

In the Realm Where Woman Reigns

Keeping House
With the Hoopers

(The Hoopers, an average American family of five, living in a suburban town, on a limited income, will tell the readers of the Daily Times how the many present-day problems of the home are solved by working on the budget that Mrs. Hooper has evolved and practiced for years daily. In an interesting review of their home life and learn to meet the conditions of the high cost of living with them.)

MONDAY.

After dinner Sunday, Helen and her father had talked long and earnestly about the new dress that he had impulsively bought and brought home to his little daughter because she had expressed a desire for a bright, red, fur-trimmed frock. "A lot of prettiness was one of Helen's strongest traits, and while her mother always kept her well and becomingly dressed and the women of Mayfield were agreed that she was the best dressed child in town, irrespective of how much they spent on the clothes of their own small daughters, she always had a longing—very seldom expressed—for a dress that had been bought ready made in a store, and which would be the height of brightness, the flashiest style that always marked the clothes of the little Briggs girls. And, left to his own resources, her father was not able to resist the temptation to gratify her when she had told him about Alice Briggs' new winter dress and how much she wanted one like it. So after leaving the office on Saturday he had gone to the store in the village where Helen had said Alice Briggs had bought her dress, and, extracting \$12 from his weekly pay envelope, he had purchased it, and carried it home to his delighted little daughter.

As soon as Helen had put it on and looked at herself in the glass she knew instinctively that it wasn't at all the kind of dress that her mother would have chosen for her. She knew that it didn't look right, but in spite of the fact she still liked its brilliant colors and the stylish effect of the gray for trimming.

When she returned to the porch to show it to her father Roger and her grandmother had come from the basement where they had "all been busy making the quince jelly, to see what the excitement was about.

"Oh, my dear, I don't like it at all," was her grandmother's discouraging comment. "It is a dreadful color and looks horrid with your hair and eyes."

"Well, of all the old-cop-cats," exclaimed Roger in disgust. "It's exactly like Alice Briggs' dress. And I bet Mother won't let you wear it."

Helen looked at her mother in distress. "Don't you think it's pretty, Dad?" she asked doubtfully. "It's just exactly what I wanted."

"Well, I don't know," answered Mr. Hooper with a puzzled note in his voice. "I don't like it as well on you, Helen, as I did when I saw it in the shop. It certainly isn't so pretty as the dress you wear to church on Sunday. There is something wrong about it, but I don't know what it is."

"Oh, aren't you going to let me keep it?" asked Helen with tears in her eyes. "I know it's not pretty, but you'll all get used to it after a while."

"Well, before we decide as to keeping it," answered her father, "We'll have to consider what your mother might think about it. After all we may have been too hasty about buying it."

And when he and Helen had talked it over with Mr. Hooper had concluded by saying: "Well, Helen, I know that when you decide whether you really want to keep it or not. We are all agreed that it doesn't become you a bit. Your grandmother says that the color is too bright and flashy, and Roger thinks it's a great mistake for you to wear a dress that is exactly like Alice Briggs'. I know that when I paid a visit to the store to buy your mother would have spent for a dress for you; and I have probably upset her budget much worse than you and your grandmother did when you went over your food allowance. But I am going to let you decide yourself what you want to do about it under the circumstances. Can you return it and get your money back?" Helen asked.

"Oh, yes," replied her father, "that was understood when I bought it."

"The I think you'd better take it back, Dad," said Helen gloomily. "I know that

PUSS IN BOOTS JR.

By David Cory

Well, as I told you in the last story, Puss in Boots Junior and his feathered friends, Gosey Gosey Gander left the schoolhouse in search of Mary and her little lamb. But when they came to her house, which was now in New Mother Goose Land, they were so disappointed, for,

Mary had a little Pomp, Its hair was black as jet, And everywhere that Mary went She took her little Pomp.

She put him in the Kennel Show With a ribbon blue, While Mary walked around to give A social bow or two.

And while she did society, Poor doggie pined and cried, And in a day or two, alas! Poor little Pomp died.

"Dear me!" said little Puss Junior, as Mary finished telling him her troubles. "You should have stayed in Old Mother Goose Land."

"But my lamb grew into a big sheep and I grew up, too, and father moved, and—well, here I am, without any pet at all," said Mary sadly. "I wish you'd stay, dear Puss Junior."

"I can't," replied our small hero. Gosey Gosey Gander and I are on the way. I might as well go above the earth as leave an airship."

And with those words he mounted the gander and was off again upon his journey of adventure.

"And now whither shall we go?" asked Gosey Gosey Gander.

"I do not know," said Puss. "Let us keep a going."

"While Mary is blowing; Never sad, always glad, With new hope a-glowing!"

And then how that gander did spread his wings and fly! And by and by as they came to a green wood, and so they came down to earth to rest in the shade and eat their lunch. But when Puss Junior opened his lunch basket there was nothing in it. What a surprise!

You see, he had forgotten to have it filled. Well, there was nothing to do but take a nap, and so they lay down and went to sleep, and Puss Junior dreamed about the time he met the Pie-man going to the fair, and how he had eaten cranberry tarts and drank lemonade with the country boy named Simple Simon.

And he was just going to buy another tart when the Pie-man said to Simple Simon: "Show me your penny," and while he was fumbling in his pocket he woke up.

And of course the Pie-man was gone and he was as hungry as ever, and in the next story I hope he'll get a good lunch, for a traveler must eat to be merry and gay. Copyright, 1921.

(To Be Continued.)

Men You May Marry

By ETHEL R. PEYSER

Has a man like this proposed to you?

Symptoms: Great big hulking, bulky chap. Big head—but not particularly swollen; big heart, but not slothy; big hand, but not stony; big mouth, but not flabby. Mind, enough to make dough, but not a college prof. Big cigar—but not awfully expensive. If it were bigger the way he wears it would butt his left eye. Big waistline—but very neat. Big voice but kindly. A regular feller, all right. He's always first on the band wagon. Big enuf purse, but never classified.

IN FACT,

He's America's well-known drummer.

Prescription to his bride:

Have the small end of the opera glass about. Let him look through.

Absorb This:

RADIUM IN SMALL PACKAGES IS WORTH SMALL GOLD BRICKS.

(Copyright, 1921.)

Mother wouldn't like it any better than the rest of you do. Besides, I don't want to put her in another hole with her budget."

"Well, I'm glad you're going to send that old rag back," said Roger, carefully wrapping up the dress carefully, handed it to her father as he came into the dining room. Helen said nothing, but her sigh of regret was long and deep when her father tucked the box under his arm and carried it away with him to the city.

The sum for the three meals on Tues-

day morning was:

"Oh, my dear, I don't like it at all," was her grandmother's discouraging com-

ment. "It is a dreadful color and looks horrid with your hair and eyes."

"Well, of all the old-cop-cats," ex-

claimed Roger in disgust. "It's exactly like Alice Briggs' dress. And I bet

Mother won't let you wear it."

Helen looked at her mother in distress.

"Don't you think it's pretty, Dad?" she asked doubtfully.

"It's just exactly what I wanted."

"Well, I don't know," answered Mr. Hooper with a puzzled note in his voice.

Helen and with him were all the kind

of dress that her mother would have

chosen for her. She knew that it didn't

look right, but in spite of the fact she

still liked its brilliant colors and the

stylish effect of the gray for trimming.

When she returned to the porch to

show it to her father Roger and her

grandmother had come from the base-

ment where they had "all been busy

making the quince jelly, to see what

the excitement was about.

"Oh, my dear, I don't like it at all,"

was her grandmother's discouraging

comment. "It is a dreadful color and

looks horrid with your hair and eyes."

"Well, of all the old-cop-cats," ex-

claimed Roger in disgust. "It's exactly

like Alice Briggs' dress. And I bet

Mother won't let you wear it."

Helen looked at her mother in distress.

"Don't you think it's pretty, Dad?" she

asked doubtfully.

"It's just exactly what I wanted."

"Well, I don't know," answered Mr. Hooper with a puzzled note in his voice.

Helen and with him were all the kind

of dress that her mother would have

chosen for her. She knew that it didn't

look right, but in spite of the fact she

still liked its brilliant colors and the

stylish effect of the gray for trimming.

When she returned to the porch to

show it to her father Roger and her

grandmother had come from the base-

ment where they had "all been busy

making the quince jelly, to see what

the excitement was about.

"Oh, my dear, I don't like it at all,"

was her grandmother's discouraging

comment. "It is a dreadful color and

looks horrid with your hair and eyes."

"Well, of all the old-cop-cats," ex-

claimed Roger in disgust. "It's exactly

like Alice Briggs' dress. And I bet

Mother won't let you wear it."

Helen looked at her mother in distress.

"Don't you think it's pretty, Dad?" she

asked doubtfully.

"It's just exactly what I wanted."

"Well, I don't know," answered Mr. Hooper with a puzzled note in his voice.

Helen and with him were all the kind

of dress that her mother would have

chosen for her. She knew that it didn't

look right, but in spite of the fact she

still liked its brilliant colors and the

stylish effect of the gray for trimming.

When she returned to the porch to

show it to her father Roger and her

grandmother had come from the base-

ment where they had "all been busy

making the quince jelly, to see what

the excitement was about.

"Oh, my dear, I don't like it at all,"

was her grandmother's discouraging

comment. "It is a dreadful color and

looks horrid with your hair and eyes."

"Well, of all the old-cop-cats," ex-

claimed Roger in disgust. "It's exactly

like Alice Briggs' dress. And I bet

Mother won't let you wear it."

Helen looked at her mother in distress.

"Don't you think it's pretty, Dad?" she

asked doubtfully.

"It's just exactly what I wanted."

"Well, I don't know," answered Mr. Hooper with a puzzled note in his voice.

Helen and with him were all the kind

of dress that her mother would have

chosen for her. She knew that it didn't

look right, but in spite of the fact she

still liked its brilliant colors and the

stylish effect of the gray for trimming.

When she returned to the porch to

show it to her father Roger and her

grandmother had come from the base-

ment where they had "all been busy

making the quince jelly, to see what

the excitement was about.

"Oh, my dear, I don't like it at all,"

was her grandmother's discouraging

comment. "It is a dreadful color and

looks horrid with your hair and eyes."

"Well, of all the old-cop-cats," ex-

claimed Roger in disgust. "It's exactly

like Alice Briggs' dress. And I bet

Mother won't let you wear it."

Helen looked at her mother in distress.

"Don't you think it's pretty, Dad?" she

asked doubtfully.

"It's just exactly what I wanted."

"Well, I don't know," answered Mr. Hooper with a puzzled note in his voice.

Helen and with him were all the kind

of dress that her mother would have

chosen for her. She knew