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GLIDDEN
EVERYWHERE ON EVERYTHING
PAINTS — VARNISHES — LACQUERS — ENAMELS

GLIDDEN BRIGHTER HOMES

Published in the Interest of Brighter and Better Homes

Vol. 4

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No. 4



HOME—the center of every true life

One of the very first duties of life is the establishment of a home which shall be to us and to our children the fountain and reservoir of our best life, and this home should be a permanent one, if possible.

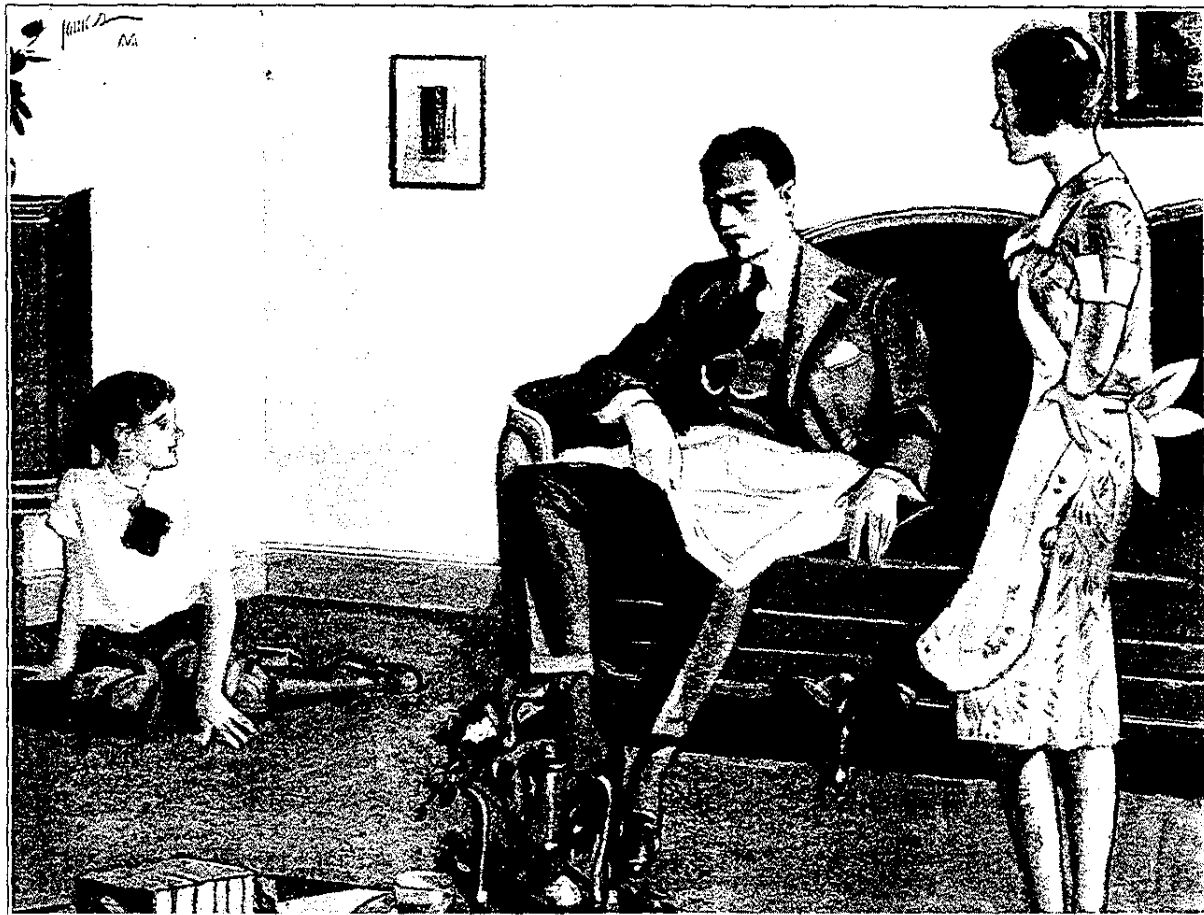


Home is the center of every true life, the place where all sweet affections are brought forth and nurtured, the spot to which memory

clings most fondly, and to which the wanderer returns most gladly, receiving an incomparable welcome.

It is worth a life of labor and care to have a home whose influence shall enrich us while life lasts. God pity the person who

cannot associate with his youth some dear spot where he drank in life's freshness, and shaped the character he bears.



"Yes," he repeated, neither to Nora nor to Charley. "yes, 'tis funny. Most things are kind of—funny, I guess."

SALESMANSHIP

By MARY ELLEN CHASE

Inserted Through the Courtesy of The Pictorial Review

MR. HENRY STAPLES felt a new spring in his knees as he descended the apartment-house steps and started downtown. Something of the sprightliness of his dreams the preceding night seemed to have gotten into his feet as well as into his mind. Funny how things worked out, he told himself, if you just gave yourself a chance. And fifteen dollars was little enough to pay for such a chance as he had given himself.

To be sure, the full prophecy of his new course on salesmanship had yet to be realized. He had still to be called within the glass doors of the manager's office, to be met with a firm hand-clasp and the genial proffer of a doubled salary. But with his Saturday's advance from

boys' underwear and stockings to suits things were well on their way.

He took a new and delighted interest in the sounds that issued from nearly every opened window. In their tight little living-room Nora was at last listening to the morning's radio talk on housekeeping hints and recipes for the day. Extremely satisfying to him was the knowledge that she might enjoy this outward and visible sign of his new discovery of powers latent within himself!

He smiled as he recalled Charley's hurried and unwilling exit to school, his earlier participation with his father in the morning exercises which were to make them both "more manly, more fit for this game of living and of life."

Once in the store, his benevolence diffused itself among his fellow employees. He beamed upon floor-walkers, floor-polishers, and stenographers. He commented on the weather to Mr. Nesbit, still in the underwear; to Mr. Sims, who had sold belts and suspenders for years. It seemed impossible, now that he was so gloriously ready, to wait for his first customers.

These he saw before the white coverings were fully removed from the counters, and with that peculiar divination which his course had promised, he marked them as his own. They stood without the entrance-doors waiting for nine o'clock. There was a difference in their attitudes which Mr. Staples,

(Continued on page 17)

FOOTBALL

Swift—Grace—Alertness

By ED BANG

Nationally Known Sport Writer



Ed Bang

Modern football was orphaned only a few months ago when a giant Fokker passenger plane catapulted onto the plains of Kansas and carried Knute Rockne along with half a dozen others to everlasting sleep. Rockne was the greatest single vitalizing factor football has ever known. The mourned master of Notre Dame, more than anyone else, was responsible for the meteoric rise of the sport. From the comparatively oblivious status of a brutal contest indulged in by various high school and college athletes, Rockne elevated the game to the exalted level it now occupies, a glamorous spectacle that each autumn lures half a nation into the classically designed stadii which stud our landscape.

In retrospect the methods Rockne employed in transforming a collegiate sport into one of the country's leading businesses appear altogether simple and obvious. Certainly countless other men before him recognized the possibilities latent in football, but all of them lacked the forceful personality needed to innovate so radically. Rockne revolutionized the game of football by intellectualizing it. He shunted the venerable notions that sheer size and strength were the chief requirements of a football player. He substituted speed, precision and brains. Rockne took the muscle out of football and replaced it with mentality. He opened the game up. He ignored the old-style game which amounted to little more than 22 perspiring brutes hurling themselves into a conglomerate mass some 100 times or more per game, in favor of the more spectacular sweeping end runs and exciting forward passes. In other words, Rockne was the first to

permit the audience to see what football was all about. Once having seen it, people enjoyed it and began flocking to the games. The result of it all is apparent today in the colossal throngs that attend college games every year. Thus in intellectualizing football, Rockne also emotionalized it, and therein lies the reason for the sport's breathtaking popularity. Briefly then, Knute Rockne's genius civilized football.



Benny Friedman

At the same time, the raw material, the clay the sculptor Rockne had at his command was staunch, enduring stuff, and to its strength can be attributed at least half of the success of



Jim Thorpe

the finished product. In its essence football is a test of power, but the delicate, fine phases of the game are legion, as Rockne has so clearly demonstrated. Swift, grace, alertness, split-second decisions and tremendous courage all are qualities demanded by football, and surely none of them can be catalogued under "power."

It is unfortunate that so many football enthusiasts are forced to follow the game vicariously. Newspaper accounts dazzle the fans and they lend a deceptive masquerade to



Knute Rockne

the game. The layman, after a while, comes to think in terms of "steam-rollers," "gridiron gladiators," "high-powered, horrendous machines," "giants" and the like. And of course the grotesquery of football's apparel fosters the illusion. Onlookers forget that underneath those dreadful helmets are 22 ordinary boys, each with a distinct personality. Each is trying desperately to learn a subtle and intricate game, and to him, each play is a separate lesson. In the mild hysteria that accompanies every major grid battle spectators are inclined to overlook the fact that for the boys on the field, those exciting scrimmages so stirringly chronicled on the front pages the following day are a series of individual clashes. Jones at tackle pitting his skill against Smith at end. Each is a contest of wits as well as of strength. It is those man-to-man duels that hold the charm of football for the participant. And while it might be a commonplace observation, it is unreasonable to suppose that the player who can outwit his rival on the gridiron might be the one to best his adversaries later in life?

Remember too, the next time you witness a football game, that behind every action of each player, and behind the coordination of the group stands the skill of a coach—his ability as a teacher. Try forgetting the ball for a moment and direct your eyes to the activity of the linemen, the blockers who clear the path for the runner. There is beauty

(Continued on page 14)

MAKE YOUR HOME BRIGHT AND CHEERY WITH COLOR

By WILLELLA DE CAMPI

Well Known Writer on Home Decoration

ALMOST everyone loves color, the red of the rose, the golden yellow fields of ripe grain, tints of the sunset sky—they are all delightful. A thrill of pleasure comes when we look at these things out of doors; but we are too often content to turn away to the drab interior of our homes without making any effort to supply the same sort of enjoyment.

We are afraid of color, because we do not understand how to use it. If we attempt any color scheme at all, we are liable to overdo it.

Color schemes, in reality, are a great deal like music. The dominant chords cannot stand alone without other notes, or the whole would not be music. So it is with

to learn few of the qualities of colors to know that red and yellow are warm colors, and blue is cold; and every other color is warm or cold according to the amount of each of these colors it contains.

The light and exposure of a room govern, to a great extent, the colors that should be used in it—this is a common fact. Yet, nevertheless, rooms with a northern exposure will be found, in homes of people of most intelligent tastes, finished in dull, drab grays and cold blues, and the cheery southern rooms, in warm browns, reds and yellows.

The duty of colors used in decoration is, obviously, to supply the warmth and brightness that is absent in the light that comes into the room.

Yellow reflects light and produces a warm glow wherever it is used; therefore, yellow is said to be "luminous." To the contrary of this, red "absorbs" light, making a room seem dimmer. The least luminous of colors are blue and violet.

These are all scientific facts based upon the study of wave lengths and vibrations, but they may be proved personally by noting the effects of different colors in different rooms. One lighting company, in order to demonstrate this, finished different booths in several colors and used exactly the same candle power illumination in each. The dark browns, blues, and reds absorbed so much light that the booths in which they

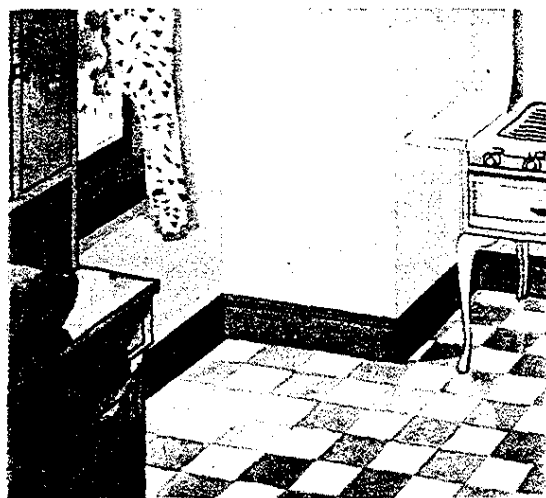


Willella de Campi

were used, appeared dark, shadowy, and gloomy; whereas the lighter colors seemed to dispel the gloom and make the booths appear more light. The one finished in light cream was the lightest of all. A knowledge of all this is essential if we wish to bring brightness and cheer into our homes.

Before selecting a color scheme for a room, decide, first, what *kind* of color is necessary. One thing to keep in mind is, the smaller the room, the more light that comes into it, and the color used should be duller and less bright in order to suggest the shadows and spaciousness that are lacking. Successful decorators realize that the effect of space and atmosphere and the suggestion of a few soft shadows and half lights are a necessary part of every room. In their clever handling and knowledge of this, lies the secret of those subtly attractive rooms for which they are responsible.

Having decided upon the kind of color, the next step is to choose the *actual* color that is to compose the scheme of the room. Although, taken generally, there might be any number of selections and combinations possible, when it comes right down to your actual room which you are working on, there is generally only two schemes, at the most, which will prove satisfactory when finally worked out. The type of woodwork desired must be taken into consideration along with the kind and the amount of furniture to be used. And last of all, that most important, most intangible thing in relation to color—personal preference. For it cannot be denied, that, to some people a certain color may produce joy and delight, another, displeasure; both, appa



*Cream Walls—Speed Wall
Jade Green Woodwork—Jap-A-Lac*

color in our homes—the big masses of color on walls and draperies must be relieved by bits of color here and there.

When the light which comes into the room is dull and cheerless, the color used in decoration should tend to supply the missing warmth and sunniness. Conversely, the flood of brilliant yellow light in southern windows needs to be toned down a little with cool soft colors. We need

Brighter Homes

ently, without any logical reasoning behind it.

The drab hues and colors of yesterday are past. Paints are manufactured now in such delightful

dull uninteresting surfaces so that they fairly radiate with warmth, joy and contentment—all of this can be done very inexpensively. You will be surprised how little it costs to do

You can do the same, too, and do it easily.

The kitchen, as shown here, is decorated with cream walls, the cupboards being finished in a green quick drying enamel. The kitchen walls are finished with that new Semi-Gloss Finish which dries quickly and is so much in demand these days.

This new quick drying semi-gloss finish is the practical finish for kitchen walls. It makes the whole surface washable—easy to clean and to keep clean.

Decorations in the kitchen should be reduced to the minimum. While we do not want our kitchen to look bare and inhuman, we do not want to spend our time dusting and cleaning fussy ornaments. Generally, one picture apiece in the kitchen and breakfast room is sufficient, changing them when we become tired of them.

In the bedroom, which is quite small, walls and woodwork are painted a flat white in order to make the room seem larger. Then, to give a decorative effect which takes away the plainness of this all white background, the door and baseboards are painted in orchid. A little draped dressing table in one corner of the room has a flounce which matches the window curtains. Lampshades are of orchid parchment paper, and blue. All of the furniture is painted dull blue, and on the bed there is a white bed cover decorated with candlewick embroidery in raspberry red. All in all, you see, a great deal of individuality may be expressed even in a very small place.

Generally speaking, paint may be used freely on woodwork in almost any interior. There are a few exceptions, however. For instance, in a small drawing room or library done in Jacobean style, painted woodwork would be sadly amiss. Here, in order to be in harmony with the decorative scheme of the room, the woodwork should be finished with a dark oak stain, and should then be given a good coat of varnish to protect the wood. Because a high gloss is not desirable in a room of this type, the woodwork may be rubbed down with wax after the varnish has dried so that it will have a soft, mellow patina. Walls in such a room should be of rough plaster tinted ecru.



Flat Wall—Light Tan—Floors—Varnished.

fascinating colors—colors that put joy and cheer into one's home, and they are made so that they are very easy to handle. It is so that nowadays with a little time, a brush and a can of paint or enamel, wonders can be worked—wonders that rival the magic of magicians.

Breakfast sets made cozy and pleasing, furniture that has been discarded brought back to life and usefulness, walls transformed from

over a room, paint a breakfast set and other pieces of furniture that need to be refinished, that need to be given a new chance to help make your home bright and cheery.

An illustration is shown here of a living room with the walls finished in a light tan. Notice how the furniture, woodwork, grate and the carpet all blend in together, how delightfully restful an atmosphere is created by this color combination.



"I'm Dummy Again—Mr. Smythe"

WHICH IS THE CORRECT WAY TO PLAY THIS HAND OF BRIDGE?

—Inserted through the courtesy of THE CLEVELAND NEWS—

				S	K-6
				H	K-4-2
				D	K-J-9
				C	A-10-9-6-4
S	A-J-8-5-4	W North	E	S	10-3
H	8-6-5	e Dealer	a	H	Q-J-10-9
D	8-5	s South	t	D	7-6-3-2
C	5-2			C	K-8-3
				S	Q-9-7
				H	A-7-3
				D	A-Q-10-4
				C	Q-J-7

Milton C. Work, noted authority at Bridge, has prepared this hand and we trust that you will find it delightfully interesting in working out the correct solution.

A deck of cards will be given free to the first twenty-five people who send in the correct way to play this hand. Address all communications to Publication Headquarters, Madison Avenue and Berea Roads, Cleveland, Ohio, giving the name of the merchant who sent this magazine to you.

If the above hand were being played at auction bridge, South's bid of one no trump would be followed

by three passes. At contract, South bid one no trump, West passed and North bid three no trumps. Both North and South held well above the minimum requirements for their respective bids.

West led the five of spades, which was won by dummy's king. Eight tricks were in sight, with the club finesse the only possibility for winning game. The finesse was won by East, who led the ten of spades. South played the nine, but West took with the jack and quickly won four more spade tricks. Five spades and a club set the contract two tricks. Declarer admitted that he could have made one more trick by playing it safe, but contended that he took the only chance for making game. Was he right or wrong?

HERE ARE A FEW FUNDAMENTAL HINTS

Honors *never* are affected by doubling, revoke, or failure to make contract. They *always* are scored as held.

For winning little slam, or 12 tricks, there is a bonus of 50 honor

points; for grand slam, or all 13 tricks, 100 honor points. Declarer can score for little slam even though his contract is all 13 tricks, and he takes but the 12.

Declarer also gets a bonus of 50 honor points, if he makes a doubled contract, plus a bonus of 50 points for each trick by which he exceeds the contract. If declarer has redoubled, these bonuses are 100 each.

When opponents set the declarer, opponents score 50 honor points for each trick by which declarer falls short of his contract; 100 if bid has been doubled; 200 if bid has been redoubled.

A redouble of an opponents' bid is a double; a double of an opponents' double must stand, and is a redouble; a double or a redouble of a redouble is void and is penalized by a new deal or 100 points in the adverse honor score. A double of a partner's bid or redouble of a partner's double is void and is penalized by 50 points in the adverse honor score. Either opponent may exact any of these penalties.

HALLOWEEN



A MYSTERIOUS atmosphere must prevail on October thirty-first, so the invitations to the Halloween party should carry a weird note to prepare the recipient for an unusual entertainment.

Although invitations can be purchased ready to fill in, there are so many possibilities for originality that the hostess almost always wishes to make her own cards.

By using seals, silhouettes or cut-outs and adding a few simple lines with brush or pen, invitations that are really unique can be made.

On Halloween the unexpected is expected, if you know what we mean, and even the most rabid of bridge fans enjoys a bit of levity sandwiched in between his rule-bound bids; so plan a different stunt for each table.

Label the first table "Bloody Hands." Here the guests must play their cards wearing gardening gloves, the clumsy cotton kind that make your fingers feel as free as a bird in a cage. You can purchase the gloves at the ten cent store and make them "bloody" by spattering them with red ink.

Call table two "The Ghost Meet." No one may speak a word at this sepulchral spot; all bidding being done by pantomime. He who breaks the ghost-like silence must give five points of his score to each of his opponents.

Let table three be known as "Blind Fate." At this table all bids are made blindly, before the cards are dealt.

Name table four "The Double Cross." Here the winners and losers exchange scores.

You might print these verses on the backs of the tallies so the guests will have an inkling as to what it's all about.

Table 1—Bloody Hands
Here each player must get his score
With his clumsy hands red with gore.

Table 2—The Ghost Meet
Oh! do not break the silence here;
For every word will cost you dear.

his fate by reading what is written in the square on which the feather lands.

THE CUP OF FATE

Place three cups or saucers on the table. Half fill one with water, another with milk and the third with vinegar.

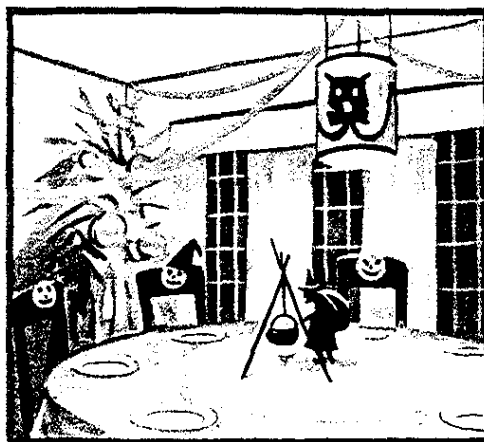
Let each person, blindfolded, dip a finger in the first cup touched; if it contains milk married life will be happy, if vinegar one's future wife or husband will have a sour disposition, and if the cup contains water single blessedness is in store.

The position of the cups may be changed before each trial.

CHAMBER OF HORRORS

Guests can be conducted two at a time to the Chamber of Horrors which is in reality a dark room or a passage way where all sorts of creepy things happen.

Terrifying noises may be made by scraping pieces of tin together, and the ghost guide, who has a tantalizing way of frightening you with a feather duster, though, of course, you don't know it's a feather duster, tells you a pitiful story about his friend who has died. In a dark corner every now and then two eyes flame for a second. These have been made by using empty egg shells containing flashing electric lights. He makes you handle parts of the dead man's body. These parts are kept on plates placed on a long table, or on chairs. The guide directs the victims' hands over each plate although it is not necessary to lift each piece. As he comes to each one, he moans and sobs out that "These are his poor dear eyes," etc. The eyes are two hulled grapes; the tongue a raw oyster; the heart a piece of liver; the lungs a wet sponge; the brain a coil of rope, dampened, or part of an ear of green corn. This is a terrifying experience, try it.



Decorations make things interesting.

Table 3—Blind Fate
Before the cards are dealt to you,
You'll have to tell what you will do.

Table 4—The Double Cross
A pitfall here, my trusting friend;
For those who win lose in the end.

No party on October thirty-first is a real Halloween party unless the time-honored games, tricks, and stunts have been tried.

We can give directions for but a few games here. There are many good books of games published suitable for all kinds of parties that will be of assistance to the hostess.

THE FATAL BLOW

Mark off a large sheet of paper into six-inch squares and in each square write a fortune or fate. Place the paper on the floor. Each player in turn, standing on a mark three feet from the paper, places a small feather in the palm of his hand and blows it. He may learn

The Glamorous BARRYMORES

By MAE TINEE



*John Barrymore
with the mustache
he loves but that is
seldom with him*

*Lionel Barry-
more*

Ethel Barrymore

THOSE BARRYMORES! Everybody's interested in them. Everybody has been since grandmother's time.

Grandmother and her crowd raved over Mrs. John Drew, and about her daughter Georgie Drew—and Maurice Barrymore—who became the parents of Lionel, Ethel and John. Mother was crushed if she had to miss a matinee played by John Drew, brother of Georgie; and Lionel, Ethel and John have had Mother and her sons and daughters—US—stage and screen mad since then.

Ethel, born in 1879, and called "America's foremost actress," made her debut at the age of 13 in her grandmother's (Mrs. Drew) company, playing Lucy in "The Rivals." Next she appeared with her uncle, John Drew, in "The Bauble Shop." From then on, her name was a household name. Her marriage to Russell Colt, from whom she was later divorced, didn't impede her career. She kept right on acting. Two children of that marriage, Ethel Barrymore Colt, and Russell Colt, Jr., bid fair to carry on the family tradition. She made several pictures, including "The Twelve Pound Look" and "Declassé," but

she despised the screen and her photoplays were not wildly successful. She belongs to the stage and, chances are, will never stray from it again.

Lionel, the eldest, born in 1878, also made his first stage appearance in "The Rivals." His career has been brilliant. Stage and silver-sheet know no better actor and as a director, this Barrymore has had all the companies whistling for his services. Lately he has returned to acting and appears on the screen in "A Free Soul" and "Guilty Hands."

Which brings us to John, about whom this story is mostly to be. For, at present, he is much in the public eye.

This youngest of the three celebrities gave his first blink at the light in 1882. Folks called him Jack, and he was a favorite with all who knew him.

John, for a while, was an artist and could almost always get a dollar or so by doing a drawing for the advertising of certain clothing firms.

While he was looking for a chance on a newspaper, John went into a very peculiar business for one who wanted to become an artist. He was supposed to be a testimonial getter for a lotion to be used after shaving, and it was called Schaeferine. The job was principally given him because he was the nephew of John Drew, and in their advertising, the statement appeared that John Drew uses and endorses Schaeferine.

He got \$5.00 for this testimonial and was to get \$5.00 for each other one that he secured. While the preparation, when it was put on the market, was intended to be used only

by men, because there was a prospect that he might get an endorsement from his sister Ethel, it was changed to a Face Lotion.



Mae Tinee

His sister was away and he urgently tried to get in touch with her and for several anxious days no word came from her at the office of the Schaeferine Company. Then came the following message:

"Dear Sir:

I received your —, I can't remember the damned thing's name — but I think it's the best table water I ever drank."

Nat Goodwin gave the company a serious testimonial and then sent a personal one to John Barrymore:

"I have used your Schaeferine—my lawyer will see you in the morning."

Needless to say, the Schaeferine Company did not last long and once more John was looking for an art job.

For a period of time he worked on the *New York Evening Journal* doing a variety of conventional newspaper work but usually his drawings illustrated something on the editorial page written by Arthur Brisbane.

Although John's work was usually on the editorial page and did not always reflect the immediate news of the day, it so happened that it was a news item that caused John to be fired from the *Evening Journal*. When Leicester Ford, the novelist who wrote Janice Meredith, was shot and killed by his brother Malcolm, John was to make a drawing of this. The day of the handling, he got to the office late as he so often did, and his drawing could not be reproduced as ordinarily it was in a half half-tone. It

Brighter Homes

had to be reproduced the quickest way which was an ordinary half-tone reproduction and the reproduction came out badly. There was no time to do anything about it and the bad drawing was reproduced.

It so happened that Mr. Brisbane had written a very strong article on the subject of this crime and in the middle of the article he referred to "the picture on this page illustrates," etc. However, it was so badly done that it looked like the work of an artist who had been out the night before.

Mr. Brisbane immediately sent for John and stated: "You were an actor before you came here, Mr. Barrymore."

John admitted that he had been on the stage.

"Well," Mr. Brisbane continued, "don't you think you could—"

John Barrymore didn't know whether he could or not but he had to, so he did.

Little was heard about him till his initial appearance on the stage at the Savoy theater in New York in the Clyde Fitch play "Glad of It." He portrayed a press agent and created little, if any, stir, but the papers mentioned him affably, and it was his start.

In 1916 he appeared in his first dramatic rôle. For this he shaved off his beloved mustache. Enter the profile! The play was John Galsworthy's "Justice" and so enthusiastic was the young actor that he smashed the door of his prison cell (wood painted to look like iron) which feat was not in the script. But it served well to put the name of John Barrymore on everybody's tongue.

Among his first pictures were "The Dictator," "Raffles" and "The Red Widow."

In "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" he made the audiences' hair stand on end and from then on has been fulfilling the old saying that "the Barrymores always land on their feet."

You cared for him as Francois Villon in "The Beloved Rogue," didn't you? And were thrilled by his performance as Captain Ahab in "Moby Dick"? His last picture, "Svengali," was a knockout and now he plans starting work on "The Genius" as soon as he, Mrs. Barrymore (Dolores Costello) and the

baby (Dolores Ethel Mae) return from their trip to Alaska, where they intend to hunt bear.

Mr. Barrymore is addicted to strong language and, it is said, is more proficient in profanity than was the late Louis Wolheim who was, at one time, supposed to know more naughty words than any living male. But the language that drips from John's tongue in the presence of his infant girl is sweet as honey.

Mr. Barrymore is a fine swords-

man. He is fond of yachting and owns two boats—the *Infanta*, a wonderful yacht with a nursery for the baby, and the *Mariner*, a sailing vessel. The latter won twice the transpacific race from the Pacific coast to Honolulu.

His favorite piece of music is "Canadian Capers" which he heard once, years ago, on a phonograph record. He loves the thing, and, could he manage it would have the ditty played in his sound movies.



Mother and Dad and the baby (Dolores, Dolores Ethel Mae, and John Barrymore)



The Barrymores' home—and at home

25% SAY



SAVING



ON FLORENAMEL OR SPEED-WALL

Here is your chance to save money on two very fine paint products—Glidden Florenamel or Glidden Speed-Wall Finish. Buy a quart of one of these famous finishes and secure free of charge one half pint of either one. Or, buy a gallon and get a quart free—the amount you buy at this special sale is unlimited.

Florenamel is a perfect finish for kitchen floors or in fact, any floor, wood, cement, or linoleum, where a painted surface is desired.

Speed-Wall Finish—the modern finish for kitchens and bathrooms—dries in four hours. It is semi-gloss in nature, making cleaning very easy as dirt and grease will not adhere to its surface.

Sign the coupon now—Save 25%. Don't delay.

GLIDDEN
EVERYWHERE ON EVERYTHING
PAINTS - VARNISHES - LACQUERS - ENAMELS

This coupon entitles the undersigned to a 25% saving on Glidden Florenamel or Glidden Speed-Wall Finish in accordance with the stipulations made in this advertisement. State here the amount of saving in pints of free goods

Name

Address

Dealer's Name

Offer Expires in 30 Days

A FREE DUST AND WIPING CLOTH.

BH -00328

Page Thirteen

FOOTBALL

Swiftness—Grace—Alertness

(Continued from page 5)

in the quick thrust of a tackle who cuts down his rival with the decisiveness of a scythe. You have heard it often, but it remains none the less profoundly true that the linemen play the less glamorous but vastly more important rôles in the drama of football. Until you fully appreciate the fine art of blocking, you cannot watch a football game intelligently. When you do, you are regarding the spectacle with the eyes of an expert—the eyes of a coach. The game assumes a meaning. It becomes a significant display of skill rather than a mere colorful spectacle. When you realize that the end who cleverly took two men out of the play was responsible for the halfback's long dash, and bestow due credit, then and not until then will you enjoy football to its fullest. When you can do that, you won't have to wait for a Merriwell sprint in the closing seconds to get a thrill out of your trip to the stadium. Instead, your afternoon will be replete with thrills. In fine, you will become an appreciative observer instead of a maniacal fan waiting for the behelmeted warriors to war.

Of late nasty rumblings of over-emphasis charges have been disturbing the quiet of the football front. It is not our purpose to either deny or affirm the accusation. But if the charges are true, it is the newspapers rather than the colleges themselves that are responsible for the aggrandized importance of football. Unhappily sport fans have come to demand that journalists dramatize individual personalities, and in supplying that demand the newspapers may have magnified football beyond its due. Of course the colleges have erected mammoth stadii, but can you blame them? Any institution would be stupid to turn thumbs down on an annual income that often mounts as high as \$350,000. And only a tiny minority of colleges emphasize football further than to take advantage of the opportunity which fans afford them all too willingly to swell their exchequers.

Like all sports football has its "greatest game" and "greatest player" controversies. Both natu-

rally defy any sort of a definite settlement, since both are strictly relative arguments, but time and constant reiteration of the questions have furnished fairly acceptable answers.

When coaches and grid experts discuss the "great games" of the past several of the bitter Big Three games of earlier years are invariably mentioned. But the memorable Army-Navy struggle in Chicago five years ago is generally accepted as the classic grudge battle of gridiron history. You will recall that the skirmish ended in a 21-21 deadlock after one of the most spectacular and gruelling fights ever waged. In attempting to single out the most "perfectly played" games, two lead all the rest. It is entirely fitting that Knute Rockne should have had a share in one of them, the Penn-Notre Dame game last season. It seems illogical that a game that saw one team overwhelmed 60-20 could pack a punch. But the Rockets



thrilled the 70,000 who crowded Franklin Field as they had never been thrilled before. Nor was pity for Penn the strongest emotion. Instead it was sheer awe for the perfect performance of the Notre Dame eleven.

The other game was played in Ann Arbor in 1925 and saw Michigan humble a formidable Navy outfit 54-0. It is natural that the two most perfectly played games should have resulted in lop-sided scores, inasmuch as perfection cannot be coped with. At any rate the Michigan team, which Yost has styled the finest all-around squad that ever stepped on a gridiron, was "hot" against the Middies. Everything the Wolverines tried clicked with precision, and as the score would indicate, not a few of the formations ripened into touchdowns. You saw intricate plays crystallizing behind a powerful, unyielding line. You saw Benny Friedman tossing his unerring passes to Oosterbaan. Finally, you saw the teachings of Yost demonstrated flawlessly and decisively.

No team could have withstood Michigan on that particular Saturday, and it was a stupendous climax to Yost's quarter of a century of coaching.

Without a doubt, the most dazzling individual performance in the history of football was given by Red Grange in 1924. Against Michigan that year the famous Phantom startled the world by scoring 5 touchdowns in the first 12 minutes of play. And each of his scores came after a dash of at least 32 yards. He was lightning in cleats that day and was almost single-handedly responsible for the 39-14 triumph Illinois scored.

The nominees for the "greatest player" honor are as numerous as the leading coaches of the game. Each mentor has a separate candidate and in every instance seemingly irrefutable reasoning supports the selection. Rockne always maintained that George Gipp topped them all; Pop Warner tells you Ernie Nevers; Yost names Willie Heston; Zuppke, Grange; Stagg, Eckersall; Percy Haughton used to back Eddie Mahan. Others name Jim Thorpe, and, basing their contention of his career as a professional, many modern critics hold that none ever equaled Benny Friedman. All of the stars enumerated were outstanding in one phase or another of the game. But when it comes to naming the most complete player the game has known the list narrows to Thorpe and Friedman.

This pair could do anything and do it just a trifle better than anyone else. According to Glenn Warner, who should know Thorpe better than anyone, the Indian lacked but one thing,—competitive spirit. He was imbued with a trait of his race, carelessness, and that alone kept him from being the perfect gridder. As a pro Friedman approached the ideal. Aside from punting, no aspect of the game escaped his talents. He had a genuine instinct for the game, and in addition possessed a splendid competitive temperament. Which was the greatest, is impossible to state. Friedman was the greatest quarterback, and Thorpe the greatest fullback of all time. More than that, one cannot say. Each of them is one of the game's immortals, and that should be honor enough for any man.

NUT CRACKER



The professor had just finished an evening talk on Sir Walter Scott and his works, when a lady said: "Oh, professor, I have so enjoyed your talk. Scott is a great favorite of mine."

"Indeed," said the professor, "what one of his books do you like best?"

"Oh," said the lady, "I haven't read any of his books, but I am fond of his emulsion; I've used a lot of that."

* * *

"MR. BLANK, can you tell us what electricity is?"

MR. BLANK squirmed in his seat, hemmed and hawed for a time, and finally admitted:

"I did know, professor, but I've forgotten."

The professor gazed at the student with an expression of unspeakable sorrow. Then he said sadly:

"MR. BLANK, you do not know what you have done. Alas! what a sad loss to science! You are the only man that ever lived who has known what electricity is—and you have forgotten."

* * *

"I suppose you got a lot of honeymoon couples billing and cooing around here?" asked the inquisitive stranger of the landlord of the fashionable hotel at Niagara.

"Well, ye-es," replied the man of experience. "They do the cooing; I manage the rest."

* * *

STRANGER (at station): "What kind of a town is this?"

NATIVE: "A college town."

STRANGER: "Yeah? And what do the people who don't attend college do?"

NATIVE: "Oh, they 'do' the students!"

* * *

TIRED BUSINESS MAN: "Why did you leave your last position?"

STENOGRAPHER: "Because the boss's wife accused me of flirting with her husband."

T. B. M.: "H-m-m. Can you come to work tomorrow morning?"

DIRECTOR: "All right, Joe. Now you walk into the lion's cage."

MOVIE ACTOR: "But suppose he gets nasty."

DIRECTOR: "Oh, that's all right; we'll alter the story."

* * *

"I want my hair cut, and no talk," said a sixteenstone man as he walked into a barber's shop and sat down.

"The—" commenced the man in the apron.

"No talk, I tell you!" shouted the heavy man. "Just a plain hair-cut. I've read all the papers, and don't want any news. Start right away now."

The man in the apron obeyed. When he had finished, the customer rose from the chair and surveyed himself in the glass.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "It's really true, then? You barbers can't do your work properly unless you talk."

"I don't know," said the man in the apron. "You must ask the barber. He'll be in presently. I'm a grocer's assistant come in for a shave."

* * *

The fussy old lady was looking at piece goods, but she was very particular. For a half hour the weary clerk took down bolt after bolt of cloth and spread them out on the counter. Finally, with only one more left on the shelf, the old lady put away her glasses and prepared to leave.

"Thank you," she said sweetly. "I was just looking for a friend."

"Well, lady," said the exasperated clerk, "if you think your friend is in that last bolt, I'll gladly take it down for you."

* * *

A very lonesome American tourist in London went into a restaurant one morning and, after scanning the menu disconsolately, said to the waitress:

"I'd like two soft-boiled eggs—and some kind words."

In due time the waitress returned, placed the eggs before him, and started away.

"What about the kind words?" inquired the lonesome one.

With a quick glance around, the girl bent over and whispered in his ear:

"Don't eat them eggs!"

* * *

"Vell, Ikey, my poy," said Sol to his son, "I've made my vill and left it all to you."

"That's very good of you, father," remarked Ike, eyeing him suspiciously.

"But, bless you, it cost a lot of money for the lawyer and fees and things!"

"Vell?" said Ike more suspiciously.

"Vell, it ain't fair I should pay all dot, is it? So I'll shust take it off from your next month's salary."

* * *

"What sort of an appearing man is he?"

"Little dried-up feller," replied the gaunt Missourian, "that looks like he always ett at the second table."

* * *

A popular Oklahoma City salesman recently married, and was accompanied by his wife as he entered the dining-room of a Texas hotel famed for its excellent cuisine. His order was served promptly, but the fried chicken he had been telling his wife so much about was not in evidence.

"Where is my chicken?" he asked somewhat irritably.

The dusky waiter, leaning over and bringing his mouth in close proximity to the salesman's ear, replied:

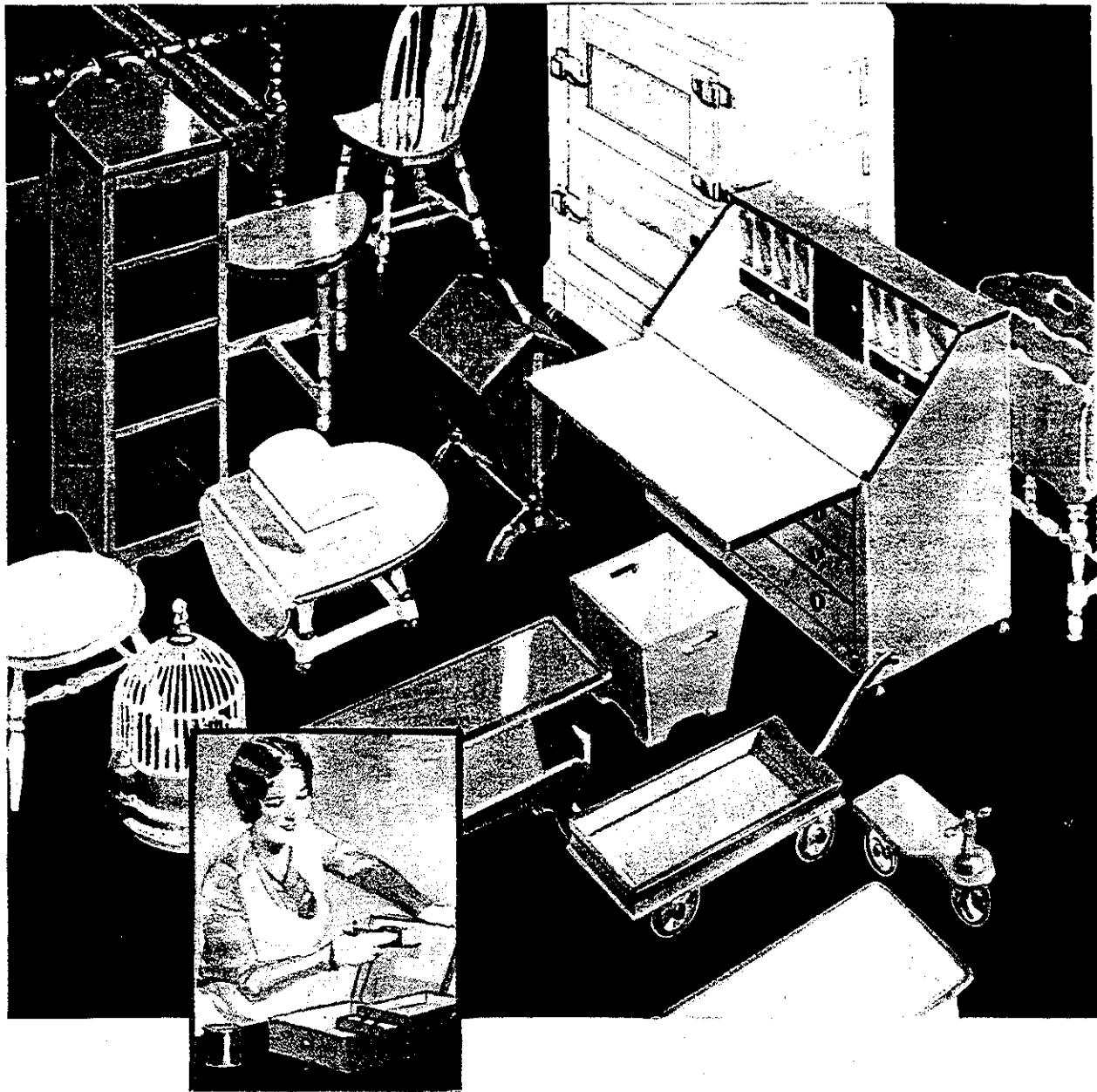
"Ef youse mean de li'l gal with blue eyes an' fluffy hair, she doan' wo'k heah no mo'."

* * *

"Can you play bridge tonight?" "Sorry. Going to hear some Wagner."

"What—do you like the stuff?"

"Frankly, no; but I've heard on the best authority that his music's very much better than it sounds."



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PAINTS - VARNISHES - LACQUERS - ENAMELS

SALESMANSHIP

(Continued from page 4)

now that such telling things had been called to his attention, noted at once.

The woman, small and inconspicuously dressed, stood close to the window, staring with a rapt expression upon the boys' apparel displayed there, Summer things—blazers, flannels, gay shirts—interspersed with tennis-rackets and golf-sticks. The man stood nearer the outer doorway, his hands in his pockets, and stared, sulkily, Mr. Staples declared to himself, into the street.

Obviously the woman was to be the purchaser, a conclusion immensely reassuring to Mr. Staples, since from the careful analysis of temperament provided by his course the truth had been borne in upon him that he had been expressly fashioned to deal with women rather than with men.

He was not at all surprised when five minutes later they came down the aisle, the man several paces behind.

And Mr. Staple's cordiality knew no reserves. He gave it full swing, partly because he *felt* cordial, partly because he sensed an air of determination in the somewhat set face of his customer, a determination which he must combat with all the forces of persuasion and gallantry at his command.

"In selling there is no asset like extreme politeness," he quoted to himself. "Keep your reservoir filled to the brim."

Seemingly unimpressed by his welcome, the woman came to the point at once.

"I am looking for a blue suit—for a boy—twelve years old."

"Certainly," said Mr. Staples. "Our stock, I may say, is excellent. Were you thinking of serge or cheviot?"

"I hadn't thought very much of—the material."

"I see. It's color you want. But material's important; take my word for that. There's a lot to be said for both. Serge may be dressier, but cheviot won't take a shine or show spots like serge. And it's newer. It's sure to be worn now by boys and men for two seasons straight."

"I see," said the woman.

Mr. Staples felt vaguely troubled as he turned toward the cases. He always liked interest in his customers. It made things go better even if they were fussy and hard to suit. He groped about in his mind for something to liven up things a bit.

"You said twelve years old? Now, that's an age to keep you guessing, isn't it? I've a boy twelve, myself. They're alive to everything at twelve."

The woman did not answer. Mr. Staples did not resent her neglect of his allusion to Charley, but he had thought his last remark original. Queer how some folks expected the salesman to do it all, and yet he had been forewarned by his course of just such an attitude. Undaunted, he started on another and more direct course.

"How big a boy is he? Large for his age or small?"

"I think you'd say average," said the woman.

"It's always more satisfactory," said Mr. Staples, "to bring them along. But, of course, there's school."

"Yes," replied the woman.

Funny, thought Mr. Staples, as he spread out four suits for her inspection, funny how little help her husband offered. He stood at the extreme end of the counter, fumbling with the buckles and straps of some knickers piled there.

"You wouldn't want me to lay these aside now, and bring him in, say, at four to try them on?"

"No," she said. "I think not. I'll choose myself."

"I know just how 'tis," remarked Mr. Staples genially. "Try to catch a twelve-year-old after school and there's something doing. Funny how when they get older—"

"This looks about right to me," interrupted the woman, "this cheviot one."

"You can't go wrong on that," assured Mr. Staples, "no matter what. That's genuine Scotch cheviot, all wool to a thread. My word on it, Madam, and the store's guaranty. That suit'll wear the toughest youngster in this town a good two years—one year for Sunday-school and the like of that, and one for common. And being cheviot, it's not going to show every

spot on earth or take the shine that serge is bound to."

He lifted the suit from the counter, hoping thereby to attract the attention of the man; but he still fumbled at the buckles and straps. The woman fingered the cloth, and then with a sudden, impulsive gesture put her hand in one of the pockets of the coat.

Mr. Staples laughed aloud.

"I see," he said knowingly. "A boy does always raise Ned with pockets. But these are tough ones and lined with the best. He won't sag these, no matter what he fills 'em with!"

For a long time, it seemed to Mr. Staples, she kept her hand in that pocket. He began to feel foolish standing there holding the suit up on its hanger.

"It's good and roomy, too," he said at last, a little loudly, so that she withdrew her hand. "But there's one drawback. There's only one pair of pants to this suit. Most have knickers and longs, but this has only the longs. Most of the kids now, though, wear longs. You see, in a sort of dressy suit like this they don't—"

He stopped, surprised at the sudden movement of the man, who walked quickly from the knickers toward the door. But he paused after a moment and, to Mr. Staple's relief, came nearer his wife. She put her arm in his and drew him closer.

"I believe," she said to Mr. Staples, and as she raised her eyes he was surprised again by the brightness of them, "I believe I'll take this very suit. He's always wanted long trousers, but I've thought them rather silly for small boys."

"They're all the rage, Madam," said Mr. Staples, relieved alike by her decision and by her increased interest, though withal puzzled a bit in that she did not seem to be speaking to him at all. "And once he wears them through, you can just combine the coat with sports knickers or flannels, and presto! he's fixed as good as new."

He was not prepared for the silence which greeted his words. A customer might at least acquiesce, he thought, in such an economical suggestion.

(Continued on page 21)



Colonial Yellow—Trim; Cream White—Body

PENNY WISE AND POUND HAPPY

By Delight Sweeney Trimble, Architect

In designing this series of houses there has been an effort made to meet the tastes of almost everyone. A great many people are happy with nothing but a center-hall house—others prefer one with an irregular plan, costing more but presenting greater possibilities for making a house rather more unusual and distinctive. This house was designed with a view of strictest economy, being rectangular in shape, having simple gable roofs with no dormers; and still there has been an effort made to give it distinction.

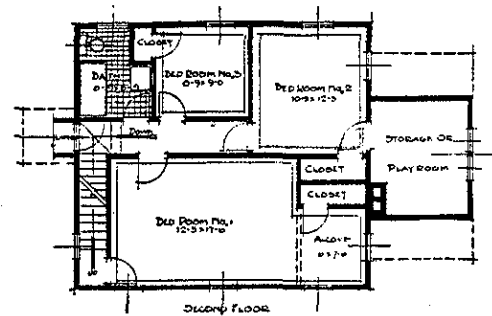
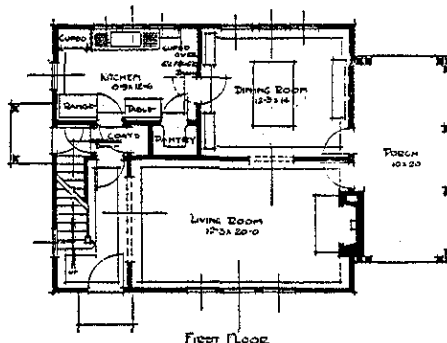
The exterior, being so very plain in its lines, needed something to enhance it, to redeem it from being simply a shelter to withstand the weather. So extra time and attention was given to the design of the doorway—and extra money was spent here, but the result justifies this expenditure.

The door is set in a frame of tiles, the little unique hood over it is of copper. It has a tile step, and an iron railing. All of these things cost more than the entrance ways one usually sees—but all the rest of the house is plain, simple,

inexpensive, so one can afford to spend a little extra here. Because this particular detail is set against so unassuming a background, the eye will more readily be drawn to it. It will not be attracted by other scattered details, confusing and

bewildering. This one detail will strike the keynote. It is essential that it should be quite as lovely as it is humanly possible to make it, not only in design, but in quality of materials, workmanship, color and setting.

As the copper shelter will at first be brown, then eventually turn green, the rest of the color scheme must be chosen to harmonize with both brown, and the peculiar shade of green that copper has. I would like to see a rich cream colored door set in warm yellow tile—not that cold, lemon or greenish yellow, but



yellow, warm, mellow, glowing. The iron railing and the hardware, black; dead black, not shiny—the tile step and the bricks used in this step to be dark brownish red. Bright red would be too garish.

The roof could be moss or apple green, and as the shingles gradually lose their color, they would be nicely softened and greyed by the time the copper hood had turned green; in this way keeping a nice balance of color.

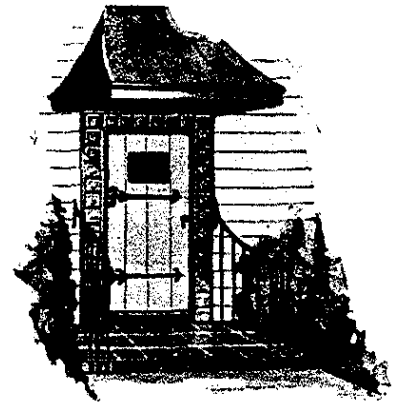
If the house is of frame construction, that is, clapboards or shingles, it might be painted ivory, slightly lighter than the door, the shutters, the same deeper shade as the door, with dull black hardware. This seems, no doubt, a bit unusual—it is. But you see in every way possible we are leading up to the climax of the doorway. The chimney should either be painted or stuccoed, the porch columns, the deep cream.

Now let's go inside. The living room is not large, but the wide arched opening into the hall helps to lengthen it, at the same time, giving an effect of greater width to the hall. The dining room is comfortably large with convenient wall spaces for placing furniture. There is room for a sideboard at the porch end, a serving table and china cupboard may be placed either side of

dedicated beside the dining room door, and have a cupboard over it. I believe, however, it would be wiser to enclose the little rear entry porch and keep the refrigerator there. When this is done, in cold weather, you can get on without ice, or if you have one electrically run, you can switch off the current for a great part of the time. If this porch is used for that purpose it had better be kept level with the landing at the head of the cellar stairs, to save up and down steps. If you are depending on getting ice from outside, this outside porch gives you the opportunity of locking up your house and going away and still getting your ice. It also saves your temper by not having to clean up your kitchen floor of dirty foot-marks and melted ice.

The smallest room on the second floor would be fine for a small child's room, or might serve as an extra room. If you liked, you could have double windows instead of the single ones shown. That would flood the room with sunshine and you've no idea how cheery such an upstairs small room is on cold winter days. You may use it for sewing, a study, or just sitting in the sun.

On the stair landing is room for a linen closet with a window over it, allowing plenty of light for the hall, and if you open the windows in the storage room too, and leave all the doors open between, you get a good cross draught.



The Unique Hood Is Copper

there never seems to be a place where they are not in the way. If, however, you are not given to keeping things, but have a small child who has countless treasures, why not let him have this as his very own room?

Here may electric trains remain without cluttering up your living rooms. Here he may build gorgeous castles to the roof, and keep them for Dad to see when he comes home at night. His heart need not be broken by having to tear down some half-finished thing that needs time and attention on the morrow. And besides, it will probably save the mother much exasperation.

If you decide to put it to this use, have a cheap grade of building paper laid over the floor beams and the ceiling boards of the porch below, then fill the spaces between the beams with about 2" of sand. On top of the beams lay insulating boards (there are many good wall boards on the market now) and lay the finish flooring on this. Thus you are assured of a warm floor and need have no fear of your child's catching cold from that source. A radiator may be placed out here, or you may take a chance on warming it from the bedroom. In that case you had better have an extra-size radiator in that room and have it placed as near the play-room as possible. There will be some heat coming from the chimney, and for that reason the chimney has been included in the room.

We find so often in life that we have to do, whether we wish to or not, a great many things, and wisdom lies in doing these things we would rather not do, as gracefully as possible.



Side View Showing Porch



Wall—Buff (Speedwall): Woodwork—Sea Green (Jap-a-luc)

the door leading to the kitchen. If the table is rectangular, why not try placing it the long way across the room, thus giving greater space between the pieces of furniture.

I think every woman will approve of the kitchen arrangement. It is small, of course, but everything seems to work out so conveniently. If you wish, you may put your refrigerator where the cupboard is in-

The space over the porch is not much, but it would be a great pity to waste it. There is but six feet of head-room at its highest part, so it may not be used as an extra bedroom. But what a convenient place for trunks or for shelves on which you may keep magazines that you would like to keep, and for which

GENERAL INFORMATION

KEROSENE

A working knowledge of what a little bottle of kerosene will do in keeping a house clean is an essential part of a housekeeper's education.

As a disinfectant and a purifier for closets and pipes, it has no equal, and it is a deadly weapon against pests and bugs.

A soft cloth dampened with kerosene works like magic in cleaning porcelain, woodwork, linoleum and tile. Furthermore no scratches are left.

It takes rust off gas stoves and off the iron around the grate and after its application the rust does not collect so readily.

To renew the youth of the sewing machine, soak all the bearings in kerosene, wipe them off carefully, and apply the best machine oil.

Added to the water in washing windows, oilcloth, closets and linoleum, kerosene will give a brilliant polish.

A teaspoonful in the water when boiling clothes will whiten them. If ink spots are soaked in kerosene before boiling, the stains will usually come out.

Boots and shoes stiffened with water can be made pliable again by rubbing them with kerosene.

In cases of poison oak and poison ivy, if the affected parts are sponged immediately with kerosene, before the poison has a chance to get under the skin, further trouble is less probable.

A little kerosene squirted from an oil can at the roots of weeds, after cutting off their tops, will kill them.

Poured over stagnant water, kerosene prevents mosquitoes hatching, sprayed over refuse heaps, it will check fly hatching; and sprayed over garden plants, it checks insects.

This is by no means the whole story of kerosene. A painstaking housekeeper will make new discoveries every day.

CHINA

Little cracks in heavy china disappear if the dish is boiled in milk.

For broken china, paint the broken edges with Pure White Lead, ground with linseed oil to



Cracks disappear if boiled in milk.

consistency of cream. Press the edges together, tie securely, and place in a position in a box of sawdust, to harden. The pieces can be held together with adhesive tape until cement hardens. Collodium and also melted alum will stick the pieces together.

Coarse ware can be mended with the white of an egg mixed with plaster of paris, or with whiting.

MAHOGANY

To prevent blisters on mahogany dresser tops covered with glass, put little pieces of flat cork, stained to match the wood under each corner.

FISH

In preparing fish for cooking, rub melted butter down the back bone and when cooked the bone can easily be removed.

In baking fish, line the pan with waxed paper. If with stuffing, stick wooden toothpicks along the sides of the incision and lace up with finish string. In this way the stuffing is kept in place and the string is easily removed.

When boiling fish in one piece, put the fish on a plate and tie a cloth around



both. Add a teaspoonful of vinegar to the water in which it is boiled to keep the flesh firm.

For fried fish have the fat very hot and salted before putting the fish in, skin side uppermost.

After washing the pan in which fish has been cooked, rub it thoroughly with a damp cloth dipped in mustard. This will remove all smell of the fish.

PENCIL MARKS

Pencil marks on cuffs and other linen should be removed with a soft rubber eraser before laundering.

DOOR

To keep a door closed and to fix it so that it will close without a slam, slip wide rubber bands about one knob and carry them double to the knob on the other side.

For squeaking door hinges, give them an application of vaseline. The tip of a lead pencil applied to the hinge will also stop the squeak.

If the door sticks, rub the refractory place with yellow soap.

BROOMS

A screw eye placed in the end of a broom handle enables the broom to be hung up instead of standing in a corner. This not only saves the broom but also keeps it in place.



A screw eye placed in the handle of a broom helps keep the broom in place.

SALESMANSHIP

(Continued from page 17)

"Successful salesmen," he quoted to himself, "learn to create the atmosphere in which their customers move."

Vaguely conscious though he was that he himself was moving, however blindly, in an atmosphere not of his own creating, he strove to readjust himself, to be "master of the situation."

"He'll be some surprised this noon when he comes home and finds his longs," he said with what his book would have termed an attractive chuckle.

"We're in somewhat of a hurry," said the man bruskiy, startling Mr. Staples by the first and unexpected sound of his voice. "If you'll do the suit up, please."

"Certainly."

"Well, we sure must trust each other. Here, I entirely forgot to tell you the price or you to ask!"

"It doesn't matter," said the man, taking out his purse.

"Cash or charge?" asked Mr. Staples, seemingly unconscious of the pocketbook.

"I'll pay for it," said the man.

Mr. Staples consulted the price-tag.

"Twenty-nine fifty," he announced. "And I know that seems a bit steep for a growing boy. But I'll guarantee your money's worth, and if he outgrows it quick, send him in. Alteration's free. And here's my card."

From his inner pocket he secured and extended a bit of new, fresh pasteboard. The man ignored it, but the woman took it.

"Thank you," she said, and smiled suddenly at him, a strange smile which Mr. Staples was at a loss to interpret. "You've been very kind, I'm sure."

"Not at all," said Mr. Staples, now secure in her thanks and in the consciousness of a good sale. "Not at all. We aim to please. I'll tell you what, Madam. With a sale like this we like to throw in a bit of a gift. This Spring it's a baseball, a good league number, none of your twine-and-sawdust balls. If you'll just show your slip in the sports and my card they'll give you one. Present it to the young man with my compliments."

He felt magnanimous as he began to secure the box with stout twine and wrap it in brown paper.

For a moment only the crackling of the paper broke the silence.

"We're late, Margaret," the man said then, his voice high and tense, his hand pulling at her arm. "Come, darling."

Mr. Staples stared. The word of endearment seemed to him so at variance with the tone and gesture. Little as he was given to calling Nora such loving names, he rarely spoke to her in that tone or treated her to such roughness.

Perhaps the woman had not heard his offer of the baseball. He started to repeat it, and then decided not to. If these queer customers did not want something for nothing—why, the store was but the gainer.

He looked after them as they walked hurriedly arm in arm toward the door. It had been a good enough sale, but a queer one, one hard to dominate by his own personality.

Then he suddenly recalled an omission which must be rectified, and he hurried after them, book in hand. As he reached them the man was speaking, still in a tense, almost angry voice.

"I told you, Margaret, 'twas crazy to do it yourself."

"Don't worry, dear," said the woman. "I wanted to. And I'm pleased about the long trousers. He's always wanted them."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Staples to her as he intercepted them at the door. "Even with cash sales like this the store asks for names and addresses so we can keep track of our patrons. I hope I may have the pleasure of fitting out that youngster again."

He colored a bit under the resentful gaze of the man, but recovered himself when the woman smiled again at him. The coursebook was right. His temperament was made for dealing with women.

"Of course," she said, laying her hand upon her husband's arm quite as though she were curbing a restless child. "Mr. and Mrs. Charles Seymour, 100 Forest Avenue. And thank you again."

That evening Mr. Staples stretched out luxuriously upon the green davenport with his paper under the bridge-lamp. He had had a

good day, had earned his relaxation.

Charley was fussing with the dial of the radio. Nora was washing the dishes in the kitchenette. Mr. Staples was a thorough reader of his paper. Immersed in sports, in the society columns, where he often found the names of his patrons, he was oblivious of Charley's impatience.

"Say, Dad, I wish you'd help a fellow. I keep gettin' this correct-English stuff when I want baseball. Don't I get enough English in school? I'll say I do!"

"Henry!" called Nora from the sink. "Henry! What's the use of the new radio if you can't help Charley get what he wants?"

But Mr. Staple's eyes were all at once concentrated on one spot, in the last column, on the next to the last page.

SEYMOUR—On Sunday, Charles, aged twelve, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Seymour, 100 Forest Avenue. Funeral Tuesday at two o'clock.

"Dad," called Charley again. "This thing's funny. I can't do nothin' with it."

"Henry!" supplemented Nora, appearing now from the kitchenette and snatching the paper from his hands. "My word! You're reading even the deaths. Don't you hear Charley?"

"Yes," said Mr. Staples.

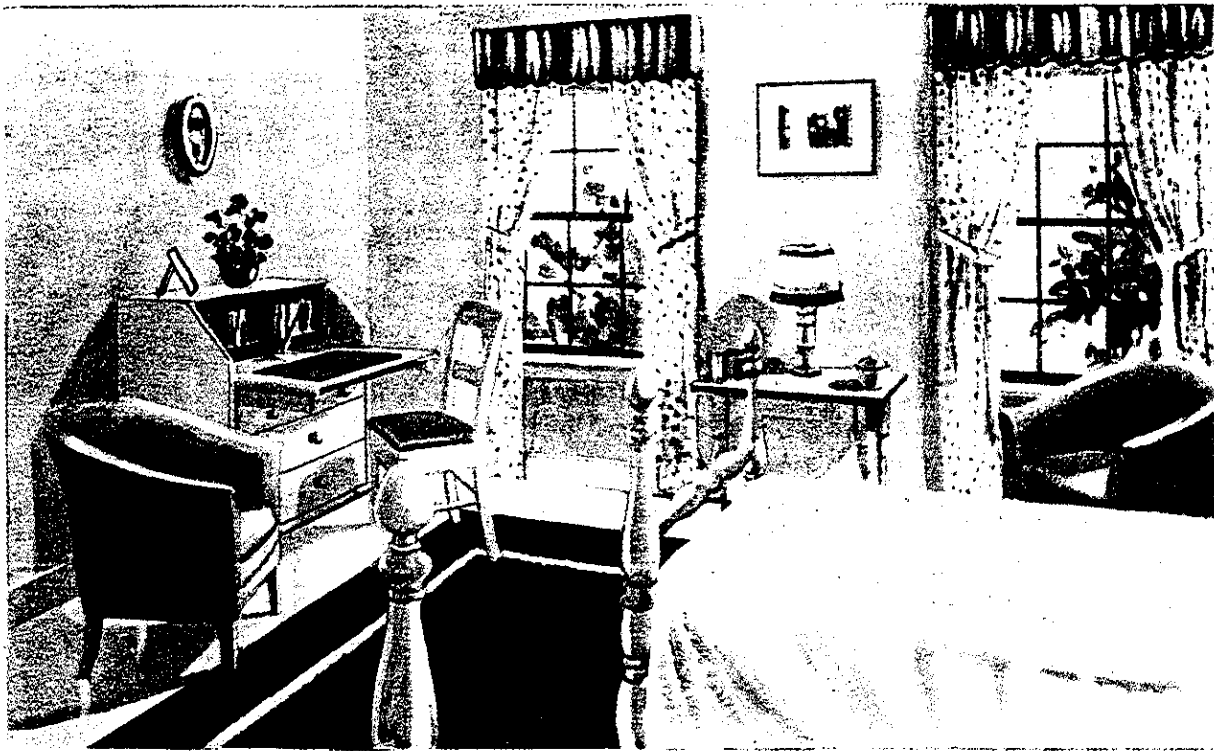
He got up from the davenport and began fussing with the dial of the radio. Queer, he thought, how you couldn't tell some folks some things even after you'd lived years with them. Funny!

"You don't seem to be doin' much better, Dad," complained Charley. "It's funny how we can't get what we want, ain't it?"

"Yes, Charley," said Mr. Staples, passing his left hand in a dazed fashion across his forehead.

He glanced about the room, at its tight security, at the fat pink sofa-cushions, at Nora in her beflowered rubber apron, at Charley in his blue suit, at his course-book on the center-table, awaiting his half-hour study.

"Yes," he repeated, neither to Nora nor to Charley, "yes, 'tis funny. Most things are kind of—funny, I guess."



Flat Wall—Light Blue; Furniture—Coral Rose

ADDED CHARM TO BEDROOM WALLS

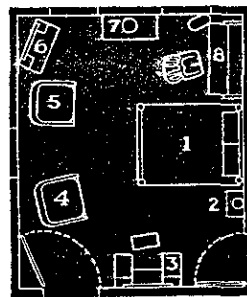
DO you know that you can have brand new bedroom walls for only \$3.75? This is based on a room 14 feet by 12 feet, and finishing the wall with two coats of Flat Wall Paint.

In too many homes the bedroom is just a place to sleep, and little attempt is made to give it character, color, beauty and individuality.

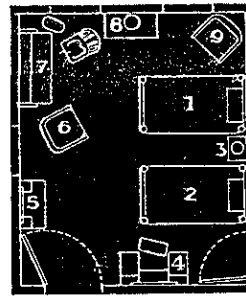
The bedroom is probably the only room in the house where your personal note may be properly emphasized. How much pleasure, satisfaction and comfort one may enjoy in a room where due thought and consideration is given, but this fact seems to be entirely overlooked by many people.

In the first place, the proper colors on the walls have a lot to do with one's personal satisfaction and comfort in a bedroom. When walls can be finished so easily and inexpensively now, it is so easy to have bedrooms that are pleasing.

Beautiful colors are now available—colors that will stand washing when fingermarks show here



1, Double bed; 2, Bed-side table; 3, Woman's dressing table; 4, Chair; 5, Chair; 6, Highboy; 7, Table; 8, Desk



1 and 2, Twin beds; 3, Night stand; 4, Woman's dressing table; 5, Highboy; 6, Chair; 7, Desk; 8, Table; 9, Chair

and there. Look over your bedroom walls today—see for yourself if this room can not be more individual, more colorful and more cheerful.

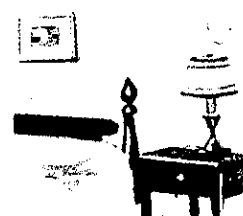
Another thing to watch is the arrangement of the furniture. The re-arrangement of furniture periodically tends to liven up one's interest in the bedroom. We get tired of seeing the same old

arrangement day in and day out, and a change now and then has a delightful effect upon us.

Illustrated here is the same room showing arrangement with twin beds and the same room with a double bed. The furniture, with the exception of the beds, is the same in both rooms. Possibly this will be an idea for the ar-

range of your bedroom furniture—but at any rate, change your furniture around now and then and enjoy new arrangements.

While we are on furniture arrangements for the bedroom, don't forget the other rooms in your house—your living room for instance. Change the arrangement of your furniture today and enjoy the delightful result.



Walls—Golden Yellow; Furniture—Jade Green

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Varnish your floors at one o'clock and move the furniture back in the room at five—the floor will be dry and ready to use if it has been finished with Glidden Rapid-Cote. Think of the advantages of this!

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Come in today, let us tell you of the many advantages of this truly marvelous varnish—Rapid-Cote. It is very easy to apply.

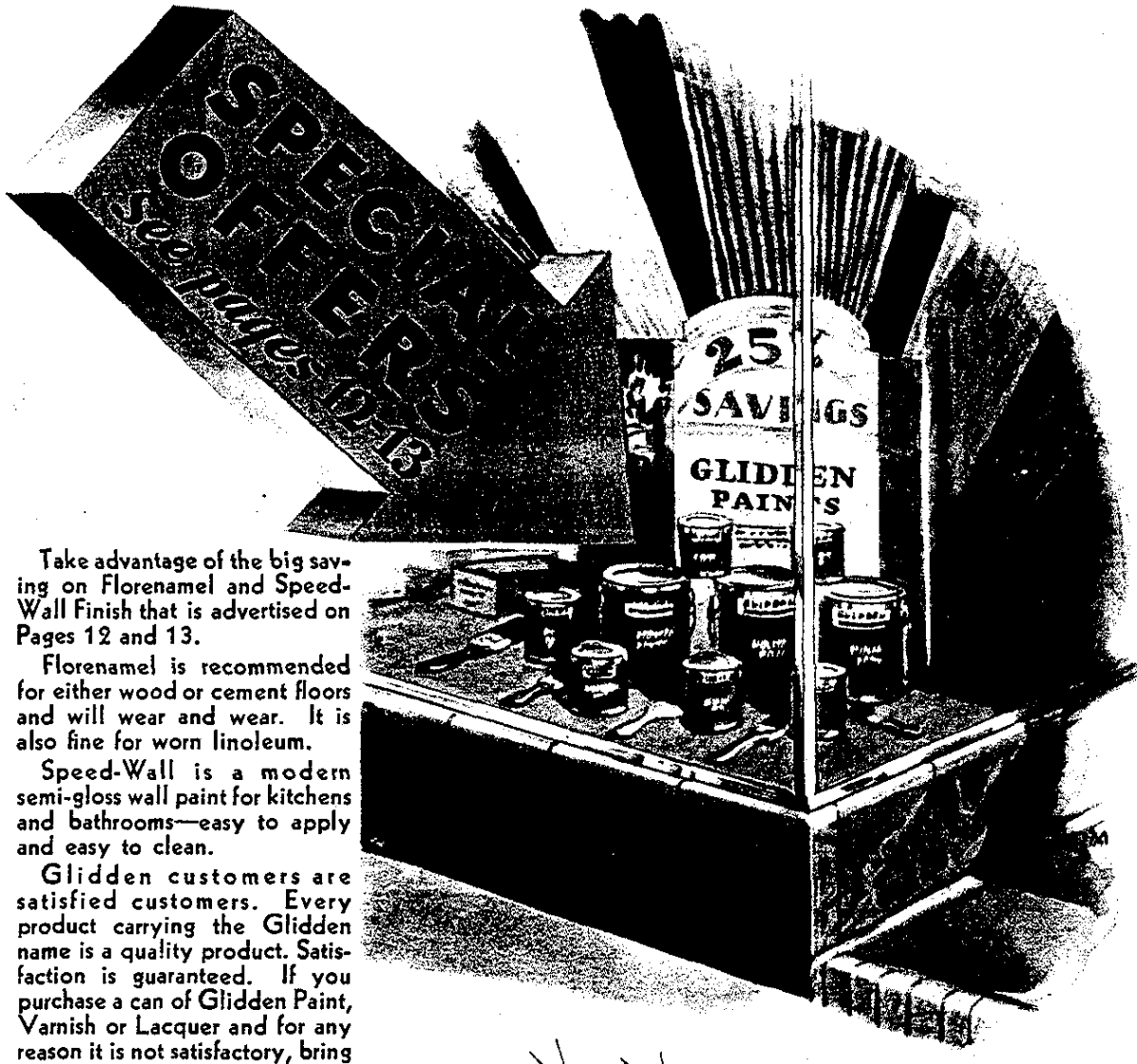


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