

Fifth Avenue Fashions



This is such a springlike and youthful jabot, this cascade of frills with the high tight neck. It will give you just that certain something you need to match the heady feeling of spring. It is crocheted of delicate mercerized crocheted cotton, and if you starch it just a little bit every time you wash it, it will be very gay and debonaire.

Address The Crochet Bureau, Dallas Post For FREE instructions to crochet this collar. Inclose Three-Cent Stamp Please



CHAPTER 5

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

From galley-prisoner, Jean Valjean, inspired by the kindness and faith of the Bishop Bienvenue, becomes mayor and magistrate of a small French town. News is brought to him that one Champmathieu, half-crazed paroled convict, has been identified as Jean Valjean and is about to be sent back to the galleys for Jean's failure to report to the police regularly. He presents himself in court, frees the luckless man by revealing his own identity and then promptly loses himself in the cluttered grounds of a convent. After five years he has taken a small house in Paris, the never-tiring Javert still on his trail.

Dead-End Street

The rebel students realize they are getting nowhere with their heated talks and pamphlets and decide upon immediate action. Rioting breaks out all over Paris.

Under cover of the commotion, Jean decides to make a break for it from his new hiding-place in the Rue Drumont. He is just completing arrangements for a relay of coaches to carry Cosette and himself to the sea-coast town of Calais when the old concierge comes in, exhausted.

"Terrible night!" he pants. "Police everywhere—street fights and what-not—" "But the letter to Marius, did he get it?" asks Cosette anxiously. "The office was smashed up—the police had raided it. He escaped. I gave the letter to a strange girl, who said she would give it to him—said she was his secretary, Eponine—that you'd know her."

Cosette's expression is that she

The words have the desired effect. "I didn't—until this happened. I never thought of leaving you. No one could have been happier than I. I'll go to England—I'll forget him somehow, I will—I swear I will—" Jean clutches at this last straw. He tries to persuade himself and her that it is best to go. His one idea is to get her away—rush the journey before she can have time to think.

"Of course, if I could do anything for him, I would—you know I would, but I can't. We don't even know where he is, and if we stay here they'll arrest me and heaven knows what will happen to you. No, it's best for us to go, isn't it? We can make all inquiries about him from England—that's best—isn't it?" Cosette nods half-heartedly.

The door to the street is pushed back violently and Eponine staggers in, panting and exhausted.

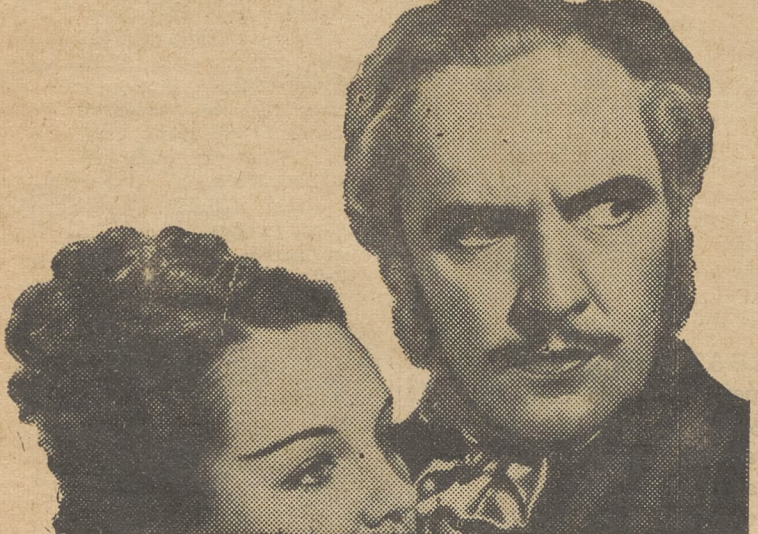
"I've run halfway across Paris with all the gendarmes and police in France on my trail—and if I'm not mistaken there's still a couple on the corner waiting—phew!"

"Who are you?" asked Jean. "I've come to see a girl called Cosette. I've a note for her—from Marius."

"Marius?" "Yes, the only man who ever meant anything to me and I—have to carry messages of undying affection to another woman—Funny, isn't it?"

"Where is he now?" "Fighting for his life in the Faubourg St. Germain—troops all around him—he and his stupid students, getting themselves slaughtered—for what? I'd have kept him out of it, but when he didn't hear from his sweetheart he didn't care what happened. Now he's in it—trapped in a blind alley determined to die for his silly cause. Aren't mer fools?"

"Now (continuing), when will this



"I can't go. I can't leave him. I love him."

feels Eponine will never give Marius the letter. "Are you ready to go?" Jean interrupts Cosette.

"Yes, but—we can't go with all this fighting in the streets." "Yes, yes; that's good; don't you see? It's an ideal time. The police will have their hands full and guards will be withdrawn from the barriers."

"How—how far are we going?" "England?" (alarmed)

"Yes, I was a fool to stay here. I might have known I'd be found out eventually. We shall be safe there. In his joy he embraces her."

"Yes, but—I—I can't go. I can't leave him. He doesn't know where I am. He'll think—" "But who?"

"Marius. I shall never find him." "Marius?" Jean is completely puzzled. He has no idea what he means to her.

"But what is this man to you?" "I love him, that's all."

Still Jean simply can't believe it. He half-smiles, almost as though he were treating a child. "But—you can't have seen him twice in your life!"

"Yes, I met him often—I didn't tell you, but we were going to tell you. He was coming to see you the night we had to leave."

House of Cards

Jean looks at her a long time in bewilderment. The whole of his house of cards tumbles down and he breaks into a hysterical little laugh at the way Fate has played with him. "But me—me! Have you nothing for me?" "But you're my father—I mean I always think of you as my father. I know you're really not, but don't you see, with Marius, it's different. It isn't just that lovely sense of companionship that I have with you—it's—it's like every girl feels for the man who is going to be her husband."

His whole expression begins to change. He wants to take Cosette away; he is searching for a line to take, searching cunningly, calculating as to how to play on her emotions. "Yes," (deliberately) "it's natural you should want to leave me."

Cosette be back?" "She's here—but I'm trying to get her to go to England tonight."

"England? And he's never to see her again perhaps?" To her it is a flash of hope that she may be able to part these two.

"If we tell her where he is she'll want to go to him."

"She couldn't get there. You might, but she couldn't."

Plans to Rescue Marius "Why should I go to him?" "Don't you want to save him—for your daughter?"

"Why should I? She belongs to me—to me. I have a right—she's all I have—why, he may be beyond help already. Nothing to be gained, nothing, I tell you. What's this boy to me that I should risk my life—for him?"

Eponine looks up at him and nods. Then adds in a quiet voice:

"I know just how you feel, but it seems that they love each other. What are we going to do about that, you and I? That defeats us both, doesn't it?—Well, shall I tell her or will you?"

He looks down at Eponine. The cunning, crafty look in his eyes goes away. This girl has the courage and is showing him the only way out for him to take.

A knock at the door interrupts them. A coachman comes in and announces the horses in readiness for the fight to Calais. Jean is between Eponine and the coachman. He looks from one to the other. He decides.

"Cosette! Cosette!" (then to Eponine) "Can you show me the way—can we get him out?"

"I know the way in, but heaven knows if we'll ever get him out."

Jean is now galvanized into action. "Cosette!" he repeats as the girl appears in the doorway of the room where she has completed packing. "We've found Marius! We're going to him now."

"Let me go with you!" gasps Cosette eagerly.

"It's impossible—you must stay here."

He dismisses the coachman with a word as he and Eponine disappear through the door into the streets of terror.

TO BE CONTINUED

GREAT MOTHERS

Catherine Mumford Booth

AS a child, Catherine Mumford suffered from a spinal complaint and was for years in frail health. Too weak to romp with other children, she lay all day on her sofa and read history, geography, theology. Delicate as she was physically, there was nothing puny about her intellect or her character.

One day when she was grown, she was introduced to an intense young preacher, Rev. William Booth. After much inward conflict he had given up a business position for a religious career that was to include the founding and development of the Salvation Army. Meeting Catherine Mumford on the first day of his new life, he knew that she was the woman whom he wanted to marry. The deep love that sprang up between them lasted throughout their long years together.

Catherine Mumford was twenty-seven when they were married. She was still frail, but she steeled herself to bear poverty and the hardships of a traveling evangelist's life. Though in the course of her marriage she had eight children and was a devoted mother to them, she followed her husband's work with ever-fresh interest. Her children were still tiny when she began to speak at public meetings. Uncertain of herself at first, she soon gained confidence and effectiveness. Her warm sympathy made her beloved by slum-dwellers in the East End of London, who affectionately called her "The Mother of the Salvation Army." She had unbounded love and compassion, not only for those close to her, but for all the wretched and unfortunate with whom she came in contact.

Finally, as the Salvation Army developed, her life became a constant and unstinted giving of herself. Devoted to her home, she had scarcely any time for home life, since her husband and children as well as herself were subject to constant demands for time and service.

Never in all her life physically strong, she suffered for many years from a serious illness. She bore pain stoically and continued to work. Finally, the doctors told her she had only two years to live.

Her chief concern then was not for herself, but for the husband she had so long and so devotedly loved. Al-



CATHERINE M. BOOTH

though she was in great bodily agony much of the time, she displayed high courage.

One night as she lay ill, there was a terrific storm that lasted for hours. Next morning the sun rose radiantly just as Catherine Booth closed her eyes for the last time.

In London, at her funeral, four miles of streets were crowded with the poor whom she had befriended.

This is the fifth of a series of biographies of "Great Mothers" prepared by the Golden Rule Mothers' Day Committee, of which Mrs. James Roosevelt is honorary chairman. The committee, which sponsored the nation-wide observance of Mothers' Day, suggested the following paraphrase of the Golden Rule: "Whatever you would that others should do for your mother if she were in need, and whatever your mother would do for the needy if she had an opportunity, do for other mothers and children, victims of present-day economic maladjustments."

Food Market Advice

THE jigsaw puzzle of putting foods together to fit a budget is again pretty well scrambled. The most helpful pieces this week will be new POTATOES, new CABBAGE, green BEANS, SPINACH, RHUBARB, PINEAPPLE, FISH and BUTTER.

Vegetable Values Excellent With few exceptions vegetables are most attractively priced. Even the ONION, which has been high-hatting its admirers for several weeks is somewhat more agreeably priced. BEETS have come all the way down to their usual low level, new POTATOES cost only about one-third their recent price, new CABBAGE prices are halved, SPINACH is way down, green BEANS also, CARROTS are cheap, CUCUMBERS and EGGPLANT lower, and green PEAS moderate.

ASPARAGUS is somewhat higher but still moderate. Boston LETTUCE is plentiful and considerably cheaper than Iceberg. TOMATOES are higher because of damaging rains in Florida but the new Texas crop is due next week. LEEKS, SCALLIONS, WATERCRESS, RADISHES and CELERY make for inexpensive relishes and salads.

All Meats Higher LAMB, although considerably higher, is still a comparatively good value. VEAL is better but it is not a really popular meat in this locality. BEEF and PORK, both fresh and smoked, are higher.

POULTRY is moderately priced

New crop DUCKLING is an excellent value.

Butter Production Up The new crop of spring BUTTER has begun to arrive, promising a sufficient supply to meet the increased demand at its present comparatively low price.

EGG prices show a steady slight upward tendency. At these levels and even higher ones, eggs, however, are a valuable addition to the diet. CHEESE continues to be a first class bargain at its regular price.

Pineapple's Chief Fruit Bargain Fresh PINEAPPLE is the outstanding fruit value in market. The STRAWBERRY crop of Louisiana and North Carolina is ending and the Virginia fields are not yet in full production so that strawberries are none too plentiful. BANANAS, ORANGES and GRAPEFRUIT are plentiful and moderate in price. CANTALOUPEs are not yet plentiful.

Here is a menu* made up from seasonal foods which are moderate in price:

- Clear Soup
Salmi of Duck
New Baked Potatoes
Green Beans
Mixed Green Salad
Rolls and Butter
Fresh Pineapple Cup Cakes
Coffee

*This menu tested and tasted in the A&P Kitchen.

FASHION FLASHES

By MARY LOUISE KENT



2968—one piece home frock. It is slim and graceful, smart and practical not only for the house and porch but a trip to market and the like—equally becoming to matron as well as miss—Pique-like cotton, blue with white figures and dark blue trim was used in the original model—Size 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 35-inch material with 1/8 yard contrasting and 1 1/4 yards of binding—

2983—afternoon dress with the new capelet shoulders—a very flattering model—equally pretty in the new novelty cottons and linens besides monotone or crepe silk prints. The original model was brown with green figures and beige contrasting—Size 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 2 3/4 yards 39 inch material with 1/2 yard 35 inch contrasting.

DALLAS POST FASHION SERVICE 21 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK CITY

Enclosed is 15 cents for PATTERN No. Size (Wrap coins carefully).

Print name clearly

Street and number

City and State

Heredity Not Cause of "Problem Child"

Unjust Accusations Have Often Given Parents of Retarded Child a Sense of Guilt

By Dr. E. A. Farrington Director, Bancroft School; Secretary, Special School Association

Twenty years ago everyone believed that almost all backward and problem children were the victims of a vicious and defective heredity, and that their natural retardation could no more be changed than could the color of their eyes or the shape of their heads.

Parents who were unfortunate enough to have a backward child among their progeny were burdened with a sense of guilt. They felt that they were branded, and that everyone would consider the child as a victim of the "sins of the fathers." They were consequently ashamed to acknowledge the child, and readily accepted the theory that the only thing to do was to hide the poor sufferer away, to sentence him for life to an institution, and to surround the whole painful occurrence with a conspiracy of silence.

Not Always Due to Heredity The study of retardation and kindred problems has made many important advances in the last two decades, and in none has progress been more vital than in this question of heredity. Undoubtedly there are cases of hereditary retardation and defect, but all backward children do not belong to this class. Statistical studies have shown that heredity may be ruled out in many, perhaps most instances, and that the problem may arise in any family as a result of disease or accident.

It is with the idea of helping parents of problem children, of whom there are more than 20,000,000 of school age in the United States, that these articles, of which this is the first, were written. Dr. Farrington will be pleased to answer questions not touched on in the articles. Letters containing self-addressed stamped envelope should be sent to Dr. Farrington, c/o the Bancroft School, Haddonfield, N. J.

Aladdin Chocolate Cake (2 eggs) 1 1/3 cups sifted cake flour; 1 1/4 tea-spoons baking powder; 1/4 teaspoon salt; 1 cup sugar; 5 tablespoons softened butter or other shortening; 2 eggs, well beaten; 1/2 cup milk; 1/2 teaspoon vanilla; 2 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted.

Marshmallow Mint Sauce 1/2 cup sugar; 1/2 cup water; 8 marshmallows, cut in small pieces; 1 egg white, stiffly beaten; 1/4 teaspoon peppermint extract; green coloring.

Orange Butter Frosting Grated rind of 1 orange; 1/4 cup orange juice; 2 teaspoons lemon juice; 1 egg yolk, unbeaten; 1/4 teaspoon salt; 3 tablespoons butter; 3 cups sifted confectioners' sugar.

Lightning Layer Cake (2 eggs) 3 1/3 cups sifted cake flour; 2 1/2 tea-spoons baking powder; 2 cups sugar; 1 teaspoon salt; 2 eggs, unbeaten; soft shortening as needed; 1 cup milk; 1 tea-spoon vanilla.

PHONE YOUR NEWS ITEMS TO THE DALLAS POST



Thought-Out Menus Make Bully Breakfasts

"THAT'S something!" he says, beholding a beautifully poached egg, nicely balanced on crisp buttered toast—rosy with a sprinkling of paprika and gay with a sprig of parsley for spring. He has just finished a hot cereal, delicately blended, and consisting of hominy, oatmeal and bran. It was a bright idea—inexpensive, quick to prepare—just a matter of a bit of thought the day before. Funny, what thinking will do for menus!

- Orange Juice
Mixed Cereal
Poached Eggs on Toast
Crisp Bacon
Coffee

Mixed Cereal: Put two cups of boiling water and one-half teaspoon salt in the top part of a double boiler and bring to boiling. When it is bubbling briskly add one-half cup of chopped canned hominy, two-thirds cup of oatmeal and two tablespoons of bran. Cook directly over the fire for about five minutes, then place over hot water and continue cooking for half an hour. Serve with cream. This serves four persons.

Perhaps it was the coffee that did the trick. It was vacuum-packed coffee and thus the flavor was fresh and enticing. Another cup, if you please!*