

Gorgeous

BY LAURA LOU BROOKMAN
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BEGIN HERE TODAY
TOBY RYAN, 19, works behind the jewelry counter of a large Manhattan department store. She poses for a photograph to be used in a store advertisement and MARY HATT, the photographer, tells her she has a "camera face."

Discharged from the store due to the scheming of jealous MAURINE BALL, Toby has difficulty finding another job. Then she meets Mary Hatt and he sends her to BEN BLAKE, manager of a model agency. Toby registers at the agency, secures work as a model.

On a bus one afternoon she meets wealthy TIMOTHY JAMIESON, who tries to make a date with her. Toby refuses.

Toby and her friend, HARRIET HOLM, take part in a benefit style show. CAROL MARSH, wealthy and snobbish, also models in the show. Toby, appearing as a model, sees Jamieson again. He asks her to have dinner with him and immediately she agrees.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER SIXTEEN
THEY sat on a bench against the side of the room. Almost all the tables were filled now, except that here and there couples had left their places to dance in the square space reserved for that purpose. The floor show had ended a few minutes before. Now the dance band was playing a gay and rhythmic tune, the hit number of a new musical show.

Tim Jamieson touched Toby's arm. "Bored?" he asked.

"Oh—no!"

"I thought you must be; you've been quiet for so long."

"Have I?" Toby smiled. "I'd forgotten. I think I'd forgotten everything this room and the people."

"And did you forget me, too?"

"Well—in a way. I was thinking how happy I am. Wishing everything could go on and on, just as it is now—the music and soft lights and everybody having a grand time. Oh, I have had a grand time tonight, a wonderful time! I don't know when—"

"Well, that's better!" Tim paused, eying her. Then he smiled. "You're a funny little thing, Toby Ryan. Did you know that?"

"Why?"

"She had never looked lovelier. Her eyes, brightly questioning, seemed enormous. Her head was lifted, bringing into outline the adorable line of her throat. She put one hand to her cheek, tucking a stray curl into place and he noticed how graceful the movement was."

"NEVER mind," Tim said. "You're exactly the way I like you. And I'll tell you something else. I saw you this afternoon—no, I don't mean those few moments when we talked together. It was after I came away and went back. I was early; you see, I didn't want to take a chance of missing you. The fashion show was still going on and I stood at the door a moment. I saw you come in in a dress that was sort of rose colored—like pink sea foam. It was an evening dress."

Toby nodded. "It was lovely, wasn't it?"

"Lovely? It was gorgeous—or rather, you were gorgeous, leaving it. That's what you are and that's what I'm going to call you. Gorgeous. It's exactly the right name for you. Do you mind?"

"She laughed. 'I don't see why I should.'"

"Neither do I, Gorgeous."

They both laughed then, for no reason at all. Toby said, "I like your name—Tim. It seems to suit you. It sounds care-free and good-natured and—"

"Lazy?"

"Well, I wouldn't say that. At least, I wasn't going to. Is it true?"

"Some people think so."

"I frowned. 'But why should I pretend to like sitting around in an office when I don't? I've tried. I hate it. Looking at charts and tables and pretending to know what they mean. Going to conferences and hearing some old fellow spout off a lot of facts and figures that nobody gives a darn about or even listens to. It's tripe, that's what it is. Besides, if I did have a job, it would only mean taking it away from some poor devil who needs it. Why should I do that?'"

TOBY thought of Carol Marsh and nodded. "I see what you mean," she said, "and I think I agree with you."

"The way things are," Tim went on, "the business is a lot better off than if I were trying to put my car in. Sometime, of course, maybe I'll feel differently about it. Meanwhile, I've got other things to do—"

"What, for instance?"

"Oh, lots of things. Pooling around with boys and little polo—I'm terrible at it, but still I like to keep at it. Staying in town in the winter, getting around and seeing people and keeping track of what's going on—"

"It sounds like a pleasant life," Toby told him.

"It's all right. Tell me, Gorgeous, do you like being a model?"

"I like it a lot better than working at Bergman's."

He considered this. "Yes, I guess you would. But how about going around to studios and style shows and the places you do. Don't you meet a lot of fresh guys?"

The simple smile in her cheek. "Only one, so far. There's a Mr. Timothy Jamieson, who's been something of a nuisance."

He grinned. "And what are you going to do about it?"

"I haven't quite decided yet."

"Well, he can be of assistance in any way."

"Thank you. I'll remember that."

THE music that had ended a short time before was beginning again. This time the band played a number with a slower tempo. Toby had heard the words, sung by a radio favorite. They were rather sentimental and it was a dreamy, sentimental tune.

She said suddenly, "Let's dance."

He had asked her earlier and she had refused, afraid to reveal that she was not a practiced dancer. But her caution proved unnecessary. In Tim's arms she moved lightly, smoothly.

The dancing space was small and crowded. Another couple, rather awkward, swung toward them and he held her closer. Toby felt his cheek against her hair. It was only for an instant; the awkward couple moved on and Tim released her.

He said, "Why didn't you tell me you can dance like this?"

She laughed, not bothering to

reply. She had never known that dancing could be such sheer delight, but then, she had never had such a partner.

She was sorry, when, at last, the music ended and they went back to their table. Several newcomers were entering, the women in evening wraps and the men in tail coats. Toby saw that nearby tables had been deserted. Suddenly she realized it must be growing late.

"What time is it?" she asked.

"Tim consulted his wrist watch. 'Not late yet. A little after 1.'"

"Oh, but that is late! Remember, I have to work tomorrow."

"One more dance," he bargained. "Then we'll go."

TOBY wanted to dance, too. She said, "Well, just one more—"

The one dance stretched into several. It was nearly an hour later when Tim helped her into a cab and dropped her into the seat beside her. He was still protesting, "But it's not really late yet! Look—lots of people are just coming—"

"It's too late for me," Toby told him. "I've got a 9 o'clock appointment in the morning."

He was interested. "What are you going to do at 9 o'clock?"

"Stand before a camera," she told him, "with my best smile and show how easy it is to do the family washing since my husband bought me a Whittis washing machine."

"Is that supposed to be work?"

"If you'd try it once, you'd think so. They'll probably want to shoot

Olive Oil Is Aid to Feet

BY ALICIA HART
Once you learn to buy shoes which fit perfectly, half of your foot troubles are over. The next step in achieving lovely feet is to begin a regular schedule of grooming treatments and special exercises.

To have skin on your feet as smooth and soft as that on your hands and face, turn to your old reliable beauty aid, olive oil. Once a week, massage warm olive oil into the skin from toes to ankles. If possible, do this massage at night and allow the oil to stay on until time for the morning shower.

Once every two weeks, especially if you stand up most of the day and, as a result, often have a burning sensation about toes and arches, soak your feet in salt and water, cover them with plain white vaseline or olive oil, put on old, but clean, stockings and wear them while you sleep.

In addition, do daily foot exercises. Holding your legs straight, point your toes downward toward the floor, making ankle muscles stretch and pull. Then point them upward toward your face. Repeat 20 times each. Bend ankles backward rapidly until your feet feel relaxed instead of tense.

If you have calluses, rub them gently with a piece of pumice after you have bathed. Massage the hard spots with good foot cream twice a day. Use cuticle remover on them whenever you give yourself a pedicure.

Speaking of pedicures, remember that in these days of toeless sandals and the vogue for beach bathing, beautifully groomed toes are as important as well kept finger nails. Even though polish stays on the toenails for a month, sometimes longer, don't forget to use emery board, oil and cuticle remover once a week. Comfortable feet are those which get adequate attention.

P.T.A. Notes

School 1, 2:30 Wednesday. Mrs. Arthur R. Robinson, "China." Program, intermediate chorus.

School 8, 3:15 Wednesday. Election. Program by pupils.

School 12, 3:15 Wednesday. Dr. J. E. Baker, "What Is Science?" Piano selections. League of Women Voters speaker, "The Merit System in Government."

School 14, 7 Wednesday. Miss Emilie McAdams. Music, Troutman's orchestra.

School 20, 3:15 Wednesday. Alan W. Boyd, Indianapolis School Board member. Union speaking, primary choir, first grade pupils. Jean Hagig, accordion solos.

School 21, 2:30 Wednesday. Mrs. E. J. Thompson, Indianapolis Council of Parents and Teachers president. Election.

School 30, 2:45 Wednesday. League of Women Voters speaker, "Better Government Personnel."

School 33, 1:30 Wednesday. Miss Carrie E. Scott, public library children's department, "Children's Books and Readings." Motion pictures of first and second grade pupils, directed by Miss Mae Hurt.

School 51, 7:30 Wednesday. Association members, play, "The Last Daze of School."

School 53, 3 Wednesday. Mrs. Grace Golden, Children's Museum. Miss Naomi Power, Hawaiian guitar selections. Frederick Faulkner, readings.

School 68, 3:15 Wednesday. Mrs. E. W. Blyan, flag program. Presentation of flags.

School 76, 2:30 Wednesday. E. G. Fine, "Rambles Through the Rockies." Richard Clay, piano selections.

School 77, 3 Wednesday, Talking pictures.

STORY-A-MONTH CLUB TO MEET

A second meeting of the Story-a-Month Club is to be held Friday at Maude Courtney Wagdell's home.

The club was organized under the adult education division of the emergency education program. 15 members submit manuscripts anonymously. The best is selected by popular vote and is sent to a critic and agent at expense of the club. The winning manuscript at the first meeting was a short story by Marguerite Hummert, vice president.

Malcolm Sawyer is president; Miss Polly Lois Norton, secretary, and Mrs. Edith H. Allen, treasurer.

P. E. O. COUNCIL PLANS ELECTION

Election of officers was scheduled as a part of the Indianapolis Council, P. E. O. Sisterhood's program today at Ayres' tearoom.

New representatives in the council are Mrs. Gordon Adams and Mrs. Paul Kilby. Chapter F. Mrs. Ralph L. McKay and Mrs. I. H. Staley. Chapter G. Mrs. E. C. Michaels and Mrs. Harry S. Rogers. Chapter P. Mrs. William F. Chafee and Mrs. J. R. Kuebler. Chapter Q. Mrs. C. W. Haladay and Mrs. Herbert H. Young. Chapter S. and Mrs. B. H. Lybrook and Mrs. Estel Daugherty, Chapter U.

FLAPPER PATTY SAYS

Milliners belong to the tribe whose chief interest is headdress.

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She laughed, not bothering to

the picture a dozen different ways. They always do."

"How long will it take?"

"All morning, I hope. We're paid by the hour, you know."

"Will you have lunch with me?" Toby hesitated. She wanted to say that she would, but caution raised a warning voice. "I'm sorry," she said, "I'm afraid I can't. You see, I don't know how long I'll be working or whether the office will have something else for me in the afternoon."

"Then how about dinner?"

Once more the cautioning voice rose, but this time Toby ignored it. "I don't know," she said. "But you can call me."

THE entrance to Mrs. Moeller's rooming house looked dingier and shabbier than it had ever looked as Toby and Tim Jamieson stepped out of the cab. He followed her up the half dozen steps, took both her hands in his.

"I'll call you tomorrow, Gorgeous," he promised. "And I'll be thinking about you—"

She thrilled to the words. She said—her own voice not as steady as she wished it had been—"I'll be thinking about you, too."

For a minute she thought he was going to kiss her. She was glad when, instead, he stepped back. Still holding her hands, he said, "Good night, Gorgeous."

Toby went inside then. The night lamp was burning, casting a dim, faintly yellow glow over the hall. There was not a sound to be heard in the whole house.

Very quietly Toby went up the two flights of stairs, switched on the light in her own room and closed the door.

Then, for a few moments she stood there, leaning against the door, holding both hands to her cheeks. Tim had held her hands. It was as though she could still feel his touch on them; as though she was transferring that touch to her cheeks. Oh, she was glad he hadn't tried to kiss her or take her in his arms. She didn't want cheap caresses. She wanted every memory of the time they spent together to be fine and beautiful. She wanted to think of Tim always as he had been tonight. Handsome and tender and devoted—

She could still see him, looking down at her as he had during that last dance. Only a brief moment, alighting that moment again, Toby's heart raced.

(To Be Continued)

Keeping Up With The Well-Dressed Co-ed



Local Girls Get Awards

Camp Fire Girls today displayed with pride awards given at the recent Birthday council fire held in Tomlinson Hall. Honors were given all Indianapolis girls who passed requirements of woodgathering, firemaking, and torchbearer. National honors also were awarded.

Highest rank went to Betty Baker, Jane Wilcox and Irma Biedemeister, all of Indianapolis, and Esther Potts, Brazil. Woodgatherer rank was given to Imogene McKenzie, Louise Works, Mary Brant, Wilma Barnhart, Charlotte Meyer, Alicia Scott, Eva Edwards, Betty Jane McDowell, Marjorie Shinkle, Bella Margaret Riggan, Joella Vaken and Barbara Heaps.

Others to receive this rank included Phyllis King, Joan Specker, Mary Jane Heyman, Leita Mae Harlamert, Joan Cross, Marcell Reese, Norma Adams, Ruth Clore, Carol Bowers, Mary Ellen Moore, Priscilla Mae Schofield, Idamae Abraham, Billie Tucker, Annou Klutzy, Evelyn McConnell, Ramona Cowger, Virginia Irwin, Patricia Anne DeBolt, Geneva Muensch, Betty Lou Weber and Mary Jennings.

Other Woodgatherers rank were Alice Bloemhoff, Mabel Risdon, Phyllis Fitzpatrick, Margaret Liehr, Patricia Parcells, Frances Weber, Mary Jane Shepherd, Betty DeFark, Anna Hayes, Wilma Musgrave, Hylda Young, Charlotte Noble, Jerry Oakes, Alberta Nevall, Mrs. Harriette Cain, Violet Turner, Mildred Curry, Henrietta Dransfield, Rosamond Herriot, Anne Asperger, Marjorie Cockriel, Mary Jane Bowne, Dorothy Anne Billeter, Phyllis Ehrhardt, Betty Brothers, Mrs. Teddy Bowne, Marian Jackson and Thelma Bowne.

Those receiving firemaker awards were Nora Louise Bauer, Jane Chaney, Esther Muegge, Gladys Bevis, Patsy Liehr, Betty Ruth Longshore, Phyllis Prentice, Joanne Zickendrah, Rosa, Mary Bauer, Mary Emma Fleenor and Peggy Selmer.

National honors were given to Mamie Larsh, and Betty Ann Jackson received a dolphin award, the highest swimming honor.

Health honors were given Virginia Esten and Eleanor Clem.

Traveler Finds Russian Styles Are Secondary

By United Press
PARIS, March 30.—Soviet-Russians like Americans of a century ago, have been too busy building up their country to think of furthering feminine fashions, according to Elsa Schiaparelli, noted Paris couturiere, who has returned from a trip to Moscow and Leningrad.

"Russian women now are interested in clothes," declared Schiaparelli, "but they will never attach supreme importance to fashions as do European and American women, because they are too vitally interested in all the various projects going on in their country."

Schiaparelli found that Russian women are most interested in the manufacture of clothes. They would like to learn how to turn out smart clothes in large quantities at a reasonable price. They asked the Paris dressmaker many questions about her methods of preparing for a large collection, the procuring of materials, selection of designs and color combinations.

They make all their own materials and fashion clothes from magazine pictures. According to Schiaparelli, Russians do a creditable job, considering scarcity of material and lack of accessories.

"There are two classes of women in Soviet Russia," said Schiaparelli. There is the professional class, which has taken the place of the nobility and includes government officials, artists, doctors, composers and writers, as well as former members of the old nobility whose sympathies are with the Soviets, and there is the peasant class."

GOOD TO EAT

BY LULA WYMAN
WHO ever heard of an Asiatic supper plate? Perhaps you know it by another name—whatever you call it, it's the perfect thing to serve for a Sunday night (or any other night) supper.

ASIATIC SUPPER PLATE FOR 6

4 cups fluffy boiled rice
1/2 cup coconut chopped
1/2 cup almonds blanched and chopped
sliced chicken (roast or canned) parsley, olives, paprika
Mousseline chutney sauce
Combine the hot fluffy rice with the coconut and almonds and mix lightly with a fork.

Place a serving of rice in the center of a hot supper plate and flank with slices of chicken.

Sprinkle the rice with paprika. Garnish with parsley and olives and serve with the following sauce.

MOUSSELINE CHUTNEY SAUCE

1/2 cup butter
2 egg yolks well beaten
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup whipping cream
1 tablespoon chutney chopped fine

First of all, what makes this dish authentic is the chutney. You can buy it at any fancy grocers, all prepared, in bottles.

Divide butter in three parts. Put one piece in a saucepan with egg yolks and lemon juice.

Place over hot water and stir combinations.

Remove from heat and add salt. Fold in the cream which has been whipped until it holds its shape and the chutney.

Serve in a bowl, passed to each guest, with the Asiatic supper plate.

Book Talks to Be Given

Book reviews are to be given at the meeting of the Marion County Medical Society Woman's Auxiliary Friday afternoon at Ball Nurses' home. Mrs. John C. Mellett is to review "The Thinking Reed," by Rebecca West and "Mary of Scotland," by Stefan Zweig.

Hostesses are to be Mesdames Ralph L. Lochry, Bernard G. Larkin, Vincent A. Lapenta, J. Kent Leasure, H. S. Leonard, William Link, J. Jerome Littell, George E. Lowe, William A. McBride, R. O. McAlexander, P. E. McCown, A. L. Marshall, H. O. Mertz, William F. Molt and Robert M. Moore.

Mrs. D. O. Kearby is president.

SWAGGER togs like these are the very spice of spring and may be found in a maze of contrasting colors. For riding, for walking, for business, for school, for sports... you'll find that swagger suits are not just a flash in the pan, but so wearable and practical that women with chic will demand them to stay put in fashion headlines.

If you're a bit envious of these jaunty costumes, you'll find them right here in your local shops on your next trek downtown.

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Plan Home With Eye to Future

Today's "Cosy" House May Be Too Small for Family.

BY OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON
So Mary and John were married and Daddy had built them the cutest little house imaginable. It had even a spare room, to be called, of course, the guest room. And beside their own bedroom there was a small adjoining cubicle that would some day be the baby's.

Downstairs there was a parlor, dining room and kitchen, also a small side sun-porch that could be opened up on hot evenings. No one had a porch any more. Just a canopy and a few brick steps in front, and in back a platform for the garbage can that could be hedged in by shrubbery and keep people from suspecting that any such plebian belonging was there.

And with all the wedding presents displayed so costly inside, in just the right places, including 10 lamps and about 20 vases, both Mary and John felt that everything was set for years to come. John was to succeed to his father's business, and they would continue to live under the lilac and the weeping willow for all time to come.

Baby Arrives
Came the baby next year. And everything was so sweet and cozy that all Mary's friends thought life was simply too unfair in heaping all its blessings on one girl. The alcove done in pink was a play pen and the shut-in porch was the very ticket for little Jackie to get his airing. And little Jackie grew and he grew and he grew. And finally he had to have a bigger bed and that meant the guest room. No longer could Mary have company overnight. The next thing was a play pen and then came the stroller. Now the sunroom had to make way for storage. But the worst was yet to come.

Jackie learned to walk. And he learned to pull off covers that drew with them some of the wedding presents. Nice days came, too, and he needed some place where he could play and get air. His mother could not be forever taking him on rides. But the ground was too damp to risk the lawn, and where were the porches? Nobody had thought ahead that far.

Mary Loses Temper
Mary lost her even temper. Jackie often got snatched for touching untouchables. The house was hopelessly because toys littered the floor.

When Jackie was 2½, Molly was born. Molly fitted right well into the cubicle, but Mary wondered where she would put her after awhile. She could go into the room with Jackie a while, but not always.

Of course, it wasn't any worse than other homes where there are little families, and in many ways a lot better. But what made Mary mad was the fact that everybody had been so blind when the house was built. Why couldn't her parents have seen beyond the ends of their noses? Why hadn't they said: "You will need an honest-to-goodness porch, and a playground." So now Mary has decided to rent the sweet little house and look for one to rent herself. One that folks call old-fashioned, and in which every one can enjoy life. And where the children won't be nagged so much.

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REBECCA LODGE WILL CELEBRATE

Progress Rebecca Lodge 395 is to celebrate its forty-fourth anniversary at a family party tomorrow night at the lodge hall, 2308½ W. Michigan-st. The committee in charge includes Mrs. Roscoe Conkle, chairman; Mesdames Eleanor Whitlock, Mabel Schenk, Minnie Bland and Lillie Milner.

Entertainment is to include an amateur program provided by Miss Ina Hauser's pupils, assisted by Dale Long; readings by Betty Jane Schenk and Rebecca Hammond; and a ceremony in honor of the anniversary and the past noble grands.

Spring Party Arranged
The annual spring guest party of the Maennerchor Ladies Society is to be held April 28.

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