White was annoyed at the interruption. But as his experienced eye swept over the details of the boat assembling out of the fog, this momentary vexation gave place to astonished chagrin, to dismay. Here was not the belated diver, nor even the de Corlays, nor Tom. It was a heavy yawl rigged semi-cabin cruiser. As it forged slowly down on them, swinging off a little, the doctor discovered a small French flag flying from the mizzen truck.

The significance of this was very evident. No boat hailing from a neighboring French possession, especially Miquelon Island of which the commerce now deeply interested the U. S. Revenue Service, was going to advertise her nationality unless she felt herself to be a virtuous craft and entitled to the protection of her flag. This could be no other than that Sebastien, described as a scoundrel by Jessica and Robert, and now come to have a go at the Fourquet!

In the shock of this forbidding complication Jessica sat and stared at the boat as it drifted slowly up to them. Three men were in her cockpit, one of them holding the heavy, old-fashioned tiller. This

would be Sebastien, the doctor thought, his fists clenching, and the fellow looked indeed the sort that the girl and Robert had described. In a day when pirates still are quoted at par, Sebastien had all the visible traits of high efficiency.

His face looked intelligent and alert, less stealthy than scheming, and merciless rather than of the type that goes with slinking treachery. There was a sort of Tartar suggestion about the wide cheek-bones, hooked nose, square angled jaw and narrow, pointed chin. His black, wiry mustache showed the glint of strong white teeth under it as, utterly ignoring Dr. White and Jessica, he ordered one of the men to let go the anchor.

Dr. White raised himself a little in the boat. "You are a little too late," he said in a crisp, authoritative voice. "I've got a line fast to this wreck and I claim the salvage of her."

Sebastien utterly ignored this statement. So far as concerned himself and his immediate operations the elderly gentleman and girl in the Whitehall rowboat might not have been there at all. The swarty, stolid youth who had gone forward cleared the turns of the chain cable from the winch and let go the anchor.

Jessica, as if awakening from a trance, whipped up her gown and enveloped her dripping body in its folds. Sebastien stepped nimbly forward to the well deck of the boat and threw a tarpaulin from something placed there. Dr. White saw this to be a diver's air pump.

The third man who had gone into the cuddy aft came out with his arms full of the helmet and other gear. The youth forward stoppered the cable, then took off his oilskin overcoat. The two other men did likewise, then carried on briskly with their preparations. During these rapid evolutions not one of them so much as threw a glance at the rowboat and the pair aboard it, almost alongside.

"Are we going to stand for this, Gardy? I'm afraid of that—that man. I—I really wouldn't care to elope with him, the—the way he'd do it!"

Dr. White glanced at Jessica and shook his head. He had been watching silently the rapid preparations going on aboard the vessel. Jessica shivered a little, but not from cold, because her woolen gown was warm and heavy, and the night chill had by this time left the air while the sun, trying to burn its way through the fluffy fog gave it a muggy warmth that promised a little later to make a hot, still day. The shiver was one of nervous tension and expectation due to something in her guardian's silent waiting.

At the end of several minutes this began to tell on Sebastien's nerves. The strain of Indian blood that first had motivated his grim taciturnity was unequal to the support of it when flung back at him in so assured a way. The predominant Latin blood of the mongrel started to fume and seethe and to demand some sort of safety valve. Sebastien began to breathe lurid curses at his men for their slowness, and from under his black eyebrows he shot more frequent malevolent glances at the calmly vigilant watcher in the rowboat.

Then all at once, the volatile principles in his cosmos fetched away from their container, blew out the plug of it, so to speak. He had picked up the helmet and seemed about to try it on when, glancing at the rowboat, he flung it down on deck again and strode to the main rigging, seizing a shroud in one grimy hand.

"What you want?" he snarled. "Why don' you clear out 'bout your business? What you t'ink you goin' do?"

Dr. White did not move a muscle. He neither smiled nor frowned, but

continued to regard the furious Sebastien as if he had been the violent inmate of an institution for the criminally insane. Jessica's heart beat a little faster, but she, too, preserved her disdainful calm. Sebastien seized the other shroud and shook both parts enraged, like a great ape might tug at the bars of its cage.

"I know you, mister," he snarled. "I see dem French officers go long your house. You t'ink you find out what dey lookin' for and beat 'em. You t'ink you play 'em one lousy trick. I fool you, by dam!"

This frenzied outburst brought no more response than before. Dr. White took out his watch, glanced at it, then returned to his fixed contemplation of Sebastien. Wheeling from the rigging Sebastien picked up the helmet again, half raised it, then scowled across at Dr. White. A curious indecision seemed to possess the man. Dr. White, as if observing it, half turned in his seat and, drawing in the line that anchored the boat to the wreck until it led nearly at an angle of eighty degrees, caught a turn of it through the ringbolt.

Then all at once the fog that had obscured his motive from Jessica's mind cleared as the sea fog that enveloped them seemed almost ready to do under the hot rays of the mounting sun. She suddenly was able to appreciate the reason for Sebastien's fury; the man was afraid to go down while this unknown quantity of a doctor was there alongside in a row-

fiendish act, sitting there regarding Sebastien with a fixed glare of waiting vengeance that made him want to cross himself.

Here was the coil in which Sebastien found himself, and it left him to take his choice of three courses, none of which he admired. The first was to go ahead and dive and take a chance on what might happen. The second was to call the bet a dead loss because of his delay in playing it. The third most appealed to the savage nature of the man, this to seize and destroy and obliterate all trace of these two in the rowboat who seemed all set to blast the success of his venture.

If Sebastien's present errand had been rum-running, Dr. White would not have taken such a chance. Being what it was, he did not believe that there was any firearm aboard the boat, because Sebastien was to expect a minute overhauling at any time, as long as his suspicious looking craft was in Yankee waters, and he would be clever enough to avoid the slightest evidence against him of preparation for offensive or defensive action.

But the doctor's intuitions were marvelously keen and swift, and as Sebastien now stood glaring at them across that perilously short space of separating water the doctor received such an impact of murderous intention as to shatter his psychology; or more properly, to stimulate it. It was borne in upon him instantly that his estimates had been faulty, and in a surge of horror he realized how easy it would be for this hot headed desperado to whip out a gun, fire point blank at Jessica and himself, then sink their bodies with the boat made fast to a few pigs of iron ballast. The chances were strong that no one ever would know.

The doctor acted in swift obedience to his impulse. He jerked out the slip hitch that he had caught through the ringbolt with the line, threw overboard the buoy he previously had attached to the end of it, whirled to the after thwart and grabbed the oars. As he did so, Sebastien, as if galvanized into sudden action, pitched into the cabin of the cruiser. Like any other savage beast of primal instinct his ferocity was inflamed by the startled flight of a quarry that had faced him boldly up to this moment. No doubt Dr. White was correct in his perception of a murderous assault on the verge of its discharge, and it is fairly certain that his anticipation of it was all that saved the lives of Jessica and himself.

That—and the fact that Sebastien's movement were clogged by the leaden soles of his diving outfit. When he plunged out on deck again, snarling with rage at his indecision and waving a big automatic pistol, the doctor had come near to establishing a rowing record for one hundred yards single sculls in a badly trimmed Whitehall boat, and presented a poor target in the fog.

Sebastien, although perceiving that he probably had missed his coup, even then might have trusted to good marksmanship to retrieve it. But as he steadied himself to ascertain how big the target looked against his sights the sound of a motorboat's exhaust pulsed on his ear drums. Caution gripped him, and the reflection that so far he had actually committed no overt act of violence. He lowered his weapon and peered into the fog.

(Continued Next Month.)

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BOREAS — Peace Maker

By JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

Author of "Joanne Builds a Nest," "A Girl Named Mary," "Dr. Ellen," etc.



MRS. FRANKLIN JARVIS started for California equipped with a small trunk, a large satchel, a hand-bag, and a baby. Her husband saw her off. Mrs. Colter Jarvis, by a coincidence, took the same train, her equipment consisting of twelve trunks, five servants, a baby, and a private car. Her husband also saw her off. The two men came face to face on the platform afterward and nodded curtly, with a show of preoccupied indifference. Mr. Colter Jarvis stepped into his brougham and shut the door sharply.

"Confounded prig," he muttered to himself.

Mr. Franklin Jarvis swung upon a trolley-car that was piercing the congested traffic in clumsy jerks and stood in the huddle on the platform, jostled and trodden; but his frown was not from physical discomfort.

"Poor old Colt!" he murmured. "I wish——"

Mrs. Franklin Jarvis took out a stuffed elephant for little Franklin, who fell on it with a rapture that endeared him to the entire car, found a novel and a bottle of lavender salts for herself, tucked her feet up on the opposite seat and wondered if her husband had reached his office yet. Practically the same things happened in the private car just behind, except that Mrs. Colter Jarvis' book and bottle were French, and that little Carlotta took the proffered doll with a bored stare, presently letting it slip head down to the floor.

Neither woman left her car that day, so they did not discover each other. The next morning Mrs. Franklin, bags and baby, was transferred across Chicago in a Parmelee bus, with some kindly assistance from fellow-travellers, while Mrs. Colter's car was switched and shunted about till it joined the same out-going train.

Late in the afternoon a half-hour's stop made Mrs. Franklin glance wistfully from the sleeping baby on the opposite seat to the platform where her fellow-passengers were securing exercise. Three of Franklin's new slaves instantly volunteered to "keep an eye" on him, so presently Mrs. Franklin stepped into the fresh air, walked briskly toward the engine, then back the length of the train. As she turned at the end, Mrs. Colter opened the rear door of her car and came to the brass railing of her private platform. The eyes of the two met and, after the shock of surprise, hardened to the double bitterness of women who have taken up their husbands' quarrel. Mrs. Colter's gaze shifted coldly to the dull-gray skyline, and Mrs. Franklin walked quickly on, to finish her exercise in the other direction. Years of intimate friendship cannot be shrugged down lightly. Mrs. Franklin Jarvis knew—passionately—that her husband had been in the right in that whole miserable affair, and Mrs. Colter quite as passionately justified her husband, and so the friendship had had to go. But the year of estrangement had not brought indifference. Mrs. Franklin came back to the car with fixed, grave lips.

Meanwhile little Franklin had awakened, to find a smiling, white-bearded stranger on guard. As the baby showed puckering symptoms of anxiety about his mother, the stranger held out a

wrinkled forefinger and suggested that they "go find her," an invitation that was eagerly accepted. Franklin led the way down the aisle, the forefinger held in a hot grasp, and paused inquiringly at the open door in the rear. At the same instant a little girl with one cheek flushed, as though she had been sleeping on it, appeared in the opposite doorway. The two stared at each other with rapt interest, and Franklin loved her on the spot. Dropping the forefinger, he lurched bravely across the intervening platforms, put his arms about her and kissed her moistly on the mouth. Carlotta looked surprised but not at all displeased. The two sat down side by side on a porter's stool. Franklin giggled and Carlotta imitated him. He made a face and she followed suit. "Boom!" said Franklin. "Boo-o-om!" said Carlotta. The affair was progressing famously. But just then Mrs. Colter Jarvis, turning back into the car, saw Carlotta's nest empty and Suzanne deep in conversation with a brakeman outside. She passed hurriedly through her domain, then came out on the forward platform with a sigh of relief. At the same moment Mrs. Franklin Jarvis appeared on her side. At first neither recognized the other's baby, and so they were smiling at the picture when their eyes met. The smiles froze.

"Come, Carlotta," said Mrs. Colter, holding out her hand; and "Come, Franklin," said Mrs. Franklin from her side. The boy would have gone, but the young woman felt that she had claims. She clung tightly to his neck and protested.

It was an undignified situation, even a ridiculous one. The two women flushed. Then Mrs. Colter firmly disentangled Carlotta and bore her off, wailing, while Franklin, disdaining forefingers, led the way back with something of a swagger.

The next day the gray sky turned to lead, the wind took on an icy coldness, and the rumors of heavy snows ahead seemed only too probable. Soon the flakes were whirling against the windows. With a vague foreboding, Mrs. Franklin took the baby and the elephant into the dining car at noon and allowed little Franklin unwonted indulgences in the matter of quantity, eating an unusually hearty luncheon herself. The diner was dropped off shortly after, as they were to pick up another toward dinner-time.

The storm seemed to increase with magic

rapidity, as they plunged nearer its center. There began to be long delays, followed by short advances. With darkness came the rumor that the dining car had been stalled somewhere and would not be reached until late in the night. Mrs. Franklin stayed herself and the untroubled Franklin

with graham wafers from her bag, and on that they went to bed. Mrs. Colter, just behind, sat down to the usual five exquisitely cooked courses, signing at the mischance that had forced her to cross without company. "Travelling is a frightful bore," she mused, discontentedly, though she would not admit the cause of her restlessness. Mrs. Franklin was nothing to her! After dinner she drew a lounging-chair up to the low light in her little sitting-room and read inattentively until ten, when she went to her wide, luxurious bed.

Morning found the train lying motionless in a sea of white. The officials kept out of the way of questions as much as possible. Train-hands had set out early for the nearest station to get provisions, and might be back any moment. They were doing all they could. Mrs. Franklin fed her son on the five remaining graham wafers, prolonging them with sips of water, and deftly diverting his generous impulses to share with the elephant.

Mrs. Colter's chef sent in profuse apologies for serving condensed milk with the coffee; the morning supply of cream was still ahead of them somewhere in the storm. Then the conductor begged a word with her, and entered bowed with apology. The passengers were in great discomfort for lack of food: his foraging party had not returned: would she, very generously—the company would, of course, fully——

"Nothing to eat since yesterday—how dreadful!" exclaimed Mrs. Colter, and gave liberal orders. Presently the conductor paused in each car and made a little speech about the generosity of Mrs. Colter Jarvis. He was followed by porters with trays, and the fragrance of coffee. The passengers cheered.

Mrs. Franklin Jarvis paled and flushed as the tray neared her seat. Her mouth set in firm lines. She accepted for little Franklin and fed him in grim silence. She could have cried in her longing for that coffee; but she did not relent, even when the baby pushed a piece of fresh, sweet-smelling bread against her lips. She could not take from Mrs. Colter Jarvis.

And yet they had spent weeks in each other's houses, had worn each other's gowns in emergencies, had shared without thought. She pressed her teeth sharply on her lower lip and closed her eyes till they were dry again.

(Continued on Next Page)



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Mrs. Colter was pacing her little sitting room in growing discomfort. If the other passengers had gone without food, it stood to reason that Mrs. Franklin Jarvis had also gone without. Of course it was no longer anything to her, but—Ruth hungry! She could not get away from the thought. She questioned a returning porter, and was assured that everyone had had an abundance—oh, except one lady in the next car, who said she didn't want anything; she had fed her baby, however. Mrs. Colter understood, and for the next half-hour was angry enough not to care. Then the distress came back tenfold. Ruth hungry!

And then she noticed that a chill had fallen on the car. Her breath showed frosty. She felt Carlotta's little cold hands.

"How careless of you, Suzanne!" she exclaimed. "Go and see why the heat is turned off." Tinkering and pounding followed Suzanne's inquiries. Still the chill deepened. Carlotta's nose looked blue.

"Wrap her up and take her into the next car," Mrs. Colter ordered. Then she put on a fur coat and waited impatiently. Keen blades of wind seemed to slit their way in to her wherever she sat. Her hands began to ache and her feet grew numb. A train-hand, passing with a wrench, counselled her to go into the forward car. But Mrs. Colter could not face a starving Mrs. Franklin.

"Oh, I am not very cold," she asserted through chattering teeth.

Carlotta, preceding Suzanne along the aisle, found herself face to face with her lost love of yesterday, and stood entranced at the miracle.

"Boom!" cried Franklin in joyous welcome.

"Boo-o-om!" echoed Carlotta, rapturously. The two set up house-keeping in a vacant seat, while Suzanne dropped down opposite them. Mrs. Franklin across the aisle lifted heavy lids, but did not interfere. Soon everyone in the neighborhood knew of the terrible cold that had fallen on the rear car; Suzanne told it dramatically with shivers and huddled shoulders. Mrs. Franklin tried not to listen, but could not put down a rising uneasiness. How foolish of Emily to stay there!

Everyone within range was smiling at the young idyl opposite Suzanne. The two babies sat beaming at each other like little goblins. Franklin patted Carlotta's cheek, and she glanced sidewise at him under her dark lashes, then pretended to look out of the window. He tipped over on the seat and rolled fascinatingly with waving legs, and Carlotta immediately tried to do the same, but was discouraged by Suzanne, who had conventional ideas, and straightened both children out, thrusting their toys upon them. Franklin gathered the doll into his arms and loved it without shame, while Carlotta sat contentedly trying to gouge out the elephant's black-button eyes, and there was an atmosphere of domestic peace for three minutes, during which Mrs. Colter Jarvis' maid joined Suzanne with more tales of the frightful cold in the car behind. Madame was mad to stay there; she would inevitably be taken ill. Mrs. Franklin Jarvis closed her eyes and shivered slightly. If Emily wanted to freeze herself to death, of course it was no one's business. Only her colds were always so serious. Oh, why—

A sharp smack startled her back to the present. Franklin wanted his elephant, and alas! he had taken the primitive method of getting it. Carlotta wailed and struck back, and the idyl was ended. Mrs. Franklin took her enraged son home, and when he was in a state to listen gave him grave wisdom.

"And it was so foolish to quarrel, darling; you were having a nice time together, and now you have to stay

all alone, and—"

She broke off suddenly, the color rising slowly to her forehead. Her words hit home startlingly; it was foolish to quarrel! The passionate sense of justification—that her husband was in the right—rose for a moment, then for the first time failed her. After all, Franklin had felt in the right when he demanded his elephant! And Emily was freezing in there, because—

Franklin, spent with emotion, allowed himself to be laid down, and drifted off into sleep. His mother stood hesitating for a moment, then she walked swiftly toward the rear car.

Mrs. Colter Jarvis, muffled in furs, was standing in her tiny kitchen superintending a tray on which her chef was arranging various tempting dishes. She looked up at the sound of steps, and found herself face to face with Mrs. Franklin. Mrs. Colter flushed with a guilty glance at the tray.

"I—I couldn't help it, Ruth; I couldn't stand the thought of your being hungry another minute," she faltered. "I was going to beg you to—"

Mrs. Franklin interrupted with a little shaken laugh.

"And I was going to drag you out of this cold by main force," she said. "Oh, Emily!"

The next east-bound train, which they passed a few hours later in the wake of a snow-plough, carried letters from both Mrs. Jarvis to their husbands. "After all, he is your brother," was the keynote of each.

Mr. Franklin Jarvis read his gravely, his thoughts flying to an office not two blocks away that he had not entered for more than a year. Finally he went down to the street and turned slowly in that direction. At the end of the first block he encountered Mr. Colter Jarvis, also walking thoughtfully, a letter in his hand. The two hesitated, then smiled shamefacedly.

"Hello, Frank!"

"Hello, Colt!"

They shook hands and spoke of the weather.

CANNON TOWELS

ABSORB QUICKLY
WEAR WELL COST LESS



There is a
CANNON TOWEL
for every purse
and purpose.

CANNON TOWELS are made of the finest cotton, woven in the largest towel mill in the world. Skillful workmanship gives you a towel that is strong, long-wearing. The pile is heavy and thick, made to just soak up water. Borders are colorfully striped or tastefully designed in fancy patterns. Because Cannon makes so many towels, you can purchase better quality at any price, than you can by buying any other make. Cannon Towels cost from 25c to \$2.50—finest quality for every size and weight and price.

Ask Your
THRIFT LEAGUE STORE

Cannon Mills Inc.
70 Worth St., New York City



Modern
Oil Cloth
for Modern
Housekeepers

The new styles and colorings in Meritas table oil cloth will help to brighten any kitchen or breakfast nook.

Our assortment of Meritas Brand oil cloth products contains the most original and artistic styles ever offered to thrifty housekeepers.

The Meritas trademark gives assurance of dependable quality.

Ask Your Thrift League Store for MERITAS

\$200.00 in Prizes For Letters on THRIFT

Prizes For Best *THRIFT* Letters —

YOU may be one of the winners—YOU might even win the big First Prize! It doesn't cost you a penny—there's nothing to buy—no strings of any kind. Just write and tell us your own personal achievements in thrift. A few minutes time may win one of these prizes!

\$200.00 in Merchandise Prizes

1st Prize	\$25.00
2nd Prize	15.00
3rd Prize	10.00
4th Prize	5.00
5 Prizes . each	3.00
25 Prizes . each	2.00
80 Prizes . each	1.00

114 Prizes in Merchandise that you may select right in your own home town Thrift League Store.

Enter This Contest Now It's Open to Everybody!

Every member of the family may enter and each one may send in as many letters as they wish—but not more than one prize will be awarded to any family. Contestants must agree to abide by the decisions of the judging committee as final.

We'll Pay You Well For a Small Amount of Time!

YOUR THRIFT GUIDE is anxious to know your views and your experiences in working out your thrift problems. Very likely, too, thousands of other families would be helped in their problems by knowing how you had met yours.

To make it doubly interesting for you to sit down and write us a letter telling of your experiences YOUR THRIFT GUIDE MAGAZINE offers you the incentive of winning a desirable prize if you should happen to be one whose letter and experiences, in the judgment of the editor, is most valuable.

The prizes offered in the column to the left will be awarded to the best 114 letters received during the months of March, April and May, in the form of merchandise certificates good for their face value at YOUR THRIFT LEAGUE STORE.

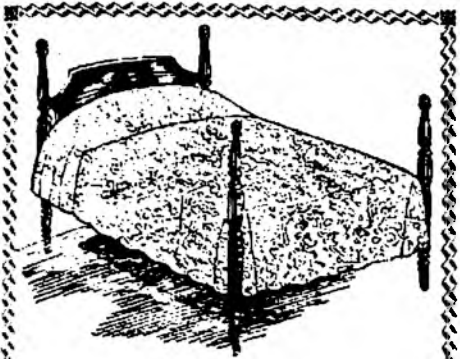
To enter the contest for one of these prizes all you have to do is write an interesting letter telling of your experiences in being thrifty, how you worked out your problems and points which would be of interest to the average home.

This interesting contest is open to all readers of YOUR THRIFT GUIDE MAGAZINE. You do not have to buy anything or spend any money to enter the contest. You may write as many letters as you wish, only one, of course, can be awarded a prize.

Personal experiences will receive first consideration, but you are not barred from writing a letter containing thrift suggestions. Letters, which are considered especially good and helpful, will be published in YOUR THRIFT GUIDE MAGAZINE, and the prize awards will be announced in the May issue of YOUR THRIFT GUIDE MAGAZINE.

Begin thinking about this NOW! Write your letter plainly on one side of the sheet only, and address it to Prize Letter Editor.

Your Thrift Guide Magazine—Minneapolis, Minn.



Bates Rayon Bed Spreads

New and popular designs in distinctive qualities are offered in these good Bates Bed Spreads. They come in plain white Cotton, fancy Rayon, Cotton and Rayon, each composed of carefully selected materials.

Beauty and Long Life

The attractive and unusual patterns, every one in perfect style, provide a very satisfying appearance for Bates Bed Spreads. And—Bates Quality gives the satisfactory wear—making it possible for the thrifty housewife to have at an economical price—a spread that stands hard knocks and retains its pleasing appearance.

Rayon spreads, sizes 72x108 and 80x108, in Rose, Blue, Gold, Orchid, Green and White.

Cotton spreads in all standard home and hospital sizes.

Betty Bates Rayon Table Covers and Sets

In the newest patterns are very desirable, and just as economically priced. Simple or elaborate! Subdued or gay! There is a Betty Bates Rayon Cover or Set to fit into any decorative scheme. Modernistic and floral designs.

Plain white—white with colored borders or solid pastel shades, in Blue, Rose, Orchid, Green, Gold and Peach, with or without napkins to match.

REMEMBER

that your Thrift League Store features merchandise of quality—lines which have a definite and known identity—that's why real values are always to be found in your Thrift League Store.

Ideas for You!

An easy way to clean aluminum-ware which is badly burned by food boiling dry in it is to place the vessel directly over gas or other flame until the burned contents become crisp, curl up and fall off. This will leave the pan clean and without the scratches that would be caused if you tried to scrape it.

We know a lady who put her wood-box on casters so that she could just shove it outside on the porch to be filled and easily move it around for cleaning purposes. A cheap set of casters from the hardware store can be nailed on in a jiffy.



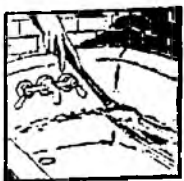
To prevent the shiny look that so often appears on wool clothing when pressed, use a pressing cloth that is of wool or part wool as it will not leave the shine like a cotton cloth does.



If you have difficulty in getting dates, figs or raisins thru your food chopper, add a few drops of lemon juice. This will greatly reduce their tendency to stick.

When you take down your stoves at house-cleaning time, to put away for the summer, give them a heavy application of linseed oil. This will prevent stoves and pipes from rusting. In the fall do not remove oil but simply polish them.

A small black-board hung in the kitchen is very useful in more ways than one. It not only furnishes a place where the youngsters can amuse themselves, but makes an excellent bulletin board for the family. You can jot down things that you wish to remember for just a day or two, such as shopping lists, a special radio program you want to listen to, a telephone number to call or an odd job to be done.



Did you ever try using a child's toy broom for cleaning the bathtub? It is easier than stooping over and doing it by hand.

Automobile grease can be removed from silks and other fabrics that will not stand washing by using powdered magnesia. Rub the magnesia well into the fabric and allow it to remain for two or three days. Then brush it out thoroughly.

If your rug curls up on the edges apply two or three coats of shellac to the back of it, letting each coat dry about an hour before applying another. When thoroughly dry roll backwards with the hands until it lies perfectly straight. This will prevent its curling.



Use peroxide to moisten an article that has become scorched while ironing, covering it with a white cloth and pressing with a hot iron. In most all fabrics this will remove the scorched mark.



Save the large paper bags that come from your grocer as they are very useful in your kitchen waste basket. The waste from the dust pan, ash trays and other small particles that are so easy to dispose of in the waste basket, will not sift through onto the floor, like from an open basket. It makes disposing of it easier as the sack with its entire contents is easily burned.

A few strips of fat bacon placed over turkey, chicken or game birds when roasting will prevent the meat from getting dry.



Hunting Cinderella by Phone

(Continued from Page 11)

number, it's so easy to get mixed and to forget."

"You rascal," chuckled McGruder, as the magnitude of the jest dawned upon him. "You've been tolling me along for the past half hour when you knew all the time who I was and what I wanted."

"No, not all along; not until you mentioned the Mason's dance, and then, of course, I was wise."

"What time do you quit there?"

"At five-fifteen," Miss Smith said.

"Would you take dinner with me if I met you at the office at that time?"

"I guess I could manage it," she said. "The office is at 1213 Washington Avenue. I'll meet you in the lobby. Don't forget the number, 1213 Washington Avenue," she repeated. "If I were you I would write it down."

"Well, bye-bye, Buddy," sang McGruder to his chum ten minutes later as he flicked an imaginary atom of dust from his sleeve and made a dash for the door, "he who laughs last—can hee haw."

20 Reasons Why THRIFT-ALLS

The Best Overall a Man ever got into—at \$1.29

Lead Them All

An Exclusive Thrift League Store Feature Value!

- 1—Extra wide non-rolling suspenders.
- 2—Non-rusting slides self-locking.
- 3—Extra large bib.
- 4—Button through flap on bib pocket.
- 5—Swinging side pockets, full size.
- 6—Divided trouser fly.
- 7—Hem tacked at all points of strain.
- 8—Legs are cut full and roomy.
- 9—Triple sewed seams throughout.
- 10—Safety watch and pencil pocket.
- 11—Full double waistband.
- 12—Non-rustable brass buttons.
- 13—Hips are cut full and roomy.
- 14—Interlaced elastic suspender backs.
- 15—Extra large hip pockets double denim.
- 16—Extra large plier pocket.
- 17—Long rise in seat from crotch.
- 18—Back buttons are set in double cloth.
- 19—Nothing but best denim is used.
- 20—Every pair is double inspected at factory.

THRIFT-ALL overalls and jackets are free from starch or any sizing to give them weight. Nothing but fine count indigo denim is used. The dimensions have been carefully worked out, to give you the utmost in a real overall—THRIFT-ALL!

Obtainable Only at Thrift League Stores

E-Z Underwear

for Any Child of Any Age

A complete and up-to-date line of children's underwear.

Ask your Thrift League Store

E-Z MILLS, Inc.

BEAUTIFUL LUSTROUS Crepe de Chine

with Flat Crepe Finish

A lovely sheen is characteristic of this wonderful washable crepe

No. 664—39 inches wide

White, Black and All Colors

Experts consider it the best crepe of its kind manufactured

Ask Your THRIFT LEAGUE STORE

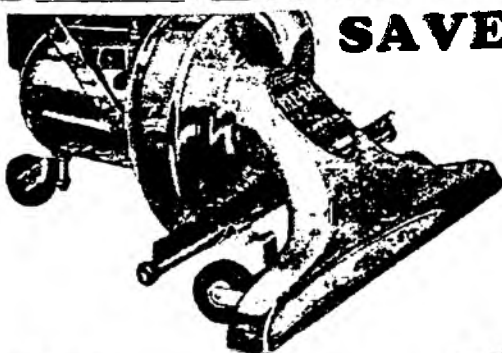
DuroBelle
"The Net with Onger Life"
HUMAN HAIR NET

Every Net Guaranteed

IT'S ALL IN THE DURO-KNOTS

Ask Your Thrift League Store

SAVE \$15 to \$25 ON YOUR CLEANER PURCHASE!



By coming to our Thrift League Store and examining a BEE-VAC Electric Cleaner yourself, you can save from \$15 to \$25 in salesman's commissions, and other needless selling expense, and at the same time get a 100% electric cleaner value. This is the same nationally known, nationally advertised BEE-VAC that has been on the market for many years. It is a brand new, deep cleaning, thoroughly dependable, fully guaranteed and approved machine, worth twice the price. There are three styles from which to choose, including both the motor driven brush and pure suction

types at remarkably low prices—from \$29.50 to \$39.75. Attachments for the \$29.50 and \$37.50 models are priced at \$5.00. Attachments for the \$39.75 model include a blower nozzle and felt floor polisher and are priced at \$8.00.

So confident are we, that you will be delighted with the BEE-VAC, we will be glad to send one to your own home for free trial without obligation.

Now is the time to prepare for your Spring house-cleaning. Be sure to stop in and see this amazing value at Your Thrift League Store.

Manufactured and Guaranteed by BIRTMAN ELECTRIC COMPANY, 4140 Fullerton Avenue, Chicago

Men Who Know



This CHALMERS union suit of fine cool Balbriggan cloth is finished with the care that distinguishes the CHALMERS line from "just underwear."

Wear CHALMERS UNDERWEAR

For real down-right COMFORT—
For genuine and lasting SERVICE—
For perfect FIT—
and SATISFACTION—

Combined with finest quality materials and high-grade workmanship "Chalmers" meets every demand for satisfaction in underwear. This famous line includes styles and weights for all requirements—and represents the latest improvements for comfort, style, shape, fit, size.



The "Chalmers" line covers a wide range of styles:

Men's Ribbed Union Suits (Knit on Spring Needle Machines).

Men's Genuine Porous Knit Union Suits; also Shirts and Drawers.

Men's Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers.

Men's Athletic Shirts, made of carded and combed yarn.

Men's Athletic Track Pants, of Twill Jean, Broadcloth and Fancy Madras.

Boys' Flat Knit Balbriggan Union Suits.

Men's and Boys' Nainsook Union Suits.

Ask Your THRIFT LEAGUE STORE For

CHALMERS UNDERWEAR FOR MEN AND BOYS

A MAN and HIS CLOTHES

By SAM and JOHN

A Little Talk About "Dressing Up!"

CLOTHES styles for men is a subject that is of more importance than most men will admit. The average man hates to admit, for some reason, that the subject of clothes is at all interesting to him. "I am no sheik," he will say, but nevertheless when the time comes to purchase a new suit or select a topcoat he gets a decided interest in the subject. And clothes for men are a mighty important thing, for they are taken as an index to a man's character, his social standing, his success in life and a lot of other things.

The mental reaction to clothes is a peculiar thing. If you feel that the ones you wear are as good looking, fit as well, and are as up-to-date as the next man's, it creates a confidence in yourself that helps you along under any sort of circumstances. If you know that the ones you have on are out of style, are sloppy looking, too tight or too loose, you cannot help but be conscious of it, and that sort of an embarrassing self-consciousness is bound to break down your assurance and to bring a big handicap in your dealings with others. There is a distinct line between the over-dressed fellow, with clothes that fit too perfectly, shirts that are so loud that they scream, or freakishness of any sort, and the man who is really well dressed.

The days of the past, when the clothes of a farmer were so poor fitting that they actually advertised him as one, have gone along with

the buckboard and home-made candles. Today the farmer is a business man, operating a manufacturing plant producing foodstuffs, and is the equal—in a business way—with the town banker or merchant. More and more he is realizing his standing and is dressing in exactly the same way as the city folks do. Getting into town oftener with his automobile, mingling more with city folks at theatres, churches and on the city streets, the necessity of better dressing is apparent. It is well, then, that the small town stores have kept pace with the desires of men who appreciate the value of clothes. Now-a-days the accepted, common-sense styles of the metropolitan centers are available in most every community, and, as a consequence, the men of America, no matter where they hail from, are better dressed than ever before.

Select your new spring suit with as much care as the wife selects hers, for with one that fits your personality as well as your figure as it should, you can go anywhere with anyone with as much assurance as tho you were the president of a great trust company. Get one that hides any physical deformities, a color that harmonizes with your complexion and feels really comfortable. You can always measure the correctness of a man's clothes in this way—the better dressed he is, the less noticeable are his clothes—for your attention is focused upon him rather than on some peculiarity of his attire.

The Style Trend and New Things

THE style trend in shirts shows a marked preference for black and white stripes. They are coming in about every width of stripe that you can think of, from tiny pin stripes to ones a half-inch wide. In colored shirts the solid color backgrounds in light pastel shades of blue, lavender, green are all the "go." Small figures in quiet, harmonizing colors on these colored grounds add dignity and beauty to the shirt.

What? No Nightie!

GOOD-BYE, nightshirt! At least that is what the men in close contact with men's wear supply sources say, for they report that the pajama suit is selling in greater numbers than ever before, while the once-popular nightshirt sleeps more soundly than ever on the store shelves. One reason for this is the convenience and usefulness of pajamas as a lounging suit. Many men like to sit down with their good old pipe and read a few minutes just before going to bed and it is much more enjoyable with the daytime clothes off and the pajamas on so that complete relaxation may be had. The nightshirt does not seem as comfortable or give the right protection for this purpose. Another advantage is their more dressed-up appearance and the better protection afforded if one is called out of bed suddenly during the night to shut a window or answer a wrong number call on the telephone.

The modern pajama is designed with a far greater consideration of comfort than ever before, being made with as much care in the proportioning as a good dress shirt. Summer materials in light and medium cloth weights are most all brightly colored with all sorts of attractive patterns. One fellow says that these fancy ones have a double advantage—"that if you can't sleep you can sit up and look at the curlicues on them until you get dizzy and fall asleep!"

New Colored French Flannels

SOMETHING new in the way of men's shirts will soon be making its appearance at your favorite store. This is our old friend the Lama Cloth, or, as it is perhaps better known, the French flannel shirt in a new array of colors. For years these comfy shirts have stuck to the greys, in three different shades, according to quality and weight, but at last they, too, have fallen in line with the modern idea of "saying it with colors!" There are blues, tans and pale greens, all solid colors of most pleasing shades.

These shirts are unbeatable for comfort on chilly days, for early spring outdoor sports, motoring and so on. They are a great favorite with the high school boys, too, for they offer a rare combination of good looks, comfort and ruggedness.

It is Safest to Boil Baby's Milk

By W. W. SWANSON, M. D.
In The Northwestern Health Journal

MANY mothers, and even doctors, are still of the opinion that to boil the baby's milk is to destroy many substances in the milk which are needed for the growth of the child.

From available scientific data, the question of whether any of the nutritive properties of milk are destroyed by boiling (that is, boiling for two or three minutes, preferably in a double boiler), can be answered in the negative. A consideration of the following advantages may convince even the doubtful that the boiling of milk is a health-promoting measure.

The effect of heat upon the various well known substances in the milk may be analyzed as follows: The salts, sugars and fats are practically unchanged. In regard to the protein, which is mainly casein, it may be conclusively stated that heating is an excellent casein modifier. It makes for a smaller, softer and more porous curd, similar to the curd of mother's milk. Many elaborate milk modifications, too numerous to mention here, have been employed to this same end. Dr. Brenemann, writing on this subject, says, "The list of milk modifications would lead one to think that the baby has let us know unmistakably that he prefers his curd small and, if possible, soft, as in his mother's milk, and that he is not particular how that end is attained."

A small curd promotes digestion and prevents digestive upsets. It has been definitely shown that when a baby is fed raw milk in excess of his casein tolerance, casein curds appear in the stools. With this appearance of hard curds in the stools, there is nearly always coincidental

indigestion with looseness of the bowels. This disturbance is probably partly mechanical, due to the passage of large particles. If boiled milk is substituted for the raw, the curds disappear and with them, the indigestion.

The effect of heating upon the vitamins has been of special interest in recent years and still continues to be so. Concerning the growth-promoting vitamin (vitamin A), two investigators, Osborne and Mendel, have shown that butter may have a blast of steam passed through it for two hours and still retain its peculiar growth-promoting qualities. From this fact it may be deduced that a short period of boiling would have no effect on vitamin A in milk. The other two well known vitamins (B, antineuritic, and C, antiscorbutic) have both been shown to have heat resistant properties. Drs. Brenemann and Hess have definitely shown that boiled milk will prevent scurvy as well as raw.

There is a traditional assumption that boiled cow's milk is constipating. Dunn, voicing his opinion with that of many others, says, "The heating of milk, especially if the milk be boiled or sterilized instead of pasteurized, may be a cause of constipation; but this cause is less common than is generally supposed, and has never been actually proven." The fact remains that the value of boiled milk far outweighs the questionable tendency to constipation.

The pasteurized and certified milk of today are comparatively safe. Yet, in spite of present improved methods of handling milk it is an act of prudence to boil the baby's milk.

House Cleaning Time

(Continued from Page 6)

difficult to make and they save lots of wear and tear, to say nothing of the cleaning of dust and dirt that is sure to come in an open window with summer breezes. It is surprising what these slip covers will do to change the appearance of a room. Many an old, worn and scarred-up big chair covered with an attractive material stands proudly alongside of new, expensive ones without suffering by the comparison. Such coverings bring a feeling of coolness and comfort, too, that will please you during the hot summer.

If you do these things you will probably be quite disappointed to find that in many places the woodwork looks rather shabby and misused, especially lighter colored painted surfaces which seem almost impossible to keep clean. But this is an easy problem to overcome for the repainting of the woodwork in a kitchen or bedroom, or even the entire house, is not anywhere near the job that it used to be. It is especially true with the new, quicker drying kinds, those that set hard in four to six hours, or just over night. This kind is pre-

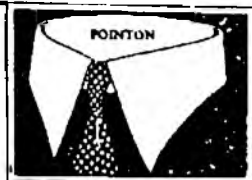
ferred for the average person to use as it is easier to put on, without disfiguring brush marks, and seldom requires the undercoat treatment that the instant-drying variety makes necessary.

The important thing to look out for is to see that whatever colors you select will harmonize with the walls, the floor coverings, furniture and curtains. Look your woodwork over before you start housecleaning and if it needs freshening up, spend your time doing that instead of scrubbing it. Wipe it off carefully with a damp cloth and let it dry thoroughly before you start your painting. Get that done first, perhaps a little at a time, taking two or three weeks for it. Then, when you start cleaning in earnest, you will find the worst part of it is all finished. On another page you will find a suggestion for cleaning curtains and a trip to your Thrift League Store will bring forth other suggestions that are bound to be a help in the job of spring housecleaning.

Men's Style Hints

HERE'S a hint from a prominent style expert on shoes. The square or lumpy-toed shoes have had their day along with all the other freak styles. The plain custom-last type, quite plain and inconspicuous, is replacing them. Tans and blacks are both good, altho a man with large feet should not wear tan shoes. The fancy sports shoe is being shown in great numbers in the larger city shops but they belong on the golf course or the college campus for they

are way out of place for business. There is little change in the general style of men's hats, except, perhaps, a noticeable improvement in the quality offered in the less expensive ones. Hat makers have never offered quite so much for the money as they are now doing. The hat with the slightly high tapering crown will remain in favor. Slightly narrower brims will be wanted by the younger fellows, ones about two to two and a quarter inches wide.



"Pointon" Collars

A Master Craft creation — semi-stiff; 3 inch points—high-grade and popular.

Ask Your
THRIFT LEAGUE STORE

See the outside back
cover for the name of
YOUR Thrift League
Store. Get Acquainted!

DUPLEX SAFETY PINS

Won't Slip
Won't Tear
Won't Rust

Write for free introductory card.

Consolidated Safety Pin Co.
Bloomfield, New Jersey

Ask Your
THRIFT LEAGUE STORE



"Thrift Special" Work Shirts

Feature Value at **98c**

Here is a work shirt that is a marvel for value. Made of heavy weight, closely woven, smooth finish yarn dyed, guaranteed fast color blue cheviot. Cut extra full in width and length. Coat style, six-button front, closing button well below belt to prevent gapping. Dark blue ivoroid buttons to match cheviot. Three rows of blue thread stitching on body of shirt. New long point collar; circular double deep yoke and reinforced shoulder; Billow full pleat pockets, flap buttoned down; sleeve facing in one continuous piece—can't rip; sleeves ample in length and wide at wrist and elbow. Regular Sizes 14½ to 17. We'll match this shirt against any shirt, anywhere—at anywhere near its price.

Buy Them at Your
THRIFT LEAGUE STORE

Where Men's Goods Are Sold

MEN— It's Time To Buy Your Spring Weight GLASTENBURY



Spring Needle Union Suits
of Fine Worsted Yarns

Flat Knit Shirts and Drawers
of Fine Lambs Wool Combined
with Long Staple Cotton

A Style, Weight, Grade and
Price to Meet Every Man's
Requirements.

Fine wool yarns correctly knit to give
perfect freedom of movement and un-
usual comfort in fit.

**GUARANTEED
NOT TO SHRINK**

*For Health and Comfort
Wear*

**Glastenbury
HEALTH UNDERWEAR**

Best for Three Quarters of
a Century

*Ask Your
THRIFT LEAGUE STORE*



**Safety and
Durability**

In this New Super-Service 6-Ply

Diamond Balloon

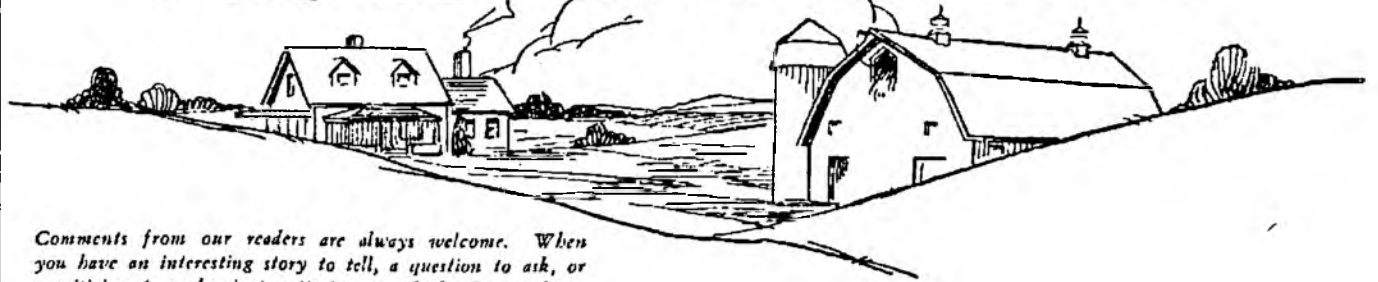
combined with perfect balance, high re-
siliency and handsome appearance make it
a SUPREME VALUE for those who desire
the best—and

At Lowest Cost, Too!

Thrift Values for Thrifty Families

Be sure to read the BACK
PAGE for Big Savings at
Your THRIFT LEAGUE
STORE

Our FARM PAGE



Comments from our readers are always welcome. When
you have an interesting story to tell, a question to ask, or
a criticism to make, just write in care of the Farm Editor.

Care of the Trees and Shrubs You Buy

THE amount of loss sustained
every year by people who buy
shrubs and trees from nurserymen
runs into a tremendous amount of
money. Most of this loss is caused
by the carelessness or inexperience
of the buyer and the failure of the
nurserymen to give more complete
instructions on how to handle his
shipment after you receive it. Per-
haps the following suggestions will
assist you in saving a larger percent-
age of the plants you buy.

First of all, examine the package
when it comes to you and see if it
has dried out while in transit. If
the roots seem dry, place the entire
package, or at least the end contain-
ing the roots, into a tub of lukewarm
water and let it soak overnight.

If your ground is not ready for
planting, unpack the bundle carefully
and make a temporary planting of
the stock. This is often referred to
as "heeling in." To do this, select
a cool, shaded location and dig a
short, shallow trench. Place the
plants in it side by side and cover
the roots thoroughly with soil. This
will generally keep the stock in good
shape for two or three weeks, if
necessary.

Before final planting, examine the
roots carefully and cut off all frayed
or broken root ends and cut back the
top of the tree or shrub from a third
to a half. If it is a fruit tree, re-
move all but three or five branches.
This reduced-size top will be much
better nourished by the reduced root
system than would be the case if all
of the branches were left on.

When planting, dig a hole big
enough to receive the roots without
doubling them in. Fill the hole with

mellow soil and shake the plant up
and down so that the roots lie in a
normal condition in the loose soil.
When the hole is nearly half full,
tamp the soil down solidly on top
of the roots and then fill a few inches
at a time, tamping each layer down
until the hole is completely filled.
Leave a layer of loose earth over the
top. If you have done this properly
the plant should be so firmly imbed-
ded that it would be difficult to pull
out. Never place fertilizer or manure
at the bottom of the hole. If you
use it, place it over the roots as a
top-dressing.

This method of planting may take
a trifle longer than the careless
shoving of the plant into an under-
sized hole and then shoveling it full
of dirt, but as long as you are tak-
ing the trouble to purchase shrubs
and trees and are paying your good
money for them, it is foolish to hurry
the job of planting, with the possi-
bility that within a few months it
will die from lack of proper planting.

Spring Cream Tests Lower

FROM now until along in June a
great many dairy farmers will be
wondering why their cream tests are
so much lower than usual. Creamery
operators will also have the job of
making many explanations to their
patrons on this same subject.

The annoying part of it is that
the cream can seem to be fuller
and heavier than usual in spite of
the lower rating received.

The general rule is that cream
tests increase from August until
about the first of the year, when
they gradually decline to a low point
during June or July. The underly-

ing reason for this spring decline is
that the cows, for some reason or
other, put less fat into their milk
at this time of the year, and of course
this shows up at once in the cream
tests. It is not the fault of the
creamery tester, therefore, if your
records show a falling off, although it
is wise to personally watch a test
taken of your cream to be sure that
it is fairly made.

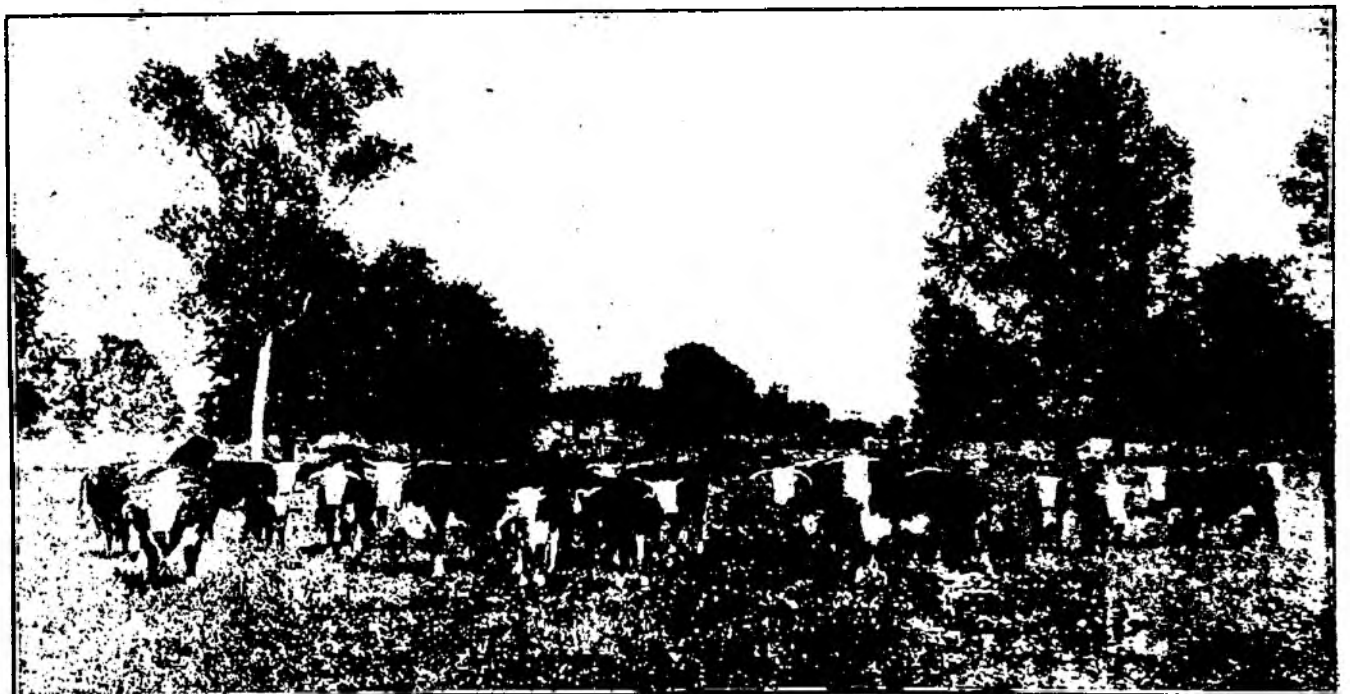
Experts say that occasionally the
farmer allows his milk to get too
cold before separating during the
cold months, which is apt to lower
the amount of cream taken out. One
set of separator tests showed a de-
crease of four per cent in the amount
of cream separated at a temperature
of 70 degrees as compared to an-
other part of the same batch of milk
separated at a temperature of 90
degrees. It will pay to watch this
feature. Another factor that may
affect the cream production is that
many herds now have a large num-
ber of fresh cows, which are gener-
ally known to give milk of a lower
cream test.

Raise Your Chicks on Clean Ground

IT CERTAINLY pays to raise your
chicks on clean ground, and it
doesn't seem as though there is any-
thing in the way of chicken supplies
or equipment that is any cheaper or
easier to obtain than it is.

The tests of forty-eight flock rais-
ers of South Dakota, made a year
ago, in conjunction with the State
College Extension Service showed
that of flocks of small chicks raised
on clean ground there was only a
loss of twenty-two per cent of the
young birds in comparison to a loss
of thirty-five per cent where clean
ground was not used. This means

(Continued on Next Page)



THE Dairy Cow is king (or
queen!) of the money makers in
many parts of the Northwest. Only
one farmer in ten in Minnesota is
without his butterfat producers. Fig-

ures recently compiled to cover the
entire 9th Federal Reserve District,
the Northwest district, show a tre-
mendous increase in income from
dairy products during the past five

years. 1928 figures show a gain of
\$15,989,000 over 1927, giving a to-
tal amount for last year of the enor-
mous sum of \$243,631,000.

Long live the mighty cow!

The Story of the Co-operative Creamery

How the Land O' Lakes Organization Operates, Explained
for Thrift Guide Readers

By R. S. WILCOX

LAND O' LAKES Creameries is a service and marketing organization owned and operated by 462 member creameries, all of which are local and co-operative, 392 of these creameries are in Minnesota, 37 in Wisconsin, 7 in South Dakota, 1 in Iowa, 7 in North Dakota, 1 in Illinois, 2 in Missouri, 2 in Michigan, 10 in California and 3 in Idaho.

The main reason for forming the organization was a realization on the part of the member creameries that by working together it would be possible for them to save money in marketing, standardize on a superior and uniform product and carry on a nation-wide co-operative advertising campaign. As a result of this organization, the product of the Midwest dairy farm is now placed on the market all over the world under the brand, "Land O' Lakes," owned entirely by the farmers themselves. The total annual business for 1928 will be over fifty million dollars.

The most important work of the organization has been in the improvement of the quality of the butter. The member creameries are divided into separate districts and each district is in charge of a field man. This field man is an expert buttermaker who continually visits the creameries in his district and assists the buttermaker in so standardizing his work that the product will be uniform so that when sold on the market there is no difference in the taste and quality of the Land O' Lakes butter, although it may be made in creameries thousands of miles apart. Many of these creameries which, when Land O' Lakes was first organized, were not making over 20% of Land O' Lakes Sweet Cream butter, which must score 93 or better, are now making as high as 93 to 96 per cent. This not only insures the customer the highest grade butter but it also gives the dairyman a greater income because of the premium paid for cream which grades sufficiently high to be placed in this class.

Each creamery has a small laboratory of its own where it tests the cream for acidity and flavor, and in the main headquarters building in Minneapolis there is a very complete laboratory in charge of trained bacteriologists where tests are made of every shipment of butter. If in any case any of these shipments are off at all in quality, the buttermaker in the creamery from which the shipment came is immediately notified and the field man instructed to call there and check up to ascertain the reason for the difficulty. In this way it is a very simple matter for the organization to maintain the quality of its product.

Land O' Lakes Creameries started the innovation in having its butter inspected by a Federal and State inspector. The U. S. Government and the State of Minnesota, through its Department of Agriculture and Dairy and Food, are in charge of this service.

The method by which the butter is handled from the time the cream is separated is carefully worked out. The cream, after it is separated, is immediately cooled on the farm and kept cool until it is hauled in the early morning to the creamery, which is situated nearby, so that there is no long haul in the hot sun either by truck or by rail. In this way it is possible for the farmer-patron to deliver the cream to the buttermaker in the very best possible shape. The buttermaker immediately grades all cream and only that cream is placed in the Land O' Lakes vat which passes the strict test. Then this cream is pasteurized and cooled again and kept sweet until churned. This process

is radically different from that by which ordinary butter is made, as in the latter case the cream is allowed to sour before churning.

Sweet cream butter can only be made to advantage in these local creameries. Because of this, Land O' Lakes Creameries is the largest manufacturer in the world of sweet cream butter. The butter, after being made in the local creameries, is mostly shipped to the main plant at Minneapolis or to the branch plant at Duluth. Here a large staff of girls make the butter into quarter-pound prints. This quarter-pound print has become very popular with customers because it is a much more convenient size for serving. From these plants it is shipped in refrigerator cars or over the Great Lakes on ships, mostly to the Eastern market, although now a considerable amount is sold in other districts and especially down in Florida in the winter time.

Through the organization, the member creameries have been able to save considerable in the utilization of the by-products. For instance, a reclaiming plant has been installed in the main headquarters building whereby the old tubs are reclaimed so that they are perfectly as good as new, resulting in a big saving to the member creameries. The sweet buttermilk, in many cases, is being dried and sold on the market as sweet buttermilk powder. This is a vastly superior product to the ordinary buttermilk powder and is in big demand for use in pancake flour, the making of confections like Eskimo Pies, ice cream, candy and other purposes. The organization also sells a considerable amount of sweet cream for Eastern consumption. This cream is very carefully graded and handled, is then concentrated in the central plant and shipped in special express cars packed in ice. It arrives on the Eastern market in just as good shape as the cream produced within fifty miles of cities like New York, Boston or Philadelphia. This sweet cream is shipped mostly in the summer time, but recently a considerable business has been developed in sweet cream for winter consumption in Florida and some of the other Southern states.

Raise Your Chicks on Clean Ground

(Continued from Opposite Page)

that the chick raiser can get thirteen per cent more mature birds from your baby chicks by the simple means of providing new ground for them.

Clean ground is a safe guarantee against coccidiosis, round worms, tape worms and avian tuberculosis, according to the extension poultry specialist. A desirable location for the chick range would be in an alfalfa field which joins a corn field. The brooder house should be located on the edge of the corn field, facing the alfalfa field.

The chicks can run in the alfalfa field during the cool part of the morning and afternoon and spend the hot part of the summer day in the shade of the growing corn. Growing crops, such as corn, must be depended upon to furnish shade for chicks in parts of South Dakota. In sections where shade trees are present, the range is contaminated because it has usually been used for poultry for several years.

Chicks that are started on clean ground should be continued on clean ground throughout the summer. There is little to be gained by putting chicks on clean range in the spring and allowing them to range on contaminated soil with the other poultry during the summer.



"Man Power"

Work Shirts

A THRIFT LEAGUE
FEATURE at

69c

One of the best low-price work shirts you have ever seen! Made from yarn-dyed fast color chambray of good weight and smooth finish; entire shirt stitched with blue thread; body of shirt triple stitched. Very roomy in body width and length; arm holes cut extra wide; sleeves wide at elbow and wrist; also non-rip one piece sleeve facing; new long point collar; two pockets; blue ivoroid buttons. Sizes 14½ to 17.

Buy Them at Your THRIFT LEAGUE STORE

WHERE MEN'S GOODS ARE SOLD



Women's Pure Irish

LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS

In Thrift League Packets

Both mothers and daughters will find these most practical and economical—as well as being very good looking.

Each handkerchief is made of pure Irish linen, dainty and sheer—narrow, hem-stitched hems, one-sixteenth of an inch wide, emphasize that daintiness.

Six for 59c

At Your THRIFT LEAGUE STORE

"Laugh—and all the World laughs with you. Frown—and you'll be lonesome."



"I did one charitable act today," remarked the dealer, as he sat down to dinner.

"I'm glad to hear it, dear," said his wife. "Tell me about it."

"Oh, one of my clerks wanted an increase in salary so that he could get married, and I refused to give it to him."—Good Hardware.

—SMILE—

"I want a pair of traveling shoes."

"Sorry, Miss, but you'll have to make them go yourself."

—SMILE—

A tramp stopped at a farmhouse and asked for something to eat. He was offered a meal in exchange for a few hours' work digging potatoes. He thought over the proposition a few minutes and then said:

"I don't think I'll take the job. Let the man who planted them do it; he knows just where to look for them."

—SMILE—

The seas were rolling high, as the steward approached the hardware magnate at the rail.

"Anything I can get you, sir?" he asked.

"Yes," said the other wearily, "I'd like a small island."

—SMILE—

Parson—"You love to go to Sunday school, don't you, Robert?"

Bobby—"Yes, sir."

Parson—"What do you expect to learn today?"

Bobby—"The date of the picnic."

—SMILE—

Boarding House Conversation—
"My plate's wet," remarked the complaining man.

"Hush," whispered his wife. "Can't you see that's your soup?"

—SMILE—



Young Husband to Nurse—"Quick, am I a father or a mother?"

—SMILE—

Little Edgar didn't realize till he got home and unwrapped his purchase that his mother had bought him a two pants suit.

"Look, mamma, look," he cried. "That man threw in a spare."

—SMILE—

"See here," the Indian inspector declared, "it is a violation of the law now to have more than one wife, and the law must be obeyed. When you get back home you tell all of your wives, except one, that they can no longer look upon you as their husband."

"You tell 'em," suggested the Indian after a moment's reflection.

Mr. Newlywed: "Honey, I don't like this cooking."

She: "Why darling, that is scientific cooking."

He: "Maybe it is, dear, but remember you're cooking for a hard-warc clerk and not a scientist."

—SMILE—

A grocer purchased one dozen chickens from a Scotch farmer for delivery the next day at eight o'clock in the morning. The Scotchman did not deliver them until five o'clock in the afternoon of the following day. When the grocer asked him why he did not bring the chickens at eight o'clock in the morning as agreed, the Scotchman replied that it was impossible for him to do so, as one of the hens had not finished laying until three o'clock that afternoon.

—SMILE—



Pat Murphy was taking his first flight in an airplane. The pilot was taking him over New York City. When they were up about 3,000 feet the plane suddenly went into a nose-dive. "Ha, ha," laughed the pilot, shouting to Pat. "I'll bet 50 per cent of the people down there thought we were falling."

"Sure," admitted Pat, "and I'll bet 50 per cent of the people up here thought so too."

—SMILE—

"Pat, what's that piece of blank paper you have in your hand?" asked one Irishman of another.

"Oh, that's a letter from my wife."

"How do you mean a letter from your wife? Sure, there's no writing on it."

"Of course not. The missus and myself are not on speaking terms."

—SMILE—

Little Girl (to her playmate): "When I was born I was so s'prised I couldn't speak for a whole year and a half!"

—SMILE—

"What has become of the locomotive and train of cars I gave you for Christmas?" asked father.

"All smashed up," replied the boy. "We have been playing government ownership."

—SMILE—

"Rastus," said the colored minister, "dis am de first time ah evah saw yo' in dis yere church, and Ah is mighty glad to hab yo' here."

"Pa'son," replied Rastus, "Ah just had to come. Ah needs strength, Ah does, 'cause Ah got a job white-washin' a chicken coop and buildin' a fence round a watah mellow patch."

The famous criminal lawyer had won a shockingly bad case by eloquence and trickery, and a rival lawyer said to him bitterly:

"Is there any case so low, so foul, so vilely crooked and shameful that you'd refuse it?"

"Well, I don't know," the other answered with a smile, "what have you been doing now?"

—SMILE—

"I don't care if you hire a thousand men, you can't hold a candle to what I make!"

"No? What is it?"

"Gun powder."

—SMILE—



Two women met while down at the corner shopping. Said one:

"I made an awful mistake this morning. I gave my husband a dish of Lux by mistake for cornflakes!"

The other was properly horrified. "Was he mad!" she asked.

"Was he mad?" repeated the first. "I'll say he was mad. He foamed at the mouth."

—SMILE—

Johnny, aged six, was told he had to go to the hospital to have his tonsils removed, and his mother was bolstering up his morale.

"I'll be brave an' do jest what they tell me, ma," Johnny promised, "but I betcha they don't palm off no cryin' baby on me like they did when you was in the hospital."

—SMILE—

A young Swede appeared at the county judge's office and asked for a license.

"What kind of a license?" asked the judge, "a hunting license?"

"No," was the answer, "Ay tank ay bane hunting long enough. Ay want marriage license."

—SMILE—

Country Maid: "Do you really love me, Herbert?"

Her Swain: "Of course I do!"

"Then why don't your chest go up and down like the men in the films?"

—SMILE—



Ole—"Tillie, will ye marry me?"

Tillie—"Yes, Ole."

A long, deadening silence falls. Finally it is broken.

Tillie—"Vy don't you say something, Ole?"

Ole—"I think I say too much already."



A tramp asked the proprietor of a circus for a job. He was informed that he could become a lion-tamer. He was assured that it was easy—that the whole secret was in forcing the lions to believe he wasn't afraid of them.

"No," said the tramp, "I don't think I'll take the job. I couldn't be so deceitful."

—SMILE—

Abie—"Father, there is a customer in the store who wants to know if this all-wool, unshrinkable shirt will shrink?"

Father—"Does it fit him?"

Abie—"No, it is too large."

Father—"Well, then, they will shrink."

—SMILE—

Farmer: "Come on. I'll show you how to milk a cow."

New Helper: "Perhaps I'd better start on a calf."

—SMILE—

Grandma—"Oh, Jenny, darling, I am surprised! Aren't you going to give your brother part of your apple?"

Jenny—"No, granny. Eve did that and she's been criticized ever since."

—SMILE—



The only time a horse gets scared nowadays is when he meets another horse.

—SMILE—

"I want an electric toaster, please."

"What size, madam?"

"It's for rye bread, the ten-cent loaf."

—SMILE—

Sandy took his wife and baby to a show. They went early and so got good seats down in the first row. The show had been advertised as being a "double bill" and the feature picture was supposed to be great.

Just as Sandy and his wife got themselves comfortably fixed in their places to enjoy the show, the baby started to cry. It would not be comforted—it howled. After a moment or two an usher came down the aisle and said to Sandy. "If that baby cries again I'll have to ask you to step to the box office and get your money back."

For the next hour and a half the baby slept while Sandy and his wife enjoyed the show. When there was nothing left on the bill but the acrobatic closing act, Sandy leaned toward his wife and said:

"Laurie, will ye stick th' bairn wi' a pin?"

NEW SHADES

Breezee

Moderne

New Champagne

Allure

Sun Tan

Boulevard



NEW HEELS

Pointed Heel

Square Heel

Narrow
French
Heel

Newport Hosiery

STYLE AND WEAR IN EVERY PAIR

NEWPORT HOSE combine fashion—smartness and long wear such as is seldom, if ever, found in other hose at a like price.

The silk—even, smooth and firm in texture—perfect fitting, trim, fast colors, and amply reinforced for durability. There is extra value and satisfaction in every step! Buy them, try them, and you'll always wear them!!

NEWPORT HOSE CANNOT BE EXCELLED FOR QUALITY

See them at Your Thrift League Store.

Attractive Styles For Easter Attractive Savings

Thrift League Values for the Individual and the Home



Silk Dresses

Pretty New Styles—Wonder Values at

\$6.98 and \$11.75

The picture illustrates some of the models and is typical of many other smart styles in these two groups. They feature all of the accepted style details—the fitted hip line; V collarless neck; metallic ornamentation; new flares and pleats. Models are in one and two piece styles—tailored or dressy types as preferred. Quality fabrics in heavy grade Crepes, Failles or Georgettes—printed or plain, in all the new spring colors; also navy and black. Sizes 16 to 42; also stout sizes 40 to 50.

You'll want these frocks for style smartness as well as value.

NEW Hand Bags



A real Thrift Value in genuine leather handbags, assorted pouches, back and top strap and under arm bags. Ostrich, reptile and other grains in the new spring colors—heavy durable frames, nicely lined and fitted. You'll want one to carry with your new Spring outfit.

\$1

PRETTY CREPE NIGHT GOWNS

Big assortment of attractive styles to choose from in round and square neck models—Full cut roomy gowns of Pacific Mills Kwanto Permanent Crepe—Some piped, others trimmed in contrasting colors—Come in peach, flesh or white. Sizes 16 and 17. You'll want several at the low price of

79c



For BABY



27-inch Cotton Flannel Diapers, double napped, superior quality, aseptic, absorbent, and non-irritating. Thrift League Packet of **Six at 69c**

A beautiful soft quality white baby blanket, white sateen bound all around—Size 36x50 inches. Spotlessly white and well felted—Each **\$1.39**

"Hickory" Baby Rubber Pants made from pure gum rubber, natural color. Vulcanized and gathered at top and bottom—Medium and large sizes. A wonder Thrift Value—at **12c**

Girls Wash Dresses

Little Miss 7 to 14 will love these dainty fast color "Betty Thrift" dresses for their smart girlish styles as well as for the pretty patterns and colorings—Choose "Iris" Dimities or Bengaline Prints in all the new Spring shades—Trimmed in contrasting pipings and organdies—Self collars, organdie collars or white collars—Basque and straight line models. Ideal for school or general wear.

95c

Fine Silk Gloves

An extra good grade of pure silk gloves with novelty embroidered back and turn back cuffs—double finger tips for extra wear—Tan, Grey and Cocoa. Pair **\$1.00**

Men's Rayon Sox

Smart nifty patterns that men like in greys, blues, tans in combination with contrasting colors—Double sole, heel and toe for longer wear—Pair **33c**

Men's Four-in-Hand Ties

Beautiful patterns and colorings, stripes and figures in the newest vogue. Wool lined to keep their shape and full size—a real value at **89c**

Bath Towels

Double thread Turkish bath towels with colored borders—a good absorbent quality—a good sizable towel at an amazingly low price—priced each at **24c**

Fancy Printed Batistes

The ideal fabric for frocks because they lend themselves so to graceful fashioning. Pretty patterns and exquisite colorings. A wonder Thrift Value at **23c**

Printed Soisettes

In the newest of neat attractive patterns in a notable color assortment. A quality for which you ordinarily pay much more—in your Thrift League Store at **33c**

Coat Flowers

A perfect garden of beautiful colors in a pleasing variety of flowers. No costume is complete without one. Two marvel value groups **29c and 69c**

Chamoisette Gloves

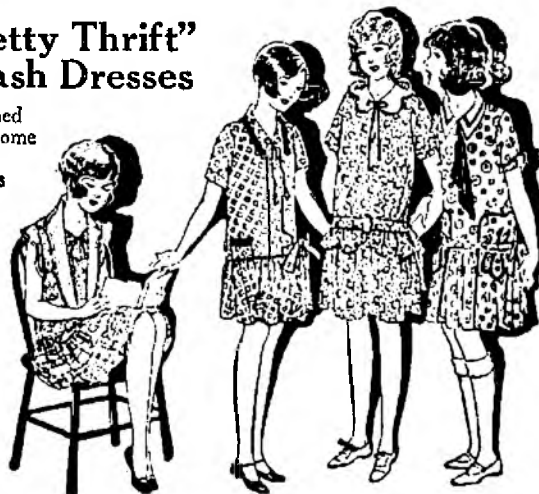
Developed in fine texture fabrics in grey, tan and cocoa—fancy embroidered back and turn back cuffs. An extra value in your Thrift League Store at **59c**

Snowdrift Sheetings

A splendid 9-4 bleached sheeting that has no equal at the price. A good firm quality that will stand a lot of wear. The price per yard is only **37c**

"Betty Thrift" Wash Dresses

Sketched from some of the models



MARTIN'S
ACKLEY, IOWA