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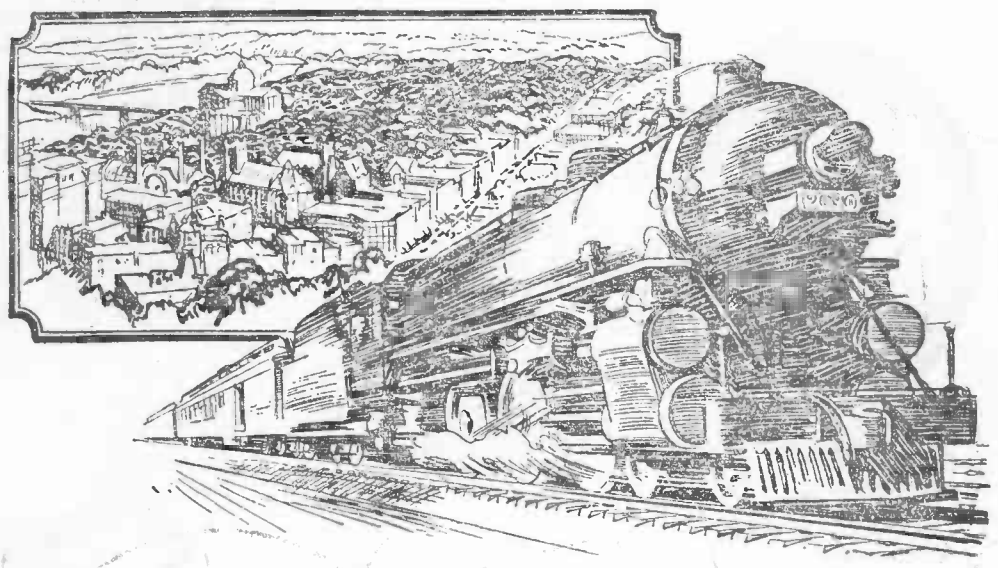

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Title Registered U. S. Patent Office

Vol. I No. 5

CONTENTS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE W. J. KENNEDY PUBLISHING COMPANY

W. J. KENNEDY, *Editor and Owner*

EXECUTIVE and EDITORIAL OFFICES, 1182 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

15c a copy, $1.50 a year in United States and Canada. Foreign Subscription, $2.00 per Year.

Application for entry as second class matter at Post Office, New York City, Pending.

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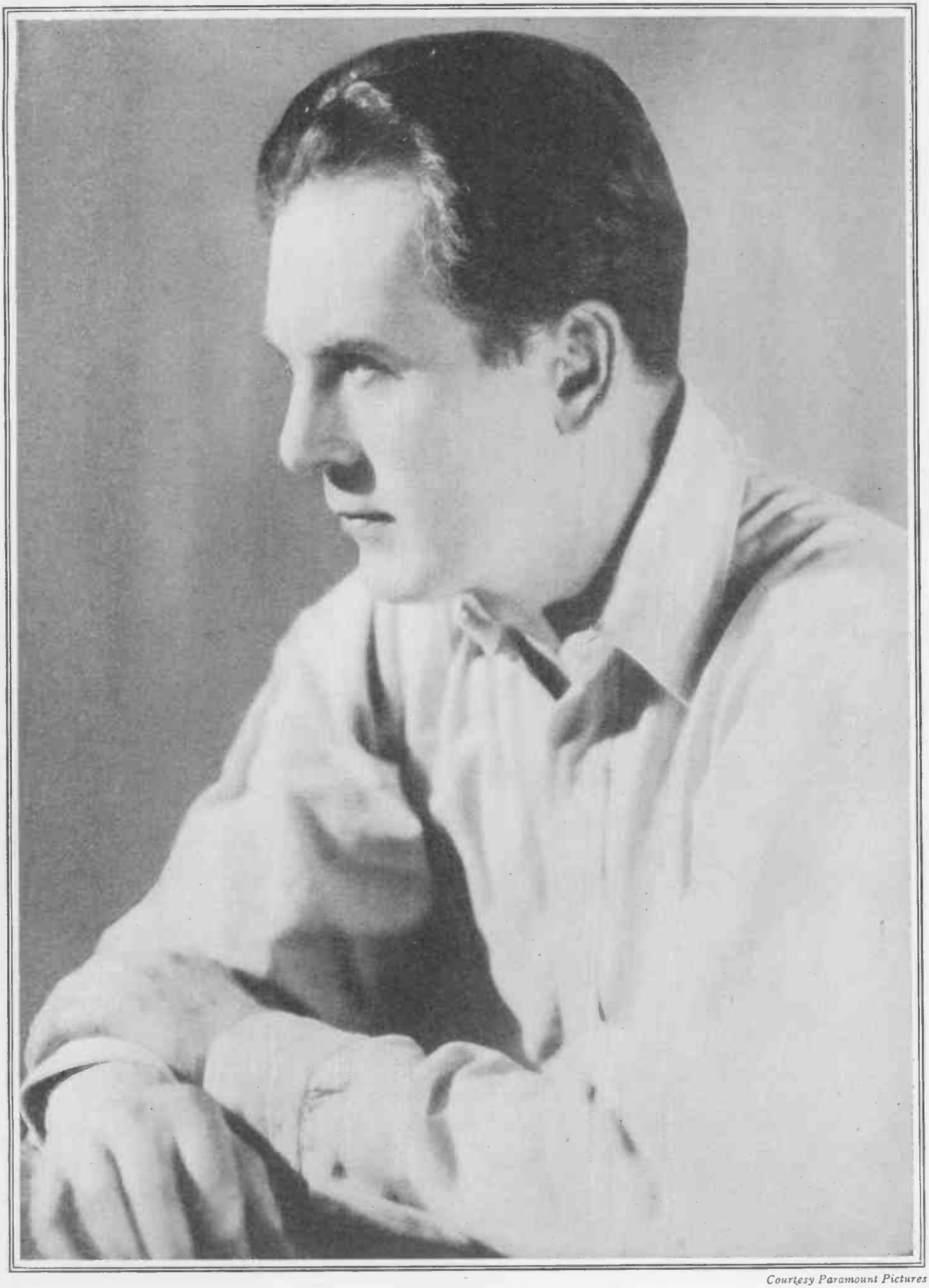

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IVY HARRIS

Her Star in the East

By
Margery Land May

IN life—in this strange affair and puzzle that is life—there are certain things, infinitesimal in themselves, which oddly govern and shape the destinies of those individuals who live it.

There appears Glenport, for instance. A word, a single stroke and you see it. Those winding streets; those trees that guard and roof its lazy, drifting ways; those little and big houses nestling down like drowsy birds amid things that grow and bloom and smell so sweet and green after a shower of rain. Glenport! A single word and you see the red-bud that blossoms in its yards as though it were a pink cloud let down from heaven.

Mary Canton—she whose life was so strangely governed and shaped, so oddly motivated and bent by a certain peculiar feeling—lived in Glenport. She was born there. When she was a little girl—not much past four—her parents died and she went to live with Aunt Ebby.

Aunt Ebby was tall and thin. She wore a lot of rings. They sparkled. And she had a funny, slanting nose.

In her thin, tall slanting way, Aunt Ebby was good to Mary. When she was small she dressed her in socks and perky, fluted, little skirts that stood out from her chubbiness as petals outstand from a flower. When she was big, she bought her wide, Dotty Dimple ribbons. Mary liked these. They looked, she thought, like soft, coloured butterflies on the plait of her shining hair.

This hair was Mary's best and only extraordinary feature. It was a gleaming mass of gold. It shone. It was as if the sun shining down upon it had liked the silken weave and curl of it and had lingered. It made an aureole for her face. It made a nimbus. From the glistening halo that it made, Mary's face looked out. It was a small, white, oval face. The nose of it was insignificant, the mouth too large but it had green pools for eyes.

"Not a pretty child," they'd say, but they'd turn to look after her as she skipped down Main Street, swinging her book-strap. It was her hair that drew their eyes. It streamed from her white face as if it were wind-tossed jonquils. Jonquils, her hair and the glint of her ribbons a blue butterfly.

Mary loved soft, glowing things. They gave her a queer, sparkling feeling. The sun had fingers, she thought. She liked their gold touch upon her and once when she saw a pear-tree, tall and slim, and patterning its blooms against the moonlight, she felt her heart to be a star burning bright inside.

Sometimes she would put her hand against her breast where her heart was, and hold it so and hold it so until the star-warmth crept through to her fingers.

Aunt Ebby,whose nose was so slanting and peering that she seemed to look through it, did not know about the star, and yet its shine was as real and as blue-bright as the glint of Aunt Ebby's diamonds after they'd been cleaned.

Sometimes when Mary was very good, Aunt Ebby would let her clean her diamonds. This she did by running thin spirals of twisted tissue through the fine, little claws that held the stones.

Mary would rub and rub and the diamonds would shine till almost it would seem they were as bright as the star that lived within her.

Thus early in Mary's life there began to function the feeling. It had to do with the star. It had to do with the quickening flicker and flame of the star. To feel the star darken as does the earth when clouds lay hands upon it—that became terrible to Mary. It gave her the most poignant sensations. It brought a pain to her throat, queer and indefinable, such as had caught there when her little puppy died. To put her hand to her breast and feel the star warming her fingers—that was one thing, but to put it there and hold it so and hold it so and yet feel no glow, no warmth, just frigor, that was another thing and terrible.

"It mustn't happen. I mustn't let it go out," she'd say and with her hair streaming behind her like jonquils yielding to the wind's strong sway, she'd race out into the sun. She'd run through fields all patterned with the buttercups' bright gold. She'd come to the water-brook and drop down on her knees beside it and gaze at it and gaze at it, if happily by thus looking at its lucent pool she might feed and strengthen the fading light of the star within her.

The strange thing about the star was the way other people were affected by it. For instance that which Mary did to keep it from going out always reacted in a most odd way on others.

There was Aunt Ebby. Although not knowing about the star, Aunt Ebby was always getting angry at the star. That time when the ladies from the Women's Guild had called. They had been sitting on the porch and when Aunt Ebby saw the ladies approaching the house by the garden path, she jerked up from her chair with a start. Her knitting needles and a great, fat ball of lovely, purple yarn fell to the gallery. She did not notice them. Running into the hall:

"Mary, I don't want to see those ladies. Tell them I'm not in," she said.

Mary, glancing up from her paper-dolls, said: "Yes'm," but hardly had she said it when she felt a queer, faint diminishing of the star. With a little gasp, "Don't go out. Oh, please—" she cried to it but it did'nt seem to hear her. It got dim. It got faint. It got cold.

The ladies—tall and thin like Aunt Ebby's knitting needles—came up to her. Smiling down and patting her hair, one of them asked to see her aunt Ebby.

With her hand cold against her heart:

"She's not—she's not—" Mary tried to say it but couldn't. The star was almost out. She could hardly see the dying glint of it. It seemed to have risen to her throat and with all its cruel, little points to be sticking there. She could not speak for the pain of it. She turned her eyes away.

"Isn't Mrs. Drew in?" the patting lady asked her.

Mary gulped.

"Yes'm, she's in. I'll go call her," she said.

She skipped along. "Now, I'll be sent to bed without any supper," she thought, but somehow, even though she knew they were going to have lovely white and gold custard for dessert, she didn't mind it. Not even when Aunt Ebby got very red in the face and told her she was a naughty girl and to go to bed at once, she didn't mind. It was too bad, of course, that the knitting needle ladies had collected twenty dollars from Aunt Ebby. She didn't blame her Aunt Ebby for being angry with her. She knew she had been naughty and she sighed a little over the thought of the lovely dessert with its round, soft islands of whipped cream, floating on a sea of yellow.

Yet when she slipped down between the lavender scented sheets of her big four-posted bed, and lay there with her gaze on the sighing pine-top which was so friendly and close to her window, she felt the star so steady and blue-bright within her that it seemed to her there were tiny, warm baby stars glowing all over her body.

She whispered: "It didn't go out. It didn't go out," and it seemed most strange to her that by being bad like that she had been able to keep the star from dying.

II

To keep the star from dying! That was the feeling which began so early to function and to motivate in the life of Mary. Though she never analyzed it; though she never asked herself whether it were right or wrong or wise or foolish to be thus governed and led by a something she

SLEEP SWEET

Sleep sweet within this quiet room,
O thou, whoe'er thou art,
And let no mournful yesterdays
Disturb thy quiet heart.

Nor let tomorrow scare thy rest
With dreams of coming ill;
Thy Maker is thy changeless friend;
His love surrounds thee still.

Forget thyself, and all the world;
Put out each feverish light;
The stars are watching overhead;
Sleep sweet, good-night! good-night!

ELLEN M. H. GATES.

"There was one bearing a garish candle and green-hued like its flame."

could not define, nevertheless she was so led until with the march of years the star became as vital to her as a presence.

A presence? Nay, it was a flame the light and glow of which seemed in some most strange way to be inversely dependent upon the darkness it caused in others.

Quite early in her life, Mary became aware that the star was in constant conflict with Aunt Ebby. There were frequently occurring little businesses on a parallel with the incident of the Women Guild ladies at which the star would get faint, would get dim, would get cold. And Mary, inexorably compelled, would put her hand against her heart, and holding it so and whispering, 'Oh, please—Oh, don't,'' would, it seemed, do that which was diametrically opposed to the thing her Aunt Ebby had requested.

With her face darkening and anger making sharp needle-points of her eyes: ''You're a bad, ungrateful, naughty, little girl, Mary,'' Aunt Ebby would cry and sometimes she would put her long, thin hands on Mary's shoulders and would shake her.

Mary would hang her head—not in shame as her Aunt thought, but to see if the star were glowing.

She often was sent supperless to bed, and when so sent, would lie with her wide-eyed gaze fixed on the friendly pine-top. She liked to watch it. She liked to see it, wind-tossed and shaken by the breezes. It had a sound of running water-brooks. It would bend then and outreach its arms as if it had desire to take her within them and to kiss her. She liked the pine-top. She felt it knew about the star, and knowing, made a little, open, fragrant place where one that flamed blue-white in the heavens might shine at her through the branches.

Thus her childhood, inexplicably under the governance of an influence, intangible, inaudible, unseen, which in latter years was to take her life and shape it, as it were the potter and she the malleable clay.

Yet, strangely enough, it was this very inward and invisible docility which, manifesting itself in a certain rigid pertinacity of resolve, was to cause her aunt, darkening, to say:

"What a way to repay me, Mary. You have no love, no gratitude. Even in your babyhood you had none. You are cold, unfeeling, hard."

And yet even as she stood, white and tremulous before this black accusal, Mary looked down and saw the star, burning silver-blue—a point of light within her.

"I'm sorry, but Oh, I can't—I just can't tell you," she cried.

Her aunt's long hands, lean and curved like an eagle's talons, clutched for her shoulders and gripped them.

"Then you took it yourself. You must have taken it," she denounced her.

Mary said: "No!"

Terrible tears came into Aunt Ebby's eyes and welled there and crept down the deep, sallow crevices on each side of her bleak, out-thrusting nose. Terrible tears and a terrible, shrieking cry whose piercing burthen was: "A thief—my niece a common thief—Oh, God deliver me!"

Mary said: "No," but was not heard nor believed by anyone—not even her Aunt—in Glenport.

Yet there was one who knew. Her name was Lottie Parsons. She had a faint, indeterminate prettiness and wore a hunger for love in her eyes.

It was in her hands that Mary first saw the locket. Coming into the school-room during recess, she had seen Lottie sitting at her desk and gazing down at something that seemed to run like a quick thread of gold through her fingers. At the end of the quick, golden thread there was a small, round disk that shone as if it were a warm, little sun-spot. Just to look at it brought Mary—who so loved glowing things—that odd, that curious sparkling of the heart.

"Oh, Lottie, let me look at it. Do let me hold it in my hands," she cried, but Lottie with a harsh, "No, no," jerked away from her and slipped the little sun-spot down her bosom. She sat for a moment, her lips tremulous and her face flushed to a peculiar, painful crimson. Suddenly she arose.

"I've got to go. I've a headache. I won't be back this afternoon," she said, and with a white, furtive look, she fled away and left Mary sitting alone and a-wonder in the big, deserted school-room.

"She slipped down between the lavender scented sheets of her big four-posted bed, and lay there with her gaze on the sighing pine-top."

The amazement that upleapt in Mary's mind, how lightning soon and in how terrific a way was it to be lifted!

Soon the school-room was filled. The bell had sounded and there were little and big girls jostling and filing, pushing and skipping into the empty room. One of them—a slim, a tall, a rather regal young thing—was the Kennedy girl. Her hair held a warmth that her cold lips and patrician nose belied. Though only fifteen—which then was Mary's age—she already had the air of a little princess and, indeed, in Glenport was considered so, since she lived on a hill in a great white house and rode to school in a motor coach—purple and silver-fitted and in such liveried style as befits the equipage of the only daughter of the money king of a town.

Now with the unconscious arrogance of high-stationed youth, she entered the room and crossed to her desk and opened it and suddenly: "My locket! The one my brother Donald sent me from abroad. I brought it this morning and put it in my pencil-box. Someone has taken it," her cold, little voice outcried.

There was a business. Miss Peck, the teacher, who had a preening, birdlike look, began to perk her head and hop about on the dais like a bird. Picking up a pointer that was almost as tall as she, she brought it down (rap-rap) upon her ink-stained desk-top. She called for attention. In her chirpy voice she ridiculously requested that all the children who knew nothing about the locket—who had not even seen the locket—hold up their hands.

Every hand went up.

"Who have not even seen a locket," repeated the chirpy Miss Peck, doing a little hop-skip on the dais.

Mary's hand came down.

The star was fading, falling. She could feel it fall. She could see its bleak descent and in desperate panic with that tense, "Oh, please——" she pressed her hand hard against her bosom, cupping her fingers as if there were bitter winds from which she must protect its faint and flickering flame.

Every hand was up save Mary's. Miss Peck, noting this, flew down from her dais with a rustle as of wings and darted at her as a bird may dart at a little, lonely worm.

Though Miss Peck looked straight at Mary and Mary looked straight at her, there was a face that intervened—a face with a faint, indeterminate prettiness and a hunger for love in its eyes.

"Why is your hand down, Mary? Do you know about the locket? Do you know who took the locket?" These questions, put with swift, forward dartings of the head, made Mary think of a robin nibbling (peck-peck) at a cherry.

With her fingers to the star that flamed stronger now:

"Yes, I knew," she answered.

"Who, then? Tell me!"

Mary started to tell but then (Oh, faint and fading star) she could not.

As later to her aunt so now to small Miss Peck:

"I'm sorry, but Oh, I can't—I just can't tell you," she answered.

There was more of it.

The excited questions. The curious, staring eyes. The summons to the Dean's room and there the inquisition.

Over and over: "I can't—I just can't," Mary said, and it seemed to her, despite the stern visage and the voice of her inquisitor, that something warm and soft like a precious, little sun-spot had slipped into her bosom and was dancing there.

Mary was sent home to her aunt and to the terrible tears her aunt shed when she shrieked most terribly: "A thief—my niece a common thief—O God deliver me!"

Mary said: "No," and later that day slipped off to the house where Lottie lived alone with an old negro mammy and her father, who, since Lottie's mother died, had been but the shell of a man and a wretched drunkard, as everyone in Glenport could tell you.

With her arms about Lottie:

"I didn't tell about the locket. I'll never tell. But you must send it back, Lottie," she said.

White, tremulous, tristful, as though she were some pale and pretty flower beaten on by the rain's cruel hand, Lottie clung to Mary.

Tears.

Mary did not move. Mary did not speak. She just sat there holding Lottie's hands and feeling her tears all wet upon her fingers.

Thus the locket was returned. Mary herself took it down to the post-office and sent it anonymously to the Kennedy girl. Then feeling some-

FORGIVENESS

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been
Abused, its kindness answered with foul wrong;
So, turning gloomily from my fellow-men,
One summer Sabbath day I strolled among
The green mounds of the village burial-place;
Where, pondering how all human love and hate
Find one sad level; and how, soon or late,
Wronged and wrongdoer, each with meekened face,
And cold hands folded over a still heart,
Pass the green threshold of our common grave,
Whither all footsteps tend, whence none depart,
Awed for myself, and pitying my race,
Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave,
Swept all my pride away, and trembling I forgave!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

how very light and happy, she hurried home.

As she came into the hall her aunt confronted her.

"You've disgraced me. The Dean has just left and you're not to be allowed to return to school. You'll never be able to live this down, Mary." Her lips tightened into grim, thin lines: "Go to your room and stay there until I can think of some plan for you," she said.

Mary went up and stood by her window. There was a wind in the pine-top and little jewels of rain that glinted on its needles like a thousand emerald stars. She looked for a long time at the pine-top. She was remembering how when she was a little girl her nurse told her that rain-drops were the tears that angels shed, and she wondered a bit wistfully if these were ones wept because she had again brought grief to her Aunt Ebby.

III

But though deep this grief and wounded sore the pride, how weak and ineffectual was this blow to seem by comparison with the knife thrust that was to sunder them forever.

The years passed. Aunt Ebby's plan for Mary, the bitter fruitage of a midnight vigil, was pursued. The business of the locket and her expulsion from Foster Hall having blasted the gay, accustomed hopes which Aunt Ebby had built for her, Mary was sent to a stenographic school.

"I'd hoped to bring you out and see you make a good substantial marriage. But that's ended now. You've ended it." Under her derisive smile Mary recoiled as at the bite of an acid, "Since you can't be ornamental, I may as well prepare you to be useful," she said.

Mary said nothing and in the passing years it seemed that between these two silence was the sum of what was shared.

Those passing years! Mary was alone much in them. Yet not lonely. She always had the star. The pine-top was very friendly and she was much companioned by the wind.

"You're a queer sort, Mary," Lottie said to her one Saturday as they were leaving the offices of the company where they were both working now. "You seem cheerful enough. But I can't see why. You don't go anywhere. You don't—well—have any fun."

Mary smiled.

"Oh, yes I do," she (*Continued on page* 45)

"Glancing down at Davy as he cuddled, pink and a-drowse, within the safe cyclosure of her arms, Mary felt an under-sense of trouble."

A Group of Popular Artists Heard over WBAL

The Super-Power Station, Baltimore, Md.

Frederick R. Huber, director

Roberta Glanville, soprano, former member of the Metropolitan Opera Company

Georgie Kelly, contralto, who is frequently heard as a soloist over WBAL. Miss Kelly is shown costumed as "Alan A. Dale," a part she recently played in a production of "Robin Hood"

George Bolek, staff pianist. Heard over the air every Wednesday evening, during the WBAL Staff Concert

John Wilbourn, tenor. Mr. Wilbourn is also assistant studio manager, and a member of the Male Quartet

In Command *of* the Radio Troops

How the Major-General from Kansas is again commanding battalions that are transforming the world

By Hazel Manley

A FAMOUS General stands at the head of a new army in America—an army greater than that marshaled for the World War. It is known as the Radio Army of America and musters 25,000,000 strong—growing bigger all the time as the citizens continue to fall in line.

General James G. Harbord, the Commander who led the marines at Verdun, who sent the boys over the trenches at Chateau Thierry and who charged his regiments into Belleau Wood, is now a world leader of the Radio Forces, and a common soldier of the ranks may "furlough" all over the land with the formality of a salute.

Such action a few years ago would have met with court-martial. I first marched in on "the General" as he pored over a pile of papers in his New York offices. This man who knew no fear of No Man's Land is a courteous, kindly gentleman with a sparkling eye that instantly attracts. He dislikes interviews, but he cannot escape, sometimes. He is of great importance to the world of affairs. Though his smile was friendly and his handshake real, he insisted he had nothing to say.

General James G. Harbord, the Commander who led the marines at Verdun, who sent the boys over the trenches at Chateau Thierry and who charged his regiments into Belleau Wood, is now a world leader of the Radio Forces.

"But, General," I explained, "the public demands information about you. It is known generally that you have set aside your war duties and are now at the head of the biggest organization in the fastest growing industry that the world has ever known—that you are the silent force behind Radio—and the public wants to know how you came there and your plans for the future Radio fans."

"I am here," he quietly stated, "because, in my opinion, it is the natural result of my long training in the army. The forces of Radio required an organization and for that reason I came. Army life is the greatest training that any man can possibly secure. I got my opportunity in the army. I took advantage of its discipline and training. I gave my best to it and it gave its best to me—that's my reward. Outside of that I have done nothing."

But the record of a thirty-three-year army career that covered all the ranks from private to Major-General, and which extended geographically all the way from the Philippines to Armenia could not be covered in so few words to my satisfaction. This fact I stated to the General, and it was then he surrendered.

"The real measure of any industry is the public service that it renders and its final accounting must be its accounting to the public," he said. "The art

of Radio communication still challenges the imagination of man. It is not enough, measured by the possibilities of the art, that Radio has lowered substantially the rates in all classes of international communication; it is not enough that it has speeded up to a remarkable extent the service of messages across the seas; that it has established direct links of communication with countries hitherto connected to the seaboard only by numerous relays through foreign countries; it is not enough that in the direct transmission of a message through the air, radio protects communication from censorship or interference by intervening powers.

"Since the successful demonstration of Photo-radiogram transmission early in 1925, when the Radio Corporation of America sent photographs and facsimile messages not only across the country but across the Atlantic Ocean, and half way across the Pacific to Hawaii, our engineers have continued unceasing development in this direction."

Merlin Hall Aylesworth, President of the National Broadcasting Company, explains to John Hays Hammond, Chairman of the Washington Reception Committee, the distribution of the stations in the record-breaking special Network of fifty stations.

General Harbord's retirement as Major-General of the Regular Army became effective December 29, 1922, with the approval of the Secretary of War, to permit his becoming President of the Radio Corporation of America on January 1, 1923. In twenty-one years he climbed from a buck private to a Major-General.

Character—training—genius in organization—courage—vision and sincerity are the qualities that have removed him from the commanding position of the United States Army and placed him at the head of the great Radio Army of American Citizenry.

Sincerity is the keynote of his magnetic personality. One is really enraptured with it. But next in line is friendliness—the trait of character that truly endears you to him for all time and causes you to brand as false the age-old stories of hard-boiled, gruff army officers. To the new troops he is giving the same distinguished service with the same vital energy and seriousness that he gave to his fighting forces in France. He commands a place at the head of the ranks and the ranks are always near to his heart. It was easy to glimpse this fact as he talked.

"Radio is the great force behind a new era in the progress of the world. It is perhaps the greatest civilizing power that has yet come into the world. While its growth has been almost miraculous, yet it is in its infancy."

"And what of the future?" I inquired. His answer was instantaneous.

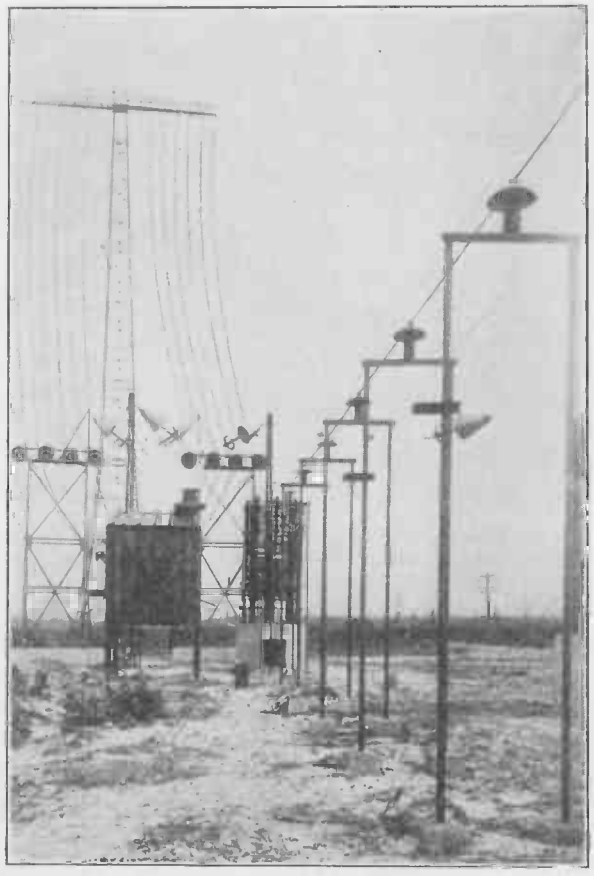
"The future is golden with promise. Methods and systems are in progress of organization that will bring Radio into the lives of all the people every day—giving to the people a practical utility. I am directing its business organization and am not in a position to discuss or forecast its scientific development, but I can say this: Important events will take place very soon—epoch-making developments in the history of the world. It would be reiteration for me to recite the achievements that have brought us into closer touch and better commercial relations.

"The United States of America has become the center of a world-wide system of direct communication, by Radio, with all parts of the civilized world. From New York City as the hub, the invisible yet quite tangible high-power Radio circuits extend to England, France, Germany, Norway, Holland, Poland, Italy, Argentina and Brazil, with others yet to come. On the Pacific coast, from San Francisco as the hub, there are Radio circuits reaching to distant Hawaii and Japan, and stretching on to Java with promise of early service to the Philippines, China and French Indo-China. In the span of seven years this nation has virtually paralleled the historic development of the British controlled cable system with London as the center, which required over fifty years for its realization.

"In the marine world our Radio achievement has likewise made impressive strides. To-day there are approximately 2,000 North American vessels equipped with radio. The coast stations along our shores are the most modern and powerful of their class. Radio beacons, flashing their identifying signals to ships equipped with radio direction finder or radio compass, make navigation for them as safe in the densest fog as on the clearest days, since radio ears take the place of helpless eyes."

The old warrior spoke with pride—the pride of brilliant accomplishment. He had really known the benefits of radio in the marine world. He continued after a moment's reflection.

"Within our borders have grown up great broadcasting systems, whereby the people of distant sections of our country are each evening united in an unseen audience for purpose of entertainment and education. The broadcasting art, begun just six years ago as a mere experiment in radio telephony, has promoted a stupendous radio industry which has provided the North American public with 6,500,000 radio receiving sets as compared with 60,000 receivers in use during 1922. Our radio broadcast audience, a national forum now, totals upward of 26,000,000 as against 75,000 listeners during 1922. The investments made in radio broadcast receiving equipment during 1926 amounted to $506,000,000, while the total investment for the five years from 1922 to 1926, inclusive, for sets, parts, and accessories, was $1,490,000,000. There are over 700 broadcasting stations in operation, thus serving every section of a vast land.



Underwood & Underwood Photo

Rocky Point Transmitting Station. Looking south along antenna used for trans-Atlantic radio telephone. Copper House at left houses tuning coil for radio telephone operation. Towers are 1,250 feet apart.

"Similar enterprises are likewise active in Central and South America. The possibilities of direct radio communication of North America and Europe have long been appreciated by Latin-American countries. There exists a high-power transoceanic station just outside of Buenos Aires, which provides direct and dependable service between the Argentine and the United States, France, England and Germany, as well as indirect service to all other countries of the civilized world. Another great station near Rio de Janeiro is in efficient operation, providing similar service for Brazil. The Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro stations are soon to include beam or short-wave directive transmissions, aimed toward this country and Europe. Construction is nearly completed for short wave radio stations at Santiago, in Chile, and Bogota, in Colombia. There is also soon to be a transoceanic station in Venezuela, for service with New York.

"The most important factor in developing radio communication facilities for Latin-America has been the A. E. F. G. Consortium. In a certain sense we have stood for the Monroe Doctrine in radio communications, but when our interests sought a place in South America just after the War, they found various European radio companies already on the ground, with plans and concessions for high-powered stations. Instead of proceeding in economic waste and useless duplication of effort, the several interests, American, British, French and German—then formed the A. E. F. G. Consortium, thus uniting the provision of radio facilities in certain Latin-American countries. The concentration of efforts and facilities has given those countries a comprehensive spread of direct and indirect radio circuits, instead of the limited service which might otherwise have existed."

"How do you think Radio proves most valuable to the world?" I inquired.

"We must mould the course of radio events to achieve the ideal," he replied. "Transoceanic radio communication will go far in making still more popular and effective the relationships between the northern and the southern halves of the western world. Important matters of commerce, which cannot afford to wait dozens of days for mail transmission, may now be handled in as many minutes through the agency of direct radio between New York City, Buenos Aires and Rio. Our journalists can establish a community of interest with as effective an exchange of news as now exists between the old world and the new. The diplomats of our respective nations can keep in closer touch, and their tasks will be simplified as their peoples enjoy that complete understanding which comes from ample communication facilities.

"To the coded and (*Continued on page* 51)

Hat by Caroline Reboux—A snug crown of orange-red satin, an encircling black satin ribbon and a brim with wing-shaped sides coming to a narrow turned-up point in the front—what could be more distinctly French?

Autumn Millinery From Paris and New York

By ANNETTE BOURGEOIS

THE trend in Autumn Millinery favors velvet. As a general rule the lines are away from the face in front, and run down to the nape of the neck. Crowns are low and instead of dents and folds that decorated last year's models, there are draped folds, seams and tucks. The idea being to fit the head snugly.

In the recent millinery fashion show in New York City the vast majority of the models were made of velvet, a number of which were trimmed with rhinestone ornaments. Ten of the models exhibited are shown in this issue. In the American models as well as those shown by the leading French designers velvet is the vogue and is considered very smart. Velvet hats are no longer considered "knock about" hats, and are being worn by the well-dressed New York women.

The brimless hat is also popular. Instead of the skull cap effect of last year it is cleverly draped so it does not interfere with the fur collar.

Soft felt still continues to be the most popular of hat materials.

The Latest Creations of Fall Millinery by Leading French Designers

Hat by Jeanne Vivot. Silver buckles on each side of a blind stitched band add charm and smartness to this model of Elach taffeta

From the deft hands of Agnes, comes this soft model of electric blue and silvery blue velvet with a blue gros grain ribbon band and bows

Hat by Suzy. The color combination is rose glace and phantom velvet

Maria Guy fashions this soft cloche with high front, draped to the back and right side. Material, raspberry velvet

Same model as above which may be worn four different ways

The Latest Vogue in Millinery

Antique bronze velvet shirred, combined with soleil, close fitting.—Colle

Orange velvet combination in two tones, worked in artistic design in crossing the velvet, ornamented with two tiny elephant pins.—Colle

Soleil black, with crystal beads sewed to the hat to form the pattern.—Milgrim

Large black velvet, trimmed with llama and velvet flower and velvet leaves.—Peggy Hoyt

Black velvet close fitting cap, with black feather ostrich trimmed.—Carnegie

Models from the New York Millinery Fashion Show

Butterscotch soleil crown with visor of hatters plush, with gold and lapis lazuli ornament.—Northbridge

Patchwork soleil in two shades of brown, joined with llama embroidery, and three metal pins.—Milgrim

Black velvet with rhinestone ornament.—Arnold Constable

Blue Soleil trimmed with rhinestone ornaments. Milgrim

Blue soleil trimmed with rhinestone trimming. Hattie Arnold

Searching the World for Palate Tickling Delicacies

David Fairchild and Wilson Popenoe tell of exploring for new foods in the ends of the earth that our diets and gardens and bank accounts may expand

By Uthai Vincent Wilcox

A SLICED ilama and cream, waiter."

"Sorry, sir, but we are all out of ilamas."

"How about a marang, then?"

"It is out of season for marangs."

"Then, bring me half a mangosteen——"

Or, if this restaurant of to-morrow is out of mangosteens it is possible that the patron can get Zarda Melons, carabaos, paradisiaca plantains, itzamas, or a dozen other fruits now unknown on the breakfast tables of the United States.

The particular ones mentioned above have been introduced this winter by the bureau of plant industry of the Department of Agriculture, and experiments are under way to determine just what regions of the nation are best adapted for their growth, and just how American people will receive them. They came from the out-of-the-way places of the earth, mostly tropical.

The group of scientists who receive these plants and their associates that hunt the wide world over for various food plants care not for immigration laws and restrictions on newcomers. They invite visitors—they go out and find them and bring them here. "Plant immigrants" is the official name given these plants which are being brought in for the benefit of the American Farmer, and to tickle the palates of all who appreciate good foods.

The search that sends plant explorers into remote regions of Europe, Asia, Africa or South America is not for undiscovered lands or fabled riches, like the explorers of old, but frequently their efforts are rewarded far in excess of the hardy sailor men who years ago brought home their ingots of gold.

The Avacado or Alligator Pear is a native fruit of Guatemala. Was brought to the United States by Dr. Wilson Popenoe.

For these intrepid explorers are bringing home new fruits or vegetables, that will prove a benefit for hundreds of years to come.

There is a touch of romance to the work, a touch of magic, that turns a few handfuls of seeds, a dozen or so of cuttings from plants heretofore uncultivated in the United States, into a great contribution to the country's wealth.

There is the case of Durum wheat, used extensively for macoroni making. It was brought to the United States for cultivation in Northern States, where the climate is cold and unfavorable for a wheat which matures earlier than the drum wheat. To-day the drum wheat crop has a value far in excess of $50,000,000, as a result of the work of these explorers.

There is the added element of protection of the home crop industry. In cooperation with the Federal horticultural board, the office of foreign seed and plant introduction, headed by Dr. David Fairchild, whose title is, "Agricultural explorer in charge," serves as a means of protecting the domestic crops by excluding dangerous insects and plant diseases.

A Nose for New Foods

Nearly 50,000 separate introductions have been made by the plant explorers and many of these are a most important part of our agriculture. Durum wheat is not the only notable example of plant immigrants that have since become thoroughly naturalized. There are a number of regions in the United States that owe their present prosperity and in some cases the very existence of their agriculture to one of these plants brought in or sent in by a government plant explorer

from some distant corner of the world. This is true of the date trees of California and Arizona, the feterita, kafir and Sudan grass fields of the West, the dasheen patches of the South, the Panariti currant vineyards of California, and the rice fields of Texas and California.

It might seem that the reservoir of the world's flora would soon be drained of all possibilities, that a few years would tell us the limitations Nature has set for our enjoyment of flowers, fruits and seeds. But explorers are still busily searching the highways and byways, the fields and dooryards, the prairies and jungles in distant places, and the lists of their findings show that we are nowhere near the end of the possibilities of the plant world.

No discoverer who set forth with only the stars to guide him has gone farther, penetrated more deeply into a land with which he is unfamiliar, or undergone greater hardships, than the food plant explorer. It is a work which the men themselves will tell you requires peculiar temperament and training. First of all, the agricultural explorer must be free to go off in a foreign country knowing that he cannot return for three, four, five or more years. He cannot have family ties that would not permit this. He must know plants, and special emphasis is placed on this qualification. Then he should be able to speak several foreign languages, principally Spanish, French, and one other. Physically he must be so constituted that long hours, days in the saddle, wading streams, riding hours in a down-pour of rain, sleeping in vermin-infested native huts, or traveling through epidemic ridden countries will not break down his health.

A Japanese persimmon. This tree is 10 years old. It is a prolific bearing tree, and hardy.

The food explorer has developed a "nose" for plants, just as a good reporter has a nose for news, as the saying goes. This sixth sense helps greatly in seeking out crops that may flourish in the United States. It is that unexplainable ability to know where to go and what to get. The plant explorer has the understanding of plants. He can almost talk and converse with them. It is a fact that he understands them thoroughly. He knows climatic conditions under which the food plant grows successfully, and with that in mind knows whether the varying climates of the United States would welcome the immigrant.

One of the hardest tasks that the food plant explorer has to meet is the gathering of accurate information from ignorant natives. Most peoples cannot understand why it is that a man will come across the sea in order to get a plant, and they are immediately suspicious and resentful. The explorer, gaining the confidence of the natives, talks with them and from the information sifts out that which he wishes for his scientific data.

Getting the Alligator Pear

Dr. Wilson Popenoe, who was an exlorer in the field for more than ten years and who found the avocada or alligator pear in Guatemala, was warned again and again not to pick the fruit except when the moon was full. To do otherwise was dangerous, they claimed. Besides, the natives were certain that the avocada would be unfit to eat.

It is the plant lore of the country that is wanted, he said, but to wrest it from credulous natives is no easy task. Then to this hearsay material that comes down from generations past, there is added the explorers scientific training and understanding of economic conditions.

The collecting of material must be carried on throughout the travels of the explorer. He must make good notes and photographs for reporting his finds. And above all he must keep sending seeds or cuttings on to Washington. And herein lies a great difficulty.

The explorer is usually far from the seacoast. Getting the specimens to a shipping point is frequently a matter of riding for days to make the shipment. On several occasions Dr. Popenoe traveled one hundred and twenty-five miles on horseback from the interior of Guatemala to the coast, an eleven-day journey, three times to get specimens of alligator pears off for shipment.

The first step that the explorer takes on his arrival in the strange country to which he goes for his plant quests is to establish headquarters, where he maintains his contact with the outside world. There he leaves his luggage (*Continued on page* 52)

Photo E. K. Woodbury

This cosy English-style home on the edge of Hollywood and Los Angeles is the home of Mrs. Jack Dempsey—known in films as Estelle Taylor

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dempsey at Home

By MARION BROWNFIELD

OUT where the movies are made, is a rather well-known town called Hollywood. But east of film-town, at the north end of Los Angeles, is a charming residence section in the foot-hills—a plateau of lovely homes nestling among trees and winding drives, and overlooking the city, spread in the valley below, like five fingers of a hand, which sparkle at night, as if jewel-studded.

Here is where Estelle Taylor, the fascinating "Lucretia Borgia" of "Don Juan," dwells as Mrs. Jack Dempsey. In a home of nine rooms, built in cosy English style, the Dempseys keep house with comfort as the main idea.

Miss Taylor, indeed, has no fads or eccentricities to make her home a museum. Jack, being her greatest interest outside of her profession—a typical American home is the result. The large pleasant living room with its easy chairs and cheerful orange and black color scheme exemplifies this.

Lavender and green, however, is a favorite color scheme, so both the guest room and Miss Taylor's own room emphasize it.

The bric-à-brac the Dempseys have collected here and abroad is practically chosen to occupy definite places in their home for real beauty rather than for mere collecting. The book ends in this book nook pictured also reveal Miss Taylor's love of dogs as well as study!

Her books are apt to be serious, because her reading is chiefly to further her work, and she studies everything possible regarding any rôle she has to play. That is why she astonished John Barrymore on the set, in her portrayal of "Lucretia Borgia," by a persistent little trick of fingering

Two Names of Fame Dwell Here

In this cozy English style home, comfort and good taste go side by side

Right—A view of the dining-room.

Above—The large pleasant living-room is cheerfully decorated in orange and black.

Left—Bedroom in the home of Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey.

Photo E. K. Woodbury

her basque. It was a typical gesture of the period, for ladies had to adjust their stays for comfort and looks! Miss Taylor, therefore, was historically correct—to Barrymore's delight.

The most noticeable thing about the Dempsey home, however, is dogs! Duke, the big Dane, is Chief Guardian. But in the old-fashioned garden to the right of the house you are likely to tumble on to "Punch" among the roses, marigolds, stocks, dahlias and chrysanthemums. And though "Punch," the black pug that came all the way from England, is the gift of an English nobleman, Miss Taylor especially prizes the numerous Pomeranians that fans have added to her collection. The assortment increases so constantly, in fact, that a few have to be given away. But her favorite "Pom" Mrs. Dempsey has immortalized, by having his picture painted on the chiffon sleeves of one of her frocks.

While her chief concern is Jack and her great desire to see him come back as the champion of the American prize-fighting ring, Mr. Dempsey's real wish is that Estelle Taylor forget her public, and become the chief and very lovely ornament — that she is—of their home. But when there's a personal maid, the valet, a cook, a chauffeur and Jerry the Greek, that's Jack's shadow, there's ample time for a career, and Estelle Taylor determined to prove it. The three-year contract which the United Artists awarded her as soon as "Don Juan" was released by Warner Brothers, proved that she had arrived.

Estelle Taylor Dempsey

It was her family back in Wilmington, Delaware, where she was born, however, that had to be first persuaded. For several generations the Taylor family had lived there and when Estelle graduated from high school, business college found less objection from the Methodist faith of her people, than the stage. But Estelle broke down. In modern parlance, repression, told upon her. So upon the advice of the family physician, she was allowed to respond to an ad that she had read in a magazine, instead of scandalizing the family with vaudeville acts rehearsed in the parlor! Thus, she entered the Sargent Dramatic School of New York City.

Then, instead of returning home, on completion of this course, she became a hat model with a pay check that tided her over the brief two weeks that elapsed before she was called for a part in "Come On Charlie." While she had little chance to speak in this first opportunity of the stage, her pantomime won her her first chance in pictures, doubling for Dorothy Dalton. After a little work with Fox, she got a three-year contract in "New York Sleeps," to which she attributes her present rise.

Among the many plays that have developed her versatility are "Blind Wives," "Footfalls," "Monte Cristo," "A Fool There Was," "Only a Shop Girl," "The Ten Commandments," and an interesting bit is her work for Mary Pickford in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." Miss Taylor's normal weight is one hundred and twenty-five pounds, but she changes it as her rôle requires. Thus she was down to one hundred and five for the Pickford part, achieving this, by diet, massage and exercise. Except in height, her measurements are exactly the same as Mary Pickford's, so she changed clothes twice with Mary in this picture.

Her first picture with United Artists was to have been with Rudolph Valentino, in a life of Cellini. But his death changing plans, she was loaned to Paramount to play the Second Avenue hoyden in "New York." Yet, this turn of events, finds this brown-eyed, brown-haired young woman content, for she has no ambition to be rubber-stamped as an actress playing vamp rôles exclusively. Instead, she works for an all around development of her art, and her life, as Miss Estelle Taylor, and Mrs. Jack Dempsey.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The above article was written some weeks ago, since then Mrs. Dempsey, or Estelle Taylor as she is known to thousands of movie fans, has suffered a nervous breakdown, partly through worry over the strenuous fighting days that were ahead for her Jack. Even in the first moments of his hour of victory his first thought was of her—when the microphone was handed to him, he said—"I know my little wife is listening in on this out in Hollywood. Hello honey, I'll be home next week."

On the twenty-second of September, Dempsey will try to regain the Championship crown which he lost to Gene Tunney in Philadelphia. Judging from reports coming from his Chicago training headquarters, he stands an even chance to accomplish the task he has undertaken. When this is done, he can again retire to the cozy home on the outskirts of Hollywood and enjoy the life befitting a champion and the husband of a celebrated movie star.

Method in Parenthood

A Profession and An Art - None Finer

By LILLIAN EDMAC

Decorations by
AGNES LEHMAN

TO get the right quality in the relationship between the mother and child, she must organize her whole attitude toward life. Of course, the temper of her feeling in regard to the responsibilities and personal sacrifices of motherhood is the crucial state of mind. Out of the limitations that are felt by mothers and the isolation of work in the home, grows a sense of martyrdom and a feeling of injustice done, which translates into impatience with the actual tasks at hand.

It is not easy, in the natural haste of youth, to submit cheerfully to the exacting requirements of the profession of motherhood; while, as is true today, it is not recognized as an occupation that rates with the professions.

The mother must know that it is a beautiful art to form the potential personality of the baby into a rounded adult character; and she must recognize that the personal touch in the home is a distinct and separate thing from the methods of formal education or group training. The home recognizes the individual child; caters to his comforts and needs; and while doing so it also serves his needs best by preparing him for the group life of school, which is the training ground for the citizenship of the world.

The mother of several children will envisage the stages of growth before her infant, but with the first baby the average woman's imagination is hardly touched to that extent. She must see this child as a trust requiring a great deal of her instead of a possession to be enjoyed and indulged.

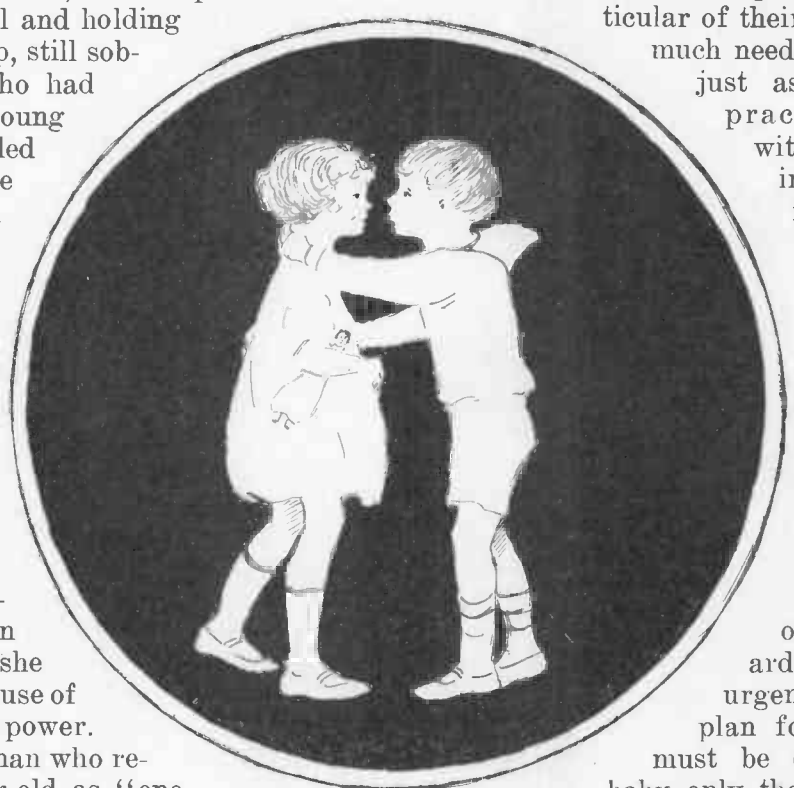
Her first obligation is to hold before him in her own behavior a pattern of what she wishes him to become. The "do as I say and not as I do" program is a proven failure.

Illustrating the seriousness of the error of thinking that admonition will do for example, we have the woman who demands truthfulness and then fibs constantly to smooth the way in her social contacts; the woman who has several ages for the child—his age at school, his age for half-fare purposes, and his age on his birth certificate.

Even worse examples are in those mothers who demand courtesy and never accord it, who hold always before the child the rights of motherhood and constantly disregard those of childhood.

Railway journeys often furnish observation of the common methods of parents and it is, I am sorry to confess, seldom that one finds things to commend. One mother illustrated perfectly the need for the self schooling of mothers. Her baby was about a year old. They entered the car when I did. The baby was a pretty child with the evidences of inherited character and personality already showing to an unusual degree in its face. Things went

smoothly for a while until the mother began amusing the child. She made balls of the tin foil around some chocolate and the baby picked them up from her lap and put them on a book in the seat alongside. One dropped between the seat and the window and fell to the floor. The baby missed it and insisted on having it. The mother refused to get it at first, but the baby pointed and yelled. After slapping her mouth sharply until the child stopped crying for a moment or two, the mother gave in and got the little ball, and was rewarded by a gracious smile. This performance was repeated several times and the baby always got her way until exhausted from a battle for all the milk chocolate she wanted, the right to sit up on the seat instead of lying on a pillow, and the privilege of getting her doll and holding it, she finally fell asleep, still sobbing. The mother, who had been a very pleasing young woman when she boarded the train, left it three hours later with an ugly droop to her mouth and eyes that snapped with the nervous irritation due to the series of conflicts she had staged with the baby. I wondered a little what the result would be when with one year of opportunities she had developed a will power in her child with which she was unable to cope because of her own lack of staying power.



We once knew a woman who referred to her two-year-old as "one of the devil's own," and we commented that in that case it was easy to see who was impersonating that particular devil. It is obvious that it is ridiculous to suppose that extreme examples of obstreperous children are the result of some inherent wickedness and not of the treatment received.

A child will not yell to get what it wants unless the infant has learned that crying gets results. Here the wise mother is apt to have the whole family against her but it is perfectly possible, without cruelty, to so treat a baby that it does not learn to yell to get what it wants. You simply never rush to it and pick it up when it cries. Give it the attention at a moment when it has ceased to cry. If you do not spoil the child in the first year there will not be so much for it to unlearn with tears and disillusion in those that follow.

So far our proposed schools for motherhood are to deal with the physical care of the baby and his mentality, but we need more than that. We need a change in the general atmosphere that will make it easier for the woman who is a mother to keep her own mental balance, and be equable in temper throughout.

Judge Samuel Sewell, in old colonial days, was much distressed over the morality of wig wearing and wrote in his diary that he thought God had sent us our hair as a test to our characters to see how we bear with it; and so in this day the children are a test of the parents' characters—to see in what manner they bear with them; and society as a whole is commenting on, not what dreadful children we have, but what an awful set of parents this modern world has produced.

The sense of social responsibility for children does not relieve parents in one little particular of their responsibility; it is a much needed aid and a help, for just as the mother cannot practice what she knows without the understanding and help of the father and other members of the family, she cannot do so either in a world that is not awake to the general fact that the child is as important to the state as it is to the home.

Not all mothers have the gift of mothering. Those who have are fortunate; for the others, certain standards and ideals become urgent. There must be a plan for the first year that must be one for teaching the baby only those things that are of advantage to him in his physical and mental growth. In so far as he learns by imitation, a part of the plan must include this supervision of the mother's self expression. Never throughout the whole task of rearing him will the control of his environment be as possible, so it is the part of wisdom to make the best use of it.

Too much attention is worse than too little. The parents who limit their families to one or two in order that they may do more for those they have are depriving the children of the valuable discipline that goes with being one in a family.

Someone once asked father if he had any children. He answered, "No, we have a family" (then of six).

To this came the usual, "Must keep their mother busy." "Yes," he said, "she is busy enough for them to get a chance to grow."

So it must be a part of the mother's task to give the child a chance to de- (*Continued on page* 57)

Choosing Your Electrical Appliances

Some Brief, Practical Suggestions On Choosing And Using The Labor-saving Devices Most Housewives Want.

By CHARLES MAGEE ADAMS

Courtesy N. Y. Edison Co.

The comfort, convenience and cleanliness of electrical devices cannot be measured in dollars and cents

THE feature which sets apart the modern home perhaps most sharply from homes of previous decades, at least in the minds of housewives who do their own work, is electrical appliance equipment. The comfort, convenience, and cleanliness made possible by the wide variety of electrical devices now within reach of families with even modest incomes, constitute an advance over that formerly obtainable, whose human value can be appreciated only by those who have experienced it; and the great number of appliances in use bears witness to the quickness with which women have taken advantage of the possibilities offered. To those contemplating purchase, as well as many already owners, however, electrical appliances still present some problems of no small proportions at times.

These appliances are, of course, mechanical in nature; and there is a conviction among many women that anything which smacks of the mechanical or technical is automatically beyond their powers to cope with adequately. They are baffled by wattage, multiple control, and operating efficiency; confused by short circuits and insulation breakdown, with the result that they approach the selection and use of these appliances with much less confidence than they do other household problems. It will therefore be good news for these housewives to learn that technicalities are of far less importance in both the choice and use of present-day electrical devices than is generally supposed.

The flatiron is an apt example. A choice of this popular device has usually been based on how likely a given iron is to burn out; and of two irons, the one which can go longer without a failure of the heating element is, of course, the more desirable. But competition has made any standard iron, produced by a reputable manufacturer, reasonably proof against burning out. So the thing which should decide the housewife's choice is primarily comfort.

Proper balance determines this. Two irons may be of exactly the same weight, but the one designed to distribute the weight evenly will seem lighter than the other, not so designed, with a corresponding decrease in fatigue. More than that, whether the balance is proper or not depends to a great extent on individual styles of ironing. Some women grip and push an iron different from others, with the result that an iron which is comfortable for one will not be for another. To make a satisfactory choice, therefore, determine by trial which iron seems most comfortable in actual use.

Only one main precaution need be observed in caring for the iron—form the habit of turning it off the moment you stop ironing. Electrical men find that irons burn out, not so much because of defective construction, as because women let them burn long after using them, permitting the heat to rise to a dangerous point. Shutting off the current whenever you stop even a few minutes will therefore not only lengthen the life of your iron, but save electricity.

Selecting a vacuum cleaner presents much the same sort of problem. There are two general types of this device—one, equipped with a rotary brush driven by the motor, the other with a stationary brush or having none at all: and many housewives have been puzzled by the rival claims of these two.

The simple test is how (*Continued on page* 39)

Old Fashioned Recipes

"LENTEN" POTATOES

6 large potatoes
1 large onion
2 large green peppers
2 tablespoons butter
2½ tablespoons flour
2½ tablespoons salt
1/3 lb. American cheese
1¼ cups milk
½ small can pimentoes
6 stuffed olives
¼ cup buttered bread crumbs

Pare and slice potatoes one-eighth inch thick. Skin and thinly slice onion. Wash, seed and thinly slice the green pepper. Combine the potatoes, onion and green pepper, add two teaspoons salt, cover with boiling water and cook until the potatoes are tender. Drain and arrange in a greased baking dish. Meanwhile, melt the butter in a saucepan, add the flour and when smooth and bubbling add the cheese sliced fine, stir constantly until melted, then add the milk gradually, and cook until mixture is smooth. Remove from the heat, add one-half teaspoon salt, spread the buttered crumbs, bake in medium oven for fifteen minutes until brown. Just before serving dot over with the pimentoes and olives which have been sliced thin.

Mrs. Brennen.

CREAMED CORNED BEEF

Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter; stir into it two tablespoonfuls of flour, a half onion finely diced, and a small stalk of celery diced; then add slowly two cupfuls of hot milk and paprika to season. Stir until thickened, and cook in a double boiler for fifteen minutes. Cut two cupfuls of cold cooked corned beef into dice; strain the sauce over the meat and put in a pudding dish; cover with a layer of cracker-crumbs, dot with bits of butter, and brown in the oven.

Helen Smith.

LEFT-OVER TURNIPS

Take five or six left-over turnips—cut them in slices, and put them in a small buttered pudding dish. Season them with salt and pepper, pour over them milk to just cover them — cover with bread crumbs and grated cheese and brown in the oven.

Dorothy Barnet.

PLAIN CAKE

1¾ cups flour
2½ teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt (sift and mix together)
1 cup sugar
2 yolks of eggs
1½ tablespoons butter
½ cup water
½ cup milk

Then add whites of eggs, beaten stiff. One teaspoon extract; flavor to own taste.

Mrs. E. F. Stille.

OLD-FASHIONED BUCKWHEAT CAKES

Put to soak at noon 1 yeast cake. At night add 1 quart of warm water, a little salt, and buckwheat flour—enough to make a stiff batter. Set aside until morning, then heat water to boiling, and put into the batter until thin enough for cakes, with 1 tablespoonful of syrup. Leave some batter each time, and no yeast need be used at night.

Mrs. F. E. Young.

CHILI SAUCE

75 tomatoes—good size
12 large red peppers
6 large onions
3 cups vinegar
3 teaspoons ground mustard
3 teaspoons sugar
Salt to taste.

Chop each separate, then mix all together. Boil until you think it is thick enough. Bottle while warm.

Mrs. D. Flynn.

GRANDMOTHER'S PORK FRUIT CAKE

2 cups sugar
1 cup molasses
2 cups finely chopped salt pork
2 cups coffee (cold boiled)
1 lb. raisins
1 lb. currants
1 teaspoonful nutmeg, ground
1 teaspoonful cinnamon, ground
1 teaspoonful cloves, ground
1 teaspoonful alspice, ground

Mrs. Wm. J. Ramsey.

BEEF AND LAMB STEW

1½ lbs. beef and lamb cut in small cubes
3 tablespoons melted butter
parsley
1 sweet green pepper
3 carrots
½ lb. elbow macaroni
3 medium sized potatoes
Salt and pepper to taste.

Melt butter over small fire, add meat, blend for 20 minutes. Add parsley cut very fine and peppers, also cut in very small pieces. Add the carrots, cut in cubes. Cover with water; let boil slowly. Add salt and pepper to taste. Twenty minutes before done add the macaroni and the potatoes, cut in cubes.

Mrs. Charles Heppel.

CORNFLAKE MACAROONS

2 whites of eggs
1 cup sugar
1 small box cocoanut
1 tablespoon vanilla
¼ teaspoon salt
2 cups cornflakes

Beat egg whites stiff. Add the sugar, vanilla, cocoanut and salt gradually. Then add the cornflakes very carefully so as not to crumble. Drop on a buttered pan. Bake five minutes in a moderate oven.

Mrs. Sadie Frank.

SPONGE LAYER CAKE

4 eggs
1 cup vanilla
1 cup flour
1 teaspoon baking powder

Beat eggs together very good, add sifted sugar and vanilla. Then add sifted flour with baking powder. Bake in a moderate oven about 12 minutes.

Mrs. S. Cummiskey.

GRATED SWEET POTATO PUDDING

1 cup sugar
2 cups sweet milk
½ cup melted butter
2 cups grated sweet potatoes
pinch of salt

Bake slowly one hour. Serve with whipped cream.

Mrs. L. C. Dolley.

OLD-FASHIONED RELISH

3 heads of cabbage, chopped fine
12 large onions, chopped fine
6 red peppers, chopped fine
6 green peppers, chopped fine

Entered in the Old Fashioned Recipe Contest

Soak over night with 3 handfuls of salt; use enamel kettle; squeeze good in the morning and add

1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon cloves
1 teaspoon mustard, ground
1 teaspoon black pepper
1 teaspoon alspice
1 teaspoon mustard seed
1 teaspoon celery seed
½ teaspoon termanic powder
2 tablespoons sweet oil—mix all well.

Now boil 1 lb. sugar, white or brown, 2 cups of vinegar, 2 cups water and pour over the cabbage and spices; mix good and let stand to cool. When almost cold, put in sterilized jars.

Mrs. A. J. Kamrowski.

CAKE WITHOUT EGGS

½ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
1 cup warm milk
2 cups flour with ½ teaspoon salt and 3 teaspoons baking powder
Vanilla.

Mrs. A. J. Kamrowski.

GINGER CAKE

1 cup molasses
1 teaspoon soda
¼ cup lard
½ teaspoon ginger
½ cup sour milk
1 cup raisins
½ cup nuts

Flour to make typical cake dough, about two cups.

Dissolve soda in tablespoon of water—add molasses. Then add other ingredients as listed. Bake in moderate oven about 45 minutes.

Mrs. Fred E. Thomas.

TEA CAKES

One pound of flour
One-half pound of sugar

Yolks of three eggs, some caraway seeds, and a little nutmeg. Make all into stiff paste, divide this into flat cakes, and bake them upon tins.

Freda Henkel.

DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE

Cook in double boiler until well mixed

1 cup brown sugar
1 cup grated chocolate
½ cup milk
pinch salt
1 cup white sugar
½ cup butter
Yolks three eggs
½ cup milk
2 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
Beaten white of egg—saving other two for icing.

Proceed as for any cake—then when well blended add chocolate mixture. Bake very slowly, about 1 hour.

Mrs. Fred E. Thomas.

CRACKER PUDDING

1 quart sweet milk
3 eggs stirred with a fork
4 tablespoons of sugar
8 milk crackers broken in
¼ lb. raisins—a little salt and a little nutmeg.

Bake in moderate oven ¾ of an hour.

Mrs. H. L. Parsons.

OLD-FASHIONED CHOCOLATE FILLING

3 oz. unsweetened chocolate
3 tablespoons cream
1 egg
¾ cup powdered or confectioner's sugar
1 tablespoon corn starch
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler, add cream and egg, mix in sugar gradually; add corn starch which has been mixed with a little cold water and cook, stirring constantly until smooth and thick, add salt and vanilla. Spread between layers of cake.

Mae Gabriel.

WELSH RABBIT

1 tablespoon butter
½ cup milk
1 tablespoon flour
1 cup cheese, grated
1 teaspoon salt
¼ cup salad dressing
few grains cayenne

Melt butter and add flour, salt and pepper. When well mixed, add milk and bring to boiling point, stirring constantly; remove from fire. Add cheese and beat until it melts. Add salad dressing, serve on toast or crackers.

Mrs. Rose Pollack.

BAKED CUSTARD

4 eggs
½ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 quart milk

Beat eggs, sugar, salt and vanilla together; scald milk and add very slowly, stirring constantly. Put into greased baking dish or small molds; place in pan of water in slow oven and bake 30 to 40 minutes. Test with knife which will come out clean when custard is baked.

Mrs. J. Polack.

SMOKED HAM ROAST

1 tablespoon mustard
1 tablespoon sugar
white pepper to taste
1 slice ham—1½ inch thick
1 cup top milk
1 green pepper

Soak ham in hot water 30 minutes. Remove from water and rub sugar and mustard into both sides. Chop pepper very fine, sprinkle over the top of ham. Place ham in baking dish, bake slowly about 1½ hours, keeping it covered most of the time. When done, serve hot with natural gravy or with thickening in it.

Mrs. Isabelle Lange.

OLD-FASHIONED POTATO SOUP

1 large potato—grated
1 pint milk
1 lump butter
pinch of salt

When milk comes to a boil stir in grated potato—add butter and salt—let boil a few minutes.

Mrs. Harry Laugel.

OLD-FASHIONED MOLASSES CAKE

1 cup molasses
½ cup butter
½ cup sugar
salt
½ teaspoon cloves
1 teaspoon cinnamon
2 cups flour
½ teaspoon soda
1 cup sour milk

Cream butter and sugar, add molasses, then sift in the flour, salt, cinnamon, cloves—last dissolve the soda in the milk and add to rest. Mix well and bake in moderate oven.

Mrs. H. Norman.

APPLE SAUCE SPICE CAKE

1 cup applesauce (unsweetened)
1 cup sugar
½ cup shortening
2 cups flour
1 cup raisins
½ teaspoon cinnamon
1 slightly rounded teaspoon soda

Mrs. Prince.

How Shall I Teach My Child To Obey Me?

By

MRS. CLIFFORD B. HASTINGS

THE methods cited will show several types of mothers and their attitudes toward this question, and in so far as all methods render some kind of service they are given for thoughtful consideration.

Do you expect your child to obey when you tell him to do a thing? "Come to supper, Fanny," calls the mother. Then she waits at the door to see if Fanny starts on the minute. If she does not leave everything she happens to be doing, and how many children ever do, the mother calls again, "Fanny, are you coming?" and there is Fanny's cue! Is she coming? Well, as it seems to be left for her to decide, Fanny decides that she will not come! Then mother gets excited. "If you do not come, I will come after you!" The sport begins. Mother comes and Fanny runs!

Have you ever known a mother who tells her child not to do a thing and then stands around to see if he is going to do it? The boy says to himself, "I guess she doesn't expect me to mind, 'cause she's watching me to see if I'm going to disobey," and he follows out the distrust that his mother radiates. Do you help your child to disobey?

Another mother comes to mind who tells her boy not to do a thing and expects him to measure up. Does she watch him or spy to see if he intends to obey? Never! He obeys because he knows it is right, but he also obeys because his mother expects him to obey. If he slips up sometimes, and every normal boy will, Mother and Boy talk things over and he starts anew.

"Each night I burn the records of the day—
At sunrise every soul is born again!"

A mother whom I know quite intimately brought her family up on the following formula: "There is a right way and a wrong way, and if you choose the right way you will be happy."

"Come in to supper, children," calls a voice from the window, but the mother does not linger, for she knows they will respond to her confidence in them. She has told them that she expects them to come when she calls, that she allows just so much time for them to get themselves ready, and that the home can be happy only when each does his part in the best way he knows how. Do they try to measure up?

When her girls were in the pre-school age, a mother I had opportunity to observe taught lessons in obedience through stories. She was a trained kindergartner and had many stories at her tongue's end, but they were all too long for such little tots, so she wrote little stories that just fitted their age and their needs. The stories brought out the very points which she wished emphasized, and through the attitude of the child in the story there grew in the hearts of her children a love for the action.

To illustrate:

Allegazincta was a little girl who didn't like to have her hair curled. She had dark brown curls which her grandma brushed over her finger every morning after the breakfast dishes were done. Now Allegazincta would cry every morning and say, "I don't want to have my hair curled! I don't want any curls!" It made Mamma feel very unhappy to have Allegazincta act this way, so one day she took her little daughter in her lap and said, "To-morrow when I call you, Allegazincta, let's not have any more 'I don't want to have my hair curled!' If you will come with a happy smiling face just when I call you I will be so glad!" And the next day Allegazincta did just as her Mamma wished.

Once upon a time there was a little girl whose name was Cherry. She had long golden curls and bright laughing eyes. Now Cherry didn't like to have her face and hands washed one bit. When her mother would call her she would say, "I don't want my face and hands washed. I want to be dirty!" So Cherry's mother said, "Cherry, if anyone should see you with such dirty hands and such a dirty face they would say, 'I guess that dear little girl hasn't any soap.' Do you want them to say that? Now the next time I call you, Cherry, come just as quickly as you can." And she did.

When Horace was a little boy he surprised everyone at the table by saying, "There! I'm never going to eat any more bread and butter. I don't like it and that's the last piece I shall eat!" How they all laughed. They knew that he would have to eat bread and butter all his life. "That's too bad," said Father. "I expected you would grow into a strong boy so you could climb trees and run and play. Boys and girls who do not eat good bread and butter and drink plenty of good sweet milk do not grow strong, and there are many things they cannot do. I want a boy who can go into the woods and chop down a tree with me." Horace began to eat his bread and butter and in two minutes he asked for another slice!

Another mother during this pre-school age told at bedtime each night a "Lucy" story. Naming the child in each story "Lucy," she told the daily events of her child in story form without emphasizing that she was the heroine. Every once in a while the little girl would exclaim, "Why! That's just what I did! Wasn't it funny that Lucy did that, too?" Many were the difficulties overcome through the medium of these bedtime stories. The good things and the mistakes were alike shown up and the new day brought opportunity to let the story do its work.

Have you ever heard a conversation similar to the following? "Come, son, it is time to go to bed." Five minutes later: "Time to go to bed, sonny." Ten minutes pass quietly and then, "Harry, I told you to go to bed." About half an hour later the parent thunders, "John Henry Newcomb, I told you to go to bed an hour ago! If you don't start right off, I'll punish you so you won't forget it!" And then little son decides it is time to begin to get ready for bed.

In contrast, notice this method: Father says, "In fifteen minutes it will be time to go to bed. Finish what you are going and be ready to start then." Which won?

In one home where the children demurred about doing as they were told, (*Continued on page* 55)

Radio Domestic

Contributors
HELEN KAY
EDITH CARR

A Department of Helpfu

When Company Drops In

How to Prepare Emergency Dishes for the Unexpected Guest

By EDITH CARR

ONCE you learn not to get excited when company casually drops in just before mealtime, you have practically solved the problem of serving a real company meal, although evidently there is "nothing" at home.

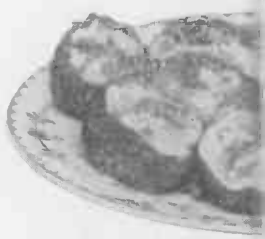
Assuredly, you have to depend on the "nothing" for the making of your supper, and the difficulties which you will have to face depend on your ability to make something out of nothing. Unexpected company usually comes to our house on those Sunday nights, when we plan to sup on odds and ends; in fact, we have become quite accustomed to the embarrassing situation of being already seated at table when supper guests arrived. Such a situation is enough to try anyone's ingenuity, for the guests must be made to feel welcome, there can be no hurrying and scurrying around, and although the table need not be laden down with food, there must be enough for everyone to eat.

Even if there is a delicatessen store on the corner (the nearest one to our house is nine long blocks away), there is hardly time to patronize it. Supper has to be made from what you have in the house. Stocking your closet with food to be used on Sunday nights in general, and especially for guest emergency suppers, is the fundamental way of overcoming your problems. I always have on hand a large can of tuna fish or salmon, one can of vegetables, some jam or jelly, soda crackers, one or two boxes of sweet crackers, and a jar of pickles or olives. Occasionally I "borrow" from these guest supplies, but when I do I have learned that it is the course of wisdom to replace the missing articles.

In what practically amounts to no time, anyone can open a can of fish, and, if there is no lettuce at home to use as trimming, to open the can of vegetables for garnishing. Or, when you have tomatoes, peppers or oranges, these can be sliced and used instead of canned vegetables. Provided your company has come before the family has actually started to eat, and you have a few minutes in which to prepare supper, some mayonnaise can be mixed into the fish, and if pep-

(*Continued on page* 36)

Sandwiches, Ca
Dishes for



STUFFED

½ cupful rice
1½ teaspoons salt
½ lb. cold chopped meat

Boil rice in salted water until soft. wise and fill with rice mixture. Cover minutes. Peppers are better if parboiled with tomato sauce.

BACON AND EGG SANDWICHES

Chop 2 or 3 slices bacon, brown in skillet. Turn off all the grease and put in egg beaten with a teaspoon milk. Stir until egg is cooked and bacon coated with the same. Bacon may be stirred in with the egg before the mixture is cooked, but must be cooked first. Spread between lightly buttered cold baking powder biscuit, cut in 3 layers.

CHOCOLATE-PEANUT SANDWICHES

Melt 2 cakes unsweetened chocolate, adding tablespoon boiling water and tablespoon butter. Melt in double boiler. Add ¼ cup chopped roasted peanuts and ¼ cup sugar. Mix thoroughly, and spread while warm and soft between lightly buttered white or Graham bread. Hickory nut meats or walnuts can be used instead of peanuts.

NUT-BREAD JAM SANDWICHES

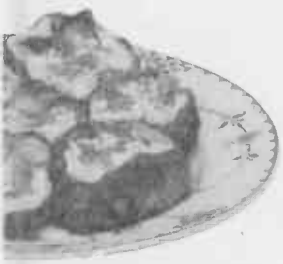
Cut nut bread a little thicker than the usual sandwich width. Spread 2 slices with butter and put together. Spread top of top slice thickly with jam and cover with a buttered slice. Press close together, then cut into 4 squares. These can be made the day before and weighted down to make the cutting more even. Fold waxed paper around them so that each square has its own fold, then all in the one fold.

Science Institute

Advice for Home Makers

Contributors
HELEN JACKSON
M. A. MILFORD

...es and Luncheon ...School Days



Courtesy N. Y. Edison Co.

PEPPERS

3 cups water
paprika
6 peppers

Combine with meat. Split peppers length-with buttered bread crumbs and bake 30 1 10 minutes before being stuffed. Serve

OATMEAL COOKIES

2 cups uncooked rolled oats
2 cups flour
1½ cups brown sugar
½ cup hot water
1 cup butter or any preferred shortening
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon soda

Rub shortening into the well-mixed oats and flour after creaming sugar with shortening. Salt should be sifted with the flour. Dissolve soda in the hot water and stir in gradually. If necessary, add more flour, roll thin and bake in quick oven.

HONEY-BRAN COOKIES

2 tablespoons butter
½ cup strained honey
2 eggs
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup flour
1 cup bran
¼ teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon cinnamon

Mix well butter and honey. Add the eggs, unbeaten. Sift flour with soda, salt and spice and add. Drop by the teaspoon on buttered tin, bake in moderate oven.

Cooking By Electricity

Economical and Tasty Dishes Easily Prepared

By HELEN JACKSON

SOME women still feel self-conscious about inviting guests into the kitchen. Yet dinner must be prepared, and the hostess must prepare it. Especially during the summer months, when the kitchen is warm, the guest is happier out of it than in it; and the same holds true for the hostess.

So here we are, at the very point from which we started. Although the kitchen is hot and unpleasant during the summer, everyone cannot reasonably expect to stay out of it, if the family is to eat. Unless, of course, you have learned the trick of cooking at the table.

A good, new-fashioned kitchen, with a modern stove, a high enough sink, and all the other equipment which is making the life of the home-maker pleasant, is all very well in its place. But during hot summer days, my kitchen is left very much to itself.

A few yards of electric wire has enabled me to cook wherever I choose to set my table. I can eat on our open porch without making tedious trips to the kitchen many times during the meal, because a long enough wire enables us to utilize the base openings in the living room. The difficulties of cooking in the hot weather have faded as quickly as a pink dress in a hot sun.

My summer meals are quite different from my winter ones. After a day spent in an attempt to keep cool, few people care to eat the sort of food that they enjoy when the mercury is down at zero. Indeed, everything seems to conspire to make it easy for the cook, in the good old summertime. And if you feel that such cooking ease must be hard on the rest of the family, try this menu, which is one of our favorites.

Grilled Fresh Tomatoes on Buttered Toast

Soufflé au gratin

Fruit Salad

Ice Cream Cake

The electrical equipment required for this supper, or for any of the other breakfast, luncheon or supper menus which you plan, depends largely on one's ingenuity, and the number of people to be served. Ordinarily, a meal for four or five persons can be prepared most satisfactorily on an electrical grill, since it enables you to bake or broil, boil and

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toast, all at the same time. Besides, some grills have covers so arranged that they can be used either for frying or to keep food warm. Single disc stoves can also be used, either on the table or placed on a small side table. A small stove, however, limits the food that can be prepared, but the limitation does not reach such a degree that meals become uninteresting. Sometimes, it is desirable to use both a grill and a disc stove, especially when considerable cooking is to be done. But one can be used very nicely without the other.

Another one of the joys of cooking at the table is the number of interesting dishes which can be prepared within a few minutes. If the cook of the family wishes, she can start preparation ten or fifteen minutes before supper is to be served; but if she gets home at about the same time as two or three other hungry people, the beginning of supper, and the preparation for the rest of the meal can be started at about the same moment.

Suppose you have planned to have the supper which I have listed as our favorite. Neither the tomatoes, nor the soufflé take long to cook, but some time is required. The fruit salad, on the other hand, can be prepared very rapidly, so the arrangement of the dishes on the menu can be reversed, the fruit salad being served first, followed by the grilled tomatoes and the soufflé. For by the time the salad has been finished, the rest of the supper is ready to be served.

Especially with a dish such as grilled tomatoes, I always find it a good idea to prepare only as many as I will need for a first helping, and after these have been taken out of the pot, to put in a few additional ones. This method eliminates the necessity for crowding pots, and also makes me certain that second helpings will be just as good as the first.

If supper is to be served to four people, choose two large and solid tomatoes, cut in half, season to taste, and put into the lower portion of the grill. At the same time, the bread should be put in to toast. When you have a good deal of the time to spare, this dish can be somewhat varied. Instead of buttering the toast, it can be buttered, dusted over with grated cheese and then put back into the toaster for a few seconds until the cheese has melted into the bread. Or, the toast can be covered either with a spicy or cream cheese. The cheese gives an added tang to the dish.

The soufflé, is, after all, the main dish, although it is light and fluffy and very easy to make. The size of the pots which fit into the grill limits somewhat the number of eggs which can be prepared at the same time. The average pot, however, holds three to four eggs. While the whites of the eggs are beaten stiff, the greased pan should be heating on the top of the stove. After the whites are beginning to get stiff, three heaping tablespoons of grated cheese should be beaten in. Just before the soufflé is to be put on the stove, the egg yolks, which have been well beaten, should be folded in. If the whites are stiff enough they will not drop even the least bit.

Summer cooking, like cooking during every other time of the year, can be made as easy, or as fussy as one wishes. Take, for example, a fruit salad. A very delicious, and easy to make salad can be prepared by dicing one banana, and one good-sized pear, covering this over with a cream mayonnaise, and then sprinkling with strips of maraschino cherries and nuts. Whipped cream can be substituted for the mayonnaise. This salad takes only a few minutes, but suppose you decide instead to make a fresh pear salad, and have to take the time to peel half a dozen pears. Time immediately seems to fly on wings, and guests arrive long before you expected them.

Bacon ordinarily is not considered a warm weather food, but occasionally it touches just the right spot in the family's appetite. Open bacon, tomato and lettuce sandwiches on toast are very good to eat, and also make a fine appearance. Incidently, this is a dish which is almost unequalled for a light supper. The salad course can be omitted since lettuce and tomatoes are served on the sandwiches. The bacon takes the longest to prepare, and ten or fifteen minutes before you plan to serve supper, the pan should be put on the top of the grill to heat. The secret of making golden brown, unwrinkled bacon (the kind they show in the pictures) lies almost entirely in the care with which it is put on the pan, and the heat at which it is cooked. The bacon should be laid out straight, and cooked over a medium hot fire. Enough fat should always be left in the pan so that the bacon will not dry out, draining off the rest at frequent intervals.

While the bacon is frying, the tomatoes can be sliced, and the lettuce-washed. The toast should not be made until the bacon is almost ready to serve. Butter the toast with mayonnaise, then place a leaf of lettuce and a slice of tomato upon it, and the sandwich is ready, except for the bacon. Instead of serving these sandwiches on individual plates, they should be piled on large platters.

These sandwiches can be made just as easily, using a disc stove and a toaster instead of the grill.

If you just stop to think, there are really many dishes which can be prepared at the table, and it seems a shame to serve the same one week in and week out. The head of one of the largest chain of restaurants in New York City once said that he uses women cooks exclusively because they

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display more originality in their cooking. Nowadays, of course, women can express themselves in many ways, but just so long as you cook, you might just as well use it as an additional means of self-expression.

A short time ago, I was invited to a luncheon which was cooked at the table while I and my hostess chatted. We had

Baked Peppers Stuffed with Mashed Potatoes and Shredded Ham
Steamed Eggs
Lettuce and Tomato Salad
Iced Tea Cookies

There were some mashed potatoes left from supper the night before, I was informed, and using them as a stuffing is an excellent idea. While the peppers were baking, water was put on to boil in a pan on the toop of the grill, and the apparatus for making steamed eggs was slipped in. The lettuce and tomato salads had been prepared earlier in the day, and these were on the table when we sat down. The iced tea also was a left over. When tea had been made for supper, the night before, a good deal of it had been left in the pot. So while friend husband was putting away the dishes, the lady of the house strained off the tea, transferred it into a pitcher and stood it into the ice-box. And the next day she had fine iced tea without bothering to chop ice, or boil the water. The cookies it should be added, were not home-made, since my friend believes, and wisely, that baking during the summer months is too expensive in physical well-being.

Tempting dishes for warm weather need not be cold ones. A piping hot vegetable plate, for example, is usually enough to tempt any appetite. And vegetables, especially the soft and luscious summer ones, are easy to prepare. Probably you have one vegetable left over from last night's supper; it may be beets, string beans, peas, or potatoes. Three or four vegetables usually make an interesting plate, although two will often turn the trick as well. An excellent combination is potatoes, (mashed, fried, boiled, or candied sweets), baked fresh tomatoes, peas, and spinach. String beans, egg-plant, broiled cabbage, beets, cold slaw, or any other vegetable can be substituted. A stuffed hard-boiled egg, the stuffing made very simply by chopping green pepper into the yolks and combining this with mayonnaise, is a welcome change from the pouched egg, the usual accompaniment of the vegetable dinner.

In choosing the vegetables, one must, of course, consider the time allowed for the preparation of the meal. Fresh tomatoes can be baked, or stewed quickly. Egg-plant can also be made ready in short order, but spinach, which requires considerable washing, cannot be finished in the proverbial two shakes of a lamb's tail. If the dinner is to be prepared quickly on an electric grill, one or more of the vegetables should be partially cooked before. Beets, for instance, could be boiled soft, so that they require only reheating before a serving. Tender young green peas, however, can be boiled in a few minutes, while the tomatoes are baking in the lower compartment of the grill.

Waffles with honey or jam, make a delicious dessert for almost any supper, but particularly when the *pièce de résistance* is a vegetable plate. The majority of grills can be fitted with a waffle attachment which slips into the space ordinarily filled by the toaster. Many people who cook at the table prefer to use as few electrical appliances as possible, so that the table will not become crowded. That is probably one of the reasons for the popularity of the grill, which is really a jack of all trades.

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pers, olives, pickles or celery are available, any or all of these can be chopped in. The hostess who has no time for any fussing can drop a spoonful of mayonnaise on the top of the round of salmon, for this both looks well, and adds to the flavor of the dish.

Desserts on Sunday night need not be elaborate. A plate of jelly and some soda crackers, or some sweet crackers with the coffee or tea, will round out any supper.

Now you may very well point out that the preparation of such a supper is a perfect snap, and that conditions may arise necessitating considerably more ingenuity than the mere opening of cans. Preparedness, of course, can save a good deal of trouble. I always have several hard-boiled eggs in my ice-box, and wonders can be worked with three or four eggs. For quick suppers they can be stuffed, quartered or sliced for a salad. If you have a little more time they can be placed in a buttered baking dish, with the cut sides facing downwards, and a sauce composed of one-fourth of a cup of flour, one cup of milk, salt and pepper to taste, and two heaping tablespoons of grated cheese, poured over the eggs. Place the dish in the oven until the top shows flecks of brown.

Eggs are veritably one of the home-maker's life savers. There are any number of forms in which they can be served. One of the easiest ways is to allow approximately one and a half eggs to a person, beat them up well, for an omelet. Before rolling the omelet, spread it either with jelly, vegetables or diced fruit, and you have a main dish fit for a king, your family, or your guests. To the majority of people an omelet is preferred to soft-boiled eggs, poached or scrambled eggs, except when served with bacon or fried ham. But bacon and ham take additional time to prepare, besides

When Company Drops In

(*Continued from page* 32)

advertising while being fried to everyone in the house what they are going to have for supper. By some odd chance, a few frankfurters may be in the ice-box, and these can be fried along with the eggs, and served as a delectable side dish. Grilled fresh tomatoes also go well with scrambled eggs and can be grilled while the eggs are frying, either on a small table grill, or in the oven.

Fruit salad is another piece de resistance which you cannot afford to overlook. In case you do not feel that you ever could have enough to eat just with a salad, try one some day when there are other things on the table. The chances are that you will not want to eat anything more. If the family has not depleted your fruit over the week-end, and if you have some lettuce in the ice-box, you need spend no time worrying about what to have for supper. Almost any fruit can be combined successfully. Grapefruit, orange and banana make an excellent salad, apples and oranges are also good, while grapefruit alone, sugared and served with a dressing of half-whipped cream and half mayonnaise, or mayonnaise thinned with lemon makes one of the famous Grapefruit Supreme salads which the finest restaurants advertise on their menus as being "very special."

Although canned fruits have not the same tang as the fresh ones, they can also be combined to make an excellent salad. A canned fruit salad usually costs more than one made of fresh fruit in season, but when the occasion arises, as it often does, canned fruits can be used most satisfactorily as substitutes for their fresher brothers and sisters.

Fruit and cheese salads are not served half often enough as far as I am concerned. Pineapple served with balls or squares of cream cheese has become one of the standard dishes in a number of homes, but the possibility of other fruit and cheese combinations have so far, for the most part, been overlooked.

Banana stuffed with a mixture of snappy and cream cheese is one of the most delicious things I have ever tasted. Take as thick a banana as is procurable and slice it lengthwise. Then, with a sharp knife, cut away the center, taking care, however, that a thick enough shell is left, so that the banana does not break. The cheese mixture should be soft enough so that the stuffing can be easily pressed into the banana. After both halves have been stuffed they should be fitted together, and put into the ice box to chill. For a very sweet salad, the banana can be stuffed with a mixture of cream cheese and jelly. One of the important details to remember when stuffing bananas is that the stuffing must have a sticking quality, otherwise, the banana is continually separating into two distinct halves. Occasionally, after the banana has been stuffed, it can be sliced in thick slices. Slicing is a particularly good idea especially when the stuffing is of a contrasting color.

When tomatoes are in season, and now the season lasts almost

(*Continued on page* 38)

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Household Helps

By HELEN KAY

PROTECT LACQUER WORK

Anything made of Japanese Lacquer should never be touched with hot water; this not only dulls the finish, but in time will crack the lacquer. Instead, to clean it, wipe it off with a piece of flannel dipped in olive oil, and rub till dry with a fresh cloth.

HELPFUL HINTS

Never try to ice a cake hot, and let layer cake get nearly cold before putting together.

Mutton chops can be made very tender, quite as much so as lamb, if before they are broiled or fried they are allowed to simmer in a little water on the back of the stove.

Eggs covered with boiling water and allowed to stand for five minutes are more nourishing and easier digested than eggs placed in boiling water and allowed to boil furiously for three and a half minutes.

After using borax and rose water for the removal of tan and freckles a little cold cream should be applied, as borax makes the skin dry.

Tomatoes are good for a torpid liver, but should be avoided by gouty people.

When preparing soapsuds for a soap bubble party, add a little glycerine to the water; this makes the bubbles last longer and grow to a larger size. One teaspoonful of glycerine to about two cups of water is the right proportion.

Wash the refrigerator every week with soda water and keep a saucer of charcoal in it.

Clothes lines and pegs will last much longer if they are boiled for ten minutes when new, and it is a good plan to repeat the boiling occasionally.

Never mix a French dressing until ready for use; the vinegar and oil will separate.

Boil six kernels in a quart of milk to be used for custard; it will improve the flavor.

CHEESE CAKE

1 cup cottage cheese
½ cup sugar
3 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon salt
3 eggs
the rind and juice of one lemon
½ cup raisins
½ cup citron

Mix the above ingredients and beat until smooth, line a patty tin with pastry, fill with cheese mixture. Bake in a moderate oven for 20 minutes.

CORN OYSTERS

2 cups green corn pulp
2 eggs
pepper and cayenne
1 tablespoon butter, melted
¼ teaspoon salt
flour

Cut the corn through the kernel with a sharp knife and remove pulp; add remaining ingredients with enough flour to shape into small cakes. Saute in butter or pork fat or fry in deep fat.

A Few Selected Recipes for Your Recipe Scrap Book

POTATOES AU GRATIN

Mash with a little butter, milk and salt, about two pounds of potatoes, then put into a pie dish, and sprinkle over two ounces of finely grated cheese, and dot over the top little pieces of butter. Put into a hot oven, and allow the top to brown well. Serve in the dish in which it is cooked with a folded napkin round. Enough for three or four persons.

TOMATO FORCEMEAT

1 tomato, finely chopped
1 pimento, finely chopped
1 cup raw fish, finely chopped
2 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon flour
¼ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon chopped onion

Melt butter; add onion, cook three minutes; add remaining ingredients, cook ten minutes. Use as filling for fish sandwiches, or spread over fish chops, or poach and serve with White Sauce.

BUTTER BEAN SALAD

2 cups cold butter beans
French dressing
cream dressing
2 hard-boiled eggs
parsley
few drops onion juice

Cover beans with French dressing, and let stand one half hour. Drain, sprinkle with the onion juice, mix with cream dressing. Arrange on serving dish and garnish with slices of hard-cooked eggs, cut lengthwise, and parsley.

When Company Drops In

(*Continued from page* 36)

the year round, a tomato and cream cheese salad is a delicacy that few people can resist. And it is very easy to make . . . if you have the makings at home. Half a tomato, especially when it is of fairly good size, will do as well as a whole one. Scoop out the center of the tomato and fill with the cream cheese which has been softened with milk, or with the juice from the tomato. If you have some olives or nuts in the house these can be mixed in with the cheese. Finally, place the tomato on a bed of lettuce, and you have a delicious and substantial salad.

Altogether, vegetables are not quite as neglected as fruits. But comparatively vegetables are not used half often enough. Picture this situation. Some evening when an emergency has arisen in the shape of several unexpected guests all your ice-box will yield is some vegetables. Perhaps you have some string-beans and carrots, or potatoes, stewed tomatoes, green peas, or any other members of the vegetable kingdom. You may prefer to heat the vegetables, or eat them cold; that depends entirely on you. But the important thing is to make the most of the vegetables. Probably you have eaten vegetable sandwiches time after time, but have you ever considered the possibility of serving the vegetables in open sandwiches? Merely toast some bread from which the crust has been cut, butter it either with butter, or with cheese, place the bread on a large platter and spread the vegetables over the toast. Sometimes, instead of using butter or cheese, mayonnaise can be substituted. But no matter what the extra trimmin's are, the dish is generally a success.

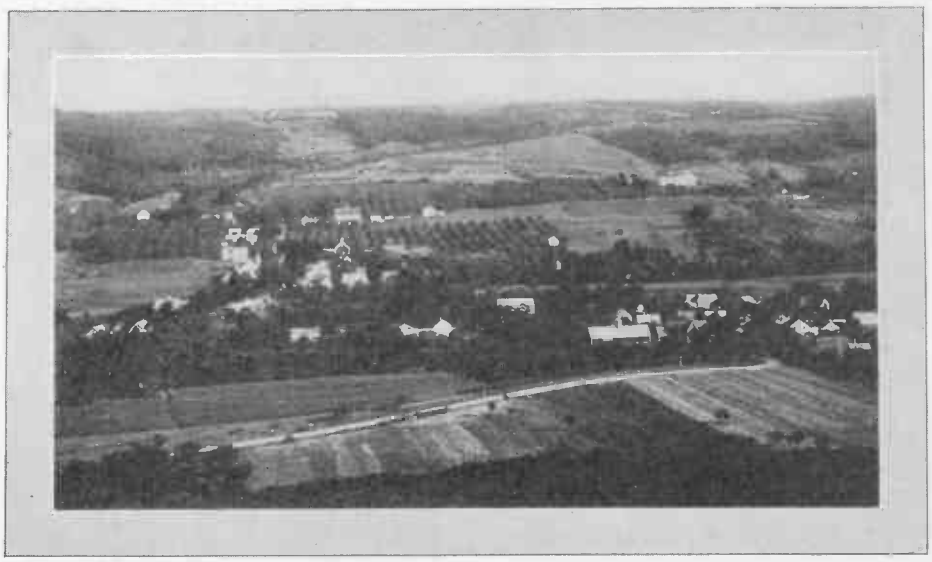
When you have a large amount of vegetables in the house, individual vegetable plates are a fine idea. Two or three vegetables are plenty, and if you wish, a poached egg can top off the plate. Preparing vegetables, especially fresh ones, for a vegetable plate is a tedious matter, but after the vegetables have been served once, the left-overs can be warmed in less than no time, so for Sunday night suppers left-over vegetables are just the thing. Some women I know make it a point always to cook enough vegetables for Saturday and Sunday, so that there will be some in the ice-box for Sunday night supper. Canned vegetables, in case you have a well-stocked larder, can also be used, but these bring up the price of the supper, and if you are keeping house on a budget, this is important.

Spaghetti makes an exceedingly cheap, filling and delicious Sunday night supper, provided you have the time necessary to prepare it. Spaghetti baked au gratin is very delicious, and is made without any sort of trouble. After the spaghetti has been boiled until it is soft, butter a baking dish, and put in a layer of spaghetti, then dust this with cheese, and continue with the spaghetti and cheese until the dish is filled. Then, if your dish is a medium-sized one, measure out a cup of milk (larger in proportion) and pour this into the dish, distributing it well.

Spaghetti with tomato sauce is even ready in faster order. Boil the spaghetti, and when it is beginning to become tender, beat the contents of a can of tomatoes. The spaghetti and tomatoes may either be served separately or together.

If most of us neglect the possibilities which spaghetti offers a still larger number certainly overlook rice. For one reason or other, we Americans eat very little rice, yet it is one of the staples which are easy to keep in the house, and to prepare it in half dozen different ways, requires only a short time, and practically no work. Boiled rice can be served with a tomato sauce, in the Spanish style when fried green peppers and onions are added, with a cream sauce, or with a cheese sauce, with sugar and cinnamon, or a hot chocolate sauce for dessert, or with just ordinary heavy cream and sugar. In any of these ways it is very good to eat. Because it is so easy to prepare, it is quite ideal for Sunday supper.

Unexpected guests, as I said at the start, are no longer bugaboos in our house. In fact, we often have just for the family Sunday night suppers what I would prepare if guests were expected; the family relishes the suppers so much, and they are so easy to make. Try some of these dishes on a Sunday night, when you want something good to eat, and easy to make.



(*Continued from page* 27)

well it removes both surface and deep dirt. It must be remembered that there are these two kinds to be reckoned with—one seen, and the other not, till the rug or other material is turned over; and any cleaner which disposes of both will be found satisfactory.

As in the case of the flatiron, the technicalities which bewilder most women have been taken care of by competition; and any recognized cleaner can be depended on to be sturdy, efficient, and reasonably free from operating trouble.

As to care, the motor's bearings should be lubricated according to directions which accompany the cleaner, and the dust-bag emptied regularly. These two simple details will assure long life and excellent operation, and require little time or trouble.

The housewife who undertakes the selection of an electric washer, finds herself confronted with an assortment of types which is easily confusing. There are cylinder, oscillating, vacuum cup, and a wide variety of other styles. But as in the case of the cleaner, a single test will serve to judge all.

The purpose of a washing machine is to force hot suds through every part of the dirty clothes. The method by which it does this is not as important as how well. Therefore do not permit yourself to be bewildered by explanations or sales talk. Simply determine which of the various types, in your estimation, does the work best.

Space is a consideration which may have to be taken into account. But there are washers suited to laundries and kitchens of practically any size.

For the sake of safety and convenience, it will be found desirable to choose a machine whose mechanism is enclosed, particularly if a belt is used. A few drops of water splashed on this will often cause serious slipping.

Dealers find that the failure of washers to give satisfaction is largely due to housewives neglecting to pack the clothes properly in the machine, or to using an improper soap mixture. Both these details are particularly important, and it will be found worth while to get thorough instruction on them.

The principal care required by a washer is occasional lubrication, which should be done in accordance with directions.

Courtesy N. Y. Edison Co.

A substantial breakfast may be prepared without leaving the table

There are two general types of electric fans for household use. One, non-oscillating, forces the air in a fixed direction, and the other, oscillating, sweeps back and forth through a prescribed arc. The choice between the two will, of course, be determined by whether it is desired to cool a single spot or use the fan for general air circulation.

Quietness is, however, the main feature to be considered in choosing a fan of either type. The noise produced by the whirling blades is not noticed for a short time, but after the fan has been operated a few hours this steady humming can become decidedly annoying; and one of the modern fans with blades designed to give a minimum of noise with a maximum of breeze should therefore be selected.

Lubrication is the only care required by a fan. But this should be done regularly, and the type of lubricant recommended, used.

The first point to be looked for in choosing an electric toaster—a device becoming quite popular—is sturdy construction. This gives the heating element the support and protection it needs, and means much better service than the cheap flimsy types. Most of the standard toasters now have a feature which permits the slices of bread to be turned without handling them or the hot frame; and this will be found to add a convenience much worth having.

In caring for a toaster, see that crumbs do not accumulate on the heating element. They will do so if not blown or shaken out, and if allowed to remain will interfere with the device's proper operation. Do not attempt to remove them while the current is turned on, or permit any metal object to become entangled with the element.

Sturdy construction is also a desirable characteristic in an electric grill, and for the same reasons as with the toaster. This device, which finds particular favor during the summer months, can now be had in types with which two or even three cooking operations can be carried on simultaneously; and the time-saving advantage of this will, of course, be obvious. (*Continued on page* 44)

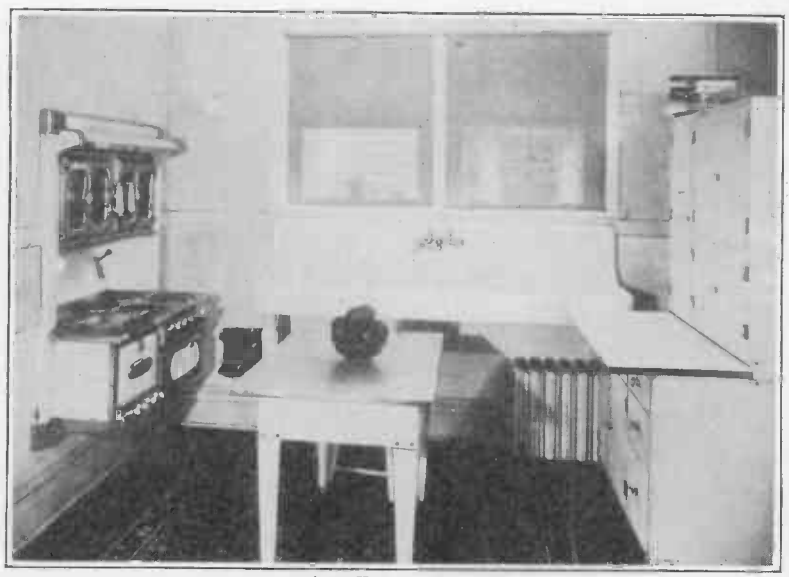
Radio Domestic Science Institute

Buying The Electric Range

Some Suggestions That Will Help The Housewife

By M. A. MILFORD

TEN or even five years ago the housewife who decided to buy an electric range found shopping for one scarcely worth the name of a problem. Makes were few. Designs were few—so few that if time were important she could simply go to the nearest dealer, point out the type that seemed best suited, sign on the dotted line, and go home; knowing she had done as good a job of buying as could reasonably be demanded. But times have changed.



A wall type range

To-day there is a profusion, not to say confusion of makes. The variety of designs has increased by progression rather than multiplication; and worst of all a bewildering array of technical refinements now clamors for attention—thermostat control, reversible switches, individual fuses, open elements, oven insulation—till it is small wonder that the housewife finds shopping judiciously for the range best adapted to her needs a real problem of formidable proportions.

But fortunately, this problem, like many others, can be solved without particular difficulty, merely by dividing it into its various parts, then attacking these one by one. For example, the first point which must obviously be determined is the size of the range in cooking space; and this can be settled by simply consulting the needs to be met.

As has been suggested, ranges are now available in a wide variety of sizes as regards cooking space; from those small enough for single individuals to others ample for the largest family. Cooking space in electric ranges, it might be explained, is reckoned according to the number of hot plates on the top, and the capacity of ovens and such auxiliaries as broilers and cookers. What has come to be accepted pretty generally as the standard size, for instance, consists of three hot plates and a moderately capacious oven. Smaller sizes consist of two or even one hot plate, with a small oven; while large units are equipped with as many as six hot plates, two ovens, broiler and cooker.

From this wide variety of sizes the housewife should therefore have little difficulty in selecting the one best adapted to her particular needs. But it is urged emphatically that one adapted to only normal needs be chosen.

There is often a tendency to buy for all possible needs—a "While we're about it we may as well get that which will take care of everything" attitude; and, though the spirit which prompts this is laudable, it must be remembered that every cooking unit not put to full and frequent use represents an investment in space, maintenance and money from which less than a proper return is received. An example is an oven large enough to accommodate a twenty-pound turkey, but which is used to full capacity only at Thanksgiving or Christmas. Even though this results in inconvenience at times, it will be seen that better results can be had in the long run from a range which meets merely the day by day, week by week needs of the family.

Needs will also dictate the character of the cooking space to a great extent; that is, whether it shall be in the form of hot plates, oven, broiler, or cooker. A wide variety in the combination of these can be procured, and whether tastes lean to fried and boiled or roasted and baked dishes will, for example, determine the desirability of added

hot plate or oven capacity.

Perhaps one of the best illustrations of how recent developments have served to complicate the housewife's choice of an electric range, is the growth of the lamp socket type. A few years ago practically all ranges were permanently connected—designed to be used only in one particular spot where current was supplied through special wiring. But there are now available many which can be moved about readily and simply plugged into a convenience outlet like any other appliance, and the first technical problem which confronts the housewife in buying her range is a choice between these two. But it will not be difficult.

As has been suggested, the chief difference between these two types is one of portability. There are other differences. The lamp socket type—to enumerate a few—can generally be had only in the smaller sizes, and if the sliding scale is not in effect, rates for service may make its use prohibitive; and the special wiring required for the permanently connected type often adds a sizeable item to its cost. But in the main, the difference on which the housewife's choice will rest is that of portability.

If the house being occupied belongs to the family, for example, the very permanence of the permanently connected type will recommend it; while, if the house is being rented, the fact that the range can be used just as readily in another will make the lamp socket type in favor. The point is to decide on one or the other as particular conditions dictate.

A corner of an electric kitchen

Practically the same thing holds with respect to general design and the arrangement of units. Formerly, ranges were, with few exceptions, manufactured in the usual floor type and the grouping of units followed a few conventional plans. But the wall type is now available, and there has been a welcome increase in the variety of unit groupings.

The wall type range, as will be noted in the illustration, has no legs and is simply hung against the wall, either projecting or set flush. Its advantage over the more familiar type is that it permits a saving of space as well as freedom from the necessity of cleaning under and behind; and the first of these has made it popular for use in kitchenettes—particularly when set flush. The amount and character of available space will determine its desirability as against the usual floor type.

Personal preference alone can be the deciding factor in the arrangement of cooking units. Some housewives find an oven at the top more convenient, others one at the bottom; some an oven at the right, others, at the left; some, a cooker in the center, others, a cooker at one side. The widest latitude is permitted, and the groupings which most simplifies and facilitates cooking should be settled upon.

The finish can, obviously, be chosen to harmonize with that of the other kitchen equipment; and once more considerable latitude is offered. White with nickeled trimmings is one of the popular combinations, gray with black trimmings ranking a close second; and solid white, gray, or black also available, as well as hardwood finishes, particularly in the lamp socket types.

No housewife can shop long for an electric range without discovering she must decide whether or not her range is to have a fireless cooker; for many manufacturers are supplying this equipment regularly or at the option of the purchaser. An electric fireless cooker, it might be explained, differs from one of the usual type in that food is placed in it cold and brought to cooking temperature by turning the full current into built-in heating elements. The food can then be held at this temperature as long as is desired by cutting down the current to a small quantity.

It will be apparent that a device of this sort is convenient and economical for preparing certain foods. But it also represents an increased investment in first cost and space; and, as has been suggested, whether or not it is worth while will depend on how much demand there is in the particular home for the type of cooking to which it is adapted. Some of this cooking also can be done with much the same economy in the ovens regularly provided, and this too should be taken into account.

Automatic control is perhaps the most awesome technical detail that confronts the houswife in connection with buying an electric range, and for this very reason, the one often approached with the least understanding. There is nothing particularly mysterious or difficult about it.

Practically all manufacturers now provide it in either or both of two forms—time and temperature. In the automatic time control, a clock mechanism turns the current on or off at hours which can be set in advance, thus permitting cooking to be done without the housewife's being at home; while in the temperature control, a thermostat holds the heat at any prescribed mark, making it possible for cooking to proceed evenly without the housewife's attention.

The convenience of these features is obvious, and they have been developed to a point where their operation is simple and quite dependable. But they add a sizable item to the first cost of the range, and, as has been pointed out in connection with other features, should be included only where there is definite assurance that they will be used often enough to justify this increased outlay.

The choice between open and enclosed hot plates made necessary by many manufacturers leaving this point optional is another technical problem, but quite a simple one. There is no difference in the amount of current consumed, and no essential difference in construction. In the open element type the wire coils which become hot are simply exposed, while in the enclosed type they are covered with a metal shield; with the result that in the one the plate becomes hot quickly but also cools quickly, while in the other it becomes hot slowly but also cools slowly. Whether more cooking is to be done quickly or slowly will therefore determine whether there shall be more open or enclosed hot plates; since it is customary to include both types.

Personal practice is the determining factor in the choosing of oven doors, these being generally available either solid or glassed. The glass type, obviously, makes it possible to observe the progress of baking without opening the door, thus conserving heat. But on the other hand when closed, there is a somewhat greater loss of heat than with the solid door. So your choice between these two will be governed by how often you find it necessary to look at baking while the process is going on.

In addition to these major points, there are several details the housewife will find it worth while to keep in mind while buying an electric range. Oven and broiler doors, for example, and cooker covers should fit snugly, for the slightest crack means wasted heat which, in turn, means wasted kilowatt hours. Manufacturers are now providing fastenings which practically seal these openings, and care should be exercised to see that they function properly.

Some ranges too are, or can be, equipped with pilot lights which burn when any element is turned on. These will soon repay their cost by saving current through giving prompt warning that an element has been left burning after cooking is finished, and should be included if at all possible.

Practically all ranges have fuses of their own—some a single pair, others individual fuses for each element; and if a choice is possible, the latter is much to be preferred. With individual fusing, the rest of the range will be unaffected in case of trouble in one element resulting in the burning out of its fuse; while with a single pair of fuses for all elements, the entire range would be put out of service. When fuses are marked to indicate which element they protect, trouble can also be corrected much more speedily.

If a floor type range is being bought, space enough underneath to permit proper cleaning will prove a desirable feature. This should allow the easy passage of broom, brush, or vacuum cleaner.

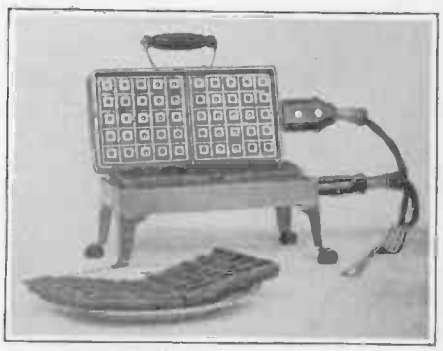
In conclusion it must be remembered always that what is being bought is not a device which will be used simply a few weeks or months, but something that, with reasonable care, should give dependable and consistent service half a lifetime. So buy slowly—carefully—deliberately. Weigh each point for and against the various types and designs offered in the light always of the particular requirements it will be called upon to meet in your home. If you do—keeping in mind the various suggestions which have been made—the problem of buying an electric range can be solved to your complete satisfaction and with an absence of any real difficulty.

Choosing Your Electrical Appliances

(*Continued from page* 39)

Some housewives do not take kindly to the fact that most grills come equipped with a set of special utensils, arguing that they already have utensils which could be used without further expense. They can be, it is true. But the special utensils add much to efficiency and convenience. This is why they are sold with the grill, and the slight increase in cost is decidedly worth while.

As in the case of the toaster, no crumbs should be permitted to accumulate on the grill element, and in particular no liquids should be allowed to come in contact with it while the current is turned on. If it does, the current should be turned off immediately and the wires allowed to dry before it is turned on once more.



Courtesy N. Y. Edison Co.

Delicious waffles are quickly made on this waffle iron

When choosing an electric percolator, one of two auxiliary devices should be insisted upon — either a protective circuit-breaker, or a fuse. Many people pour off the coffee and leave the current turned on, allowing the element to become too hot; and manufacturers have therefore designed these accessories to turn off the current automatically and prevent a burnout. Either is satisfactory.

Even better, however, is forming the habit of turning off the current as soon as the coffee has been poured. This will eliminate trouble, and save current.

In cleaning the outside of a percolator, do not immerse it. This permits the contact pins, over which the connecting plug fits, to become wet and often causes trouble. Simply wipe the surface with a cloth, keeping any moisture away from these projecting connections.

The electric heating pad, a device of particular value to invalids, as well as adapted to many other uses, can be had in a variety of sizes, and with or without heat control. This permits three degrees of heat, low, medium, and high; and the slight additional expense it involves will be found worth while in many cases.

Modern heating pads are equipped with thermostats which prevent the temperature from reaching too high a figure, but two or three details need to be mentioned in connection with their care. Do not bend the pad at a sharp angle. This tends to break the small wires of which the heating element is made. Do not permit the pad to become wet. If it is desired to use it for hot compresses, a rubber cover should be slipped over the usual surface, protecting the element from moisture. Do not allow the pad to be perforated with sharp metal objects. This will cause a short circuit.

With proper care a well chosen pad will give long and useful service. In fact, the life of any electrical appliance, once it is well chosen, depends directly on intelligent care, which, as has been explained, represents a trifling amount of time and attention, properly applied.

WAFFLES

2 cups flour
3 teasp. baking powder
1 teasp. salt
1 tablesp. sugar
2 cups milk
2 eggs
¼ cup salad oil

Mix the dry ingredients together, add gradually the yolks of the eggs which have been well beaten and milk. Beat thoroughly before adding oil. After the batter has been well worked, fold in the whites of egg, beaten stiff.

Her Star in the East

(*Continued from page* 11)

said and her thoughts went to a water brook. It bubbled over steeps and now that fall was come wore leaves of brown and green and gold.

Into Lottie's face, a little dimmed now, a little marred now by a look of seeking discontent, there came a quizzical expression. With her eyes on Mary:

"Do you know, Mary, I never used to think you pretty, but you are. You sort of—well—shine. I guess it's your hair," she said.

Mary laughed and tucking her arm through Lottie's blithely swung along with her. As they took their way down streets all sweetly dappled with the sun's warm gold, eyes followed them and there were lips that said:

"There's Mary Canton with that wild Parsons girl. Two of a kind, I reckon."

For poor, little Lottie with her hunger for love and her love of fun was these days the topic of town.

"Wasn't that Lottie Parsons I saw you talking to at the gate just now?" Aunt Ebby asked that evening during supper.

Spreading her bread with apple-butter, Mary answered:

"Yes, Aunt Ebby, why?"

With a forward hunch of her knife-like shoulders:

"Nothing, except that I don't want you going with her. She's not the right sort with her fast friends and loose ways and drinking. Not——" the hunching shoulders went up into sharp and stabbing blades, "Not that you'd expect much else of a girl with such a father," she said.

Mary shivered. She felt a sudden sense of cold. It was as if a chill draft had struck in at her through an open window.

"Remember, Mary," continued Aunt Ebby, rising from the table, "I never want to see you with that girl again."

Shuddering, Mary glanced about her. But no, all the windows were closed. She sat for a moment a-quiver; then arose and crossed to the hearth and reached out her hands to its blaze. Strange that there seemed no warmth from it. She stood before it, murmuring:

"Oh, I'm cold, I'm cold."

And this chill; this most odd sense of rigor remained. She could not shake it off. She felt it next day and the next. It lingered with her—a stark, pervasive frigidness that seemed in all her bones.

She was still a-tremble and thinking, "It's funny, but I don't believe I'll ever be warm again," when that happened which inflamed her; which enveloped her as with a quick, yet most exquisite flame.

Between the night that marked the utterance of that, "Remember, Mary, I never want to see you with that girl again," and this night there had passed two months. It was early of an evening in December. Mary from her window watched the rain. Such were its silver torrents that it seemed that all the stars in regiments were charging down from skies that wore the black of the bereaved. In the trees there was a soughing wind. It shook the pine and brought to its tossed boughs speech of distant waters—the surge and sound of rising tides upon a distant sea.

Deep voices—these—of rain and wind—so deep indeed that Mary, listening, hardly heard the other. It had a moaning lilt. "Mary, Mary," it called, and then again, "Mary, Mary," most piteously it said it.

Mary's heart stood still. She flung the window wide. Leaning far out of it, she looked down and whispered: "Lottie?"

As if she were some leaf, wind-scudded and helpless save to drift on with the wind, Lottie swayed there sobbing: "Mary, Mary, I've got to see you. Come down and let me in."

Descending the stairs on a quick run, Mary flew to the door and opened it for her. She entered—all drenched with rain and weeping.

Sad, drab, little story—how quick are you in the telling!

Fast-held by Mary's arms:

"Oh, Mary, you've avoided me," she said. "You've been so cold to me lately. But I had to come to you. I'd (Ah, Poignance!) nowhere else to come."

A sobbing silence. Then:

"Daddy was drunk. He hit me. He made me go out of the house when I told him. Oh, Mary, I'm in trouble. I'm going to have a little baby, Mary. And I didn't know what to do—I'd nowhere to come——"

Over and over that: "I'm going to have a little baby." Over and over that: "I came to you. I'd nowhere else to come."

Do you feel it? Do you see it?

There's a wind fumbling (knock-knock) at the shutters as they cling together—those two slight, young things, like one body shaken by one breath, in the greenish gaslight of that high, stark hall. There's a wind——

"I'm going to have a little baby——"

"There, darling, there——"

"I came to you——"

"Of course, you did. It was right for you to come."

Those two young things—a-cling, a-sob, a-tremble in that hall.

Do you see it?

There was one who saw. There was one bearing a garish candle and green-hued like its flame, who came and stood before them, accusing. She wore a long, black robe and a little cap from which the thin, grey spirals of her curls sprang out like sharp ejaculations.

"Mary!"

Did ever voice speak thus or were *these* tones outflung by the bleak, grim curls that screeched up on her forehead?

"Mary!"

They clung together, closer, closer. Though a hand reached

out to sunder them, they clung together like one body shaken by one breath in that hall.

Mary she called by name, but to that other, trembling, sobbing, and 'twixt her sobs even now in little gusty breaths outcrying: "A baby—I'm going to have a little baby," she spoke a different thing.

"Wanton," she said in a terrible voice and then again, "Wanton!" she said it.

As one person, smitten by one blow, they shrank from her, recoiling.

She followed them. In her long black robe and her little cap, she followed them, bearing the candle and greenly peering at them through its flame. Thus following: "Out of my house!" she cried and then to Mary, "Get that girl out of my house," she told her.

Mary, who had been cold, was not cold now. Most miraculously there seemed to spring in her veins little flames, tingling, warming. Still clinging to Lottie, still clasping her close:

"Oh, I can't. She came to me. She'd nowhere else to come. Oh, I can't. Not in this rain," she uttered.

Aunt Ebby's face turned black and terrible to see. Great, purple veins swelled out on it and the little curls seemed not curls but brittle coils of wire tautened on her forehead. From her flat breast the breath came raspingly.

"That girl in my house! My roof the shelter of sin! You must be mad to think of such a thing. Out"—choking on the word and indicating the door with a long, gnarled finger, "Put her out," she said.

It happened then. That which inflamed Mary, which enveloped her as with a quick, yet most exquisite flame—it happened then, that thing.

It has been written,—you have heard how in her youth Mary loved to look at glowing things, if happily thus by looking she might with their light feed that strange lucency which, now weak, now strong, had never lived within her. You have heard that and now shall hear how Mary gazing at the candle upheld by her aunt's hand most oddly seemed to see a star, blue-bright, where but a moment past had been a pale and garish flame.

That star! She knew its face as one must know the visage of a friend through life familiar. Times since she had felt conflict with it; had known the urge to pit her will against its will and desire to flout it but not now. In this event—so black and dire in aspect to Aunt Ebby—there was for her but light and she so shiningly at-one with the light that it seemed to her, she no longer saw nor felt the star but *was* the star.

"Don't leave me! Don't leave me. Oh, Mary, I'm so afraid. Don't leave me," Lottie cried.

Quickened by that exquisite fire which, beginning in a pin-point flame at heart, seemed to have spread out and out until there were tiny, warm baby stars deliciously tingling her cold body: "I'll never leave you, Lottie," Mary said.

"Then go, too. If you uphold her, you must be like her—cheap, wanton, wicked like her—a street-thing like her, and if you are I never want to see your face again."

"Oh, no, Aunt Ebby, no——"

"Then leave her."

"Oh, I can't!"

"Then go."

They go. A-cling, a-sob, trembling, they go. Such the rain it seems that all the stars in silvern files are striking down from skies that wear the black of the bereaved. In the pine there is a soughing sound—and there's a wind—a wind.

IV

Those other passing years! Mary, though alone much in them, still was not alone. She was accompanied by a thing, small and toddling, sweet, with ragged robin eyes and curls whose hue outshone the buttercup's bright gold. This thing was Lottie's trouble. This thing—so chuckling, dimpled, round—was mainspring of the terror voiced in her: "Don't leave me," and poignance of that lorn reiteration: "I came to you. Oh Mary, where else had I to come?" This thing—a toddler now, just past a chubby two—was much a root of Mary's heart; so much indeed that she called him David, a name which means beloved.

"Beloved," she called him that. Snatching him up as from peril and holding him close as from harm, she would whisper it.

"Beloved," she'd say and again and again, "Beloved"

Ah, Irony! David she called him—this wee son of Hagar—for whom Ishmael would have been more fit a name.

"Davey," she would whisper, "How much do you love me, darling?"

And he, answering as she had taught him, would put his hands against her face and lisp in his baby way:

"The moonful—an' all the liddle 'tars."

For she had early made him friendly with the stars. She had shown them to him—warm, blue, yet as remote from the world as they were in the life they shared together.

That life! There was not even Lottie to disturb its isolation—Lottie, who had run off one day with a travelling man, quitting her trouble almost as soon as it was born.

Looking at Davy, so wee and round, and remembering the dire despair that had been his for welcome, Mary used to marvel that such light could emerge from darkness. It was not unlike, she thought, gazing at a sky black and overcast, and of a sudden glimpsing the glow of a star through its pall, and she came to feel, when Lottie left them that this bright dumpling of a thing was offspring not of flesh, but of that queer flame which had ever lived within her.

"Star-baby," she sometimes called him, warming herself by the varied light of him and needing that light much in what was now the bleak and isolated circumstance of her existence.

To say it was one of aloneness does not describe her situation. One may be alone, yet not considered outcast; removed from common contacts, yet no pariah. She was both.

"Out of my house!" her aunt had cried, but "Out of my heart!" would have been a phrase more fit and descriptive of the cold, and she felt righteous, rage which had consumed her at Mary's championship of forlorn Lottie's cause.

Seeing them together in earlier days one had said: "There's Mary Canton with that wild Parsons girl. Two of a kind, I reckon." One did not reckon now. One knew. The news flew swift as flies the eagle's wing that Lottie was in trouble and that Mary for some secret, and—it was suspected—inquitous part which she had played in that trouble had by her aunt, the good and churchgoing Mrs. Drew, been rightfully disowned.

The hydra-headed monster wagged its head. There was recalled to mind, Mary's theft of the locket and subsequent expulsion from the Foster School.

"Poor Mrs. Drew, fine thanks she got for what she did for that Mary. Taking her in when she was orphaned; giving her a home; educating her; bringing her up and all. Fine thanks!"

Such talk as this went round and worse—wild and dark conjectures as to what transpired in the little, weather-beaten house where Mary lived with Davy.

This house, now cynosure of the malevolent whisper and quick, averted eye, was downtown in an old residence block not far from Mary's place of business. Its square patch of lovely, emerald lawn and the pink and flowering myrtle which grew close to its brown eaves had attracted Mary and into it she had moved soon after Lottie's desertion.

In the Spring, sunlight was here and trees with birds variously singing in the branches; enchantingly making a mad, sweet clamour of their mingled song. There was also a wind, sun-touched, which lightly ran over grasses, bending them back and rippling them into rills and runnels of soft and shimmering green. In the Spring hyacinths came out and violets looked up like purple eyes with gaze intent on the heavens. Such heavens! Blue, blue—so blue they made the heart ache; so wide they seemed a pasture and the clouds that strew them little wooly lambs, shepherded by the sun, and nosing their way towards the infinite fold of God. In the Spring, a boy played here, his little curls sunkissed; his little cheeks, pink and puffed, from ecstatic, breathless frolic with a fuzzy, woofing business which he fondly called "a wog."

In the Spring, seeing that staggerer toddling about as he were a fluty, golden daisy playing hopscotch in the breeze, one could never imagine his heritage other than that of the beloved. And yet a little Ishmael was he, though too young to share Mary's cognizance of the pointing finger, the lowered voice, the stare all fraught with scorn.

"I don't mind it," Mary used to say that. Over and over to herself she said; "I don't mind," and yet she felt that if only she had the pine-top which grew friendly and close to what was once her window, it would all somehow be easier to bear.

She missed the pine-top. It became almost a poignance with her—this longing to see it towering strong and close to her windowsill. She thought of it often. She recalled that sound it had as of running water-brooks and its

way of bending as if it had desire in its arms and securely hold her there.

She was thinking of the pine-top and longing for it with that poignance which was almost as if her heart were being weighed down by a hand, when it seemed suddenly to come into her life again.

It was an early morning. She was walking to her work when she met it—not the pine, of course, but something so clean-hewn and friendly that it might have been its spirit. As it neared her, passed her, she took a quick deep breath and was aware that there was about it, a fresh, brisk pungence as of the scent of pines, and that the calm, clear eyes were somehow like the fragrant, open place which her pine made so that a star that flamed blue-white in the heavens might shine at her through the branches.

News not long remaining new in little towns, she soon learned who he was—Donald Kennedy, returned from long study in Europe and back in Glenport to take up the practice of law.

A girl at the office—a gum-chewing, little, would-be flapper, expatiated on him:

"You know who he is—the oldest brother of that hoity-toity Kennedy girl—the one who lives in the big house on the hill, and drives around in a purple car and has airs that give you a pain." She sighed and her eyes became round and soft with the young futility of her dreams, "Gee, but he's good-looking, and *rich*. Say, every girl in town has set her cap for him."

Mary laughed.

"I reckon so," she said and wondered at the strange fortuity of a fate by which one Kennedy could distort a life into which another seemed most miraculously to bring an odd sense of peace and security again.

For she met him often on her morning walks to work and always his approach brought to her remembrance of the pine and that feeling of refuge and defense which had been hers when she used to lie in her bed and gaze at it, exulting in its pungence and in the friendliness which she somehow knew it had for her. It was absurd, of course, to feel so. Yet she felt it. He was tall and broad and bronzed like the sinews of her pine and in his lifted chin and quickened cheek and eye there was that something connotive of the strength and undismay with which her pine had always stood to storms. "Unafraid," her pine had seemed to whisper and in his eyes there was that light—that look—which flung the challenge: "I am unafraid."

His eyes! She became aware that they sought her face and lingered, as he neared her, as if they saw therein something which drew—then fixed—the gaze. There was never more than that. He would approach, bare-headed and carrying his hat as was his wont, and would near her, his gaze seeking hers and lingering. He would pass on. There was never more than that and yet in it she found assurance and a certain courage wherewith to meet the isolation of her days.

Once he went away. She missed him; felt that same poignance and heart-break which she would have felt in her childhood had someone hewn down her pine. When he returned and passed her of a morning, there was a hunger in his gaze and he slowed his step, fixing his eyes upon her, and wearing on his face the look of one made captive by a dream.

She never thought to meet him. When she did—when he finally stood before her in the subdued and gracious beauty of her homely, little house, it was as if the pine, clean-hewn and towering, had upleapt from its roots to seek her presence.

It was evening. She was in the sitting-room on the floor with Davy when he entered. Mammy had let him in and for some moments she did not see him standing there, looking down at her, as she soberly related to Davy the fate of the five little pigs which were his five little toes. She did not see him then nor yet, when that story was done, she reached forward to snatch that chuckling one up, up, close, close, holding him to her in an ecstacy of love.

"Beloved," she whispered, kissing his eyes, his curls, his dimples, as if she would consume all the chubby glow of him in that prolonged kiss, "How much do you love me, darling?"

Pressing his fat, little paddies down against her face, he said he loved her "the earf, the moon and"—his lips making tiny bubbles—"all the liddle tars."

Laughing she tossed him high, and holding him so, looked up and saw a presence, so bronzed and tall and friendly, that it might have been the spirit of her pine.

He said:

"I came to see a Miss Canton."

"I am she," Mary answered.

He started.

"You!" He stared at her, his face writ large with incredulity, "You—Mary Canton? Impossible!" He said.

She looked at him quietly.

"Why?"

As if at a loss, he glanced about him.

"I—that is—"

"Won't you sit down?" she suggested.

He nodded.

"Thank you." Bringing a chair close to her, he sat down and looked at her as if confronted by an enigma which he sought to solve by this long looking. Finally he put his hand up to his brow and in his deep voice and with obvious difficulty:

"I have seen you often and would rather Mary Canton had been anyone else on earth than you," he said.

Glancing down at Davy as he cuddled, pink and a-drowse, within the safe enclosure of her arms, Mary felt an undersense of trouble. Her gray-green eyes sought Kennedy with anxiousness, but in her voice there was the old, accustomed quietude as: "Why do you say that?" she asked.

He got up and moved from her across the room to a window where he stood looking out into the darkness. With a spare, tan-

ned hand holding to the drape:

"I am Donald Kennedy," he said.

She answered:

"Yes, I know that."

He went on:

"I come to you in the capacity of counsel for the Juvenile Protective League." He hesitated. Then gravely: "You have heard of it, I suppose?"

Mary's heart stood still. In her throat there was a hot constriction. She could not speak for it nor see for the sudden, blinding mist upsprung in her eyes.

In that grave voice he continued:

"As you are probably aware the purpose of the league is to investigate the moral and physical conditions which surround children in their homes and, if possible, to rectify them." He broke off abruptly. Coming before her, he stood, his fine brow nettled, his hands on his lean flanks. "Look here, I don't relish this business much. I can see that little tad you've got there is rather dear to you. But there's this: The league feels—or rather, the women who head the league feel—that you are not a fit custodian for that boy and—"

As out of duress Mary cried: "Ah, No!" As out of sore affliction came her cry: "Not that! Oh, dear God, no!"

Kennedy sat down. On his face was pitying friendliness; and his eyes gave forth that look the pine had—as of protectiveness; as of desire to take her in its arms and defend her.

He said: "I hope not." He said:

"The record that has been given me of you is hardly in your favour in this case, but I—that is—there's this: Always there are two sides to a thing and I thought—well that there might be extenuating circumstances and —"

"Oh, No," Clasping Davy as from peril, holding him close as from harm, "They can't take him. He's mine. He belongs to me." Her voice broke on the most poignant note of anguish, "He's mine —my heart, my life,—everything I have to love or live for." She turned to him with desperateness, "They can't take him. Don't let them. Ah, I love him so! I love him so," she cried.

He turned his eyes from her as if he could not bear; had no right to intrude on her travail. He thought: "Ah, pitiful!" He said: "I know."

There was silence. They just sat there in that stillness, all unbroken by any sound save that a heart may make in breaking.

At last in a troubled voice and with his eyes still staring past her to a point beyond, he said:

"I am reluctant—yes, and grieved to be compelled to go into this matter with you and yet," with a helpless gesture of those spare, brown hands, "I find I must." He hesitated, "There can be no doubt that there is a strong prejudice against you in this town and—pardon me if I say so—certain occurrences in your life which would tend to justify it, at least in some minds."

Mary did not speak; just sat there, holding Davy hard against her heart, as if in his snug warmth some power lay to heal and weld the aching breach of it.

The man went on. Gently—almost apologetically—he outlined the damaging items of the charge against her. Given a home with her aunt, in that community considered to be a fine, church-going woman of unimpeachable standing and virtue, she had repaid that kindness by childhood disobediences which had culminated, first in her expulsion from school for theft; and second in her championship of and intimate association with a girl known to be disruptable.

He continued:

"I do not have to tell you what prejudicial inferences may be drawn from these facts and have been. Nor can I say that I see much chance of your keeping that boy unless you can refute them."

Mary looked on him. Intensified now was her fancy of his likeness to the pine which had known about her star, she always felt, and knowing made that fragrant place through which the glow of stars could glint at her in the darkness.

Now in *this* darkness, her heart stumbled, caught on a hope, and she cried:

"Perhaps, you, too, will understand. I feel you will. I somehow know it." She bent forward and of a sudden light welled up into her face as if from an inner place where much light was, "You see, there's this," she said, "I've made a frightful mess of things. I know it. It's not that I wanted to. I didn't. I just couldn't help it, it seemed." With her hand to her heart, "It's here. You'll laugh, perhaps. You'll think it foolish, but always all my life I've had a feeling that a—well—a star lived here. In my heart, you know; guiding me, influencing me, bending my life to purposes not my own. I could never get away from it. I tried sometimes but always, when I did, the star, the light, got dim and faint and cold. And I couldn't stand it. I couldn't bear it. I felt that if that star went out, I'd go too somehow. I felt that in some inexplicable way the light of that star was so bound up with my life that it was my life. And so I heeded it. I had to. Even as I grew older and saw that the things I did to place the star always seemed to be those that most displeased others, I heeded it. And so," her voice broke, fell, then rose again. "There came that time when someone stole the locket you'd sent your little sister. I knew who took it. At first I said I didn't—"

Breathlessly, eagerly, with her cheeks a-fire she carried him back with her to that school-room scene. She was a little girl again. As her hand went up the star came down. Terrorized, she watched its bleak descent and as though to stay it in this dreaded fall, her lifted hand flew downward to her breast and pressed there, if happily thus by pressing she might shield its faint and dying flame.

She said:

"I couldn't explain it then; I

sha'n't try now, but—well—I knew about the locket and because of this thing—this light—this star—I couldn't say that I didn't. Nor could I afterwards—try as I would—name the girl who took it. I tried to but I just couldn't, not even when I, myself, was accused." She paused and her eyes looked upward and away as if to some dim, blue region invisibly peopled by dreams. Then softly and as from the distant dwelling of those dreams, her voice continued:

"Ah, I know how foolish all this must sound to you; how too absurd you'll think me when I say I could no more balk the influence of that thing than drifting leaves can stay the wind that scuds them." On her lifted face a smile came lingeringly:

"That line from Job—I often think of it—'Though He slay me; yet will I trust in Him.' So it was with it and me. Though it break me, I must follow it; though it make me outcast, it must be my guide. I was—I am its own, you see."

She looked at him and saw his face was working as in tears. He looked at her and with his gaze on the nimbus which her bright hair made, he said unsteadily:

"Now I understand. The light, you know, that lives within your face. I saw it there the first time I met you on the street and afterwards I always looked for it. It helped me somehow," he broke off. Rising abruptly, he crossed to the window again, "Tell me the rest of it," he urged her.

"There isn't much else, really," she said. "I was rather lonely in the next few years. Lottie, you might say, was my only friend. We worked together and I liked her." She paused. Then with her eyes on him:

"Though I knew she was weak and had heard the talk about her, I liked her, and so when she came to me in her distress and told me of it and appealed to me for aid, I could not fail her." Her voice sank to a murmur: "It was strange that night; it was very strange. Always before that in a crisis I had felt a conflict with the star—a desire to fight it, even though I knew that in the end it would have its wish with me as always. But not that night. When my aunt demanded that I put Lottie out of her house or myself go with her, I had no choice. It wasn't that I analyzed the right or wrong or wise or foolish of it. I didn't. I just knew that whereas I had been feeling cold, I now felt warm—as if—well—as if I no longer felt nor saw the star but suddenly, in some strange way as if—well—as if I were the star——"

She stopped speaking. A silence hung between them. It was several minutes before the man left the window and came and stood before her, wearing in his eyes a strange, unwonted gleaming. Even then, when he spoke his words came jerkily and he put a finger to his throat as if to ease some painful stricture there.

"You shall have that boy. While I live they shall not take him from you," he said, and almost brusquely took his hat up from the table and swiftly crossed to the outer door.

At its threshold he stopped, turned and looked back at her, his head lifted, his face wearing the shiningness of one fulfilled in his dreams.

He said:

"That star! It shines within your face. You are like it. Beautiful as the light which has shaped your life in beauty. More beautiful even than Syrian stars which have no match in any sky, they say." He made an outflung gesture, "I think of a thing that happened long ago. You've heard of it, too, I'm sure; of some shepherds who, tending their flocks in the night, saw a star in the East and left all to come and worship it as I—Mary—shall come to you," he said.

In Command of The Radio Troops

(*Continued from page* 15)

decoded word of the radiogram, there will be added a commercial picture service, such as already exists between San Francisco and Hawaii, and between New York and London. News, pictures, cartoons, advertisements, documents and other facsimile matter are now transmitted by photo-radiogram.

"Broadcasting must play an important rôle in the affairs of all American nations, particularly as this great instrument of mass appeal becomes more and more available to vast areas and to widely scattered populations. Whatever radio broadcasting now does within national borders, it can eventually do internationally. In general, the development of radio broadcasting and radio communication is an essential factor in the creation of closer ties and better understanding between all countries of the Pan-American Union, as well as to the internal growth and development of each nation.

"As a safeguard and upbuilder of the new world gained as an incident of the greatest war in all history, each person has a due share of the responsibility of development. By working together, the glorious dreams of radio may be realized as practical achievements."

He arose to the fullness of his soldierly bearing, and I knew it was time for me to go. I also knew why he resigned as Major-General of the Army to become President of the Radio Army of America—because he sought new battlefields to conquer.

NINETY MILLION LISTENERS

Approximately 90,000,000 of the 1,000,000,000 people living within the world's constant radio reception area receive radio broadcast programs, according to a report of the Department of Commerce.

Searching the World for Palate Tickling Delicacies

(*Continued from page* 21)

and prepares for the trip into the interior. A horse for himself and a native youth with a pack mule for transporting collected material will probably be the extent of his caravan.

After a month or so in the interior will follow the return to headquarters, established probably in the chief seaport. Mail is received and answered. American newspapers and magazines seen for the first time in weeks and then, if socially inclined, the explorer may vary his lonesomeness by dancing at the American consulate. A week or so later he returns again to the mountains.

Dr. Popenoe went through India, Arabia, where he spent a year, also northern Africa. He has spent six months in Brazil and a year and a half in Guatemala, a year in Mexico and six months in the West Indies. His work was concerned largely in his later travels with the avocada, giving attention also to the Andes berry and giant blackberry of Columbia.

Jailed and Accused of Being a Spy

While he never had unplanned meetings with wild beasts as other explorers did, he was five times jailed during his travels. He was accused of being a German spy, of being a thief, suspected of inciting rebellion, and jailed for a short while over a difficulty about a hotel bill, when the innkeeper insisted on charging for an extra day because the explorer stayed beyond ten o'clock in the morning. Appeals to the American consul rescued the plant expert from his difficulty, although he says that he had to pay the exacted excess to avoid delay.

Later he learned that the magistrate before whom he had been taken and the hotel proprietor were brothers-in-law.

Frank Meyer, another scientist explorer of plants for food, was time and again robbed and molested by robber bands in the eastern countries through which he passed. He finally lost his life by drowning in a river in China which he was attempting to cross. Another, J. F. Rock, recently spent much time in out-of-the-way places of Thibet. While there he had a nearly deadly encounter with a man-eating tiger.

Many others cooperating with the office at Washington send in plants from odd places, but the tropics is the source of a large share of all the plants sent in and also a constant fight with hostile conditions of life.

Dr. Fairchild says that those who live in the North may wonder at the seeming preference for plants of the hot countries, but he explains that the plants which grow in the colder regions are those which have slowly crept out of the tropics, adapting themselves to the changes. Furthermore, there are ten times as many undiscovered plants remaining in the tropics to-day as are to be found in the colder regions of the globe. The plant breeders of of Bureau are striving by means of their art, to select the hardiest of these species for the farming regions of the northern parts of the nation.

A special quarantine inspection house and plant detention greenhouse belongs to the department's equipment, the first of its kind in the world. These plant immigrants are given the third degree. The inspection room is insect proof, with cement floors and walls, operating tables which can be disinfected with corrosive sub-

limate, ice chests for storing materials at a constant temperature, a fumigating cylinder and an incinerator for burning diseased material, are all a part of the processes of examining plant immigrants.

An Almost Endless Variety

The inventories containing the descriptions and some of the history of these strange exotic plants read like a romance of science in serial form. One paragraph may take you to Mexico where some inquiring traveler had discovered a plant, related to one of our common weeds, whose seeds once filled the granaries of the Aztecs. The scene shifts to Africa, the source of a number of crops now important to American agriculture, or to China, a veritable wonder garden of fruits and nuts, vegetables and flowers. Then there are the queer plants of New Zealand or Australia which may have possibilities as a provider of wood, food, shade, or beauty to our future generations.

The explorers have found a blight resistant pear that grows in China which may save our future orchards of this fruit from a devastating disease. Some of these may be used as stocks on which to graft more luscious varieties. From the same country have come chestnuts, the yangtao, a fruit said to "combine the flavors of the gooseberry, strawberry, pineapple, guava and rhubarb," the jujube, an odd fruit now being grown in California.

The great variety of plants found by these scouts for the tables of America, seem almost endless. There is the neem tree from India with wood like mahogany, fruits that yield a medicinal oil, and sap that may be made into a cooling drink, the giant lilies from the Himalayas; the mitsuba, a common vegetable from Japan that resembles some of our native plants growing all the way from Nova Scotia to Texas; high-yielding wheats from England and Australia; from Colombia a night-blooming cereus with blood-red flowers like saucers; the New Zealand corkwood tree with wood only half the weight of cork; from Yucatan a dooryard tree whose leaves provide delicious greens; a wild rice from West Africa that may be used for marsh pasture; a citrus fruit from India with a concentrated peach flavor; Australian elephant grass which yields thirty tons of hay to the acre, and from the same continent an edible canna, a single plant which in Florida, has produced eighty pounds of tubers.

We may dart over the world in another paragraph and have as many more interesting surprises. In Molokai a rare tree related to the cotton plant has been saved from extinction through the ef-

The chayote is one of the new vegetables or fruit that will one day have its regular place in this land as it now has in foreign lands.

forts of our plant discoveries; roselle, an African plant, is the source of a brilliant red jelly making material; from Nigeria a tropical tree whose berries, if eaten in considerable quantity for an entire day, make every thing, even vinegar, taste sweet; a bean that may be useful as a cover crop in Florida and California citrus groves—one that will not climb the trees; a palm tree from Para bearing a potato-like food; the Kauri pine from New Zealand, said to be one of the greatest timber trees in the world; a distinctly new fruit tree from West Africa with bunches of edible peach-like fruits, a possibility for Hawaii and Porto Rico; from Paraguay a relative of the potato that may be useful to potato breeders, and that in its native country is said to be subject to no disease nor insect; a variety of Job's tears from Brazil that may prove to be useful fodder crop on the Everglades of Florida; and an Australian plant having bacterial nodules on its roots weighing as much as two pounds; spekboom, a plant of South Africa, which furnishes a large part of the forage for the only herd of wild elephants in that region, and is also relished by cattle, sheep, ostriches, and children.

Most interesting of the introductions from nearer home is the "haauhtli" of Mexico, an amaranth resembling pigwood. It was cultivated by the Aztecs before Columbus discovered America. Accounts show that every year eighteen granaries, each with a capacity of 9,000 bushels, were filled by Montezuma. The Aztecs exacted tribute in this grain from conquered peoples. The Spaniards made a flour of the grain which they used in making cakes. The plant is being given close study as it may be most valuable for growth in regions that are too dry to grow corn. Other plants from our neighbors include a large number from Guatemala and other countries of Central America—Chayotes, the inga, a tropical walnut, a hitherto neglected tropical fruit called the coyo, a grape, a brilliant flower suggestive of the poinsettia. To this might be added still others such as the largest loose-skinned citrus fruit in the world, tiger grass from which brooms are made, the m'tama melon, which is the chief water supply of travelers and dwellers in the Kalajari Desert, and which is recommended for parts of Texas and California, the knob thorn, one of the most valuable hardwood trees of the Transvaal, and test grass, a stable hay crop of the high veldt in the same country, and from Germany an elderberry of light color that will not stain the children's faces or anyone's clothes.

Dr. Fairchild's Opinion

"The many generations that will inherit the hills and valleys and prairies we now call ours may complain that we have wasted some of their rightful inheritance, but we may feel sure that they will bless us for making it possible for them to enjoy in increasing measure the fruits of all the earth," said Dr. Fairchild in commenting on the work of his food explorers and scouts. "Because of the efforts of these men they will have in their gardens, forests and dooryards hundreds and even thousands of plants that were unknown here when the Indian girdled trees to provide a sunny spot for his corn patch."

And it might well be added, the bank accounts of those who grow them and the dealers who sell them, will be swelled, for the American people take kindly to the new and the strange.

FRUIT PUNCH

1 pint grated pineapple
2 pounds sugar
3 cups boiling water
1 pint hot tea
8 lemons
6 oranges
7 quarts cold water

Cook pineapple, sugar and boiling water for 15 minutes; add tea and strain; set aside to cool. When cold add fruit juices, and cold water. Add ice just about one-half hour before serving.

How Shall I Teach My Child to Obey Me?

(*Continued from page* 31)

this plan worked very well: "Betty, you will have to do this because it is the right thing to do. Mother has thought it over very carefully, and has decided that you must do it. There is no question about that, but you may choose which way you wish to do it. Will you do it this way or that way?" Even with very little children the mother gave opportunity for choice. Many a time I have heard her remark, "Yes, we must go home now. Which way would you like to go? Shall we walk over the bridge or around by the old mill?"

There is the mother who pays no attention to the disobedient child, except once in a while, because that is the easiest way for her at the time being. Her boy and girl read her like a book and chuckle to themselves that they "got by" another time. Uneven discipline does not cater to obedience. Neither does it cater to trust or confidence or love!

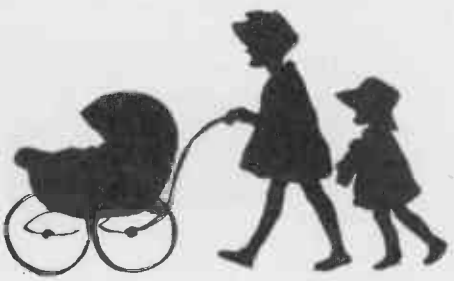
Do you know a parent who says, "I am doing this for your own good," when in reality the punishment is used to cover up his own weakness in not being able to handle his child in better ways? There are parents who never think of getting the viewpoint of their child. "I am your father, and I know!"

Some parents use fear in place of the rod; others use the strap because their tempers are masters of their souls. Children are obliged to take what is meted out to them—unless someone especially interested in them interferes. Many times they suffer because of the lack of self control of their parents.

There are parents who believe that they own their children—body, mind and soul. For a season I had occasion to observe such a mother. Not only her attitude but her words, which were a close second, were, "It is my will!" Although her "child" was thirty years of age, mother's will was still going strong!

Years ago I knew a teacher who was given a class of girls very hard to manage. It was her first class and she realized that much depended upon the results. The girls grew harder and harder to manage and she finally begged the master of the school to allow her to use a rattan. His answer became a ruling force in her life, both as a teacher and as a mother. He said, "You are not allowed to use a rattan, by order of the school committee. You must discipline your pupils from the power within you."

"Not for success, nor health, nor wealth, nor fame
I daily beg on bended knee from Thee;
But for Thy guidance. Make my life so fit
That ne'er in condemnation must I sit
Judged by the clear-eyed children Thou gav'st me."

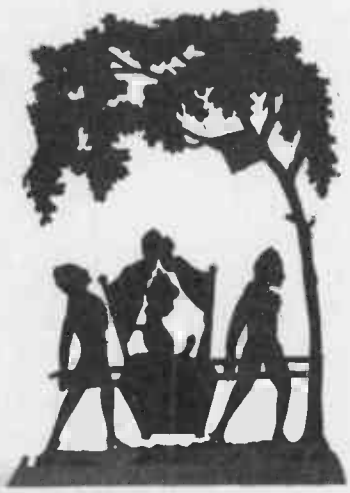


Prize Winning Recipes

FIRST PRIZE

PLANKED SHAD

This method came to us from the Indians who caught the fish, nailed it to a plank after dressing, and roasted it before a roaring wood fire. To cook shad successfully one should cook the oil out of the fish and replace it with some tasty condiment. First—the fish should be well cleaned and then laid in a warm dry place to dry out a little—while the fish is drying put the plank in the oven to get very hot; when it is heated through and through fasten the fish to it with wire nails and place the plank containing the fish underneath the flame of the broiler. Prepare a sauce of butter, Worcestershire Sauce, lemon juice and the fat fried out of bacon; This is the only way to cook properly that delicious fish of American waters — the Shad.



Mrs E. A. LeFevre

SECOND PRIZE

CASSEROLED FOWL

Disjoint, clean and wipe dry a fowl. Dip in flour and fry in equal parts of lard and butter, just enough to brown well. Take out, put in stewpan with just enough water to cover it and let stew for one-half hour. Slice three or four small onions in the bottom of your casserole, a small bunch of carrots, cubed, two green peppers, cut small and a few slices of bacon. On top of this lay the pieces of fowl and around that put as many small pared potatoes as the dish will hold. Pour over it half the liquid the fowl stewed in, cover and cook in the oven for an hour and a half. Make a thick cream sauce of the remainder of the liquid, season with salt and pepper, add to the casserole and serve. A very tough fowl may be transformed to very tender chicken in this way.

Mrs. Viola Stocker

THIRD PRIZE

OLD FASHIONED APPLE CAKE

2 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon lard
⅞ cup sweet milk
1 teaspoon cinnamon
2 tablespoons brown sugar
sliced apples

Sift flour, baking powder and salt. Work into these the butter and lard; make a dough by using the milk. Roll into a sheet ½ inch thick. Place in buttered pan, sprinkled with brown sugar and cinnamon, then cover with sliced apples. Pour over this the sauce, and bake in a brisk oven for 25 minutes.

(SAUCE)

1 cup sugar
1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup hot water
½ lemon—sliced

Mix the sugar, flour and salt—add butter, sliced lemon and hot water. Stir until well mixed. Cook three minutes and pour it over the raw apples.

Mrs. F. G. Keenen.

FOURTH PRIZE

OLD FASHIONED POTATO PANCAKES

3 large potatoes
1 medium-sized onion—chopped fine
1 egg
1 teaspoon salt and a little pepper

Method—peel, wash and grate potatoes into a colander, which is placed in another receptacle to receive the water which drains off the grated potatoes. When this water settles there will be a sediment of potato starch on the bottom of the dish. Use this starch with above mixture and no other flour is needed. Mix ingredients together and fry in hot fat to a deep golden brown. They are delicious with meat, or alone.

Mrs. Freda Buechuer.

FIFTH PRIZE

OLD FASHIONED BLACK BERRY POT PIE WITH DUMPLINGS

2 lbs. of fresh berries
1 lb. of sugar. Cook as for canning. When berries are done, drop in dumplings.

(DUMPLINGS)

1 pint flour
2 teaspoons baking powder

Add milk enough to make a stiff batter—a pinch of salt. Boil 20 minutes.

(Canned berries may be used.)

Mrs. Harold Seeley.

SPECIAL MENTION

SPANISH NOODLES

½ pound round steak
2 onions
1 cup cooked noodles
½ cup green peas
1 can tomato soup
salt and pepper to taste

Put into glass baking dish in layers until dish is full—then put bread crumbs on top with lumps of butter. Bake until golden brown.

Mrs. H. Norman.

BUTTER CAKES

¾ lb. sweet butter
9 eggs (yoke)
2 eggs (white), beaten stiff
1 cup sugar
2 tablespoons baking powder
4 cups flour

Beat butter, eggs (yoke) and sugar until thick; add flour sifted with baking powder, and the 2 egg whites. Mix well with hand. Roll out one inch thick and place in pan. I use a pan 11 by 14 inches. To place in pan cut in strips, as this dough is quite soft. Over this spread Lekvar (jelly) one-half inch thick or as thick as one may wish. Bake in oven 350 degrees until brown, then take out and spread one-half pound raisins over top. Over this pour the rest of egg whites beaten stiff. Bake until golden brown. When done cut in squares.

Mary J. Kolek.

Method in Parenthood

(*Continued from page 26*)

velop naturally. The devotee of child culture is apt to be like the amateur gardener—always digging around the roots of the plants to see what is going on.

The child's soul needs a chance to "invite itself" even at the earliest age. Here is where the mother gets her opportunity to be a "human being" for awhile. This she must cultivate, for unless she goes on developing her own personality she will have nothing to give the adolescent when time brings on its problems; or any working basis upon which to keep them in touch with her in their own adult life.

This aspect of motherhood is as important as the one of service. It is the obligation to be somebody outside of Johnnie Doe's mother or John Doe's wife. This is the energizing truth behind the feminist movement. It is the struggle for general recognition of the woman's right to be something more in the world than wife and mother. Mother, then, must keep in mind, too, that the years after fifty must be reckoned with.

From the first, she must lay the foundation for the ultimate independence of the child from her dictation, and begin the development of her own ability to yield him to the claims of the world—first, when he goes to school, then to work, and finally into marriage. Oceans of tears have been shed by women who seem to have gone blindly through the years of bringing up a child, because each step had come to them as a devastating blow. Such a mother works with her eyes lowered, seeing only the child of the day and with no conception of her duty to fit him for the world, instead of trying, as she does, to keep all the doors of experience closed and life at bay. I have often wondered at those women whose sons are to them possessions for the adornment of their own home life, as if in their particular experience comes the climax toward which all creation has been moving.

With the fundamental conception of her own and the child's relation to society, the application of a method that is not empirical in its dictum will become practical to the mother. One must be an opportunist in the field of action. To have decision and effectiveness, there must be a definite idea of the goal and how to get there.

A few lines of Henry Van Dyke's Work epitomize the mental attitude to cultivate:

"This is my work, my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."

This is the second of a series of six articles by Mrs. Edmac.

THE EDOUARD GERMAC
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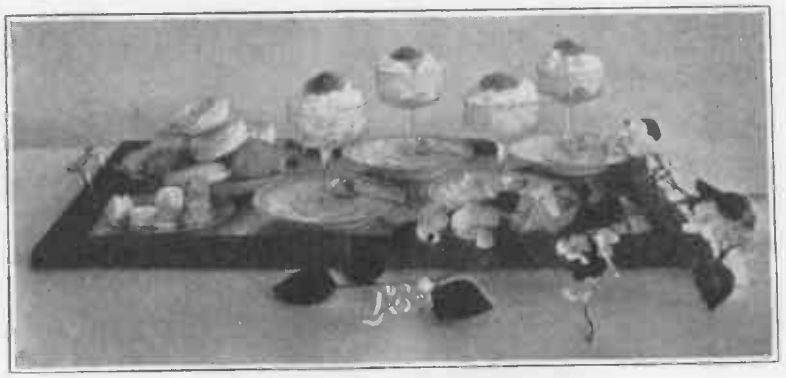
Letting the Ice-box Cook your Meals



LETTING your ice-box cook the meals is one of the joys of modern housekeeping. If you are too hot to stand over a stove, if you expect guests, if you want to go swimming with the rest of the family, and yet serve an extra nice meal to a hungry tribe, pass on the job to the ice-box.

What it can accomplish within a few hours time is nothing short of miraculous. Mixtures which look uninviting when they are shoved into the ice-box undergo a metamorphosis, not less remarkable than that of the butterfly. Right now I am preparing dishes which my mother never could have made. Home-made ice-cream in the good old days necessitated a laborious process, while many other foods which would have been far more appetizing chilled were served warm, since chilling was impossible. Now my house has become the rendezvous for the very youngest generation who know that there usually is some ice-cream in the ice-box.

Ice-cream is perhaps the only real exception to the general rule that frozen and chilled foods are not for all-year-round consumption. And why this tradition should persist I do not know. Frozen salads, and frozen desserts are relished by my friends and family, no matter if snow or grass carpets the ground.

Tuna fish and salmon are my real standbys for "company" or dressy meals. On Sunday night, for example, when I want the food to look especially attractive, and yet sacrifice neither quantity, nor taste, I open a can of fish (fresh cooked salmon or tuna does as well), gather around me a few bottles of spices, and before there is time to say Jack Robin, my salad is completed. Take

1 can of salmon or tuna
2 yolks of eggs
¾ cup milk
1½ tablespoons melted butter
1 small green pepper or
½ cup chopped olives
2 tablespoons vinegar
1 teaspoon mustard
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon gelatine
2 tablespoons cold water

Although the gelatine is next to last on the list of ingredients, get it out of the closet first, and cover it with the two tablespoonsful of cold water. Let this soak while you beat the egg yolks slightly, mixing in the salt, mustard, butter, milk and vinegar. The mixture is now ready to be cooked over a slow flame and it demands constant stirring to prevent burning. After the mixture has thickened, the gelatine, green pepper or olives, and the salmon which has been flaked, should be added. After these have been worked in thoroughly, the mixture should be turned into a mold, and shoved into the ice-box. The length of time required to chill the salad depends, of course, on the ice-box. One of the capable new electrical refrigerators does the job in less than half the time required in an ice-box that is cooled only by a square of ice.

An excellent dessert to top off the frozen meal can be made easily enough. The longest and hardest job is taken over by the refrigerator, and in this case an electrical one is absolutely necessary. If you know about four hours before your guests arrive that they intend to visit you will have time to gather together

¾ cup strong hot coffee
½ cup sugar
1 pint cream
1 teaspoon gelatine
2 tablespoons cold water

Gelatine, you have probably noticed already, is an absolute essential in the kitchen of the woman who intends to cook by refrigeration. Personally, I always figure out about how much gelatine I think I will need, and then I see that I have a reserve of at least twice that amount, which, after all, is not much, considering the small quantity of gelatine used in a dish.

After the gelatine has been soaked in the cold water for a

few minutes, it should be dissolved with the sugar in the hot coffee. The coffee must be allowed to cool off. Standing it in a basin of hot water will turn the trick, while the cream is being whipped. After the coffee is cool, it should be folded into the cream and then placed in one of the trays in the ice-box. I know of no easier nor more popular dish.

There always seems to me to be something rather partyish about these frozen foods. Cold cuts and vegetable salad, for instance, are not a fancy dish; we all have them often, especially when there are a good many left-overs in the ice-box. The basis for all of these salads is

1 tablespoon gelatine
¼ cup cold water
¼ cup boiling water
¼ cup sugar
½ cup vinegar
2 tablespoons lemon juice
pinch of salt

After the gelatine has soaked for a few minutes in the cold water, dissolve it in the boiling water, then add the sugar, vinegar, lemon juice and salt. Strain the mixture and allow it to cool. When it begins to thicken the vegetables should be added.

Almost any vegetable that you have in the ice-box will do admirably in this salad. Peas, string beans, cucumbers, cabbage, fresh tomatoes, beets, lima beans, boiled carrots, boiled potatoes and so on *ad infinitum* can be used. It is a good idea, however, whenever possible, to vary the colors of the vegetables, since this makes the salad look better. For example, peas, carrots and cabbage would make a good tasting as well as good looking salad. Beets, potatoes and string beans is another satisfactory combination. Altogether, use approximately 1½ to 2 cups of vegetables, the kind and quantity varying, of course, with what you have in the house.

After this vegetable salad has been turned into a mould and allowed to chill, it can be served either with hard-boiled eggs or cold cuts as the *pièce de résistance* of the meal.

Cheese is also not to be slighted for frozen salads. A frozen cream cheese salad is a delicacy which only a few people will not enjoy. And again the ice-box takes care of the longest and most tedious part of the preparation. The ingredients used for this salad also can be varied according to what you have in the house. Green peppers and olives can usually be interchanged, nutmeats cut out entirely, or any available nuts substituted for the one suggested. For the frozen cheese salads you will need

1½ cups of mashed cream cheese
1 cup of mayonnaise
½ cup whipped cream
½ tablespoon lemon juice
pinch of salt
1 large pepper, thinly sliced or
2 small ones
½ cup broken walnuts
2 tablespoons olive oil

Soften the cheese with the olive oil, then fold in the whipped cream to which the mayonnaise has been added. Next, the nuts, green peppers or olives should be added, and after seasoning the mixture to taste, it is ready to be put into the ice-box. About four hours are needed to freeze the salad.

This cheese mixture is almost as good as dessert. But, my family tells me, after all, it isn't dessert, and so I have to take a few minutes longer and make one. Of course, we all have our favorites. One very good, as well as very easy method, is the dish composed of frozen fruit and heavy cream, unbeaten. About one quart of fruit to three-quarters or one cup of sugar, and one cupful of heavy cream really becomes frozen solid, no matter how long it is left.

Frozen creamed apple-sauce is another of those very easy to make desserts which are as delicious as they are easily made. The autumn is apple and apple-sauce season, and every once in a while your family may announce that they have had quite enough apple-sauce to last them for quite a while.

Of course, there are some people to whom no dessert is the same as ice-cream, and ice-cream is so easy to make nowadays that

I always try to have some in the ice-box. It is far better, besides more economical, than continual visits to the ice-cream store. The amount of ice-cream made depends on the number of people to be served, and the appetites of the average person. For six people I find this chocolate ice-cream recipe more than enough. There usually are at least three good-sized portions left after six nice ones have been cut.

1 cup milk
½ cup sugar
1 square of chocolate or
¼ cup powdered chocolate
½ tablespoon cornstarch
2 egg yolks
½ pint cream
½ teaspoon vanilla
pinch of salt

Scald the milk with the chocolate, and when this mixture is smooth thicken it with the cornstarch which has been dissolved in a tablespoonful of milk. If you prefer to use the powdered chocolate, this can be dissolved in an equal quantity of water, and added to the scalded milk. Next the egg yolks should be beaten with the sugar and salt, and this mixture added to the chocolate and milk. Now you are ready to let the stove do its part of the ice-cream making. Put the cream in about the right proportion. Any highly flavored fruit can be used, peaches, bananas or berries. Sugar the fruit well, then add the cream, and place the mixture in one of the trays in the ice-box. About three hours is the right time to let the mixture stand in the ice-box; it never mixture in a pot and cook over a medium slow flame, stirring constantly. When the ice-cream coats the spoon it is ready to be chilled, while the cream and the egg whites are whipped stiff. After the first mixture has cooled the cream and egg whites should be folded in and then the ice-cream is ready to be placed into one of the ice-box trays and frozen. About five hours are required, although the length of time for freezing varies according to the quantity of cream made.

Medical Illustrating Offers New Field For Women

By George F. Paul

A NEW profession is being developed. It is the highly specialized field of illustrating surgical operations. It calls for trained skill as a draftsman and a great store of accurate knowledge of anatomy and surgery. Whoever undertakes this work must forget that such a thing as "nerves" can exist. The artist must learn to concentrate all of her attention on the work that is being done. When two or three surgeons are working with frantic haste around a patient, she must make every fleeting glance that she can catch of the operation count big, for, unless she does so, she will find, by the time that the operation is completed, that she cannot draw an accurate sketch any more than she can fly.

In recent years great progress has been made in medicine and surgery. Consequently there has arisen a growing demand for workers in this field. Medical men the world over are exchanging ideas. Often the essential points about an operation can be explained much more readily by means of a sketch than through a long description. The artist who makes her drawings right on the spot can give the essential details.

One of the leaders in this remarkable field is Miss Emilie S. Perry, of the University of Michigan hospitals. Her long and varied experiences fit her well for this work. She declares that it is highly important to be able to work rapidly. She feels that it is quite essential to observe correctly and to make notes of all the stages of the operation that is being sketched. A good memory is of prime importance, as there are many small details that it is impossible to fill in at the time that the operation is being performed. She points out that the illustrator has a decided advantage in this work over the man with the camera. Essentials must be brought out clearly; non-essentials must be made as unobtrusive as possible or left out altogether.

"Overcoming sensitiveness about seeing blood and suffering I should place as the first difficulty," she says. "Of course, one can master this by sheer common sense, knowing what seems suffering is not so to the patient. The second difficulty is the trouble that one has in getting in such a position as to see the operation clearly. While the surgeon is wishing for three or four more hands, the artist is wishing for the power to protrude the eyes forward, after the manner of a snail, or to invent a sort of periscope arrangement."

Courtesy First National Pictures

Harry Langdon before the "Mike"

How To Install Your Radio

By Erald A. Schivo

WHERE should the radio be installed? This question may seem insignificant to the prospective buyer and the man who has already purchased a radio for his family. Surely the proper place must be the living room. The piano, graphophone and other musical instruments are generally in the living room; why should any distinction be made with a radio?

Perhaps you know that when a piano is located near the outside wall of a house, a dampness occurs that tends to affect the tone of the instrument. If such a minor factor is true relative to a piano, what greater factors might concern the intricate mechanism of a radio?

In every radio one desires clear tone, sensitivity and selectivity. A good radio has all of these elements. Yet, although your radio may be of excellent manufacture or construction, possess the three main essentials, your apparatus may be influenced by its installation in the home. The tone quality, sensitivity and selectivity may be reduced to the mediocrity of a cheap receiver.

The man who installs your radio — if you have purchased from a retailer—is generally too busy to determine the proper place for it. He will install the radio where you desire, provided the location is convenient for antenna lead-in and ground wire, when such are necessary. Also, the radio installation man is not familiar with the construction of your home, therefore, he is not always able to give advice.

A radio noted for its excellent tone reproduction may be affected by the acoustics of a room. The most positive evidence of excellent acoustics is an actual test. One should try both the living room and the dining room. A violinist, or any other musician with a portable instrument will be able to determine the sound-producing quality of a room. In general, rooms having no thick carpets, heavy curtains and papered-wooden walls are found to be most adaptable for radio reproduction.

The kitchen is often the best room in the house for excellent acoustics, next the dining room and then the living room.

Satisfied that the acoustics of a room is quite fair, one should consider the several factors that may effect the sensitivity and selectivity of a radio with a *loop antenna*. While the superheterodyne is considered one of the most efficient radios on the market, such a set must contend with problems that seldom effect a receiver using an outdoor aerial.

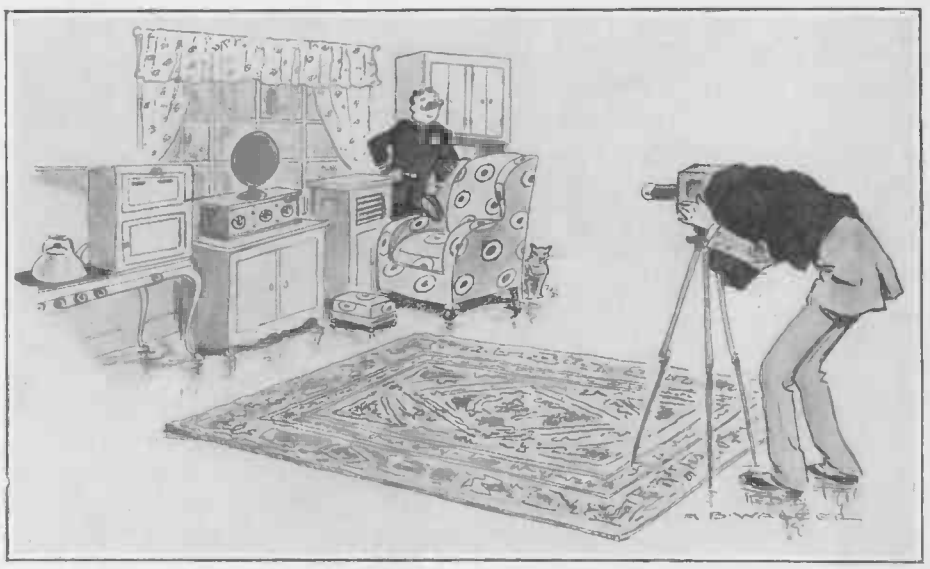
A stucco house effects a radio with a loop antenna because the stucco is laid on a wire screen which has been known to reduce the volume of signals from local stations until the incoming programs are only one-half or one-third of their normal volume. The wire screen acts to radio waves much as a mirror does to light. Such screens are somewhat like a solid wall of metal—and the radio waves strike it and rush off without striking the loop.

Those living in stucco homes should place their set near a window, or in a corner between two windows. The radio should not be placed against a blank wall.

When a loop antenna is concerned a marked variation in reception will be noted in different parts of any house. In one place the loop will pick up power leaks, static, interference from spark stations and so on. When the radio is moved, across the room for instance, a change may be noted. This is probably due to the shielding effects of water pipes, stoves, furnaces or other like metal. Even when the house is not coated with stucco, much noise may be caused by the radio's nearness to house wiring. The wiring acts as a conductor for power leaks and a loop antenna detects such interference immediately.

Sometimes the country man possessing a certain type of apparatus will have more interference from power lines than the city man. This is often caused by the incorrect installation of his radio. The electric wiring of a home is the chief source of electric energy. When a radio is installed near electric wiring there is always interference provided the current is alternating. This interference causes a steady hum in the loud speaker. It prevents long distant reception and annoys one when listening to local stations.

Regardless of the selectivity of a radio the interference from house wiring cannot be tuned out. The location of the set must be changed. It is a simple task to determine the exact location of



Try This In Your Kitchen

Jones had this photograph taken and published in advertising for a cook—He turned away five hundred applicants

your house wiring before having your radio installed. If one places his radio at least seven feet from the nearest circuit there will be little interference from the alternating current.

In order that the sensitivity and selectivity of a radio might be of maximum efficiency many people make use of a wave trap. In modern sets, however, wave traps are practically extinct. If your radio is so near a broadcaster that you find it impossible to gain perfect selectivity, simply remove the ground wire—or else shorten your aerial. Some folks, especially in rural districts where space is not difficult to find, have adopted the plan of using two and three antennas: a short one for local reception; somewhat longer for weak stations within a radius of fifty miles; and a long one for DX reception. A fixed condenser of .0001 M.F. in the aerial lead is very effective in reducing interference.

When installing the radio in the living room, we should look at the aerial, if any. The aerial should stay outside the house as much as possible. Run it through the nearest window or any other like opening, making use of a window strip. Never bring your lead-in down the side of your house, under the basement, and then up through the floor.

The ground wire, if possible, should be run through the floor, then directly to the water pipe where it enters the ground. It is a poor policy to attach your ground wire to the first section of water pipe within reach. The signals must get to the ground, and it is much better for them to run along copper wire than along the iron water pipe. Many grounds which are supposed to be very short are in reality very long ones, as a water pipe may meander fifty feet around a house before it enters the ground.

Avoid running the aerial and ground leads close together for any great length. This makes a condenser which may cause much trouble with your tuned-frequency apparatus. If you have a tin roof, keep your aerial away from it and do not bring your lead-in down a tin-sheathed light well.

Next, we might consider the batteries of a set. Never put a storage battery inside your radio cabinet as many people do, especially when a small glass case battery of four volts is used for "peanut tubes." The acid fumes and other chemical matters will soon destroy the wiring and other parts of your radio. If your set has a battery eliminator such eliminator should not be placed in the cabinet. It is true that the heat coming from the eliminator is very little, yet this heat must escape else the transformers, choke coils and other parts will cause trouble. The "C" battery, however, should be placed within the cabinet.

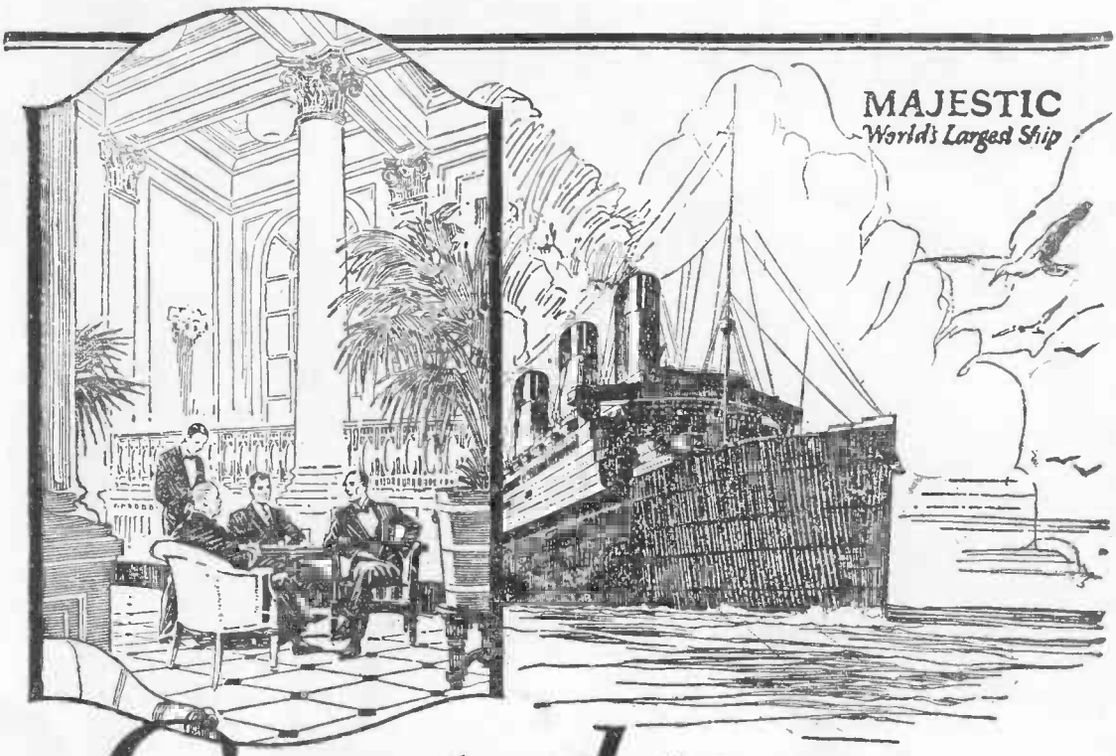
Many radio owners have their storage batteries in the basement. This is not a wise practice, yet it can be made quite satisfactory. It is a good plan to run the "A" battery circuit through No. 12 rubber-covered copper wire, making certain that an excellent contact is made at the storage battery. In many radio sets, particularly those having an automatic filament control, a small amount of resistance arising from excessively long leads or poor contacts may result in the radio giving poor service, if not failing to function entirely.

After the radio has been properly installed, and the batteries have been correctly connected, the loud speaker should be placed as far away from the radio as possible. The full length of the cord accompanying such a loud speaker proves quite satisfactory. Avoid running the cord in parallel with the back of the cabinet or under it, as this is likely to produce faint but annoying whistles. Built-in loud speakers are protected in construction, but the proper place for the portable speaker is about five to six feet off the floor—and when placed near the end of a room it should point in the direction of the adjoining wall.

In the living room the radio conforms with other musical instruments, such as the piano and the graphophone. The only disadvantage is to the housewife. How can one enjoy radio entertainment in the kitchen if the instrument is installed in the living room?

Assuming that the radio purchased or constructed is suitable for the living room rather than the dining room, a simple job of wiring should enable any man to bring his radio music to the kitchen. Duplicate the loud speaker plug that accompanies each radio. Lead a double-braided, silk-covered wire from the plug, running it under carpet and rugs as the case may necessitate, to the dining room, passing the wires near the panel of the connecting door. Continue to run the wires along the floor near the walls or under the carpet of the dining room. The former method is preferable while the latter is more convenient. Then pass the wires near the panel of the kitchen door which leads into the dining room, and from there run the wires to a two-way jack which may be purchased cheaply and installed in the kitchen at the most convenient place. In short, you have lengthened your loud speaker wires.

When the housewife wishes to hear a station she first tunes the desired station in. Then she turns off the filament current, leaving the dials set. She pulls out the plug with the loud speaker and plugs in its place the double-braided, silk-covered wires that lead into the kitchen. Then the housewife goes to the kitchen and plugs the loud speaker into the two-way jack. She must return to the radio in the living room and turn on the current. The kitchen, often the best room for tone quality, becomes vibrant with the broadcaster's offerings. This reads like much trouble for the person who tunes in, but as a matter of fact the entire operation requires not more than one minute.



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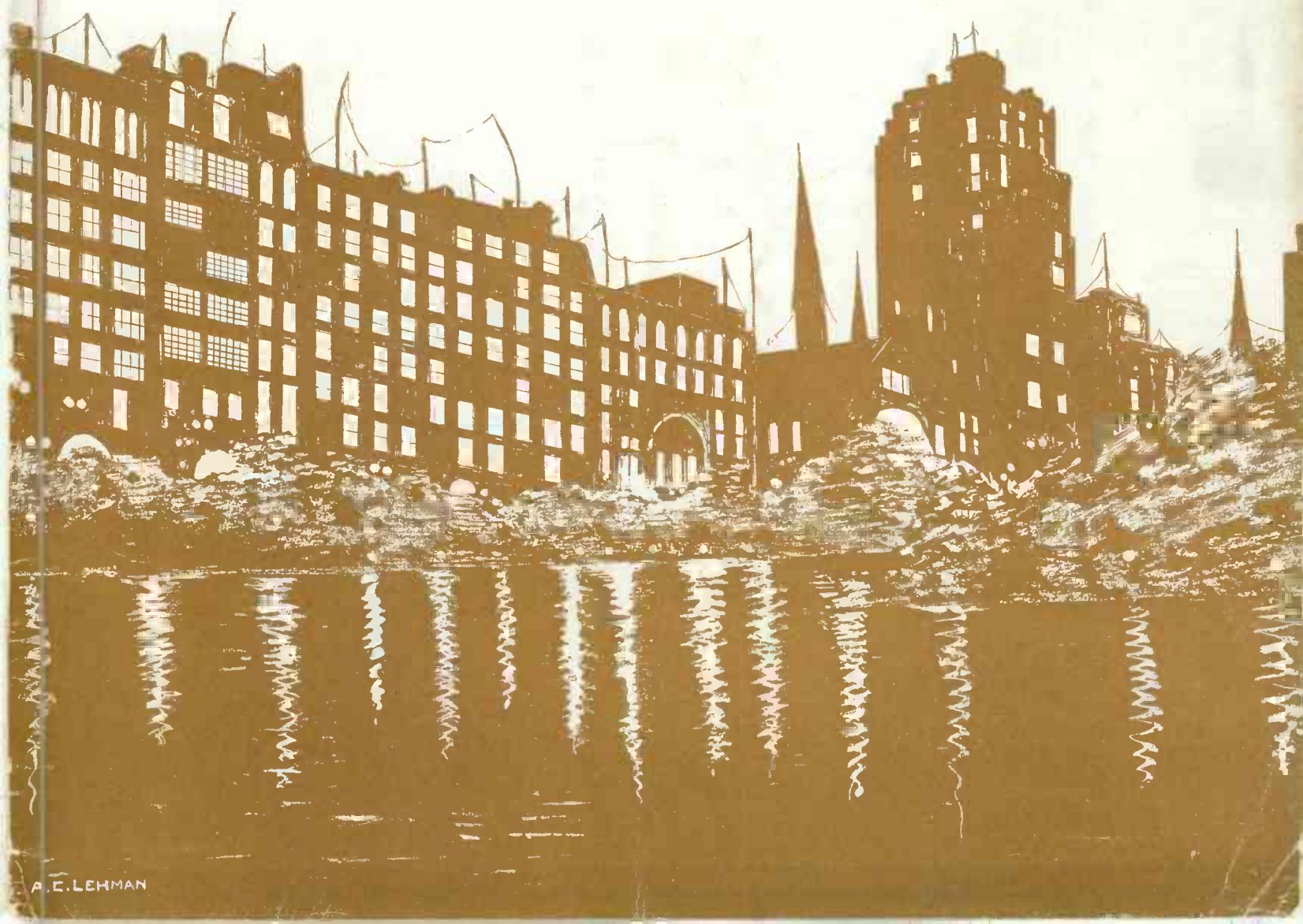

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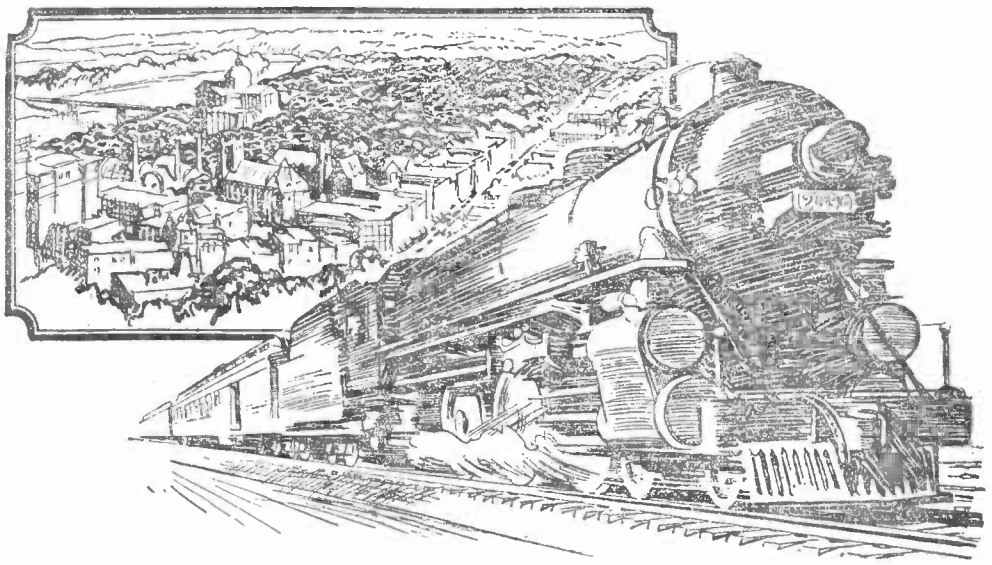

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FEBRUARY 1928

Broadcasting Magazine

Title Registered U. S. Patent Office

Vol. II No. 1

CONTENTS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE KENNEDY PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.
W. J. KENNEDY, *President* W. A. KENNEDY, *Vice-President*
H. S. BOURGEAIS, *Secretary*
EXECUTIVE and EDITORIAL OFFICES, 1182 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

15c a copy, $1.50 a year in United States and Canada. Foreign Subscription, $2.00 per Year.
Entered as Second Class Matter March 21, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of March 3, 1879.

Non-technical radio articles. Clean, wholesome short stories and articles of interest to women and children desired. Manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Return postage should accompany all manuscripts.

Printed in the U. S. A. by the Edward Langer Printing Company, Jamaica, New York City

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Courtesy Paramount Pictures

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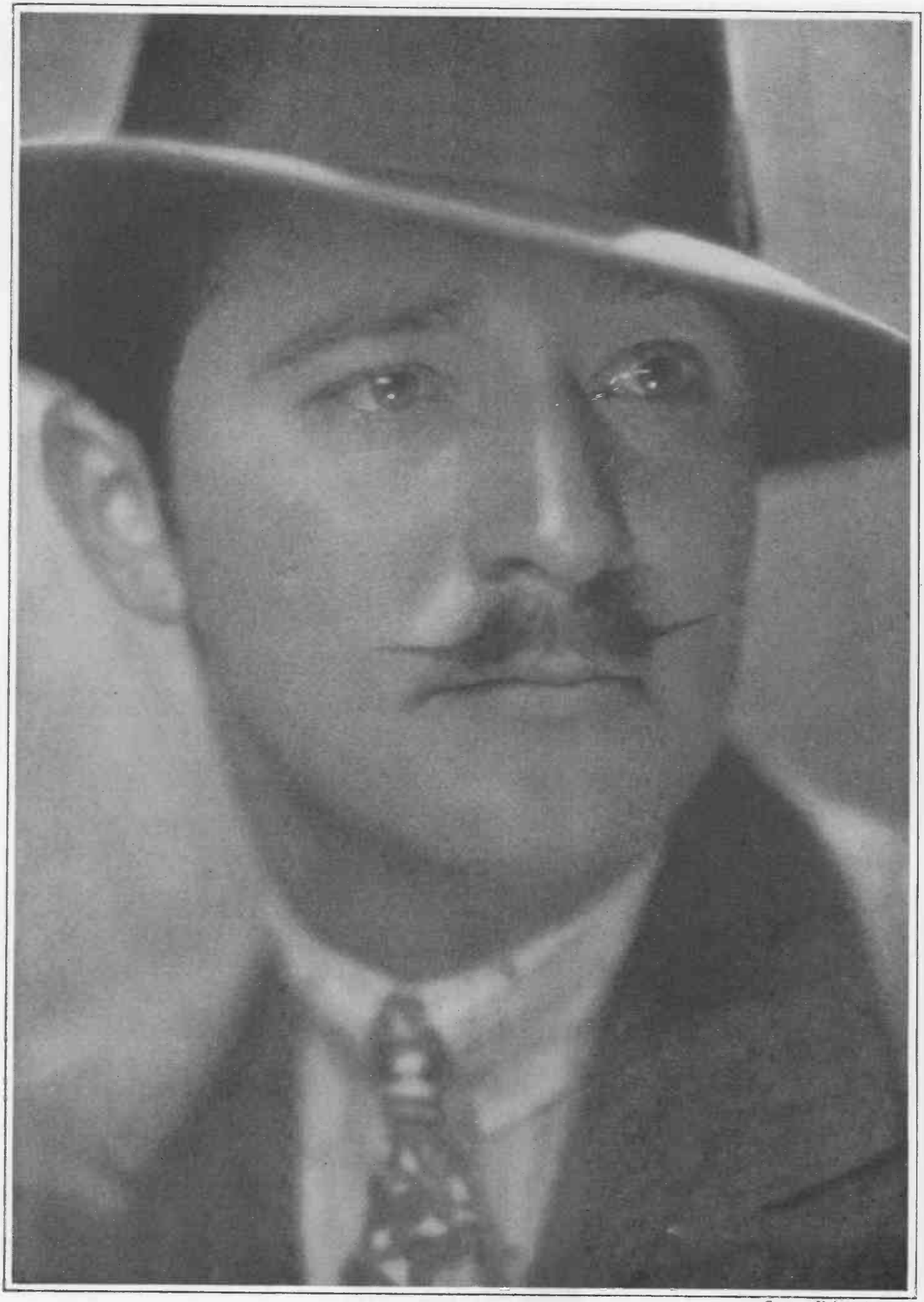
CLARA BOW



Courtesy Universal Pictures

NORMAN KERRY

Courtesy Famous Players

RUTH TAYLOR

Father Takes a Day Off

By Pearl M. O'Brien

Illustrated by Agnes Lehman

ELSA and I are Big Bill's kids. They call him "Big Bill" because he is so big and his name is William and we think there is another reason—he puts on some big bills over KFSD—in others, he is the Loud Speaker or Announcer.

He never uses the loud speaker on us, though—only—oh, maybe just when we get a little noisy before dinner at his reading time. He thinks we are great, but he does roar at Mom sometimes and we tell him he is just like a lion trying to intimidate a lamb and we are going to dial another station if he doesn't stop. Mother cries at those times and then Dad is all gentleness and we know his roar is worse than his bite.

Last night Mother was very foolish and cried without any reason and said she wanted so much to attend the Reciprocity Day meeting of the Woman's Club at Lucas, a neighboring town, but seemed to think Elsa and I couldn't be left alone. Dad calmed her and said he would think of some way.

He was all smiles next day when Mom and we kids ran down the stepping-stones of our little, hilltop, suburban home, as Pop calls it, to meet and ride home with him. Elsa and I stood on the running board and I heard him say to Mom he had found a simple solution of her problem—he was going to take a day off and stay with us kids. Said he had needed a rest for some time, having had no time off from the shop or his duties as announcer for two years, and he needed to be in closer touch with his children anyway, besides it would be a lark for him. He seemed to think she takes things too seriously.

Mother's face did wear a serious look for awhile, then she smiled as if a revelation had come to her and we were mighty glad she decided to let him stay with us for Dad is such a good sport.

The big day came and Dad drove us kids and Mother down to the station, where she was to meet Mrs. Burton and Mrs. Marshall and take the train for Lucas. We kissed Mother, smiled happily and promised faithfully not to eat between meals, spill things on the table, hold screen doors open, track dirt over the carpets and a few other little things.

Mother looked rather tearful, but I don't see why, for we were the ones left behind, and Grandma says that's the hardest.

Of course, when we reached home it did seem awfully quiet and it was only natural that Elsa and I—and even Dad should feel a little lonesome.

He walked through the rooms without saying anything and didn't act a bit jolly like he does when he comes home and finds Mother there, but finally he livened up and said he was going to get our breakfasts (he and Mother had had theirs before we were up).

He asked me where the shredded wheat was and I said I wantd grape-nuts. "Oh, sure, Jim, you can have whatever you like." Then he made three trips to the refrigerator and brought out cream, milk, butter and fruit and we started to sit down at the table, when Dad noticed that Elsa had old, black Tab, our cat, on her lap, and her hands were dirty as could be with auto grease, used in oiling Tab, then in working on the dirt roads of her Model Village in the back yard. Dad looked as though he wondered how she had accomplished so much in such a short time, but the children of this age are different, Grandmother says.

After Elsa had had a good scrubbing in the bathroom, Dad seated her at the table and pushed her chair in and began to look for the paper but couldn't find it. Elsa suddenly remembered she had spread the newspaper on the front porch for Tab to make tracks on, after she had greased his feet and dipped him in dust. Dad looked disgusted but wiped it off with his handkerchief and started to sit down to read when Elsa cried out, "Dad, you gave James grape-nuts—I want grape-nuts, too." "Shredded wheat is good for you, Elsa, this morning. Sit up now and eat your breakfast like a good girl," Dad urged.

But she is the baby, and a girl at that, and began to cry—"Boo-hoo, Mother always lets me have what James has and I want grape-nuts." Dad threw down his paper impatiently, I thought, but said rather cheerfully, "Of course, Elsa, you can have grape-nuts. No need of any one eating what they do not want."

Then the telephone rang and Dad answered, "Hello"—"Yes." "Peaches?" "Why, no, I guess not. My wife is away and I don't know when she can use a box. Thank you for calling."

"Somebody at the back door, Dad," I butted in, and he rushed there, to find the laundry man, and as he took the bundles he reached down into his pocket for $2.35, to pay the bill, but lacked fifteen cents, so went to the desk and started to write a check, when I upset my glass of milk while making an airplane out of my banana.

I never could see why folks should cry over spilled milk, but Mother does, and Dad behaved almost as badly—shook my arm and grabbed a napkin to wipe up the milk before it reached the floor, then finished writing the check and handed it to the laundry man, explaining that he was taking a day off and was going to have a jolly good time of it.

He was about to take the bundles to the linen closet when the vegetable man's horn sounded loudly from the street and Elsa informed him that Mother said

we must have lettuce and cucumbers for lunch and green beans, tomatoes and spinach for dinner and, "Daddy, don't forget to get steak when the meat wagon comes, for Mamma says growing children must have well-balanced meals," she finished, and Dad hurried out to the wagon and bought the vegetables and after some loud joking and laughing with the old Irishman he seemed almost like himself and ran a race to the house with Elsa.

While clearing up the dishes he recalled that we kids had to practice on the piano, fifteen minutes each, and called out to me to begin first, but I insisted that Mother always had sister practice first and anyway I wanted to finish the excavating machine I was making with my Erector set. And Elsa, after Dad had reasoned with her about what it means to a girl when she grows up to understand music, was at last persuaded to sit at the piano and play her scales, which, frankly, I get very tired of and I guess Dad did, too, from the look on his face.

He was not quite through with the dishes when the meat man's bell sounded and he was obliged to dispose of him by getting some meat to round out our evening meal.

It was just fifteen minutes of twelve when he happened to think that I was still playing with my Erector and he spoke crosser than necessary, I think, as he said, "James Powell, get right up to the piano and do your practicing this minute," and having heard Grandma say that a soft answer turneth away wrath, I said, nice as I could, "All right, Dad, I am right there."

He fussed quite a lot about our lunch, but it didn't taste nearly as good as what Mother fixes, but, of course, he hasn't had as much experience.

I enjoyed lunch lots more than breakfast because there wasn't so much confusion, although Dad did have

The Big day came and Dad drove us kids and Mother down to the station.

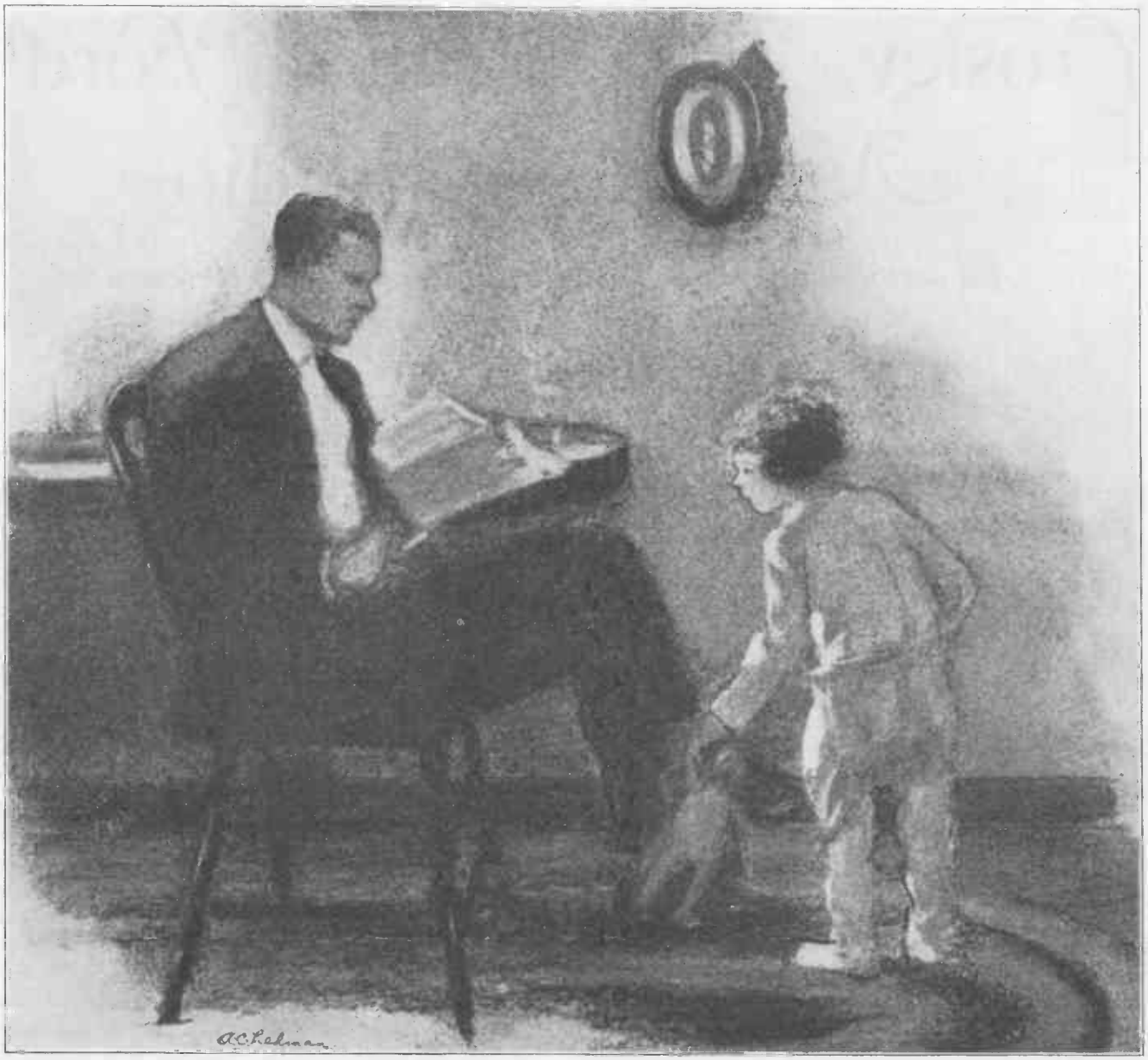
to get up twice for things he forgot to put on the table—bread, butter and jam—who could forget such important things?

We thought our time had come at last when he stretched out on the davenport, but Dad insisted that it was better to be quiet after a meal, so we just asked him questions, which ought not to tire anyone, especially dads. They should be very proud to have kids like us, who can ask questions. It was really important for us to know how, when and where his gold watch and chain was made and how he came by it, if it kept good time, etc. And his lodge pin—we wanted to know what all the symbols meant and when he replied that those things are only explained to members, we naturally wanted to know why. It seemed that every answer just led to another question.

Dad tuned in on KFI, but we made so much racket he couldn't hear much. Half to himself, he said he wondered if his own voice ever penetrated the jargons (whatever those are) in the thousands of homes he was supposed to reach over KFSD. I know he was trying his best to entertain us, but he ought to know it's lots nicer to listen to his big voice.

As he sat up and ran his fingers through his hair,

Elsa suddenly remembered she had spread the newspaper on the front porch for Tab to make tracks on.



Dad had to go and tell her some stories before she would go back to sleep.

I pushed Elsa onto the floor so I could sit next to Dad, and she came right back at me with two fists and before we could be separated she was crying and I was mad enough to.

Then the milk man's truck drove up and stopped and the man was at the kitchen door the next minute as Dad jumped and rushed to get the tokens and set out the bottles.

Our quarrel had gotten far away from the question of who would share in Father's glory by sitting at his right hand and an amicable settlement seemed as imminent as at the International Peace Conference, he said.

He quieted us just in time to answer the 'phone. It was a call from Miss Wilson, our piano teacher, wanting to know if we were not coming for our lessons that day. Dad explained that Mother told him to notify her that we would not be in but he had forgotten. An hour was arranged for next day.

This reminded him that we were supposed to practice again and he argued with me awhile in the kitchen but I persisted that Elsa's turn came first. When he located her she was sound asleep on the floor where I left her, and as Mother said she must have a nap, that settled the matter of our practicing for awhile.

It was now three by the clock in the kitchen and Father began to clear up the lunch dishes when the ice wagon rolled up the drive and the driver's loud "Hiceman" made Dad jump again and he hurried out to take some of the vegetables out of the top to make room for twenty-five pounds of ice. Then he couldn't find the tickets and I showed him where Mother kept them, but they couldn't be located, and he went to the desk again and made another check, got some cash and paid for the ice.

"Well, James, I guess we won't have any more interruptions and when these dishes are done we'll have a game of ball," but, alas, we were doomed to disappointment, for right in the midst of the dish washing the front door bell rang loudly (*Continued on page* 27)

Crosley, The "Henry Ford" Magnate of Radio

A Fortune Was Built by The Young Radio Wizard on His Ability to Recognize and Fill a Great Popular Need

By HAZEL MANLEY

FIVE years ago Powel Crosley, Jr., was unknown to the world. He had twice failed in business in his home city and, though only thirty years of age, had tried his hand at a number of professions, including law, the bond business, publicity and advertising solicitor, district automobile sales manager, automobile manufacturer and manufacturer of phonographs. It was by merest chance that he turned his mind to radio, the industry that has developed into mighty importance, wherein Crosley is an outstanding personage. He has told the world, "You are there with a Crosley," and his product has found its way into the markets of practically every country in the world. Two years ago he refused an offer of six and one-half million dollars for his business.

Powel Crosley at thirty-five years is to the radio world as Henry Ford in the automobile world. By building small receiving sets well and cheaply, like Ford he has brought freedom to the man whose income would otherwise force him to stay at home and work, year in and year out. Mr. Crosley is retiring when it comes to publicity that is personal, and it is rare that he consents to being interviewed, but, like all successful men, he is enthusiastic over his work. When I explained that the readers of BROADCASTING MAGAZINE would like to know more about him, he varied his policy and talked about his business in a direct, matter-of-fact way that is always typical of his personality.

"I believe the keynote of The Crosley Radio Corporation is my policy toward the dealers and distributors who represent us," he said. "The company is ready and anxious to replace any piece of apparatus that is in any way deficient with a complete set. Our designs are always reduced to their simplest form before they are allowed to leave the drafting table. I must say also that quick production has done much to make our record possible, that—and simplicity, which makes for speed, quantity and economy in production."

"It was during the winter of 1921 that I took up radio. I had been engaged in the phonograph business and suddenly there was a terrible slump in the sales of the machines. About that time my little son, Powel III, was eager for a radio set, and in pricing them I made a discovery! The cheapest worth-while set cost ninety dollars without accessories. I then determined that I would offer the public a radio set at a reasonable price, and we have been successful beyond our greatest hopes."

The following year Mr. Crosley experimented in the production of radios at popular prices as a comparative test. When the popularity of radio was developing in 1922 with leaps and bounds, he was ready to produce a set at one-sixth the price that had been asked him in February the year before. His plant had a beginning of a daily output of 250 radio sets, but the Crosley business last year reached a daily output of 7,000 sets in December.

"Only against the background of industrial development can the progress be gauged of radio art and the development of the radio industry be compared," Mr. Crosley stated with that note of sincerity in his voice that is always present when he talks of radio. "Measured by the records of other industries," he continued, "the rise and development of radio has been sensational indeed, and its promise is greater still. Measured by the thrill which swept the world when radio first invaded the home, the art has settled down to the level of an established service, now accepted without wonder. So fast have technical, broadcasting and industrial developments followed upon each other since Marconi, the Italian youth, made his wonderful discovery, it is not to be wondered that observers have found it difficult to determine the direction toward which both the art and the industry have been moving.

"Less than five years ago there was only one broadcasting station in the United States," he went on. "It was the only station then organized for the service of a public program, and today there are over six hundred stations throughout the country. Secretary Hoover has estimated that more than five million American homes are equipped with radio sets, and that approximately twenty-five million people listen in nightly to the programs of music and speech broadcast through the air.

"If I desired, I could retire now with the assurance of enough money in hand to follow whatever path I choose," he told me. "But I am going to stick to

Powel Crosley, Jr.

radio because of the happiness that we build into every set put out. It would be difficult to find the happiness in any other line of manufacturing that is to be found in radio. With radio I am able to bring happiness to the bedsides of thousands of lame, blind and housebound people, and that alone is a great service and an enjoyable one.

"In the spring of 1922, when I entered the radio business, more than eighteen thousand individuals or concerns went into the radio business in a single month. The number of manufacturers who have won success can be counted on ten fingers. In my opinion, the reason for these failures was the lack of regard for quality in production. The public is always on the watch for quality. I have earnestly tried to give the best for the least possible outlay in cash by the buyer, and the public has responded. I believe, as in every business, a product that eventually succeeds must give the most and best for a man's money."

Mr. Crosley believes that a man should be idea-resourceful. In his varied experiences he has found that every pursuit in which he engaged proved its value in some way.

He explains it this way: "A man may have ability and capacity and energy; but in addition there is that rare quality of producing practical ideas which are of great value. Combine idea-resourcefulness with pertinacity, or that quality better known as stick-to-itiveness. With such a combination there is nothing to prevent a man from making his goal. Some men lack initiative. Others are over-zealous. All of which leads to the conclusion that an analysis of what constitutes success is one of these never-ending studies. We hear a lot of talk about 'Go-Getters.' They are the stuff—provided they understand where they are going and what they are getting. My own preference of men is the 'then what' type. I mean the man who asks 'then what?' when an idea is put up to him; he is the type of man who works out details. He wants to know the logical conclusion of things."

It is said that the one man in the world on whom the life insurance companies were willing to write policies to the extent of seven millions of dollars was Mr. Crosley. The policies were actually written, according to information given me by a business associate in the Crosley Corporation. But Powel Crosley refused to accept them! He was urged by friends to take the insurance, but he said it was too great a burden.

Crosley asserts that the man who wants to do executive work must learn to be deferential. "He must be a good listener; he must let the other fellow finish his sentences. He must be instinctively a gentleman and he must conduct himself at all times like a gentleman. Men are hired for their ability and ideas and opinions. When they have an idea or an opinion directly related to the work for which they are employed, they should stick to it. It is the boss' right to overrule his employees, but the employees should get on record.

"Practically all employers like to have around them men in whom they can place the utmost confidence.

"To such men can be given orders that can be forgotten, because the employer knows the orders will be carried out accurately according to instructions. This is of great importance in the manufacturing of radios, and the splendid co-operation and loyal support of our employees are factors that are responsible for the success we enjoy. 1928 is Leap Year, and I am looking forward to a greater leap in the sales curve than in 1927. Our sales for the past year have greatly exceeded those of any preceding year.

"Commercially speaking, the radio history is the most dramatic enterprise in all business industry. Radio already has penetrated into millions of homes in the United States. It is not improbable that within the next five years the radio audience in this country will reach more than 50,000,000 people. Some of our great universities are already alive to the tremendous opportunity for educational influence that radio offers. And I expect eventually that the Board of Education of every metropolitan community in the United States will include in its activities a special extension course to be broadcast by radio from local stations.

"Cities and states throughout the country have spent large sums in the past ten years to tell the American public about their progress, their possibilities and their needs. The chamber of Commerce of Cinncinnati has contributed generously to the support of a great broadcasting program from Cincinnati.

"Radio bears a constructive relation to many arts and many industries, but in the combination with the phonograph industry it has (*Continued on page* 26)

What Are Radio's Wild Waves Saying?

A Glimpse Behind the Scenes at a Broadcasting Station, in Which the Author Tells Us How a Station Knows When There Is an SOS, How Difficult It Is to Get Perfect Reproduction and What You Must Know If You Want to Be an Announcer.

By W. S. LYNCH

WHEN, if ever, do Americans sleep?

A New York radio station received 50,000 letters after broadcasting an unadvertised test program from 3:45 to 4:35 A. M.!

A study of these letters disclosed the fact that this audience might be divided into three groups. First, those at parties where a radio set was part of the entertainment. The greater majority were in this group.

The second group was made up of night workers. There were letters from policemen in station houses and firemen on call. One letter was from the keeper of the lighthouse on Montauk Point, Long Island. Included in this group were night watchmen, men in powerhouses, hotel clerks and all-night restaurateurs.

The third group is radio's "best customer," the real glued-to-the-dial, headsetted DX Hound or distance listener. The following letter from a DX Hound is his best description:

"The wife made me shut my Luludyne off at one A. M. and go to bed. When I heard her deep breathing I slipped out of bed, resolving to try for California, Europe, Cuba or what have you? Couldn't put my slippers on because they have slapping heels. Found my flashlight and creaked down the stairs.

"I had to use the phones to avert a marital disaster, but got you beautifully on one stage of amplification. Thank Heaven your announcer doesn't gargle or race your station call-letters! If I hear another announcer do that I will become a public charge.

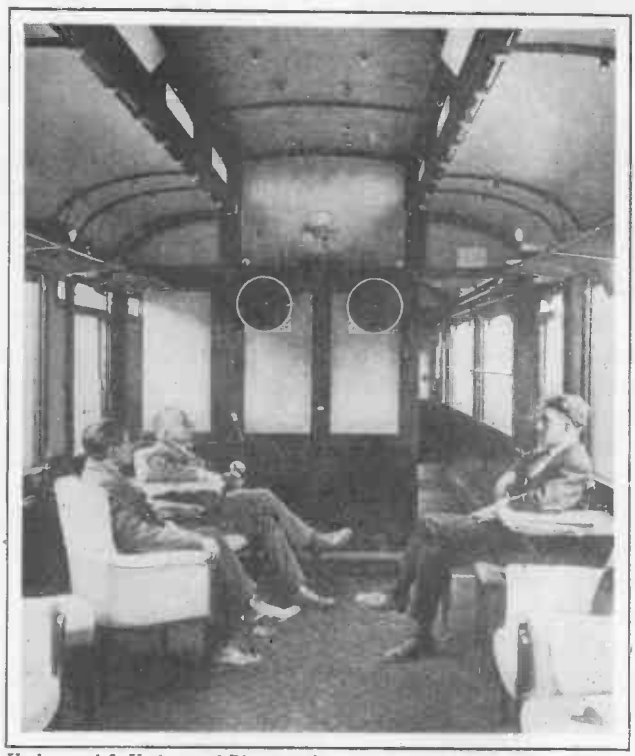
"Now a word as to the technical reception of your BC (broadcast)——"

Then the DX Hound does what makes him beloved by every station. He gives a clear, thoughtful criticism of your reception. The DXer knows a real generator hum from a heterodyning wave. He knows good modulation from bad; in fact, many of these men know more about radio than some of the operators in a station.

This does not mean that the operators do not know their jobs. If they didn't they wouldn't have them. But it does mean that many first-rate electrical engineers are listening in.

Ask any broadcaster the most important figure in his organization. If he does not immediately snap out "The Chief Engineer," you may be sure that he is new, very new, to the business.

It is the Chief Engineer, for example, who makes it possible for an announcer to glibly say, "We are now broadcasting by remote control the Easter Services of the Twelfth Avenue Church." Follows a flood of music and a masterly oration to the waiting listeners. But let us see what has gone before.



Underwood & Underwood Photograph

RADIO ON FRENCH RAILWAY
Radio entertains the passengers on the luxurious Paris Orleans Express

Two weeks' time has been necessary for the technical arrangements. The Chief Engineer and his assistant go to "look it over." The choir loft and organ are at the rear of the church. The C. E.'s mind is functioning somewhat like this: "We'll have to terminate the lines (one radio and one telephone) in that corner of the balcony." Where the lines terminate is where the portable amplifier and announcer are posted. He

chooses a corner of the balcony because the announcer must be in a quiet and inconspicuous place. The Chief continues, "The choir responds to the minister's reading. Use a 'three-mike mixer' "—meaning to use three microphones at once and connecting into a "mixing panel" which may either keep them all "open" or may "fade out" those not in immediate use.

The lines are ordered and ten days later are ready for testing. The Chief picks a time when the station is "off the air" and the choir is rehearsing. A remote control operator and an announcer take their "junk" and taxi to the church.

The "junk" consists of two large bags and the mike mixer. One bag contains simply the portable amplifier to "push" the broadcast over the lines to the station. The second bag contains A and B batteries to feed the amplifier, three microphones, headphones, mike extension cords, wire and tools.

They climb into the balcony and after a short search the lines are found. An ordinary telephone wire and a house telephone with a bell box furnish the rudiments for operations. The mikes are placed; one in the pulpit, one in choir loft and one at the announcer's side. The remote control operator hooks up the equipment and notifies the station that they are ready. The Control Room is ready too and the man at the "speech input system" says, "Go!"

The announcer talking now to only two or three men says almost anything—perhaps only counting to ten slowly. He asks for a report via telephone. The bell tinkles and the Chief Engineer says, "A nice line; clear as a bell." That tells them there is no noise from stock exchange or news tickers, bad line connections, or other obstacles. The operator and the announcer at the church may then fatuously believe that all is well and plan what to choose for supper. But surprises are what broadcasters live on—not suppers.

This church organ is in the middle of the choir loft with the singers divided on either side. Sopranos and tenors to the right of the organist, baritones and basses to his left. The choir mike has been placed in front of the organ to get equal volume from both sides of singers. So far so good—but that's all.

While the choir is rehearsing, their mike is opened for a test. The headphones advise the remote control operator of a true balance of high and low voices—but the telephone tinkles and the Chief Engineer in the station Control Room says, "You'll have to move that mike. We get the rush and clicks of the organ stops and pedalling."

To move the mike will eliminate the "pickup" of the organ stops but will bring up whatever side of the choir it is moved to. A dozen placements are tried until one is satisfactory. An equal balance of soprano, tenor, baritone, bass and organ on only one microphone.

Not all the broadcaster's problems are to be found at remote control points. The studio can turn them out almost as fast.

One of our prominent stations was burdened with complaints about the poor reproduction of piano music. The critics used brutal words like "tin can" and "boiler factory." The main solver of problems, the Chief Engineer, went to the Chief Announcer, who is responsible for the placement of the studio microphones. They began by discounting possibilities. The piano was a standard concert grand, and new. It was tuned once and sometimes twice a week. There were no complaints about pianos on "remote jobs." The fault must lie in the placing of the studio mike for a piano recital.

Then a maddening two hours of testing. The studio pianist was instructed to play something that was slow and impressive. He chose a movement of the Pilgrims' Chorus from "Tannhäuser." It is said that if a certain announcer, engineer, and pianist hear that number now they shudder and perspire freely.

Foot by foot that mike was moved. Piano top up, piano top down, rugs over the piano top, the piano moved. Then in desperation the announcer closed the piano top and put the mike on the floor under the piano itself! Another disappointment. The piano transmission was perfect but the mike picked up the pedalling. All over again, foot by foot, sidewise, high in the air, on the floor. Then the final triumph. Perfection! But it looked queer. The piano was all right; dressed just as for a recital at a concert hall. The flat top was braced up and all was in order, but the mike! Thirty feet away in a corner of the studio and eight feet in the air!

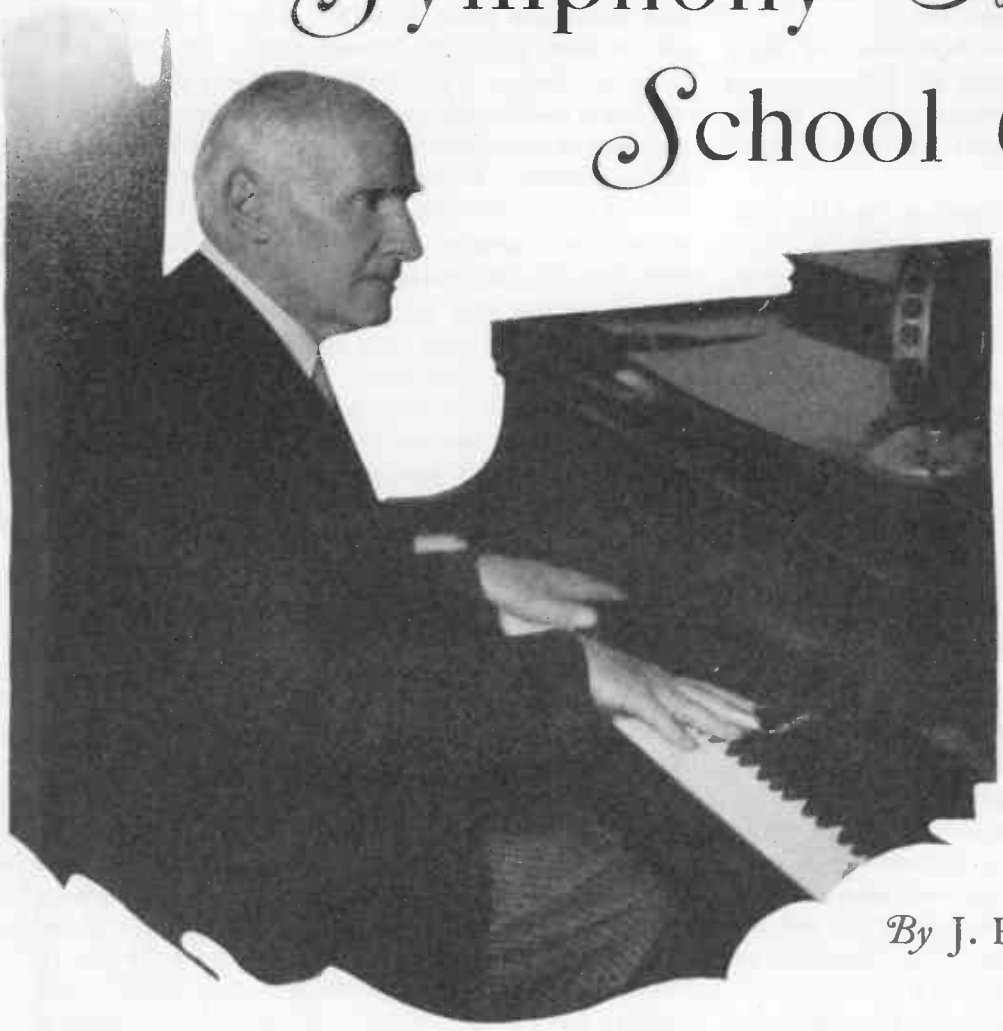
Absurd? Perhaps, but the microphone is so sensitized an instrument that it will pick up and send out, many times amplified, sounds which otherwise would not be audible to the human ear. So rest assured if you are listening to a piano recital from that particular station, this curious little instrument, the microphone, is nearly up to the studio ceiling catching the music.

A question often asked by the broadcast listener is, "How does the station know there is an SOS?" The listener knows when there is an SOS for he hears a slight click and a strange voice says, "This is station WZZZ signing off for an SOS." Then one may have about a ten-minute thrill dialing to hear the same formula at one station after another until his set is useless —unless he is familiar with the Continental Code. If he knows the code it will "take all the king's horses and all the king's men" to get him away from 600 meters, the commercial traffic lane.

It is through this that the broadcasting station finds the SOS. During every broadcast program a man is sitting before a radio set that you would mortgage your home to get. His dials are turned higher than you would turn them, and he is not listening to what you would listen to. He is hearing dit-da-dits and writing call letters that you never heard of. WAX, WSC, NAH, WCG, NURL and WNY are a few of them. This watchman of the air is tuned to 600 meters and is translating dots and dashes to, "Arrive Quarantine five A. M. 1600 sacks of mail on port side" or "Welcome home from Europe—signed Mother." Commercial traffic!

Then perhaps a faint dit-dit-dit da-da-da dit-dit-dit. SOS! Check it up. Make (*Continued on page* 23)

Symphony Music for School Children



Walter Damrosch, Dean of American Conductors, Begins a Series of Broadcast Courses in Musical Appreciation for the Younger Generation

By J. Howard Boyle

SCHOOLS throughout the country are preparing to have their pupils listen to the special program by Walter Damrosch and the New York Symphony Orchestra which will be broadcast through stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company's Blue Network, Friday morning, February 10, it is indicated by the letters, running into the thousands in number, which have been received by the veteran conductor in the past few days.

Definite word has been received that scores of schools will have provided themselves with means of listening to this experiment in teaching appreciation of music, and it is estimated that hundreds of them will be equipped with radio receiving sets, rented, purchased, or loaned, by the date of the broadcast.

The inaugural program, January 21, in Mr. Damrosch's series of three experimental concerts was designed to reach educators. The programs he will present on the mornings of February 10 and 17, at 10 o'clock, Eastern Standard time (9 o'clock, Central Standard time), are planned for their intellectual appeal to students: the first for children of the grammar grades, the second for high school and college students. The quality of the musical content in each program will be of the same high level; the complexity of the selections will vary according to the age of the listeners they are designed to reach.

Mr. Damrosch has pointed out that these programs are not expected to supplant musical instructions now given in schools, but rather to supplement the efforts of instructors and to provide guidance in musical appreciation for pupils of schools where such instruction cannot now be given. For schools already having competent musical instructors Mr. Damrosch believes these programs, in which his lectures are supplemented by demonstrations by the New York Symphony Orchestra, may serve as "audible text-books."

In order to give Mr. Damrosch the opportunity to demonstrate to the public just what he plans to do in this phase of the "University of the Air" movement, the National Broadcasting Company has extended to him the facilities of its networks. Whether broadcast courses in musical appreciation becomes a regular feature next year depends on the (*Continued on page* 32)

Method in Parenthood

Teaching the Use of Money—from 2 to 4 Years. As a Means to Self-Mastery

By LILIAN EDMAC

Decorations by
AGNES LEHMAN

THE ability to use money to the best advantage is almost the most important requirement to a successful life.

Experience in handling money is more important than saving it. It is necessary to give the child more than the mere habit of saving. It is better that he should make his mistakes with the nickels and dimes of his early childhood than with the first money of his earning years.

With this in mind, I made my first really constructive plan in the education of a child. I have tried this same method on other children and discovered that there was an orderly progress in the ability to grasp the significance of money and estimate the worth of an expenditure or a saving.

Intelligence as measured in civilization is the ability to judge the present sacrifice of desire to the future welfare. Certainly this applies to the intelligent use of money, and that ability to judge will not grow out of an obedient habit of sticking pennies and dimes in a bank.

Money is a measure of profitable work. If it comes as a gift, it cannot be truly estimated.

In order then to educate the child, he must not only have money, but money that he has earned. Having the money, he must have control of it and do as he pleases with it.

As early as the second birthday I put my plan into operation. In this case my little girl was given a daily task: all the responsibility for removing the empty nursing bottles the family infant used during the night from the nursery to the kitchen in time for the preparation of the next day's supply. I worked upon schedule myself. The routine was perfect, for at that time a Japanese boy reigned in the kitchen and we were privileged to use it only at a definite hour. While I had not at that time planned this regularity, I now recognize it as an essential part of the plan for earning money through some task to which the child takes himself without suggestion.

Little children are naturally fiends for system. They want the same words in the same place in their stories and keep placid under routine, so it was that Ann came for her tray as soon as I entered the kitchen and collected her bottles without any suggestion from me. It was not long either before she learned the sequence of days and knew Saturday morning for pay day.

I gave her five pennies, never paid her in advance, and did not interfere with the spending of the money.

At first, of course, she bought candy and spent all the pennies at once; but in a few months it occurred to her, with the help of indirect suggestion from members of the family, to spend day by day, or to occasionally skip a day and then spend so as to make her satisfactions last the week. (*Continued on page* 19)

Radio Domestic

A Department of Helpf

CONTRIBUTORS
DOROTHY SHERMAN
MARION BROWNFIELD

Thrift and Children's Lunches

MARION BROWNFIELD

THRIFT and the child's lunch is hardly a good combination if it cheats the youngster's stomach. Yet it may do this very thing unless both the parents and the child give it thought.

Schools, today, cooperate as often as possible on the child's lunch problem, for they recognize its vital influence in making healthy children fit to study. For this reason cafeterias, penny soup lines and even "milk diets" at recess, are operating in numbers of both public and private schools. Children as a rule are pleased to patronize them because buying something away from home always has a certain charm, and then one child likes to do as another does.

This is where thrift and the child's lunch come in conflict. Besides the nourishing suitable foods there are tempting sweet desserts, ice cream and candy that have overwhelming appeal to the uninstructed kiddie. We have seen youngsters, for example, enter a school cafeteria with fifteen cents and purchase three ice creams, when the same amount would have bought a substantial dish of browned hash and gravy, soup, bread and butter and farina pudding. Not that a little good ice cream or candy will injure children, but that it should not be a daily substitute for the wholesome and filling noonday meal.

To encourage the child to be a wise buyer of food it is a good plan to have ice cream and candy at home at reasonable intervals. One is then sure that these sweets are made of first-class materials and are not followed perhaps by a large cucumber pickle! Another suggestion is that special money be furnished the child for this treat, say one day in the week. If this is given in addition to the usual "lunch money" the temptation to spend extravagantly for things that only tempt the appetite rather than nourish the body is reasonably eliminated. Girls especially are attracted by pastries, cakes and salads that are merely frills instead of body building necessities. But boys also have notions. The writer has seen a seven-year-old boy return home shortly after three in the afternoon ravenous—glad to devour any scrap on the pantry shelf. When inquired into, the appetite proved not to be the "snack" craved after a ball game, but the noonday lunch, for the money provided for this had been spent for marbles!

The whole question of thrift and the lunch is really home education. Of course parents often provide a lunch instead of the money. But if the school serves it at reasonable prices, the hot meal is better, and a sensible talk with children in regard to it is good training. If they begin early in life to observe the "pep" that proper food will give them it is a good foundation for health. All children meet some temptation in some form or other in their school life and it takes tactful guidance from parents to make children see that older people understand the sit-

(*Continued on page* 27)

The Fifteen M

Photograph by Ro

There are plenty of women who make dinner in that time or less. Some of the dinners are fit for epicureans; and others, well, not even for apologies.

The other night, we were invited to dinner by a business woman. Here is the menu.

Grapefruit
Tomato Soup
Broiled Halibut Butter Sauce
Green Peas
Hearts of Lettuce Salad
Russian Dressing
Cake
Demi-tasse

We held what amounted to a stop watch on our hostess. From the second she s her grapefruit knife into the grapefrui until she sat at table, and picked up h grapefruit spoon, fifteen minutes elapsed. How did she do it? Well, he are the details and particulars.

She lives in a kitchenette apartment, and she uses an electric grill plus a fast single light electric stove. She makes judicious use of partially prepared foods. And she avoids fussy dishes.

First she put the soup on to boil and soaked the lettuce. Then she prepared the grapefruit, putting the maraschino cherry in the proper place, *et al.* By the time the grapefruits were ready, and the small table set, the soup was moved from the electric stove to the table grill, into another compartment of which the fish was put to broil. Still another pot was filled with the green peas. By this time the lettuce was fresh, crisp, and ready to be placed on the salad plates. The cake also was arranged on individual plates. Dinner was served.

Science Institute

Advice for Homemakers

CONTRIBUTORS
ISOBEL BRANDS
HELEN KAY

inute Housekeeper

Baking Powder Co.

Besides the speed with which the meal was prepared, you have probably noticed that little "jumping up" from the table was needed. Everything was done, and ready before the business woman sat down to dinner.

Because we praised her efficient housekeeping so highly, we were rewarded with a group of fast recipes which we herewith pass on to you.

LIGHT SUPPER OR LUNCHEON

Komak on Toast
Tea
Sliced Pineapple with Sweet Cookies

Komak for Four People

Slice two onions and one green pepper into a medium sized pan and fry until soft. Add one can of tomatoes, draining off half the juice. When the tomatoes boil, add three well beaten eggs, and mix the mixture until the eggs have been cooked thoroughly. Season to taste. Serve on toast.

ANOTHER LIGHT SUPPER

Toasted Cheese Creole Sandwiches
Hot Chocolate Cake

Toast white bread, and butter while still warm with spicy cheese; cover this with a layer of olive butter. The sandwiches should be served warm.

It should be added, that the business woman does not bake the kind of cakes that her mother did. Indeed, she bakes not at all, unfortunately.

What You Can Do With the Apple

Lucile Brewer of the School of Home Economics, New York State College of Agriculture, at Cornell University, has prepared a pamphlet issued by the New York State Department of Farms and Markets, which gives a list of ten delicious ways by which the apple may be preserved for home use.

Miss Brewer says:

WAYS OF PRESERVING APPLES

Apples, because of their mild flavor, are excellent extenders of other fruits that may be more expensive or less abundant. They may be combined with other fruits for butter, jam, marmalade, jelly and sauce. A good jelly can often be made of fruits containing a little pectin or of rhubarb if apples are added. If the variety of apples used is somewhat tasteless, another fruit may be combined with them for flavor.

Sweet apples are good for baking and for preserves. They are often combined with quinces.

In making jams, conserves, or preserves, the cooking should be done rather rapidly, as slow cooking gives a product of darker color and inferior flavor.

CANNED APPLES

2 cups apples, cut in eighths.
½ cup sugar.
2 cups water

Boil the sugar and the water for 5 minutes, add the apples, and cook them until they are clear. Pour them into sterilized jars and seal them. This makes a thin sauce.

CANNED BAKED APPLES

Wash and core good, sound, tart baking apples. Fill the cavities with brown sugar or honey. Bake the apples until they are tender in a pan containing a little water. Pack the baked apples into clean, hot jars. Fill the jars completely with a thin syrup made by boiling together for 2 minutes one part of water and one part of sugar. Seal the jars.

APPLE BUTTER

Wash the apples, and cut them in eighths. Cook them in a small amount of water until they are tender. Put them through a sieve. To each cup of pulp, add one-half cup sugar, and cook the mixture until it is thick and clear. If the apples lack flavor, a small amount of lemon juice and grated rind may be added. Apple pulp may be combined with other fruits such as plums, peaches, quinces, and grapes in the making of butter.

APPLE AND TOMATO CONSERVE

2 cups sour apples, diced.
2 cups ripe tomatoes, cut.
1 lemon—grated rind and juice.
2⅔ cups sugar.
½ teaspoon salt.
½ cup chopped English walnuts (if desired).

Cook the apples and the tomatoes without adding any water until they are tender. Add the sugar and the

lemon, and cook the mixture until it is clear. Turn the conserve into clean jelly glasses, and cover it with paraffin when it is cold. One-half cup English walnuts may be added before conserve is removed from fire. This conserve is slightly tart and is excellent with meats or with bread and butter.

PRESERVED APPLES AND PEARS

Use equal measures of tart apples and pears. If the pears are rather hard, they should be cooked first in boiling water until they are tender. In this case the water in which they are cooked should be used in place of water that is called for.

Make a syrup using one-half as much water as sugar. Boil 5 minutes. Add the fruit and cook it until the fruit has a clear appearance. If the apples lack acidity, add one or two slices of lemon. Seal the mixture in sterilized jars.

CANDIED APPLE RINGS

Red apples are best for making rings. Baldwins are excellent. The apples should be firm and free from blemishes. Remove the cores with an apple corer; do not pare the apples. Cut them in slices about one-fourth inch thick, or if desired cut them in eighths. To one-half cup of syrup and 2 cups of sugar add 1 cup of water. Boil this mixture 2 minutes, add the rings, and cook them rather slowly until they are tender. Lift them into a plate to drain. Lay them on a cheesecloth on a screen to dry. Do not cook too many rings at one time; they must not be crowded. When the rings are dry, they should be deep red in color and should have a glazed surface. When they are no longer sticky wrap them in oiled paper and keep them in a cool dry place. They will keep indefinitely, and are excellent as garnishes for various desserts, such as gelatins, cornstarch puddings and frozen desserts.

Peaches, pears, quinces, plums, and citron may be prepared in the same way. Quinces, citron, and hard pears must be cooked until tender before adding to the syrup.

APPLE CATSUP

1 quart tart apples, diced.
1 cup celery, cut fine.
2 red peppers, minced.
2 green peppers, minced.
⅓ cup minced white onion.
¼ teaspoon turmeric.
1 teaspoon mustard.
1 cup water.
¾ cup vinegar.
1¼ cups sugar.
Paprika, salt.

Combine the ingredients, and cook rapidly until the mixture is clear. Seal it in sterilized jars.

APPLE CHUTNEY

1 quart tart apples.
1 cup raisins.
2 medium-minced white onions, minced.
2 red peppers, minced.
½ cup vinegar.
1 cup water.
1 cup sugar.
1 tablespoon white mustard seed.
1 teaspoon celery seed.
Paprika, salt.

Combine the ingredients, and cook rapidly until the apples are tender and the mixture is thick and clear. Seal it in hot sterilized jars. It may be necessary to add more water if the apples are not juicy.

DELICIOUS APPLE JELLY

Some varieties of apples give a better flavor, texture, and color when made into jelly than do others. All the apples in the following list may be considered good for jelly with the exception of Ben Davis and McIntosh.

In a series of experiments, 5 pounds each of the following varieties of apples with three extractions of juice yielded sufficient jelly to fill the number of 5-ounce jelly glasses here indicated:

	Number of glasses
Rhode Island Greening	21
Esopus (Spitzenburg)	20
Baldwin	20
Strawberry	20
Red Astrachan	18
Tompkins King	18
Oldenburg (Duchess)	18
Northern Spy	16
Fall Pippin	15
McIntosh	12
Ben Davis	7

To make apple jelly, extract the juice from the apples in the usual way. Boil the juice for 5 minutes. Add two-thirds cup of sugar for each cup of juice, and cook the mixture until the jelly test is obtained. Pour the jelly into sterilized glasses, and cover it with paraffin when cold.

Method in Parenthood

(*Continued from page* 15)

A three-year-old child who can save five pennies throughout a week in order to have an after-dinner piece of candy on Thursday or Friday is, in embryo, the potential adult who can lay by a monthly number of dollars to secure an endowment insurance when she comes to the Thursday or Friday in her week of life.

It is not always necessary for the parents to supply the suggestion to the mind of the child. It will come from things that he sees or hears that others are doing. This is true where there are other and older children in the family. However, with a very young child, with only adult associates, there is need to plan the sequence of suggestions to a given end, as in this case. After Ann had spent her five pennies in a riotous debauch in candy for some weeks, she wanted to repeat the experience on Monday.

There were no pennies on Monday; there were, in fact, no pennies ever just given her by her parents. All she had to spend she earned, but when she came to the edge of teasing for one on Monday we said, "You had five on Saturday, why didn't you save one for today?" and after a little it percolated, and on a Saturday she handed a penny back, which we put in a little bank that was within her reach.

This was the beginning. The other day this same little Ann, who is now a teacher, was home on a week-end visit. With this article in mind, I asked her what she thought of the way she had learned to use money. She answered that she had often been grateful for the way I had trained her to self-control in the matter of spending. Temptation is often on hand, she says, and she finds she persists better than the average young person who is away from home for the first time with a pay check.

She has two kinds of insurance, a little balance in her bank, has paid her own way for about two years and given herself a term at the university, and at the same time has indulged her naturally generous impulses to make gifts to her younger brother and sisters. All of this is the fulfillment of the vision that she began to have within herself at about the age of eight, and the self-mastery that she began to work for at that time.

Self-mastery is the thing to work for. The learning of the use of money supplies a means to that end. It does not develop as sturdily when forced into growth under the whip of fear, whether the fear be the dread of punishment or mere disapproval. An early recognition of the possibility of difference of opinion, without one or the other being wholly wrong, is a help to the growth of judgment.

Parents are apt to see things as black and white, with no blending of gray between, and to feel that the child must always yield. One of the developments of my thrift training that I did not foresee was that each child sought not only my advice, but my whole-hearted approval of their plans for expenditure.

The consultations about money led naturally to others upon their other affairs, so that I find myself in the position of an elected advisor, instead of needing to impose my authority in the minor affairs of their lives.

I have, of course, to sacrifice my reputation as the boss of the home and stand off the interference of those interested, who think the child is going to do a thing when we are in the stage of considering the advisability of some perfectly impossible performance. But, after all, this is a small price to pay for the advantage to the child's being able to make his own decisions.

If at six the child can control his desires enough to have a purse with money in it that he knows he may take without question, and have always at least a penny in it, he is on his way to wisdom. In the next span of four years will come the beginnings of vision and the desire for a real bank deposit.

This is the sixth and final article of a series on Child Training by Mrs. Edmac.

Radio Domestic Science Institute

Household Hints

By HELEN KAY

Too much salt in gravy may be counteracted by putting a pinch of brown sugar in it.

Before commencing to darn a hole in a stocking if you run the wool round the edge of it, you will find it becomes half of its former size, and therefore saves you half the time and work it would otherwise take.

Liver, to be fried properly, should be turned constantly.

To clean knives: Cut a white potato in half, dip it in the scouring material and rub the knife in the ordinary way. The juice of the potato gives to the powder just the proper proportion of moisture to do the work well.

A little vinegar in polish will obviate the dead, oily look so often noticed after cleaning furniture.

Cotton gloves to wear in doing housework are cooler and better in every way than old kid gloves. If bought especially for this purpose, get a size larger than usually worn.

Mother-o'-pearl articles should be cleaned with whiting and cold water. Soap discolors them.

Cigar or good cigarette ash makes an excellent polish for silverware.

To make floors shine: Melt short ends of candles and mix with equal parts of turpentine; this makes a fine polish for hardwood floors.

A cupful of vinegar added to the water in which colored clothes are washed will often prevent the color from running.

Brass tarnishes very easily unless it is taken care of carefully and once tarnished it is very unlovely to behold. To clean brass kettles and other utensils, dissolve a tablespoonful of salt in a teacupful of vinegar and bring to a boil. Apply as hot as possible to the brass. To polish the brass after having removed the tarnish, wash the article with warm soapsuds, dry with a cloth and polish with a chamois, or any good silver polish, as whiting and the like. Finish by rubbing with a cloth slightly moistened with vaseline. This will prevent tarnishing.

A Few Selected Recipes for Your Recipe Scrap Book

WHOLE WHEAT PRUNE BREAD

2½ cups whole wheat flour
¼ cup sugar
4 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
1 tablespoon shortening
1 cup prunes

Wash prunes, soak several hours, drain, stone and chop. Mix and sift flour, sugar, salt and baking powder; add milk and beat well. Add prunes and melted shortening. Put into greased bread pan, allow to stand 20 to 25 minutes in warm place and bake in moderate oven one hour. Dates, raisins, or nuts may be used instead of prunes.

FROZEN CRANBERRIES

5 cups cranberries
2¾ cups sugar
2 cups boiling water

Pick over and wash the cranberries, add water, and sugar, and cook ten minutes, skimming during the cooking. Rub them through a sieve, cool, and pour into one pound baking powder can. Pack in ice and salt, using equal parts, and let stand four hours. If there is not sufficient mixture to fill the cans, add a little water, to make up the desired amount. This may be served as a substitute for cranberry sauce or jelly.

NUT LOAF

1 cup chopped nut meats
1 cup boiled rice
1 cup bread crumbs
1 hard boiled egg, chopped fine
Salt and grated onion to taste

Mix these ingredients with one raw egg, baste with butter and water and bake in a moderate oven.

QUINCE MARMALADE

Cut up whole quinces, cover with water and boil them, skins, cores and all, until tender. Rub through a sieve and to every cupful of pulp use one cupful of sugar. Boil two hours, stirring often, and pour into hot glasses. Seal.

Old-Fashioned Recipes

FRIED RYE MUFFINS

¾ cup rye meal.
¾ cup flour.
½ cup milk.
2 eggs.
3 teaspoons baking powder.
½ teaspoon salt.
¼ cup molasses.

Mix and sift dry ingredients; add remaining ingredients; beat well. Drop from a spoon into hot fat. Fry like doughnuts.

OAT MUFFINS

1 cup warm oatmeal.
1 cup flour.
¼ cup sugar.
4 teaspoons baking powder.
1 teaspoon salt.
⅓ cup milk.
1 egg.
1 to 4 tablespoons melted butter.

Mix flour, sugar, baking powder, salt; add oatmeal and work until well mixed. Add remaining ingredients. Beat well. Bake in hot buttered gem pans twenty minutes.

HORSE RADISH CREAM DRESSING

4 tablespoons grated horse-radish.
1 teaspoon salt.
2 tablespoons vinegar.
¼ teaspoon paprika.
Few grains cayenne.
¼ cup cream.

Beat cream until stiff; add remaining ingredients and serve.

BROILED FILLET OF BEEF WITH OYSTERS

Broil steak according to way you like it; place on hot platter; sprinkle with salt and pepper; cover with oysters; dot with butter; and bake in oven until edges of oysters curl. Serve immediately, garnished with parsley and lemon.

BEEFSTEAK SMOTHERED WITH ONIONS

1 dozen onions.
1 slice porterhouse steak—cut thick.
Salt, pepper.

Heat a frying pan hissing hot. Put in beefsteak, searing first on one side, then on the other; cook five minutes; season with salt and pepper; add onions which have been cooked one half hour in boiling salted water. Cover and simmer twenty or thirty minutes.

Remove steak to platter, spread with butter, and season with salt and pepper. Season onions with salt, pepper, and butter, and serve around steak.

VEAL FRICASSEE

Cut meat in small pieces, sauté in melted butter. Cover meat with boiling water and cook slowly until meat is tender.

Melt four tablespoons butter or pork fat. When brown, add one-fourth cup flour browned and four cups of water in which veal was cooked. Season with salt, pepper, onion juice and lemon juice.

Just before serving add one-fourth cup cream, or two tablespoons butter.

Serve veal in center of hot platter and surround with hot sauce. Garnish with parsley.

Dumplings may be served with this fricassee, in which case it is ordinarily called a stew.

VEAL CHOPS

Wipe chops taken from the rack of veal; make an incision, and put in a few drops of onion juice, lemon juice, salt and pepper. Dip in flour, egg and crumbs, and sauté in pork fat until tender. Serve on hot platter with Tomato Sauce and parsley.

ROAST SADDLE OF MUTTON

Wipe meat; remove pink skin, kidneys and fat. Fold flanks inside and tie in shape. Place on rack; dredge meat and pan with flour, and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Cook in hot oven; allow ten minutes to the pound, basting frequently. Serve with Current Jelly Sauce.

OYSTER STUFFING

2 cups cracker crumbs.
1 tablespoon chopped onion.
1 pint oysters.
¼ cup butter.
1 tablespoon salt.
1 teaspoon pepper.
1 tablespoon chopped celery.
½ cup boiling water or hot milk.

Parboil oysters, dip in melted butter, add remaining ingredients, and use for stuffing chicken, turkey or goose.

GLOBE ARTICHOKES

Soak in cold water. Remove lower leaves and cut ends of others. Cook in boiling salted water forty-five minutes, or until the leaves pull out. Drain. Serve with Hollandaise Sauce or with Drawn Butter.

SCALLOPED GLOBE ARTICHOKES

2 cups chopped artichokes.
2 cups White Sauce.
1 cup buttered crumbs.

Arrange in a scallop dish and bake until crumbs are brown.

SOUTHERN SWEET POTATOES

Cut cold boiled sweet potatoes in lengthwise slices. Arrange in layers in buttered baking dish. Cover each layer with brown sugar, dot with butter, sprinkle with salt and pepper, add one cup boiling water, and bake in hot oven.

CHOCOLATE BREAD PUDDING

¾ cup bread crumbs.
2 cups scalded milk.
3 squares melted chocolate.
¾ cup sugar.
2 eggs.
¼ teaspoon salt.
½ teaspoon vanilla.
¼ cup cold milk.

Mix all ingredients in the order given. Pour into a buttered baking dish, set into a pan of hot water, and bake one hour in a moderate oven; stir twice during the baking to keep chocolate from rising to the top.

OATMEAL GRUEL

Put a teaspoonful of salt in six cupfuls of boiling water. Stir into this one-half cupful of oatmeal and cook for three hours in a double boiler. Strain and set aside for use. When serving use a half cupful of the gruel, diluted with half a cupful of thin cream or milk top, two tablespoonfuls of boiling water and sugar to taste. Spices may be added, or a teaspoonful of brandy if flavoring is desired, but it is best to serve the gruel plain. (This is good for an invalid.)

A Group of Old-Fashioned Recipes for the Modern Housekeeper

ORANGE SUGAR

Cut the yellow skin from six oranges, taking care not to take any of the white peel. Let the rind dry well, cut it into small pieces and put it in a mortar with one cupful of sugar. Pound to a powder and pass through a fine sieve. Keep in jars until ready to use. One tablespoonful of this sugar should be used for a quart of custard.

TURNIP PIE

Put two cupfuls of mashed cooked turnips into a basin, and three-quarters cupful of brown sugar, three well-beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one teaspoonful of powdered ginger, one teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, and one-quarter teaspoonful of salt. Mix and bake in one crust like a pumpkin pie.

MOCK MINCE MEAT

Wipe eighteen large green tomatoes, then chop them fine and drain them over night. The seeds should be removed. Core, peel and chop eighteen large apples, then add to them the tomatoes, with one pound of brown sugar, one pound of seeded raisins one pound of currants, one and one-half pounds of chopped suet, one teaspoonful each of powdered cinnamon, cloves, allspice, ginger and salt, and one-half teaspoonful of black pepper. Mix well with one quart of apple cider and one quart of grape juice, then can and use for pies.

CAKES

Line a few gem pans with rich pie crust, then put in one teaspoonful of raspberry jelly. Fill up the pastry with a plain cake batter and bake until ready in a warm oven. Serve hot or cold with sifted sugar on top.

OLD-FASHIONED SPONGE CAKE

Weigh ten whole eggs. Take the same weight in sugar and half the weight in flour, and the rind and juice of one lemon. Beat the yolks and sugar together to a cream. Fold in the well-beaten whites, then the flour as lightly as possible. Add lemon rind and juice and bake in buttered round tins with funnels in a moderate oven. This amount will make three cakes. The loaves should not be jarred or moved while cooking. This cake is better if broken instead of cut at serving time.

LEMON CAKE

Cream one-half cupful of butter with one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, then add three-quarters cupful of water, one and one-half cupfuls of brown flour and one-half cupful of wheat flour. Divide the mixture into two equal parts and add the beaten yolks of three eggs to one portion and the stiffly beaten whites to the other portion. Bake in two layers and put together with the following filling: Mix one tablespoonful of butter with one cupful of confectioners' sugar and the strained juice and grated rind of one lemon. Sprinkle confectioners' sugar over the top.

MOLASSES CANDY

One cupful of sugar, two cupfuls of molasses, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of butter, a pinch of soda. Stir constantly and boil until very hard when tested in water. Put in buttered pan and let cool enough to handle. Pull until light colored and until it can be cut in pieces with the scissors. Sprinkle with powdered sugar to prevent candy from sticking together.

APPLE JELLY

Apple juice used alone will make excellent jelly. To extract the juice, wash the apples and remove blossom ends and any decayed parts. Cut in small pieces but do not pare or remove cores. Add cold water to cover, and cook in a covered kettle until the apples lose their shape. Turn the pulp into a jelly bag and drain. Do not squeeze it but allow it to drip, since squeezing gives a cloudy jelly.

A second and third extraction may be made from the apples by returning the pulp to the preserving kettle, heating it gradually, and allowing it to simmer slowly for 30 minutes.

Probably many of the failures in jelly making are caused by the addition of too much sugar. Two-thirds as much sugar as juice is a good proportion for all apples.

In general not more than 6 cups of jelly should be cooked at one time. The volume of the preserving kettle should be 4 or 5 times as great as the amount of juice to be cooked, since there is a tendency for the juice to boil over.

Measure the juice and boil it rapidly for 5 minutes. Add the sugar, and stir the juice until the sugar is dissolved. Heating the sugar seems to save no time, nor does it seem to improve the quality of the jelly. Cook the juice very rapidly; this gives a bright, clear product, whereas long, slow cooking gives a dull, dark jelly of inferior texture.

To test the jelly, take up a small amount of the juice in a spoon and allow it to drop from the side of the spoon. When the drops flow together and sheet from the spoon, the jelly is done and should be removed from the heat at once.

Pour the hot juice into clean, hot glasses, filling them to the top. The jelly shrinks as it cools and leaves a space for the paraffin. When the jelly is cold and has set, cover it with hot paraffin.

Apple juice may be combined with other juices, such as rhubarb and peaches, to make excellent jelly. Apples, because they are one of the best and most reliable sources of pectin, are excellent to use in conserves and marmalades with fruits that are lacking in this quality. The juices should be extracted separately in the usual way, then combined and boiled for 5 minutes before the sugar is added. Practically all juices will combine with apple juices to produce an excellent jelly.

sure. There it is again and louder. Ah! NAH-Naval-Communications —sends out, "QRT SOS de NAH." A hurried word to the man modulating the studio program and a switch is turned. A spoken word, "Go!" and into the microphone on his desk the formula, "This is Station WZZZ signing off for an SOS." Push the emergency button that shuts down everything at once and you are first "off the air." A signal honor to the broadcasting station.

The announcer sees his control lights in the studio go out and hurries into the Control Room to locate the trouble. The Chief Operator reports an SOS. The announcer advises the artists to settle down for an indefinite wait.

But let us watch the Control Room. They have all been ship operators in this station and are now helping their buddy at sea who is in trouble. Three men are at telephones "clearing the air." Some stations did not hear the distress call, so they are relaying it by telephone. "Hello, old man, this is WZZZ. Clear the air—SOS." Ten seconds later that station is plunged into silence. In ten minutes all broadcasters are off the air—now what's it all about?

The Control Room is locked and all take paper and pencil to copy the messages while one man hooks up a loud speaker. Six hundred meters has not cleared yet—but all commercial traffic is shutting down. WSC is elected to handle the SOS. He is calling for the ship's position, condition and name. The ship in trouble returns, "Lat. —— Long. —— Fire started three hours ago. Abandoning ship. In serious danger. The S. S. *Aristotle.*" Whispered comments in the Control Room, "Beautiful fist," (Excellent sender) "Darned cool head," "Cool as ice and his ship sinking fast." One of the boys says, "I was on her three trips. If a fire ever broke out it would sure get the radio shack."

One can easily picture that young ship operator sitting before his key, his shack filled with smoke and flame, calmly sending out his last message at a beautiful swing of thirty words per minute. "All crew and passengers in sixteen boats.

What Are Radio's Wild Waves Saying?

(*Continued from page* 13)

Last boat leaving. So long." Another whisper in the Control Room, "Gosh—I hope he makes the last boat, he deserves it."

With the ship's last message the whole aspect of the SOS changes. Now the rescue!

One ocean greyhound after another has reported "Standing By." When the distress ship sent out its location there were hurried calculations made aboard ships at sea. They now begin to fill the air with, "We are about three hours away," "One hour and a half away—going full speed ahead." Others give their distance away in time, for ship speeds vary. The shore station advises all ships but the one an hour and a half away to proceed on their courses.

The Chief Operator of the broadcaster reports, "at least two hours to wait" to the Studio Manager. With a groan he excuses the artists—all but the jazz band.

Two hours later the rescue ship reports, "All lifeboats recovered. No trace of *Aristotle.* Advise resuming traffic."

The station operator reports, "Get ready. It's clearing." The tubes are turned on, a man is ready to throw on the carrier wave, the announcer is at his microphone with the orchestra behind him.

In the Control Room they hear Naval Communications advise "Resume traffic." In the broadcasting studio a little green light blinks on. The announcer "has the air." He turns to the orchestra, "Watch the red light, boys." He opens the mike and is "back on the air, ladies and gentlemen, after a two hour interruption due to an SOS."

How can the radio station exist? It must cost money—where does it come from? The money may come from one or more of three sources, to wit: sale of commodities represented by the station itself, from publicity seekers, and from outside advertisers.

Certain stations are owned by people who have something to sell. In fact that is how the first stations were operated. What they sell represents many fields; such as radio sets and equipment, publications, and department store goods. There is also a new group with something unusual to sell—religion! One can easily find in any log book twenty stations owned and operated by churches.

The radio set station of course makes its own company a household word and the name is recognized when attached to sets and tubes.

The department store depends, mostly, upon the curious. They are expected to come and see the glass enclosed studio in operation and then look around and purchase goods.

The group operated by religious sects hope of course to enlarge their sphere of usefulness and reach those who do not or can not go to church.

To the listener the company seeking publicity or "friendly advertising" is his best program provider. The broadcaster will for a stipulated sum say, "The Oftenready Battery Company, makers of radio A and B batteries, has engaged the facilities of the stations enumerated for the next hour. (This sentence with its ten words of advertising is spoken at the beginning and at the end of the advertiser's hour). Then follows a well rounded, excellent hour of entertainment often presented by world-famed artists. An expensive twenty words of advertising, but it is heard by millions of people because of the program excellence.

Often the program costs the advertiser far more in artists' fees than the "facilities" of ten or fifteen stations in a "chain" broadcast.

Recently one of these men who charter radio hours decided to broadcast a banquet he was going to give. He wanted one of the Metropolitan Opera's popular stars to sing four songs. His arranger was told to offer her $5,000 for four songs of average length!

The arranger calmly relayed the message to the singer. She blinked slightly at the offer but answered him something like this: "Of course you know my name in the Metropolitan but elsewhere my name is

Baroness ———. A titled lady could not be an entertainer at anyone's dinner." The arranger was a true go-getter. "What is your price for singing four songs ON THE RADIO from a banquet hall?" The somewhat piqued diva to get rid of him replied, "Four thousand dollars a song, $16,000!" It was the arranger's turn to blink. He courteously borrowed the telephone at her elbow. "Hello, Chief. She says sixteen thousand." The "Chief" swallowed once and said, "O. K." The musical go-getter placed a contract before the opera star and followed it with a fountain pen. "That will be quite satisfactory. Will you be so kind as to sign on the dotted line?" The terrified diva turned and fled the room. The next day he received a note containing an apologetic but firm refusal to his offer.

The third way that broadcasters get money is through the direct advertiser. This type of station permits the proprietor of a supper club to say into the microphone, "We're having a wonderful time. Come down and join us." Or perhaps, "We are now serving dinner from six to nine. No couvert charge before nine o'clock." When the broadcasting station realizes that this large pill of advertising is thinly coated with mediocre entertainers and cannot be swallowed by the listener, he will find that he is losing his prestige with the radio audience. With this realization will come the dropping out of insultingly direct advertisers.

Years ago professional entertainment depended upon both sight and hearing to be appreciated. With the advent of the motion picture these two faculties were divorced. Only the sense of sight was necessary. But it is interesting to note that the motion picture found a musical setting added greatly to the enjoyment of a film play. So the divorce was not absolute. Radio took the then sceondary sense of hearing and depends upon it alone for presentation. Whatever visual setting the listener requires is left to his imagination.

It is just as well that the visualization of broadcast artists *is* left to the imagination. When a radio Gilda is heard singing the "Care Nome" from "Rigoletto" the mind's eye pictures her in costume and setting of stage glorification. But the radio Gilda is in a far different atmosphere from the opera house. She stands in a room with heavy velour or monk-cloth hangings covering walls and ceiling, an ankle deep rug under her feet. She may face the microphone dressed in a street suit, a sailor hat and even a shopping bag under her arm!

Despite the difference in costume and surroundings the radio Gilda and the opera house Gilda are "sisters under the skin," for the radio Gilda has a temperament, too, and she has it with her!

A pianist was scheduled to broadcast from a New York station one afternoon not long ago. While sitting in the reception room waiting her turn she heard the announcement of a baritone's concluding number. "Mike - fright" stood before her and pointing a finger said, "You are next. A larger audience than you could play to in a hundred concert engagements is listening. Can you please this throng?" The pianist began to shake as though taken with ague. Her fingers stiffened. Her hands were icy, though perspiring freely. She signalled the announcer and insisted that she could not play. He calmly assured her of the simplicity of broadcasting and begged her to try. Somewhat reassured she consented.

She sat before the piano and heard herself presented to the listeners and her first number named. The announcer nodded pleasantly and she struck the first chord. It did not sound right to her frightened ears. The second chord was worse. At the third she ran for the door and fled to the studio. The announcer trained to accept emergencies informed the audience that Miss Blank was taken ill suddenly and that he would offer an impromptu piano recital in her place.

This playing with temperaments is a fascinating and funny game. One of the stations booked a teacher of voice and his pupils for a performance of "Carmen." The maestro concealed whatever nervousness he felt by fondling his white whiskers and mopping his high, high forehead. When he was escorted into the studio he glanced around. His wandering gaze found the piano lamp reflecting a soft velvety light on the music rack. Caramba! He could not direct "Carmen" in that light. It was not in tune with the performance. While the announcer discussed the opera the maestro directed the removal of the lamp shade and the exact spot for the lamp to be placed in. Then he was ready and gave a beautiful performance of the Bizet opera.

One evening a member of the announcing fraternity was introducing a famous concert soprano for her first radio program. While he was talking she entered with the studio accompanist. After a preliminary sniff she exclaimed in a robust voice carrying into the mike and out on the air, "My, it's stifling in here." Thus one artist, all unknowing caused upward of a million giggles throughout the country.

Rarely but always greeted with open arms comes the sensible, businesslike musician with both feet planted firmly on the ground. A well dressed, easy mannered woman of middle age came to a studio and asked to broadcast. She said that her voice was coloratura soprano and had been given training. She was courteously informed that it was customary for all new artists to give an audition or try-out. "That, of course, is what I would want first," she replied.

The studio accompanist was sent for and she chose a difficult operatic aria. After the first few notes the two staff members realized that here was no common voice of little training. She concluded the burst of song and thanked the pianist for his excellent accompaniment.

"But surely you have done a great deal of singing. May I ask where?"

"I arrived in New York from Europe last Wednesday. Before the war I sang opera in Russia. Since then I have been giving concerts on the Continent. My last concert was three weeks ago in Queen's Hall, London. Here is a press notice."

The musical director glanced at an account of "one of the best voices presented in London for weeks."

Needless to say she got the best the station had to offer because she was considerate, had co-operated and "had the goods."

"An announcer? We are always looking for announcers. Why do you want a job like that?" The manager of a broadcasting station asks that question on an average of five times a day. The answers are stranger than fiction.

"It's the easiest job in the world."

"I won a prize speaking contest."

The announcer has one of the hardest jobs you can find. Let us follow him in an average day's work.

He starts in at about eleven with the "morning program." This is concluded about twelve-thirty. After giving trial auditions for an hour or more at 3:30 he is back on the air until five. Then a rush to his apartment, a change to evening clothes and out for dinner. Back to the studio to announce a "mixed program" from seven to eight o'clock. At eight-thirty he is at a hotel to broadcast the chamber music until nine. From nine-thirty to ten-thirty he handles a banquet at another hotel.

Banquets furnish the announcer's hardest task. On his desk in the morning is the day's program with his own initials beside the time of the banquet. He telephones the secretary of the organization giving the dinner and asks for information as to the reason for the dinner, the organization giving it, and a brief sketch of its history, as well as a list of the speakers to broadcast. A messenger is dispatched with this information for the announcer who pencils short and interesting biographical sketches of the speakers.

In the evening he arrives twenty minutes before they go on the air. He introduces himself to the toastmaster and makes sure that the speakers are to be in the order he was orginally given. The toastmaster is asked to start about two minutes after nine-thirty to give the announcer a few moments to broadcast the necessary information about the banquet and its speakers.

Promptly at nine-thirty he gets the air. Quickly and lucidly he explains the purpose of the banquet, the organization giving it and intimate glimpses of the speakers the radio audience is to hear. The opening announcement is always a hard one. The announcer must talk until the toastmaster is ready. This announcement must be so worded that he can end it when the chairman raps his gavel for silence.

If the applicant for an announcer's post can answer "Yes" to the following questions he has a good chance of filling the bill provided he can find the opening.

Have you a college education?

Have you had experience in public speaking?

Can you sing or play the piano?

Do you know all American sports?

Can you talk for five minutes on the subject of music?

Explain the text of an opera? Pronounce foreign names with accuracy?

Have you a pleasant speaking voice and personality? Then with these qualifications you may be a successful announcer.

Broadcasting is scarcely out of its infancy. Only eight years old, in fact, yet voices are now being cast from continent to continent. What of the future? The wildest imagination cannot forecast what the wild waves will be saying twenty-five years hence.

Apparatus Required for Transmitting Television

Crosley, The "Henry Ford" Magnate of Radio

(*Continued from page* 11)

achieved the perfect flower of union. Nowhere in the annals of business does quite such a parallel exist. The phonograph was a prosperous and soundly established industry when radio development loomed in its path. Radio brought more than the old phonographs could give, but both industries soon recognized the mutual relationship. Each advanced halfway to meet the other in its problems.

"When, several years ago, Owen D. Young, chairman of the board of directors, General Electric Company, expressed at a banquet the hope that radio would soon give a visual means of communication, the idea at that time seemed absurd to many of the technical men present. Work was promptly started, however, and we have at least gotten so far that a commerical radio picture service is in operation. At present it takes twenty minutes to send one of these pictures."

"And of the future radio possibilities, do you think there are yet great developments to be made?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes—the field is rich with possibilities—and there is more for us to learn than we have already learned," he replied. "From moving picture practice we know that for a direct vision of moving objects to be realized would require the transmission for a series of pictures at the rate of sixteen per second. It is a long way from twenty minutes to one-sixteenth of a second. It means that we must work 20,000 times faster than we do now. However, we have tackled the problem. Radio has developed two distinct methods of signaling: by modulation and by interruption. The first is usually associated with broadcasting and the second with telegraphy. Both may be adapted to radio photography and each will have its own field of usefulness. It is therefore possible that a picture service may be given by the stations which will be of the same standard of quality as the musical entertainments. The whole broadcasting machinery is now available should the public become interested in radio photography for entertainment or otherwise. It seems improbable that the world will have to wait any large number of years for the coming of television—the art of seeing distant moving objects by radio."

He paused as I tried to realize the possibilities as just pictured.

"As a service, radio is of the utmost value," Mr. Crosley continued. "Whatever radio means to the navigator and his fares at sea, it must soon come to mean as much or more to the airman and his passengers. To the aerial navigator, radio offers a ready means of communication with those below. It affords a wonderful organization for gathering and collecting meteorological facts, that the airman may know the weather that lies ahead of him over a given route and plan accordingly. By means of the direction finder, radio provides the true guide posts of the skies, defining the aerial highways. Indeed commercial aviation, in passing from the stunt stage to the commercial stage, can progress only so fast as radio beacons shall dot the great air routes of tomorrow."

Important matters were demanding Mr. Crosley's attention. Several young men had entered his office at various times during our conversation, placing minute parts of machinery apparatus on the desk of the Crosley Boss, for every detail in a model set is personally inspected by the man whose name will label it. He had painstakingly arranged the bits of handiwork in neat rows while he talked.

"Our factories are within a mile of where I was reared," he stated, and from this statement I understood that the mind of the genius was off in the factories again and he would tell me no more of the radio possibilities of the days to come. But, whatever these possibilities are, one thing is certain: Powel

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Father Takes a Day Off

(*Continued from page* 9)

and Father, forgetting about Mother's pretty apron he had donned, went to answer the ring, but I was too quick for him and the ladies were already seated. They were some of Mother's most aristocratic friends, I heard him say afterwards, and he just had to sit and visit with them a few minutes. How funny he looked. They were nice not to stay long, especially because they waked Elsa and she was cross, too.

He then made me practice first, so that Elsa could get really wide awake, and went ahead with the lunch dishes. I heard a loud crash in the kitchen and ran out to learn what was the commotion, but he said, "You get right back to the piano this minute, James Powell, or you'll practice twice as long." Too bad, but three more of Mother's good dishes were broken.

Half an hour later I dragged Elsa into the kitchen, wet from head to foot. "What have you been doing, Elsa Powell? Haven't you been told a thousand times not to play in the water?" Dad questioned crossly, grabbing and running to the bathroom with her, where he changed all her clothes, giving her one hard spank and pushing her towards the piano, where she was told, very sternly, to practice twenty-five minutes instead of fifteen. I was glad I hadn't played with the sprinkler.

I followed Dad into the kitchen then and watched him look over the spinach. It took him an awful long time and he didn't wash each leaf separately as Mother does. Said the hard boiling would kill any worms that might be on it. But I don't like to think of eating worms, even if they are hard boiled.

He said in an undertone that he couldn't understand how Mother could have dinner ready every evening at five-thirty, with all these things and the ironing, mending, baking, canning fruit, making jam and jelly and goodness knows what else to do. She was surely a wonderful woman and he must tell her he never half appreciated her when she arrived at nine-thirty, but would that time and she ever arrive?

The neighbor's child had given Elsa candy in the back yard and she wasn't hungry and was crosser than a bear. Said the beans were tough and bitter and the spinach soured and didn't want anything but cake. Dad finally spanked her and sent her to the bathroom to get herself ready for bed. I made up my mind I would try to be good and maybe he would let me stay up till Mother came home, but my plans didn't work very easily. "No, siree, young man, you get ready for bed, too." But I begged so hard he relented to the extent of promising to allow me to hear one number over KFSD, to compare the substitute announcer with my own Big Bill.

I dried the dishes for Dad and everything went along smoothly till he let a pile of pans fall on the floor, which made us jump almost out of our skins and waked Elsa up and she began to cry and begged for a drink. After her thirst was quenched she complained of the dark and Dad had to go and tell her some stories before she would go back to sleep.

I thought we never would get those dishes done. There were so many of them—seemed as though everything in the kitchen was dirty and I guess he thought so, too, from the tired look on his face. He muttered that he was glad there was only one day of it.

Just then the 'phone rang and I heard him say, "Hello"—"Long distance, you say?" "Yes, this is Mr. Powell speaking." Then he began to look worried. "Is this you, Ada?" "You say you are staying for the evening meeting and won't be home until tomorrow?" "Oh, I'm—oh, yes, stay by all means. Will surely be glad to see you then." "We are fine, yes."

But he didn't look very fine as he sank limp-like down into the big Coxwell chair and said, "Goodnight!" to no one in particular—and seeing no fun in sight I beat it to my room to get undressed.

When I peeked in later for a kiss, he still sat slumped down in the chair and was talking like Elsa does in her sleep and was saying, "Big Bill—Big Bill, indeed, but I am not big enough for this job."

Crosley, The "Henry Ford" Magnate of Radio

(*Continued from page* 26)

Crosley will be one of the important men responsible for that development and he will in that capacity serve the public the same as now, for the happiness it gives him. He had exhibited his AC Bandbox model to me with the pride of a boy who successfully makes a kite that will fly, and as I arose to go the words he said are in themselves a picture of Crosley, as I found him:

"We all want to be successful, but the men who are successful are those who are determined to succeed. The real objective of a successful man is happiness. Money will help in getting that happiness, and health is essential to it, but happiness is the ultimate goal for us all in the end."

Thrift and Children's Lunches

(*Continued from page* 16)

uation. Whenever practical a visit at lunch time on school grounds is profitable.

The most difficult problem is the lunch cart or store that purveys "hot dogs," sandwiches and questionable ice cream. Such arrangements are usually out of control of the school authorities yet a temptation to many of the youngsters who pass them every time they go in or out of the school grounds. The fact that some children will always patronize such stands, makes it difficult for others to see why they should not. Home sweets and ice cream is probably the best argument for this. But thrift practiced for the sake of a strong body will appeal to any real boy.

Microphone Placement Still Presents Novel Problems

By WILLIAM BURKE MILLER

Foto Topics PHILIP CARLIN

MANY problems confront the modern broadcasting station in its effort to improve programs, but of these, the most interesting, both from the viewpoint of the radio engineer and the program director, is the placement of the microphone to obtain the most perfect balance of a musical program.

Unlike many new puzzles which are daily presenting themselves, this enigma has been a bugaboo to radio from the beginning. And yet, according to Eugene F. Grossman, Operating Engineer of the National Broadcasting Company, "this is the most interesting condition in broadcasting today because it constantly presents new angles in practically every program.

"The artists may be the best in the world," said Mr. Grossman, "but unless the microphone registers the complete picture the broadcast will prove a sorry mess. In earlier attempts of this kind, due to the novelty of radio, the results, good or bad, were justified. Whenever a big orchestra was put on the air there was little studied effort to obtain the proper balance of instruments. For this reason the same orchestra has sounded perfect on one occasion and a week later proven a great disappointment. Ofttimes where ten or twelve violins were playing the strains of three or four, due to their relative position to the microphone were heard but the others were lost to the listener and the result was not the effect of a massed symphony orchestra."

Mr. Grossman pointed out that the small size of the first broadcasting studios caused a great deal of the trouble, for instead of placing the instruments in relation to the sensitiveness of the microphone to their music, all of them were

bunched up, making it impossible to get any sort of balance.

"Many things have been learned in the short space of five years and has largely been responsible for radio being accepted as a new art of expression and not a scientific novelty," Mr. Grossman continued. "Once when a soloist drowned out the accompaniment the conductor was instructed to play forte or double forte, but no more. Now, we simply move the singer slightly away from the microphone and the balance is restored without any crescendo on the part of the orchestra."

This is but one of the many little details worked out for the broadcast of any single feature. It has been discovered that the same group of artists and musicians, when moved from one studio to another must be in slightly different positions, depending upon the studio.

All programs of the National Broadcasting Company are tested through a monitoring board an hour or two before going on the air. The full program is played and the orchestra's personnel is placed accordingly. This is done in the hearing of Miss Bertha Brainard, NBC Eastern Program Director, or one of her staff with one of the NBC Plant Operation and Engineering men sitting in as a consultant.

The technical man, judging the music, not as beautiful sound but rather as so many frequency registrations, will indicate that certain instruments are predominating and destroying the balance. The Program Department representative, with a score of the music before him, will check to see whether that particular instrument is supposed to predominate in that measure of the selection. If not, the conductor is advised and the instruments are re-arranged so that a balance is obtained.

Some of the instruments, particularly the trumpets, are directional and should the performer play with the bell of his instrument pointed directly at the microphone, according to Mr. Grossman, his tones will be heard over all other instruments. For this reason the trumpeters in the NBC studios will be found far back and at an angle to the microphone. This is but one instance of what has been worked out to give the best to the radio public.

"At the present time we are attempting to make the instrumental grouping in the NBC studios as nearly alike as possible, with only slight placement corrections depending upon the individual performers," Mr. Grossman added, "for a standardized balance is preferable so that the blend is good at all times, rather than being excellent upon one occasion, then good and at another time only fair."

Hints for home gardeners. Bean poles make an ideal aerial.

a Radio in every Home

Channel Number Plan Not Approved by RMA

By B. P. GEDDES

THE Federal Radio Commission has been advised by the Radio Manufacturers Association, Engineering Division, that, to avoid confusing the radio public, it is not ready to approve a proposal for identification of broadcast channels by numbers, necessitating radical changes in the dials of receiving sets. The Federal Commission has been advised by Mr. H. B. Richmond, Director of the RMA Engineering Division, that the engineers of the RMA for the past three months have been studying the channel-numbering proposal and are giving it further careful consideration, but so far are unwilling to endorse the plan.

"Succinctly the plan involves changing the designation of broadcast channels first from meters to kilocycles and now under the proposed new plan, to numbers" said Mr. Richmond. "The Radio public has voiced considerable criticism in the past, because of frequent changes, necessitated in part by rapid progress and improvements in the radio industry. There is a feeling of public resentment, in existence if not justified. A radical and unnecessary change in the public's established use of receiving sets would revive and intensify the public's attitude and possibly inject a new element into the already complicated merchandising problem."

The Federal Radio Commission was advised by Director Richmond that the proposal to number broadcast channels and bring this new element of manufacturing practice into the whole radio industry was received sometime ago by the Engineering Division of the RMA and referred to its Advisory and Executive Committee. The Advisory Committee consisting of Dr. A. N. Goldsmith, G. W. Pickard, Professor L. A. Hazeltine, and Dr. Lee DeForest, is divided regarding the proposed channel-numbering plan. Dr. DeForest and Professor Hazeltine have endorsed the plan while Dr. Goldsmith and Mr. Pickard are not prepared to give it their approval. Dr. DeForest believes the new plan might strip technical terms from radio verbiage and thus clarify the public mind, while Mr. Pickard believes it would cause "confusion and disgust from the introduction of a third system, while the second or kilocycle system was still imperfectly digested."

The Federal Radio Commission was informed further by Director Richmond of the RMA Engineering Division that:

"The Executive Committee of the RMA is of the opinion that the whole study of the broadcast art and the associated art of manufacturing receivers for broadcast reception is still too unsettled to warrant the adoption at this time of a numbering system, predicated on the present distribution of channels on a 10 kilocycle basis. It would seem better to withhold any such plan until the present broadcasting condition is sufficiently improved to warrant placing a new idea of this

sort before the listening public.

Director Richmond of the RMA believes that the present separation of 10 kilocycles between channels may not be maintained. The channel-numbering proposal is based on the assumption that it will be continued.

"If each of these 10 kilocycle channels is numbered," said Mr. Richmond, "what will happen if the Commission finds it necessary to place the channels 15 kilocycles apart in order to avoid heterodyning, commonly referred to as whistling or squealing? Furthermore, radio progress is very rapid and it is entirely within reason to believe that instead of having to place the channels 15 kilocycles apart, new developments may make it possible to reduce the spacing to 7½, or even 5 kilocycles. This would increase the number of broadcasting stations permissible.

"Should such changes be made under the present wave length or frequency designation systems, only the manufacturer and broadcaster would have to consider the change. The listener would need only note the new assignment and turn his dials to it. If the number system were used the listener would have to accustom himself to a whole new system every time a change in channel spacing were made.

"The listener has had enough to contend with by the many changes that have been necessary in the development of the broadcast art. Why impose needless ones on him? The Radio Manufacturers Association feels that it is its duty to assist the listener and not to harass him by needless changes.

"The channel-numbering plan entails the adoption of straight line frequency condensers. This of itself is a serious engineering obstacle and would increase the expense of sets and make obsolete existing sets. There are other serious engineering difficulties requiring that the channel-numbering plan be given the most careful and painstaking consideration before adoption. The whole effect upon the listeners and many manufacturers would be so revolutionary that conditions of prudence alone require a more thorough study of the matter.

"Further, the plan to discard the metric system is a reversal of the general trend toward its universal adoption. This has gone so far in this country that Congress has given serious consideration to a law establishing the metric system throughout the United States.

"Therefore, the RMA has advised the Federal Radio Commission that it cannot approve the channel-numbering plan at this time, because there are so many considerations of the radio public's interest, as well as those of the manufacturer and the broadcaster, which interpose against adoption of any revolutionary changes, in the absence of an imperative necessity which, so far as the channel-numbering plan is concerned, does not now appear to exist."

Underwood & Underwood Photo

Skyline Lower Manhattan.

Symphony Music for School Children

(*Continued from page* 14)

public's expressed wish for them, and the possibility of financing them, according to Mr. Damrosch.

The first of these two demonstration programs will include selections from Rossini, Schumann, Pierne, Rimsky-Korsakoff and Schubert. Each of the numbers is of a type in which children of from six to fourteen years old can hear and understand the themes after they have been pointed out and explained by Mr. Damrosch.

One of the numbers is Pierne's "Entrance of the Little Fauns." In speaking of this Mr. Damrosch would explain to the children what a faun is.

"It is not a f-a-w-n, the little one of the deer that roams the forest, but a f-a-u-n, a creature of Greek mythology, typifying, symbolizing nature out-of-doors, a being half human, in fact, altogether human, but with goat's ears and goat's hoofs. A faun cannot possibly live within four walls. He must be out in the open, under the trees, by the lake, rejoicing in the freedom of his life, and this piece of music represents the entrance of a crowd of little fauns, led by an old satyr with his panpipes.

"He is teaching them how to play upon these panpipes, which were first brought down by the god, and which he taught Marcius, the shepherd, cunningly to finger and to produce music therefrom. So you will hear these little pipes of these little boy fauns as they come rushing in, led by their master, and every now and then playing upon their panpipes, which here in the orchestra are illustrated by the piccolos or the little flutes."

In another selection, "The Flight of the Bumble Bee," taken from Rimsky-Korsakoff's opera, "Tsar Saltan," the "flight" is represented by parts assigned to the wood-winds and low flutes. The overture to Rossini's "Semiramide" will serve the conductor as a basis for an explanation of the functions of the percussion instruments in orchestras.

Material of somewhat more advanced nature will be heard in the demonstration for February 17, also at 10 o'clock, Eastern Standard time (9 o'clock, Central Standard time), but it will be susceptible to the same treatment. For this program Mr. Damrosch has chosen Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony in B-minor," Bach's "Air for the G-string" and Saint-Saens' symphonic poem, "The Spinning Wheel of Omphale."

These two programs will be heard through WJZ, New York; WTIC, Hartford; WTAG, Worcester; WCSH, Portland, Me., WRC, Washington; KSD, St. Louis; WCCO, Minneapolis-St. Paul; WBAL, Baltimore; WHAM, Rochester; KDKA, Pittsburgh; WJR, Detroit; KYW, Chicago.

Herbert Photo

Public School Children giving vocal selections over the Radio

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CONTENTS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE W. J. KENNEDY PUBLISHING COMPANY

W. J. KENNEDY, *Editor and Owner*

EXECUTIVE and EDITORIAL OFFICES, 1182 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

25c a copy, $2.50 a year in United States and Canada. Foreign Subscription, $4.00 per Year.

Application for entry as second class matter at Post Office, New York City, Pending.

This is the April-May Number of Broadcasting Magazine. Subsequent issues will be published on the first of each month.

Non-technical radio articles. Clean wholesome short stories and articles of interest to women and children desired.

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MARCELINE DAY

Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

GWEN LEE

Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

JOAN CRAWFORD

Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

SALLY O'NEIL

Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

DOROTHY SEBASTIAN

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Why GIRLS *should stay away from* Hollywood

By Dorothy Sebastian, Sally O'Neill, Gwen Lee
Joan Crawford and Marceline Day

Metro-Goldwyn Players

EVERY year friends of mine write to me asking how are the chances of their "going into pictures." I always write back begging them to stay away from Hollywood. There are thousands of girls here trying to "get in" and most of them are doomed to disappointment, without even having a chance at extra work. I know that there are many stars who have bucked the extra lists. Personally, I'm sure I would not have been capable of it. I came to California under contract, because I was more or less well known as a dancer in New York.

Like everyone else I could not believe that the situation was as it was. Of course, I had read that there was no room for the inexperienced in pictures but you can't believe those things until you see them. Every morning as I come to work there are hundreds of girls around the casting office. The Central Casting Bureau has thousands of people listed and only a very small per cent are ever called. There is no more overcrowded field in the world than the picture industry and unless a girl has already established some sort of reputation for herself in the theatrical world she should never attempt the studios.

DOROTHY SEBASTIAN

It seems to me that there is one vital fact that speaks for itself in this matter. A few months ago the Central Casting Bureau was formed. This is an organization that supplies to all the studios extras that are needed. The extra is registered here and is given a call when something that he can do comes along. Now, Central Casting has absolutely closed its books and will not even take the registration of a single person. Isn't that significant enough? Should not that make any girl think several times before buying a ticket to California?

It seems to me that the people who have no thoughts of going into pictures are often the lucky ones. I was brought to California by my family for my health and had no idea of remaining longer than a few months, when I just happened to be visiting the studio and just happened to be the type to play the title role of "Mike." This has happened a good many times. I feel sure that I would never have gone through extra work. I'm sure that I would have been discouraged long before many are. And I'm sure that if any girl could see the thousands of names and pictures listed with Central Casting Bureau she would never attempt to play such a difficult game.

SALLY O'NEILL

Although I came to Hollywood on a very slim chance, with only a letter of introduction to one director, there are some who do not even have that. And if I had known how hard it really was to get a foothold in the studios I believe I would not have attempted it.

There are so many, many girls and so little work and now more than ever before, the chances are indeed slim. There has been a recent vogue for men's pictures, wherein hundreds of men extras are employed and very few women. In all war pictures the men stand a better chance than the women, of course, and in the most recent pictures made or now in production, "Tell It to the Marines," "Old Heidelberg," "The Bugle Call" and "Tin Hats" are but a few that have required hundreds of men and very few women.

Only in a ball-room scene are many girls required and the vogue for these sequences is decidedly lessened. I happened to be lucky and presented by letter of introduction to Monta Bell just when he was making "Pretty Ladies," so I got work in that right away. However, that was just a chance and those chances do not repeat themselves. Never before in the history of pictures has there been so little chance for girls as there is at the moment.

Remember that working extra is a business, like anything else. There are ten times as many good extras in Hollywood right now as are needed. Because there are so many upon which the studios can call at any time, how foolish it would be for them to break in new people. At most all the studios people are called through the Central Casting Bureau, an agency that furnishes the necessary types and their files are running over with registrations.

GWEN LEE

I feel quite sure that I would never have come to Hollywood had it not been for the fact that I was already signed under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in New York. I was a dancer, you see, on Broadway, and had a screen test made in New York. When I did come to the studio, however, I preferred to do extra work for awhile to learn the business, and it was when I was doing that that I realized the situation that exists here.

Many of the girls that I met on the sets had been extras for six or seven years! Imagine such a thing! And undoubtedly they all came to Hollywood with such high hopes, expecting the pictures to bring them so much. There is nothing more pitiful in the world than an extra who has at last realized that she will never be anything else.

And what a life it is! Some weeks they make as much as $60, but often a month or two will go by when they will not do a single day's work or even get a call. Literally they do not know where the next meal is coming from and they hang on because there is nothing else that they can do.

Now even the chances of getting extra work are slimmer than they ever were before. The supply exceeds the demand a thousandfold.

JOAN CRAWFORD

It is true that there are many girls who come to Hollywood who are unknown and without friends and eventually become great stars. But these are the exceptions and these are the ones that one reads about. Whenever an unknown girl is given a chance the public is told about it through the newspapers and the magazines.

What the newspapers and the magazines do not print are the stories of the thousands upon thousands of girls who come to California and never see the inside of a studio. And the stories of the other thousands and thousands who never do anything but extra work are left unprinted also.

Most people think that going into pictures is like entering a room. Once you're in you can remain as long as you choose. I really think that it is easier to get into pictures than it is to stay in. There are many girls who have been fortunate—or unfortunate—enough to get a few days' extra work. This gives them the idea that they can make their living in pictures. But they can't. They may get three days, a month and no more. Then what are they to do? Where are they to go? There is nothing left for them but other jobs or returning home. How much better it would have been had they never left home! "I'm going to Hollywood to get into pictures!" It sounds so easy. It just sounds that way!

MARCELINE DAY

CASTING DIRECTOR FIGURES IT OUT

CLIFFORD ROBERTSON, CASTING DIRECTOR OF THE METRO-GOLDWYN STUDIO, IS HERE SEEN PICKING THE TYPES FOR "THE DAY OF SOULS," A PICTURE STARRING JOHN GILBERT AND RENEE ADOREE

Hello, Everybody!
this is ROXY *Speaking*

By J. Paul Atwood

"HELLO, everybody."

If you live in New York City, Hicksville, in any of the towns in between or beyond, that greeting means just one thing—Roxy and his Gang are on the air doing their stuff.

Roxy needs no introduction. This young man in a little more than a decade, has become one of the leading showmen of his generation. Were it not for the radio, Roxy would be known as the man who has made a moving picture show, more than a moving picture show, by introducing elaborate ballets, orchestras, lighting systems and what not. But the radio, and the entertainment that he has broadcasted has made him millions of friends all over the country.

S. I. ROTHAFEL, "ROXY"

The funny thing about Roxy's popularity is that few people know him when they see him face to face. The story is going the round of how he was kept out of his private office a few days ago, by a new and vigilant employee with orders to keep everybody out whom he did not know. Roxy made for the door in an entirely familiar manner.

"Oh, no," said the doorkeeper, "you're not allowed in there."

"But I belong there," objected Roxy.

"That's what they all say," countered the doorkeeper.

It was beginning to look as though the office door would be somewhat permanently shut on Roxy.

"Don't you know who I am?" he inquired. "I'm Mr. Rothafel."

"Whom?"

"Roxy."

And then light dawned! "Why didn't you tell me that before?" he wanted to know.

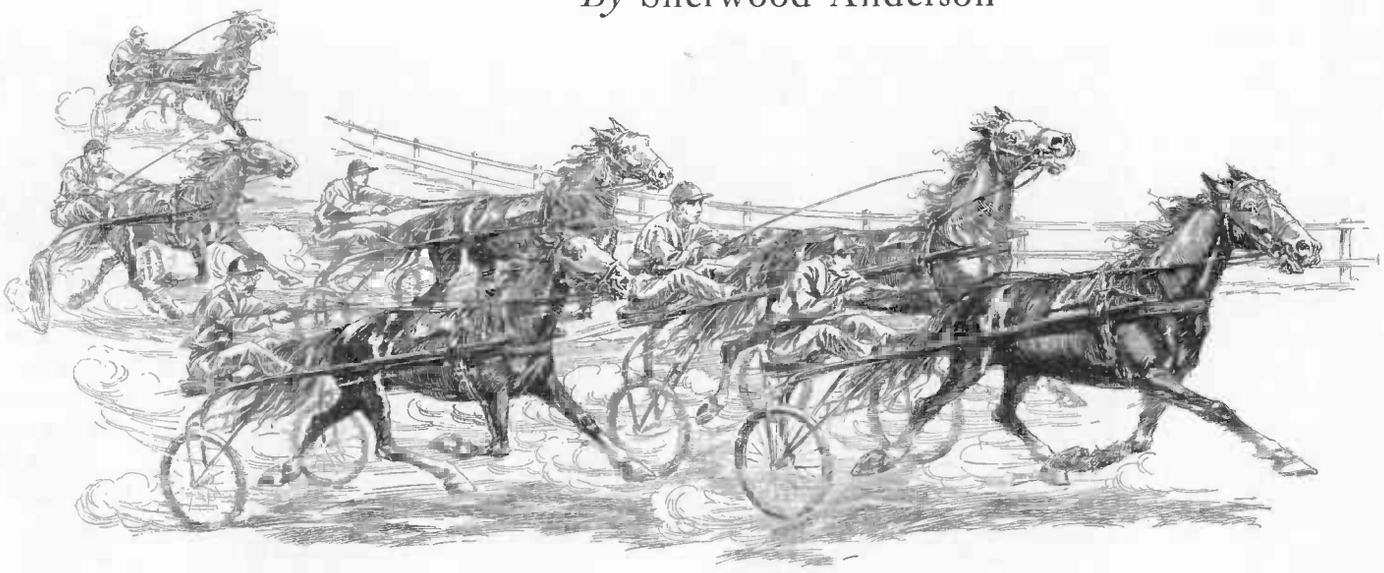
Altogether, Roxy keeps pretty much behind the scenes, except when he is on the air, when he is very much in the foreground. He avoids publicity—not because he is of a shy and retiring disposition—but simply because he has not time for it.

He has, though, the knack of making friends and of keeping them. Many of the men who are working with him today began far back in Roxy's history.

Roxy admits freely that he is thankful to his friends for many things. His name, for instance. Now, S. I. Rothafel is a good name, but somehow not as good as Roxy. A very young friend and admirer conceived the name Roxy. It was during a baseball game, and Samuel I. Rothafel was sliding for second. "Slide, Roxy," shouted a youthful fan. Roxy slid and, according to reports of the affair, landed safe at the bag. But *(Continued on page 42)*

I'm a FOOL

By Sherwood Anderson



Illustrated by
Enos B. Comstock

IT was a hard jolt for me, one of the most bitterest I ever had to face. And it all came about through my own foolishness too. Even yet, sometimes, when I think of it, I want to cry or swear or kick myself. Perhaps, even now, after all this time, there will be a kind of satisfaction in making myself look cheap by telling of it.

It began at three o'clock one October afternoon as I sat in the grand stand at the fall trotting and pacing meet at Sandusky, Ohio.

To tell the truth, I felt a little foolish that I should be sitting in the grand stand at all. During the summer before I had left my home town with Harry Whitehead and, with a nigger named Burt, had taken a job as swipe with one of the two horses Harry was campaigning through the fall race meets that year. Mother cried and my sister Mildred, who wanted to get a job as a school teacher in our town that fall, stormed and scolded about the house all during the week before I left. They both thought it something disgraceful that one of our family should take a place as a swipe with race horses. I've an idea Mildred thought my taking the place would stand in the way of her getting the job she'd been working so long for.

But after all I had to work and there was no other work to be got. A big lumbering fellow of nineteen couldn't just hang around the house and I had got too big to mow people's lawns and sell newspapers. Little chaps who could get next to people's sympathies by their sizes were always getting jobs away from me. There was one fellow who kept saying to everyone who wanted a lawn mowed or a cistern cleaned, that he was saving money to work his way through college, and I used to lay awake nights thinking up ways to injure him without being found out. I kept thinking of wagons running over him and bricks falling on his head as he walked along the street. But never mind him.

I got the place with Harry and I liked Burt fine. We got along splendid together. He was a big nigger with a lazy sprawling body and soft kind eyes, and when it came to a fight he could hit like Jack Johnson. He had Bucephalus, a big black pacing stallion that

could do 2.09 or 2.10 if he had to, and I had a little gelding named Doctor Fritz that never lost a race all fall when Harry wanted him to win.

We set out from home late in July in a box car with the two horses and after that, until late November, we kept moving along to the race meets and the fairs. It was a peachy time for me, I'll say that. Sometimes, now, I think that boys who are raised regular in houses, and never have a fine nigger like Burt for best friend, and go to high schools and college, and never steal anything or get drunk a little, or learn to swear from fellows who know how, or come walking up in front of a grand stand in their shirt sleeves and with dirty horsey pants on when the races are going on and the grand stand is full of people all dressed up— What's the use talking about it? Such fellows don't know nothing at all. They've never had no opportunity.

But I did. Burt taught me how to rub down a horse and put the bandages on after a race and steam a horse out and a lot of valuable things for any man to know. He could wrap a bandage on a horse's leg so smooth that if it had been the same color you would think it was his skin, and I guess he'd have been a big driver too and got to the top like Murphy and Walter Cox and the others if he hadn't been black.

Gee whiz, it was fun. You got to a county seat town maybe, say, on a Saturday or Sunday, and the fair began the next Tuesday and lasted until Friday afternoon. Doctor Fritz would be, say, in the 2.25 trot on Tuesday afternoon and on Thursday afternoon Bucephalus would knock 'em cold in the "free-for-all" pace. It left you a lot of time to hang around and listen to horse talk, and see Burt knock some yap cold that got too gay, and you'd find out about horses and men and the country girls at the windows of houses and everything. You can stick your colleges up your nose for all me. I guess I know where I got my education.

Why, one of those little burgs of towns you come to on the way, say now, on a Saturday afternoon, and Burt says, "let's lay up here." And you did.

And you took the horses to a livery stable and fed them and you got your good clothes out of a box and put them on.

And the town was full of farmers gaping, because they could see you were race horse people, and the kids maybe never see a nigger before and was afraid and run away when the two of us walked down their main street.

And that was before prohibition and all that foolishness, and so you went into a saloon, the two of you, and all the yaps come and stood around, and there was always someone pretended he was horsey and knew things and spoke up and began asking questions, and all you did was to lie and lie all you could about what horses you had, and I said I owned them, and then some fellow said, "Will you have a drink of whiskey?"

And then at the end of the week when the race meet was over, and Harry had run home to tend up to his livery stable business, you and Burt hitched the two horses to carts and drove slow and steady across country to the place for the next meeting so as to not overheat the horses, etc., etc., you know.

Gee whiz, gosh amighty, the nice hickorynut and beechnut and oaks and other kind of trees along the roads, all brown and red, and the good smells, and Burt singing a song that was called Deep River, and pick up a lot of stuff you could use all the rest of your life if you had some sense and salted down what you heard and felt and saw.

"Ahem Stepped the Next Three Heats Like a Bushel of Spoiled Eggs Going to Market Before They Could be Found Out."

"HE WOULD WRAP A BANDAGE ON A HORSE'S LEG SO SMOOTH YOU'D THINK IT WAS HIS SKIN."

and Burt knocked his eye out the way he could say, offhand like, "Oh, well, all right, I'm agreeable to a little nip. I'll split a quart with you." Gee whizz.

But that isn't what I want to tell my story about. We got home late in November and I promised mother I'd quit the race horses for good. There's a lot of things you've got to promise a mother because she don't know any better.

And so, there not being any work in our town any more than when I left there to go to the races, I went off to Sandusky and got a pretty good place taking care of the horses for a man who owned a teaming and delivery and storage business there. It was a pretty good place with good eats and a day off each week and sleeping on a cot in the big barn, and mostly just shoveling in hay and oats to a lot of big good-enough skates of horses that couldn't have trotted a race with a toad. I wasn't dissatisfied and I could send money home.

And then, as I started to tell you, the fall races come to Sandusky and I got the day off and I went. I left the job at noon and had on my good clothes and my new brown derby hat I'd just bought the Saturday before, and a stand-up collar.

First of all I went downtown and walked about with the dudes. I've always thought to myself, "put up a good front," and so I did it. I had forty dollars in my pocket and so I went into the West House, a big hotel, and walked up to the cigar stand. "Give me three twenty-five cent cigars," I said. There was a lot of horse men and strangers and dressed-up people from other towns standing around in the lobby and in the bar, and I mingled amongst them. In the bar there was a fellow with a cane and a Windsor tie on, that it made me sick to look at him. I like a man to be a man and dress up, but not to go put on that kind of airs. So I pushed him aside, kind of rough, and had me a drink of whiskey. And then he looked at me as though he thought maybe he'd get gay, but he changed his mind and didn't say anything. And then I had another drink of whiskey, just to show him something, and went out and had a hack out to the races all to myself, and when I got there I bought myself the best seat I could get up in the grand stand, but didn't go in for any of these boxes. That's putting on too many airs.

And so there I was, sitting up in the grand stand as gay as you please and looking down on the swipes coming out with their horses and with their dirty horsey pants on and the horse blankets swung over their shoulders same as I had been doing all the year before. I liked one thing about the same as the other, sitting up there and feeling grand and being down there and looking up at the yaps and feeling grander and more important too. One thing's about as good as another if you take it *(Continued on page 45)*

BROADCASTING NEW FASHIONS

From Station **MODE**
Announced by Terry R. Cramer

Coats for Town and Country Wear

THE smart woman considers her coat first—the basis of her wardrobe. For town, she invariably chooses one of Black Silk, its rich simplicity correct for every daytime occasion, its lustrous elegance carrying it modishly into Spring and Summer nights. While cuffs smartly cling to furs, velvet, or graceful scarfs that tie chic into bows, replace it at the neck. For country, no fabric or color is smarter or more practical than Beige Tweed. Here again, velvet takes the place of fur, and is just as flattering and so much newer.

Sheer Frocks Flutter Into Daylights Modes

From lunch into the dinner hour, these sheer Chiffon frocks appear upon the scene, their smartness stamped with very small floral prints of colorful loveliness, their soft, bloused fullness, trailing draperies and simple lines, flattering every type. Chiffons in solid colors are equally charming, and new shades such as honey, beige-pink, "ibis," a new color verging on apricot, blouses in all hues, tint this beautiful mode.

Frocks That A-Sporting Go—

One piece or two, of silk or wool, the range of this carefree mode is wide and varied. The sweater-frock on the left, with horizontal bands of contrasting stripes, shows the youthful smartness of the mode in two parts. Practically sleeveless is the sportive one-piece model opposite, striking a gay color note, with a vivid tie of different hue.

H FERN SHOOK

"One Moment Please. I Want to See You"

The Deceivers

Illustrated by Chester I. Garde

By Edwin Carlisle Litsey

JANET RIDDLE was all but desperate.

She wakened late that morning, yawned and stretched her limbs luxuriously beneath their silken covering, then rang for her maid. Followed in bed a breakfast a trifle more substantial than that usually eaten by those who take their morning meal in this fashion, but Janet was of rural upbringing and her transplanting to a fashionable street in New York was fairly recent, as soon shall be told. By eleven o'clock she had come from her delicately perfumed bath; then, while Suzanne did her hair—wonderful, nut-brown, sheeny hair it was—she lay upon a chaise-longue and looked at the pictures in a late magazine.

Janet's frame of mind was induced by the fact that life had become a bore; an irksome, monotonous round of eventless days. She was only seventeen when her father, Erastus Riddle, a well-to-do farmer in one of the central states, yielding to the power of a daring streak the family always had borne, decided to buck the wheat market for all he was worth. Phenomenal luck turned him into a millionaire. Then his ambition took a further leap, which included New York and Wall Street. He opened a costly home in the city, and continued to prosper. It seemed the stars in their courses favored him, for it was sheer daring, more than keen speculative ability, which bore him on. His daughter, the only other member of his family, had been called Janey since her birth. But with the change of environment and the dignity of much wealth, this name had evolved into Jane and, just before her entry into metropolitan society, Janet.

There was a breeziness about the girl which made

her attractive, in addition to her fresh beauty, which never had been accentuated by cosmetics. Men and women both found her companionable, and often charming, but Janet did not care for the swift life which most of them led. She was not Puritanical; rather jolly and free and sparkling, but somehow she did not fancy cabaret dinners at two in the morning with their inevitable "trimmings." Suitors had come flocking, of course, ranging from titled foreigners to degenerate sons of wealthy families. Some wanted her money and some wanted Janet, for she was a girl any red-blooded man might desire.

But none had been able to arouse affection in the girl from the country. More sensible than many of her monied sisters, she had turned down a viscount, a duke and an earl, because one was a roue, another a gambler, and the third a professed fortune hunter. The gilded youths who thought they would have easy sailing with this green chicken quickly discovered their mistake. She was not a subject for miscellaneous caresses, as some found out to their cost. Only the night before an ardent would-be lover had grown too persistent, and Janet had left him abruptly to go upstairs. Fired by passion and liquor, the man rashly had followed her to the first landing and essayed to grasp her. Angry and indignant, Janet struck and shoved at the same time, and her pursuer stumbled and rolled down the steps. Then she fled to her room and locked herself in.

A year and a half of social life had embittered, discouraged and tired her. No one seemed genuine; folly and sin marked time for their footsteps.

Suzanne's task finished, and the lace and ribbon boudoir cap in place, the maid gave a few touches here and there to the room, then withdrew.

Janet realized with a feeling of desperation that another interminable day lay ahead. She had read and read until she was tired, and there was nothing else to do; nowhere to go. She had motored, shopped and visited until she was sick. As the minutes passed her blue spell depeened. She felt that she had been singled out by Fate as an object upon which to wreak malevolence. Her very name irritated her—Riddle! It suggested a conundrum. Why had she not been

"THE YOUNG MAN STOOD A MOMENT AS THOUGH HE HAD NOT HEARD ARIGHT"

born a De Vere, a St. John, or a Van Rensselaer? Her existence was suffocating, deadly, unbearable!

As her rebel thoughts ran on she grew more desperate, and a surge of recklessness swept over her. Then the strain of daring in her blood asserted itself. She would make something happen. She no longer would be a puppet of time and chance, treading paths wherein her feet were forced by convention. She would smash ethical rules and seek diversion her own way. But how? What could happen in that richly appointed boudoir where she reclined in scented ease, much as some oriental queen? But something *must* happen, and quickly, or she felt she would go crazy.

She realized the room appeared close; the air heavy and oppressive. Casting the magazine from her with a defiant gesture, Janet swung her feet to the floor and, getting up, crossed to a front window with long, determined strides. An idea had come; bold, original, thrilling, and she was responding with hotly beating blood. Life should not cramp and dwarf her into a mummy!

Raising the window with a bang, she placed her hands upon the sill and leaned out. The immaculate lawn swept down to the iron fence with its stone posts. In a far corner the blue smock of the gardener showed among the shrubbery. No one else was visible but a single pedestrian; a tall, slender young man swinging down the street. Janet did not falter.

"Bob!" she called, sweetly clear: "Bob!"

The moving figure beyond the iron fence stopped and looked up and down the street, evidently puzzled.

Janet, her blood already tingling, was not to be daunted.

"Bob!" she called again; and this time he saw her, and lifted his hat. "Come in a moment, please; I want to see you!" floated out from the window.

The young man stood a moment as though he had not heard aright, or was irresolute, then he waved his hand as if he understood, and turned toward the massive gates standing partly ajar.

Trembling now at her audacity, yet conscious too of a wild exhilaration, the girl lowered the window and stood for a moment with flashing eyes and crimson cheeks and heaving breast. Then she rang for Suzanne and told her to meet a gentleman at the door and show him up.

"Yes; here!" she ordered, answering the surprised query in the maid's eyes. Suzanne had seen service before with the elite, and of course was silent. She acknowledged these instructions with a brief curtsy, and went out quickly.

Janet's mind was whirling now. What had she done! What should she say! But there was no time for deliberation. Insurgent to the tips of her fingers, the momentary trepidation passed. Hurriedly picking up the magazine, she resumed her position on the chaise-longue, drawing the low-cut morning gown a little further up on her breast. Footsteps sounded in the hall; there came the murmur of the maid's voice. Then Janet, her eyes on the magazine, knew that some one was standing just within the room. She did not look up, and while her heart hammered till it hurt, she spoke with winning sweetness.

"I wanted to ask about your new car, Bob. Is it really a twin six?"

There was no reply.

Janet waited till she could trust her voice again, then slowly lifted her cool gray eyes. The start and exclamation which followed formed a clever piece of acting for an amateur. She blushed hotly and put one hand to her throat, her slender fingers spreading out fanlike. The tall young man standing before her appeared a good deal embarrassed. His face was slightly flushed, and his dark eyes regarded her with honest wonder.

"There is a mistake, of course," he said. "I am sorry."

But he made no move at going.

"Oh, it isn't your fault!" cried Janet, pressing a palm to her forehead in a distressed gesture. "I thought you were my cousin, Bob Reever. He is your build, and wears a suit like that. Forgive me, won't you?"

She turned an earnest, lovely, troubled face up to him.

"The distance and the fence together deceived you," helped out the stranger. "But my name is Bob, too—Bob Bannon. I couldn't imagine who it was in this house that knew me, but a lady called my name, and—and—"

"You responded, as any gentleman would have done."

Bannon pushed the long hair from his forehead nervously, and aimlessly fingered his loose black tie. His gaze went swiftly around the exquisite apartment, then came back to its chief attraction.

"I never was in a home like this before," he said, with childish candor. Then he added, with a faint smile: "I haven't been in New York long."

Janet's poise had returned, and she was beginning to feel interested.

"This is Mr. Riddle's home, and I am his daughter. Mr. Riddle, the financier."

The big name evidently was unknown to Bannon.

"Yes; one of the rich capitalists, I suppose. My business is far removed from them, and money."

His friendly smile was partly pathetic, and his gaze dropped to the gemmed buckles on the girl's slippers.

"May I ask what you do?" she queried.

"I'm a poet."

The naturalness of his reply bore a trace of dignity.

"Oh, how nice! You write for the magazines?"

She held up the copy in her hands.

"I try to, but it's slow work. I've been in the city several months, and I'm not succeeding very fast. I'm from the country; from Kentucky."

"We came from Tennessee, which is almost the same. Do you know anyone here?"

"Only a few at my cheap lodging-house. I am poor, you know, as all poets always are."

Janet thought for a moment with puckered brow.

"Would you like to come to see me some time?" she asked, suddenly.

A quick, glad light sprang to the young man's eyes.

"Yes; you are very good to an intruder. I should like to know you. But how am I to find out when—" he stopped, embarrassed.

"I am free tomorrow evening."

" Then I may really come, and you will receive me, tomorrow evening?"

"Yes." Then, with subdued fervor: "I have fawned on convention till I am sick. The instant I saw you were a stranger I should have dismissed you. But I didn't, because I am tired of the customary thing. I have permitted you to remain, and have talked to you these few minutes in open rebellion of the social code, simply because I wanted to, and I say frankly I have enjoyed it. You are a gentleman, and I am my own mistress." Her face broke into a smile. "I shall expect you at nine, Mr. Bannon."

She graciously extended her hand.

And whether he had read of such a thing in romance, or whether innate chivalry moved him, Bob Bannon stepped forward and clasped the warm fingers offered him and lifted them to his lips in a kiss as gentle as starshine.

"I shall come," he said, simply, and went.

Janet drew a deep breath and threw herself back among the pillows, gazing at the ceiling. For a time she did not think, but merely felt this unique interview. Then slowly the whole scene came back to her quickened mind, and she was inclined to congratulate herself on the masterly way in which she had played her part. Fortune had favored the brave that morning. She wondered if any girl ever before had done such an unheard-of thing! She, an heiress, to lift her window and hail a pennyless poet, and bring him to her boudoir! Already she knew she liked him. In that ten minutes' talk he had found more favor in her eyes than any of the men in her set. He was straightforward, honest. It had been rather a severe test for him; she realized this. The summons, her attire, her attitude, the place of meeting. It would not have taken a naturally bad mind to have interpreted the situation in other terms. He had been respectful, almost shy. A peculiarly pleased feeling crept over the girl and she closed her eyes, her arms flung wide, her whole body relaxed. She did not know it at the time, but while she was talking to Bannon every nerve had been tense. Back of her closed lids she saw him again as he first appeared before her. Tall and slim but with good shoulders, and standing with feet close together. Kind eyes which the puzzling situation could not make other than gentle. A deep, melodious voice, and sensitive, expressive hands. His genuineness appeared so true; his naive confession about himself and his work, and his open delight when she told him he might come to see her.

"FLED TO HER ROOM AND LOCKED HERSELF IN!"

The more she dwelt upon the incident the more pleased Janet was that she had thrown off the shackles which had bound her almost to the point of infuriation. This new acquaintance would lend some interest to an existence which, in spite of money and the diversions and luxury money made possible, had come to be a bore. He doubtless would have been out of his sphere in the set to which she belonged, but as a diverting personality which she herself might enjoy, he would prove a boon. Having decided this, Suzanne again was summoned and Janet prepared for a drive.

Bannon was prompt to the minute the following evening, and the first thing Janet noticed when he rose to greet her was that he wore the same suit he had on the day before. He must have divined her thought.

"Will you pardon my appearance?" he asked. "It is from necessity, and not from boorishness. My other suit, though dark, is really in worse condition."

He was smiling candidly.

Other suit! Then he had but two! These thoughts raced through Janet's brain, and that moment compassion was born. What manner of man was this, who voluntarily would admit to a rich young girl that he possessed only two suits!

"It doesn't matter," she assured him, her heart warming. As they sat down: "There's such a thing as having too many clothes, you know. My greatest cross is the dressmaker. Now tell me about yourself, and your poetry."

"I felt that I was too far away and would succeed if I came here," he replied at once, with the same naturalness he always had shown. "But I am beginning to fear I made a mistake."

"Oh, that's too bad!" in impulsive sympathy. "Can't you write enough to make a living?"

"That's not the trouble, Miss Riddle. I can and do write enough to supply every magazine in the city with a contribution each *(Continued on page 50)*

KING VIDOR

JAMES MURRAY

ELEANOR BOARDMAN

BERT ROACH

ESTELLE CLARK

A Group of Metro Goldwyn Stars Recently heard over Station WHN

Thumb Nail Biographies *of* Motion Picture Celebrities

By Helen Bourgeois

KING VIDOR

KING VIDOR, who directed Laurette Taylor in the Metro screen version of J. Hartley Manners' famous play, "Peg o' My Heart," was born in Galveston, Texas, thirty years ago. He was educated there, and in San Antonio, where he attended the Peacock Military Academy, and at the Tome School, Port Deposit, Maryland.

Returning to Texas he undertook to enlarge the quantity and improve the quality of the world's supply of current literature.

His first fifty-one screen stories fell flat. But his fifty-second went over, by dint of the most strenuous efforts. He took the story to a small producing organization in Texas and convinced the producers that it would make them all famous. Then he put the story in script form, assembled a cast, elected himself for the leading male role, and directed the filming.

No one lost any money, which was a victory for Mr. Vidor.

Instead of going direct to Hollywood, he visited Santa Monica first and offered his services to the General Film Company. Realizing that his experience was not sufficient to qualify him as a first-class director, he undertook to familiarize himself with the technical part of studio work. He became a studio carpenter, and, in succession, property man, electrician, assistant cameraman and first cameraman. When again he took up a megaphone he was in a position to handle any situation without feeling uncertainty regarding the execution of some of its details.

Among the pictures which attest strongly the thoroughness of his training and his high achievements are "The Turn in the Road," "The Jack Knife Men," "The Sky Pilot," "Love Never Dies," "Peg o' My Heart," "The Woman of Bronze" and "Proud Flesh."

ELEANOR BOARDMAN

The story of Eleanor Boardman's motion-picture career is a romance of real life. Miss Boardman lost her voice while playing wtih Laurette Taylor in "The National Anthem."

At that time, 1921, the old Goldwyn Company was making a country-wide search for new screen personalities. A friend told the very much disheartened Miss Boardman about it. Not very hopefully, Miss Boardman visited the Goldwyn Company's New York offices.

It chanced that the Casting Director and Paul Bern, then the head of the Goldwyn Scenario Department, and now assistant to Irving G. Thalberg, associate executive of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, were in New York. They both were impressed by Miss Boardman's possibilities.

Her enthusiasm and her ambition combined with her natural talents promoted her from bit parts to her first big role in "Souls for Sale," a very short time after her advent in pictures. Among films in which she has been featured since are "So This is Marriage," "Sinners in Silk," "Wife of the Centaur," "The Circle," "Bardelys the Magnificent" and "Tell it to the Marines."

Miss Boardman, in private life, is the wife of King Vidor, the director.

ESTELLE CLARK

Estelle Clark began her motion-picture career with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in 1923.

Although hers was not a theatrical family, she comes by her artistic heritage in a natural way, for her father, Francis X. Luolinski, is an interior decorator of note.

Miss Clark was born in Warsaw, Poland. She likes to play comedy and drama, those being her favorite types of character interpretation, though her burning desire is to some day become a great comedienne. Superstition does not hold this young lady's imagination in thrall if her favorite pet animal is any indication, for it is a huge black cat.

Among her pictures are: "Broadway After Dark," "So This Is Marriage," "The Snob," "Sinners in Silk," "Excuse Me" and "Exit Smiling."

BERT ROACH

Bert Roach, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer comedian, holds what is perhaps the world's record as the most prolific maker of comedies in the motion-picture field. Before going to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, he had made more than seven hundred one-reel comedies for Universal as a "by-product" while appearing in character comedy roles in such productions as "The Flirt," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "The Storm Daughter," "A Lady of Quality" and "Smouldering Fires."

Roach was known on the legitimate stage before he entered pictures. He began his theatrical career in 1907 in "The Arcadians," and had the leading comedy role. His other stage experience was as juvenile in "The Gentleman From Mississippi," "The Commuters," "Little Miss Fixit" and "Louisiana Lou." He also spent several years playing in stock.

Roach made his entry into motion pictures with the Mack Sennett comedies. He was with that company for two years, then played for Fox and Universal. Among his pictures for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are: "Excuse Me," "Don't," "Money Talks," "That Certain Party" and "Tin Hats."

Bert was born in Washington, D. C., and attended the high school of that city. He is five feet ten inches tall, weighs two hundred and fifteen pounds, has brown hair and gray eyes.

The Radio Domestic

Spring Foods That Refresh

By Isobel Brands

IN the spring, the appetite lightly turns to the foods that refresh —spring greens and such new fruits and vegetables as are obtainable.

True, nowadays, the privileged city dwellers, especially in a large city like New York, have the out-of-season vegetables and fruits the year around. Onions are rushed from Bermuda, even from Egypt. Vegetables come from the South, and even across the seas in ships come fruits from Africa and South America, where it is summer when in America winter reigns.

For the average family of course spring ushers in for the first time the greens which are not available in winter time. Rhubarb, dandelions, lettuce from the south, asparagus, artichokes, strawberries, etc., come into market and make us take new interest in our appetites, which have perhaps become somewhat jaded.

Let us take rhubarb—one of the most delicious and beneficial of spring's offerings. There is of course the standard method of serving if stewed rhubarb, sweetened with plenty of sugar. But many women fail to remember that there are *other* things to do with rhubarb. Here is one which especially pleases men, *rhubarb custard pie:*

2 cupfuls rhubarb, diced
1 cupful sugar
1 cupful milk
2 eggs
2 tablespoonfuls flour
1 teaspoonful lemon-juice
¼ teaspoonful salt
Pastry
6 tablespoonfuls sugar for meringue

Stew the rhubarb in three-fourths cupful of sugar until soft; cool and add milk and the yolks of the eggs beaten with one-fourth cupful of sugar, the flour, and the salt, mixed together. Add the lemon-juice. Pour into the pie pan lined with pastry with a fluted rim. Bake at 450° F. for ten minutes and at 325° F. for twenty-five minutes. Then cover with meringue, and return to a 300° F. oven for fifteen minutes. To make the meringue, beat the egg-whites very stiff, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar to each egg-white, beat again, then add another tablespoonful of sugar to each egg-white; beat, flavor with a few drops of lemon or vanilla extract, and spread on pie. If fresh rhubarb is not in season, and you are the fortunate possessor of some which you have canned, you may use it in place of the fresh rhubarb called for in this recipe.

Rhubarb is such a particularly seasonal dish that I would recommend—if the family loves it—that you can some. There is really no great trick about it.

"Select young, tender stalks; trim and wash carefully and cut into 1 or 2 inch lengths. Pack these into scalded glass jars and cover with syrup (half water, half sugar, boiling hot). Place a scalded rubber and cap in position and process in water bath for 20 to 30 minutes. Remove the jars from the canner and seal at once. When cool, store in a dark, dry, cool place.

"Rhubarb Sauce—Since rhubarb contains much water, a more economical product may be secured by canning rhubarb sauce. Cut the rhubarb into inch lengths and steam or boil with 1 or 2 tablespoons of water until tender. For each quart of sauce add ½ cup of sugar. Pack hot in scalded glass jars and process in water bath for 10 to 20 minutes.

The same is true of asparagus. If you simply cook it—and most women loose the extra purely flavored juices of the asparagus when they cook and serve it in the regular way. Here is a recipe for a little different treatment:

1 bunch asparagus tips
¼ pound mushrooms
4 tablespoonfuls butter or margarin
4 tablespoonfuls flour
1 teaspoonful salt
¼ teaspoonful pepper
¼ teaspoonful paprika
2 cupfuls milk
6 slices toast triangles

Turn the cooked asparagus tips into the top of a double boiler and heat. In a saucepan melt the butter, add the flour and seasonings, and, when bubbling, pour in the

(Continued on page 52)

A Department of Helpful Hints for Home Makers

Science Institute

Color in the Kitchen

By Helen Jackson

SOME women thought it foolish, and discussed the situation over the tea cups. It was outrageous of me to take the time to decorate my kitchen before I had even given a thought to my bedroom. And the way the kitchen was to be painted. It was more than enough to make good, old-fashioned housewives fidget uneasily, although they sat in comfortable chairs.

Formally, a sparkling, white kitchen, with every pot and every pan shiny, was a sight to delight every good housekeeper's eye. But the walls of my kitchen are painted an apple green, and there is a very cheerful border of scenic wallpaper up where the walls and the ceiling join. The shelves in my closet are also painted green, just one shade darker than the walls, the floor is covered with a lively green and white linoleum and the curtains are edged with green, and tied back with green ribbons. All of which cost me not one cent more than if I had had a conventional white kitchen, and mine is so much more pleasant to work in. My neighbors agree to that now. They have flattered me with the choicest of all flattery, imitation.

White kitchens have never appealed to me. They have a hospital sort of cleanliness. Besides, white walls and woodwork show every finger mark, and when there is a child in the house whose hands *will not* stay clean, someone has to spend a good deal of time keeping the walls in their original shade of whiteness. Of course, the child could be hounded with "don't put your hands on the walls." "Why can't you keep your hands clean." But no one enjoys that. On the other hand, the green walls of my kitchen are washed down regularly, and I know that they are clean. But they never really look dirty.

It is a real pleasure to work in my green kitchen. Psychologists in college classrooms, in lectures over the radio, and in magazine articles have been discussing for some years the psychological effect of color. Red makes one feel hot, green is cooling, as are also some shades of yellow; certain shades of blue produce favorable reactions on subjects . . . and so we can go down the list of colors. In the summer time my kitchen looks cool and makes me feel cooler. Some household helpers who have come in to assist me in preparing for company tell me that my kitchen makes them feel happier, and more like working. Now, you can say that all this is, to use slang, the bunk. My neighbors said that in nicer words, but now in many of the houses which surround mine, there are several kitchens which look so much like mine that they might almost be twins.

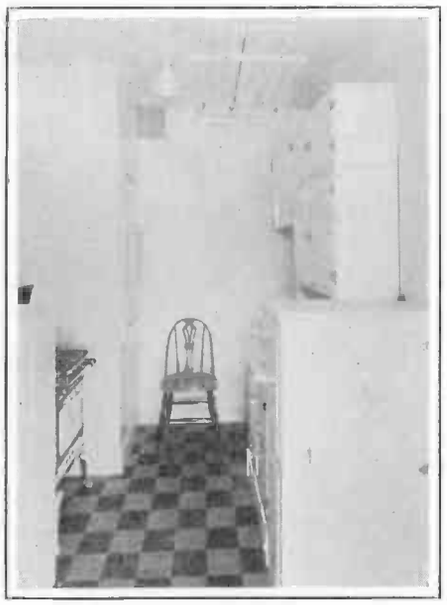
Kitchens have gone through an evolution all of their own. Back when our ancestors were living in houses furnished with pieces that are now priceless antiques, the social life of the house was centered in the kitchen. Guests were received there, the place of honor was at the fire, and later at the big stove, meals were eaten in the kitchen, and everyone spent most of their leisure hours there. Then the kitchen was a large room; it has grown smaller as it has evolved.

The increasing popularity of the dining-room really led to the decline in size of the kitchen. Gradually, after the Civil War, our kitchens grew smaller, more compact, and some labor-saving devices were introduced. It was only comparatively recently that whiteness and "sanitariness" were introduced to the kitchen.

Now, one can almost see the kitchen cycle starting over again. Because apartments in the city, and

Courtesy B. Altman & Co.

IN SUMMER TIME MY KITCHEN LOOKS COOL AND MAKES ME FEEL COOL



THIS KITCHEN WOULD BE IMPROVED IF A LITTLE COLOR WERE USED ON THE WALLS

houses in the country are being built both to conserve the space and the energy of the housekeeper, dining nooks, or small alcoves off the kitchen are growing in popularity. My family dines in a nook, and everyone likes it. Nobody has to eat in the kitchen nowadays, for the nooks are just as convenient, and considerably more charming places in which to dine.

The dining nook in our house is decorated with the same color scheme as the kitchen, green and white. Most nooks have to be painted the same as the kitchen, since they are a part of it, and it would never do to have half of the room painted one color, and half another, in harlequin style.

My kitchen rather started a craze in the neighborhood for unique kitchen decoration. One woman who likes the bizarre, has had the walls of her kitchen painted a Japanese red, the woodwork has been lacquered black, as have also the closet shelves. The ceiling is a very light red, while the floors are covered over with a black linoleum. The curtains at the windows are of a Japanesey material, and even the dishes in the closet are Japanese, and in colors which blend with the walls. The entire effect is interesting, although the majority of us would not like to live with such a kitchen for many months on end. But the woman who owns it likes the unusual, and also (this is important when you are considering the decorative scheme for your kitchen as well as for any other room of your house) has the means to redecorate it at any time she wishes. So far, she has had her Japanese kitchen for a little more than a year, and she still likes it as well as when it was first finished.

Blue and yellow kitchens are popular with my neighbors. Some women prefer light blue walls, with darker blue trim, while others combine walls of a darker blue with white woodwork. Both effects are excellent, but women who have young children prefer the light and dark combination. It is very much more satisfactory, whichever way you look at it. And there is absolutely no connection at all between the "blues" and blue kitchens. The cheerfulness of the women who have blue kitchens testifies to this.

A young woman started the craze for blue kitchens. She and her husband were building a house in our neighborhood, and a mutual friend asked me if she could come over to my house and see my green kitchen. At that time there were still few enough colored kitchens around for mine to be outstanding. My kitchen was duly inspected and approved, and I was asked whether I would object if it was copied, in blue, and with some other changes. Of course, I had no objections, and so the first blue and white kitchen was painted.

The walls are Alice blue, the woodwork white. Although cream colored ceilings are by far the most popular with decorators in the habit of painting every room practically the same, this kitchen has a light blue ceiling which looks very effective. On the floor, a novelty linoleum has been laid, and this, with its simulated round-hooked rugs on a blue and white checked floor adds considerable charm and quaintness to the room. Blue and white checked gingham curtains hang at the windows, and also on the inside of the closet doors. Dishes to match are, of course, an unnecessary decorative detail, but the bride who is newly furnishing her house, and who knows what the color scheme of her kitchen, and perhaps of her dining-room, will be, finds it exceedingly easy to buy dishes of a color which will harmonize with the entire decorative scheme. My dishes are not green, they are white with a blue and white design, but they do not detract from the charm of my kitchen. Besides curtaining the dish closet is always one way of keeping from

(Continued on page 53)

Courtesy B. Altman & Co.

THE KITCHEN WITH ITS GAY WALL PAPER AND ODD BRIC-A-BRAC IS SO ATTRACTIVE THAT IT IS ALSO USED FOR FORMAL DINING

Equipping the Bride's Home

A Timely Article Which Gives The Bride To Be Some Money Saving Advice

By Isobel Brands

AS it should be, a bride feels a most intense delight in the job of equipping her new home. At last, here is to be a place entirely her own, expressing her taste, reflecting her especial need and situation.

But, still, a bride usually needs help! Often she doesn't particularly care to call on mother or relatives—for is this not *her* adventure? So she sallies forth, making her own inquiries—and often her own mistakes!

Equipping a home is, after all, a very large task. It may be, and often is, the furnishing of every detail of a fairly sizeable home. I know one bride who did it all before the marriage, desiring to step into a complete 12-room home after the wedding ceremony. But, alas, the job was so much heavier than she supposed that the wedding had to be postponed until she recovered from a semi-breakdown!

It is better, in my opinion, to do the equipping job piece-meal;—draw out the pleasure over a long period of a year or two. In my own case we literally "camped" for a few months in a partly furnished apartment, and having much joy as we added to our possessions, parcel by parcel, delivery by delivery, shopping tour by shopping tour.

I cannot, in this space, undertake to tell all about every kind of purchase, so I will content myself with a few. The kitchen is the heart of the home—if it is true the road to a man's heart is via his stomach!

First as to the *fixed* equipment, or large pieces. You should have a kitchen cabinet, of steel, even if you live in a flat. You should have a refrigerator that is *cork-insulated*, and of course if you have enough money you will get an electric refrigerator. I believe in them as being able to pay their cost in a year or two in food and ice saving. Then you should have a really good gas range (if gas is available). The gas companies or landlords often supply poor ones. Get one with the oven at waist height; and one with an oven temperature indicator.

You should also have a steel enamel-top table, and a good porcelain sink, *set at the right height for you.* (Most sinks are set too low.) There should be a drain at the *left,*

A Well Arranged Kitchen Saves Time and Labor

not at the right. Then, of course, you need "labor savors," such as:

Bread and cake mixers.
Egg beaters, cream whips, mayonnaise mixers.
Ice cream freezers, butter churns.
Coffee, spice and meat grinders.
Stationary colanders, strainers and mashers.
Potato parers, fruit corers and parers, slicing devices of all kinds.
Stationary chocolate and cheese graters.
Stationary nut crackers.
Dishwashing machine.
Dishdraining rack.

I was once asked to prepare a complete list of small items for a kitchen, as so many brides didn't really know what such various items should constitute. Well, here it is. Of course it is *inclusive;* that is, there may be and possibly are *too many* things for the average bride. But I am sure you would rather have the list too long rather than too short:

Preparing Tools (Grouped near kitchen cabint or preparing surface):

2 half-pint glass measuring cups
1 graduated quart measure, enamel, or
1 graduated quart measure, tin
1 serrated bread-knife
1 biscuit cutter, tin
2 case knives
2 kitchen forks
1 large sabatier kitchen knife
1 small sabatier kitchen knife
1 egg beater and cream whip combined
3 earthenware mixing bowls, 8, 6 and 5 in. spread
1 4-sided grater
1 flour dredger
1 flour sifter
1 small funnel, enamel, or
1 small funnel, tin
1 glass rolling-pin
1 pastry board
1 small meat board
2 large wooden spoons
1 spatula, steel
1 each standard tablespoon and teaspoon
1 meat chopper, stationary

Preparing Tools (Grouped near sink)

1 can-opener
2 vegetable preparing knives
1 curved blade fruit knife
1 glass lemon squeezer
1 apple corer
1 corkscrew
2 vegetable scrub brushes
1 pair of scissors
1 pineapple snip

Cooking and Serving Utensils (Grouped near stove):

1 skimmer, enamel

1 small deep skillet, 8-in. spread
1 large iron skillet, 10-in. spread
1 each tea and coffee pot
1 large iron cooking spoon
1 long-handled cooking fork
1 ladle (enamel)
1 pancake turner
1 wire potato masher
1 3-mesh sieve or colander
1 set skewers
1 tea kettle with boiler insert, 5 quarts (aluminum)
1 tea kettle without boiler insert, 5 qts. (enamel ware)

Cooking Utensils (Grouped near kitchen cabinet):

2 hemispherical 6-hole gem pans
3 bread pans, 9 x 6 x 3
2 layer cake tins, square or round
2 pie tins, 10 inches, 1 deep, 1 shallow
1 deep earthen pie plate
1 china enamel jelly mould, 1½ pts. to 1 qt.
1 iron baking pan, 12 x 16
1 earthen baking dish, 1½ qts., 9-inch spread (pudding, scalloped dishes, etc.)
1 large earthen casserole, 3 qts., stews, soups
6 earthen custard cups
1 small covered roaster, 15 x 11

Cooking Utensils (Grouped near sink):

1 handled saucepan, 1½ qts.—cream gravies, boiling eggs.
1 handled saucepan, 3 qts.—coca, warming milk, heating canned goods
2 4-qt. saucepans — potatoes, vegetables, cereals
1 8-qt. saucepan—spinach, ham, corn, etc.

Miscellaneous Equipment and Suggested Grouping:

1 clock
1 covered garbage pail (near sink)
1 wire rubbish burner (in yard)
1 match-box (near stove)
Gas lighter
2 oval flannel pot-holders (near stove)
1 cooking thermometer (near stove)
1 handled asbestor mat, Kitchen salt and pepper
1 toaster (near stove)
1 pan-hanging kitchen scale (near cabinet)
Glass cereal jars, spice jars (near cabinet)
Knife sharpener
Coffee mill
Breadbox
Card recipe cabinet, bill-hook (near cabinet)
1 ice-pick and shaver
1 enameled egg holder, glass butter jar
1 large-figured calendar
Kitchen dishes, pitchers, etc.
White enameled plates and dishes for ice box
1 high stool on casters
1 tray

Dishwashing Equipment (Grouped near sink):

1 square dishpan on feet
1 wire dish drainer
1 large, 1 small dishmop or brush
1 wire pot-brush
1 wooden plate scraper
1 sink strainer
1 soap-shaker
1 wire faucet soap-dish
1 sink-brush and scoop
6 linen, glass and silver, towels
2 mesh pot-rags for wiping pots and surfaces,
6 crash dishtowels
Soaps, cleansers, etc.

I am going to turn now to the buying of textiles and housefurnishings. China, bedroom things, etc., are so much a matter of artistic selection and personal feeling that I do not think I could be very helpful, but I believe some information on textiles and other furnishings would be helpful.

The woman who can fulfill the following requirements may be classed as an intelligent buyer of textiles:

1. Know the appropriate kind of cloth to be used for the occasion, considering weave, color and design.
2. Know what she can afford to pay for it.
3. Know what she should be able to get for that sum of money.
4. Know whether the material she purchases is what it is represented to be.

In regard to furniture:

1. Buy a few pieces of good model, and the best workmanship rather than an assortment of poorly harmonizing ones.
2. Avoid those pieces which have high polish, and an excess of carving, "turned legs," etc., as they show soil and scratches more easily and require more work to keep them clean.
3. Avoid buying "sets" or "suites" or "period" furniture when the home is neither large enough nor has the right setting for such furniture.
4. Buy separate mirrors and drawers rather than typical "bureaus," because they can be more easily placed in different positions and rooms; have as much of the furniture "built in," rather than of the portable type.
5. Choose such models which permit easy cleaning under them, and which have such pillows, seats, etc., which are easy of care and inexpensive in restoration.
6. In choosing beds a "box-spring" covered is the most permanent and sanitary, and less likely to catch on bedding.
7. The cost of an iron or enameled bed depends on the width and weight of the iron supports, and on the arrangement of the spring. Those beds with woven wire spring attached permanently to the framework are more satisfactory than using a separate wire spring. See that the spring is reinforced by strands of cross wire so that it does not sag.
8. Mattresses of laminated cotton are more sanitary, and distribute weight more evenly than those of horsehair. Ask to see a cross section of the filling before purchase.

Now in regard to China, Glass and Silver:

In buying chinaware it is wiser to buy from "open stock." This means a stock or pattern which the manufacturer and retailer have constantly on hand, as opposed to a "set" which is a pattern of which only a few "sets" are manufacturd, and then discontinued. "Open stock" permits buying only a few dishes at a time, and allows easy replacement for breakage. Indeed it is always better to avoid the lure of all "sets of 108 pieces complete," etc., because many of the pieces of such standard sets are used so seldom as to be poor investments; i. e., the large turkey platter, the soup tureen, etc., can best be replaced by a more serviceable chop-plate or a less expensive casserole which can be used for other foods than soup alone. Staring or large and brightly colored patterns are tiring to the eye, do not set off the food attractively, and do not harmonize with the other table appointments. Avoid large handles and ornate knobs, which break easily, and excess of gold-leaf, which comes off in the washing after hard usage. Porcelain is the finest quality and most fragile. China is the medium weight grade of which most sets are made. Pottery is the coarsest ware, of which, however, beautiful pitchers, bowls, etc., are made.

It is also not necessary to buy a "complete dozen" of each kind of plate, saucer, etc. For a small family, eight of each kind of flat dish seems to be adequate.

Underwood & Underwood Photo

Will Radio Make A New Era *for* Home *and* Marriage

By
Mrs. Christine Frederick

Founder of Applecroft Home Experiment Station

Herbert Photo

THE HOUSEWIFE CAN AND DOES NOW ENJOY A DIVERSITY OF THINGS FROM HOUSEHOLD HELPS TO GRAND OPERA

"IS the Home Doomed?" "Is Family Life Disappearing?" "Can the Home Compete with Jazz?" These were favorite newspaper discussions 5 or 10 years ago.

But just about when everybody was bemoaning the tendency toward the breaking up of the home, saying it had become a mere place to sleep, there comes along a revolutionery thing—radio. Lo, the poor home emerges into a complete new era almost at once!

What has happened is that the home, which was suffering because of the modern restless craving for stimulating contacts, has suddenly acquired them. From the contemptuous dullness of too great familiarity and too great isolation it has emerged to fascinating diversity through the radio. The suburban wife, who "for the sake of the children" lives in a peaceful isolation, the tiresomeness of which is only aggravated by the nearness of lively possibilities; the small town youth who chafes against its bonds from boredom; the farm family isolated by distance or weather from even the limited diversions of the nearest motion picture house, have all come into their own. Hav- by the turning of a knob. Music which could have been heard only at the expense of a long journey and great sacrifice of time and money is there at home, to be enjoyed not only by the favored one or two to whom such journey might have been possible, but by grandfather and grandmother, Sis and Johnny and all the rest of them—including Mary, sick in bed. No wonder the home has felt the rejuvenating effects so quickly! Few

The young city couple who can manage the small expense of the radio could scarcely otherwise spend many evenings dancing at the jazz palaces which have given their cities fame, but they and their friends can take up the rug and have an hour of dancing at home to the music of precisely the same expensive orchestra. When the city cousins come to the old farm and talk about Paul Whiteman or Vincent Lopez, the country cousins are humming their tunes and know their style intimately; to say nothing of the latest Broadway popular song hits, broadcasted just last night from some New York theatre!

The housewife, whose world is bounded by the four walls of her home because of the demands and needs of young children, can and does now enjoy a diversity of things, from household helps, talks on child care, current events and mild economics, mah jong instruction, and high class concerts; and considers it a peaceful moment to read the evening paper while the youngsters are intent on the bedtime stories being broadcasted; bedtime stories which *she* used to have to tell while perhaps she was nearly exhausted with the day's work!

The farmer's wife, instead of being a lonely individual, with only silent, ceaseless work to fill her days, and absolutely nothing to fill her nights, has become one of her community, sharing the same interests, not of the nearby small town, but of the same as her city sister! For the average woman,

work and thoughts and music make a much happier combination than just work and thoughts. She can keep in touch with books and fashions and modern household management more easily than did her city sister before radio came, because while she has always had magazines, somehow radio *personalizes* things so much better. There

Human contacts are indispensible for normal human development. Here and there a genius thrives on isolation, but the human animal, as a whole, is a gregarious one. During all the development period, we take great care to encourage this foible by sending our children to school, where human contacts supply the incentive and the encouragement to grow and learn. Professor Dewey, great educator, says that what we learn from each other is more important than what we learn from books. Growing and learning does not stop when school ends, and we need contact with the world just as badly when we are fifty as when we are fifteen. When the social instinct is suppressed, it is quite likely to fester, creating a toxic mental condition which affects not only the individual and his or her views but also the very home itself.

Time was when the home was a self-sufficient unit, forced to create from natural sources the wherewithal to supply its needs. There was less demand for social contacts because there was less time and energy for them, as well as less experience, vicarious or actual, with them. But the modern home is a very different affair. Even on the farm, there is no longer the need for the multitude of wearying tasks which confronted the pioneer. The farm woman still has somewhat more than her share of work to do, but she also has time for other things. And the problem of bringing those other things into her life has been one worth solving. The radio has done more toward accomplishing this than any of its important predecessors, such as the telephone, the automobile or the phonograph.

The modern tendency of individual members of the household to satisfy their individual tastes for entertainment outside the home has received a powerful check by the installing of the radio. The man who was accustomed to staying downtown on important business the night the big fight was on can go home and get the returns there—in his house slippers, as is the natural impulse of the devoted family man. The daughter who loves dancing can bring her friends into her home, assured of the same desirable music that she would get among less carefully chosen surroundings. The busy mother, who has longed for lectures or concerts can have them without sacrificing either herself or her home duties.

I am on record, as a home economics authority, as believing that radio is the greatest boom *for women* which has yet come from an inventive brain. This is a strong statement, but I have thought before I have spoken. Woman's restlessness made her fight for the vote, in an emotional burst of desire to share in the world's affairs. Woman's opposition to drink was at least partly a resentment of the fact that man had his saloons, cafés and clubs to go to while she staid home and minded the babies, with no adults to talk to. Woman's revulsion against kitchen work and her insistent desire to get into business has been partly due to a hatred of her isolated situation.

In short, *the entire woman's movement* is due, in large measure, to the determination of woman *to end isolation.* For fifty years she has watched man take out of the home, one by one, her tasks, with which she used to busy herself. First the weaving of cloth, then the canning of foods, then even the baking of bread and a long list of things women used to do, but which are now done better and more cheaply outside of the home.

Women found to their dismay that she could not even keep her children in the home—this poetic place which has been apostrophized in song and story. They wanted more life, more contacts. The farm was being drained of its young people; while in the city high rents were reducing the space a family could afford to have in a home so that young women even did their

courting outside of their home, because there was nothing attractive to offer in it.

You will see, then, that I consider the coming of radio a matter of very great social significance, especially to the middle classes and to the small town and rural folks.

One could write a lengthy essay on this—describing the changes it is bringing in education, politics, art, music and character. But this is not the place for it, except to hint at the effects on the narrow-minded, provincial, prejudiced and ignorant masses of people who have had no chance to be anything else because of their isolation. Those oft-described Kentucky and Tennessee mountaineers; those Georgia and Florida "crackers," those southern negroes in their cabins, those lumberjacks of the north—think of the change in point of view that simply must come when they have listened in for a year or two, to the things that go over the radio! They say that there are isolated sections in Pennsylvania where some old timers still vote for Andrew Jackson; while the play "Sun Up," a tale of mountaineers, pictured a mother so isolated from the rest of the world that she had never heard the nearest town called anything but just "town," and did not know there was a war on. How vastly different from the alert farms today where they set time by Arlington signals, hear the President's message and receive the crop reports by radio!

Let us now stop talking of the wonder and the value of radio in banishing isolation, and talk more of what's coming in the future, and what practical suggestions a home economics specialist like myself may have for making radio even more important to the home.

So far radio has followed lines of least resistance, and is by no means at a mature stage of development. No well thought-out plan of service has been arrived at, but of course soon will he. The voice of women will be needed in the councils of the radio broadcasters to indicate what women want done with this, their great boon. So far only a few broadcasting stations have made any really intelligent attempt to cater to home needs, beyond providing news and entertainment and occasional lectures. There is a great deal more to be done than

The evening hours are of course logically for entertainment for humanity in general. But the daytime hours are the logical ones in which to offer the woman of the house such personal messages as will enable her to view her work as an essential and interesting part of the scheme of living. This is, perhaps, her greatest need. Housework, because of its endless repetition of tasks is likely to become drudgery. The man, who does the same detail work day after day is able to build up a business or a competency or increase his earning power thereby. The woman very often fails to see any constructive value in her endless round of routine duties. The person who is not doing constructive work and realizes it is a less valuable member of the community than the one who has the vision to see what he is building. Too often, in the household, petty annoyances obscure real purposes, and the radio can he of great value in establishing proper values. To be able to do anything efficiently is a first step toward satisfaction in the work itself; and thus, lectures which will be practical aids in the business of housekeeping can be made of great value over the radio. In Chicago, the local gas company has had immense success with cooking talks; while its "radio teas" have become an institution; listened to by many thousands of women, who have learned for the first time that there is some other way to make good food than via the frying pan!

A simply worded practical course on child care would find many enthusiastic listeners. The young mother must meet many emergencies in this connection for which she has little or no preparation or training. The physical care of the child, its moral and religious training could be taught in the same manner that university courses are taught, by a series of brief lectures in which the various problems are considered, as well as special inquiries received from listeners. By

considering the child through its various ages, this could be made of value to almost every housewife.

In the matter of the household itself, much has been done and there is still much to be done. The question of food supply is one of constant interest and importance. What to get, and how to prepare the daily dishes are everlasting problems in the home. To buy economically and yet give the members of the family properly balanced, nutritious meals is what every housewife desires. This part of the radio offerings should be maintained on as high a scale as possible. Daily menus, with careful directions for preparing unusual dishes, with simple explanations of the balancing of foods in each case are of great importance. The nutrition of children, amounts and times for feeding, instructions as to the harmfulness of indulgences could be made interesting to the children themselves as well as the adults. The food supply in the various cities can be watched, and the housewives notified of any products which are present in quantity. This serves to equalize demand and supply and permits the housewife to buy that which is most plentiful and therefore should be cheapest. The knowledge that such information is being placed in the hands of the buyer also tends to act as a control of price, to some degree at least.

One of the greatest extravagences of distribution and, therefore, an activating cause of high prices is the inequality of the distribution of perishable foods. Often these come into the metropolitan markets in great quantities, and spoil because there is not demand for them. If each housewife knows that large quantities of strawberries are to be in market on Tuesday, for example, she can arrange to buy on that date, and much wastage can be prevented. At the same time, she is able to buy economically by timing her demand to coincide with the supply.

Among other things of very great interest to women are fashion and dress talks, for dress is naturally of absorbing interest to all women.

There has never, in my opinion, been a really intelligent presentation of the subject of dress, largely, as I know, because women haven't much patience to read general articles. They look at fashions too concretely. But suppose a well-informed woman with a charming voice and manner were to discourse on personality in relation to dress; on color, on lines, on clothes economy, on charm in relation to clothes, and on separate items of clothes in particular—I am sure women would listen. The human voice can put over what cold print cannot. General education like this would be of immense value to business houses, too, because women would then desire better grades of clothes after they appreciated their ultimate economy.

Nothing in the nation's life is in greater need of a stimulus than the home as a successful unit. A great many things, each to a greater of less degree, have been working to undermine it. Wider education, with a consequent arousing of new ambitions and interests which demanded satisfaction; a slackening of the old, strict religious decipline which demanded faithfulness and obedience in the letter of the ancient laws; the increase and spread of population and the mingling of types and nations, which has unsettled old principles and brought ideas where only satisfaction reigned supreme; the automobile, which created a desire and a habit of outside contact; the motion picture which brought professional entertainment on to a popular basis; divorce, which by its increasing frequency, has become a home-destroyer in effect and, of course, the war, whose effect has been perhaps most insiduously destructive of all . . . both individually and collectively, these things have had their effect on the home.

Anything, therefore, which offers new and satisfying interests within the home is highly constructive and worthy of earnest endeavor. It is no small job to supply the needs of the modern family. Each member has his or her particular hobby or need, but it is possible for the radio to meet a very considerable number of these.

Furnishing A Bedroom For Two For Less Than Seventy Five Dollars

By Mathilde Martin

WE had always dreamed of a pretty bedroom, but in a succession of rented houses, our furniture and the walls were at perpetual outs. But when we received the gift of a charming rose shaded boudoir lamp, and a smart rose striped luster bedspread, we were inspired to plan anew. First we determined to exchange our north bedroom for something that would prove a suitable background for new and renovated furnishings. For unless there was cheerful wallpaper and woodwork, what use to buy even the most fascinating suite?

So the rose lamp, Alladin like, was rubbed now, and it brought us an up-to-date bedroom worthy of individualizing, and the adventure of "shopping around."

It was found in a pretty new house. But it was small, for it measured only nine feet by five inches, by thirteen feet, five inches. However, it had a south exposure with two large windows, delightful wallpaper with an indefinite gray and blurred rose pattern, a first class hardwood floor—even in the closet, two pretty light fixtures and ivory woodwork, so there was compensation. The wallpaper has the effect of roses in a rain, or Florida moss, and its lightness makes the room look more spacious than it actually is. But we determined to furnish it as commodiously as we could, to conserve space. (See sketch.) Fortunately, the lower priced bedroom suites, except for the standard size beds, are smaller than the higher priced ones intended for the mansion.

There were just three "musts" that we decided we "must" have for our room. Those were two chairs, one for each occupant, a comfortable coil spring for the bed, and a rug of good quality. The latter we figured was a good investment from every viewpoint. If we sold our furnishings at any time, a good rug would always be in demand. We had a silk floss mattress, which when renovated would be first class if placed on good springs.

This brings us to our other resources. We had among our former bedroom furnishings one double iron bed and woven wire springs, a white enamelled dressing table, a large oak chiffonier, with a separate mirror, and a wicker rocker. The small rugs were not worth mentioning.

It had been a moot question for some time whether to enamel the battered chiffonier to match the dressing table. The trouble was, the "lines" were different, and the iron bed, to complete this ensemble, was rather passè. Accordingly we finally decided to dispose of these three odd pieces and acquire a new ivory wooden bed, bureau and chiffonier.

Because it was so capacious, we sold the oak chiffonier, with some qualms, to a second hand dealer for five dollars cash. But we still had our fine mirror! The dressing table, iron bed and spring another dealer allowed us eleven fifty credit. If it had not been the vacation season we could probably have sold each piece to private individuals for better prices. But as furniture is cheaper in mid-summer than any other time, the problem of new for old, was doubtless as "broad as it was long."

So reading "ads" dilligently, we began to "shop around." Cheaper than the large downtown stores, or even the furniture of families "moving away," were the small outlying furniture stores. Their rent did not boost their prices. However, we were disappointed to find that one "three-piece set" consisted merely of a chair, bed and bureau. After touring nearly a dozen shops we found our bargain in a bed, bureau and chiffonier of ivory, for thirty-five dollars! It was cheaper by ten dollars than any special sale

in town! Of course only the front of the drawers were hardwood. But only one drawer stuck, and that has responded to a little sandpaper and rubbing with soap. The mirror in the bureau was good and not the smallest size.

Like many others we had a prejudice against a second hand bed, no matter how elegant, so our "suite" was purchased from a shop where nothing but new goods were sold. Furthermore this dealer assured us he would trade in the dresser for a larger one, for just what we paid, at any time.

Our next step was to make use of our credit toward a steel coil double anchored spring. This cost twelve-fifty and can be extended for use with a bow foot, if desired.

A rug was the next adventure and a foot weary one it was! All sorts of ads. brought us to all sorts of places, and we never missed a shop at any transfer point! We had our heart set on taupe and wool that measured six by nine feet. Not difficult to find, if price was no consideration! But we could not pay the forty-two fifty for a rug, that a wholesaler offered to make us of carpeting. The big department stores varied in price from twenty to thirty dollars. The leading furniture store had a bargain basement, where second hand rugs from fibers to chenilles and Wiltons lured us several trips. There was a nice gray rug for fourteen-fifty. But it was far too light for every day service and possible spots. Two others were right in size and color, but one had black marks at two corners too opposite for the bed to conceal both, and the other looked suspiciously moth eaten. So on we searched, and right around the corner on the wall right by the door was our find. It was a dark gray, six by nine, bordered four inches with black. The pile was obviously deep and new. Breathlessly we asked the price, even though this was a second hand shop. It was sixteen dollars, for a new Axminister that a woman had ordered made and then reneged.

The next day it was on our floor and we understood. It was a little dark. But we were optimistic, for

the second chair to accompany the wicker rocker was a shabby seatless rattan imported from the garage, that was to be transformed with a coat of pea-green! That color did the trick, too. For we made a cushion of black calico gay with rosy posies, and the black "connected" with the dark rug, while the pea green relieved it. And the cushion cost nothing, but delving into a trunk, and some sew-

The process of salvaging this chair included tacking in a new seat from the ten cent store, which was also painted, but covered by the flowered cushion.

Painting was a daily stunt in the garage during this period. There was an old stand of cherry ancestry with a useful drawer and really graceful legs. This responded charmingly to two coats of white "flat" and two coats of ivory which made it match the "suite" exactly. Brush and paints for this came from the ten-cent store. But the pea-green had to be obtained from a regular paint store. However, the result justified the dealer's advice—one cent only of paint on wicker. It was glossy enough without varnish. But the painting had to be both thorough and rapid. We used a tiny water color brush to touch up the crevices the third day.

The table had a quaint little brass handle, though dingy, and it looked like new after we boiled it in vinegar, wiped it carefully off and rubbed it with whiting.

A faded straw work basket, to place on this stand, was made fresh, and another piquant touch of color, with a coat of the left over pea-green paint. A final decoration was a cluster of crepe de Chine fruits tacked on the side of the basket.

The mirror framed in carved oak, which we needed hung over the chiffonier to provide a second dressing place was given two coats of white flat, and one of ivory. This was touched up at the corners with a little dark brown oil paint, to match the decorations on the suite.

Our curtains were chosen for spaciousness, so simple marquisette frilled and hemstitched, with tiebacks to match, were hung. A special sale accommodated our purse at a dollar a pair.

There are two pictures on the walls. "The Sleeping Venus" by Titian hangs restfully over the bed, while a magazine reproduction of John Alexander's "The Ring" with its delightful greens, hangs in an oval dull gold frame in the space between the windows, and over the stand.

A bedroom in gray and rose as to wall paper and rug, furnished with a typical ivory suite can easily be conventionally wishy-washy. But ours, we fondly believe, is retrieved with its dashing pea-green chair, gay cushion, work basket, striped bedspread and the rosy lamp glowing doubly o' nights reflected in the mirror above the chiffonier. And oh, yes, there are black latticed baskets filled with coral French knot roses embroidered on the ends of the linen bureau scarfs, not to mention some rose and black lacquered boxes of Japanese design and a tall graceful perfume bottle, which are also atop the drawers.

So here's how it figured up:

Three-piece ivory suite	$35.00
Steel coil spring	12.50
Renovating silk floss mattress	8.00
Gray Axminster rug—6.9	16.00
Two pairs of marquisette curtains	2.00
Two paint brushes	.30
White paint	.15
Ivory enamel	.15
Pea green paint	.40
Picture cord	.05
Expenditure	$74.75
Resources	16.50
Actual cost	$58.25
Old furniture credit	$11.50
Old furniture cash	5.00
Resources	$16.50

If You Don't Laugh Next Month When You Read "Sitting Down for Your Setting-up Exercise," By Perry Charles, You Are Not Well. Be Sure to Read This in Broadcasting Magazine for June.

Enchantment on the Air

By Ethel G. Armstrong

A Radio Fairy Tale for the Little Listener

ONE night recently I sat up late hoping to reach Spain or some other distant place on my home-made set. Spain has always facinated me and I hoped to hear the rich and lovely voice of some Senorita and the quick sharp click of the castanets. Failing to reach Spain, perhaps I might tune in Italy and hear the romantic voice of a gondolier, but never in my wildest dreams did I hope to have the experience I had. For a long time I heard nothing but neighbor radio fiends screeching and caterwauling in vain endeavor to get distance and occasionally I heard static pouring sand through invisible sieves.

At last after much tuning and twisting of dails I thought I heard a swish or a rushing sound which sometimes is the indication of a far-away station. This sound though faint held me spellbound, for what if I had achieved the impossible and reached some distant land. My heart stood still and delicious shivers rushed over me. After a little beneath the swishing I faintly heard strange sweet sounds of what appeared to me as tinkling bells or fairy laughter. Enchanted I listened and heard a voice speaking in strange syllables words I could not understand. The voice rose and fell in sweet cadence and I longed to know what announcement was being made. Suddenly it seemed as if I understood those sweet tones and that the language was one I had always known.

"Dear people, everywhere, this is Fairy Land broadcasting on moonbeams straight into the hearts of all the pure and simple. In order to hear the following program you must possess a kind and loving heart. Only a few are privileged to get the right wave length and then only when listening alone may this station be reached. When this station is heard it is a happy secret never to be shared with anyone else, for once it is told the charm is broken and can never be found again. So listen well and repeat to no one what you hear. To some the program will come as a dream, but the secret will remain a pleasant memory. The next voice you will hear will be that of the Queen of Fairies. How I wish that you might see her but a mortal may not do this. Her dress is dazzling white embroidered with dewdrops and the finest lace made of cobwebs and spun into the most beautiful and intricate patterns. Her bosom is veiled with dreams and on her brow is a crown of sunbeams under which is her fair hair and her eyes seem to mirror all the blue of the lakes of the world."

Then wonder of wonders, I heard the Fairy Queen singing and this singing was like no singing ever before heard by a mortal. It was like the tinkling of soft bells ringing at the close of a peaceful day in far-away temples or the sound of water trickling into basins of fountains in long forgotten gardens. The words of the song were lost to me since the delightful tones of the Fairy Queen's voice made me forget to listen to the words. After the Fairy Queen had finished sing-

ing she said, "Listen, dear people, to my orchestra."

There now sounded sweet and low the humming of a great stringed orchestra in perfect tune and accord. Now swelling louder and then falling lower.

"You see, dear people," said the Fairy Queen, "The orchestra is composed of the katydid who is first violin, the locust who is second violin, the june bug who is the viola and the bumble bee who is base viol. I hope that you have enjoyed the orchestra which is under the direction of Mr. Greenback Frog."

"And now," said the Announcer, "You will hear the pipes of Pan. You know Pan is the great god of nature and all little young animals are under his protection. When Pan pipes timid animals loose all fear and lie contentedly at his feet."

The weird and beautiful sounds I now heard were indescribably sweet, though shrill and high. Earth held no sounds so sweet. All nature seemed in tune. And now the pipes of Pan were accompanied by other pipes less shrill but wonderful to hear, and as they played I heard the stamping and the clatter of little hoofs and I knew Pan was playing with little fauns accompanying him. The thrill of this moment I will never forget. It carried me far beyond the earth and I seemed another being. A being of joyousness and laughter and song. The piping ended on a high sweet note and I sank back exhausted with delight.

Once more the Announcer spoke. "The next on the program to-night is the Chorus of Springtime."

First I heard the Fairy Queen's Orchestra tuning up and then a few bars of fairy music and the sounds of all lost springtimes floated to me clear and loud. Beginning as a twitter of sleepy birds awakening to the first beams of light, it seemed as if all the song birds of long ago summers were bursting into song yet all was melded into a symphony of wondrous harmony and delight. The cadence rose and fell until the nightingale was heard high above the others, thrilling of moonlight nights and love and then the sleepy songs of birds as they seek their nests at twilight.

I sat lost in the wonder of the moment. Static pouring sand through its invisible sieves brought me back to earth and I knew that I had lost that station of delight. Long will the sweet sounds I heard on that eventful night linger in my memory.

The Effect of Radio Upon Vegetables

How a Farm about to be Turned into a Marble Quarry was Saved by Radio

By Perry Charles

Announcer at WPAP

THE outburst that follows is directly due to an item in the daily press which stated that an amateur gardener near Nottingham, England, propounds the theory that garden vegetables grow more profusely under the influence of radio waves. This gardener believes that the proximity of a large aerial increased the fertility of his garden 30 per cent.

That is when he was playing. I knew how my pet poodle would bay whenever Mama was yodeling "Asleep in the Deep" in four different voices, all terrible and I had read how snake charmers of India would induce their snakes to do different stunts by blowing on a flute.

Surely if music affected animals, why shouldn't music affect vegetables. Sound reasoning that.

IT WAS QUITE BY CHANCE THAT THE OPPORTUNITY TO ENLIGHTEN THE GENTLEMEN FARMERS OF THESE UNITED STATES CAME TO ME

It was quite by chance that I perused the above item, not usually given to reading radio news, being entirely too busy of late attending to my truck farm and trying to tune in on all local static with my one-bulb set.

I will never forget my first visit to the Zoo in New York. Being but a small boy (4 feet 10 inches) at the time, I remember that the one thing that interested me most were the animals. Particularly did I take heed to the animalistic cats and how they were charmed by a harmonica player in our group.

But it was quite by chance that the opportunity to enlighten the gentlemen farmers of these United States and points West came to me.

I was seated one day at the organ and was most rudely interrupted by the unusual sound of snap beans. Throwing the organ into neutral, I quickly galavanted backwards towards the porch and was amazed at the unusual sight of my waning and undernourished snap beans almost fighting amongst themselves in an effort to climb up the side of the building.

Please let it be known that for

years on end I have been on the most intimate terms with my friends, the snap beans.

Never, never in my whole life have I ever heard or even so much as dreamed of snap beans fighting. They were actually rude to one another, pushing and shoving each other about, back-handed blows and kicks and punches below the belt.

Have you ever in your existence read or heard of a snap bean being arrested for disorderly conduct?

Never.

Hence my utter astonishment at their actions.

Suddenly in the midst of all this small-sized riot, my one bulb went out like a light without a word of warning and as Heaven is my judge I repeat, THE SNAP BEANS IMMEDIATELY STOPPED GROWING, all activity absolutely ceased, they actually curled their tails in the air and seemed to resign themselves to their destined fate.

Quickly slamming in another bulb and tuning hastily to a local station which happened to be playing "Red, Red Robin," I was almost knocked for a row of ashcans to see the snap beans immediately snap into action and begin growing faster than ever.

Presto.

I had the solution in my basket.

What I mean?

It was "Red, Red Robin" they wanted as they bob, bob, bobbined along.

In a flash I had it.

Next day at the crack of dawn found me with a brand new sixteen tube set, wandering up and down the rows of my dying vegetables, tuning in gaily as I meandered now here, now there.

The average growth by nightfall was sixteen inches.

For dinner that night we had full grown snap beans.

I could hardly believe my eyes and spent a night in total loss of sleep, awaiting longingly for the sun to rise o'er the hills.

My farm was the talk of nineteen counties.

True, I have made some mistakes for which posterity can benefit by.

It was not until a prize crop of spinach up and died on me of a Tuesday that I discovered that they did not like jazz. It was not until the third planting that I found out that they only thrived on "The Maiden's Prayer," played on the upper register of a "B"-flat saxophone. Sort of sax appeal stuff.

What I mean?

"The Happiness Boys" almost ruined a prize crop of succotash I had been most carefully and lovingly nursing along. It was all I could do to keep them in their bed. It wasn't until Billy Jones and Ernest sang "Good Night, Everybody, Good Night," that they finally consented to settle down for the night.

A whole batch of watermelons dried up on me overnight when I tuned in on WHN and let them listen in on N.T.G. reciting "Boots," but they revived the following morning when "Granny" was at one of his night clubs and giving a detailed description and going great guns over one of Beryl Halley's costumes.

The "Blackbottom" was a tremendous hit with the potatoes. My darlings would lift heavy-lidded eyes in deep appreciation whenever the tune was on.

In fact after the first week they really weren't vegetables to me, they were more like pals.

The turnips always went mad whenever an organ recital was on the air and on Sunday afternoons they actually appointed a committee of three to call upon me and requested that I tune in on Doctor Cadman and his rapid fire. Although I always had to cover up the radishes while he was on. They only thrived on hot stuff.

The weeds were a terrific problem at first. I solved this problem, however, by hiring fifty school boys after hours to club them to death with baseball bats, although sometimes in the middle of the night when I was going after distance and had hold of a couple of Coast orchestras, Art Hickman's bunch in particular, I confess that I had to sneak up on some of them and shoot them to death with a doubled-barreled shotgun.

The writer is just in receipt of a telegram from Ezra Winterbottom, a fellow gentleman farmer of

Vermont who had intended turning his farm into a marble quarry until I suggested the idea to him of radio and he informs me that two wild cats were just strangled to death by the climbing creepers.

Ezra, a cold, stern man not usually given to meaningless exuberance, is enthusiastic over the experiment and as Rabindranath Tagore, the Indian guide, has so well put it, "everything is jake."

Three-in-One Reception

THE other night sister started to perform on the dials, and finally managed to get all this:

"La-de-es an' gen'lemen, this is a ten-round contest between . . . poultry raisers of this state who believe . . . the next number will be 'It Made Her Happy When She Made Him Cry,' a request from . . . the Texas Kid lands a beautiful straight-arm jab flush on the jaw of . . . a well-known editor of a national poultry magazine says . . . the claret is dripping from his nose as he shoots a wicked . . . song-hit of a Broadway production now playing . . . a poultry Review, sponsors for this hour of interesting talk on . . . 'Foul! Foul' the crowd is yelling, but the referee starts counting as . . . a telegram from Memphis, Tenn., asking the orchestra to play 'Lay My Head Beneath . . . two cars of these eggs brought a record price in the northeast section . . . of the ring and missed a terrific right counter for the head just as the . . . last request was from a little girl way up in Canada who . . . has feathers of remarkable luster. This chicken has been known to . . . stagger and he falls against the ropes trying to save himself by close-in . . . experiments with the old hens have convinced poultry men that night feeding . . . In a Little Spanish Town, 'Twas on a Night Like . . . a flash he landed a murderous left-hook over the heart of the Texas Kid who retaliates by placing a fast right . . . in the pockets of the poultry breeders in order that the wholesalers . . . will now sing for you 'Tonight You Belong to Willie' and . . ."

But that was enough for sister.

the Listener speaks

*W*hy *I S*hould *O*wn a *R*adio

By Susan Hubbard Martin

I AM a plain woman with a small income. There is no hope of my ever journeying to those centers where geniuses congregate and where, behind golden doors they charm and entertain. Doors which only open to a golden key.

Generally speaking I could not even hope to have a "look in" upon such glory.

My home is not an elegant one. In it I have seen dull days and experienced some hardships. Its furnishing are old fashioned. Its windows look out not upon an expanse of lawn but upon cactus and buffalo grass. I may see a cow grazing on a load of hay going by. I may see an occasionally goat. But that is about all the excitement I am likely to behold.

But I should own a radio because its installation in any home changes it and makes it a different place. The deadly monotomy from which so many housewives suffer. because of the eternal grind of meal getting and dishwashing, is broken up by the advent of the radio.

A new era has dawned and a new day. A fairy wand has all at once been waved over that domicile and it suddenly becomes an interesting place to live. As entrancing as a voyage to foreign shores—as a trip to Fifth Avenue in New York City. In a second, in the twinkling of an eye, that home to which has come a radio, has lost its common place environment as has become *uncommon*.

With every other woman I should own a radio because, as it transforms homes it transforms people. It lifts them over and above their humble station and places them among the favored and the blessed.

I should own a radio because it is like letting sunshine in the darkness. It is like exchanging a pebble for a diamond—like exchanging a backyard full of rubbish and tin cans for one that looks out on fountains, shrubbery and statuary.

I should own a radio because, with every other woman in my station of life, I become weary with the sameness of things. The radio brings to me variety. It brings to me entertainment — inspiration and perpetual enjoyment.

After a housewife's tasks are done, she need no longer nod in her chair over her mending basket. Something magic has come her way completely changing her attitude and viewpoint. With the rest of my sex I need a radio—I crave it—I must have it. If I should be the woman I ought to be —well poised, well informed—intelligent.

The institutions for the insane all over our land are made up very largely of women who come from the rural districts. There has been a falling off of cases like these since the arrival of the radio in the rural home. Farm women are no longer going crazy from the monotony of their lives. Instead they are happy, well dressed and "sitting pretty."

It is the Aladdin Lamp of modern times, which, upon being rubbed by the genii, brings not gems and silks, but something infinitely better—the touch of human kind which makes the whole world kin.

Radio Brings A Thousand Yesterday

By Jennie Small Owen

MYSTERIOUSLY at twilight the radio brings a thousand yesterdays. Through the infinity of space comes old songs and with them memories. Pictures of a beautiful past crowd into the loud speaker. The room is changed by magic.

It is a southern station that pushes back the years and recalls tantalizing fragments of an old negro melody, "Old Massa Wif De Mufstash On His Face." Ah! happy years when two towheads drank their nightly tin cups of milk and drowsily watched the moon rise behind the cottonwoods. And Father, weary from moiling up and down the long corn rows or pitching hay in the meadow, sang strange, weird lullabies: "Old Massa," "The Ship That Never Returned," "Over The Hill to The Poorhouse," and "Jesse James."

Two little girls with blue ribbons on their flaxen braids smile from the depths of the loud speaker. It is the Friday night "literary." They are singing "Daisies Won't Tell," "Sweet Marie" and "Two Little Girls in Blue." Lena Bolton, the belle of the Woodtick Hollow school district, is declaiming "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight." Later she will read "Lasca," a prairie classic. Again those stirring lines are recalled after a lapse of many years:

"I want free life and I want fresh air,
A crack of the whip and a canter after the cattle—
And Lasca. Lasca used to ride
On a mustang pony close by my side."

After the recess, Lena's father, Henry Bolton, and Tom McKnight, forensic controvertists of the neighborhood, will decide the momentous question: Resolved: "That Fire is More Destructive Than Water," using the Chicago Fire and the Johnstown Flood for horrible examples.

The reflection in the mirror changes with the old song, "When You And I Were Young, Maggie." It brings to mind the sanctuary of the attic. The old trunk with its musty treasures. A rosewood box containing baby's silken curls. Ribbon-bound letters. A bit of wedding cake over which a blushing bridesmaid has slept and dreamed. Tintypes of pink-cheeked grandfather and his bride. Little brother's first trousers. Quilt blocks. Crocheted lace patterns. A pair of unfinished little red mittens which Mother was knitting when the Grim Reaper folded her tired hands.

The singer trips lightly down through the years to "Red Wing," that once popular and always beautiful Indian song. It was a favorite in the days before girls were called flappers and the coquettish ones were sometimes spoken of as "sweet sixteen and never been kissed." It brings back nights when all the young folk in the neighborhood clambered into a lumberwagon and drove miles to whirl until the early morning hours through the merry mazes of "Miller Boy," "Ol' Dan Tucker" and "Skip To My Lou."

The old favorites are sifted from a world of jazz. Among them "Old Black Joe," "'Way Down Upon the Swanee River," "Comin' Through The Rye," and hark! there is "Jingle Bells."

Winter! A log fire sputtering impudently. The deep red glow of the eyes of the old Round Oak heating stove. The towheads bent over the fearful and wonderful pictures of a red-backed book, called "Sea and Land." Mother sewing carpet rags. Father dozing behind his newspaper, emerging at childish behest to make a rabbit on the walls with his hands while the flickering shadows dance. The old kerosene lamp which drew the family like a magnet.

Unforgetable fragments of life that have been tucked away in the heart may be seen in the mirror of memory by peering in the depths of the loud speaker and listening to the old songs.

VICTIM of the FOG

A Thrilling Story of a Radio Operator Who Risked His Life to Send a Message to His Mother

ON a cold fall night two hundred and fifty miles off the coast of Nova Scotia, the United States liner President, bound from Cherbourg to New York, ran its mighty steel prow into the wall of a fog bank, Rogers, the second officer, in command on the bridge, rang the engineer's bell sharply. The dull monotonous hum of the gigantic turbines which day in and day out, through storm and wind, had ground on ceaselessly, stopped, and the mighty President slid noiselessly over the water which far below was blotted out by the fog. Everything was blotted out, muffled. The fog, damp, clinging, thick, swallowed up sound and sight alike.

Captain Dickman appeared on the bridge. Quickly Rogers made his report. The fog had come on without warning. It had seemed to rise up out of the sea ahead, a great, impenetrable blanket into which the President had plunged. What was to be done? Half-speed ahead? The usual precautions? Or what? For battered by adverse gales the liner was already a half day late, and below in the saloons and cabins were men to whom time meant money and to whom delay was inexcusable. Hastily Captain Dickman made his decision, and for that decision he cannot be blamed too strongly. A gallant officer, he made a mistake. He bears its mark today.

The engineer's bell rang again. Full steam ahead. The mournful fog horn sent a muffled warning out into the night and fog. And straight down the transatlantic lane, driven at full speed ahead, the mighty liner plunged through the blanket of fog.

Below, the passengers who had come out on deck as the familiar hum of the turbines stopped, returned to their interrupted games. In the cabins those who had already gone to bed turned over and went back to sleep. The radio program of a New York concert went on. on the greatest ship afloat. And the President plunged down the transatlantic lane through a blinding fog.

In the radio operator's cabin, Stephen Phillips worked like mad transmitting a hundred messages of welcome. For this was the last night at sea. Tomorrow they would all be home again. And it seemed that every passenger was sending a radiogram.

By twelve o'clock the last message had been transmitted. Phillips rested for a moment by his table, then rose and locked the cabin door. Twelve o'clock. The weariness left his body. His mind raced across hundreds of miles to a little room in a house on the Jersey coast. It was twelve o'clock there, too. Midnight. And beside a radio receiving set he knew that his wife and his mother were waiting for the message he sent them each night at midnight. Slowly his mind thought out the message. His fingers gripped the key. And through the night, across hundreds of miles of blackness, the invisible waves carried these two words, "Arline, Mother." His wife and mother. Through the fog.

He paused for a moment, his fingers on the key. They seemed suddenly very close to him, as though he, too, had crossed all those miles of darkness and were with them in the little room with the windows looking out on the sea. A fire would be burning brightly on the hearth. His chair was by the fire, empty, waiting. The room was waiting, for him. And Arline. And his mother.

There was a crash which jarred the great liner to its vitals. A ripping, grinding crash. Phillips was thrown from his chair and landed in a corner. There was a moment of absolute silence. The President poised, seemed to shake itself, then listed sharply to port. Far off somewhere behind the cabin walls a woman screamed. Then pandemonium broke loose. Shrieks, calls, breaking crockery, rushing feet. The security of the greatest liner

afloat was smashed. And a gaping wound had opened in its side, splitting it from bow to stern.

Out of the fog a great black shape had suddenly loomed. To Rogers and Captain Dickman on the bridge it had seemed that the crash came at the exact moment that the shape loomed up on them. No time for an order. No time for anything. It was on them. The steel mass of a Danish freighter traveling at half speed was struck on the port side and ripped the steel sheets from the President like paper.

It is impossible to describe in detail the horror of the scene that followed, the individual deeds of heroism, the utter terrible confusion. Men, women and children sprawled madly out on the starboard decks, fought their way across the slippery boards, clutched the damp wet rails. Men went mad in those few moments. Men became cowards. Men became heroes. And everywhere, covering everything, lay the terrific muffling fog.

The few available lifeboats were lowered and manner. In the darkness and the fog and the terrible clutching fear of death, order was impossible, yet the order of heroism was born out of the confusion. And the pitifully few lifeboats were filled to overflowing and lowered. They disappeared into the darkness. Women shrieked to the husbands they were leaving behind. Out of the fog the shrieks and the cries came like cutting knives. Then they, too, were swallowed up in the night. Of the eight hundred and thirty souls on board the President three hundred had escaped. Five hundred and thirty faced almost certain death. And perhaps the knowledge of that death combined with the muffling fog to produce a tremendous calm on the crowded decks. A calm so great that the occasional shrieks and groans only served to make it more intense. For ten minutes pandemonium had held sway, complete horror. Now the calm had come. And the great ship was slowly settling.

Phillips had picked himself up from the floor of his cabin and ran to the door. After a great effort he unlocked it. In falling he had struck the side of his head on a chair. A jagged wound ran across his forehead. Blood, warm and sticky, obscured his eyes. A frightened steward passing in the corridor outside the door told him what had happened. It was enough. Half-blinded by his wound, Phillips groped his way back to the radio table. His fingers clutched the key. Out into the night, splitting

Far across the night sea the radio carried its message. A hundred and fifty miles away the freighter R. B. Whalen, out of Boston, picked it up. One hundred and fifty miles away. Eight hours. Too long. Another freighter, four hundred miles south. Another ninety miles due east. Another one hundred and ten. All headed for the slowly settling President. All too far away.

And then suddenly a sharp, clear message in the phones. The English liner Mercedes sixty miles due west was on the way under full power. And the race between the sea and man had begun.

And across those miles of darkness the message had been carried to other waiting ears. Arline. And Phillips' mother. Waiting for the uncomplete midnight message. Heard those awful words, "The President is settling fast. Afraid it can't hold up. Hurry."

On the decks the huddled men and women drew near together. On the bridge the officers waited, talking in undertones, receiving reports from below. In the great hull of the ship the pumps worked on in impotent fury against the rising water. In the radio cabin Phillips stayed by his key, for until the end he must keep in constant touch with the Mercedes rushing through the night to the rescue. And under him the President was slowly sinking, slowly and inevitably, minute by minute. And now it seemed that it might last another two hours. And now only an hour, and the Mercedes still twenty miles away.

And hundreds of miles south in a tiny house on the Jersey coast a mother and a wife waited as the sinking ship was waiting and called out for help for their boy at his post of duty in the fog.

There was a dull explosion below the decks. The President righted itself for a moment then settled more sharply to port. The end was near. In the frenzy of despair Phillips sent out again his call. Back it came. The Mercedes was very close. Ten minutes. Could the President hold together that long? And back through the fog Phillips sent the one word "Perhaps." And the minutes dragged on. And through the night the radio crashed out its message of hope and despair and information.

But what was that through the fog and darkness to starboard? A dull moan. A ship's horn. Back went the sound of the President's fog horn. Again came the sound out of the night. And very close now, again. And then lights and the sound of muffled voices. The Mercedes had come. But the President was sinking fast now. And the work of rescue must not be delayed.

Until the end Phillips stayed by his key. Until they came and told him to hurry, that all were taken off, and that the ship had but a few moments more. And then still he waited, and they called him a fool, and left him. He waited to send his last message into the night, the two words, "Arline, Mother."

But had he waited too long? There was a second rending explosion below deck. Another, louder. He fought his way out of the cabin. He climbed up the sharply leaning deck to the rail. The President was turning over. Below him in the darkness he could see some dark green water. He jumped. The water took him.

In the morning when the fog lifted a heap of litter on which the sun shone and which the green swells of the sea heaved up and down—was all that was left of the greatest ship afloat. The gulls had already joined those of the Mercedes which was slowly steaming south carrying safe and sound every man, woman and child of the liner President. Every one. Including a radio operator named Stephen Phillips who nursed an ugly wound on his forehead and thought about a small room in a tiny house on the Jersey coast.

Hello, Everybody—
This is Roxy Speaking

(Continued from page 9)

result of his inning. He got his that was not the really important name, and he has hung on to it.

The story of Roxy's rise to fame and fortune is far more romantic than most tales of success. First, he is still young and was acclaimed a success long before he reached the middle thirties; and now, although he has just passed into the forties, he has millions of friends, and of this world's goods, plenty.

How did he do it? Well, for one thing, he failed to accept advice, and although the familiar words, "Go west, young man," were still resounding through the country, he traveled east.

Roxy was born in the little town of Stillwater, Minnesota, and there he lived for twelve years. Then he induced his family to quit the little town and journey to New York, where soon after his arrival he sesured a "position" as cash boy in a downtown store at the munificent wage of $5 a week. He admits that he did not keep any one job any too long. He was not satisfied to remain a cash boy, for even then he was looking for that something generally called "advancement."

When he was sixteen years old, and bent on adventure and excitement, he joined the Marines. The tensity of the "Boxer Rebellion" was in the air. And after his mother's death, his last ties binding him to New York were broken, and he signed up at the recruiting station.

Roxy has always been ambitious and anxious to work hard. He joined the Marines to see the world, and because soldiery appealed to him. He was a good soldier. He soon became a corporal, and when he was discharged at the end of seven years he wore the distinguished service medal.

When he had signed up with the Devil Dogs, he was a boy who did not feel any definite need for settling on one business. But at twenty-three Roxy was looking for a regular job. He had not yet been smitten with a particular member of the fairer sex, but he was that farsighted that he wanted to prepare for the time when he would show that two cannot live as cheaply as one.

At Forest City, in the state of Pennsylvania, he entered the motion picture business. And he entered it on a most modest scale. There was an empty store in town, which he rented for a small sum. To seat his audiences he borrowed chairs from the local undertaker, the owner of the largest number of campstools for miles around. He had a crude projector, a shaky screen, poor lights, and poor everything else. But he had most trouble with the undertaker's camp stools.

The first performance had been advertised, and just before the audience had assembled, in fact, after a few people had come in, paid their money, and prepared to see the sights, the undertaker suddenly received a call for his services. He quickly gathered up the campstools, and the first Roxy show had to be shut down before it had properly opened.

Fortunately, there were few deaths in town to interfere with the local moving-picture business. Soon Roxy's first store became too small for the many people who wanted to see the show, and after he had moved several times to accommodate larger audiences, he went back to Minneapolis, and both there and in Milwaukee he inaugurated the distinctive style of presentation, atmospheric prologue, synchronized music, and courtesy to the theatre patron, for which he first became famous in the industry.

He managed moving picture houses in many of the larger cities before he, entirely unheralded and unsung, came on to his goal, New York City. Then he became the manager of one of the lesser theatres, the Regent, and proceeded to show what he could do, and how he could do it.

Roxy has always been able to do

those little unusual things that mean so much. For example, take this business of providing suitable sounds to accompany certain portions of the picture. He was the first one to include in his orchestra equipment capable of simulating the sound of many shuffling feet, of cats on the back fence and what not. Now, in his new and very large theatre, he has thousands of instruments which can make every kind of sound imaginable, and some not readily imaginable. Other theatres have many of the same instruments, but when Roxy first introduced them his was the only theatre where the pictures on the screen were watched by the orchestra so that the accompanying music, and other sounds, would be appropriate.

He has always given much thought to musical programs and to the setting of the movie. Back in the nickelet days, when a five-cent piece was the open sesame to the grandest theatres in town, Roxy was providing special features for "The Family." There were vocal and instrumental solos on the program, and listed as special events.

The Regent, Roxy's first theatre in New York, was neither large nor pretentious, but it was there that Roxy made his reputation in Gotham. When the Strand, then the country's greatest movie house, was opened in 1914, Roxy was selected as the managing director. Successfully he had directed the Rialto, Rivoli and Capitol.

Now, at forty-two, he has the Roxy Theatre in which to experiment and to work out many of his pet ideas. The theatre houses the broadcasting studio from which Roxy and his Gang entertain their large and ever-increasing unseen audience.

Roxy has been called upon to do all sorts of things by men and women in every part of the country. One girl wrote him a letter and requested that he have played "O Promise Me" on Wednesday night. For five years, she told Roxy, she had been waiting for her friend to ask her to promise him, "I've done everything but ask him myself, and so won't you please help." Roxy did help, and after one of his best singers had finished the song he stood before "Mike" and made a little speech. "If I were sitting with my sweetheart tonight, and if I had listened to that song, I would not hesitate for a minute to tell her how I felt," he said. Bright and early the next morning Roxy received a telegram: "Thanks, Roxy, it worked. Going to be married next week."

One day a doctor called Roxy by long distance and asked that he sing to a little girl who, in her delirium, constantly called for "Roxy." The child was not expected to live, and Roxy was asked as a special favor to go on the air. He did, and again he was successful. For shortly after the loud speaker had brought Roxy and his Gang into the sick room the child's fever abated, and she was at last on the road to recovery.

Roxy's gang is composed of picked artists; some of them have been entertaining for years, and many of them are newcomers. There are several girls in the gang right now who are studying music in New York City and who are broadcasting at the same time. There are Mlle. Marie Gambarelli, a dancer who never thought that she could sing until one night in Roxy's studio, when he suddenly announced over "Mike" that Gamby was now going to sing a song. She sang so well that, you can almost say, she's been singing ever since. Gamby and Douglas Stanbury, a baritone, are known as the sweethearts of the air. They're sweethearts when they're not on the air, too. One day Gamby was up in Roxy's office and Doug happened to come in. Gamby told Doug that he had a wonderful voice, and Doug told Gamby that she was a wonderful dancer. They both mutually admired each other. Roxy admits that he helped Gamby and Doug along a bit. But, finally, Doug screwed up courage and asked Gamby whether she would mind getting married. All this occurred several months ago, but Roxy still "kids" them along.

"I'm getting to feel just like Beatrice Fairfax," remarked Roxy.

The Roxy Gang, a group of popular performers, has been increased, too. But the old star

performers, Gamby and Doug, otherwise Mlle. Marie Gambarelli, dancer and singer, and Douglas Stanbury, baritone; Daddy Jim Coombs, Frank Moulan and Kitty McKee are among the old-timers, and there is just as fine a group of entertainers among the newcomers.

Maybe it is the personal touch that Roxy puts into his broadcasting that makes him and his Gang so popular. Or maybe it is merely because he knows how to put over an entertaining program. But whatever it is, there surely are few more popular people on the air than he. Among the millions of letters which he has received (every week something more than 1,000 are delivered by the postman) there are many complaints and inquiries asking why he is not on the air more frequently.

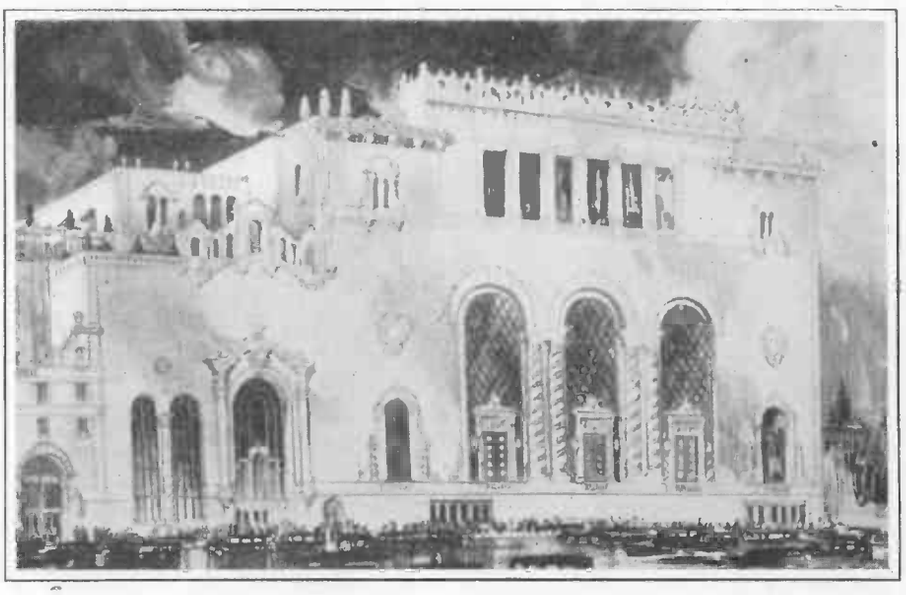
Just before his first "appearance" on the air, after the absence of some months, it was rumored that he was not to broadcast from WRC of Washington. The letters of inquiry which he received shows that practically someone from every status of life in Washington listens in on his programs. There were letters from senators, representatives and other people who are kept in Washington on official business; there were letters from lawyers and office workers, housewives, shut-ins, children and manual laborers. The scare, of course, was not necessary, for Roxy had no intention of cutting out his Washington audience. of Nashville. If you can picture to yourself the thousands of people who tune in on every one of those stations, you know why some folks get microphone fright.

But microphone frights and Roxy's Gang are two entirely and dissimilar things. Roxy's Gang is as much at home in front of the "Mike" as they are in their own home. That's why their programs are so enjoyable. They're friendly, and homey, and pleasant to listen to. Roxy gives the people what they want, and he does it in such a way that sometimes, even when they are not getting exactly what they would like to have, they can enjoy themselves, anyhow.

Roxy has his hold on important as well as unimportant people. He's a friend to all the world. I've seen important dinners interrupted by people who simply did not and would not miss one of Roxy's programs. And I've heard of a man who walked five miles in a teaming rain to get to a radio when he knew Roxy was going to be on the air.

How does Roxy feel about all this popularity? Well, he does not take his success nor the public acclaim at all as a matter of fact. He is tickled to death with the whole business. Besides, he is working so hard that he does not have much time to think about how good it is to be a "success."

He recommends to people who ask him for "success tips," hard work, a definite aim, and as good a wife as he has.



ROXY THEATRE—NEW YORK CITY

I'm a Fool

(Continued from page 12)

just right. I've often said that.

Well, right in front of me, in the grand stand that day, there was a fellow with a couple of girls and they was about my age. The young fellow was a nice guy all right. He was the kind maybe that goes to college and then comes to be a lawyer or maybe a newspaper editor or something like that, but he wasn't stuck on himself. There are some of that kind are all right and he was one of the ones.

He had his sister with him and another girl and the sister looked around over his shoulder, accidental at first, not intending to start anything—she wasn't that kind—and her eyes and mine happened to meet.

You know how it is. Gee, she was a peach. She had on a soft dress, kind of a blue stuff and it looked carelessly made, but was well sewed and made and everything. I knew that much. I blushed when she looked right at me and so did she. She was the nicest girl I've ever seen in my life. She wasn't stuck on herself and she could talk proper grammar without being like a school teacher or something like that. What I mean is, she was O.K. I think maybe her father was well-to-do, but not rich to make her chesty because she was his daughter, as some are. Maybe he owned a drug store or a dry goods store in their home town, or something like that. She never told me and I never asked.

My own people are all O.K. too, when you come to that. My grandfather was Welsh and over in the old country, in Wales he was—but never mind that.

The first heat of the first race come off and the young fellow setting there with the two girls left them and went down to make a bet. I knew what he was up to, but he didn't talk big and noisy and let everyone around know he was a sport, as some do. He wasn't that kind. Well, he come back and I heard him tell the two girls what horse he'd bet on, and when the heat was trotted they all half got to their feet and acted in the excited, sweaty way people do when they've got money down on a race, and the horse they bet on is up there pretty close at the end, and they think maybe he'll come on with a rush, but he never does because he hasn't got the old juice in him, come right down to it.

And then, pretty soon, the horses came out for the 2.18 pace and there was a horse in it I knew. He was a horse Bob French had in his string, but Bob didn't own him. He was a horse owned by a Mr. Mathers down at Marietta, Ohio.

This Mr. Mathers had a lot of money and owned some coal mines or something, and he had a swell place out in the country, and he was stuck on race horses, but was a Presbyterian or something, and I think more than likely his wife was one, too, maybe a stiffer one than himself. So he never raced his horses hisself, and the story round the Ohio race tracks was that when one of his horses got ready to go to the races he turned him over to Bob French and pretended to his wife he was sold.

So Bob had the horses and he did pretty much as he pleased and you can't blame Bob, at least, I never did. Sometimes he was out to win and sometimes he wasn't. I never cared much about that when I was swiping a horse. What I did want to know was that my horse had the speed and could go out in front if you wanted him to.

And, as I'm telling you, there was Bob in this race with one of Mr. Mathers' horses, was named "About Ben Ahem" or something like that, and was fast as a streak. He was a gelding and had a mark of 2.21, but could step in .08 or .09.

Because when Burt and I were out, as I've told you, the year before, there was a nigger Burt knew, worked for Mr. Mathers, and we went out there one day when we didn't have no race on at the Marietta Fair and our boss Harry was gone home.

And so everyone was gone to the fair but just this one nigger, and he took us all through Mr. Mathers' swell house and he and Burt tapped a bottle of wine Mr. Mathers had hid in his bedroom, back in a closet, without his wife knowing, and he showed us this Ahem horse. Burt was always stuck on being a driver, but didn't have much chance to get to the top, being a nigger, and he and the other nigger gulped that whole bottle of wine and Burt got a little lit up.

So the nigger let Burt take this About Ben Ahem and step him a mile in a track Mr. Mathers had all to himself, right there on the farm. And Mr. Mathers had one child, a daughter, kinda sick and not very good looking, and she came home and we had to hustle and get About Ben Ahem stuck back in the barn.

I'm only telling you to get everything straight. At Sandusky, that afternoon I was at the fair, this young fellow with the two girls was fussed, being with the girls and losing his bet. You know how a fellow is that way. One of them was his girl and the other his sister. I had figured that out.

He was mighty nice when I touched him on the shoulder. He and the girls were nice to me right from the start and clear to the end. I'm not blaming them.

And so he leaned back and I gave him the dope on About Ben Ahem. "Don't bet a cent on this first heat because he'll go like an oxen hitched to a plough, but when the first heat is over go right down and lay on your pile." That's what I told him.

Well, I never saw a fellow treat any one sweller. There was a fat man sitting beside the little girl that had looked at me twice by this time, and I at her, and both blushing, and what did he do but have the nerve to turn and ask the fat man to get up and change places with me so I could set with his crowd.

Gee whizz, amighty. There I was. What a chump I was to go and get gay up there in the West House bar, and just because that dude was standing there with a cane and that kind of a necktie on, to go and get all balled up and drink that whiskey, just to show off.

Of course she would know, me setting right beside her and letting her smell of my breath. I could

have kicked myself right down out of that grand stand and all around that race track and made a faster record than most of the skates of horses they had there that year.

Because that girl wasn't any mutt of a girl. What wouldn't I have give right then for a stick of chewing gum to chew, or a lozenger, or some licorice, or most anything. I was glad I had those twenty-five cent cigars in my pocket, and right away I give that fellow one and lit one myself. Then that fat man got up and we changed places and there I was plunked right down beside her.

They introduced themselves, and the fellow's best girl he had with him was named Miss Elinor Woodbury, and her father was a manufacturer of barrels from a place called Tiffin, Ohio. And the fellow himself was named Wilbur Wessen and his sister was Miss Lucy Wessen.

I suppose it was their having such swell names got me off my trolley. A fellow, just because he has been a swipe with a race horse, and works taking care of horses for a man in the teaming, delivery and storage business, isn't any better or worse than any one else. I've often thought that, and said it, too.

But you know how a fellow is. There's something in that kind of nice clothes, and the kind of nice eyes she had, and the way she had looked at me, awhile before, over her brother's shoulder, and me looking back at her, and both of us blushing.

I couldn't show her up for a boob, could I?

I made a fool of myself, that's what I did. I said my name was Walter Mathers from Marietta, Ohio, and then I told all three of them the smashingest lie you ever heard. What I said was that my father owned the horse About Ben Ahem, and that he had let him out to this Bob French for racing purposes, because our family was proud and had never gone into racing that way, in our own name, I mean. Then I had got started and they were all leaning over and listening, and Miss Lucy Wessen's eyes were shining, and I went the whole hog.

I told about our place down at Marietta, and about the big stables and the grand brick house we had on a hill, up above the Ohio River, but I knew enough not to do it in no bragging way. What I did was to start things and then let them drag the rest out of me. I acted just as reluctant to tell as I could. Our family hasn't got any barrel factory, and, since I've known us, we've always been pretty poor, but not asking anything of anyone at that, and my grandfather, over in Wales—but never mind that.

We set there talking like we had known each other for years and years, and I went and told them that my father had been expecting maybe this Bob French wasn't on the square, and had sent me up to Sandusky on the sly to find out what I could.

And I bluffed it through I had found out all about the 2.18 pace in which About Ben Ahem was to start.

I said he would lose the first heat by pacing like a lame cow and then he would come back and skin 'em alive after that. And to back up what I said I took thirty dollars out of my pocket and handed it to Mr. Wilbur Wessen and asked him would he mind, after the first heat, to go down and place it on About Ben Ahem for whatever odds he could get. What I said was that I didn't want Bob French to see me and none of the swipes.

Sure enough the first heat come off and About Ben Ahem went off his stride, up the back stretch, and looked like a wooden horse or a sick one, and come in to be last. Then this Wilbur Wessen went down to the betting place under the grand stand and there I was with the two girls, and when that Miss Woodbury was looking the other way once, Lucy Wessen kinda, with her shoulder you know, kinda touched me. Not just tucking down, I don't mean. You know how a woman can do. They get close but not getting gay either. You know what they do. Gee whiz.

And then they give me a jolt. What they had done when I didn't know, was to get together, and they had decided Wilbur Wessen would bet fifty dollars, and the two girls had gone and put in ten dollars each of their own money, too. I was sick then, but I was sicker later.

About the gelding, About Ben Ahem, and their winning their money, I wasn't worried a lot about that. It come out O.K. Ahem stepped the next three heats like a bushel of spoiled eggs going to market before they could be found out, and Wilbur Wessen had got nine to two for the money. There was something else eating at me.

Because Wilbur come back after he had bet the money, and after that he spent most of his time talking to that Miss Woodbury, and Lucy Wessen and I was left alone together like on a desert island. Gee, if I'd only been on the square or if there had been any way of getting myself on the square. There ain't any Walter Mathers, like I said to her and them, and there hasn't ever been one, but if there was, I bet I'd go to Marietta, Ohio, and shoot him tomorrow.

There I was, big boob that I am. Pretty soon the race was over, and Wilbur had gone down and collected our money, and we had a hack downtown, and he stood us a swell dinner at the West House, and a bottle of champagne beside.

And I was with that girl and she wasn't saying much, and I wasn't saying much either. One thing I know. She wasn't stuck on me because of the lie about my father being rich and all that. There's a way you know. . . . Craps amighty. There's a kind of girl you see just once in your life, and if you don't get busy and make hay then you're gone for good and all and might as well go jump off a bridge. They give you a look from inside of them somewhere, and it ain't no vamping, and what it means is—you want that girl to be your wife, and you want nice things around her like flowers and swell clothes, and you want her to have the kids you're going to have, and you want good music played and no ragtime. Gee whiz.

There's a place over near Sandusky, across a kind of a bay, and it's called Cedar Point. And when we had had that dinner we went over to it in a launch, all by our-

selves. Wilbur and Miss Lucy and that Miss Woodbury had to catch a ten o'clock train back to Tiffin, Ohio, because when you're out with girls like that you can't get careless and miss any trains and stay out all night like you can with some kinds of Janes.

And Wilbur blowed himself to the launch and it cost him fifteen cold plunks, but I wouldn't ever have knew if I hadn't listened. He wasn't no tin horn kind of a sport.

Over at the Cedar Point place we didn't stay around where there was a gang of common kind of cattle at all.

There was big dance halls and dining places for yaps, and there was a beach you could walk along and get where it was dark, and we went there.

She didn't talk hardly at all and neither did I, and I was thinking how glad I was my mother was all right, and always made us kids learn to eat with a fork at table and not swill soup and not be noisy and rough like a gang you see around a race track that way.

Then Wilbur and his girl went away up the beach and Lucy and I set down in a dark place where there was some roots of old trees the water had washed up, and after that, the time, till we had to go back in the launch and they had to catch their trains, wasn't nothing at all. It went like winking your eye.

Here's how it was. The place we were setting in was dark, like I said, and there was the roots from that old stump sticking up like arms, and there was a watery smell, and the night was like—as if you could put your hand out and feel it —so warm and soft and dark and sweet like a orange.

I most cried and I most swore and I most jumped up and danced, I was so mad and happy and sad.

When Wilbur come back from being alone with his girl, and she saw him coming, Lucy she says, "we got to go to the train now," and she was most crying, too, but she never knew nothing I knew, and she couldn't be so all busted up. And then, before Wilbur and Miss Woodbury got up to where she was, she put her face up and kissed me quick and put her head up against me and she was all quivering and—Gee whizz.

Sometimes I hope I have cancer and die. I guess you know what I mean. We went in the launch across the bay to the train like that, and it was dark too. She whispered and said it was like she and I could get out of the boat and walk on the water, and it sounded foolish, but I knew what she meant.

And then quick, we were right at the depot, and there was a big gang of yaps, the kind that goes to the fairs, and crowded and milling around like cattle, and how could I tell her? "It won't be long because you'll write and I'll write to you." That's all she said.

I got a chance like a hay barn afire. A swell chance I got.

And maybe she would write me, down at Marietta that way, and the letter would come back, and stamped on the front of it by the U.S.A. "there ain't any such guy," or something like that, whatever they stamp on a letter that way.

And me trying to pass myself off for a bigbug and a swell—to her, as decent a little body as God ever made. Craps amighty. A swell chance I got.

And then the train come in and she got on, and Wilbur Wessen come and shook hands with me and that Miss Woodbury was nice and bowed to me and I at her and the train went and I busted out and cried like a kid.

Gee, I could have run after that train and made Dan Patch look like a freight train after a wreck, but socks amighty, what was the use? Did you ever see such a fool?

I'll bet you what—if I had an arm broke right now or a train had run over my foot—I wouldn't go to no doctor at all. I'd go set down and let her hurt and hurt—that's what I'd do.

I'll bet you what—if I hadn't a drunk that booze I'd a never been such a boob as to go tell such a lie —that couldn't never be made straight to a lady like her.

I wish I had that fellow right here that had on a Windsor tie and carried a cane. I'd smash him for fair. Gosh darn his eyes. He's a big fool—that's what he is.

And if I'm not another you just go find me one and I'll quit working and be a bum and give him my job. I don't care nothing for working and earning money and saving it for no such boob as myself.

"IT WON'T BE LONG BECAUSE YOU'LL WRITE", SHE SAID. "AND I'LL WRITE TO YOU." THAT'S ALL

What Radio Has Done For Me

Prize Contest Announcement

Did you read: A Radio To Mind The Baby? If not, please do so, and then let us hear from you. Let us know in a letter of not more than 500 words what radio has done for you. Perhaps it has helped you to do better house work, perhaps it keeps your family together evenings. Or perhaps—a thousand things. You must know one of them. Just write it out in long hand or type write it. Fine writing does not count either. What we want is a human interest story of what radio did for you, or some one you know. For the best letter received we offer the following prizes: *Ten Dollars first prize—three prizes of five dollars each. Competition closes May 15th. Winning letters will appear in June issue.*

Contributions to this contest and any enclosures cannot be returned, so you must make a copy of your contest letter, and of any enclosures you want to preserve.

Address
Radio Contest Editor

BROADCASTING MAGAZINE
1182 BROADWAY
NEW YORK CITY

A Radio in every Home

Radio Economy

The Saving Of Money On Your Radio Is A Simple Task — When You Know How

By Erald A. Schivo

WHEN one has purchased or constructed a radio he is possessed of a delicate instrument that requires electricity to make it operate. If you can make your electrical supply last longer you will be saving money. Yet the owner of a radio has other costs to bear. He must pay for certain replacements from time to time, and it follows that if these replacements must not be made so often the owner will again save money.

Everybody wants to save money, but there are very few who are able to do it. The saving of money on your radio is a simple task—when you know how. First, consider your storage "A" battery.

A home battery recharging outfit will cut down the expense of your radio operation within a short time. This expense is not only cut in one manner, namely, by paying a battery-service man one dollar or more to charge your "A" battery when your radio refuses to operate. The fact that your radio refuses to operate simply means that your last milliampere of electricity has been taken from it. When this happens a hard compound called lead sulphate is formed upon the plates, and it is very hard to remove by recharging, in fact much active material is lost. Also, excessive current is often used by the battery man with the result that the life of the battery is shortened. With a home charger the battery may be kept at a normal voltage at all times, it will not receive excessive current nor will it be given unnecessary handling.

Perhaps those who own dry cell "A" batteries are wondering how any money might be saved on them. It is quite possible. Simply buy twice the number of dry cells you have been accustumed to buying. Then connect them in series parallel. Given a five-tube radio using "peanut tubes" type UV 199 and C 299, we find three dry cells actuating the filaments. If six dry cells are connected as stipulated they will last nearly three times as long as the three cells needed.

How about "B" batteries? Much can be saved on your "B" batteries by connecting a "C" battery into the negative filament leads of the audio-frequency transformers. A "C" battery is very cheap, and besides saving your "B" batteries it might enhance the tone quality of the radio and increase the volume very slightly.

The "C" battery is one way to save your expensive "B" batteries —there is another way. When your radio has more than three tubes it is always advisable to buy a so-called "heavy duty" "B" battery. Such a battery costs about a dollar more than the ordinary 45-volt battery, but the cells with which they are constructed are half again as large, and the result is about twice the life of the smaller sized battery with only a dollar more in original expenditure.

There is another way to save money on your "B" batteries, but this applies only to radios having six tubes or more. One should purchase a set of storage "B" batteries

—and buy a good one. It is true that such a battery is somewhat expensive, but by the time a year has passed they will nearly have paid for themselves. The expense of new dry batteries is not the only thing saved. Your tubes will last longer because the filaments will not be overloaded in an attempt to maintain normal volume when the dry "B" battery has dropped to any considerable value below the normal.

The excessive current that might be applied to the filaments of your tubes brings up the question as to the method used to prevent such a happening. You know the voltage your tubes are supposed to get (five volts in the case of the big tubes and three volts in the case of the so-called "peanut tubes"). It follows that you should have an instrument to measure this current, and such an instrument takes the form of a filament voltmeter which is connected across the filaments of your radio set and tells you the amount of current being fed to them by way of the rheostats. This voltmeter does not draw any current except when it is in use, and it is in use whenever you suspect your tubes of receiving too much energy—a little push button puts the voltmeter into operation.

Speaking of excessive current in tubes, some of us wonder what such excessive current does. It drives off the thorium with which the filaments are covered. This thorium is necessary to the proper operation of a tube. When the thorium has been driven off the filament will still light, but the detection and amplification of radio signals will be impossible, in other words the tube is "dead".

Knowing that excessive current shortens the life of a tube it may be well to know how tubes often receive such excessive current. Suppose there is one bad tube in a set of three tubes or more. In order that the one bad tube receivers sufficient current to supply the set with perfect volume it becomes necessary to give the tube more than the usual voltage. Sometimes as many as ten tubes are supplied with one rheostat, and the result is that all the tubes become defective due to excessive current. Therefore, the tubes in your set should be tested at least once in three months. The test should be made by a reliable dealer. He will tell you what tubes are below normal, and these tubes should be rejuvenated if possible (most dealers have apparatus for the purpose) as a rejuvenated tube is often as good as a new one and costs much less.

We have not mentioned the audio-frequency transformers in a radio, although they must sometimes be replaced, because trouble is experienced with them very seldom. These transformers are sometimes burned out when the loud speaker plug is pulled from the jack when a local station is coming in loudly. When the loud speaker or phone plug is removed from the jack your radio's current should be turned off.

Now, in order to operate your radio as economically as possible it is necessary to take a little trouble. When we consider the fact that a three-tube set costs over forty dollars a year to operate if one pays no attention to the data given in this article, we can readily surmise how much a more powerful set will cost. Other than the methods of saving money on your radio heretofore mentioned, there are other methods, such as "A" and "B" battery eliminators, but such apparatus is still in the experimental stage and is not to be depended upon.

Look at your batteries today. Are you using a home recharging set? Should your set have "heavy duty" "B" batteries? How about your tubes? A little time expended now may save much expense later.

Underground Radio

RECENTLY a six-valve neutrodyne radio receiver was set up in the "Bridal Chamber" in the Cave of the Winds near Manitou, Colorado, 2,000 feet below the surface of the ground among stalactites said to be more than 5,000 years old. The experimenters report that it is easy to bring in stations at distances of 1,000 miles with little interference.

The Deceivers

(Continued from page 17)

month, but they won't buy what I write."

"I don't understand. They must have poetry, mustn't they?"

"Yes, and some they print seems very poor to me. But they don't appear to like mine."

Janet suddenly was conscious that he scarcely had taken his eyes from her since she came in. His gaze was not offensive; it could not have been called either stare or scrutiny. But every moment his eyes were upon her, wandering from her hair to her feet, but dwelling most often upon her face. Janet rather was flattered than displeased.

"Then," she rejoined, "if I may ask; how do you live?"

"I brought money with me, of course, but it's running pretty low. If my luck doesn't change—" he stopped, smiled faintly and waved his hand.

"What?"

"Jump in the river or go back home. One can't subsist on his own rhymes, unfortunately."

The girl's face clouded.

"I'm so sorry. When one has hope and belief, and loses out in spite of all he can do—it doesn't look right."

She laced her fingers over her knee and leaned toward him, real concern in her voice and manner.

He turned more squarely toward her.

"I thank you for that. . . . You must know I scarcely can realize my situation tonight. I always had looked upon women of your class as creatures almost without souls, blindly worshiping the yellow god called Gold, and rendering all nobler and purer emotions subservient to this worship. I regarded you as totally different from ordinary beings, knowing nor caring anything for that part of the world that struggles. I thought you heartless, selfish, shameless; the slaves of pleasure. You already have shown me my error. Your charity has been sweeter to me than I ever can tell you. And your evidently real sympathy—it is strange and wonderful as the dawn."

He spoke swiftly, feelingly, and his eyes seemed to shine with inner fervor.

Janet knew that she was breathing faster when he finished, his expressive eyes still on hers and his lips slightly apart. She let her lids droop, and began to twist one of her lovely rings.

"Money doesn't necessarily make women despicable beings," she said, very gently; "though often it does. Had I been born to this life I might have been silly, fast, even wicked. But the glorious heritage of the country—meadows, streams, fields and forests—was with me when I came here, and I tell you frankly I did not fit in, and never have grown naturalized. And"—she darted him a slanting glance, supplemented by a charming smile—"would you think me foolish were I to say I would give all this to follow the hounds once more back in Tennessee? And sleep where I can hear the mocking bird serenading the moon when I wake in the night? And see the redtop clover when it is wet with the dew of morning? And stroll over to the orchard and get my apron full of winesaps or rustycoats? And—"

"You're out of place!" broke in her caller. "A girl in your position who could long for the bucolic delights you just have enumerated never would make a successful member of the smart set."

Her laugh joined his.

"But what can you think of me, Mr. Bannon, for yesterday's *faux pas?* It has weighed upon me all day. I scarcely can realize that I was guilty of such a brazen, impudent thing."

"That was explained and understood yesterday," he assured her. "I'll confess it was the most unusual experience I ever have known. It might have been a segment of life from the Arabian Nights themselves for novelty and charm—and delightfulness. I like to think of the incident as being planned by Fate, to give me a friend. Am I too bold?"

"Surely we are friends," she rewarded him instantly. "In the short time I have known you life has taken on a different meaning for me. The people among whom I am accustomed to move can give very little that is of value; I speak of the intangible, truer things, of course. They seem to skip about on the surface of life, chasing bright-hued bubbles, while all the time the deep-lying fundamentals are overlooked."

A seriousness which lent a new charm to her had become evident.

Bannon regarded her searchingly.

"Then you really are tired of joy rides and private parties in bachelor apartments and cabaret dinners after midnight?"

She flashed him a quick look of resentment.

"You are mistaken. You are judging me by that which many do who are sated with a surfeit of wealth. I did go to one private party, before I knew what it was like. Pray do not think me a prude, but I was shocked and hurt. And because of my refusal to join in the pastimes and fictitious pleasures you mention, I have come to be very much alone, and all but ostracized."

Bannon remained silent, his face thoughtful. When he spoke again it was on a different subject, and at the expiration of an hour he arose to leave.

"May I come again?" he asked, with the quiet simplicity which marked his every word and action.

"Whenever you wish, if you will phone in advance," he was told, and the hand she gave gripped his firmly and honestly.

Bob Bannon came again. And yet again. Then love for this lonely rich lass was born. It had stirred in him at their first rare meeting, or rather he had felt then that physical attraction which so often is the precursor of love. He did not attempt to quell the divine flame, but began to woo Janet with a poet's ardor. He would read her his lyrics and love sonnets, and it would have been an unnatural girl who would not have yielded to this handsome suitor's advances. Janet yielded, and they confessed their love.

Then came the panic, when Wall Street shook and tottered from end to end and colossal fortunes vanished in the span of a day. Erastus Riddle was among those who lost everything. Seated in his lodgings one afternoon Bannon read from a paper the fateful news. Smiling strangely, he crushed the paper in his fist and sat for a long time staring at the floor. After a while he went to the phone and got Janet. Her voice was calm, although she knew what had happened and realized what it meant. Yes, he could come that evening; she wanted to talk it over with him.

Janet scarcely recognized the immaculate, correctly attired figure she flew to meet some hours later. Seated beside her, Bannon smiled down into her eyes as though the fact that her father was a pauper now mattered nothing. She was a little frightened.

"Oh, Bob, are you crazy?—or am I? . . . What's the matter, and what does this mean?"

"Did you ever hear of the Castletones of Kentucky?" he asked.

"The racehorse people—the rich Castletones? Yes."

The last word died in her throat.

"I am Robert Castletone, with an independent fortune of my own."

Janet closed her eyes, and a rigor swept overt her. Presently she raised her lids and looked dazedly at the man besides her.

"Then you—you were—oh, please explain!"

"It happens I love literature as well as horseflesh, and I had a pet theory that I could make a name for myself in letters as an unknown. I was trying that theory out as Bob Bannon when—you called me up to Paradise!"

Slowly she put her palms upon his cheeks and looked beseechingly into his eyes.

"Oh, Bob!" was all she could say.

A few moments later, safe in his arms, the memory of her first deception assailed her like a stab. Should she tell him? Would it do any good? Might it not at least taint his love? And there really was no use. Swiftly she thought, and subtly.

And the end of it was she lifted her lips in silence, a wise woman.

Free Booklets

Which Every Housewife Should Have

Hires Honest Budget. A Booklet every successful home maker should have. Shows how to keep records of income and expenses, with an income and expense record for twelve months. *Sent free on request by* **Charles E. Hires Company, Philadelphia, Pa.**

The Famous Royal Cook Book of nearly 350 excellent recipes. *Mailed free on request by the* **Royal Baking Powder Company, 104 East 42nd Street, New York City.**

Booklet on Instant Postum; the Postum Hot Lunch Plan and one week's supply of Instant Postum. *Sent free on request by* **Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.**

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Sarah Field Splints. Selected recipes. *Sent free on request by* **Proctor & Gamble, Makers of Crisco, Cincinnati, Ohio.**

Correct Diet for Children from Six Months to High School Age. *Sent free with a sample box of Cream of Wheat.* **Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minn.**

Mustard as a first aid in the home. *Mailed free on request. Issued by* **J. & J. Coleman, Ltd., New Brunswick, N. J.**

Don't forget our Washington Bureau. There are many interesting Booklets for home makers that may be had, free for the asking. See page 64.

Seasoning Secrets. A Booklet of delicious seasoning recipes, and a trial bottle of Gulden's Mustard. Mailed for 10c by **Charles Gulden, Inc., 50 Elizabeth Street, New York City.**

24 beautiful illustrated Sunkist recipe cards. Mailed for 10c. **California Fruit Growers Exchange, Los Angeles, Calif.**

The Charm of Painted Things. Tells how to accomplish delightful finishing effects at home, illustrated in colors. Mailed for 10c in coin or stamps. *Issued by* **The Boston Varnish Co., 743 Everett Station, Boston, Mass.**

Please mention Broadcasting Magazine when you write.

Spring Foods That Refresh

(Continued from page 20)

milk gradually, stirring constantly; cook until smooth and thickened. Add the mushrooms, skinned and cut in thin slices or chopped. Cook slowly about twenty minutes or until the mushrooms are done. Place the asparagus tips on the triangles of buttered toast and pour the sauce over all.

Do not forget that in the springtime there is another product that is fresh—namely, eggs. Also, usually cheaper than at any other time of the year. You will enjoy eggs at this time of the year more than at any other time. So why not try a new way of using them? Here is one way in which to serve both asparagus and eggs—a truly fitting spring dish:

ITALIAN EGGS

Asparagus tips
2 cupfuls Hollandaise sauce
6 eggs

MEXICAN EGGS

3 eggs
1 small onion
1 tablespoonful margarin
1 quart canned tomatoes
1 teaspoonful salt
¼ teaspoonful pepper
¼ teaspoonful paprika
⅛ teaspoonful soda
1 tablespoonful flour

Fry the onion, chopped, in the margarin for five minutes. Add the tomatoes, salt, pepper, and paprika. When hot, add the soda. Five minutes before serving, stir in the eggs well beaten and the flour mixed with just a little cold water. Stir until thickened and serve at once on crackers or toast.

MAY FRUIT SALAD

6 slices fresh or canned pineapple
1 large orange
1 banana
6 strawberries
Honey salad dressing
Sprigs fresh mint

Wash and crisp the mint, arrange, stem ends toward the center, on individual salad plates. Place a slice of pineapple on each bed of mint, on this put a slice of orange, then a layer of banana sliced into disks, and top with a strawberry. Pour over it the salad dressing. If fresh pineapple is used it should be sprinkled with sugar and allowed to stand in a cold place for at least an hour.

JUNE SALAD

Cooked asparagus stalks
Cooked green peas
Cooked diced carrots
Finely minced parsley
Canned pimientos
French dressing
Mayonnaise
Lettuce

Arrange the lettuce on a salad plate. Radiate asparagus stalks towards the edge, leaving a space in the center for a mound of the green peas. Surround with a ring of the diced carrots. Sprinkle carefully with French dressing, pipe thick mayonnaise in rings around both vegetables, and put a whirl in the center, in which stand a few small leaves of white lettuce. Sprinkle the carrots with minced parsley, and the peas and asparagus with pimientos cut in small dice. Chives may also be used.

Phyllis Frederick Photo Service

MAY FRUIT SALAD

Color in the Kitchen

(Continued from page 22)

view, dishes and other kitchen utensils which may not be æsthetically beautiful.

An old and tried housekeeper, who for years has baked, cooked, and fussed around in a shiny white kitchen, recently ordered hers redecorated, according to a color scheme which she planned. The painters were mildly horrified, and pointed out to her the error of her ways. But still she persisted. The colors she chose are bright yellow (the same shade as the dandelion flower), white and blue, of an intensity equal to the yellow. Since this practiced housekeeper has, no longer, young and energetic children with dirty hands and muddy feet running through her kitchen, she was perfectly wise in having the walls of the room painted yellow, the woodwork white with blue trimming, and an eight-inch stencil carried out in shades of blue on the wall. The floor is covered with blue and white linoleum, in a rather usual pattern, the windows curtained with yellow organdie. The dining nook connected with this kitchen is furnished with a blue table, and blue benches, while the luncheon set (it is used for breakfast and often for dinner as well) is yellow. Doilies instead of the more customary table cloth are used, and the table, when it is set, and with everything in place, is just about as attractive as anything I have ever seen.

Blue, yellow and green are the colors most often used on kitchen walls. One woman decorated her kitchen in lavender, another in pink. The color chosen depends on individual preference, with due regard, of course, to pleasing results. Some women strive to achieve the effects they desire by making long and tiring searches for unusual floor coverings, unusual wall paper borders, unusual curtain material, and so on. If you have the time, there is no end to the hunting which can be done. But when there is a limited length of time which can be given to the decoration of the kitchen, and the rest of the house, the hunting must, of necessity, be brief. And fortunately, it is astonishing what unusual and delightful results can be achieved, although usual materials are employed.

There are many homes where the kitchen was redecorated in shiny white just before the head of the house decided that she would like a kitchen with brightly colored walls. Certainly the room could not be done over again immediately, and some remedy to offset the whiteness of the kitchen had to be concocted. Checked gingham curtains, at the windows and also on the doors of the dish closet, go a good way towards making the kitchen look unlike its old self. And sometimes the man of the house is willing to give over one of his Sunday mornings to hang a border of wallpaper. When a gayly patterned paper is hung, either by the local wallpaperer, or by your husband, after it has been well-shellaced so that it will keep its original freshness, the kitchen takes on a festive appearance that makes it a most desirable place in which to work. If you consider how many hours the average woman, with just the average sized family spends in her kitchen, you know right off, and without much more figuring, that it is well worth the extra time and the few additional cents that a well-planned and well-decorated kitchen costs.

And, incidentally, the men folks find the gaily colored kitchens so attractive that I have never had any trouble in persuading them to help fix the dainties to be served to guests.

Town Wear and the Spring Style Trend for Men

By Will Henry

TAN seems to be the predominant shade displayed in the smart shop windows along Fifth Avenue for Spring headgear. They are in a variety of shades from deep rich mahogany hues to light cream colors. However, in spite of this seeming ultimatum by the stylists that tan shall be worn we have observed a predominance of greys on the best turned out men. They are all of the flat or snap brim variety. Occasional roll brims are seen, usually in a medium shade of tan. The welting on the brim is small and has a pronounced curve. The crown of this hat is also small tapering gradually at the top, giving a very English effect. It looks best on men who can wear the smaller sizes of hats.

Spring brings the flowers out in their pristine beauty and in all the colors of the rainbow and seems to be doing the same to men's shirts, ties and socks this year. Colored shirts are being worn more and more by men of affairs, both in solid colors and in stripes. In the solid colors blue is far ahead of the rest of the field. Care should be taken in selecting a tie to wear with a solid blue shirt. It should always be of a darker tone than the shirt as a light tie gives it the appearance of being a work shirt. In striped shirts the best looking ones have horizontal stripes spaced from one-half to three-quarters of an inch apart, and come with colors to match. They are especially smart when the collars and bosom of the shirt are starched. The most popular colors in their order are (in stripes) blue, tan, peppermint and purple.

Spring again dictates the ties to be worn. The heavily lined winter ties have given place to the foulard which makes its annual appearance in the shop windows about this time. The range of colors is extensive and the prices, strange to say, are reasonable. Foulard ties should be chosen to match the complexion. Ties with plenty of red look best on the dark complected man—black hair and black eyes (natural not artificial). The blues best on the lighter ones. Of course, a ruddy complexion can stand practically any color. Unfortunately, after a long hard winter of cocktail shaking and late hours, there are not many ruddy countenances left. A new note in ties which is making a definite bid for acknowledgment this Spring are Shepard Plaids, sometimes erroneously called checks. The colors are mostly gray or tan. They are real good looking ties and have been taken up by those men who pride themselves on being several months ahead of the masses.

The cut of Spring suits will be very much the same as those worn throughout the past winter. Broad shoulders tapering in at the waist, two or three button front and peak lapels still hold the fore. Trousers are cut full at the waist and taper down to the cuffs. Vests are five-button affairs with the sixth button remaining open. They are cut so that this lowest button is just for show. Double-breased suits are also popular amongst those fortunate enough to be at once broad shouldered and still have a slender waist and look best on that type of build. The most popular shades are a medium gray and a reddish brown.

Socks and handkerchief to match will be of the gayer colors, mostly in vertical stripings or checks in the socks. The smartest handkerchiefs have solid borders of bright

Double - breasted, wide - shouldered topcoats which made their appearance last Spring are the best for Town Wear, but look out of place in the country. A raglan sleeved English cut slip on topcoat is suggested for motoring and country use. Grey and Tan are the prevailing colors.

Shops where merchandise mentioned in the foregoing article can be obtained will be given upon request to interested readers.

91%

Dodge Brothers Dealers are remarkably well equipped to serve the world with dependable transportation. Graham Brothers Trucks alone (not to mention Dodge Brothers complete line of passenger cars) meet 91% of all hauling requirements—which means that 9 out of every 10 who seek specialized motor transport can secure precisely what they need through Dodge Brothers organization—and *without delay.*

How Many Tubes Should Your Radio Have

By Erald A. Schivo

ASSUMING that you intend to purchase or construct a radio, how will you determine the number of tubes your set should be equipped with? Of course the size of your pocketbook must necessarily be of prime importance, yet many folks build or purchase radios with four tubes or more when they have no desire to listen-in to DX stations — and whether such folks have such a desire or not there are several factors which make the reception of DX stations impossible regardless of the radio you possess.

Before buying a radio you should first determine the class of broadcast programs you would like to hear. Perhaps you would like to hear educational talks, classical music and radio plays. If you live in the city, where several broadcasters are generally in operation, you will have no difficulty hearing all you care for with a three-tube set. Therefore, your location must be a deciding factor when you purchase your radio.

There are many types of radios, but like any other piece of machinery a radio is somewhat expensive to operate—and the more tubes your radio is equipped with the more it will cost you to run satisfactorily. One neighbor might possess a five-tube set. The storage "A" battery must be charged at least once every three weeks (a total of 17 dollars a year if you have no charging apparatus), the "B" battery, also the "C" battery should be renewed every six months (approximately 15 dollars a year), and the tubes should be renewed at the same time (approximately 25 dollars a year). These figures apply to a radio used on an average of three hours a day. Here we find a total expenditure of 57 dollars a year. Of course you need not change your "B" batteries or tubes at the period stipulated—but a radio expert or the musician of the family will soon note that the voice and music is not coming through your loud speaker clearly.

On the other hand, another neighbor might possess a three-tube set. With such a set the "A" battery need be recharged only once a month (12 dollars a year), the "B" and "C" battery every nine months and in many cases only once a year (approximately 10 dollars a year), and the tubes every six months (15 dollars a year).

For those living in the rural districts, perhaps fifty miles or more from the nearest broadcasting station, the question of choosing a radio takes on a greater significance. Naturally one wishes to hear the best on the air—and the nearest station may not be able to give the best. In this case one must decide which stations he desires to pick up. If such stations are more than fifty miles away it is advisable to build or purchase one of the more expensive types of radios with five tubes or more. It may be said here that approximately 75 per cent of all radios sold today are of the five-tube type.

However, the distance of a broadcast station from your home is not the only thing to be considered. What is the power of the broadcast station? With a three-tube set you may not be able to intercept a station of 50 watts power while with the same receiver you may pick up stations of 1,000 watts power that are four or five times as far away. Therefore, the power of the stations you desire to hear must be considered. If a neighbor with a three-tube set hears certain stations, it is safe to conclude that you also will be able to hear them with the same make of receiver.

Another factor should be considered of vital importance. High hills surrounding your home, trees, perhaps high buildings if you live in the city are all quite detrimental to the reception of radio signals. When you think that any of these things might influence your radio it is a good plan to have the set you intend to purchase demonstrated

in your home, or if you are building or intending to build a radio with a certain number of tubes it is advisable to borrow a neighbor's set on the same order as that which you intend to construct and test this set in your home. You may find that you need more tubes than you contemplate—and you will save a greater expense if you are aware of this fact before hand.

There is another factor that might prove of great trouble. In some parts of the country there are certain pockets in the air that will not allow the passage of radio waves. In one town signals might come in with perfect volume and clarity with a particular make of radio. Then when the same radio is removed to another location, perhaps six or seven miles away, the stations formerly heard might be impossible to tune in. This is merely one other reason why a radio should be demonstrated in the home before purchasing.

Exceptional DX records are common with all types of receivers. A three-tube set will often pick up a station more than 3,000 miles away, but such reception is attributed to unusual atmospheric conditions and cannot be considered.

Judging by numerous reports it appears that three-tube sets give satisfaction both day and night when stations of normal power are broadcasting within a 50-mile area. A four-tube set proves satisfactory for distances within 100 miles, but over 100 miles it appears advisable to build or purchase a radio with five tubes or more.

During the night, of course, greater distances are covered than during the day. A three-tube set, for instance, sometimes intercepts broadcast programs with fair volume from a distance of 500 miles, a five-tube set can be depended upon to give the same distance without the least difficulty, and stations within the 1,000-mile area are heard quite clearly. The more expensive radios, the super-heterodynes, seem to have no recognized limit, but it is safe to say that even the most powerful apparatus on the market is not capable of intercepting stations over a distance of 2,500 miles regularly.

Radio in the Hinterland

By Sally Graham Stice

LAST night we were in a quandary. There was a fraternal meeting. The Daddy and I —both needed to attend. But there was no one to stay with the youngster.

Not that she is such an infant—She is fifteen—will graduate from High School in June—"If I pass." Still we live in a little country village, the homes not very close together, so we do not like to leave her in the big old house by herself —at night.

So she trailed along with us—she and the daddy taking mother, intending to return in a few minutes. Arriving at the Hall, there was a violent protest at the desertion of one of our most faithful members—He was needed—Important business to transact—Too bad the child could not stay, etc., etc.

Presently one of the women spoke up. "Why don't you let her go over to our house? She and Stanley — her small son — could have such a grand time with the radio."

The youngster accepted the invitation with alacrity. It is one of the thorns in her flesh that we have not yet found a way to get one of our own.

When the session was over we went on to our neighbor's to get our charge—to be met at the door by a most seductive sound, a woman's clear voice floating out, saying "The Little Damozel."

And here came the hope of our household—"Oh, Mom, it has been just marvelous, glorious. We got Los Angeles—Clearwater, Fla.—New Orleans — Montreal — and I don't know how many stations in Chicago. Don't you wish we had a radio?"

I certainly did. Right then and there I made a resolution to save eggs, butter, cream anything anybody would buy to that one end.

For she was right. The radio is a marvelous invention. Yes, I know that sounds pretty trite, but I don't believe folks in cities get any idea of its real wonders. You see, city dwellers have so many ways of amusing entertaining and instructing themselves that it couldn't possibly mean as much to them as it does to us dwellers in the "Sticks."

Why, it's a liberal education to us—and all right by our own firesides.

In our town it is a veritable Godsend. It quite literally connects us up with the world. Not just a few of us, either. No matter how catholic the taste, there's a program to suit it.

First of all, there's the young generation, with their radioing. What a delightful world it has opened up for them. They are world citizens.

As for the oldsters, why the Dempsey-Tunney fight held up one of the most important fraternal meetings of the year until it was over! But I'll play fair. They tune in on church services pretty regularly, too.

Up in the other end of town from us lives our miller—a timid, self-effacing, tongue-tied young fellow—with his invalid mother and a bedridden old aunt.

His whole life has been a sacrifice for them. He cannot leave them for any diversion. The nearest picture show is twenty miles away. That is out of the question. He can but rarely attend services at the village church.

And there are the dear old ladies, far more shut in than he. They go nowhere.

Imagine then the happiness a radio set has been to them. Night after night, they sit by their cozy fire and listen to the things they love best. Grand opera does not mean so much to them, perhaps, but how the lad does enjoy the old fiddlers' contests at Kansas City, or a jazz orchestra at Edgewater Beach, or Drake Hotel. And how delighted he is when he heard, "This is Hav-ana, Cuba," in a soft Southern voice. He feels himself another Columbus, almost.

And the dear old ladies are thrilled to hear the tuneful voices

of Zion City, or somebody give an entire program of old-fashioned songs. They live over their girlhood days as the strains of "When You and I Were Young," "Nellie In the Hazel Dell" and "Kitty Wells" fill the nooks and crannies of their lonely hearts.

On down the street is a retired farmer. His only son was a World War victim. His last expressed thought was a wish that his father and mother might take his insurance money and live on it—in ease and comfort their remaining days.

They sold the farm and moved to town, but, oh, the loneliness. For months they were broken-hearted. By some happy chance, they heard a radio program, or two. That was enough. The farmer straightway ordered a splendid, good one.

It worked a complete metamorphosis. Their sorrow is not forgotten, but it is alleviated. They are cheerful, kind neighbors. One of their chief pleasures is to have a room full of folks drop in to hear the radio—especially on Sunday night, when they all study the Sunday school lesson with the Bible class at Dallas, Texas, and afterward hear Dr. Truitt preach.

The father had not been a Christian man. Not long after he installed his radio a "Big meeting" began in the village. He was one of the first to join the church. Their whole outlook on life has been changed—this family.

But perhaps the most inspiring example of radio influence is our village doctor—a splendid, cultured gentleman — the typical beloved physician—but born under an unlucky star.

In early youth he fell desparately in love—and became engaged. On the very day he was to be married his bride-to-be ran away with the *other* fellow.

He was rapidly approaching the state known as confirmed old bachelordom when fate intervened in the form of a lovely, talented girl. They were married. At last he was as happy as it is good for mortals to be.

But the young wife was stricken with a terrible malady. She was rushed to a hospital—a terrible operation—with a terrible result. Her mind was impaired.

He placed her in a sanitarium and took up his lonely life. When she began to recover she suffered the most poignant nostalgia. His visits to her were forbidden—she went into such paroxysms of grief to go home with him.

Finally the authorities at the sanitarium advised that he take her home. It was plain they could do nothing for her *away* from home.

He was at his wit's end, what to do to amuse and entertain her. She could not read . As soon as she was able, physically, he began to take her with him on his calls. She could see the open country—sit in the car while he ministered to the sick ones. It worked fine for the days. but there were the long evenings.

Then he bethought him of the radio. The very thing! One was promptly installed. And what a blessing it has proved—and not to the poor sufferer alone. It is the doctor's greatest solace.

"I don't see how I ever did without it," is his frequent remark. And, strange, perhaps, to some, he, too, seems to get the keenest enjoyment from the sacred concerts and divine services. I have seen him sit with reverently bowed head during an entire service—and he has not been noted for piety.

But, best of all, the afflicted wife is on the way to recovery. Yes, I know; this sounds just like a patent medicine advertisement, but truth must be served. *Noblesse oblige.* At that, I have not began to tell you the story, but maybe it will give a glimpse of the joys of radio in the hinterland.

Some Houdini Feats Explained

By The Announcer

YOU pride yourself on being smart, yet delight in being fooled, don't you? When I come to think of it, we have all grown so smart that it takes an exceptionally clever faker nowadays to fool any of us, including myself.

Let me tell you something about Harry Houdini, who, until he died last November, was one of the cleverest tricksters that ever fooled an audience. His right name, by the way, was Ernest Weiss, and since he passed away, no magician of the first rank has been left to entertain us in America, or if there be any such man, the theaters, motion pictures and sport celebrities have crowded him out of the market.

Houdini, I might say, was not a magician in the ordinarily accepted sense of the word. He was simply a wonderfully resourceful man. The Herrmanns, Keller, and Baldwin, the "White Mehatma" were exceptionally clever fakers and self proclaimed deceivers, but Houdini accomplished most of his extraordinary feats without trickery, though few would believe it.

His marvelous exploits with handcuffs, straight jackets and such like fetters brought him into prominence and there were but few who saw him perform for the first time that did not believe he was deceiving them and that the cuffs and jackets were not genuine. He was accused of working with confederates, but those who thought so were deceiving themselves. Houdini always worked alone. The handcuffs that bound him were the regulation manacles and never the product of any manufacturer of magical paraphernalia.

You may have seen scores of conjurers who have mystified the public by breaking out of handcuffs, but they always had their assistants in the audience to come forward with cuffs that anyone, who knew how they were made, could open. A twist to one of the links parted the chain and a duplicate key did the rest.

Not so with Houdini. He challenged the police to bring on their handcuffs, stipulating only that they should not be freak contrivances, but manacles of regulation pattern. In the audience were always a few men who knew all about handcuffs and possibly some who had had good personal reason for recognizlng a genuine pair when they saw them. All were free to examine and test them.

Now, there are different American makes and there are English and French handcuffs. Any one of these was acceptable to Houdini. He could break free from them all. He had made a study of locks and relied upon his skill as a locksmith —a skill in which many old time residents of some of our state institutions are also proficient.

Houdini would stand on the stage, in full view of the audience and allow the owner of the cuffs, usually a policeman, to lock them on his wrists. When a committee from the audience was satisfied that he was securely bound, he would retire into a cabinet upon the stage and, within one to five minutes, step out with the cuffs open and intact for all to examine again.

To make the performance more mystifying, he would lock the cuffs upon the paliceman, hand him the key and defy him to release himself. Invariably the lock was in such a position that this was impossible, for when Houdini locked the cuff on someone else, he always contrived that the keyhole should face away from the prisoner.

I must tell you that the keyhole of the lock, when the cuff is snapped upon the wrists, may either be turned toward or away from the prisoner. If turned toward him and he happens to have a key, it is a simple feat to unlock the cuff by holding the key in the teeth, but if the keyhole be turned away from him it is physically impossible to use a key.

Upon entering his cabinet, Hou-

dini would draw back the fold of a rear curtain and help himself to one of the most likely skeleton keys hanging from a rack there. His knowledge of locks made it easy for him to make a quick selection. One of the many was sure to operate.

All handcuffs of the same regulation pattern, can be opened by the same key and Houdini was always careful to examine beforehand a pair of cuffs used by the local police and to have a skeleton ready for it. In nine cases out of ten this was the cuff he would have to deal with. If however the cuff happened to be foreign to the locality, some other among his collection of skeleton keys was sure to do the trick. The handle of his key was so constructed that he could hold it securely with his teeth and turn the lock against it. If however, the keyhole happened to be turned away from his face, it was a simple matter to clamp the key in a vice and perform the same operation.

For English locks, Houdini had devised a skeleton that would open almost any of them, and with two or three varieties of the same device, he could not fail to succeed.

There is however an American lock which almost defies a skeleton, yet when this style was presented to Houdini he not only scorned the use of a fake key but requested the keyholes to be sealed. He accomplished the seemingly impossible by means of a special device which he inserted in the crevice, between the catch and the frame of the padlock which, when forced down, sprang back the bolt. In some cases he used a loop of fine steel wire or catgut. Holding the handle of the loop in his teeth, he was able, with a little patience, to ensnare the bolt of the lock and draw it back.

The French have a handcuff operated by a letter lock which has no key at all, but it is manipulated in the same way as the combination of a safe. When certain letters are in line, so as to form a word or cypher, known only to the police, the lock opens. Houdini provided himself with a strong steel spring which he inserted outside the ends of the lock in such a way as to hold together, at a tight tension, the several rings on which the letters were stamped. Then he contrived to turn each ring slowly around the barrel upon which it revolved, until he heard a faint "klick". This warned him that the desired letter was in line. With the final "klick" the combination was complete. He removed the spring he had inserted and the lock opened.

As you may imagine, Houdini sometimes encountered difficulties, but usually, during a run of a week or two, in the same town, he had but the one kind of lock to operate, and knowing the conditions exactly, after the first successful experiment, the repetition of course gave him no trouble.

Another favorite stunt of Houdini was to escape from a box, the lid of which was securely nailed down. When other performers first introduced this trick, they used a specially prepared box of their own with fake nails, apparently driven into four stout batten or corner pieces, made to look particularly strong and sound; but the fake nails did not entirely pierce the wood, and the box could be easily dismembered by removing certain screws from the inside which secured the battens or corner pieces to the sides and bottom.

The magician would climb into the box and the lid would be firmly nailed down by some members of the audience. There was no fake to the lid nor in the nailing. A screen was placed before the box at the rear of the stage and the man inside by aid of an electric light and a screwdriver, loosened the four sides from the bottom and slipped out. As he did so, a young lady, handsomely gowned in evening dress, slipped in, and, with the screwdriver and screws quickly made the box secure again. At a proper moment the magician would appear in the body of the house, run down the aisle to the amazement of the audience, and, leaping upon the platform, draw aside the screen. The astonished committee would pry off the lid and the young lady would step out amid much mystery and applause.

Houdini improved upon this trick without the use of the girl,

and furthermore, used only an ordinary packing box supplied by some well known merchant of the town. There was nothing fake about this box at all, and the nails used to secure the lid were of the ordinary two-inch variety. When Houdini entered the box, he had concealed in his clothing, a light, but effective jackscrew with wide flanges, and as soon as the screen had been drawn, he used this to force up the lid. When he had crawled out, the cover was replaced and gently and silently nailed down again by means of a rubber coated hammer.

When the screen was withdrawn, Houdini would either be found sitting on the box or walking down the aisle of the theater. A most careful examination of the box failed to disclose that it had been in any way tampered with.

One of Houdini's most famous feats was to release himself, while handcuffed and bound, from a sealed and corded box at the bottom of a deep tank of water. Entering upon the stage in a bathing suit, his hands were first handcuffed and his legs bound with stout cords. He was then assisted by a committee of the audience into the box which had several holes bored in the lid. The box itself was of heavy construction, oblong in shape and about three feet deep. As many as could be accommodated were allowed on the stage, to watch the performance at close range. When the lid had been securely screwed down and the box stoutly corded, it was lowered with its human freight to the bottom of the tank. The bubbles that spurted to the surface from the auger holes afforded ample evidence, if any were needed, that at least the water was genuine.

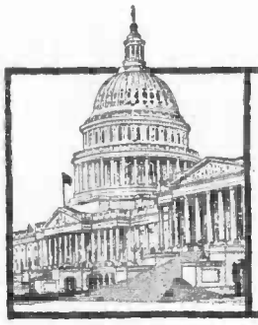
Two minutes passed which seemed to the onlookers like ten; the stage hands showed signs of uneasiness, and when everyone in the theater had grown perceptibly nervous, Houdini swam to the surface, the handcuffs between his teeth and the rope that had bound him slung over his shoulder. The box was then hoisted to the platform and found to be in every way intact.

This is a mighty dangerous trick, and the conjurer had to work rapidly under water. If any accident happened or any prearrangement had failed, he might have been drowned.

Houdini probably knew beforehand what pattern of handcuff to prepare for and had to get out of it in the manner I have explained. His keys were concealed in his bathing suit. His hands once free, it was a simple matter for such an expert to loosen and wriggle out of the rope that bound his legs; then in some unexplained way, probably by some false panel in the box or a similate fake contrivance, he was enabled to make his way out.

Even if given every facility and shown how to act, there are few men daring enough, clever enough or possessed with sufficient lung power to attempt it. uBt Houdini, who made no pretense of magic, possessed all these qualities in a magnified degree and above all, was a marvel of resourcefulness.

* For the explanation of some of these tricks, I am indebted to Dr. Kereward Carrington.



QUESTIONS ANSWERED *from our* Washington Information Bureau

THROUGH our Washington Information Bureau, the BROADCASTING MAGAZINE will answer any question of fact with the exception of legal, medical, love or marriage subjects.

Replies are sent direct to the inquirer. Write your question plainly and briefly and mail to the BROADCASTING MAGAZINE Information Bureau, 4035 New Hampshire Avenue, Washington, D. C., and enclose a 2-cent stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

Chain on Oil and Gas Trucks

Q.—Why do most oil and gasoline trucks have a chain dragging on the ground?

A.—The motion of the trucks dashes the oil or gasoline from side to side within the truck thus generating electricity which has on several occasions set fire to the truck when the air value has been opened to draw off some of the gasoline. Several oil companies are trying to overcome this risk by dragging a chain with at least four inches on the ground. The purpose is to discharge the electricity into the ground as fast as it is generated.

Baking Cookies

Q.—What kind of an oven heat is best for baking cookies and how long should they be baked?

A.—A hot oven is best. Ten to twelve minutes is usually enough.

Clinkers

Q.—What causes coal to turn to clinkers?

A.—By being burned at too high a heat. The remedy is to carry a deeper fire and not run it so hard.

Declaration of Independence

Q.—Where is the Declaration of Independence kept?

A.—For many years, this document has been kept in a steel light-proof case in the State Department at Washington, D. C., but experts have now completed a special fire-proof case and this document is now open to the public inspection at the Library of Congress in Washington. The document is covered with a thick glass having a yellow tint said to be both fire and bullet proof. A guard stands constantly nearby to protect this valuable document.

Anthracite Coal

Q.—What part of the coal used in the United States is anthracite?

A.—In normal times, 15 per cent of the coal used is anthracite.

Copies of Patents

Q.—I would like to see a copy of every patent which has been issued covering spark plugs. How should I go about it?

A.—If you can come to Washington, you may visit the search room of the United States Patent Office and examine a copy of every patent which has been issued in the line you are interested in. If you cannot come to Washington, it will be necessary for you to engage a person to search out the numbers of the patents which cover spark plugs and then you can purchase copies of these patents at 10 cents each. There is nothing published showing the particular patents issued covering any particular class of inventions.

Electrically Wired Homes

Q.—What part of the homes in the United States use electricity?

A.—It is estimated about 36 per cent of the homes use electricity.

Our Free Service

VARIOUS departments of the United States Government at Washington have treasures of helpful and interesting information relative to cooking, health, clothing, care of children, the garden, pets, and general household problems. Some of this information may be had for the mere asking, while some is distributed on a cost basis.

In this issue, BROADCASTING MAGAZINE presents a few such helpful publications. Readers are invited to use this service extensively.

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If Your Husband Complains About the Coffee

Read him the story of Gus Comstock World War Veteran who Drank 85 cups of Coffee at one Sitting without a single complaint, and thereby became a World Champion—

By George Smedal Jr.

GUS COMSTOCK, World war veteran and resident of Fergus Falls, Minnesota, is today acclaimed the coffee drinking champion of the world and like all champions he has found that uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Gus recently completed the longest coffee drinking spree in the world. He has disposed of 85 cups of coffee in the record time of seven hours and ten minutes, smashing all records of those who have claimed any hold on the championship. Each cup contained eight ounces and after getting away with more than five gallons in record time Comstock reported he didn't even feel groggy.

It all started when Perry Wilson of Texas, and H. S. Streety of Dallas, charged Comstock was just a budding amateur compared with them. Wilson proudly announced that his score was 70 cups and Streety said he had gotten away with 71 cups without any ill effects. That aroused the professionalism of Gus who then swore revenge.

And like all true champions Gus sought his latest record with the blare of bands, but long before he was through he had become a nationwide figure.

Starting at 7:31 A. M. he seated himself in the window of the Hotel Kaddatz, at Fergus Falls, and began the grind which was to make him a national figure and a champion. During the very first forty minutes Gus got away with fifteen cups. By 9:30 A. M. he had downed his fortieth cup and by noon he was ahead of his old record of 62 cups. Gus, who had started his campaign without any fanfare, began to be the center of curious crowds who gathered to see a new champion made. At one o'clock in the afternoon they must have been happy down in Texas for Comstock showed signs of weakening. But then someone whistled an old army ditty familiar to the veteran Gus and he took on new courage and came out for the final rounds determined to leave only as a champion.

At 1:30 P. M. Gus was just ready to start on his eightieth cup and a wild cheer went up from the hundreds who had heard that a new champion was in the making. At two o'clock Gus was a national figure. All telegraph wires out of Fergus Falls carried the news that Gus had smashed all existing coffee drinking records and was still drinking. At last Fergus Falls was to have a champion. At 2:10 in the afternoon the result was made known. Walter Anderson, who is Gus' trainer, and the three judges, William Barkley, J. H. Lind and G. E. Moody, opened the sealed box in which the cash checks for the coffee had been deposited. Comstock had downed 85 cups and was the champion of the world.

"I could have taken five or six more, but what was the use," the champion replied to a question. "I was the champion of the world and what more is needed?"

Gus showed no ill effects after the battle. A physician who examined him found that his pulse, respiration and blood pressure was just slightly above normal. The doctor refused Gus anything to eat and ordered him home for a rest for remainder of the day.

Of course, like all champions, Gus in in the way of making money now. He already had several offers to go on the stage. Coffee manufacturers are negotiating with him to demonstrate the qualities of their coffee and several ladies in Minnesota have suggested to the new champion that he permit them to make his coffee—for life. Through it all Gus has remained a true champion. He is unperturbed, modest and retiring and is now awaiting the best offer.

Every true champion has a method. So with Gus. He insists that the coffee must not be too hot. He likes it warm and rich. He goes into training a day before the contest. He eats nothing before the battle, but just a little milk toast and he takes nothing but coffee during the coffee drinking rounds.

Since reaching manhood Gus has averaged from 25 to 30 cups of coffee a day and while still a young man 20 cups a day meant nothing to him.

And Gus has the years before him. He is 28 years old and heavy set, which makes him the ideal champion. He charges that the Texans are just jealous and that they don't even know how to drink down near the Rio Grande. He always demands good restaurant coffee in his title bouts and consumes a cup in four or five swallows. He insists that one cannot be a champion by just sipping. He holds as a trophy a red belt studded with 56 coffee beans, the first trophy he won in his battle to championship heights. But what is that when one had gulped his way by 85 gulps to the world's championship?

Like all true champions Gus is willing to disclose the secret of his ability.

"A man should learn to do one thing well and then stick to it. That is what I have always had in mind and that is why I am what I am today."

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YEAR after year, as you have spent your vacation at the usual seaside or mountain resort, seeing and doing much the same things as fill your daily life, you have dreamed of that trip you will take—"some day"—over summer seas, to lands strange, historic, different.

You have, perhaps, pictured yourself aboard a white, yacht-like comfortable steamship, waving goodbye to friends on the wharf, lingering at the rail as the skyline of New York fades, and is replaced by an unbroken horizon.

Dream on, of the tang of sea air, of breeze tempered sunshine, of the soft swish of sea against the ship's side—relaxation. Vary this,—for you can not entirely escape the exhilaration of life on ship-board, nor the holiday spirit of your fellow voyagers—with thoughts of deck games, of dancing, of the pleasant social activities of a little temporary community. Be practical for a moment, even if you are on the way to the land of romance, and picture large cool cabins, well appointed lounge and dining rooms, good food, perfect service.

Due South you are headed, to the land of the sky blue water, to the dawn of American history, and in the brilliant gold and blue of a tropical morning there bursts into your view the verdant foothills and the towering mountains of the island of your destination.

The thrill of landing, of strange sights and strange people; the trip to a modern hotel in the cool of the foothills; the excursions over mountain roads through indescribable tropical beauty; the visits to landmarks of history—all these you may try to picture—but in vain, for they will exceed your anticipation.

And then, homeward bound. Again the summer seas, the flying fish, the little coral islands on the route. And—great event as always—home again, mind and body rested, nerves refreshed, energy regained.

Your dream is a meagre picture of our vacation cruise, and you can make it—all of it—voyage, hotel, shore trips—a reality, **for one hundred dollars.** Why so cheap? It's a new service. This is our way of advertising it.

The new oil-burning steamships GATUN and GRANADA under foreign registry sail alternately every Wednesday afternoon at five from Pier 12, East River, (foot of Wall Street), New York City A four and a half days' voyage each way. Three days in Jamaica, B.W.I., the garden spot of the Caribbean. Book now. For further information write

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For thousands this summer the road will end somewhere among the painted peaks of the Rockies.

And for the largest group of all, it is significant, the road again will be the Burlington.

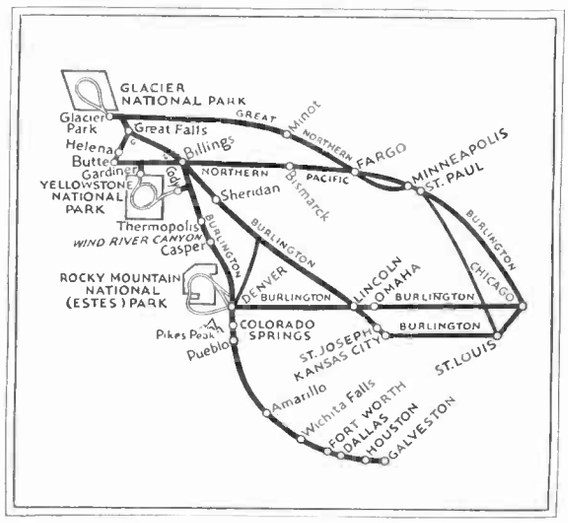
* * *

The Burlington has become the National Park Line, the nation's largest carrier of summer tourists to the Rockies, *for a reason.*

This railroad has always regarded this part of its work as a great and important public service.

For years it has co-operated with the National Park Service, with local transportation companies, with hotels and dude ranches, in opening up the playgrounds of the Rockies.

It has helped to make low cost vacations possible for millions. The railroad fare in summer is only slightly more than half-fare for the round trip to Rocky Mountain points.



In Yellowstone the cost of the 4½ day tour has increased only $2 in twenty years. Good accommodations may be had in Colorado today for as low as $17 a week.

The Burlington follows the Rockies for 1200 glorious miles. It links up three great Parks—Rocky Mountain National-Estes Park in Scenic Colorado, Yellowstone, and Glacier—giving thousands an opportunity to see two or three Parks for only a little more than the rail cost for seeing one. This complete service to the Rockies (see map) is matched by no other railroad.

Recently the Burlington introduced Burlington Escorted Tours, not only taking the tourist to the Parks, but looking after every travel detail at actual cost.

* * *

Year after year the Burlington is called upon to handle a sudden rush of tourist travel during the summer months. Unfailingly this railroad has been ready with the men, the equipment and the experience which enables it to care for this tremendous peak load with smoothness and efficiency.

Such a spirit—the spirit of doing all work well and with enthusiasm—has made the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad a successful railroad for 75 years. It has served the nation at work and at play with a constant competence that, quite naturally, has not failed of recognition.

The Burlington Route

The National Park Line Burlington Route *Everywhere West*

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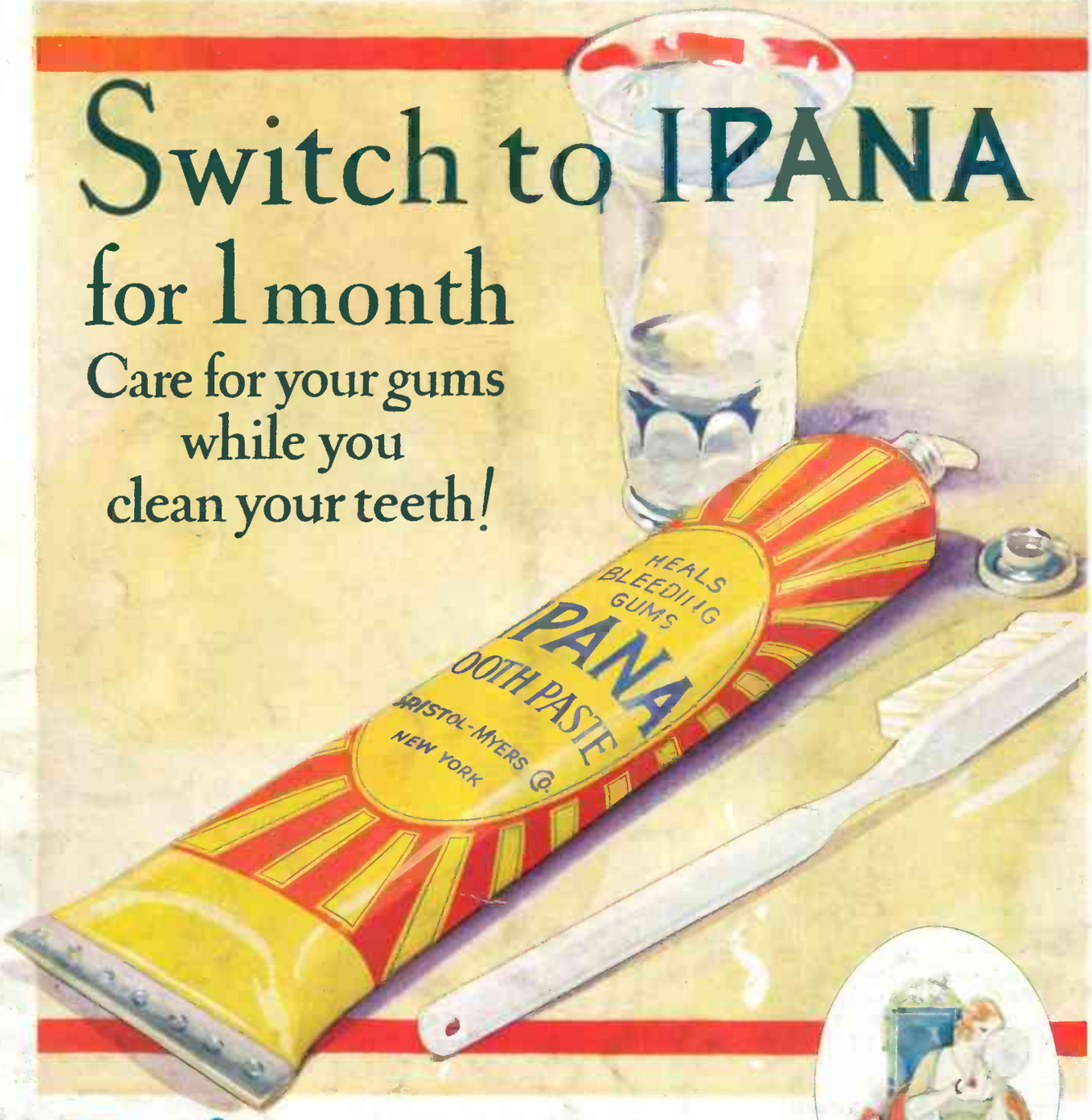

THE next time you set foot in a drug store, will you try to remember the name of Ipana? That seems a request purely selfish, but many who do try Ipana feel well repaid for their effort.

First of all, Ipana is good to the taste. Second, it is good, *very good*, in the normal work of cleaning the teeth. And third, it has a very beneficial effect in making and keeping your gums firm and healthy.

For under a diet of soft modern food, our gums have become logy. This food, devoid of roughage, covered often with creamy sauces, yields no stimulation to the gums. It gives them no exercise.

How Ipana tones and strengthens weakened gum tissue

But, with the help of Ipana, you can keep your gums firm. Simply massage them gently after you have cleaned your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste, which freshens the circulation within the gum walls. This massage will supply the stimulation needed so much, and Ipana itself, because of its ziratol content, will render the gum tissue more resistant to disease.

Ask your dentist about Ipana. He will be able to vouch for its benefits. For our professional men have called upon 50,000 dentists, and have demonstrated to them Ipana's virtues.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., NEW YORK
—makers of Sal Hepatica

So won't you speak of Ipana when next you see your druggist? If you prefer a sample, drop a note to Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. B C, 73 West St., N. Y. C., enclosing 2c. for mailing.

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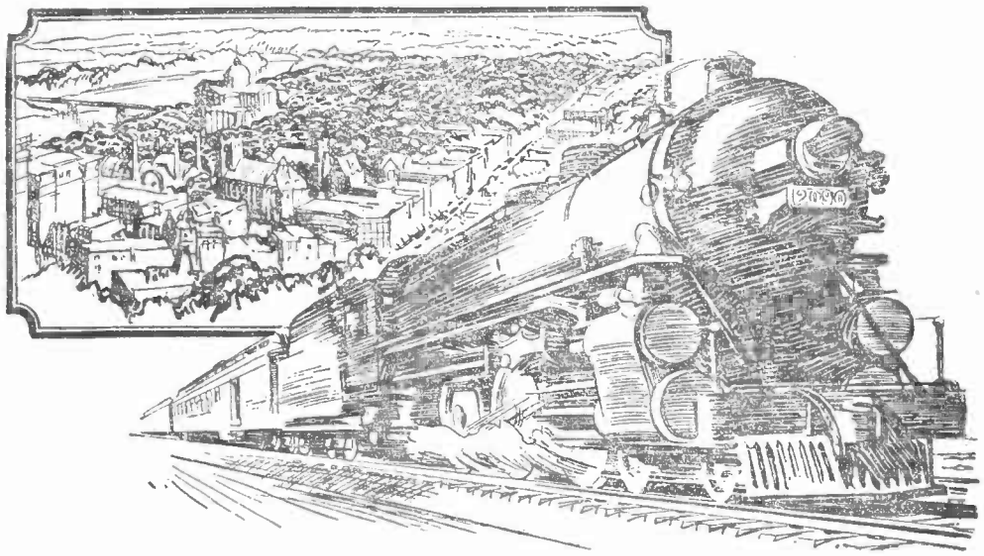

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The **Route of The Black Diamond**

NOVEMBER 1927

Broadcasting Magazine

Title Registered U. S. Patent Office

Vol. I No. 7

CONTENTS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE W. J. KENNEDY PUBLISHING COMPANY

W. J. KENNEDY, *Editor and Owner*

EXECUTIVE and EDITORIAL OFFICES, 1182 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

15c a copy, $1.50 a year in United States and Canada. Foreign Subscription, $2.00 per Year.

Application for entry as second class matter at Post Office, New York City, Pending.

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Printed in the U. S. A. by the Edward Langer Printing Company, Jamaica, New York City

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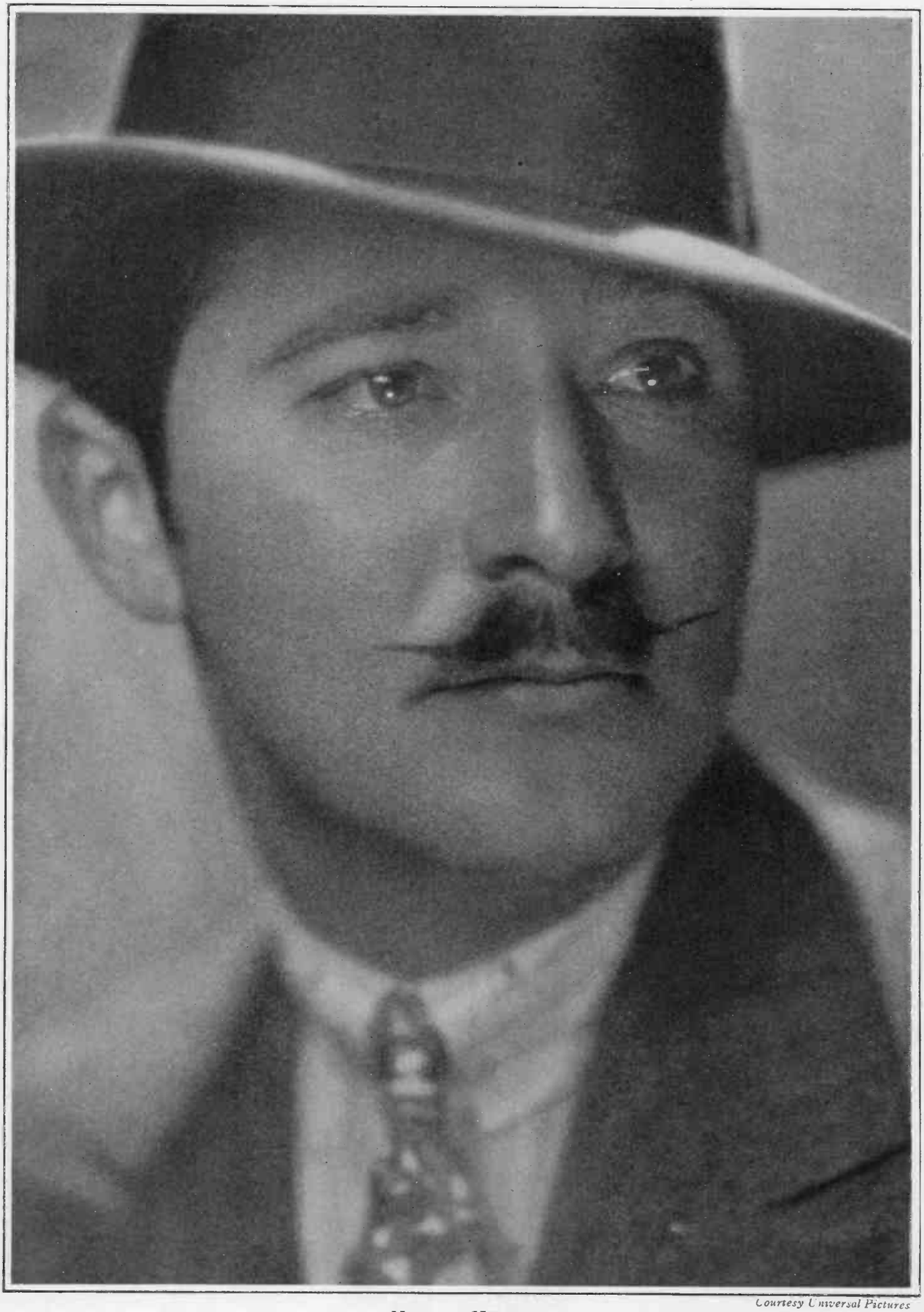

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MARY BRIAN

The Papered DOOR

by

Mary Roberts Rinehart

Illustrated by
Chester L. Garde

In the silence she could distinctly hear the bit as it worked its way through the outer wall.

THE small house was drafty. Air currents moved the curtains at the windows and billowed the cheap rug on the floor. The baby had had the croup; it had given her an excuse for being up, for the roaring kitchen fire, and lights.

Early in the evening she had sent over to the doctor's for medicine. The drug store was closed, and a curious crowd had gathered in front of it. The doctor dispensed his own prescriptions and had sent back with the bottle a kindly note:

"Dear Molly: If we can do anything let us know. Would you like Ann to spend the night with you?"

The eight-year-old girl had trotted back with a message that she thought she could manage nicely. The thought of Ann's prying eyes made her shudder.

Then the quiet night had settled down on them. Some time after eleven, moving about the room, she had glanced out of the window and had seen glowing in the darkness a lighted cigar.

She knew what it meant. The house was being watched.

By one o'clock the baby was breathing easier. A light snow was falling; frozen hard, it beat against the windowpanes with little, sharp cracklings. In the next room the eight-year-old girl was sound asleep, one arm thrown up over her head.

She went to the window and looked out again; the man across the street moved uneasily, hesitated, came over and signaled her to raise the window.

"How's the boy?" he called through the snow. She knew him then—Cooper, one of the county detectives.

"Better; the doctor's medicine has helped him."

He hesitated awkwardly. "You'd better go to bed," he said at last. "There is no use of two of us staying up. I guess he won't come back while I am hanging around."

"No," she replied wearily, "he won't come back, Mr. Cooper. That was the last word he said."

The detective coughed, cleared his throat, spat.

"We are all mighty sorry," he observed, using a carefully conversational tone. "These—these things happen now and then."

"I expect you are right cold out there."

"Well, I am not warm," he replied cheerfully. "I am burning up considerable fuel, but it doesn't seem to heat much." To show his ease he lighted a fresh stogie. The match flare showed his good-humored face drawn and strained in spite of his tone.

"You wouldn't care to come in and warm your feet, would you?"

He hesitated. The village street was quiet. Owing to its semi-isolated position, he had commanded all approaches to the house from his vantage point across the street. Once inside—But then again—the house was small and lightly built; one could hear a footfall through it. A man

ought to be able to thaw out now and then.

"I don't know but I will for a minute or two, Mrs. Carter," he assented, "if you'll unlock the door."

She came downstairs very soon, a shawl over her thin wrapper, and set a match to the fuel ready laid in the parlor stove before she admitted him.

She was a pretty, slender woman still in her twenties—an ultra-refined type for the village. Indeed, she had known better things than this thin clapboard house. She had taught school at the county seat before her marriage. The village had always resented her shy aloftness, the books on her parlor table. It had predicted calamity from the marriage, and now it had come.

The detective eyed her with appreciation as he drew up his chair to the fire and warmed his numb fingers.

"How did it happen, anyhow, Molly?" he said at last. He had known her for a long time. "Had he been drinking?"

"I don't exactly know myself." Her tone was dreary. "I had asked him not to carry a gun—but when you ask Jim not to do a thing, he wants to right off. It was over a woman."

The detective was uncomfortable; he had known about the woman, of course. Molly Carter went to the foot of the stairs and listened; all was still. The baby still slept. So small was the house that she could hear his slightly stertorous breathing. The base-burner was glowing now. She did not sit down again. She rolled her arms in her shawl and stood looking at the blaze.

"It was the girl at Heideger's. He's been hanging around her for quite a while. Jim was sociable, you know, and lately, with the baby and the house, I haven't had much time for him. At night I was tired."

The detective nodded.

"And he went out, I suppose?"

"Well, you can hardly blame him. I guess here in the town they'll say I drove him to it. I have the reputation of thinking more of my children than I do of my husband. In the evenings I liked to read. Jim was no hand for reading."

"They'll get me somehow," he repeated over and over.

In her nine years in the village she had adopted many of its colloquialisms.

"From what I gather, because with everybody talking at once I got kind of mixed up, it seems that the clerk from the drug store walked into Heideger's while Jim was there and asked the girl what she meant by fooling around with a married man. Then he told Jim to come home because his baby was sick. I'd sent over this afternoon for some ipecac. That was the start. The trouble came then."

"Then Jim came home," the detective prompted, "and after that, what, Molly?"

"Then Jim came home," she repeated in a spiritless voice, "and said he was in trouble and he would have to leave town. I gave him all the money I had and got his winter overcoat out. It smelled of moth balls, but there wasn't time to air it. He put it on and went."

The detective sniffed.

"Moth balls!" he said. "That's what I've been smelling. You must have spilled them around."

There was no light in the room or he would have seen the woman grow paler and her hands clutch under her shawl.

For a few moments there was silence in the parlor, save for the creak of the self-rocker in which the detective gently swung himself. He yawned and stretched out his legs.

"You don't mind if I smoke in here?"

"Jim smoked all over the house. Is the drug clerk badly hurt?"

The creaking of the self-rocker stopped. The detective looked hard at his stogie. "Yes, he's pretty bad," he said, after a moment. "He's—well, Molly, you will learn it soon enough anyhow—he's dead."

She sat down on one of the stiff plush chairs. Her jaws quivered nervously. She could scarcely articulate.

"Then it's murder."

"I'm afraid so."

He made an eager attempt to comfort her, bending forward.

"After all," he said, "something of this sort was bound to come sooner or later. If he gets away, you are better without him. If he doesn't—" He threw out his hands. "He has never supported you. You have worked for him, haven't you, and borne his children? What have you had out of it? Try to be sensible. Things are pretty bad just now, but—they have been pretty bad for you for the last eight years. It's been drink and gambling and other women, and I am going to tell you the whole thing straight. There is no use cutting off a dog's tail an inch at a time. He shot the girl, too. They are both dead. The sheriff is out with a posse, and there is a thousand dollars on his head."

The real blow had fallen earlier, in that early dusk when Jim had come in, frantic, and told her part of the truth. She only winced now, went a little paler; with the increasing warmth of the room the odor of moth balls seemed to fill the house.

She was dizzy, rather. Holding to the back of her chair, she listened for the sick child above. He still slept.

"Two of them!" she said at last. "The drug clerk was a nice young man. We used to talk about books and articles in the magazines. And now—oh, my God!" She pulled herself together sharply. "It's a pity of the girl, too," she said, quietly. "She was young and the men made a fool of her. I guess she wasn't really bad."

"The man across the street moved uneasily."

The detective said nothing. He rose, hoisting himself slowly out of the low rocker.

"Well, back to work," he said. "It's been mighty good of you, Molly. I am warmed through now." He yawned again. "The sister hasn't got out my flannels yet and I was nearly frozen. I wasn't expecting an all-night job."

He threw the end of his stogie into the stove, drew a revolver from his coat pocket and glanced at it, remembered suddenly that the action was hardly delicate, and

thrust it back. The woman's mind was working again—a subconscious intelligence that seemed to have been scheming all the while.

"I was thinking," she suggested, "that if I leave the latch off you could come in now and then and get warm. I can leave a cup of tea on the fender. Do you want milk in it?"

"Sugar, thank you, and no milk," he said. "You were always a thoughtful woman, Molly." There was something almost wistful in his voice. Mindful of the sleeping baby, he closed the door cautiously behind him as he went out.

Only the most casual search had been made of the house. Jim Carter had been seen after the tragedy to go home and shortly after to drive fiercely out of town in his buckboard wagon headed for the mountains. No one in the village had tried to stop him. He was grim, white-lipped, and armed.

The posse had found the buckboard eight miles away at nine o'clock that night, the wagon wedged in a fence corner with a wheel off and the horse lame. There was every likelihood that Carter was in the hills.

It was Heideger, the hotel keeper, who had offered the reward. It was Heideger who with German shrewdness had suggested that the house be watched. But it had been almost midnight when the detective took up his position across the street, and in the interval—

Molly Carter went back to the kitchen and lighted the lamp. The room was stifling, but the fire in the range was low now. She put in a fresh piece of wood and set the kettle over it. Then, and not until then, did she go to the wall beside the range and put her lips to it.

"Can you breathe?" she said, cautiously. The reply came with astonishing clearness through the thin wall; even the sound of a body turning in a narrow space:

"I am making another air hole. Go out and see if any chips fall out."

"I can't, Jim. Chester Cooper is across the street. Did you hear what he said? They are both dead."

There was no reply to this. In the silence she could distinctly hear the bit as it worked its way through the outer wall.

"Jim, did you hear what he said?"

"I heard," he said sullenly.

The plan had been his. He had thought it out when the horse had gone lame and he had had to work his roundabout way back home through the commencing storm. But the execution was hers, and the work was well done.

Beside the range there had been a small unlighted closet, with a flat wooden door that fitted close without a frame. Long ago the door had been papered to match the kitchen. It had been the work of only a few moments to take off the lock. After that he had gone inside and drawn the door to behind him, shutting out from her sight, to her relief, his shaking hands and death-colored face. It was done and the paste almost dry before the sheriff's officer had made his cursory search. The child upstairs had been coughing hoarsely all the time. The little girl was with him, locked in. Half distracted, she had papered anew from the ceiling to the floor over the little door and built a fire in the range to dry the paste. In the lamplight the unfaded strips did not show against the old ones. Daylight would reveal them cruelly. If she could only keep the neighbors out! They knew the kitchen. Even at that she had gained a night.

She made the tea, crossing and recrossing the little room cautiously. When she came back from placing the cup on the fender of the parlor stove, the querulous voice was speaking from the other side of the partition. "What the devil do you mean by bringing him in here, anyhow?"

"I thought it looked as if I hadn't anything to hide, Jim. He'll never think you are here now I have left the latch off, so he can go in and out when he likes."

"Well, you'd better see about those chips. Wait until he comes in the next time and then slip out the back door."

"The snow will cover them, Jim, there's a thousand dollars on you!"

"Well, why don't you sell me out? I haven't been worth much to you living; a thousand dollars dead wouldn't be bad."

Her lip quivered, but she made no reply. That was what the detective had said.

"If I could get to the barn," he grumbled, "I could work around behind Schultz's fence and get to the railroad siding. Where is that fool standing?"

"He's just across. You can't get to the barn. Jim, is that sleeping stuff of yours bitter?"

He gathered the meaning in her tone and came close to the papered door. (*Cont'd on page* 43)

TODAY

With every rising of the sun
Think of your life as just begun.

The Past has cancelled and buried deep
All yesterdays. There let them sleep.

Concern yourself with but Today.
Grasp it, and teach it to obey

Your will and plan. Since time began
Today has been the friend of man.

You and Today! A soul sublime
And the great heritage of time.

With God himself to bind the twain,
Go forth, brave heart! Attain!
Attain!

ANON.

"Good Evening Family"

An Intimate Glimpse of Major Bowes and His Capitol Family

By GARDNER B. CASE

OF all the entertainment units on the air, Major Edward Bowes' "Family," more than any other, seems to occupy a position peculiarly and typically its own. This particular stronghold in the affections of radio fans is due to a number of reasons. First, the Capitol Theatre was the first organization of its kind to broadcast a regular program over the air. November 19, 1922, was a red-letter day in radio history, when, through the courtesy of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, for the first time an orchestra of the magnitude of the Capitol Grand Orchestra was broadcast direct from a theatre. Shortly after, the regular theatre program was supplemented by a studio program from which has evolved the congenial "Family" group which now gathers every Sunday evening around the studio "mike." Another important factor in the widespreading influence of the Capitol "Family" is the imposing chain of stations which relay the program. WEAF, New York; WRC, Washington; WJAR, Providence; WWJ, Detroit; WCAE, Pittsburgh; WEEI, Boston; WTAG, Worcester; KSD, St. Louis; WHAS, Louisville, Ky.; WSB, Atlanta, Ga.; WSM, Nashville, Tenn.; and WMC, Memphis, Tenn., comprise the chain which, it is estimated, brings us into the homes of some 6,000,000 listeners. Still another factor which particularly distinguishes the Capitol "Family" is that it is a Sunday evening feature. Coming as it does on this day of the week seems to impart a certain significance to the program, with the result that in so many homes it has become a part of the regular Sabbath day routine.

Any group or organization takes its color and keynote from the personality directing it, and it is logical to assume that the kindly, cultured personality of Major Bowes is responsible in a great measure for the aura of quality and character which surrounds the Capitol "Family."

Scholar, art collector, music lover and showman—a unique combination of business executive and artistic showman—is Major Edward Bowes, the gentleman who week in and week out quietly and unostentatiously directs the programs at the Capitol Theatre. In the same gentle and characteristic manner he has directed the Broadway presentation of five of the current special productions for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. One finds the Major directing his multiple activities ensconced behind four telephones in a quiet office filled with art objects of value and distinction, accumulated during many years of collection. For the Major's hobby is building homes. These he develops until they get so unwieldy and require so much responsibility that he disposes of them and begins anew. On each of these he has always built a lake, and to Holbrook Blinn, a close friend, has fallen the duty of naming them: "Dream Lake," "Shadow Lake" and "Little Lake." The latter is the name of the present home of Major and Mrs. Bowes in Westchester, but the apartment on top of the Capitol is their permanent abode. Mrs. Bowes, who was known as the former Margaret Illington, retired from the stage six years ago.

Major Edward Bowes was born in San Francisco, California, and lived there until 1907, operating extensively in real estate. In 1905 he retired from active business and made an extensive tour of Europe. The great fire of 1906, however, not only obliterated his fortune, but left him heavily in debt. With workmen digging out the hot embers, he laid the foundation of a new office building and resumed real estate operations. During the next two years, by judging wisely as to the reaction of the stricken city and the probably new centers which the catastrophe was bound to bring about, he not only cleared all mortgage obligations but started on the road to another fortune. In 1908 Major Bowes bade farewell to bachelordom and married Margaret Illington, one of the most beloved figures on the American stage, after which Major and Mrs. Bowes came East to live. Brought up in an artistic environment and having an inherent interest in matters of dramatic and musical interest, it was not unusual that the Major should turn his energies to the theatre. In association with John Cort and Peter McCourt, he was one of the original owners of the Cort Theatre, New York, and the Park Square Theatre, Boston, as well as a producer of plays. In 1918, in association with Messmore Kendall and others, he built

the Capitol Theatre, the world's largest theatre. This institution, a national landmark, was the crystallization of a dream of this group of men to erect and maintain a temple of the motion picture which would be the finest expression of architectural art, a perfect setting for a superlative entertainment. He gave his supervision to every detail of the designing, construction and decoration of the theatre. As managing director of the theatre, he has guided its policy since the day of its opening, and has now assumed the active direction of stage production, personally supervising all the details in connection with the presentation of the orchestral numbers, the lighting effects, the ballet numbers and all musical presentations. The presentation of motion pictures is not the only phase of Major Bowes' activities in the industry. He was vice-president of Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, and since its merger into the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company, has served as vice-president of the consolidated company and a member of the executive committee.

The Major approaches his radio duties with a sense of the deep responsibilities incumbent upon him and his happy little circle of artists. In describing his attitude toward the radio audience, he says: "There are many factors which contribute to the sense of responsibility which we feel to our radio audience. Our enormous number of listeners, embracing so many different localities, likewise includes a a great variety of

(*Cont'd on page* 40)

MAJOR EDWARD BOWES AND HIS CAPITOL "FAMILY"

Bottom row, L. to R. Celia Turrill, Tommy Dowd, Julia Glass, Caroline Andrews, Chester Hale, Margaret Schilling. Second row, L. to R. Waldo Mayo, Dr. Billy Axt, Major Bowes, David Mendoza, Yasha Bunchuk. Top row, L. to R. Max Herzberg, David Gusikoff, Pietro Capodiferro, Alexander Savitsky, Martha Wilchinski, Sigurd Nilssen, Laura Newell, Hendrik DeVries, Clarabel Nordholm, Carlo Ferretti, Robert Denti, Charles Thetford, Bernard Nadelle and Colin O'More. Above. Grand Staircase, Capitol Theatre.

A Dinner Ensemble

One of the season's "more feminine" dresses disclosing noteworthy fashion features. Made of velvet in softly blended shades of orchid, violet and blue mist, it has elbow-length sleeves and a triple-tiered, box-pleated skirt in petal effect, which is a trifle longer in back than in front

Smart and distinctive in every detail are these street frocks. The Navy double Roma on the left with fine horizontal pin tucks and rows of buttons has a very wide patent leather belt and reveres of velvet.

The Mandarin frock of black satin embroidered in red, green and yellow all-over design has a pleated skirt of red satin.

Dress To Suit Your Type

Every woman should study herself and discover her type and then make use of some of this fancy-dress spontaneity in her everyday garb.

The Fashionaire Talks

By Margaret Elder

LET'S be different and forget the Mode as of Fall, 1927, for a moment! Let's suppose that the world of women are all going to take part in a carnival. What will they do, one and all? Why, of course, each will take a bit of chiffon, velvet, or even cotton fabric that comes to hand and create a costume that is purely decorative and charming.

One will arrange a headdress that might have been worn by Cleopatra if she sees herself as this type. Another will choose a Venetian dress, or a Greek costume, and, like Helen of Troy, drape her robes about her to "half conceal and yet reveal" her statuesque type of beauty; while still another will typify the Egyptian or Arabian. Regardless of what is chosen, each costume will be charming because it is spontaneous and decorative.

From this and various other observations I'm led to believe that deep down in the heart of every

The ever-popular white, gray and black combination effectively fashions this formal afternoon gown of velvet. A close-fitting black velvet hat and bag are the favored accessories

Dress to Suit Your Type

woman is the desire to dress her type. My advice to this Every Woman is to use the mirror, study herself and discover her type and then make use of some of this fancy-dress spontaneity in her every-day garb. But, goodness gracious, don't carry it to extremes. Let your innate good taste and style judgment be your guide.

Nor is an exorbitant expenditure necessary in order to create an individual personality in your clothes. It can be done with less expense and less trouble than dressing in the forever changing mode once you have determined on your type.

I have chosen two outstanding types for discussion. The woman of mature charm from thirty to fifty-five with the rounded mature figure and the smart youthful woman with chic but without beauty. These types are decidedly different. Yet each can be equally as smart and well-dressed as the other, and each can express a personality as subtle and charming, but in styles so individual that the other would look ludicrous should she attempt to wear them.

Not only this, but it is interesting to find that Couturiers and Modistes have their favorite types. For instance, Paul Poiret finds it more interesting to define and dress the personality and strongly develop char-

Soft, sheenful white velvet with silver lame at neck and belt line fashions this attractive model. The waist drawn in a circular fullness at one hip and the detachable cascade at the side are notable style points

acter of the mature woman, while Premet, Lanvin, Reboux and many others prefer the more chic, more sophisticated type.

For the mature woman, Paul Poiret says, "Neither I nor any other couturier can give definite rules for waistlines, skirt lengths, color or fabrics, but surely there is no need for the older woman to wear skirts to her heels when the world is wearing them to the knees." She must choose the length that is becoming. Usually the gracefully draped skirt with an irregular hemline gives the effect of length and is worn with far greater advantage than the unyielding straight hemline.

The neckline must be selected to suit the size and length of the throat—a V or rounded V for the daytime and the deep V or square décolletége for the evening. Sleeves should always be full length for street frocks. However, the size of the arms and her contour may determine whether these be tight-fitting or softly drape the arms.

As for colors, the older woman does not have to limit herself to sombre shades. The pastel colors of to-day offer delightful shades for any age and complexion, and, guided by her hair and eyes, she should find the colors that are most becoming and flattering and should not change them unless the current mode offers a shade equally satisfactory. My admonition to all

The beauty of long, flowing lines so important in the season's mode is here expressed in this formal gown of Parme violet velvet. The beaded embroidery in blue, silver and orchid and the changeable taffeta lining add color charm. The up-in-the-front and down-in-the-back motif is very evident

is to avoid harsh, crude colors, for you will find the soft, off-shade more to your liking.

For the daytime, this type of rounded figure will choose the practical, the wearable clothes of jersey, wool crêpe, crêpe de chine, georgette and velvet made with a softly pleated or draped skirt just below the calf and a simply tailored blouse.

But her evening clothes! This is where she indulges herself to her heart's delight in fabrics luxurious and beautiful! Satin, lamé, lace velvet and brocade in colors that glow under the soft evening lights and bring out every light of her hair and eyes and every soft tone of her complexion. Yet never should she forget the charm of simplicity in line and cut, nor the beauty of harmonious blending of colors.

Our other type is the woman who is not beautiful, but who is extremely chic. She has grace, vivacity and personal magnetism, yet she has large, irregular, sometimes ugly features. She is striking because of her figure, her carriage, her grooming, her smart clothes and her air of confidence. She dares to accentuate her faults and finds herself more chic; she ignores all thought of prettiness and becomingness and accents chic and chic alone.

She can wear colors that emphasize the current color mode, details that exaggerate it. But, always, she keeps within its boundaries. Her aim is to carry the standard of the mode to its last extreme, rather than to step outside and into the field of originality and individuality where some types excel.

If this type is not ultra-chic, she will be more or less commonplace or drab. So she is oftentimes startling, exaggerating, but never, never boring. And, too, that touch of assurance or swagger that is the crowning touch of chic comes automatically when a woman is confident that she has acquired the art of sophisticated dressing and is happy in the knowing that her whole "make-up" is beyond criticism.

And when I say the whole make-up I mean that one's entire outfit should be in harmony. If there is one thing the French woman knows it is the art of harmony in dress.

A touch here; or a matching ornament placed where it gives a certain distinctiveness has made the French woman famous.

But, however, there is great danger in attempting to belong to this type unless you are quite certain of your fashion sense and knowledge. When one attempts extremes of any sort, the descent from the sublime to the ridiculous is easy.

So, let me warn you to adopt this ultra-chic mode slowly. And not at all unless you have studied your type and the prevailing mode and are thoroughly satisfied that you know how to make your clothes express your good style sense.

Sports dress featuring a pleated wool plaid skirt and belted jacket of black velveteen. The cone-shaped cuffs of light beige crêpe de Chine with red edging are very youthful and smart

Hand-run écru lace vestee and cuffs edged with burnt orange and black piping add charm to this afternoon dress of faconne velvet in varying shades of tan and brown. Soft vagabond hat of harmonizing velvet

The cartridge-pleated skirt in front and long-pointed back panel are distinctive style points of this "Morning Glory" afternoon frock of satin in shades ranging from blue to purple. Hat of black velvet with gold cord band

Old-Fashioned Recipes

Courtesy Royal Baking Powder

Lemon Meringue Pie

2 cups water
3 tablespoons corn starch
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup sugar
3 eggs
4 tablespoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 teaspoon salt

Line pie plate loosely with pastry and bake quickly until light brown. Put water on to boil. Mix corn starch, flour and sugar with additional one-half cup cold water until smooth; mix in egg yolks; add slowly to boiling water. Cook five minutes, stirring constantly; add lemon juice, rind and salt. Pour into baked crust. Beat egg whites; add three tablespoons sugar and one teaspoon baking powder. Spread thickly on top of pie. Bake in hot oven about five minutes until brown.

Cream of Browned Onion Soup

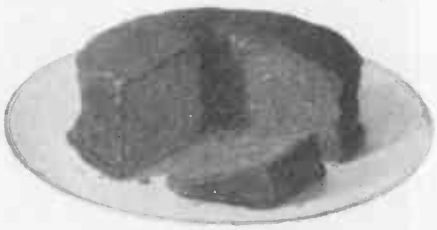
Four medium-sized onions, one cupful water, three tablespoonfuls slightly browned flour, three tablespoonfuls butter, two cups milk, one and one-quarter teaspoonfuls salt. Slice the onions and put in a buttered pan. Add a very little water, cover and put into the oven. When the onions are tender remove the cover and brown. Rub the browned onion through the colander, add the water, and the white sauce, made by adding the hot milk to the butter and slightly browned flour rubbed together until smooth. The white sauce should cook ten minutes in a double boiler.

Peppermints

Heat together two cupfuls of granulated sugar, half a cupful of milk or thin cream and five drops of oil of peppermint. Stir until dissolved, then boil for three minutes without stirring, then beat until creamy. For a change, oil of wintergreen may be used in place of peppermint. Drop on paraffin paper before too cool.

Spinach Salad

Boil a pint of spinach until tender, drain and press out; remove the water; chop fine; add horseradish, oil and salt to season. Pack in small custard cups or timbale molds; allow it to get chilled. Serve on lettuce leaves with dressing and garnish with hard cooked whites of eggs which have been cut in eighths to resemble daisy petals.



Courtesy Royal Baking Powder

Devil's Food Cake

¼ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
2½ ozs. unsweetened chocolate
½ cup mashed potatoes
1 egg
⅜ cup milk
1¼ cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ cup chopped nuts
½ teaspoon vanilla extract

Cream shortening; add sugar, melted chocolate and mashed potatoes; mix well; add egg yolk, milk and flour and baking powder which have been sifted together; beat well; add nuts, vanilla and beaten egg white; mix thoroughly. Bake in greased shallow tin in moderate oven twenty-five to thirty-five minutes.

Endive With Grape Fruit Salad

Cut the grape fruit in halves and remove the pulp with a spoon, being careful not to break the carpels any more than possible. Mix with French dressing. Arrange in a bowl with a border of endive, so placed as to make it easily served with the grape fruit. Garnish with small green lettuce leaves. If desired, the endive may be cut in pieces and mixed with the grape fruit.

Tomato and Spanish Onion au Gratin

Slice about eight well-wiped tomatoes with a very sharp knife and part boil four Spanish onions. Then slice the onion. Arrange on a greased dish alternately, moistening with some stock milk or white sauce, and season with salt and pepper. Strew thickly with breadcrumbs, add some pieces of butter, and bake until brown.

Sour Milk Gingerbread

One cup of molasses, one cup of sour milk, two and one-third cups of flour, one and three-quarters teaspoons of soda, two teaspoons of ginger, one-half teaspoon salt, one-quarter cup of shortening; mix soda with sour milk and add to molasses; sift together remaining dry ingredients, combine mixtures and add melted shortening and beat vigorously. Pour into a buttered shallow pan and bake twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven.

Tomato Noodles

To one-half can of tomatoes, add salt, pepper and butter; let boil hard and while boiling mix in a mixing bowl four eggs beaten real stiff with flour, roll out in cakes, let dry, cut, put into tomatoes while boiling, be sure to have plenty of water on tomatoes before putting noodles in.

A Group of Old-Fashioned Recipes for the Modern Housekeeper

Swiss Steak

Lay thick round steak on a board, sprinkle with salt and pepper and pound in all the flour the meat will take. Treat the other side in the same manner. Put a little butter into the frying pan and when smoking hot brown the meat quickly on both sides. Fill the pan two-thirds full of hot water, cover closely and let cook one and a half or two hours. Onions may be added if desired. When done the gravy will be already thickened.

English Plum Pudding

One pound of currants, one pound of raisins, one-half pound citron, one-half pound of brown sugar, three eggs, one pound of flour and one pound of suet chopped fine. Mix flour and sugar with a teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful baking powder, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one nutmeg, grated. Add water to make a stiff dough, boil in a bag four hours.

Cranberry Pie

One cupful cranberries cut in halves, one cupful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of vanilla, one-half cupful of hot water, one pinch of salt.

Hot Cheese Sandwiches

These are especially good to serve for a Sunday night supper. Take a cupful of snappy cheese, add a beaten egg, tablespoonful of Worchestershire sauce, salt and mustard to taste. Cream the cheese and add the seasoning. Cut the bread in rounds, a half inch thick, spread with the mixture and place a slice of bacon on each round of bread. Put into a hot oven and when the bacon is done, serve at once with a green salad.

Courtesy Royal Baking Powder

Nut and Raisin Rolls

2½ cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
5 tablespoons shortening
1 egg
⅔ cup milk
butter
raisins
chopped nuts
½ cup sugar

Sift flour, baking powder, salt and sugar together. Add melted shortening and beaten egg to milk and add to dry ingredients, mixing well. Turn out on floured board and knead lightly. Roll out very thin. Spread with butter and sprinkle with raisins, chopped nuts and small amount of granulated sugar. Cut into about four-inch squares. Roll up each as for jelly roll. Press edges together. Brush over with yolk of egg mixed with a little cold water, and sprinkle with nuts and sugar, and allow to stand in greased pan about fifteen minutes. Bake in moderate oven from twenty to twenty-five minutes.

Old Fashioned Omelet

Fill a cup with fine breadcrumbs, and then add as much hot milk as it will hold. Beat the yolks of four eggs creamy, and pour in the omelet. Cover over them. Add the whites of four eggs beaten stiff, and fold in lightly. Have ready a frying pan in which butter is bubbling. Pull to a cooler part of the stove or turn the heat down under it, and pour in the omelet. Cover tightly and cook slowly, covered all the time, until firm. The cooking must be slow. Then fold the omelet, sprinkle with salt and pepper; serve at once.

Boiled Pudding

Mix together a third of a cup of suet, powdered, a half cup of sugar, one cup of bread crumbs, one-half cup of milk, one egg, beaten, one cup of raisins, dredged with flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of baking powder and a little flour—enough to make the proper consistency. Cook in a double boiler and serve very hot.

Suet Pudding

One cup molasses, one cup chopped raisins, one cup chopped suet, one cup sweet milk, three and one-half cups flour, one teaspoon soda and a little salt. Steam three hours.

Sweet Potato Muffins

Two-thirds of a cup of fresh mashed sweet potatoes, two eggs well beaten, three tablespoons of sugar, mix these well, then add one cup of milk, two cups of flour, one teaspoon of salt, three heaping teaspoons of baking powder, one tablespoon of melted butter. Beat well and bake in buttered tins about twenty minutes in moderate oven. Raisins and chopped nuts may be added if desired.

Fruit Conserve

Take a pound of dried apricots and one pound figs and boil separately until soft. Run through a chopper, add one pound of chopped raisins, a quarter pound English walnuts, cut into small pieces and add three cups sugar. Boil ten minutes and put up in glasses.

Peppers Filled With Cheese

Take a cupful and a fourth of cream cheese, with a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of onion juice, a dash of red pepper, thicken with cracker crumbs and fill the peppers. Bake light brown, serve with tomato sauce.

Old-Fashioned Recipes

GERMAN BREAD

When next you make bread, take a loaf of unbaked bread and knead into it a fourth of a cup of sugar, one egg, one tablespoonful of butter, chopped citron, raisins, currants, broken English walnut kernels and a very little spice. Let it rise. Eat it warm.

BUTTER BEAN ROAST WITH TOMATOES

Take a half pound butter beans, one onion, one-fourth pound of butter, two eggs, half a pound of bread crumbs, one tablespoonful mixed herbs, one tablespoonful chopped parsley, one pound small ripe tomatoes, salt and pepper. Cook the beans in water with the onion sliced, until soft. Strain off the water and put the beans into a basin, then add two ounces of butter, two well beaten eggs, one-half pound of bread crumbs, one teaspoonful of herbs, season to taste with salt and pepper and mix well together. Turn on to a floured board and shape neatly into a loaf. Dredge it all over with flour. Place it in a well greased baking tin with the rest of the butter on top, and bake with the previously wiped and stemmed tomatoes for about three-quarters of an hour, basting it occasionally with butter. It should be nicely browned. Dish up and serve hot with gravy and apple sauce. Or the roast may be eaten cold with salad.

CREAMED HAM WITH CHEESE

Melt one and one-half tablespoons of butter, blend in an equal quantity of flour, add slowly one and one-half cups of milk, stir until smooth, season with a dash of cayenne, add one cup of finely chopped cooked ham and four tablespoons of grated cheese. Stir until the cheese melts, spread on slices of toasted bread and serve at once.

Courtesy Royal Baking Powder

BOSTON BROWN BREAD

Sift together a heaping cupful each of corn meal, rye and graham flour and one teaspoonful of salt. Dissolve a tablespoonful of baking soda in a little warm water and mix it with two cupfuls of molasses and an equal quantity of sweet milk and one cupful of sour milk. Stir these into the dry ingredients and when well mixed pour into well buttered molds or tin pails which have close fitting tops. Pour in only sufficient to fill three-quarters full, then put on the covers and set in a kettle with sufficient cold water to reach nearly but not quite to the top of the pails. Set over a brisk fire and when the water once boils keep it boiling, adding to it as it boils away from another kettle which must be kept boiling. Boil for four hours, then remove the lids and set in the oven for a few minutes to dry off, after which the leaves may be turned out without difficulty. This is good hot or cold and is especially delicious if eaten with sweet cream.

PEANUT MACAROONS

White one egg, one-quarter cup fine granulated sugar, five tablespoons chopped peanuts and one teaspoon vanilla. Beat white of egg until stiff and add gradually, while beating constantly, sugar; then add peanuts and vanilla. Drop from tip of spoon on buttered sheet one and one-half inches apart. Garnish each with one-half peanut and bake in a slow oven from twelve to fifteen minutes.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING

English Yorkshire pudding is so good to eat and so easy to make, it deserves to be better known. The plain mixture follows: Mix four tablespoons of flour and one teaspoon of salt with one quarter cup of cold water until smooth. Add one large or two small eggs and beat hard two minutes, then add three-quarters cup of milk. Pour the mixture at once into a hot pan (one about 6x10 inches, with 1-inch sides is best), in which have been melted two tablespoonfuls of butter or beef drippings. Bake one hour in a moderate oven, cut in squares and serve with beef, veal or chicken. A teaspoon of finely chopped onion and one-quarter teaspoon of powdered sage added just before baking makes a savory pudding to serve with pork.

SWEETBREAD PATTIES

Chop meat of cold sweetbreads coarsely and season well. Make large cup rich drawn butter, and while on the fire stir in two eggs, boiled hard and minced fine; also a little chopped parsley, then the sweetbreads. Let almost boil. Have ready some pate pans of good paste, baked quickly to light brown. Slip from pans while hot, fill with mixture and set in oven to heat.

FISH ROLLS

Mix two pounds of chopped, uncooked halibut; two tablespoons of blanched, chopped almonds, the slightly beaten whites of two eggs; salt and pepper to taste, and one tablespoon of chopped parsley. Add one pint of stiff whipped cream. Mold into rolls three inches long, dip in egg and bread crumbs, and fry in deep fat. Serve with a sauce made from one chopped cucumber mixed with mayonnaise.

For the Modern Housekeeper

QUINCE TARTLETS

Pare, quarter and cook quinces enough to allow one quince to each tartlet, and boil them in fair water until they are tender when tried with a broom splint. Have ready when they are done —three-quarters of a pint of rich vanilla syrup. Drain the quinces and drop them into the syrup and let them boil in this until they are a good red color, then set them aside to cool. Make a pie crust and arrange the tart shells in tartlet pans the right size; place in each one quince (four quarters) and enough of the syrup to cover the fruit, and bake until the crust is done. When cold heap with whipped cream, and put a cherry in the center of each and serve.

CURD CHEESE

Into one quart of milk stir one tablespoon of rennet. When this has entirely turned, pour into a muslin bag. This must drain all day until the cheese is dry and crumbly. Then with a fork mash it up fine, season with salt, and add a little sweet cream. This moulded into balls, with the addition of a little sage, makes a delicious dish.

SALSIFY SOUP

Scrape a dozen salsify roots and cut them in thin slices. Drop into boiling water and cook for an hour, or until tender. Just before serving add an ounce of shredded codfish, two tablespoonfuls of butter, a pint of milk and a half cupful of cream. Season to taste.

CURRIED TOMATOES

Chop an onion and an apple fine and fry them in butter, season to taste with curry powder and add a cupful of hot water in which a beef cube has been dissolved. Pour over fried tomatoes and serve very hot.

Courtesy Royal Baking Powder

BISCUITS

Rub a dessertspoonful of butter into a pint of flour until the latter looks like oatmeal, then add a saltspoonful of salt, a dessertspoonful of white sugar and a small teaspoonful of baking powder. Now make a hole in the flour and pour into it a little milk, stirring the flour as you do so and add more milk until a very thick batter is produced, almost too thick to stir, but not thick enough to be called a dough (about a half-pint of milk will be sufficient). Have ready a well-greased baking tin, drop the batter in small heaps, in size rather less than a walnut, upon the tin two inches apart, and bake immediately. The oven being very hot, a skillful worker can make and bake these biscuits in 15 minutes. If not baked at once they will be spoiled.

SCALLOPED ONIONS

Boil and drain onions. When cold cut into small pieces, and put a thick layer of onions in the bottom of a greased pudding dish; sprinkle with salt and pepper, dot with bits of butter, stew quickly with crumbs and then repeat the layers until the dish is full. Pour in a little cream or rich milk, cover and bake for half an hour, uncover and brown.

SARDINES A LA BACON

Toast several slices of bread. On each slice place a couple pieces of fried bacon. On top of which place two or three small sardines. Over this pour a few drops of the hot bacon drippings, salt, pepper and a little mustard. Garnish with parsley.

MILK PORRIDGE

Put into a double boiler one cupful of milk and heat to the boiling point. Stir two tablespoonfuls flour smooth in another cupful of cold milk, then add to the scalding milk, little by little, stirring all the time, until smooth and thickened. Cook over the hot water for half an hour and salt to taste just before removing from the fire.

FISH CROQUETTES

Rub together three tablespoons of flour, one of butter, stir into one-half pint of rich milk. Add a teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley and a quarter teaspoonful of grated onion. Boil until it thickens, then stir in two cupfuls of cold cooked fish and let the mixture boil up again. Add a teaspoonful salt and pepper and set aside. When cold, roll into croquettes, dip in beaten egg and bread crumbs and fry in hot fat. Serve with peas, cress or fresh string beans garnished with slices of hard-boiled eggs.

CELERY BISQUE

Chop fine sufficient celery tops to make half a pint, put them in a saucepan with a pint of water and simmer slowly for fifteen minutes; drain and press perfectly dry. Put this water in a double boiler, add a pint of milk, two level tablespoonfuls of butter rubbed with two of flour; stir until thick and smooth, and add twenty-five oysters that have been washed and drained. Cook until the gills curl and serve at once.

CARROTS WITH ONION

Slice fine enough carrots for five or six people; add three large onions sliced and a scant teaspoon of salt; boil three quarters of an hour, then strain; add two tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, salt and pepper; mix thoroughly and chop fine.

The Art of Making Thanksgiving Magic

By Isobel Brands

EVER since I can remember, it has amazed me how different people had different ideas about the spirit of Thanksgiving. To some families it meant a lot of food—served haphazardly and resulting in indigestion and afternoon heaviness. To others it meant indulging in much hushed religion to the exclusion of everything else. Some friends of ours take Thanksgiving time to have a family social visiting trip; others spend Thanksgiving among the sick and needy; others distribute baskets among poor families. Some people I know just celebrate Thanksgiving because the only way they can get their wayward children together is by giving them a good Thanksgiving dinner.

Many of the reasons for the celebration of Thanksgiving listed above are obviously splendid. But for those to whom family life is important, and who like to make "magic" with their lives and the lives about them, it takes a combination of things to make the Thanksgiving spirit the thing it was meant to be.

I believe a combination of giving to the needy, gathering together the fold of stray children, if they have strayed from the family hearth, and a dinner, served not only for food's sake, but with magic touches, is the real kind of Thanksgiving to have.

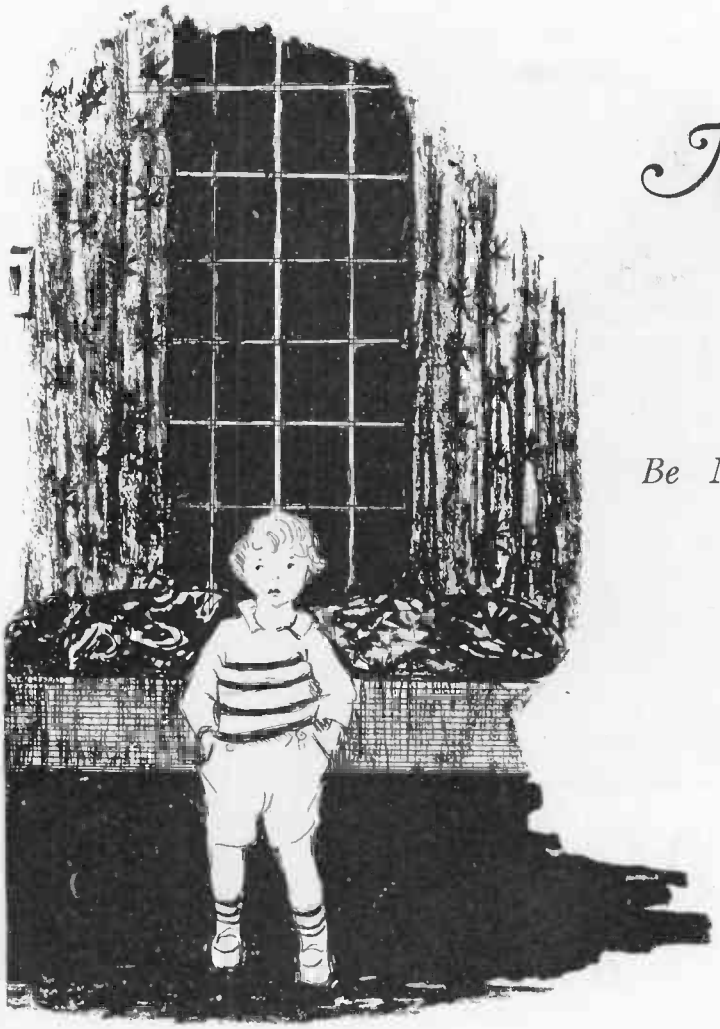
Our Thanksgiving dinners are never quite the same each year. We like to imbue them with an air of mystery and suspense. The children never know, each year, what is coming next, and although I have a very carefully planned menu and program, each course and each Thanksgiving "stunt" seems spontaneously original.

A few things only remain the same. The "graceful" grace with which all the little heads of brown, gold and black hair are bent over in small, uncertain voices, saying "Give us this day . . ." while all the sterner grown-up voices join in giving thanks.

And the glowing faces around the Thanksgiving dinner table remain the same.

Also our proverbial little stunt of "sniff-sniffing" the air, charged with mystery, and wondering what's going to happen.

My stunt this year is to have individual menu cards, which I color and make for each member of the family. This makes Thanksgiving an occasion which sits dignifiedly upon young shoulders, and everybody will read the cards, but the tiny tot in the high chair. The food on the menu is not given by right names, but in fanciful manner. For instance, the sardine paste, served in lemon cup, with a wreath of watercress, served with saltines, will be called "Princess Jean in the Woods." Jean is (*Continued on page* 28)



Method in Parenthood

Be Not a Child Trainer, But Rather a Child Culturist

By LILIAN EDMAC

Decorations by
AGNES LEHMAN

OFTEN I have pondered on the whole problem of parents and children in a search for the right note to strike, only to be defeated by the spontaneous action of my own imperfect personality when some crisis arose in my own affairs. The gain has come through the understanding of my own mental errors. You cannot follow a system unless you can bring your subconscious reactions into harmony with it. The consolation lies in the discovery that even the mistakes you make can be turned to advantage if you will but acknowledge error.

The habit of thinking of yourself as an agent in the development of the child's character instead of one responsible for his training is helpful. A trainer is more of an autocrat than a culturist need be. A trainer dominates; a culturist follows. A trainer uses an inflexible method as compared to the technic of the culturist, who must use his energies to obtain environments in which his charges may evolve the kind of character desired.

It follows then that the motives for self-government in the child must not be strengthened by the use of fear or force, nor should the child be shielded from the natural consequences of the mistakes he makes. The fixation of the idea of moral turpitude in his mind sows the seeds of a self-distrust that is fatal.

Ridicule is another most double-edged and dangerous weapon in the hands of a person in authority over young people.

An earnest truthfulness is all one needs and the ability to do the thing you say you will, combined with a real effort to find things for the child to do.

We will assume that the mother is giving the required attention to the physical needs of the child and so will discuss all incidents in relation to character building, although to be clear in the purpose of this method it will be necessary to mention many of the routine affairs in regard to hygienic education.

We have already stated that morality for an infant is the cultivation of good habits in eating, sleeping and elimination. The latter causes more disaster than the other two in its reaction on the child's disposition. The correct methods of training are so tedious and require such close attention that mothers are apt to wait until some time between the first and second year to begin what is commonly called "breaking the baby," and as far as his nervous system is concerned, this often becomes literally true and makes a poor beginning for an (*Continued on page* 42)

The Movies
As Seen by a Radio Stylist

By F. D. Rich

TODAY I'm going to take a respite from the world of fashion, clothes and beautiful women—no, I shouldn't say that, for the world of the cinema is full of more beautiful girls and women than Fifth Avenue (with due apologies to the Avenue)—and so I'm going to try to tell you a little about the making of motion pictures.

Of course, it all harks back to my work as a stylist and my interest in beautiful clothes and beautiful things for beautiful women. To begin with, the North American Society of Art, headed by Mr. Nobel Stevens, the well-known mural decorator, is engaged in making an all-color film which is shortly to be released under the title, I believe, "Quest of the Rainbow." Its story deals with the importance of beauty and color in life, in clothes, in the home, in architecture—in short, everything which touches our lives and which can add to the joy of living.

An artist friend of mine, Major Frederick Sturges Laurence, who is associated with Mr. Stevens, approached me to help costume the film, or, more particularly, one part of it, the story of which is based on the seasonal opening in a fashion salon with a marvelous display of costume and color.

From the start I found myself decidedly intrigued. Not only was the subject one dear to my own heart, but the idea behind it of carrying a greater appreciation of beauty and color through the media of the screen particularly appealed to me. In a few minutes after our first conference, I must admit I discovered myself an enthusiastic co-worker, even to the extent that a little later I was actually engaged in acting as assistant director on the set for the actual filming of the pictures.

And that reminds me—has it ever occurred to you that a motion picture which often requires months of preparation before appearing in release, must be "styled" right up to the moment when you see it? Otherwise, something in it falls flat. That means someone with style-wise eyes must look months ahead and *know* what is going to be right. On the spoken stage costumes can be changed overnight. Not so with the cinema. Once the camera crank has turned, the imperishable record is completed. There is no altering. I can only compliment most candidly those far-seeing directors and costumers of filmland who six and nine months ago visioned the importance of velvet in the present season and made their wares ready for your acceptance this fall and winter, with velvet the reigning queen of fashion in hats and gowns.

But, getting back to the "Quest of the Rainbow," first of all there was the selection of costumes, millinery and accessories in anticipation of the time of release. In this we had to consider materials, style tendencies, a myriad of details, and of course *color,* for remember every inch of this picture is in full natural color, photographed that way, not hand or process tinted.

A group of models in the Fashion Review

This done, the actual stage work began. My first impression of a "set" I'll never forget, even though a large part of my life has been spent "back stage." It was literally bedlam let loose in the most terrific blaze of light you can imagine.

When you see a picture you see only one scene at a time. In actual filming, however, they may be taking half a dozen scenes, all different and practically concurrently, or even a dozen different films in a single studio. The first day I was there five films were in process of "shooting," and at the same time probably two hundred carpenters were busy demolishing used sets and erecting new ones, oftentimes so close that their ladders and tools were just outside the camera angle. To one not used to the proceedings it is most astonishing and embarrassing to walk through a doorway, or past the edge of a "flat" of scenery and find oneself on the center of a stage with an irate, somewhat explosive director bawling you out for walking into his big scenes. One quickly gets used to the procedure, however, and soon learns to keep off location.

For making "our" picture—I love to call it that with a sort of semi-parental pride—the most elaborate and beautiful sets you can imagine were especially constructed. Sets which as far as the eye could detect were "practical"; that is, real in every way, for the color camera's eye will not be cheated. It really was amazing to see the detail gone into, and the lavish use of beautiful colors. In one set a $4,500 gobelin tapestry and a $3,700 genuine Persian rug were used for a scene requiring maybe three minutes' action; but anything less, the way of reality, would have sounded a false note and you would detect it on the screen.

The big scenes, requiring long shots, such as the fashion salon, were all "shot" at night. The reason for this being that in the taking of color pictures all the light possible is required, and every lamp in the big Cosmopolitan Studios was pressed into service. Literally it blazed with a brilliance surpassing a tropic noonday sun. And, I might add, with all its heat too. Make-ups merely melted, and the ice-cream and pop vendor did a rushing business between shots.

All around the outside of the set, just beyond the range of the camera lens, there was a battery of Koerner stage flood lights, three deep, at low, high and medium elevations. These were set shoulder to shoulder, except at entrance and exit points. Above these a dozen or more bunch "sun spots" or high-powered navy searchlights poured in their pitiless beams. Atop the scene, scaffolds and shooting down to cut out shadows were almost countless baby spots which backlighted the characters so they seemed to stand away from their background.

When I arrived at three in the afternoon to begin taking the fashion scenes, Mr. Moen and Mr. Bartlett, the directors, were busy with the plot characters on the set working out their business; that is, what they were to do. Mr. Stevens and Major Laurence, as artists, were studying the color effects and the distribution and arrangement of various parts, such as furniture, drapings, etc., to give the desired effect. The camera was all ready. Off-stage there was a babel of voices. On a neighboring set a murder was being enacted, while just beyond the death-cell at Sing Sing housed its inmate under the shadow of the chair. Suddenly there was a sharp whistle. Voices were stilled. The lamps jumped into a blaze of light. "All right, folks; this time it's camera," came a voice through a megaphone. "Hit 'em"—two sharp blasts on a whistle—the arcs hissed and clicked as they trimmed for steady burning.

"Camera!"—the voice through the megaphone—and then the steady, clear directions of the man with the script in his hand, the business at his tongue's end, the man you never see, but who gives you the picture—the director. Patient, steady, clear-minded, alert for every little detail, he guides the (*Continued on page* 41)

Radio Domestic

CONTRIBUTORS
DOROTHY SHERMAN
HELEN JACKSON

A Department of Helpfu

The Ever Popular Pumpkin

Some Tasty Dishes That May Be Prepared From Members of the Pumpkin Family

By Dorothy Sherman

THE following recipes are excellent dishes which may be prepared from the squash or pumpkin family. Most people think the pumpkin is a native of North America, but long before America was discovered, England was gracing its festive boards with luscious pumpkin pie. How the pumpkin came to America none know nor seem to care, for that matter, as long as it is within reach on Thanksgiving Day.

Glazed squash is a dish that is extremely tasty. Any winter squashes can be prepared this way:

Break the squash in medium size pieces, remove all stringy fibers and seeds, and steam or boil in a small quantity of water till squash is partially tender. Then cut in pieces for serving, peel and place in a dripping pan. Brush each piece with melted butter—season lightly and sprinkle thickly with brown sugar, dot with bits of butter, place in a hot oven to finish cooking.

PUMPKIN SOUFFLE PIE FILLING

This is the most delicious filling one could possibly wish for a Thanksgiving pie:

¼ cup of butter
¾ cup sugar
2 eggs
¼ teaspoon ginger or cinnamon
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon cornstarch
1½ cupfuls pumpkin
1 cupful milk (or part cream)
½ of a lemon

Cream the butter and add the pumpkin, sugar, spices and salt, then the grated rind and juice of the lemon and the beaten yolks of eggs. Whip well, and beat in the cornstarch, add the milk and fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into a deep pie tin lined with baked or unbaked pastry, and cook in a moderate oven until firm.

SQUASH CUSTARD PIE

One pint of milk, one pint of baked Hubbard squash, five eggs, one and one-half cupfuls of brown sugar, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one-half teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, one teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, one-fourth teaspoonful each of powdered cloves, ginger and salt. Beat the yolks of the eggs with the butter and sugar, add the seasoning, the milk, the squash rubbed through a sieve, and the whites of eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Bake in a pie pan which has been well lined with good pastry. Bake in a slow oven.

A Practical Th

LADY BE

Fruit Cocktail
Roast Turkey with Swedish Bread Stuffing and Giblet Gravy
Celery Green Tomato Pickles
Cranberry Jelly Molds on Lettuce Leaves

ROAST TURKEY

Dress, clean, stuff and truss a turkey. Place on its side on a rack in a dripping pan, rub the entire surface with salt, and spread breast, legs and wings with one-third cup of fat rubbed until creamy and one-fourth cup of flour. Place in a hot oven, and when the flour on the turkey begins to brown, reduce heat, and baste every fifteen minutes until the turkey is cooked, which will require three hours for a ten-pound turkey. For basting use one-half cup fat melted in one-half cup boiling water, and after that is used, baste with fat in the pan. Pour water into the pan during cooking as needed to prevent flour from burning. During cooking turn the turkey frequently, so that it may brown evenly. Remove string and skewers before serving. Garnish with parsley or celery tips. Cover leg bones with paper frills.

SWEDISH BREAD

2 cups stale bread crumbs
⅔ cup melted butter
½ cup seeded raisins cut into pieces
½ cup English walnut meats cut into pieces
¼ teaspoon powdered sage
Salt and pepper
Mix the ingredients in the order given.

CRANBERRY JELLY

Pick over and wash six cups of cranberries. Put into a saucepan with three cups of water and boil twenty minutes. Rub through a sieve, add three cups of sugar and cook until it jellies. Turn into a mould wet with cold water. Serve on lettuce leaves.

Science Institute

Advice for Homemakers

CONTRIBUTORS
ISOBEL BRANDS
HELEN KAY

anksgiving Menu

Courtesy Royal Baking Powder

TTY CAKE

Mashed White Potatoes
Candied Sweet Potatoes
Mashed Squash Pumpkin Pie
Lady Betty Cake Raisins Nuts
Coffee

LADY BETTY CAKE

⅔ cup butter
1½ cups sugar
4 eggs
1⅔ cups flour
¼ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 cup milk
3 oz. chocolate
1 cup chopped nuts (walnuts)

Cream butter thoroughly and add sugar, beating continually. Add yolks of eggs; beat well. Sift together flour, salt and baking powder and add nuts. Add this flour mixture and the milk alternately, a little at a time, to the egg and sugar mixture; mix thoroughly, and add the chocolate which has been melted, just before the last of the flour. Fold in beaten egg whites. Pour into well-greased and floured nine-inch tube pan and bake in moderate oven at 325° F. about one hour and a quarter.

PUMPKIN PIE

1¼ cups steamed and strained pumpkin
⅔ cup brown sugar
teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon ginger
½ teaspoon salt
eggs
1½ cups milk
½ cup cream

Steam the pumpkin until tender and then strain it. To the strained pumpkin add sugar, spices, the eggs beaten lightly and the milk and cream. Pour into a crust and bake in a slow oven.

A Modern Thanksgiving Dinner

An Old-Fashioned Dinner Cooked in the New-Fashioned Way

By Helen Jackson

A REAL old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner cooked in the new-fashioned way. That is what all of us are aiming at. When we invite our relatives and our friends to dine with us, we intend to "serve up" as fine a repast as graced any Thanksgiving board.

But there is a big difference between the dinner that the modern woman prepares and the one that her great-great-grandmother worked over for days. Nowadays it is a simple enough matter to make the Thanksgiving dinner, providing, of course, you remember all the time savers. And how much more the "cook" enjoys Thanksgiving when she is not too tired to relish the savory dishes.

Traditionally, the table must actually groan under the load that is piled on it on Thanksgiving. Tummy aches may follow the next day (that is traditional also), but on Thanksgiving there must be food a-plenty.

The wise housekeepeer seasons tradition with a grain of salt. Thanksgiving dinner is always an elaborate affair, but it must be kept within the bounds of moderation. Back in the days when the men of the household shouldered their guns and went out into the woods to shoot a wild turkey, when feast days were few and far between, the Thanksgiving dinner was a very different matter from the one to-day, when almost every day in the average household sees a real Thanksgiving dinner on the table.

The average well-planned dinner for Thanksgiving Day should consist of seven or eight courses. Here is the menu that I served last year, and that I intend to repeat again this year:

Fruit Cup
Celery Salted Nuts Olives
Tomato Soup
Halibut with Drawn Butter Sauce
Roast Turkey with Chestnut Dressing
Baked Sweet Potatoes Spiced Cranberries
Lettuce and Asparagus Salad
Rich Fruit Cake—Hard Sauce
Coffee Crackers and Cheese
Nuts and Fruits

Everyone enjoyed that Thanksgiving dinner, and I considered it one of the most successful I have ever made. And particularly because it was so very pleasant to prepare.

About three-quarters of my dinner was finished the day before (*Continued on page* 26)

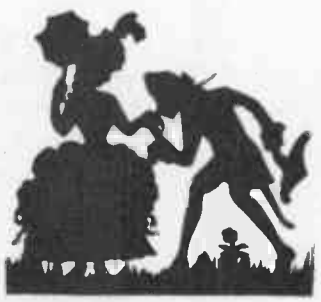
Radio Domestic Science Institute

A Modern Thanksgiving Dinner

(*Continued from page* 25)

Thanksgiving, so that gave me time to pretty myself up, and greet my guests . . . even the ones who came an hour before they had been invited. The turkey was the only course that required real work, and since Thanksgiving is a real holiday for everyone, I did most of the work, including cleaning the turkey and getting it ready for the roasting pan, the day before.

Altogether, the dinner took me a mighty short time. For the fruit cup I peeled two small grapefruits and three oranges, then sliced these crosswise, finally cutting them into cubes about an inch square. The fruit was then transferred into a large bowl, sugared over, and several maraschino cherries added. I have found that when the cherries are allowed to stand with the fruit for a number of hours, that their rich flavoring is blended better.



Next the celery had to be trimmed, cut and cleaned. Soaking celery for twenty minutes or half an hour both makes it crisper and enables one to remove the dirt easier. The soup course required no time, and less attention. On many and various occasions my family has displayed a marked preference for canned tomato bouillon, so on Thanksgiving Day I aimed to give them what they want.

Now, even if Thanksgiving is only the next day, one must still eat before the feast day. For supper, the night before Thanksgiving, I served halibut steak. Besides the fact that it is particularly easy to prepare, there was another reason for the presence of fish on the menu. In fact, I prepared an extra steak, so that I would have enough to reheat and serve with a drawn butter sauce for the entre for my Thanksgiving dinner.

So far, it was no more trouble to prepare the dinner than it sounds. The turkey, of course, was a little more work. Dinner was scheduled for one o'clock sharp, and my turkey was put into the oven at half past nine o'clock on Thanksgiving morning. I allowed twenty minutes for each pound. Since the turkey had been cleaned the day before, the job that remained over the morning was the stuffing. For it I took:

- ¼ loaf white bread
- 1 pound chestnuts
- ½ small onion
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 2 eggs

Seasoning to taste, including salt, pepper, ginger, allspice, thyme

Before I sauted the onions, I soaked the bread in water. After the onions were browned, the bread was ready to be squeezed and placed into a large bowl. The chestnuts, which had been boiled soft, the onions and the seasoning were then mixed in; finally the eggs were added. And the stuffing was completed.

Then the turkey required some attention. Inside and out it had to be salted and rubbed in with flour and butter. Within a few moments the turkey had been stuffed and placed in a roasting pan into which about a pint of water had been poured. All that remained of the job of making the Thanksgiving turkey was to push the pan into the oven and baste the bird at intervals of about half an hour.

Of course I could have baked

the fruit cake the day before, but I knew that I would have to have my oven lit to roast the turkey and to bake the sweet potatoes, and so there would be little economy in lighting it specially for the cake. Besides, the rich fruit cake, served very fresh, tastes a good deal like a fine plum pudding. And it is an exceedingly easy and economical dessert to top off a dinner. You need for the cake:

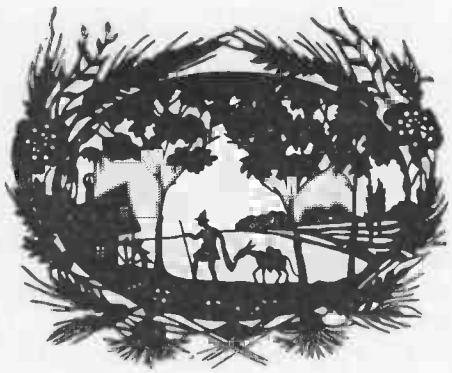
1 box seeded raisins
2 cups sugar
2 cups water or coffee
2 teaspoons allspice
2 teaspoons cinnamon
2 tablespoons shortening
1 egg
3 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder

First boil up the raisins, sugar, spice, shortening and water. After this mixture has cooled, add the flour, egg and finally the baking powder. And the cake is all ready to be put into a baking pan. A generous portion of hard sauce (creamed butter, confectioner's sugar and flavoring) is usually relished by my family, although they occasionally prefer whipped cream on the fruit cake. If a large piece of cake is left over, it can be iced and kept for an emergency dessert for the best part of a week, if it lasts that long. That is another advantage of the fruit cake.

No real Thanksgiving dinner is complete without cranberries, in one shape or form. Personally, I prefer cranberries spiced, and so do the majority of the people to whom I have served them. If you are tired of ordinary cranberry jelly or cranberry sauce, try this recipe. The directions are simplicity itself. All you have to do is to combine all the ingredients in a large pot and let them boil gently for three-quarters of an hour.

Spiced Cranberries

2 quarts cranberries
1½ cupfuls vinegar
⅔ cupful water
6 cupfuls sugar
2 tablespoons ground cinnamon
1 tablespoon ground cloves
1 tablespoon ground allspice



So here we are, with the whole dinner practically completed. Of course, the lettuce has to be washed, the fruit dish piled high with luscious fruits and other odd jobs completed. But the main part of the dinner is ready and waiting for the guests.

There is a decided advantage in being able to complete a dinner so quickly. It gives one time to fuss with the table decoration. For the Thanksgiving dinner, you will probably have your flatware polished up so that it shines brightly, and your best linen will be laid on the table. But the centerpiece demands immediate attention. A colorful basket of fruit makes an excellent centerpiece, or a well-arranged flower bowl may make the table decorative. Occasionally, though, one wants to get away from such conventional pieces. Especially when there are a good many young folks in the dinner party, a more unique piece will do a good deal towards getting the dinner started properly. A medium sized pumpkin may be cut out into a Jack-o'-Lantern with a wide grin. Or half a squash may be carved into the shape of a boat. This latter centerpiece may demand the attention of a man or boy who is handy with tools, but even if the ship is not perfect, it can be labelled the "Mayflower," and the guests will have just as good a time discovering its defects as they would if the ship were perfect.

The amount of time and energy spent on the centerpiece and other decorations depends entirely on the hostess. Families who live in the suburbs can secure all the gaily colored autumn leaves which they need to hang over pictures, on the chandeliers and near the fireplace almost at their front door; and city folks can get their autumn leaves at the corner florist, or, perhaps, during an excursion to the country. It is a rather mistaken idea that the most important part of Thanksgiving Day is the dinner. The decorations, and the way the dinner is served are just as important as the food itself.

Usually, Thanksgiving dinner is the time for family reunions. When friends are invited, they are the very, very good friends. Other friends are invited for tea. Often, when the house is quite crowded with one's family and relatives, the younger members of the family are asked to invite all their friends to tea. Tea is an informal enough occasion. The young folks invariably make it so from the start, and the wise hostess sees that too many older people do not dampen the air of gaiety.

Young people are proverbially hungry. But the hostess who believes in preparedness does not have to worry whether there will be enough to eat . . . especially after a Thanksgiving dinner. For tea there will probably be cold turkey sandwiches, a relish (pickles or olives), perhaps a cooked vegetable salad, tea and small cakes. Instead of the small cakes, the fruit cake can be iced and cut into squares. Altogether, you will notice that there is very little work entailed in the preparation of new foods for tea. And when the hostess has had an exceptionally busy day, and if there is plenty of cold turkey on hand, it will be just as much appreciated served cold, in an attractively arranged platter, as in sandwich form.

There certainly are all kinds of ways of saving work. And personally, I am all for them, especially when the time savers improve the quality of the hospitality which one can offer to one's friends.

The Art of Making Thanksgiving Magic

(*Continued from page* 20)

my daughter's name and this will make a guessing contest as to what that course can possibly be. The cream of tomato soup will be knick-named "Pools of Coral Wonder," and nobody will guess what that is.

Everybody, however, will know that "His Royal Beheaded Majesty" is the turkey.

The spirit of the day should be indicated everywhere on the table. The color scheme of the dinner should be in keeping with Thanksgiving spirit. This year I plan to have in the center of the table a huge pumpkin, from which the "insides" will be extracted to make pumpkin pie. Then the outside is peeled in spots and colored with gay-colored vegetable coloring, and the greenest laurel leaves from the hill will be picked to make a nest for it to sit in the midst of. Inside the great cavity of the pumpkin will be fruits and nuts and little favors hidden. From these an orange ribbon will be drawn to each person's place and after the dinner is over, each one will pull their ribbon and get a small gift. With each gift will be a poem which will have some funny "spoof" in it, and when these are read aloud it will create much laughter.

Everything is to be yellow, orange and green, which is a lovely color scheme for Thanksgiving. On the buffet I will have the huge vase filled with yellow chrysanthemums and shall use yellow china for the occasion!

A most respectful silence always precedes the arrival of the turkey in our family, because each year we have to increase its size, consistent with the growth of the family and guests. The family never knows how large the bird will be and that is always cause for exclamations of "Ohs" and "Ahs" and "My, what a big one that is!" and "Is it stuffed?"

It usually is stuffed and this year will be stuffed with the most delicious chestnut dressing, and will rest in a green bed of parsley or watercress.

Our pumpkin pie is not just pie, but I always make it a surprise. In its bosom there lies slight gifts like a tiny ring, a thimble and a dime. Whoever gets the ring will be married before another year; whoever gets the thimble will be an "old maid," and whoever gets the dime will be rich. It is always fun when little Carol, aged nine, gets the ring and you assume she will be married next year! As a matter of fact, Dad has gotten the dime once or twice before, and while he has cause not to quite believe in it, he wouldn't dream of not having absolute faith in our little game.

After dinner we will adjourn to the living room and there we shall conduct an auction sale. David, my oldest son, is to be the auctioneer, and we are going to get bids for a lovely bag of mine, the proceeds of which shall go to needy cases. My daughters have always wanted a hat bag and will forfeit part of their allowance to get it. Then there will be a cigarette holder auctioned off for the men and in this way I will raise enough money for my pet charities.

Every Thanksgiving morning, after we have had our breakfast, we get together in the garden and make up three or four baskets of food, fruit and clothing for some families we know who need help, living a few miles from our home.

In the afternoon we will have music, dancing and theatricals, and for this entertainment we usually invite the neighbors. We have a small Tom Thumb Theatre built in our home and

our children and the neighbors have done some beautiful theatricals, in keeping with the seasons and holidays of the year.

After that we will have some outdoor sports; if the weather permits, sledding, skiing, target shooting or walking and outdoor bowling; of course, there will be lovely intime fireside talks, and many of our former problems will be ironed out in the spirit of sympathetic understanding.

Best of all, our Thanksgiving parties are devoid of liquor, and even when our guests comprise sophisticated and modern young people, who think they need an artificial stimulant, we have a liquorless dinner. So many delightful surprises are injected into the parties, however, that nobody seems to miss this. We have had repeated compliments from people old and young on the charming spirit of our Thanksgiving dinners.

MENU

Sardine Paste Served in Lemon Cup
With Wreath of Watercress
Served with Saltines
Cream of Tomato Soup
Baked Blue Fish Small Potatoes
Almonds Olives Celery Rolls
Roast Turkey, with Chestnut Dressing
Current Jelly Served in Half-Preserved Peach
Candied Sweet Potatoes
Asparagus, Butter Sauce
Pear and Walnut Salad on Lettuce, Russian Dressing
Pumpkin Pie Coffee

Recipe for chestnut dressing:

3 cups boiled chestnut meat
1½ cups bread crumbs
1 teaspoon sugar
pepper, salt to taste
½ cup milk
½ cup butter

Mash the chestnuts and breadcrumbs together. Add the seasoning, milk and butter. Mix well. Stuff the turkey and sew foul together with poultry twine.

Another good menu is as follows:

Grapefruit Cocktail
Green Split Pea Soup
Creamed Oysters in Patty Shells
Sweet Pickles
Tomatoes Stuffed with Pimento Cheese
Almonds Raisin Bread
Roast Turkey and Bread Dressing
Cranberry Sauce in Moulds
Celery, Hollandaise Sauce
Lyonnaise Potatoes
Cress, French Dressing
Plum Pudding Coffee

Recipe for celery, Hollandaise style:

1 cup of cooked celery (nearly a pint of uncooked)
2 tablespoons of butter
2 yolks of eggs
¼ teaspoon of salt
¼ teaspoon of pepper
1 teaspoon of lemon juice

Use trimmed stalks of well-bleached celery; cut these into pieces half or three-fourths an inch long. Let simmer in water to cover until tender. Renew water as is needed during the cooking; when the celery is tender there should not be more than a cup of water with it. Cream the butter; add the salt, pepper and one yolk; beat in this yolk, then add the other, and when evenly mixed, stir into the cooked celery; let stand over hot water or on the back of the range while the mixture is being added; add the lemon juice. Serve in hot dish or on slice of toast. The lemon may be omitted.

CANDIED SWEET POTATOES

12 medium sized potatoes
1 cup sugar
½ cup water
6 tablespoons butter

Wash and pare potatoes. Cook fifteen minutes in boiling salted water. Drain, cut in halves lengthwise and put in a buttered pan. Make a sirup by boiling three minutes the sugar and water; add butter. Brush potatoes with sirup and bake fifteen minutes, basting twice with remaining sirup.

Radio Domestic Science Institute

Household Helps

By Helen Kay

Watercress is an excellent blood purifier.

Save the water in which potatoes have been boiled and use it to wash tarnished brass. It will come out as bright as new.

Raw onions have more than once proved a cure for insomnia. One girl whose work keeps her out late several evenings a week and who was unable to put her work out of her mind after retiring, has found relief by eating a slice of bread and butter with a slice of raw onion just before retiring.

If the rind of the lemon has become hard, drop the fruit in boiling water for a few moments and it will become wonderfully softened.

For teas and luncheons: Have ready thin buttered slices of delicate brown bread, spread them, after trimming, with a layer of strawberry jam or peach marmalade. Cover with a layer of fresh cream cheese. Press two slices together with the fillings against each other and serve.

Hang Ironing Board

It is better to have the ironing board hang than stand, for there is less danger of its cover becoming soiled. Drive a hook or staple in the smaller end of the board by means of which to hang it.

Water and Soda for Tired Feet

Rest your feet in cool water in which a quarter pound of bicarbonate of soda has been dissolved.

After resting the feet in this bath for twenty minutes, much of the tiredness and inflammation will have been drawn out and the feet will not swell as they would in hot water.

Then fresh hosiery and thin, soft slippers should be put on for the evening.

A cup of sweet milk added to the water in which oatmeal is cooked makes it much richer, and adds to the flavor.

Just for a change try filling apples which have been cored ready for baking with orange marmalade or raisins and a little butter and sugar. The result is delicious.

If root vegetables are becoming soft and withered, slice off one end of each and lay in cold water. In a few hours they will be as hard and healthy as ever.

A Few Selected Recipes for Your Recipe Scrap Book

Bacon and Chicken Livers

Cut six chicken livers in slices, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Add an equal amount of sliced bacon. Cook together until livers are tender. Add two tablespoons flour, one-half teaspoon salt, one cup stock or tomato. Season with Worchestershire and serve hot on toast.

Celeried Oysters

Melt two tablespoons butter; add two cups each of celery and oysters. Season with salt, cayenne and lemon juice. Serve hot with crisp toast.

Hot Fruit Salad

Melt two tablespoons butter; add four tablespoons sugar, one-quarter cup water, and one quarter cup lemon juice; add two cups mixed fruit, apples, bananas, figs and cherries; when hot, serve with cream sweetened and beaten until stiff.

Hoe Cake

1 cup white corn meal
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ cup boiling water
milk
1 teaspoon baking powder

Mix salt and corn meal, add boiling water, let stand ten minutes. Add baking powder and sufficient milk to make a stiff batter. Grease a griddle; when hot, drop the mixture by spoonfuls on to it. When brown put a piece of butter on top of each cake and turn.

Chicken Okra Soup

2 tablespoons raw ham
4 tablespoons onion
½ cup raw chicken
2 tablespoons red pepper
salt
6 cups consommé
6 okra pods
2 cups tomato
2 cups oyster
pepper

Chop ham, onion, chicken and red pepper, and sauté; add consommé and cook one hour. Slice okra, add with tomato to consommé, cook one-half hour. Add oysters, cook until edges shrivel, season and serve.

A Radio in every Home

Choosing Your Receiver

Advice to the Man About to Purchase a Radio Set

By C. Magee Adams

FOR the average buyer without radio experience or information, this is still a forbidding problem, in spite of standardized construction and simplified operation. But here is a guide that helps to make an intelligent selection possible.

Strange as it may seem, the hardest task confronting the average radio prospect—generally a man without experience or technical information—is the selection of a receiver; in particular, if he wants to buy intelligently.

This seldom occurs to those familiar with radio, not only because of their familiarity but also on account of the marked standardization of construction and simplified operation which have come about during the last two or three years. But to the uninitiate, in spite of these welcome improvements, there is still an array of makes and models on the market as to be nothing short of bewildering without something to guide a choice. Shopping about or attending a radio show—the usual procedure—too often merely serves to increase his confusion; with the result that he is generally forced to rely on the advice of an experienced friend, or the judgment of a dealer in whom he has confidence.

Frequently, of course, this assistance is satisfactory; but by no means always. More than that, whether or not a choice proves to be 100 per cent. correct, most people like to feel that they have made it themselves. So the accompanying scorecard has been prepared as a means for helping the average prospect to select a radio receiver on his own.

Judiciously applied, it will afford a comparison of makes and models considerably more accurate than the hearsay and impressions on which the average buyer too often depends.

Price has not been made one of the points in scoring, for the reason that this must obviously vary according to the purchaser's means. A receiver priced to fit practically any purse can now be found, and even the inexpensive, properly selected, should meet the specifications laid down.

In considering price it is well to ask that the cost for the complete receiver be quoted. Often the figure given includes only the set itself, without necessary accessories, which, if this is not known, is likely to be misleading.

Finish, too, has been omitted for much the same reasons. The purchaser will want to choose a cabinet design and type of wood

to suit his personal tastes or harmonize with other furnishings; and a wide range of both is now available, in the moderate-priced as well as the more costly receivers.

To answer a question which seems to perplex many prospective purchasers, the number of tubes now pretty generally accepted as standard for modern receivers is five. This does not mean that a four- or three-tube set is always proportionally less desirable, or a six- or seven-tube proportionally more desirable. What a set will do is the ultimate test, and design and construction contribute as much to this as the number of tubes.

For the non-technical buyer, price is about as accurate a guide on this point as any. In other words, a cheap seven- or eight-tube set will, in general, give no better, if as good, results as a well-made five-tube receiver. Performance, however, means more than the number of tubes or price.

An established manufacturer has been made the first point in scoring for the reason that, otherwise, you may soon find your set is an "orphan." This term is applied to a receiver whose manufacturer has failed, with the result that its trade-in value is reduced some 50 per cent.; and, as in the case of a car, the trade-in value of radio equipment is an important item.

A dealer able to supply competent service (No. 2) is important, because you will need it. No matter how good the receiver may be, or how carefully you follow instructions, some adjustments or minor repairs will, in the nature of things mechanical and electrical, have to be made sooner or later, and it is essential that the dealer who sold the set be prepared to put it in proper condition.

The reason for asking (No. 3) that tubes and batteries used be of standard type is that these accessories will wear out in course of time, and if they can be replaced without delay the set will not lie idle while awaiting shipment from the manufacturer.

It may seem unnecessary to consider (No. 4) whether you are located to permit the erection of a suitable outdoor aerial, if one is required. But many people overlook this important detail. Much of the success of a radio installation depends on the aerial, and it often happens that certain locations are not adapted to a proper type. So, unless you are buying a loop receiver, ask the dealer to look over your premises with this in mind.

A radiating receiver (No. 5) is one which causes squeals and howls in neighboring sets. You have no doubt noticed these noises while listening in with friends, and of course do not want to disturb your neighbors

Receiver Score Card

1. Is it manufactured by an organization with all reasonable chance to remain in business? 10%.
2. Is it being sold by a dealer prepared to give prompt, competent service? 5%.
3. Are all tubes and batteries it requires of standard type and size. 5%.
4. If it requires an outdoor aerial, are you situated to permit the erection of one that will be satisfactory? 5%.
5. Is it guaranteed not to radiate? 5%.
6. Is its operation simple enough to permit its satisfactory use by any member of the family above the age of eight? 10%.
7. Does its musical tone quality please you? 20%.
8. Will it tune out local stations satisfactorily? 15%.
9. Does it get satisfactory distance? 15%.
10. On local stations, is its volume sufficient to be enjoyed in an adjoining room? 10%.

in that manner. Most modern receivers do not radiate, but some do; and, in order to insure yourself against becoming a radio nuisance, the guarantee suggested should be asked for.

No. 6's requirement of simple operation is quite in line with developments during the last year or two, and is attainable in most makes.

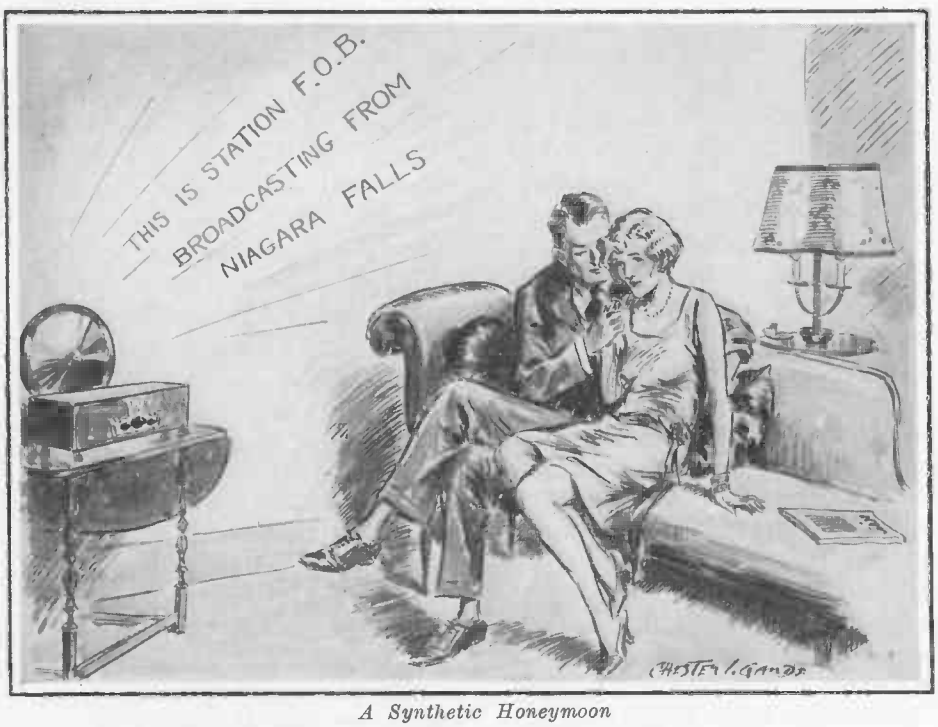
Too much attention cannot be given in the matter of tone quality, No. 7. Remember that if a set's tone strikes you as even slightly displeasing the first night or two, it will be unbearable after six months. Also, it is well to bear in mind that, for best results, the set and loudspeaker must be adapted to each other.

No. 8 is purposely somewhat vague. What you want is a set sufficiently selective to permit you to tune in out-of-town stations. But near high-power stations or in cities like Chicago, where there is a large number of local broadcasters, the ability to tune out locals depends quite as much on the location as the set itself. A good rule, then, is to compare the set you are considering with the performance of other recognized makes on this score.

The same apparent vagueness will be noted as regards distance —No. 9; and here atmospheric conditions are the governing factor. A set may be an excellent distance-getter, but if conditions are bad it is helpless. So, while a receiver is being demonstrated for you, see what results some of your friends are getting as regards distance on the same night; and be sure to pick out truthful friends.

Volume, the last item on the card, is one on which the preferences of buyers vary widely. But the test prescribed should satisfy even those who demand much, and can be successfully met by any established set.

You are trying to select a receiver that will give you 100 cents of radio value for each dollar invested; and these ten items—as you will come to know after you have used a set for a few months—are the things any discriminating owner wants his set to do, or will affect its usefulness. If you apply them judiciously, as much in the spirit as the letter, you have every chance of settling upon a receiver that will prove well worth its price, and, particularly satisfying to every independent spirit, one you have chosen yourself.



A Synthetic Honeymoon

Greta Garbo and John Gilbert *Courtesy Metro-Goldwyn*

Golden Thoughts of a Shut-In

By C. Robin

WHEN one hears the story of Mary Powell of San Francisco, one understands how she came to write her splendid essay on what the radio is doing for women—an essay that won her the silver trophy in a national contest inaugurated by the Radio World's Fair in connection with the Radio Exposition in New York. Each sentence formed by her pen was a glowing gem in a crown of gratitude. Mrs. Powell declares that no woman ever owed a greater debt to the radio than does she, for it saved her life. Let her tell her own story.

"Years ago I was a busy, happy woman," she related, as we sat in her tiny San Francisco apartment. "The fact that I was a newspaper writer speaks for the active life I led. I loved activity. Then one day a terrible thing happened—I suffered a stroke of paralysis, and for years I could not leave my bed. Can you imagine what that meant to a woman who had been full of the joy of doing things? Friends sympathized, but gradually they left me more and more alone, which was natural, for each one has his work to do and should not be expected to lag behind with those that drop out of the race.

"The worst of it was that after my body became useless my mind began to grow listless and dull. I lost interest in everything. Pain seemed to be the only event in my life and one night I cried aloud asking God to give me back my health or else take me out of this living death. The next day I felt more at ease than I had in a long time, and when I heard of a contest giving a radio prize I actually competed. I was not interested in the prize. I knew little about radios and cared less, having been shut away from the world before the radio became a definite part of most homes. But with the aid of a friend I got out my essay. The result was that some weeks later there was delivered to this apartment the first prize—a radio—one of the finest made. It was a powerful eight tube set and was portable, complete with carrying box.

"That night I listened like a starved creature to my first message from the outside world in many months. Tones came to me with marvelous clarity from New York and Denver and all

the places in between. That very night I took a new lease on life, feeling that my prayer had been answered. My despair vanished for I knew that I could never again be shut in or shut out: never again go through the horror of being exiled from communication with the outside world. Through the radio I was able to send my spirit to the ends of the earth without effort and receive without effort that stimulus of mind and body needed to give back my health. Without effort should be emphasized, for in my condition it could not have been otherwise. And any other means of communication would have required effort, but with the radio it was not necessary for me to lift a hand.

"From the time the radio was brought to me I ceased to center my thought on my illness; instead I kept in touch with the outside world, which contact gave me plenty to think about. With the reviving of my interest came courage and health. Is it any wonder that a grateful heart found it easy to express 'What The Radio Is Doing For Women'?"

Since her composition has been broadcast, Mrs. Powell is continually receiving letters from shut-ins as she was, saying they, too, are enjoying the blessing of communication through the radio. The expressions of gratitude for the comfort her words have brought them have filled her with the desire to help other shut-ins. She has dreams of establishing a shut-in club through which she will establish a correspondence with shut-ins by means of the radio, giving out each day rays of cheer from the sun of her own happiness to stimulate and encourage others situated as she was.

Here are excerpts from Mrs. Powell's essay, which included memories of her own experience:

"Before radio came into the home, woman, who made the home, and was more or less confined therein, did not share with men the opportunities for mingling with others and broadening her point of view.

"Once upon a time, not so very long ago, there were women who bored others with talk of their children, their accomplishments, and the narrow doings of a small community.

"Nowadays, a woman is too busy to be self-centered, to bore, or to be bored.

"Be she in farthest Alaska, or in darkest Africa, she can dance to the rhythm of the most sophisticated Broadway band and hear a symphony from the world's greatest orchestra.

"Let her travel by sea or by land, her safety and that of her family is made more secure by radio marvels. If her child achieves success in any branch of endeavor it does not need her proclamation of its cleverness: the achievement is heralded to the world by the same agency.

"Is the woman ill, or shut-in? The wonderful contact with cultured minds comes to her bedside to soothe and encourage. Never shall I forget one night of pain, turning on the radio near to midnight, and hearing a great chorus of men's voices and then an operatic aria by a woman, so delicately and clearly rendered in the small hours of the night that it seemed like a fairy performance.

"Woman rises and keeps her supple body in shape to the instructions of the radio expert. She can cook her meals and wash her dishes to the lively tune of a jazz trio. Cooking experts give her interesting information as

to recipes, diet, and the manner of serving. She can appoint her table as daintily as the metropolitan housewife without going a thousand miles to find out how it is done.

"Her children are amused at the bedtime hour, their imaginations stimulated by societies and interests once foreign but now welded together.

"She can enter into the world of books and have men and women of literary acumen keep her abreast of present achievement. A whole world of music is opened up to her. She becomes familiar with the great classics of all time. She learns the operas and their stories and she hears the impassioned love songs and folklore of the world.

"She can keep in touch with drama, music and literature by radio. At the same time her children listen absorbed to the returns of their favorite sports."

After recounting other blessings derived from the radio, Mrs. Powell concludes:

"Not only should there be a radio in every home, but the world should give its best to women over the radio. Give them enlightenment and understanding and beauty and educating power in the messages that are sent. Give woman the best there is in the world, and she and her sons and daughters will give it back in their happiness and their achievements.

"Let the radio enlarge the vision and the understanding of women and in return receive their additional happiness and enjoyment and capacity to serve the race."

FROM THANATOPSIS

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent hall of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Radio Development in Japan

Publishing, Advertising and Now the Radio Have Made the Nation Modern

By Alfonso N. Anderson

A Japanese school. A demonstration radio may be partially seen in the right-hand corner, back of the teacher.

IT may seem like a far cry from the palanquin of old Japan to the airplane of to-day; but in point of time the change has been phenomenally rapid. Only a few decades ago men of importance would travel for months by kago, suspended from poles that were shouldered by sturdy carriers. Thus, tediously, they proceeded between principal points in the diminutive islands of the Shogun's dominions. To-day, not only are the same places reached in the course of a few hours by train, but the world sees the little brown men taking to the air like birds, and we behold them flying so frequently over our heads that we scarcely take the trouble to crane our necks any more when we hear the purring of the gravity-defying motors. Recently the writer witnessed a battle-royal between a flock of planes and anti-aircraft guns. Tokyo was treated to a glimpse of modern warfare. The citizens could see what such things as smoke screens and the dropping of bombs from the air, that the newspapers have been describing of late, really mean. When an imitation city took fire and burned before our eyes we had some realization of the sudden devastation to be wrought by incendiary bombs in future warfare.

A Peaceful Revolution

On the second anniversary of the great earthquake a shave-headed little old priest in his sacerdotal gold brocade and filmy black silk robes, whose very costume seemed to hark back to the days of the original Buddha, actually ascended in an airplane above the great city and intoned prayers to the gods for the protection of the swarming millions of tiny beings on the earth far below.

A few decades ago there was no such thing as a newspaper in Japan. The bulletin board and the story-teller were the principal

means of communicating public information, gossip and legends. But New Japan assimilates, between her morning rice and her final repose on her hard pillow at night, an Amazon-like stream of literature of all kinds, ranging from Puck and "Bringing Up Father" to the highly technical reports of such ultra scientific conventions at the recent Sixth Congress of the Far-Eastern Association of Tropical Medicine. Not only do the leading newspapers of Tokyo and Osaka possess the very latest of modern facilities, but they are great centers of up-to-date social, scientific, financial, educational and political influence. They are usually in the very forefront in advocating various programs of progress.

Turning to another phase of Japan's progress; the development of radio. At first the government took a somewhat conservative attitude toward the problem of what to do with the lively newcomer. But now there are radios everywhere. All kinds of receivers, both imported and native, are on the market in neat little radio stores on all the business streets.

Chinese and Japanese, Turks and East Indians, Afghans and Malayans, Mongols and Siberian Slavs and Tartars—over nine hundred millions of them, constituting more than half the population of the earth. What will radio broadcasting do for them? And what will they do for broadcasting?

"Such has been the breathlessly swift development of radio that even now we must reckon with international audiences—reckon not only with broadcasting but with rebroadcasting. To inundate the whole earth with radio music or speech, a station of overwhelming power is no longer necessary. One radio station can pick up another and retransmit its song or story on a different wavelength. Thus a whole program broadcasted from East Pittsburgh has been received by London and retransmitted to British India. East and West met by way of the ether. Jeweled rajahs and American farmers in blue jeans both had front seats in the planetary auditorium. The American point of view became for the moment a living reality in far-away India." Thus speaks Major General James G. Harboard.

After referring to the deep-rooted conservatism of different Oriental governments, due largely to their inbred fear of radical propaganda, despotic control, international complications, and other causes,—a conservatism which constitutes perhaps the greatest obstacle in the pathway of radio progress, as in Turkey, for example, where "there are probably not more than twenty first-class receiving sets and no broadcasting stations—the Major General calls attention to the striking contrast afforded by Japan.

In The Forefront of Progress

Only in Japan has the government cast aside much of the old conservatism, and only in Japan is a law to be found that recognizes the public right to receive broadcasted entertainment and instruction. It is a law only a few months old, a law not at all comparable with that which enables an American to use any kind of set he pleases and to listen to anything that his set is capable

of receiving. Yet it offers an example to the whole of Asia.

The old Japanese radio law was clearly a piece of military legislation. Radio belonged to the army and navy. Civilians were forbidden to dabble in it. If they did, they became automatically criminals. Having noted that the United States and Great Britain did not collapse because radio had entertained millions of homes, the Japanese decided to embark on a more liberal policy.

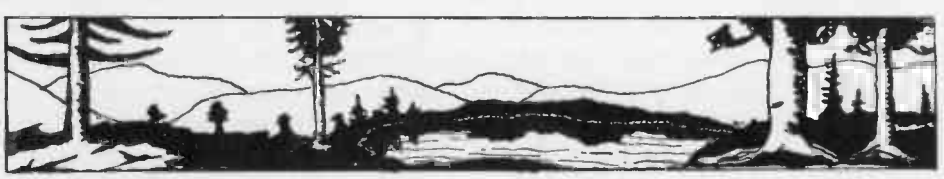
Despite wave-length limitations, the Japanese have responded enthusiastically to the passage of the new law. Applications for licenses, filed with the broadcasting companies, poured in. Hundreds stood in line waiting their turn, although it must be admitted that some were shrewd, farseeing dealers in radio supplies who took the precaution of filing applications for several hundred licenses to be disposed of to future purchasers of radio sets. Between March 15 and May 1 the Osaka radio broadcasting bureau received over 10,000 applications. In a word, Japan is now about as delirious over radio as we were when broadcasting first became the vogue.

Naturally Japanese publishers who regard our journalistic technique with respect have not been slow to exploit the news interest of radio. The radio section of the American newspaper finds its counterpart in the Japanese daily. To an American radio enthusiast who chances to scan the radio section of the Asahi or Jiji Shimpo, the articles seem curiously familiar, although he can not read them. There are the same announcements of programs, the same arresting technical diagrams to smooth the path of the home builder of radio apparatus, the same technical questions asked by puzzled amateurs and the same authoritative answers, the same brickbats and bouquets hurled at station announcers by fervid "listeners-in," who have a better right than we have to express their opinions of programs and stations because their money pays for broacasting, whereas we pay nothing. Flanking the articles are advertisements of receiving sets, loud speakers, head telephones.

Half the Earth

For the first time an Oriental government has definitely abandoned the idea of owning its broadcasting stations whatever its control over them may be. This is indeed momentous progress in a part of the world where railways, telephones, and telegraphy have been government enterprises from the very beginning. If a similar enlightened policy is pursued in continental Asia, radio will surely in ten years become the possession of half the earth. It will penetrate the Oriental home as it has penetrated the American and the British home. Therein lies its peculiar importance to the Orient. Here are hundreds of millions who never see a newspaper, never hear a concert, never listen to a lecture. To them radio will be an awakening, if the Japanese policy is followed. For the first time any Asiatic country will be able to express its own age-old traditions, its ideology, its folklore, its chromatic individuality upon a medium for mass appeal, and be able to adapt a powerful Western method of countrywide ministry to its own intellectual and spiritual needs.

Undoubtedly, a vast field of possibilities for unprecedented development lies before the radio industry in the great overpopulated countries of the Orient.



"Good Evening Family"

(*Continued from page* 11)

tastes. The young and the old, sick and well, the urban and suburban dwellers, all must be entertained. Each type must be considered, none may be offended. In arranging our programs, we attempt to keep a balance which will satisfy and appeal to all of the various classes that are reached by the radio. There are certain elements which, in our opinion, make up the perfectly balanced radio program. Of foremost importance is the element of entertainment; then amusement; variety; the element of surprise; and finally, a certain amount of the informative element. In arranging our concerts, we are influenced to a great extent by the tastes of our thousands of listeners as revealed to us in their letters. The reading and replying to the radio mail alone requires the services of a special department. We receive an average of more than a thousand letters a day. Each of these is read, first, because we really enjoy doing so, and second, because it keeps us in touch with the reactions of our unseen audience. Each letter is acknowledged. Each request, and they are of various natures, is carefully noted, and wherever possible, is acceded to."

It is impossible to disassociate the radio activities of the Capitol from the performances in the theatre, because the latter is part of the weekly radio entertainment, and the vast circle of unseen listeners thus become an addition to the thousands of persons who actually attend the Capitol each week. Listening to the finest type of music week after week over the air brings to the radio audience, in Major Bowes' opinion, a growing and keener appreciation of music, and is inevitably raising the musical standards of audiences throughout the country.

Major Bowes says: "The Capitol Theatre, by virtue of its size, its architectural beauty and the ideals and standards which were established with its inception, has come to mean more than a mere commercial enterprise. It has taken on something of a national color, a landmark in the community and an educational factor. It is because of these elements that we assume an additional responsibility in creating the entertainment and maintaining the theatre.

"I have said that the Capitol has taken on something of the color of an educational factor. It is partly because of this that we emphasize the importance of the musical portions of our programs. The average symphony orchestra reaches, in the concert hall, during the course of its active season, a public of about 75,000 persons. The Capitol Grand Orchestra, with a personnel of size and quality similar to a symphony orchestra, plays to almost twice as many persons in a week, and to these huge audiences for fifty-two weeks in a year. Because of the immense proportions of our public, we have recognized our opportunity to educate the masses to a better type of musical entertainment.

"I have a great deal of faith in the esthetic appreciation of music by the masses, and during the past few months we have conducted musical experiments that have justified this faith. Recently in celebration of Beethoven's tercentenary, we offered that composer's 'Leonore Overture No. 3.' Heretofore Beethoven in formidable doses had been considered beyond and above the appreciation of the audiences that patronize motion

pictures. However, the response was so gratifying that we were encouraged to go still further along these lines. Other compositions heretofore unknown to motion picture audiences were played, and several weeks ago Tchaikowsky's 'Fourth Symphony' in its entirety was the principal musical offering of the week. Single movements from symphonies had been given before, but this was the first time that a motion picture theatre had attempted to present a classical overture of more than fifteen minutes' duration. These experiments have encouraged us to lay important plans along these lines for next season.

"The Capitol Grand Orchestra unquestionably has been a powerful factor in the building up of our regular clientele, and is a tremendous feature of our programs. There have always been an enormous number of patrons who have paid particular attention to this portion of the entertainment and we have increasing evidence, day by day, that this number is growing and that the artistic taste and appreciation of audiences are improving as well. We have proved this conclusively by a chart which we keep, on which is rated my estimation of the popularity of various overtures and important ballet numbers. On this chart, each selection is given a percentage corresponding to its popular appeal. We have found that overtures which were not popular and rated during the early part of last year as too obscure for motion picture audiences, have moved up by the end of the year from a rating of 65% to 85%. Similarly, overtures and ballets which were rated at 85% in popularity have moved up to the 100% class and some of those sure-fire overtures which were originally 100% have passed entirely out of the list as having become too ordinary and hackneyed for our audiences.

"A chain is no stronger than its weakest link, and behind the success of any enterprise lies the strength of its organization. I take a great deal of pride in commenting on the splendid calibre and the spirit of service that characterize our personnel. In our boys is instilled the idea that each patron is to be regarded as their especial guest. They are to be treated with the same courtesy and consideration as would guests in their own homes. The ushers and attendants are drilled and impressed with the importance of an intelligent and courteous deportment."

Thus from back stage to front door the watchword of this beautiful temple of the silent drama is "Our true intent is all for your delight."

At the close of the Sunday Broadcasting entertainment the genial Major closes with a word of cheer or a poem that touches the heart strings. The most popular poem is "Tomorrow," by Charles Hanson Towne, from his books "Selected Poems," published by D. Appleton & Co., and through whose courtesy we are enabled to publish it for the radio audience.

TOMORROW

Around the corner I have a friend,
In this great city that has no end;
Yet days go by and weeks rush on,
And before I know it, a year is gone,
And I never see my old friend's face,
For life is a swift and terrible race.
He knows I like him just as well
As in the days when I rang his bell
And he rang mine. We were younger then,
And now we are busy, tired men—
Tired with playing a foolish game,
Tired of trying to make a name.

"Tomorrow, say, I will call on Jim,
Just to show that I'm thinking of him."
But tomorrow comes—and tomorrow goes,
And the distance between us grows and grows;
Around the corner, yet miles away.
"Here's a telegram, Sir." "Jim died today!"
And that's what we get—and deserve —in the end,
Around the corner, a vanished friend.

The Movies as Seen by a Radio Stylist

(*Continued from page* 23)

performance forward. All obey his voice and his exclusively. He is the super-genius who translates a cold typed sheet into interesting action. Gradually I saw the "Quest of the Rainbow" evolve into a dramatic, interesting, colorful epic. Part by part unfolded as the story progressed; minor detail mounted toward climax.

Now and again the command "Cut!" would come. Off went the lights—a new piece of business would be rehearsed or an old re-enacted.

Finally, at midnight, sandwiches and coffee appeared. Stage-hands, supers, cast and stars, manequins and costumers alike, were then one big family for an hour of rest and relaxation. Then on with the work.

From time to time the parade of the manequins broke into the picture with their beautiful costumes. Then it was indeed colorful and full of movement, but all a part of a preconceived plan and effect.

Finally, the whistle blew three times after the order "Cut—that's all tonight." The lights snapped off, the darkness was broken by only a few pilot lights in the arches overhead, and a side stage where the still operator was taking individual pictures.

The voice of Tommy Reily, the casting director, boomed out, "Everybody on set at 9:30 in the morning. Good night."

"Don't you think we'd better go to a hotel, Rich?" Major Laurence asked me. "It's getting rather late." I looked at my watch—it was 5 a. m.

In a future article I will tell about the preview of the "rushes," as the first prints are called, how films are cut, and the titles inserted, and many other interesting things that go into the making of a fashion movie.

equable temper. Here, as in so many of our traditional methods, all the burden of self-control and discipline is left with the baby and he is not equal, nervously, to that burden. Most of the earlier spankings and nervous explosions on the part of the mother come from the "accidents" that attend throughout this period.

In the very beginning, observation is the important thing and regularity should be established in regard to the stool alone, but as the baby grows older the mother will find that the bladder has a natural interval for emptying itself and that if she observes this period even a very young baby, say six months old, will wait for her attention. If inured to wet and uncomfortable garments, it is not going to crave the comfort of dry things later on.

If, however, instead of starting out to teach him not to wet or soil his clothes, the mental position of the mother is turned to the task of teaching him to heed the calls of nature and the uses of the toilet it will naturally smooth itself into an orderly lesson in personal hygiene. A baby that does not respond needs the attention of a physician. Unless the mother has had the advantages of training that helps her she needs the expert advice from time to time

Method in Parenthood

(*Continued from page* 21)

of those who have made a study of the causes for the abnormal variations to the normal physical characteristics of children.

I have known little boys to be thoroughly spanked through several years for faults of this kind, and perhaps injured physically, because their mothers failed to discover that some boys cannot empty the bladder from a sitting posture; or that bed wetting may be controlled by fixing a soft bunch to the night dress so that the child cannot lie flat on his back.

Attention to infinite detail is the price of knowledge in this as in other matters. One woman cannot know it all, but she may consult the findings of many studies in regard to the normal behavior of children as a guide to her own judgment.

In any event, in the first two years the mother should give enough personal attention to the baby to get acquainted with the "I" within him; and to establish an *entente cordiale* for the years when his social contacts begin to multiply until they become, as in most cases, the whole of his life.

During these years "matter of factness" is important. Do not display a gamut of undesirable emotions, or lay stress on the corrective means that may become necessary — and keep a sense of proportion. For instance, in the matter of table manners of the baby: Young mothers are prone to over-emphasize their importance at the age when the baby first begins to eat. At that time the eating, rather than the manner of it, is important. It is possible to frustrate the growth of a healthy digestion and enjoyment of wholesome food by spending the time in insisting upon the spoon being held in a correct manner. Unless he is antagonized by the nagging this constitutes from his angle, his natural imitativeness will lead

him to the right way (provided his examples are good) by the time table manners become a matter of importance.

Another error is to hand-feed him too long. Just as soon as he shows signs of wanting to handle his own spoon he should do so; at that time he will be in a teachable mood. The first standards should not be too high; nor should praise ever be overdone. The latter is as important as the first.

Self-determination should be allowed to sprout early. It should be encouraged, but always within the law, so to speak. In the concerns of his life at this time, the regard for his right to self-government lies in allowing him to know when he needs to attend to his physical needs and what he shall eat. Articles of diet that are impossible should not be known to him and food that he dislikes should not be forced on him. In these matters the control of his knowledge is possible, although an occasional relative will make a point of the right to see the child enjoy some forbidden article of diet. When this does happen it is usually the first engagement in the long battle the mother has to fortify the child against temptations.

This is the fourth of a series of articles on Child Training by Mrs. Edmac. The fifth article will appear in the December issue.

The Papered Door

(*Continued from page 9*)

"Yes. Why?"

"Would you notice it in a cup of tea?"

"I don't know. Not with sugar, maybe."

"Have you got your knife?"

"Yes."

"I thought this way, Jim. If he comes in to get warm and goes to sleep by the fire, I will tap three times lightly. You'll be listening, will you? You won't go to sleep?"

"God in heaven! do you think I am sleeping tonight?"

"Then listen. You can slip the blade around the door from the inside and cut the paper, can't you?"

"How do you know he is coming back?"

"He said he might. I think he will. What's that?"

She turned toward the rear of the house; a pair of peering eyes were staring at her from the window. She turned her back to them.

"Jim!" Almost a whisper, but he heard.

"What?"

"Mrs. Shultz is on the back porch."

When she looked again, the eyes had gone, and her neighbor was trying the door. With a despairing gesture Molly blew out the lamp and opened the door.

"I've been in bed for three hours," explained the visitor, "and seems like I can't sleep, with you so near and in trouble." She pushed herself through the half-opened door into the room.

"I'm sorry. I guess there's nothing anyone can do to help."

"I could sit here by the stove. I can't sleep anyhow. It's a comfort, when you're in trouble, to have some one about to lean on."

There was a sort of ghoulish curiosity in her face, but there was real kindness also. She came close and lowered her voice.

"I thought you was talking to some one a minute ago."

"I was speaking to the detective. He was in. I'm making him a cup of tea."

If the curiosity faded from Mrs. Shultz's eyes, the kindness also left them.

"Tea! I don't know that I'd care to make tea for a man who was waiting to hang Shultz or fill him full of lead!" She turned toward the door, hesitated, "I told Shultz I was going to stay. He locked the door after me. You wouldn't mind, would you, if I lay on your parlor sofa?"

Molly was a mild woman, but now she was desperate.

"I'm afraid I would mind," she said quietly. "This is a very sad night for me. I should like to be alone; absolutely alone."

The kitchen door closed with a bang. She was alone—with the papered door.

She ran up the stairs and brought down the sleeping powders in their pasteboard box. One she emptied swiftly into the teacup on the parlor fender. The box she put into her stove and waited until it was entirely consumed.

"I've fixed it, Jim. Listen for three raps. If he doesn't drink it, or the powder doesn't work—"

She broke down. There was only the sound of the bit from beyond, creaking as it turned. She opened the front door and called across in a low voice:

"I've left your tea for you and the door is unlocked, Be sure to close it tight when you go out."

Then she went upstairs.

The baby slept soundly. She put out the lamp and, drawing her shawl close about her, sat down in a chair before the fire.

She thought of many things: of the days when Cooper, across the street, had wished to marry her; of her husband; of the blond girl at Heideger's; of the papered-up closet in the kitchen and the man in it drilling madly for breath.

Her eyes fell on a small white object on the floor. That brought her back with a start. She made another painful excursion to the lower floor.

"He smelt the moth balls on your overcoat," she said to the wall. "I've got to hide it again. It's under the parlor sofa. Where'll I put it?"

"Hide it behind the wood on the back porch." The voice was muffled.

"Jim, have you got enough air?"

"Oh, I'll manage somehow."

The kitchen clock struck, a thin metallic ring. It was a very old clock, with flowers painted on the dial. It had marked in its time death and birth and giving in marriage. But never, perhaps, had it marked so tragic a night.

Two o'clock.

She went back to her chair and sat listening. The blizzard had come now. Wind whipped the window sash and roared about the house corners. Beneath the ill-fitting frame a fine line of snow had sifted. She was painfully alive. Every sense ached with waiting.

More than once she mistook a slamming shutter for the closing of the front door, only to be disappointed. But it came an hour later, when the clock with the painted dial was striking three. The bait of the unlatched door and the glow of the base-burner through the parlor window had caught their victim.

Cooper had compromised with his conscience by making a careful round of the house. At one place he stopped. In a lull of the wind, it seemed to him that there was a curious, grinding sound. Then the gale rose again, caught his hat and sent him running and cursing. When he came back the noise, whatever it was, had ceased.

He stamped cautiously on the low porch and opened the door. A homely odor of tea met him, mixed with comforting warmth. He turned up the lamp and took off his overcoat. It was his best overcoat and shabby at that. If he had any luck and the storm drove Carter back, he'd be able to buy a new one. He dusted it off with his hands before hanging it over the back of a chair to dry. On one shoulder a few grains of sawdust caught his attention. He looked at them with speculation, but without suspicion. He had a sense of humor.

"Ha!" he said to himself. "Even the sky has gone in for adulteration. Sawdust in the snow!"

He smiled at the conceit and sipped the tea. It was not very good, but it was hot. Overhead he could hear the slow rocking of a chair.

"Poor child!" he said. "Poor little girl—all this for that damned skunk!"

He effected a further compromise with his sense of duty by getting up every few minutes and inspecting the street or tiptoeing through the kitchen and pulling open unexpectedly the back door. Always on these occasions he had his hand in his revolver pocket.

Three-thirty.

The storm had increased in violence. Already small drifts had piled in still corners. The glow of the base-burner was dull red; the rocking overhead had ceased.

Cooper yawned and stretched out his legs.

"Poor little girl!" he said. "Poor li'l girl! And all for the sake—all for the sake—"

He drew a deep breath and settled lower in the chair.

Molly Carter bent down from the top of the stairs and listened. The detective had come in and she had not heard him go out. It would not do to descend too stealthily for fear he were still awake. As an excuse she took down a bottle of the baby's to fill with milk.

Cooper was sound asleep in the parlor, his head dropped forward on his breast. There was a strong odor of drying wool as his overcoat steamed by the fire.

Still holding the bottle, she crept to the kitchen and tapped lightly three times on the papered door. There was no reply. Her heart almost stopped, leaped on again, raced wildly. She repeated the signal. Then, desperately, she put her lips to the wall.

"Jim," she whispered.

There was absolute silence, save for the heavy breathing of the detective in the parlor. Madness seized her. She crept along the tiny passage to the parlor door, and working with infinite caution, in spite of her frenzy, she closed it and locked it from the outside. Then back to the kitchen again, pulses hammering.

The bottle fell off the table and broke with a crash. For a moment she felt as if something in her had given away also. But there came no outcry from the parlor, no heavy weight against the flimsy door.

She got a knife from the table drawer and cut relentlessly through the new paper strips.

Then, with the edge of the blade, she worked the door open.

Jim half sat, half lay, in the bottom of the closet with closed eyes. Drink and fatigue had combined with stifling air. She reached in and shook him, but he moved under her hand without opening his eyes. With almost superhuman strength she dragged him out, laid him prone on the kitchen floor, brought snow and rubbed it over his face, slapped his wrists with it to restore his pulses—the village method.

He came to quickly, sat up and stared about him.

"Hush," she said, for fear he would speak. "Can you hear me, Jim? Do you know what I am saying?"

He nodded.

"Cooper is locked in the parlor, asleep. You can get away now. My God, don't close your eyes again. Listen! You can get away."

"Away from what?" he asked stupidly.

"Away from the police. Try to remember, Jim. You shot the clerk from the drug store and—the girl at Heideger's. The police are after you. There's a thousand dollars on your head."

That roused him. He struggled to his feet, reeled, caught the table.

"I remember. Well, I've got to get away. That's all. But I can't go—feeling like this. Get me—some whisky."

He needed it. She brought it to him, measured out. He grumbled at the quantity, but after he had had it his dull eyes cleared.

She had gone to listen at the parlor door. When she came back, he was looking more himself. He was a handsome fellow with heavy dark hair and dark eyes, a big man as he towered above her in the little kitchen. His face did not indicate his weakness. There are men like that, broken reeds swinging in the wind, that yet manage to convey an impression of strength.

His wife brought the overcoat and held it out for him.

"By Shultz's fence, you said, Jim, and then to the railroad. There's a slow freight goes through on toward morning, and if that doesn't stop, there's the milk train. And—Jim, let me hear about you now and then. Write to Aunt Sarah. Don't write here, and don't think once you get away that you are safe. A thousand dollars reward will set everybody in the country looking."

He paused, the overcoat half on.

"A thousand dollars," he said slowly. "I see. When I'm gone, Molly, how are you going to make out?"

"I'll manage somehow; only go, Jim. Go!"

"I don't know about this going," he said after a moment. "They'll grab me somewhere. Somebody'll get that thousand. You'll manage somehow! What do you mean by 'somehow'? You'll get married again, maybe?"

"Oh, no; not that."

He cared a little, then—in spite of the girl at Heideger's!

If he would only go! This thing for which she had schemed the whole night might fail now while he talked.

"You can't stay here," he said slowly. "You can't bring the children up where everybody knows about their father. They can't run any sort of a race with that handicap."

For answer she held out his overcoat. But he shook his head. Perhaps it was his one big moment. Perhaps it was only a reaction from his murderous mood of the afternoon. For now quite suddenly he put his arms around her.

"I am not worth it, Molly," he burst out. "I am not worth a thousand dollars alive or dead, but if they're offering that for me, if you had it you could go out West somewhere and no-

body would know about you. You could start the kids fresh. That's about the only thing I can do for you—give you a chance to get away and forget you ever knew me."

She did not understand at first. When she did she broke into quiet sobbing. She knew his obstinacy; the dogged tenacity of the weak. Now when every second counted to have him refuse to go!

She pleaded with him, went down on her knees, grew hysterical finally, and had to be taken in his arms and quieted, as he had not quieted her in years. And still there was no sound from the parlor.

"They'll get me somehow," he repeated over and over. "And I—I would like to feel that I had done one decent thing first. That red-eyed ferret in the parlor will get the money if you don't. For the children, Molly; they've got a right to ask to be started straight."

That was the argument that moved her finally into a sort of acquiescence. There seemed nothing else for her to do. He even planned the thing for her. He would hide in the barn in the loft. The swift snow would soon fill the footprints, but in case she was anxious, she could get up early and shovel a path where he had stepped.

When Cooper wakened she could say she thought the thing over, that she needed the money, that she would exchange her knowledge for the reward.

"Only you get a paper for it—get a paper from Heideger. He'll bluff it out if he can. He was stuck on the girl himself."

"Jim, did you—care for that girl so much?"

His face hardened. "I thought I did; for a—for a little while. She made a fool of me, and I—showed her! But all the time I loved you, Molly."

He kissed her solemnly as she half lay in his arms and went toward the door.

"Good-by and may God bless you," he said. "And kiss the—"

He choked up at that and made his way out through the drifts on the porch to the little yard.

She closed the door and fastened it behind him. Then very carefully she unlocked the parlor door and opened it. Cooper was still in his chair, sunk a little lower perhaps and breathing heavily, the overturned teacup on the floor beside him.

She went back to the kitchen and filled a fresh bottle for the baby.

As before, it served as an excuse for her presence; with it on the table near at hand she trimmed carefully the rough-cut edges of the papered door. The inside of the closet was a clear betrayal. Still listening and walking softly, she got a dust brush and pan and swept up the bits of wood and sawdust from the floor. The bit she placed on the shelf, and, turning, pan and brush in hand, faced the detective in the doorway.

He made a quick dash toward the closet.

"What have you got there?" he demanded shortly.

But now, as through all the long night, her woman's wit saved her.

"Don't jump at me like that. I've broken one of the baby's bottles and I am just about to sweep it up."

She stood and swept the broken glass onto the pan. He stared into the empty closet.

"I'm sorry, Molly—I didn't mean to startle you. That tea and the heat of the stove put me to sleep. I've been half frozen. I guess it was the bottle breaking that wakened me. I thought you said you would go to bed."

"I couldn't sleep," she evaded, "and about this time the baby always has to be fed."

She took the bottle of milk from the table and set it inside the teakettle to warm. Every vestige of suspicion had died

from the man's eyes. He yawned again, stretched, compared the clock with his watch.

"It's been a long night," he said. "Me for the street again. Listen to that wind. I'm sorry for anyone that's out in the mountains tonight."

He went into the parlor and, putting on his overcoat, stood awkwardly in the little hall.

She faced him, the child's bottle in her hand.

"I guess you know how I hate this, Molly," he said. "I —I—this isn't the time for talk and there ain't any disloyalty in it, but I was pretty fond of you one time—I guess you know it, and—I am not the changing sort. I have never seen anybody else I liked the same way. It don't hurt a good woman to know a thing like that. Good night."

Before she went upstairs she took a final look out the back door. Already Jim's footprints were effectively erased by the wind. An unbroken sheet of white snow stretched to the barn. By morning, at this rate, the telltale marks would be buried six inches or more.

She blew out the kitchen lamp and went slowly up the stairs.

The baby cried hoarsely and she gave him his bottle, lying down on the bed beside him and taking his head on her arm. He dropped asleep there and she kept him close for comfort. And there, lying alone in the darkness with staring eyes, she fought her battle. She had nothing in the world but the cheap furniture in the house. Her own health was frail. It would be a year perhaps before she could leave the children to seek any kind of employment.

The deadly problem of the poor, inextricably mixed as it is with every event of their lives, complicating birth, adding fresh trouble to death—the problem of money confronted her. Jim had been, in town parlance, "a poor provider," but at least she had managed. Now very soon she would not have that resource.

To get away from it all! She drew a long breath. From the disgrace, from the eyes of her neighbors, the gossip, the constant knowledge in every eye that met hers that her husband had intrigued with another woman and killed her. To start anew under another name and bring her children up in ignorance of the wretched past—that was one side.

But to earn it in this way—that was another. To sell out to the law! All her husband's weaknesses and brutalities faded from her mind. She saw him—with that pitiful memory of women which forgets all but the good in those they love—only as he had looked in the one great moment of his life an hour ago. Once again he was her hero—her lover; once again he held her in his arms. "I would like to feel that I have done one decent thing."

The battle waged back and forth. She no longer cried. There are some tragedies to which the relief of tears is denied.

Four o'clock.

She slipped the baby's head from her arm and got up. Cooper was still across the street, huddled against a house, stamping to keep warm and swinging his arms. In an hour the milk train would come in and wait on the siding for the express. That would have been Jim's chance. If he could get away, he could start all over again and make good. He had it in him. He was a big man—bigger than the people in the village had ever realized. They had never appreciated him—that was the trouble. Why should *she* have a fresh start? It was Jim who needed it. She moaned and turned her face to the pillow.

Five o'clock.

The milk train whistling for the switch. It was still very dark. She crept to the window

and looked out. It was a gray dawn with snow blowing like smoke through the trees. The cold was proving too much for Cooper. He was making his way cautiously across the street through the snow toward the house. Once in the parlor again, she could get to the barn. The freight waited on the siding ten minutes sometimes, and tonight, with the snow, it might be longer.

She leaped off the bed and hurried down the staircase. Just before the front door opened to admit the detective, the kitchen door closed behind her. She was out in the storm.

She stumbled along, sometimes knee-deep, holding up her thin cotton wrapper.

The barn door was open and she slipped in.

"Jim," she called. "Jim!"

She was standing at the foot of the loft ladder, all her heart in her voice.

"I can't do it, Jim. I can't sell you out, even for the children, Jim!"

There was no sound from above.

She climbed up, trembling. The loft was dark. She would not believe the silence, must creep around to each corner.

"I can't do it," she said over and over. "I can't do it, Jim!" He was gone.

She felt her way down through the darkness and staggered to the door of the barn. Cooper was standing there quietly waiting for her.

From the railroad came the whistle of the express as it raced through, and the slow jangle of the milk train as the engine took up the slack.

"He's gone, Molly," said the detective. "He went out by Shultz's at a quarter to five. I guess he'll make his get-away." There was shame and something else in his eyes.

The freight gathered way. As they listened it moved out onto the main track.

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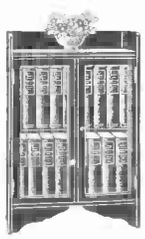

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