

Gladden children  
Sladden brighter homes

# BRIGHTER HOMES



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VOL. 1

NO. 2

## Where a FAMOUS Flapper folds her Wings and RESTS

An Interview with  
**CLARA BOW**

By CLEMENTINE  
PADDLEFORD

*How Many of Us Have  
Ever Thought of the Im-  
portance of Color in Our  
Homes As a Year-round  
Tonic for Happiness?*

*Just Clara  
Bow herself*



*The house is as much a part of Clara as the big brown eyes that have helped her to fame.*

CLARA BOW isn't always a flapper. At home she slips off her flame-colored wings and her screen poses and is just herself.

Up one of the winding roads of Beverly Hills, tucked close to a yucca-covered hillside, sprawls a country home of Spanish type. You can see it a mile away, its tile roof a red blotch as daring as Clara's own auburn curls. It is Clara's place, you know. Exactly the place you would expect a flapper to live. The dazzle of it almost hurt my eyes.

## BRIGHTER HOME

But open the room of wood. Here's a surprise for Clara. It is really home. And Clara is the mistress of her house, as flaming as ever, but the flapper's wings are gone, not clipped, just folded under. It's good for wings to rest!

And what a place to rest them—deep-cushioned chairs, couches piled with multi-colored pillows and the soft glow of color everywhere.

"I couldn't live without color," Clara Bow declared. "It's color that keeps this flapper flapping," she added with a laugh. "It's a year-round tonic for me. I respond to color as plants to the sun. It keeps the blues away and puts new feathers in my wings. Sometimes I find a change of color scheme as good as a change of air."

"All my life I have been starved for color and I can't get enough of it now. This is the first home I have ever had. I grew up on the streets of Brooklyn. We were poor and our flat was bare and ugly; it offered no place to play. How I hated it! I used to spend hours gazing in the windows of furniture stores, choosing things for a someday house—things I never expected to buy! "Yet here it is, everything my child-heart longed for, and more."

I looked at the long living-room—it's a comfortable place—a place to take off your hat and sit awhile. Just two things make it so. One is the color and the other is Clara.

For the house is as much a part of Clara as the big brown eyes that have helped her win her fame.

"I never buy anything for a room that I don't like," Clara explained, "no matter the fashion

or what other women may have. I hate copy-cats. My likes and my dislikes, that's what I considered when I planned this place. I want my house to tell the truth about me.

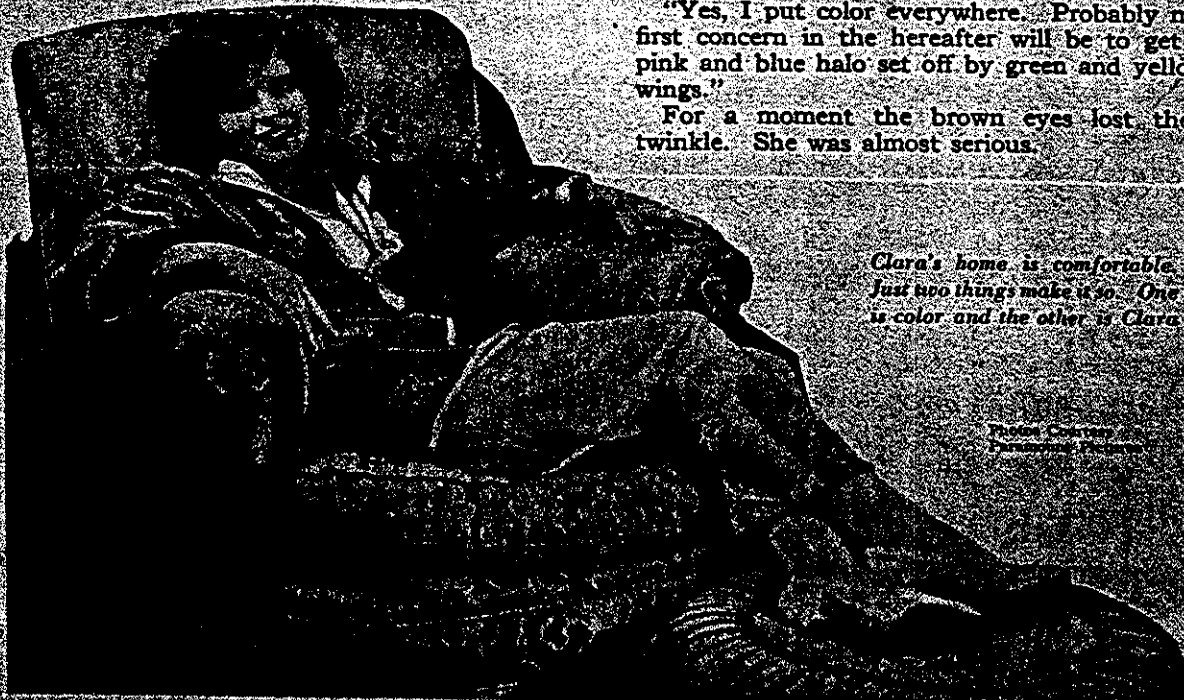
"And you must see my bedroom, the one French spot in an otherwise Spanish house. It is a ruffly-fluffy place in pastel shades! For all my flapperism I'm just a plain girl. When I was fifteen I longed for a blue and pink room. Every girl does, and usually outgrows it by the time she is twenty. I'm just getting mine now."

French it is, yet anything but sophisticated, a room almost childish in its simplicity. There is a beautiful carved bed painted a delicate blue with a multi-colored flower design on the headboard. A canopy of pale blue brocade is lined with peach satin, to match the quilted bedspread. A chaise lounge and three chairs of the Directoire period are covered in delicate brocade of mauve, blue, peach and rose. A carpet of deep rose covers the floor. The walls are tinted in a yellowish pink with hand-painted panels. The dressing table wears two scalloped petticoats, one blue taffeta and the other peach. The drapes are rose brocade. The room is a rainbow of color—but soft, soft colors to put the nerves to sleep.

"The kitchen, I had almost forgotten it, my pet room, too! It's not Spanish either, but one of these modern affairs electrified to the danger point. All the pots and pans have red rims and handles. Look at the garbage can, every inch of it painted. And the gas cocks on the stove, see their coat of paint. The brush bristles, and the broom straw too, are a lovely red tint. Dyes did that! Even the dustpan has its red border and a decalcomania transfer design.

"Yes, I put color everywhere. Probably my first concern in the hereafter will be to get a pink and blue halo set off by green and yellow wings."

For a moment the brown eyes lost their twinkle. She was almost serious.



*Clara's home is comfortable. Just two things make it so. One is color and the other is Clara.*

Photo Courtesy  
Paramount Pictures

# Are You a BATHROOM Singer?

By  
KATHERINE  
RIGGS



Next morning Tom  
burst into song

A pie plate—  
a match box  
and a may-  
onnaise jar  
become use-  
ful objects  
of beauty

*An Eminent Psychologist Tells Us That Nearly Everyone Bursts in Song When in the Bathroom. This Show of Happiness Depends Largely Upon the Appointments of the Bathroom. Read How One Woman Induced Her Husband to Try Out His Golden Voice*

DO you know, Marie, Tom doesn't sing as much as he used to. Every morning I used to enjoy hearing him sing while he shaved. He has a really good voice and he sings especially well in the bathroom. He hasn't sung for

months and I've been wondering if business worries have dulled his happy nature."

Marie had read about "bathroom singers" and how they get that way" by an eminent psychologist, and so she casually mentioned the thought. "Perhaps, Helen, the bathroom in this house is not as cheerful as the one in your first home; let's have a look at it."

So they both gravely examined the bathroom and they both agreed it was gloomy.

"Well, it isn't very cheerful," said Marie. "But I think the trouble is the high ceilings and not much light. The walls aren't bad. You did them over, didn't you?"

"Yes, and I thought this nice cream color would brighten up the room a lot. It is better, but it's as chilly as a hospital."

"What you need is more color," Marie an-



















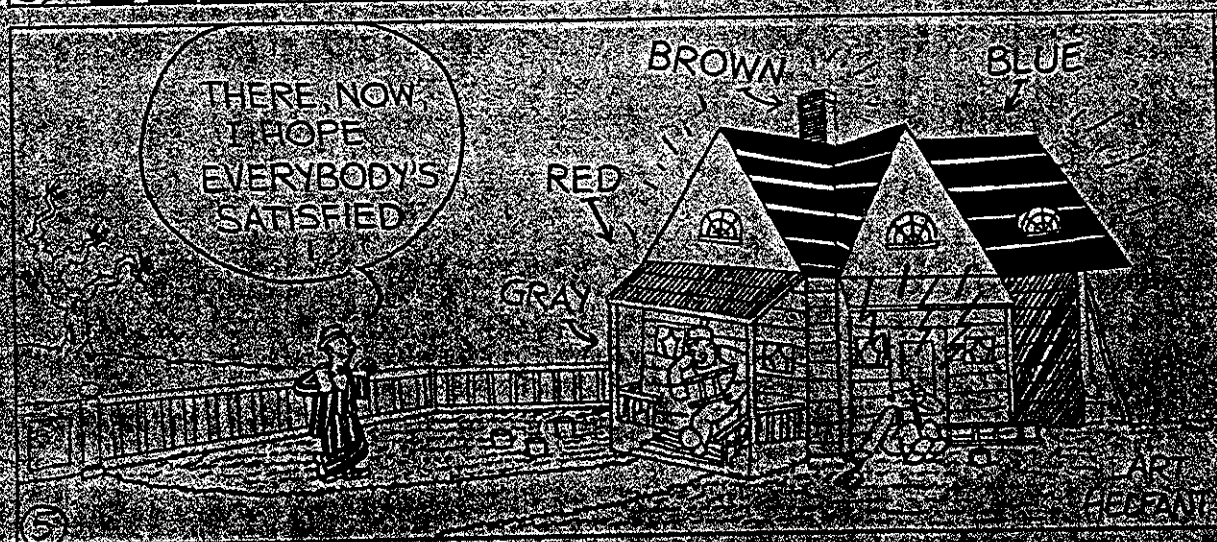
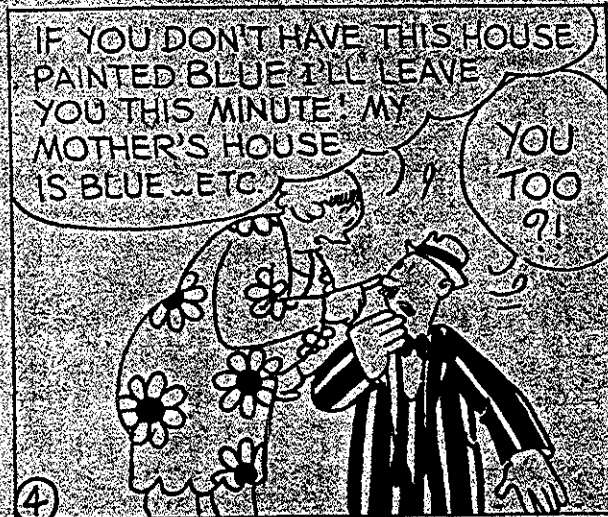
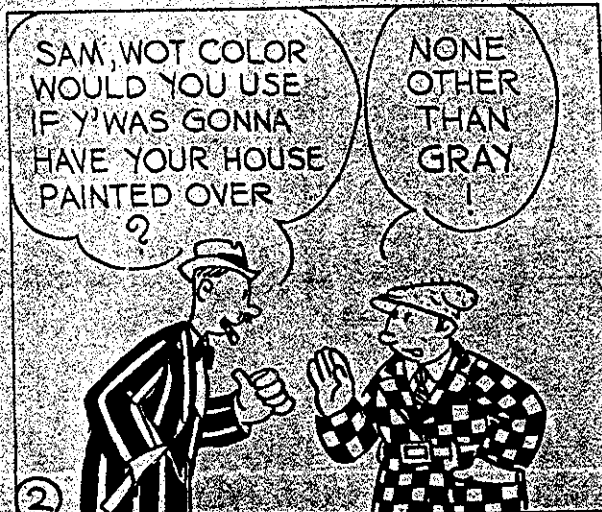






# Mr. B. Homes Aims to Please

BY ART HELFANT



"There's death  
in that thar  
closet!" said  
the colonel  
as he ordered  
a retreat



# The Moth of MAY may be the Hole of JULY

By ANN BARRETT

**T**O you, Mrs. Housewife, a moth in the hand is worth two in the closet. But first of all, you must get your hands on it.

For moths like to lay their eggs in the nice soft, woolly comforters and the inner seams of the best garments hanging in your closets. Right now, perhaps, the young from some moth you missed last autumn is feasting unseen on the light-weight coat you left hanging on the hall tree. Last year, it is estimated, moths did more than \$200,000,000 worth of damage. You can easily understand this means that no home is immune; that is, unless proper precautions are taken.

This is spring-cleaning time. A season when most housewives air their homes and most husbands air their views. Modern women make light of house-cleaning. What with all the modern and convenient appliances to assist, the backaches and headaches of cleaning time have gone the way of kitchen safes and

bedroom foot warmers. Most modern women have learned, too, that liquid insecticides will keep the home moth-free all through the year, if the home is first sprayed thoroughly at spring-cleaning time, and at regular intervals afterwards. Not alone will moth ravage be reduced, but pesky ants will not raid the pantry at midnight, nor will roaches bring all their cousins to visit your kitchen.

All the cracks and crevices where these insects hide and breed should be thoroughly sprayed.

Flies, too, which have hibernated during the long winter and are just beginning to come out to lay their eggs will be killed by the spray before they have a chance to foster millions of their young upon you.

Now is the time to protect your home, its furnishings and your health. The moth of May may be the hole of July, and the fly of spring means the swarm of summer.

## Don't Feed 'Em—KILL 'EM Flies, Moths, Fleas, Roaches, Mosquitoes, Ants!!!

TOXOL brings quick, sure death to flies and to other flying, creeping, crawling household pests—moths, roaches, water-bugs, ants, etc.

To kill every fly in a room, you spray TOXOL in the air. The flies die when they breathe the vapor—harmless to humans and animals.

To kill bedbugs you spray TOXOL into their hiding places. TOXOL drives the pests into the open, where the spray kills them.

TOXOL is economical, safe, stainless. Pint, 75 cents; quart, \$1.25. Pint with durable 50¢ metal sprayer, special, \$1.00.

# Has Your House Growing Pains?

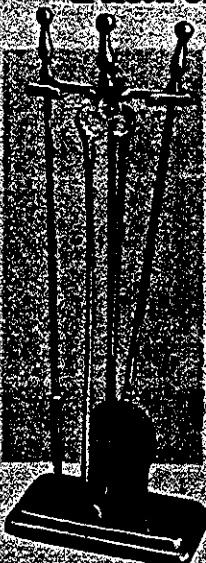
of an extension. There is another possibility in a house with an attic too low to stand in except in the center, which is to raise part of the roof to give the required headroom. This is not as great an operation as might at first appear. A section of the roof of proper width is raised as if its upper edge were hinged to the ridge; windows are set under its outer edge at the eaves, and the whole

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thus becomes a dormer. It is all straight carpenter work, and the only place where particular care is needed is in making the flat roof tight.

No house should be considered as permanently finished. Alteration is always possible, and should be kept in mind as a means of increasing the value of the investment or at least of keeping it up to its original cost.

# Hardware Speaks Accents of Welcome



The fireplace is not complete without a set of fire tools—whether you use them or not.

slender brass-knobbed poker and tongs, a fender of shining brass as delicately fretted as lace work, and a pair of andirons also delicate in spirit, although made for hard use. Of course a Spanish bungalow would call for heavier fittings that take up more space.

One secret of the enduring charm of Colonial interiors is the contrast in line afforded by the strong blacks of door-

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way hardware against white-painted woodwork. The double Dutch door (page 16), copied from an old house in Jersey, shows the fascinating pattern made by harmoniously combined locks and hinges, latches and catches. Hinges alone make one's head swim; there are so many quaint designs to choose from. The style of the room helps one to decide on the kind of hardware. Black wrought iron on French doors would not do. But glass knobs and brass catches would be quite right. Whatever you choose, remember that style, whether in clothes or in rooms, is a matter of detail. And in this respect hardware plays a speaking part.

## Test your Skill

**Zinc-O-Lith**  
PURE WHITE

HOW many words can you make out of the words shown in the illustration, using only the letters appearing in the words "Zinc-O-Lith Pure White?" Try your skill and win a prize

Here are a few words as examples. You may use them as a start.

Zinc    Colt  
Hit    Lunch  
Lithic    Cue  
Rue    Whittle  
Thin    Epicure

### Notes

ZINC-O-LITH is a brand white paint for interior and exterior use.

## Prize Offer

1st Prize—for the greatest number of words submitted.

1 Gallon Can of ZINC-O-LITH PURE WHITE HOUSE PAINT—enough to paint 360 square feet with 1 coat.

2nd Prize—for the next greatest quart ZINC-O-LITH ENAMEL—enough to paint the average bathroom.

In case of tie for first or second prize, each contestant tied for those two prizes will receive the prize for which they are tied.

Contest Closes June 1, 1928.

## Rules for this Contest

1. Use only those letters which appear in the words "ZINC-O-LITH Pure White."
2. Use each letter in each word only as often as it appears in the phrase "ZINC-O-LITH Pure White."
3. Write your words in groups of ten to simplify counting.
4. Print or write all words plainly.
5. Use white sheet of paper, marking your name and address.
6. Contest closes June 1, 1928.
7. All words must come from the dictionary.

Do not mail answers—bring them to me, your local "Brighter Homes Store." My name and address appears on the front cover of this magazine.

# He DID It - !!!

A Highly Polished  
Tale



*They were at breakfast, probably the worst of all times and places to start an argument.*

By GEORGE PEPPER

JERRY and Jane had been married four years; long enough for the newness to wear off and the oldness to begin to wear on.

Jane loved Jerry—no question about that, but not with the blind adoration of courtship and honeymoon, no, not even with the still more or less bewitched gaze of the first post-honeymoon years.

And Jerry could pick a flaw or two in Jane, as far as that was concerned.

In fact, they squabbled at times even with more than a touch of bitterness in their tones.

Oh, not about anything really vital, you know, just wrangles. They "got on each other's nerves," you know.

Odd, isn't it, how the least little pin-prick of domestic annoyance, if you're stung with it often enough, will in time assume the proportions of a major domestic tragedy.

Like the man and his wife who got a divorce over the way to make the coffee. Or the more aggravated case of the woman who shot her spouse because he wasn't hungry enough to eat the meal she had slaved all day to get.

Now in the case of Jerry and Jane Slavin, it was the living-room floor.

They were at breakfast, probably the worst of all times and places to start an argument, and probably for that very reason the time and place above all others that we usually choose to do it. Jane speaking.

"Jerry, you know very well I've been at you for the last six months to do something about that living-room floor. It's a shame and a disgrace, and the time has come when you've simply got to do something about it. Here's our anniversary party less than a week away, and you know very well we can't have our friends here, with all the rugs up, to dance on that frightful-looking old floor. You know very well, Jerry Slavin, that I—"

Jerry's good-looking nose recoiled slowly from the far edge of his coffee cup, and slowly he arose, tall, dark and glowering.

"Oh, *hang* the living-room floor!" He spoke deliberately, looking straight at Jane. "I'm sick and tired of hearing about it. I told you I'd take care of it, and I will take care of it. *Don't nag!*"

Two big tears welled up in Jane's blue eyes, rolled down her plump pink cheeks and splashed in the butter-dish. Jerry had gone.





