# "The Love Cowards"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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*Nancy Hathaway and Bruce Henderson are love cowards. Nancy hates all men and Bruce distrusts all women and then they are brought together in a lonely house on the Massachusetts coast, where Nancy has gone as governess to Trix, Bruce's little niece. Trix is the child of the woman who deceived Bruce, and Bruce hates her and has a sinister influence over the child. Nancy, because she tries to protect Trix, incurs Bruce's enmity, and one night, to punish her for interference, he seizes her in his arms and kisses her, thinking in that way to send her flying. To her horror, Nancy cannot hate him as she should afterward, and to salve her pride accepts an offer from Dr. Hunt, who has been called in to attend Trix, and whom she likes. Then Miss Henderson, Bruce's older sister, tells Nancy that she thinks Bruce cares for her.*

## CHAPTER XLIX

### A Forced Interview

LOCKED in the privacy of her own room after her escape from Miss Henderson, Nancy threw herself on the bed and buried her burning face in the pillows. Suppose that what Miss Henderson said was true! Downstairs Nancy had called it impossible, ridiculous, now she trembled at the thought and hated herself for the mad beating of her heart.

HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Suppose Bruce did care for her; suppose he had crushed her in his arms last night because he had wanted her and for no other baser reason! Suppose his treatment of her had been due to his struggle against this caring for her, this thing that had leaped unbidden into his life. It was improbable, but not entirely impossible. And did she want him to care? This mad singing of her blood, this ecstatic leap of her pulses answered that question only too well. She did want him to care, but never in all the world would she give in to this feeling. Her pride would forbid such a thing. She would never admit the truth even if such a thing happened to be true, and she doubted it. But she found herself dallying with the thought to the exclusion of everything else. What was to be the end of all this, and why had she ever accepted the position in the first place? The reason that had prompted it now seemed ridiculous. In the face of what had happened since her arrival at Rock Haven the emotion that Alvin Reed had awakened in her seemed like a dream. Alvin himself had receded to a shadow figure in her life, and it seemed strange to remember that he had ever caused her a pang of unhappiness.

Trix was still sleeping when Nancy went downstairs for lunch, and Ellen informed her that Miss Henderson had gone to the village to do some errands. Nancy ate a solitary lunch, and as she was leaving the dining room the door of Bruce's room opened suddenly.

Her heart leaped up and then seemed to stand still, and she hesitated, hoping that he might not have seen her. The hall was dark at the curve and she shrank against the wall hardly daring to breathe. But he had evidently been waiting for her, for he came forward. Instantly she came out of her hiding place. She had no desire to let him think that she had been afraid to meet him, and she would have passed by him without turning her head if he had not grasped her arm.

Before she knew what was happening she was in his room and he had closed the door and was leaning against it.

"I wanted to talk to you and knowing that you would ignore any message I might send you, I had to resort to waylaying you."

Nancy maintained a discreet silence; she did not even give the impression of having heard what he said, and her very remoteness was maddening to this man who had always had what he wanted.

He strode across the room and caught her up against him roughly. "Did you think I would let you go without this?" he said fiercely. "Did you think I would let you defy me again and again without making you pay? These moments I have held you in my arms are my revenge, and you will never forget them, never, your pride will hold them up to you as long as you live!"

Nancy did not struggle, she knew the folly of resisting, but she knew now that Miss Henderson had been wrong. Shame scorched her for her own willingness to believe that he cared, and he was right, she would always remember.

He was forcing her head back against his shoulder, and deliberately as he turned her face to his, she opened her eyes and looked at him. It was only for a moment that her gray eyes looked straight into his, but in that moment she had glimpsed that strange expression in his eyes that she had seen there before; it almost amounted to a confession.

Tomorrow—"Nancy, I Want You!"

# Bohemian Gulyas Is Delicious if Scientifically Made, Says Mrs. Wilson

## A Careful and Experienced Cook Has Contributed These Fine Recipes—Try Hungarian Cabbage, a New and Highly Seasoned Dish

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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THE gulyas, or as the Americanized version is, goulash, is essentially a national meat dish of Hungary. Folklore has it that this dish was handed down from the early Tartars and that it consisted of meat cut in blocks of suitable size of easy eating, a mess of onions and highly seasoned with paprika.

In many of the Bohemian and Hungarian restaurants that can be found in out-of-the-way haunts in old New York City, I met a real Hungarian who was only a few months in this country. As a chef, he initiated me into the secret formula for gulyas.

### Gulyas

Cut three-fourths pound of beef from the neck or shin in two-inch pieces. Cut three-fourths pound of veal from scrag end of neck or from knuckle in the same size pieces. Place five tablespoons of melted suet in a heavy saucepan and when smoking hot add the meat and stir with a large spoon for five minutes. Now add ten small onions, pared and cut in halves, one-half cup of boiling water, cover closely and let smother on the simmer burner.

Add a clove of garlic and scald one-half dozen red peppers with boiling water, then cut in half and remove the seeds. Now lay the peppers on the cutting board or table and with a blunt knife, scrape the pulp of the pepper from the skin and add to the gulyas. Now, about one-half hour before the stew is ready, add

*One cup of stewed tomatoes, drained dry.*
*One-fourth cup of water,*
*Three tablespoons of cornstarch dissolved in water.*

Bring quickly to a boil and then add

*Three-fourths cup of thick sour cream,*
*One-fourth teaspoon of caraway seeds,*
*One teaspoon of paprika,*
*One teaspoon of salt.*

Serve scalding hot.

This dish has many varieties as it is served in different parts of the country. The farm people prepared gulyas as given, but add dumplings prepared as follows: When ready to serve, and while the gulyas is cooked, mince fine:

*Three onions.*
*Four strips of bacon.*

Cook slowly until the bacon is nicely browned and then add:

*One cup of bread crumbs,*
*One-half teaspoon of paprika,*
*One-half teaspoon of thyme,*
*One teaspoon of salt.*

Mix, then turn into a bowl to let cool, then add

*One cup of mashed potatoes,*
*One well-beaten egg,*
*Three tablespoons of water,*
*Three-fourths cup of flour, sifted into mixture,*
*Two level teaspoons of baking powder.*

Work to form a dough and then form into balls the size of an egg. About twenty minutes before serving the gulyas drop the dumplings in the large pot of boiling water and cook for twenty minutes. Lift and then drain on a cloth and serve with gulyas.

A gulyas made of lamb or chicken is delicious.

### Lamb Gulyas

Cut two pounds of breast of lamb in small pieces and wash and then drain on a cloth and roll in flour. Place in a large saucepan on the fire and shake every little while; the meat must become very brown. Add

*One cup of water,*
*One and one-half cups of sliced onions,*
*One-half cup of sliced carrots,*
*Three red peppers, prepared as directed in Hungarian gulyas.*

Allow the mixture to cook very slowly and stir frequently. Cook for one and one-half hours and then add

*One and one-half teaspoons of salt,*
*One teaspoon of paprika,*
*One-half cup of cold water,*
*Four tablespoons of cornstarch,*
*One cup of thick sour cream.*

Dissolve four tablespoonfuls of cornstarch in the one-half cup of cold water. Bring the gulyas to a boil, cook ten minutes and sprinkle with finely minced parsley, then serve.

### Styrian Gulyas

Mince very fine one-quarter pound of bacon and brown very lightly in frying pan. Lift and drain the fat back into the pan. Have the butcher cut a stewing chicken as in the usual manner and then cut each piece in two. Cut the breast in eight pieces. Wash the chicken, then pour the bacon fat in a deep stewpan and when hot add the chicken. Use one pint of small onions, peel and then cover closely and add one and one-half cups of water. Let simmer slowly for two hours on the simmering burner. Now add two-thirds of a cup of flour dissolved in one cup of water. Bring to a boil and add

*Two cups of stewed tomatoes,*
*One-half dozen red peppers, prepared as directed,*
*Cooked bacon,*
*Clove of garlic.*

Simmer very slowly until the chicken is very tender and then season to taste with salt and paprika and serve with tiny dumplings, made as follows: Place in a mixing bowl

*One egg.*
*Three tablespoons of water,*
*One tablespoon of grated onion.*
*One-fourth teaspoon of caraway seeds,*
*One teaspoon of salt,*
*One teaspoon of paprika.*
*Two tablespoons of melted butter.*

Beat to mix and then add

*One teaspoon of baking powder*

and sufficient flour to form a dough like a noodle dough. It usually requires about one cup of flour. Divide into pieces the size of a walnut and roll out under the hands on the table until thick as a lead pencil. Then cut into pieces the size of small marbles, and when all are ready drop in pot of boiling water and boil for ten minutes. Drain. Add to the prepared chicken and sprinkle one-half cup of finely chopped parsley over all.

With the gulyas is usually served Hungarian cabbage, a salad and dessert.

### Hungarian Cabbage

Shred one medium-sized head of red cabbage fine and then place in a pan of cold water to crisp for one hour. Drain and then turn on a cloth to absorb the excess water. Now mince two ounces of salt pork very fine. Place in a saucepan and cook very slowly until a delicate brown. Now add

*The cabbage.*
*One cup of finely chopped onions,*
*One-half cup of vinegar,*
*One cup of sour cream.*

Cover very closely and cook until the cabbage is tender. Turn the cabbage frequently, then remove the lid and allow the cabbage to cook dry. Season with salt and paprika. It goes without saying that rye bread with either kummel or carraway seeds is eaten with the above dishes.

## MRS. WILSON'S ANSWERS

Dear Mrs. Wilson—I am living where good corned beef is not to be obtained. Would you kindly give me a recipe for this brine and the method for making the home cured beef—fresh? A small quantity sufficient for five or six pounds of fresh beef at a time. Can the brine be used more than once? What kind of container must it be kept in? How long should it be left in the brine?

Mrs. H. E. H.

Make a brine of

*One pound of salt,*
*Four pounds or two quarts of water,*
*One-half tablespoon of saltpeter.*

Dissolve the salt in the water and then bring to a boil and cool. Use over the meat. A small wooden tub, deep china bowl or a glazed crock may be used. If you like spices one tablespoon of mixed spice may be used. About ten days to two weeks is sufficiently long enough for small amounts of meat. Make a fresh brine each time.

# Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

### To "Lonesome J. M."

If this young man plays fast and loose with you now, as you say, you had better not waste time over him. He would not be constant as a betrothed man or as a husband, and you would be very unhappy.

### Says Marriage Ends Good Times

Dear Cynthia—As my first contribution to your column may I answer "Almost a Woman-Hater"?

I can hardly blame the girl in question. If the girl was young her mother was perfectly right. Probably the girl thought of you as a good friend, but as soon as you started getting serious (if you did) the girl dropped you because she had no idea of getting married and had no wish to spend maybe two or three years more going around with one man and then finding out after all that she could not marry him. It's foolish for a girl to do a thing like that, especially if she's young, for then she loses the best time of her life. The only time a girl has is between the ages of eighteen and twenty-three or twenty-four, and if she marries then she loses it. She has all the rest of her life to be married, but only those few years when she can really enjoy herself—so go to it, girls!

And, "Almost Woman-Hater," if the girl treats you that way, wise up, she doesn't want anything to do with you; let her alone.

DORA.

Such a point of view as yours, my dear Dora, is what makes for the unhappy married life. Why say after marriage a girl loses her good times? With marriage she enters into the fuller meaning of life. The very fact that she cares for some one more than herself and has some one to care for her more than himself makes for a greater happiness than she has ever known. It is a happiness even to make sacrifices for the loved one of her dearest wishes if it is looked on in the right way. Stop and think a bit, my dear, and do not be so ignorant and cynical.

### "De Jure" Asks "McWizzburgh" to Write

Dear Cynthia—An outrage has been perpetrated. When Right sat back and viewed the seething world about him and uttered wisdom to hungry seekers of truth, Envy stepped in and crushed him. There is a persistence of maliciousness that wearies the best of men, and I, for one, cry out against it.

There was one who wrote to this column on topics of everlasting interest; wrote with a force that revealed a mind of far-reaching broadness to cover any problem in existence by analysis, and commanded attention even from those who were jealous of him; sweeping through life with an assurance and loquacity that moved us of an inferior trait to reverence his apparent omniscience and caused us to praise him for it—and now, doubtlessly weary of wagging a petty war with those who accused him of affectation, he has ceased his efforts.

It is obvious that I refer to "McWizzburgh."

Mr. "McWizzburgh," I believe I am personally acquainted with you. Won't you send in a personal description of yourself to ease my suspicions? Or will you commission some one else to do so if it is contrary to your principles?

Or will any one do so who knows our commanding writer? Doubtless quite a number of people would be interested.

However, to return to his disappearance from the column: It is, indeed, bad. Letters of his kind made the column worth reading; I'm sure every one will agree with me.

Please, Mr. "McWizzburgh," continue them. You always held an appreciative audience. Won't you broadmindedly overlook the abuse (if that is hindering you, and start in once more solacing the lovelorn? It gives one a thrill of pleasure to realize that such a one as you exists in this unsteady world.

Lastly, I warn the former dissenters to sidetrack their clever (?) remarks. There is a much worthier haven for those who can only be happy while miserable. Leave "McWizzburgh" alone; he is too fine for such as you to touch!

"DE JURE."

## WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

In the Eighteenth Century Lady St. George, mother of the Duchess of Leinster and grandmother of the famous Irish patriot, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, had six grandchildren when her appearance was so extraordinarily youthful that, as a contemporary annalist puts it, "no one would have taken her to be more than fifteen years of age." Yet it is not recorded that her Ladyship made any attempt to dress in juvenile fashion or to try to deceive any one regarding her age; she was prouder of her grandchildren than of anything else in the world.

Mature women who dress like flappers and keep twenty-year-old daughters in "little-girl frocks" so that onlookers may not credit them with the possession of grown-up children, do not take one hour from their age by these palpable tricks. Rather do they add to their years by the contrast between their unsophisticated-looking clothes and their sophisticated faces. Not affected juvenility, but serene acceptance of the passing years prolongs the springtime and summer-tide of life.

# THE UNEVEN SKIRT LINE

Photo by Central News

**Green georgette looks so cool. It is a pleasure to the wearer and the onlooker, especially when elaborately embroidered and braided. The skirt is short, but the panels put on with a heading at the side of the waist hang just a little below to form the uneven hem which is so much worn this year. A delightful frock for summer and early fall**

# Through a Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

## "Good Riddance!"

Another eloping couple. The woman, the wife of a pastor, thirty-five years old, takes her two children and goes off with a man twenty-seven, who preferred her to his wife.

No, it wasn't sudden. In fact the discarded side partners of both had known of the situation for over a year. The wife, thinking at first that it was just a passing fancy and that her husband was worth fighting for, did everything in her power to hold him. The pastor husband, a very sick man when his wife deserted him, says he tried patience and forbearance, hoping all along to "cure them of their sickness by Christianity." The straying couple "played innocent," professed lack of interest in each other and made repeated promises to act accordingly.

Now finally they are gone. And what seems to have aroused most comment over the case is the fact that neither the wronged wife nor the deserted husband is running after them.

The pastor, it seems, is expected to take his trusty rifle, charter an airplane, and, overtaking the fugitives, subject the despoiler of his marital happiness to the unwritten law. The lady, of course, he would carry fondly back to the home she disgraced and the name she dishonored.

The deserted wife is assigned a meeker role. The weak woman knows nothing of guns and airplanes and wreaking vengeance. She is expected merely to follow the example of those two worthy wives, whose prominent eloping husbands recently came before the public eye. They stayed at home and wept. And at the proper time they sent their forgiveness and an urgent plea to return to their welcoming arms.

That's what is different about this case. No tears are being shed; there's no crepe on either door. The pastor announced that he "felt deep regret" but would do nothing to interfere with his wife's changing partners. The spouseless wife says, "Don't ask me where he is. I am not trying to find out. It is the divorce I am looking for now."

I don't blame them—do you? It seems to me that if I were either of them I'd just say a little prayer of thankfulness and resurrect that homely, but comforting old saying of school days—"Good riddance to bad rubbish."

## The Question Corner

### Today's Inquiries

1. What important position is held by Mrs. Harriet Taylor Upton?
2. When a pair of gold slippers wears out beyond repair, what useful little article can be made out of the two uppers?
3. Describe a large handbag which would be as useful upon arrival as it is during a journey.
4. How can all fresh fruit and berry stains be taken away from both silk and cotton?
5. What removable addition will give a slightly different and more dressy appearance to the straight-down one-piece dress of solid color?
6. If a hat has a narrow effect in the crown, what attractive style of covering the defect also adds charm to the hat?

### Yesterday's Answers

1. Madame Anie Mouroux, a French woman who is now visiting this country, was the first woman to win the Prix de Rome, upon its being opened to women this year.
2. If it is impossible to find a bathing cap that will keep water out of the ears, use convenient little rubber ear stoppers which are made for that purpose.
3. The nice little boxes in which wedding cake is distributed can be enameled to match the bedroom and used as hairpin containers, making a pretty decoration for the dressing table.
4. Carbon tetrachloride will remove all ice cream stains from silk or cotton.
5. A white chiffon skirt is daintily veiled in strips of georgette crepe, edged on both sides with white sequins, to form an exquisite evening dress of which the bodice is also georgette.
6. Cut leaf-shaped pieces out of a faded duvetyn hat, embroider them around the edges with gold thread and use them as trimming for the new felt hat which takes the place of the duvetyn.

# Adventures With a Purse

THERE is a something about blowing soap bubbles that even we "grown-ups" cannot resist. I can remember being perfectly fascinated watching a little girl I know blowing multi-colored bubbles into the air. Fairy creations they seem, and the children love them. In their excitement, however, the clay pipe sometimes slips through eager fingers and crashes to the floor. There can be had a bubble-blower that is break-proof; the bowl is wooden and the pipe stem is tin, with a wooden piece to blow through. The pipe has a double bowl and blows fancy bubbles. Large ones, small ones, uniform ones dancing one merrily after the other in a string of bubbles. The pipe is but ten cents, and think what it would mean on a rainy day when the children are restless!

Bangs! How many of ye, oh my fair sisters, are without them? I have an unsightly bunch which I try to curl and keep out of the way, but the real short ends fall out of the grasp of the big iron, and try as I will, I cannot catch them. While adventuring I came across a miniature curling-iron—looks like a toy, but acts like a "regular" iron. The prongs are small and easily catch the shortest of ends. The iron sells for ten cents.

I ran across a table full of blouses and saw at least five different ones I should like to have had for myself. There was a tan one, trimmed with narrow tan lace, but the one I liked particularly was just as pretty and dainty a blouse I have seen for some time. Plain white voile, made with short sleeves and piquant Peter Pan collar. A narrow frill of fine net reached from the collar to the bottom of the waist, and embroidered in the collar, cuffs and the frill was a small, blue figure. To be worn with the suit skirt or the popular sleeveless dresses, the blouse would be ideal, and it is but $2 reduced from $5.

**For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut 3000 or Main 1601.**

## Read Your Character

*By Digby Phillips*

**No. 26—Slanting Foreheads**

By the slanting forehead, of course, is meant that which slopes backward as it rises from the eyebrows.

It is chiefly an indication of positiveness and quickness of thought. People with such foreheads have characters and habits of the kind that we call decided. At least they're decided in so far as they form their conclusions without delay upon available information, though whether they are obstinate or tenacious in the views formed is a matter for a decision of which you must look to other indications.

As a result, you'll find that such people get a good bit accomplished in a comparatively small time. They're practical. They don't, as a rule, lay a thing aside for decision tomorrow, unless, perchance, they have found it better deliberately to acquire this habit in order to avoid the mistakes of quick decisions.

Still, they're not overly prone to mistakes on their decisions, even though made quickly, for their mental vision is keen and quick.

This is the type of person who is quite willing to let the obvious be obvious and take it at its face value. He doesn't waste time speculating whether his senses deceive him or not, nor does he deem it necessary to think out justifications and argumentative supports of any actions he may see fit to take.

Such persons, whether men or women, live in a world of fact rather than fancy. They're inclined to take life as they find it, and to make the best of bad bargains rather than to bewail them. On the other hand, however, they are not so likely to be tenacious in their beliefs, nor to be exceptionally deep thinkers. Then, too, their weak point lies in a certain impatience of detail and painstaking care, which under some circumstances handicaps them severely.

Tomorrow—Sloping Foreheads Plus Slanting Chins

## Making a Lamp Shade

Did you know that the way you take your gathering stitches in the top of a silk lamp shade makes a difference? If you want that accordion pleated look take first a small stitch then a long one and keep this up uniformly all the way round. When you pull up the string the long gathers stitches make that deep pleat which stands out in corrugated style and looks so delightfully un-home-made.

# The Independent Girl Betrays One of Two Secrets by Her Manner

## Either She Is Selfish in Her Ambition for Freedom or the Family Which Has Kept It From Her Is Wrong

"WELL, I'm not sure I can go," began the Business Girl. "It depends on what the family's planning to do. We may——"

The Independent Girl interrupted with an enlightened sniff.

"Oh, you're tied to your home, too, are you?"

"No," replied the Business Girl, quietly. "I'm not tied there. I live there."

The Independent Girl just couldn't stand the restrictions, the stifling oppression of her own home, so she left her family and came to another city to board.

She has a fairly comfortable room, fairly good food and not very congenial surroundings.

But she has her freedom!

No restraint, no clashes with an unsympathetic family, no responsibility to any one about when she comes in, when she goes out, or where she goes—and the glad light of freedom shines in her too-eager eyes when she proclaims her glorious situation!

But she can't make the Business Girl unhappy. She doesn't envy a soul.

At her home it is so comfortable, and she is so well cared for, so surrounded with affection and understanding, that she cannot understand why any one would want to go away from home.

WHEN you hear one of these Independent Girls who have been "oppressed" at home, you either wonder just what kind of place it could have been which called itself a home, or else you want to congratulate the family upon their release.

And from the manner of the Independent Girl you can nearly always tell just which feeling is appropriate.

If she is violent in her ravings, then it is your cue to think: "How peaceful that house must seem now!"

But, if she is normal and seems relieved about something, then you can be sure that it is she who should be congratulated.

For there are some homes that are more like prisons.

They are not informal, cozy places where a girl can relax at the end of the day, and unburden all her cares and worries, share all her fun and pleasures.

They are cold, unfriendly houses where "Well, hurry and get ready for dinner" is thrust casually into the outpouring of the day's events, bottling it up, and gradually turning confidence into defiance.

ONLY a tolerant smile greets attempted comradeship, a stern scolding welcomes the late comer who is delayed by a block on the trolley; when the wild enthusiasm of extreme youth breaks out over some question of the day it is frowned down instead of guided, and grows larger and more wild under the unnecessary restraint.

You can understand how Freedom became the great goal of a girl who lived in a house like that.

But, oh, the poor family which has to hear the ravings of an independent girl who has seen the Light and writes the news in capital letters!

Sympathy does not reach her; she is "above" it. Restraint has no power. Force only adds to the fury, and pleadings merely prove to her the inferiority of her superiors.

She gets off phrases like "tied to your home," "held down by petty family responsibilities," "restricted by narrow, old-fashioned ideas."

HAVE you ever seen one of these girls really, surely happy? You have seen them fired with wild ambition, filled with the "radiance" of their new freedom—but are any of them quietly, thoroughly, contentedly happy?

When they begin scoffing at the fundamentals of life, the institutions that, properly conducted, should give them the foundations for healthy development of their talents, they prove that there is something wrong.

Either with them or with the family that wouldn't let them have the right kind of freedom at home.

# The Woman's Exchange

### Exercise for Stout Legs

*To the Editor of Woman's Page:*

Dear Madam—I have extremely stout legs and am very anxious to make them thin. I would appreciate it if you could tell me a method.

WAITING.

Swimming, playing tennis and dancing are the best and surest remedies for stout legs. Do not eat starch, fat or sweet foods. Keep to your diet regularly and you will soon become lithe and thin.

### Short Plush Coats

*To the Editor of Woman's Page:*

Dear Madam—Please tell me if short plush coats trimmed with fur will be much worn this winter.

A CONSTANT READER.

The coats you mention will not be worn a great deal this winter—that is, they are not the latest fashion, but will be worn by some who bought them last season. However, if you are thinking of purchasing a new coat I should advise a different style.

### Selling Human Hair

*To the Editor of Woman's Page:*

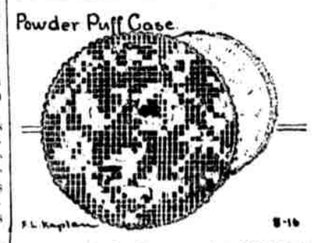
Dear Madam—I have some human hair to sell. Will you please print in your column if I can do so and who buys it?

MRS. K. A.

By inquiring at the hair specialist shops or beauty parlors listed in telephone directory you may find a market for human hair. Very few hairdressers buy it, but perhaps they would tell you of a firm which makes hair nets which would buy it.

## Things You'll Love to Make

Powder Puff Case



A novelty in the way of a POWDER PUFF CASE is made of two filet medallions. Cut two circles of doubled-faced silk of any pretty colors you choose; make each the size of the medallions. Join the circles of silk, having the color you want for the lining on the inside. Leave an opening large enough to slip your powder puff through. Baste the two medallions together. Crochet a narrow scallop joining the two medallions; leave an opening for the puff. Slip in the silk lining. Turn in the open edges and continue the crochet scallops, joining the sides of the lining to the medallions. Sew on a snap fastener and your charming POWDER-PUFF CASE is complete. This makes a nice Christmas gift.

FLORA.


The pick of the nests!

Gold Seal Eggs

carton of twelve 48c

At all our Stores

AMERICAN STORES CO.

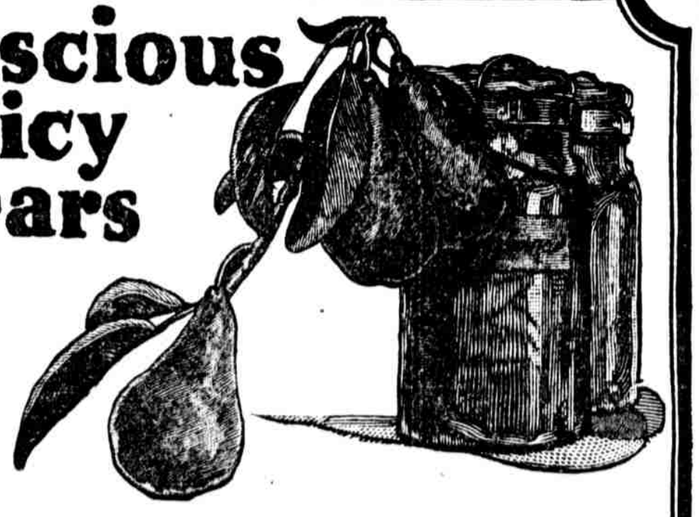
Some people are indifferent and say Corn Flakes, and get what they ask for. Others want the better kind, and demand—

Post Toasties

best corn flakes

Post Toasties are in a class alone—but you can't get them unless you say "Post Toasties" to your grocer.

luscious juicy pears



Remember, you can always fall back on canned pears when unexpected guests drop in!

You can economize, too—for preserves are so nutritious and delicious that they take the place of expensive winter foods.

Use Franklin Granulated for preserving. It comes to you clean, packed by machine in convenient sturdy cartons and strong cotton bags, proof against flies and ants.

SAVE THE FRUIT CROP

The Franklin Sugar Refining Company

"A Franklin Cane Sugar for every use"

Granulated, Dainty Lumps, Powdered, Confectioners, Brown, Golden Syrup.