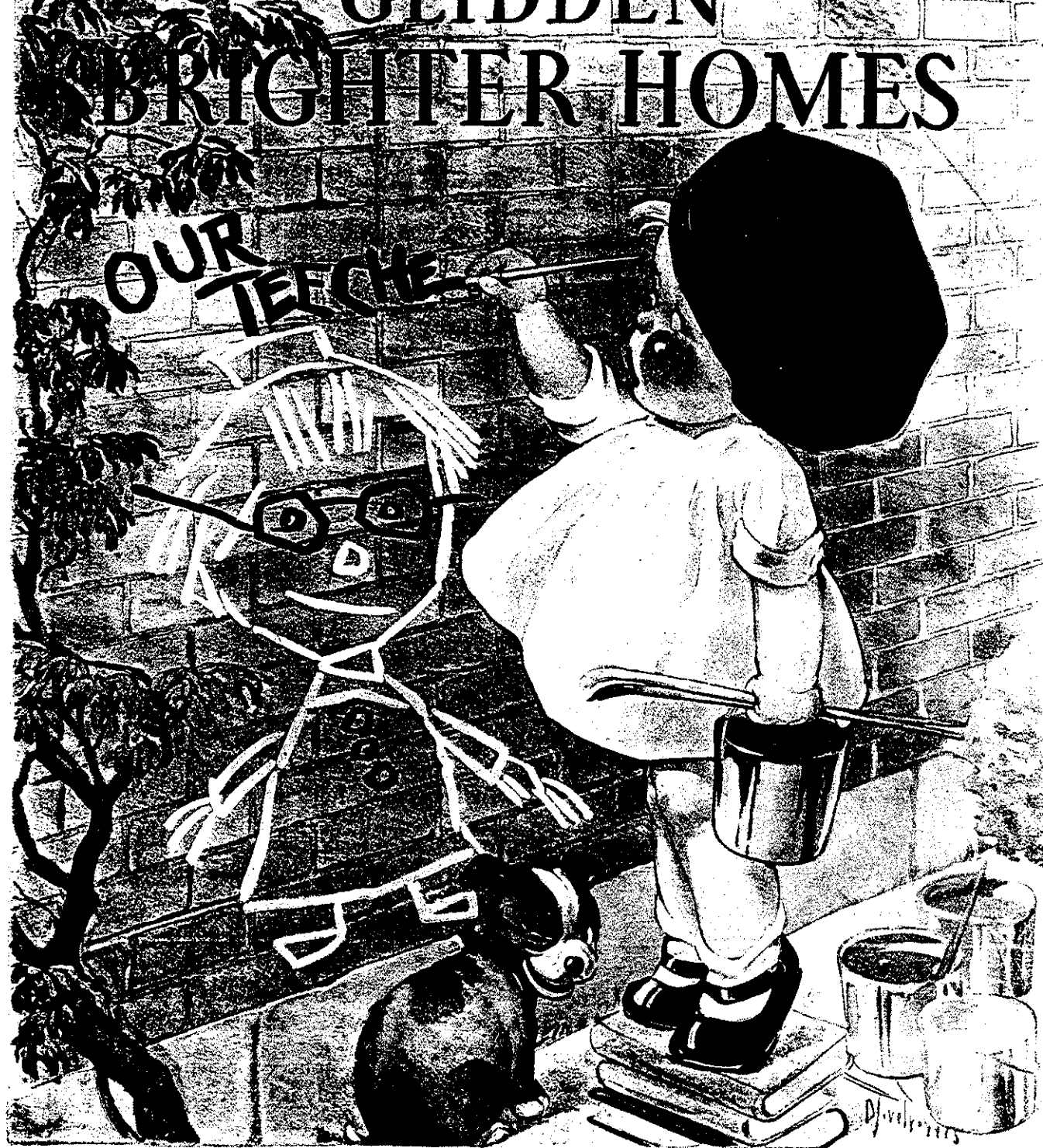




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Published in the Interest of Brighter and Better Homes

Vol. 4

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No. 3

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The CHERISHED WOMAN

By ALMA BOICE HOLLAND



You can't escape responsibility. you merely change its kind and name—at least, so Luella found when she abandoned her typewriter for the duties of domestic life.

CHIFFON hose in a blackberry patch! That was what it amounted to. All of Luella Waring's friends, especially Luella's sister Kathleen and her brother-in-law Mortimer, told her she was crazy. And Luella frankly admitted that she might be—a little—but that she was going through with it anyway. She was going to marry Tom Kinnard, some sort of a hill-billy farmer and—a man whom she had never seen in the flesh. It was unthinkable! To her family it was unthinkable for several very good reasons.

For one thing, Luella was almost indispensable to Mortimer, whom she served in the capacity of private secretary. Faced with the possibility of losing her, the brother-in-law was suddenly and acutely conscious of the many reasons why he couldn't get along without Luella.

Kathleen cried, wept with her arms about her sister, while small sobs choked off the words with which she endeavored to dissuade her.

Luella couldn't explain even to herself why she was doing the thing nor why she was so positive down in her heart that it was right to do it. One could hardly love a man by letter, yet—Tom's letters had become Tom to her.

A poverty-stricken man and his numerous family had come along and ignorantly homesteaded upon five acres of Tom Kinnard's land. Because the man had been conscientious and hard-working, Tom's sympathies had gotten the better of his business judgment and he had written to Mortimer concerning the possibility of transferring the ground to the usurpers, letting them believe that the homesteading had made it theirs.

Mortimer had agreed to handle

the proposition but had derided Tom so considerably in the answering letter that Luella, disobeying the dictates of good secretaryship and following the dictates of the heart of a woman, had added a personal line of commendation signed with her own initials at the bottom of the letter. That was the way it started. In less than six months he was calling her "Lovey Lue" and she was calling him "Tom-Kin."

He had written lightly, rather assuredly: "I want you, Lovey Lue, to have and to hold, to love and to cherish. You'll be happy—I promise it. I shall take every possible care that you are. I want a happy wife, a singing, care-free woman. I want a girl who will make me forget briefly that the world is a place of toil and tears; somebody to laugh aloud softly, cheerily. And I hope you like frilly clothes, ribbons and laces and ruffles—I do."

Luella's cheeks flamed yet as she thought of the speed with which she had answered that letter—as though she were afraid that he might retract it.

But Tom was joyous. And would she come soon?

They would be married at Licking Branch, the point on the little narrow-gauge railroad where she would get off the train. He would meet her there. After the ceremony, they would go straight home. He was looking forward to seeing her in his house. Later, after the harvest, they would manage a honeymoon somewhere, anywhere she said.

For some inexplainable reason, Luella cried for an hour over the letter but afterward she felt less prim and precise than she had for years; so she fluffed out her hair and powdered her nose and went shop-

ping for frilly things, things with laces and ribbons and ruffles.

Tom was pacing the platform when the train pulled into Licking Branch and Luella shivered ecstatically—he was so exactly what she had hoped in personal appearance. He had sent her a picture once. And now—he was reaching up his arms for her before she was quite off the train, open-faced, beaming, whispering in her ear:

"Luella, you darling, you're sweeter than I thought. If you wouldn't puddle a fellow's eyes! Sweet sentiment, honey, but you're a rare treat to the gaze of a rough old farmer. Welcome to Licking Branch." Tom held her off at arm's length to survey her fondly.

Luella returned the scrutiny with a palpitating delight while her mind registered fleeting, ineffectual words—tall, lean, clear-eyed, self-reliant, a man of great endurance and one never taken by surprise.

"Oh, Tom—" she stammered, wordless.

"Tom?" he quizzed. "Say, call me by my whole name once, please. I'm anxious to hear you say it."

"Tom-Kin—are you—sure?"

"Sure as shootin', honey," he affirmed. "Everything's fixed. There is a preacher over at the hotel; been waitin' there two days."

"But, Tom—are you sure—I mean, are we sure—that you want me and that I want you—now that we've really seen each other?" The girl turned a trifle wistful.

"Want you, Luella? Want you? Oh, my dear!"

Luella was thrilled. It was nice to belong, to be possessed by so desirable a person as Tom; to hear him asking if she was tired and telling of his plans for them. Freedom, new delicious freedom and an

unreserved content.

Then the short walk down the narrow street of Licking Branch—the frame hotel building—the parlor with plush-covered furniture—the hotel-keeper and his wife for witnesses—the preacher shaking hands with her, then talking: "To join together this man and this woman in the bonds of marriage. It will be your duty, Luella, to be to Tom a loving, tender, faithful wife; to comfort, counsel, cherish and honor him, in sickness or in health, in want or in wealth; and to cleave to him as your chosen husband. The Lord bless and keep you. Amen." Then Tom taking her in his arms and kissing her and calling her Mrs. Kinnard before the preacher had hardly uttered the last words of the simple service—the hotel-keeper's wife brushing away a tear. And it was over.

During the ceremony Luella had been vaguely conscious of a shadowy figure hovering about the doorway. Now the figure ventured over the threshold, mumbling an agitated apology.

"What is it, McClung?" Tom crossed quickly to the old man's side and the two of them stepped just outside the door.

Tom returned quickly, a vexed frown upon his face. "A little trouble in my wheat field," he reported briefly. "Serves me right for takin' on tramp labor."

"McClung, come here and meet the new boss. Mrs. Kinnard, this is my foreman. He'll look after driving you up the branch—"

"But, Tom, couldn't I wait for you here?" Luella felt suddenly bereft of her staunchly builded bulwark, as though she had been left standing out somewhere in the open, defenseless, unguarded.

"No," Tom told her gently but decidedly. "I want you to go home. I'll have to go down to the south fork and put a blanket on that fire in the wheat field. The direction is off on a rangent toward home. I should get it done by dark and I want you there at the house waiting for me when I come."

The house proved a surprise: a pleasant place, wide and low and rambling, flanked by gnarled and untrimmed apple trees and backed by an imposing row of bee-gums. It had been painted a new, fresh white and was furnished with

homely handmade pieces, older than Luella could guess; an abode of charm and quiet and order. A south wind blew fragrantly in at the open window, fluttering the curtains, laden with a breath of harvest sweetness from the out of doors. The girl breathed in deeply, glad now that she was to have a little time to adjust herself to the new habitation before Tom came.

had remonstrated in no uncertain terms with one of his tramp workmen who was stirring up rebellion among the men. The fellow had waxed unruly and Tom had summarily discharged him. Later there had been an accident, when Tom was somehow caught in the huge threshing machine.

"How—how bad is—he hurt?" Luella questioned the doctor.



"Now get back to the fields—every last one of you—and to work."

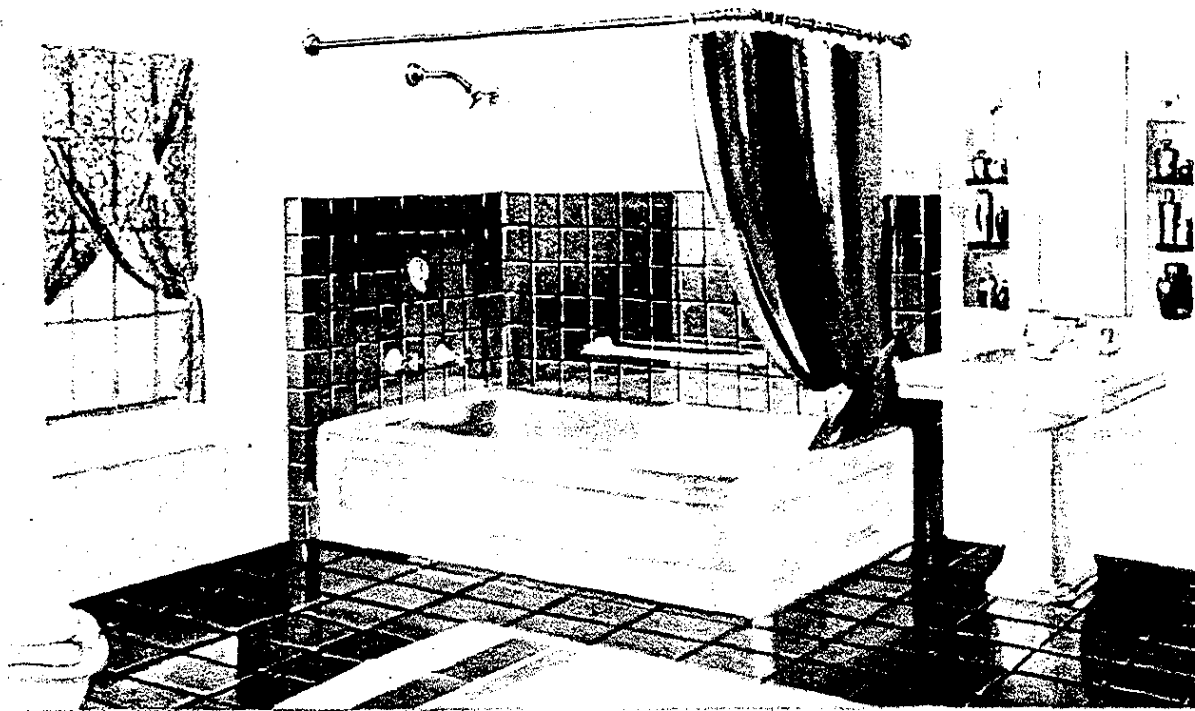
From the kitchen came Liddy, a buxom, mild-mannered woman, to show the new mistress to her room.

He came at dusk as he had promised. But he came in a stretcher, a crude makeshift one of burlap bags stretched between two stout poles; borne along silently, tenderly by four of his workmen and attended by the old doctor from Licking Branch, who had been hastily summoned. Details were meager. Tom

The doctor grunted. "That's th' funny thing! Can't tell, ma'am. Not much outside damage—no concussion to the skull—not enough to cause this unconscious state. Must be some internal hurt. We'll get him into bed."

It was to Liddy, after a first swiftly appraising glance at the new wife, that the doctor turned with his request for hot water and clean

(Continued on page 17)



Walls—Cream; Floor finished with Clear Lacquer.

BATHROOMS BATHED IN COLOR

By NORMAN J. RADDER

Of Chicago, Authority on Modern Plumbing

TEN years ago it would have been impossible to write an article on the subject of "Bathrooms Bathed in Color." There was no color and no style in the bathroom. The typical bathroom of a decade ago was all white. Not only were the fixtures white, but the walls as well, whether of tile or of plaster, were unrelieved by any note of color.

What a contrast to the bathroom of 1931! In fact, it is doubtful if ten years have brought about a greater change in any room or any part of the house than in the bathroom—and color is here to stay for a while, we are told.



N. J. Radder

Page Six

James S. Taylor of the Division of Housing of the United States Department of Commerce in a recent address before a group of realtors declared: "The

bathroom has become the most conspicuous feature of many of the small homes of today." Mr. Taylor's remarks are based on observations which representatives of the Bureau of Housing made in 38 cities last year.

While Mr. Taylor is talking about the bathroom in the small home, his comment applies with even greater force to the bathroom in the larger home, in the millionaire's mansion, in the apartment building, and in the hotel.

European observers commenting on the bathroom consciousness of the American home-owner have declared that Americans are erecting temples of cleanliness and calling them bathrooms.

The revolutionary change that has taken place in the attitude toward the bathroom is due almost entirely to the introduction of color. When colored plumbing fixtures were put on the market four years

ago, the American public was ready to accept color. It had previously been educated to an appreciation of color in the bathroom by the brightening effects of colored tiles. Architects and interior decorators welcomed color in fixtures and saw a new opportunity to give individuality and distinction to a room that hitherto had been purely utilitarian in its fittings and arrangement. The sales of colored fixtures in the last year have shown an increase of 200 per cent. The "best sellers" (listed in the order of popularity) are light green, orchid, ivory, and light blue.

The women of America are right up to the minute on this matter of color and are doing wonders in putting their homes into line with this vogue. And it is really remarkable what can be done with the new semi-gloss paints in revolutionizing the entire look of the old-style bathrooms. In addition to giving to the bathroom new life and

color, these semi-gloss finishes are not affected by water and can be easily cleaned. In the brightening up of your home remember that the decoration is not complete until the bathroom has been done over. The tendency has been to paint that room white with no color relief whatsoever. This is unfortunate, since the bathroom deserves the boon of color as much as any other room in the house. But this, more often than not, is not the case, so the decorator usually has a comparatively free hand.

A bathroom decorated in shades of green is always successful. Light green for the walls, blue for the woodwork and floor (if it is not tiled), with orange or Chinese red for closet interiors combine pleasantly.

Another successful color scheme for the bathroom consists of two wall colors with a stencilled border about half way up the wall, forming a dividing line. The lower half might be blue, the upper half light yellow and the stencilled border of water lilies in which creamy white, green and yellow predominate.

Of equal interest, and often associated with bathroom decorating, is the kitchen, that real center of the home.

*"Man works from sun to sun
But woman's work is never done."*

The rhymester who thus defined the lot of the fair sex probably was inspired by the sight of a housewife toiling and moiling in one of the dark, dismal, inconvenient kitchens of former days.

Today sees the re-creation of the kitchen. Everyone from the architect to the housewife herself is thinking up new ways for saving steps, new devices for lessening labor, and new conveniences for the kitchen.

Lately a new impetus has been given to the decoration of the kitchen which had become a sanitary white place with scarcely a note of color in it. Colored walls and bright curtains have helped bring it out of the slough of the uninteresting.

Two houses were put up recently on an attractive suburban street.

Each had the latest improved devices for making home life comfortable and convenient, but both had certain individual characteristics.

Then along came Mr. and Mrs. Newlywed in search of a new nest. House No. 1 was received with approbation. Its shining white kitchen with its step-saving devices pleased Mrs. Newlywed, but aroused no particular enthusiasm. They went next door to House No. 2.

"See, a lovely kitchen," cried Mrs. Newlywed. "I'm so tired of dead white. It makes me think of that awful operating room at the hospital."

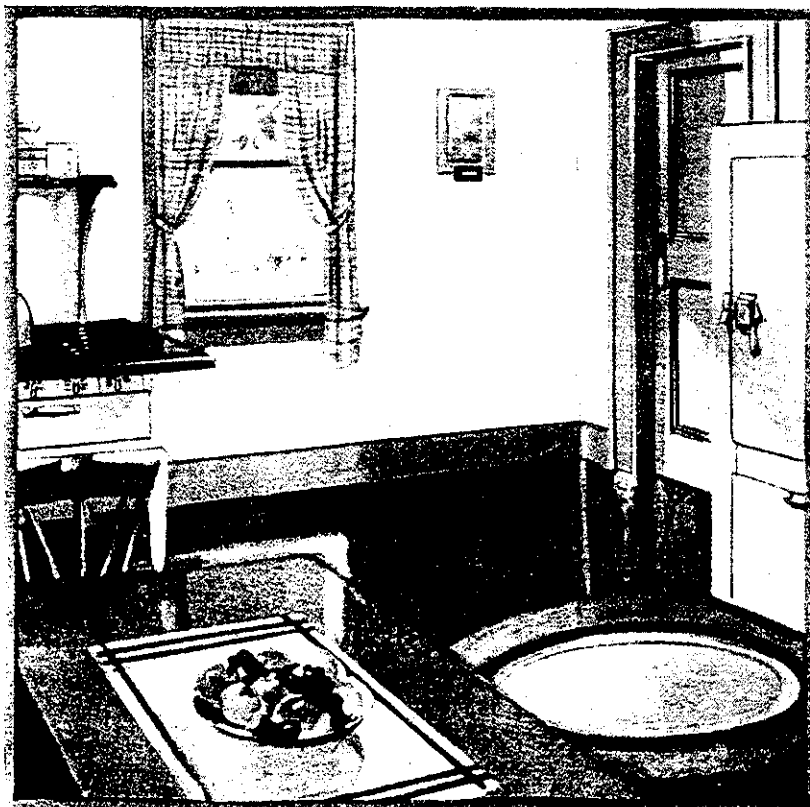
Sanitary finish and appearance of the kitchen is a prime essential. That does not necessarily require that everything be painted dead white, like a hospital. Sunshine is a germicide—one of the best. The kitchen ought to have plenty of windows with cross ventilation, if it is at all possible. The matter of making the kitchen attractive and cheerful while making it sanitary is very well stated by Mary Robinson Thomas, writing about kitchen details as decorative features:

"A color scheme is usually a starting point in making an attractive kitchen. The choice is largely dependent on the proper blending. Blue and white, green and white, and brown and yellow are pleasing. The gray and dreary should never be chosen for the kitchen."

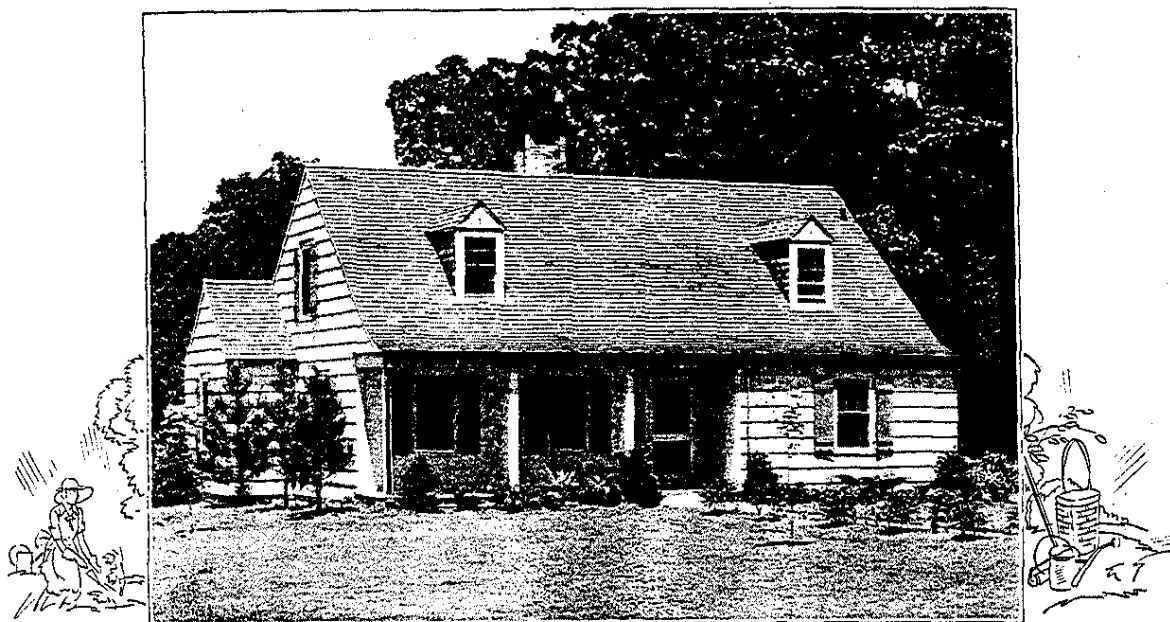
Walls, floors, woodwork and accessories all furnish opportunities for the use of color. The walls may be painted with semi-gloss waterproof finish that permits frequent washing. A gay bit of color here and there makes the kitchen a cheery place.

The finish in the kitchen has to stand hard wear, harder, perhaps, than any other room in the house. It is economy to use the best quality of paint and enamel.

In a recent house-planning contest in which 6,000 "ideal" plans were submitted, the judges were unanimous in their report that the kitchen is the most carefully studied part of each plan. The average housewife spends a large per cent of her waking hours each day in the "engine-room" of the home. Make it as cheerful and easy to work in as possible for her.



Walls—Ivory; Floor—Blue; Woodwork—Buff.



THE WAY OF THE MODERN COTTAGE

Inserted Through the Courtesy of Charles S. Keefe, A. I. A. Architect and The Small Home Magazine.

THIS is one of the small houses which future generations will find as charming as we of today find the older Colonial work. Without striving to observe to the letter all of the archaeology of the Colonial style, the architect has contrived to convey fully its real spirit and to design a house convenient to live in.

The shingles of the roof have been left to weather. And while we are on the roof—figuratively speaking—here is our chance to notice particularly the manner in which it curves out gracefully over the front porch and the room adjoining. Much of the charm of this

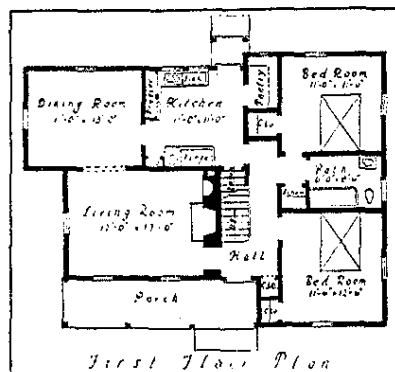
house is attained through the use of such delightfully handled detail.

The porch itself is another interesting bit, definitely a part of the house, we might say effortlessly so. Yet by means of this recessed porch as well as by the off-set which furnishes the floor space needed for the dining room, the architect has overcome what many consider the least pleasing feature of the Colonial style. "It is so boxy," they complain, "just four walls and a roof." Not necessarily so, as we see in this case.

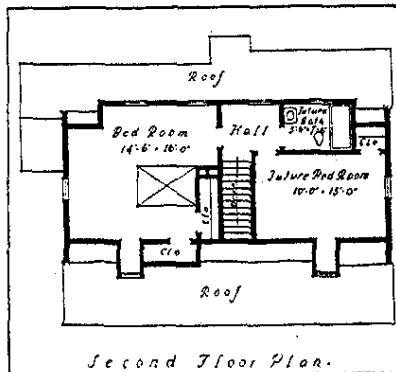
With the exterior so unmistakably Colonial, it is only natural to

find the interior displaying similar characteristics. On entering the hall, that typical central stair hall of this type of architecture, we are attracted first by the lovely stairway in all its glory of white balusters, cherry rail and newel post. Painted woodwork is used throughout the house, and brass hardware of Colonial design. Arriving at the kitchen we find one feature in particular that strikes our fancy. The wall behind the range has been tiled to ceiling-height. There is also a fine, old-fashioned pantry—and yet not entirely old-fashioned either in its array of efficiently arranged equipment.

Of bedrooms there are three at the present time, but this is one of those convenient little houses that are planned so as to grow with the needs of the family. On the second floor is space for still a fourth bedroom and a second bath which are to be finished off in the future.



First Floor Plan



Second Floor Plan

The first floor furnishes the complete accommodations of the bungalow. The plan, however, allows for future enlargement, with at present only one large bedroom finished on the second floor.

APPETIZING RECIPES—for your home!

Every housewife knows how often the matter of selecting the family or party menu becomes a perplexing problem. Perhaps, the varied recipes on this page will assist in selecting a dish that is different.

The recipes on this page furnished thru the courtesy of Durkee Famous Foods, Inc., Elmhurst, Long Island, N. Y.

If your grocer doesn't have Durkee products—send his name to Durkee Famous Foods, Inc.



SALMON CROQUETTES

- | | |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1/2 pound fresh Salmon | 1 1/2 cup fish stock |
| 3 cups boiling water | 1/2 teaspoon salt |
| 1 teaspoon salt | 1 teaspoon chopped parsley |
| 1/2 teaspoon Durkee's White Pepper | 1/2 teaspoon Durkee's Cayenne Pepper |
| 2 tablespoons Troco Nut Margarine | 1/2 teaspoon Durkee's Onion Salt |
| 1/2 cup flour | 2 egg yolks |

Method

Boil fish for 25 minutes. Shred, taking care to remove all bones. Make a sauce by melting Troco, adding flour, seasonings and fish stock. Cook about 10 minutes until thick. Add beaten yolks of eggs and stir constantly while cooking two minutes longer. Mix shredded fish and sauce, pour on platter greased with salad oil. When cold form into croquettes, dip in bread crumbs and egg yolk. Let stand in refrigerator one hour. Fry in deep hot fat. Serve with Durkee's Salad Dressing and Meat Sauce.

DUCHESS POTATOES

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 7 white potatoes | 1/4 teaspoon Durkee's Nutmeg |
| 2 tablespoons Troco Nut Margarine | 1/4 teaspoon Durkee's Paprika |
| 3 egg yolks | 1/2 cup cream |
| 1 teaspoon salt | |
| 1/8 teaspoon Durkee's Pepper | |

Method

Wash and peel potatoes, cut in small pieces. Boil potatoes in salt water, drain and mash. Melt Troco, heat cream. Add to mashed potatoes. Add beaten egg yolks and seasoning. Pour in baking dish and brown in oven for 10 minutes. Potatoes prepared this way are very delicious around planked foods.



TOMATO SALAD SUPREME

- | | |
|--|----------------|
| 6 ripe tomatoes | 1 stalk celery |
| 1/4 lb. shrimps | Watercress |
| 1/2 cup Durkee's Salad Dressing and Meat Sauce | |

Method

Wash tomatoes. With sharp knife score through skin and peel skin down in form of petals. Chill and scoop out centers of tomatoes and fill with mixture of celery (diced), shrimps and Durkee's Salad Dressing and Meat Sauce. Serve on watercress.

SUET PUDDING

- | | |
|------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1 cup chopped suet | 1/4 teaspoon Durkee's Nutmeg |
| 1 cup molasses | 1 teaspoon salt |
| 1 cup bread or cake crumbs | 1 teaspoon baking powder |
| 1/2 cup water | 1 cup raisins or currants |
| 1 teaspoon Durkee's Cinnamon | 3 eggs |

Method

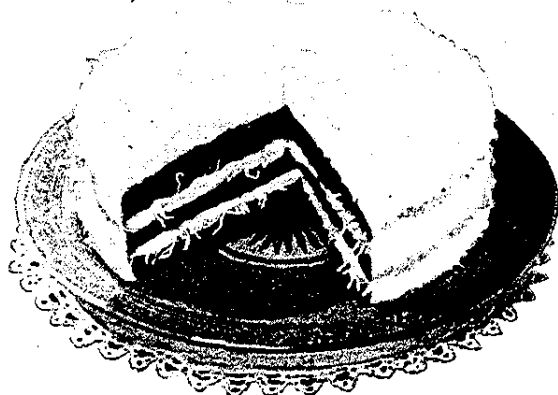
Soak crumbs in water, mix with suet and seasoning. Add egg yolks one at a time; add molasses, fruit and baking powder. Lastly, fold in whites of eggs stiffly beaten. Pour into a pudding mold greased with Troco Margarine, steam for 2 1/2 hours. Serve with hard sauce.

BAKED BANANAS

- | | |
|---|-----------------------------------|
| 1/2 cup Dunham's Moist or Shred Coconut | Rind and juice of 1 lemon |
| 4 bananas | Rind and juice of 1 orange |
| 1/2 cup brown sugar | 2 tablespoons Troco Nut Margarine |

Method

Peel bananas, place in baking dish and cover with rind and fruit juices. Mix sugar and coconut, sprinkle over fruit. Bake in oven about 400 degrees, basting occasionally with the fruit juices.



COCOA LAYER CAKE

- | | |
|---------------------|------------------------------|
| 4 eggs | 1/2 cup water |
| 1 cup sugar | 1 teaspoon vanilla |
| 4 tablespoons cocoa | 1 1/2 teaspoon baking powder |
| 1/4 cup flour | 1/2 teaspoon salt |

Method

Beat egg yolks and sugar until light, add vanilla and cocoa. Sift flour and baking powder together. Add this alternately with water. Lastly fold in whites of eggs, stiffly beaten. Pour into three greased and floured layer tins and bake about 15 minutes in oven of 325 degrees. Make following filling:

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|---------------|
| 2 tablespoons Troco Nut Margarine | 1/2 cup sugar |
| 3 tablespoons cornstarch | 2 cups milk |
| 1 teaspoon vanilla | 1 egg yolk |
| 1 cup Dunham's Moist or Shred Coconut | |

Melt Troco, add sugar and cornstarch gradually, then add milk, stirring constantly until thick. Now add beaten yolk, coconut and cook two minutes longer. Add vanilla. When cold spread between layers. Top cake with this icing:

- | | |
|---|--------------------------------------|
| 1/2 cup Dunham's Moist or Shred Coconut | 1 cup sugar, less 2 table-
spoons |
| 1 egg white | 3 tablespoons cold water |
| 1/2 teaspoon baking powder | 1/2 teaspoon vanilla |

Mix sugar, unbeaten white and water in top of double boiler. Set over boiling water and beat steadily for seven minutes with egg beater. Remove from stove and add vanilla and baking powder. Continue beating until proper consistency to spread, then cover top and sides of cake. Sprinkle with coconut.

GRETA GARBO

A Lady of Mystery

By MAE TINEE



Mae Tinee

"There's something so mysterious about her!"

You often hear this said of Greta Garbo and, perhaps, one of her greatest fascinations lies in this atmosphere of mystery that surrounds her. As an artiste she gives everything she has to her public. Herself and her private life she keeps withdrawn from the world. Considerable is known about this Swedish player as a professional, but little of her as a woman.

"Do tell me about yourself!" an interviewer pleaded with her recently. Miss Garbo with a barricaded look replied:

"I was born in a house. I grew up like everybody else. I didn't like to go to school." After which she determinedly switched the conversation to a discussion of her latest picture.

In appearance Miss Garbo is slight, with blue eyes and golden hair. She is highstrung and nervous, but at the same time, strange as it may seem, she possesses a certain unruffled placidity. She works hard, goes out very little and her favorite diversion is walking—alone. Hollywood can't get her at all and has given up trying to probe into the inner life of this foreigner who is such a strange combination of naïveté and sophistication; fire and ice.

When she passes through a strange city—where the press would love to interview her for a public that would adore reading about her, nobody knows anything about her arrival until she has gone. So unobtrusively dressed is she, so shy and quiet, so very little like an actress in speech and appearance that, when she signs herself Miss Smith or Miss Jones on a hotel register, nobody doubts in the least but that she is, really, Miss Smith or Miss Jones. The glamorous screen but-



Greta Garbo as she appeared in the sound production "Single Standard."

terfly knows perfectly well how to camouflage as a grey moth with folded wings.

This interesting young woman was sixteen before she had any contact at all with the amusement world. She worked prosaically enough, I understand, as "lather girl" in a Stockholm barber shop. Of course she went to the movies often and to the theater now and then, but that was all. She was, however, crazy about them both, and

she nearly fainted with ecstasy on the day when some one introduced her to the Scandinavian actor, Franz Envall.

She amused and pleased this player to whom she confided her hope that she, too, might one day be seen on the stage.

"Why don't you enroll in the Dramatic School of the Royal Theater here?" he asked her.

Her answer was six months of hard study, after which she took an



Taking a riding lesson on "Beverly" in preparation for her rôle in the Cosmopolitan production "The Temptress" at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio.



TOP PHOTO: Greta Garbo, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, enjoys a rest sitting on the steps of her quiet Santa Monica hotel.

BELOW: Standing in front of the beautiful Santa Monica Hotel, of which she is a resident, Greta Garbo smilingly waves to her public.

examination and was admitted to the aforementioned school which operates in Stockholm under a national subsidy and only accepts pupils who have passed a rigid test, administered by a committee of twenty school executives, critics, and men and women prominent in the theatrical world.

Here the ambitious child applied herself for three years more.

One day the Swedish film director, Mauritz Stiller, came to the school looking for screen talent. At the suggestion of her instructor Greta sought an interview with him. He was impressed by her, gave her a screen test and, that being all he could wish for, cast her for the leading feminine rôle in "The Story of Goesta Berling."

From that she went on to other things and was working on "The Street of Sorrow" for UFA when Louis B. Mayer, vice-president of

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, came to sign Stiller to direct pictures in America for him. The latter, engaged to Greta at that time, insisted that she, too, be given a chance over here. Arrangements were made and over the two came.

Then Lady Fate dealt and played her cards strangely. Miss Garbo almost immediately became the rage. Mauritz Stiller, unaccustomed to American methods and none too adaptable to strange customs, faded into the background and finally, a disappointed and heartbroken man, returned to Sweden where he died recently.

It is the common belief that he was the one great love of his protégée's life, and, a short time ago, Miss Garbo made a lonely pilgrimage to his grave. She is back again, working with new passion and intensity, as if she would prove to the man she worshipped how right he

was when he said of her to Mr. Mayer:

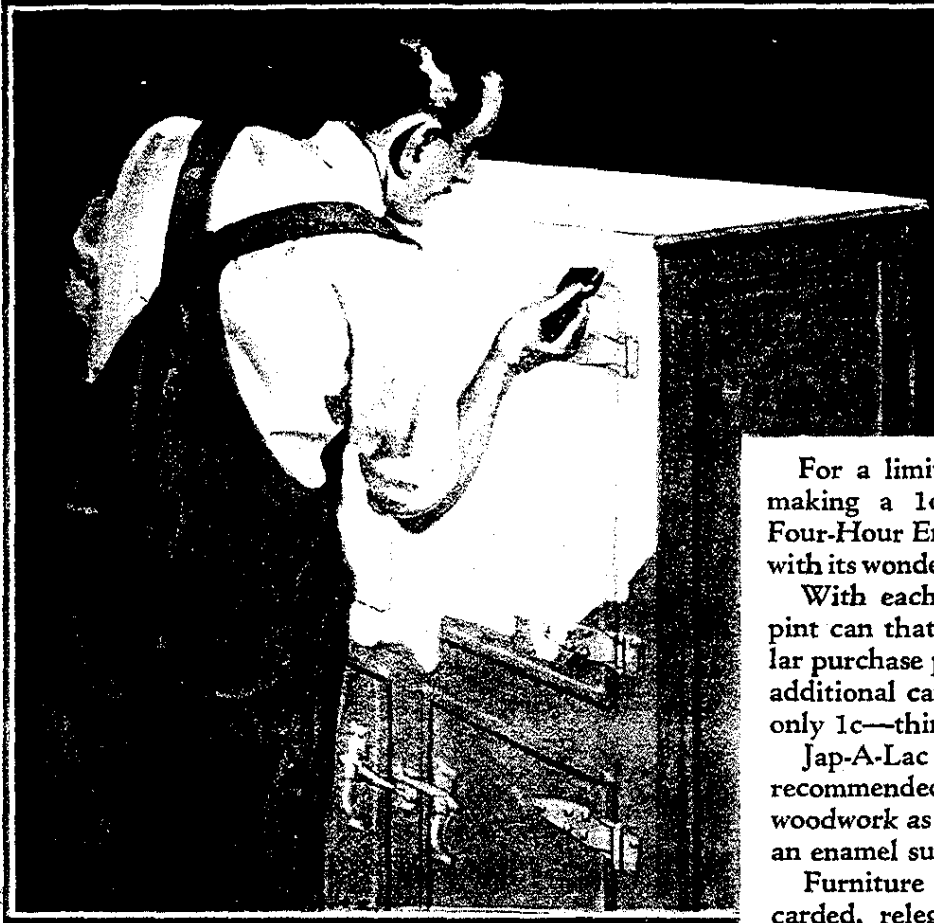
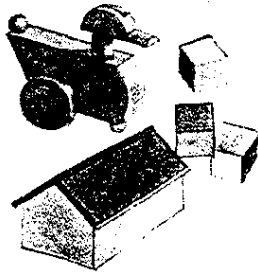
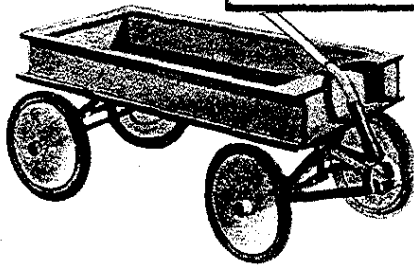
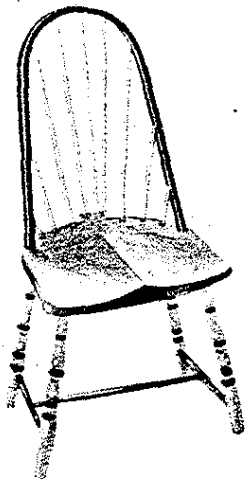
"Greta is a great actress. She will do wonderful things for you."

Miss Garbo's first American made film was "The Torrent." Her work in this brought her a long term contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Her first talking venture was "Anna Christie," from the play by Eugene O'Neill.

If you are shrewd at reading character perhaps you can learn many things about the real Greta Garbo from the screen Greta. If not, you will probably never know much about her, for she is an aloof lady who, one imagines, will always be that way.

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4 HOUR ENA



For a limited time only we are making a 1c Sale on Jap-A-Lac Four-Hour Enamel to acquaint you with its wonderful qualities and

With each 1/4 pint, 1/2 pint can that you buy at the regular purchase price, you can have an additional can of the same size for only 1c—think of the saving.

Jap-A-Lac Four-Hour Enamel is recommended for furniture and hardwood as a modern finish where an enamel surface is desired.

Furniture that has been discarded, relegated to the attic, "having seen its best days," can very easily be brought back to life and usefulness with a coat of this wonderful quick-drying enamel.

Colors—available in all modern colors. You will be delighted at the beautiful array of colors which you can make your selection from.

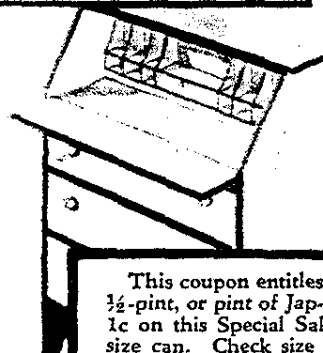
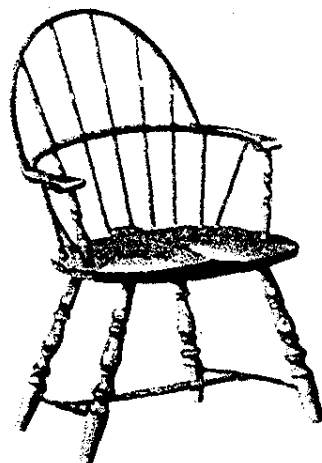
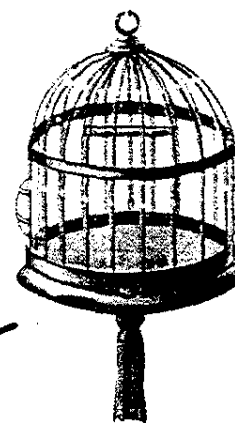
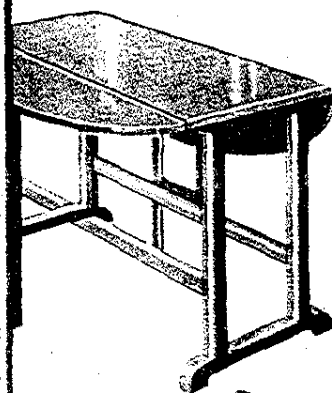
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Be Sure to Get Your Hat Checked

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BOBBY JONES

His Golf Biography

By ED BANG

Nationally Known Sports Writer



Ed Bang

Ever since the first Scotsman sliced his drive and, perforce invoked the blazes of all Hades against the defenseless sphere of gutta-percha, golf has been a placid game. Until 15 years ago only a privileged few indulged themselves, and not infrequently these courageous pioneers were ridiculed. At various stages in its development, golf was termed "a sis-sy's game," "an old man's game," and "an utterly absurd pastime." A golfer was promptly put down as eccentric. None paid much attention to the game, and least of all, the newspapers. Less than two and one-half decades ago the press accorded a golf tournament and a false fire alarm precisely the same recognition. Golf was indeed a placid sport played by perfectly harmless gentlemen who oddly preferred wielding a golf stick to a beer bottle.

But that was before 1916. An evolution which previously had been gradual, in 1916 suddenly acquired a momentum which in 15 years has

carried golf to the summit of sport popularity. The impetus was supplied by the first appearance of one Robert Tyre Jones, of whom you have probably heard, in tournament golf. It may have been mere coincidence, but to me there seems to

be definite casual relationship between Jones' baptismal tournament and the inception of golf's unparalleled growth. Nor is it incredible that a single man should be largely responsible for the astounding popularity golf enjoys today.

At the time of Bobby's entry into competitive golf, the game, in the eyes of the proletariat, was a lethargic, uninteresting one. It lacked life and color; and most of all it lacked personality. True, there were Vardons, Rays, Ouimers, Bairds, Mitchells, Traverses, Gardners and Travises before Jones, but none of them was big enough to dominate the game. Jones' entrance was dramatic. There was something spectacular in his debut in the National Amateur at Merion. A kid boasting but 14 years matching strokes with men old enough to be counted among his early ancestors was out of the ordinary. The thing had im-



Bobby Jones

mense news value. The papers took it up, and immediately the vitalization of golf began. And Bobby Jones had provided the spark.

Golf's debt to Jones cannot be measured. However, a vague notion of its vastness might be gleaned when it is realized that more than 4,000,000 people play golf today against a liberal estimate of 200,000 players 20 years ago. Golfers in the United States alone support upwards of 10,000 courses. Golf balls are produced at the rate of 20,000,000 annually. Golf has ceased to be merely a game; it is an industry as well.

How far is Jones responsible for this? Of course abstracts like "influence" and "popularity" defy precise measurement, but a faint idea of the firmness of Jones' hold on the public is echoed by a Los Angeles newspaper. Just recently when George Voigt was making his



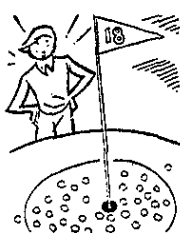
valiant effort to succeed Jones as British Amateur champion, the paper did not receive a single telephone inquiry concerning results at Westward Ho! And just a year ago when Jones was playing, the same paper received more phone calls than on any other news event in history, save only the death of Knute Rockne and the signing of the Armistice. That is a significant commentary on the Californian mind.



Jones' popularity and, consequently, his influence, is not beyond comprehension. His is an amazing personality. Certainly no other figure in the world of sport has been so universally loved. His genial smile, his quiet, unassuming mien, his round, "pie" face and his splendid sportsmanship all contribute to his veritable torrent of color. Briefly he is the sort of man who would be loved even if he weren't the greatest golfer the world has ever known.

My purpose though is not to extol the Christian virtues of Bobby Jones, the man, nor yet to enumerate the merits of Bobby Jones, the barrister, but to attempt to evaluate the ineffable genius of Bobby Jones the golfer. As a golfer he stands alone, sharply silhouetted against the sun with all the rest looking up. The Great God of Golf, he symbolizes perfection. Emperor of the Emerald Empire he remains the only man ever to achieve the Grand Slam of golf. But it was not always thus. Bobby did not inherit golf's throne. He had to start, yes, even as you and I.

In his kindergarten days, the heir apparent to the golfing titles of the world was not the unruffled calculating player golf fans later knew him to be. They tell a story of the young Bobby that serves to illustrate, at least, one of the obstacles he was forced to overcome before he ripened into a champion.



O. B. Keeler, Jones' lifelong friend and companion, took something akin to a fatherly pride in his protege's golfing exploits when Bob was still in knee pants.

Keeler had boasted of Bobby's prowess to Grantland Rice, famous sports critic, and invited the latter to play a round with Jones to see for himself. A foursome including Jones and Rice was arranged. On the first hole of the East Lake course at Atlanta, Ga., Jones promptly exceeded Keeler's fondest hopes by scoring a birdie for his illustrious observer. But on the second hole Jones pulled the unexpected. Just as Bobby was addressing the ball for a brassie shot, a jack-rabbit scurried across the fairway, destroying the absolute silence which the boy wonder demanded. The result was a rather angry Bobby Jones. He cursed lustily, and according to reports the profane diction of a champion is no more artistic than yours or mine, especially when it happens to be an embryonic champion. Forthwith Jones begged the respective pardons of the other members of his party, seized a driver, and without further ceremony sprinted into the woods after the Philistine hare. That was the end of Grantland Rice's first view of Bobby Jones. Being a determined youngster Jones did not leave the woods until he had tracked down his prey, and it was late afternoon when the future champion of champions staggered to the clubhouse "all tuckered out" as he expressed it. As a youth Jones was just about as wild as the hare he pursued that day.

In the early days of his golf education Jones strove for one thing in golf—POWER. He had no regard for smoothness and for timing. These two essentials never occurred to him. He never gave a thought to training for tournaments. He frequently consumed huge quantities of pie-a-la-mode between morning and afternoon rounds, and yet never was aware that his luncheon menu was probably responsible for the

added strokes that were invariably found on his afternoon card.

But time and experience served to mellow Jones. He discarded the slambang methods and worked for rhythm. He took golf seriously. He trained faithfully. Tea and toast replaced pastry in his tournament fare. He learned to control his fractious temper. And seven years after his introductory bow to tournament golf at Merion in 1916, the new, dignified Bobby Jones inaugurated a series of golfing achievements that probably will never be equalled. In 1923 he won his first major championship, the National Open at Inwood. Since that time, up to and including his retirement last year, the close of every year has found the Atlantan the possessor of at least one national crown. He won the Amateur diadems at Merion in 1924 and at Oakmont in 1925. The 1926 harvest brought him the Open at Scioto. The following year he recaptured the Amateur at Minikahda and repeated a year later at Brae Burn. By way of variety he picked the Open at Winged Foot for his 1929 conquest. And the climax came last

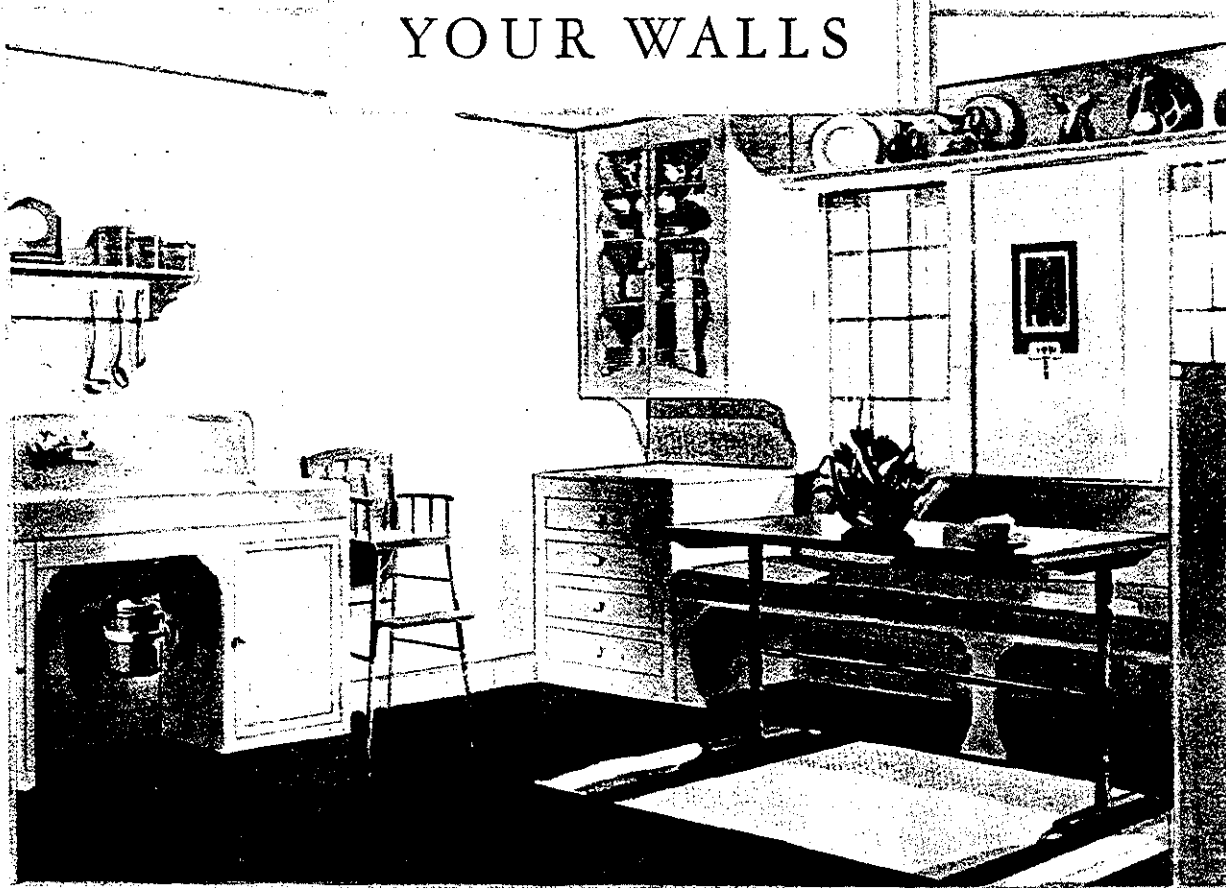


year when he swept clean the four major titles, the United States Amateur and Open and the British Amateur and Open. In addition he won the British Opens in 1926 and 1927. Thirteen major championships in all, and all won over a span of eight short years. Remarkable? Tremendously so!

In 14 years Jones has played 88 18-hole rounds of medal competition in major tournaments. Exclusive of his three 36-hole play-offs for Open titles and his various matches in the Amateur, Bobby has averaged slightly more than 73 and a half strokes per 18 holes, amassing a grand total of 6,488 strokes in the 88 rounds. His worst round in a United States Open was 79; in a British Open, 77. An amazing record, indeed, and one that becomes the more amazing when it is remembered that those 88 rounds were played over the world's most difficult courses and, during the last eight years at least, always with a

(Continued on page 21)

INEXPENSIVE BEAUTY FOR YOUR WALLS



Walls—Sea Foam; Woodwork—Ivory; Ceiling—Sky Blue; Floor—Blue.

The average homemaker spends a large percentage of her time in the kitchen. It is her workshop, her laboratory and should be made as attractive, comfortable and convenient as possible.

Why not brighten up your kitchen, making it cheery and refreshing with a new coat of paint?

A new paint that when your walls become soiled they can be easily cleaned, because this finish is prepared to repel dirt, grease and moisture? A new paint that can be cleaned as easily as a high gloss paint, but it does not possess the objectionable glare of the latter?

GLIDDEN SPEED WALL FINISH

This finish is available in beautiful colors and a color scheme can easily be arranged that will transform your kitchen into a delightful, cheerful place to work. Come in and talk paint with us. You will be surprised how inexpensive it will be to "do over" your kitchen.

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THE CHERISHED WOMAN

(Continued from page 5)

towels; it was to Liddy that the meticulous directions for sterilization were given; it was to the servant that the physician gave his instructions for the clear beef broth that he wanted prepared.

But Tom didn't come around. Luella took up a timid and apologetic position at the head of the white bed despite the dour looks of the doctor and the remonstrances of Liddy. Time passed—breathless seconds—minutes—hours. Luella ventured a quiet question, "His temperature? Is it rising?"

The doctor nodded a brief assent. "Yes—rapidly. Brain symptoms. Must be spinal pressure somewhere."

"Ice packs?" questioned the girl.

"Farmhouses are not equipped with ice," this gruffly.

"Then cold spring water!" Luella roused to action. Her timidity vanished. She gave instructions to Liddy in unmistakable and not-to-be-questioned manner. Her gentleness was strengthened and intensified by an undeniable firmness. All three of them worked over the prostrate Tom without haste, without rest. But while the mercury in the telltale thermometer did not climb, it did remain stationary.

Presently the old doctor looked up wearily. Luella worked on.

"No use," he told her decisively. "Only one thing: cut in there and relieve the pressure—I think I've got it located—not much in the way of instruments—no ether. I believe while he is still unconscious that we could do it. The circumstances are so unusual that I prefer that you decide."

It was here that Liddy, the robust and strong, broke into hysteria. "Don't let 'im do it," she begged. "Oh, missy, I'm skeered of the knife—he wouldn't allow it himself! I heard him say once as how they'd never cut into him for anything. Tom's poison-scared of their shiny tools—he'd never forgive if it was done."

Finally the pleading Liddy had to be put forcibly from the room. When he returned, there was pity in the doctor's eyes for Luella and with it a softening kindness. "Rather a difficult situation for you,

Mrs. Kinnard." Then, with an anxious glance at the patient, "There's not much time to lose. Shall I—proceed?"

Freedom from responsibility? In its stead a matter of life and death! Luella decided quickly.

"There'll be things I'll need, afterward." Absorbed in his problem, the doctor prepared for the tedious operation.

Luella stood by bravely through the awesome ordeal, giving what little help she could and presently was rewarded by a reassuring glance from the doctor, a glance which held satisfaction for the operation—and a new respect for herself.

"All right. Everything fine! Should see a big difference now." He fumbled in his grip and drew forth a vial of white tablets, some of which he poured into an envelope. "You better take one of these and lie down for a spell, Mrs. Kinnard. This has been extra hard on you. Need a little stimulant myself. Wonder if Liddy would bring me up a pot of black coffee. I'll stay here for a bit."

Luella found the old servant on the back porch, alternately weeping and arguing with a group of the laborers. The appearance of Tom's wife in the doorway caused a hush to fall upon the group.

Liddy spoke tearfully, "They're leavin', ma'am—and him layin' mortal hurt upstairs on account of one of 'em—and—the whole tobacco contrac' dependin' on whether it's strung to dry within the next few days. Takin' advantage of him—as never took advantage of a worm."

"He ain't payin' us enough, ma'am," the spokesman for the group announced stubbornly. "We know what he's gettin' for this crop—and he ain't payin' us near enough. So we're goin' to quit."

"But they signed up to stay—when he took 'em on," interpolated the hysterical Liddy. "I know they did."

"Is that so?" questioned Luella frankly.

"Don't matter," grumbled another of the men sullenly. "He fooled us. Marks on paper don't mean a lot."

Luella's head reeled. She was beginning now to realize the effects of the weight which had been placed upon her. She clutched at her mental self heroically and her

mind measured up to this one more responsibility. "If you'll wait just a little—I—I have some medicine here to fix—then we'll talk this thing out." She disappeared into the house. If only McClung were here, McClung with his profanity.

When Luella returned, she held Tom Kinnard's Winchester in her hands. "All hands up," she ordered determinedly.

With one accord, all hands went up and all mouths fell open.

"I believe," announced the girl coolly, "that there are too many of you to argue with. You might be able to outtalk me—but you can't handy outtalk this. A gun don't stand much argument. Now get back to the fields—every last one of you—and to work. You contracted to get this tobacco crop strung within a certain time—and you're going to do it—without question. March!"

For hours she stood in the boiling sun with her gun forcing the unwilling men to labor. At first they worked sullenly, destructively, taking a delight in tormenting her; calling back and forth in insolent and insulting banter. Unprotected and unshielded, she stood her ground, letting the storm of wrath and impudence break upon her head. But after a while the sheer hard nerve of the girl won admiration of a kind and the crass taunts gave way to sulky silence.

However, when it seemed that she could not endure the heat and fatigue another moment, McClung was at her side, taking the gun from her, hurling invective at everyone and the men before him in particular. Luella sped to the sick room.

At the door, the doctor cautioned her to stop. He leaned above Tom's bed eagerly. "I think," he murmured anxiously, "he's coming to himself. Quiet—no excitement! Give him a few minutes' time. Stay just where you are, please."

The tall form on the bed stirred and moaned. A hand raised itself and smoothed back the tousled black hair. The doctor waited expectantly. Tom Kinnard's wife held her breath. Then—the wide, boyish grin, weak and wan but visible. "Gosh, Doc, am I crowned? Say—what in th' h—is wrong with my back? Am I gonna die? Good Lord, man, I can't! I've got to live—to look out for—to take care of—Luella. Where is she?"

FLAT WALL FINISHES

By RUBY LEE MINAR

Washington, D. C.

EVERY homemaker, nowadays, faces the problem of making her home as interesting and attractive as possible, so that she and her entire family may be happy and contented in their surroundings. A colorful home, too, expresses a certain sense of charming hospitality which is gratified by the admiration of friends and acquaintances.

Pleasingly artistic color schemes are as essentially a part of our present day homes, as durability and practicability were in the days of our grandmothers. We retain the serviceable qualities, to be sure, but we no longer labor under the delusion that drabness and long life are synonymous, and we thank our lucky stars that the days of color repression are gone forever.

Let color be joyful and effectively introduced, then, let us add a new touch every so often. For even the most beautiful homes may become wearisome as the time goes on if never a change is made in their appearance. Of course, none of us, no matter how wealthy we may be, can afford to discard all of our furnishings with each new season, but there are ways and means, economical ones, of achieving pleasant variations. One of the most outstanding of these is the use of paint; the whole atmosphere of a room may be completely transformed at little expense and with very little trouble.

Paint products today are made in such fascinating colors, and in qualities which are so easy to use, that even the most inexperienced amateurs can put them to use with wonderful results. What tempting color harmonies are possible! Doesn't the thought of this method of rejuvenating jaded interiors make your fingers itch to get busy?



Ruby Lee Minar

Drab walls, uninteresting decorative schemes and all the earmarks of the "age of gloom" are doomed. The vogue for color has arrived, and more individuality in deco-

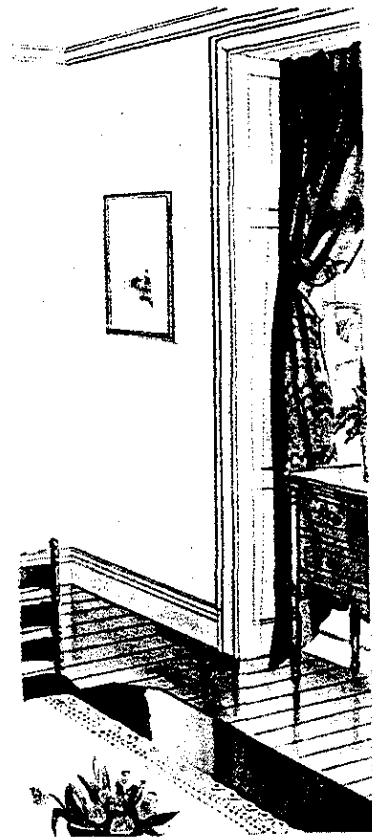
ration will naturally follow. Already this has been indicated in the increasing number of homes decorated with paint both on wood trim and plastered surfaces. The flexibility of this medium adapts it peculiarly to beautiful color effects and individuality in technique. Much has been said about the practical aspects of painted walls and too little about their aesthetic qualities. The fact that paint is sanitary, that it is easily cleaned, and that it protects is very important and absolutely true—but, after all, it is a beautifier.

Pure, brilliant color, shaded, tinted, or mottled and spattered in as many different tones as one wishes—this is the contribution of flat wall paint to the home. Prominent decorators have long made use of the variety and flexibility of this medium. The decorator uses paint as the artist uses it. Instead of a palette, of course, he has a pot and the walls are his canvases, but aside from these differences, it is fundamentally the skillful use of colors in an artistic manner.

One of the points we would most emphatically urge is the necessity for individuality. Unless the mediums themselves are flexible—unless they lend themselves to the individual handling—the breath taking decorative innovations of today may be bromides tomorrow—as uninteresting then as the chromos and whatnots of the last generation are now.

The plaster surfaces, constituting as they do about 75 per cent of every home interior, present both a problem and an opportunity to the American home maker. Fortunately for her, flat wall finishes have been developed and perfected which offer the entire range of charming colors that are easily cleaned.

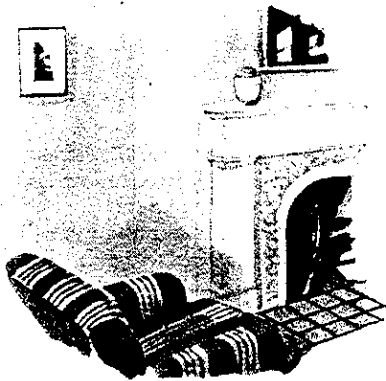
Some of the newest color effects are easily secured since this material is now available in ivory, light blue, cream buff, tan, light pink, delicate green, medium green, light gray, pearl gray, golden yellow, orchid, old rose, and delft blue.



Walls—Light Blue; Woodwork—Ivory;
Floor—Varnish.

I have seen some charming rooms with sidewalls in pearl gray flat finish and the ceiling ivory. Another smart combination is walls in medium buff and ceiling ivory. A breakfast room with cheery southern exposure was given a delicious cool atmosphere by carrying the walls in medium green and the ceiling in the lighter tone, known as delicate green.

The plain colors in their numerous combinations are, of course, always good. And then for variety there are the endless possibilities of stippled mixtures. These are known as opaltone effects; and they certainly do suggest the beauty and play of color of the opal. These effects are produced by stippling with a sponge over a solid color,



Walls—Pearl Gray.

using any combination of colors desired; such as a dainty stippling of white and pearl gray over a background of light pink. Another beautiful combination is white and medium green stippled over pearl gray.

In homes of the Colonial or Georgian style panelled walls are often used in living room, dining room and reception hall, and they are charmingly finished in flat wall paint. For instance, panelled walls painted white, cream or any delicate shade are typically Georgian. Where panelling is not used, the plain plaster walls in any neutral color or painted pale yellow, blue-green, salmon, peach or whatever shade is desired, are equally good and carry out the spirit of this style.

Living room ceilings are usually flat plastered and plain, and may be tinted to harmonize with whatever

color is used for the walls, but should always be a shade or two lighter so as to reflect down into the room.

Since flat wall paints give to plaster a smooth, washable surface they are highly regarded from a sanitary point of view. The realization of this is the reason why the efficient housekeeper insists on painted surfaces, both plaster and wood. She likes the assurance that soap and water will remove the dust and dirt where germs find their breeding place.

For bedroom walls the permanent and non-dusting character of the painted plaster is appreciated by all housewives. Cheerful color may be indulged in here. Experts in interior decorating deny the wisdom of the saying sometimes heard, "when in doubt be neutral." They dispel the idea that dustproof tones are required in dingy atmosphere; on the contrary, they claim dust and gloom must be conquered by gay hues. In other words, do not use color which absorbs and conceals, but one which overcomes and dominates.

The salient principle of color, with regard to its application to interior decoration, is harmony. Every room, when first entering it, should convey the idea of one predominating color, whether it be gray, green, yellow; and this color, whatever it may be, should cover walls, woodwork and doors. No other colors should be used in so great a quan-

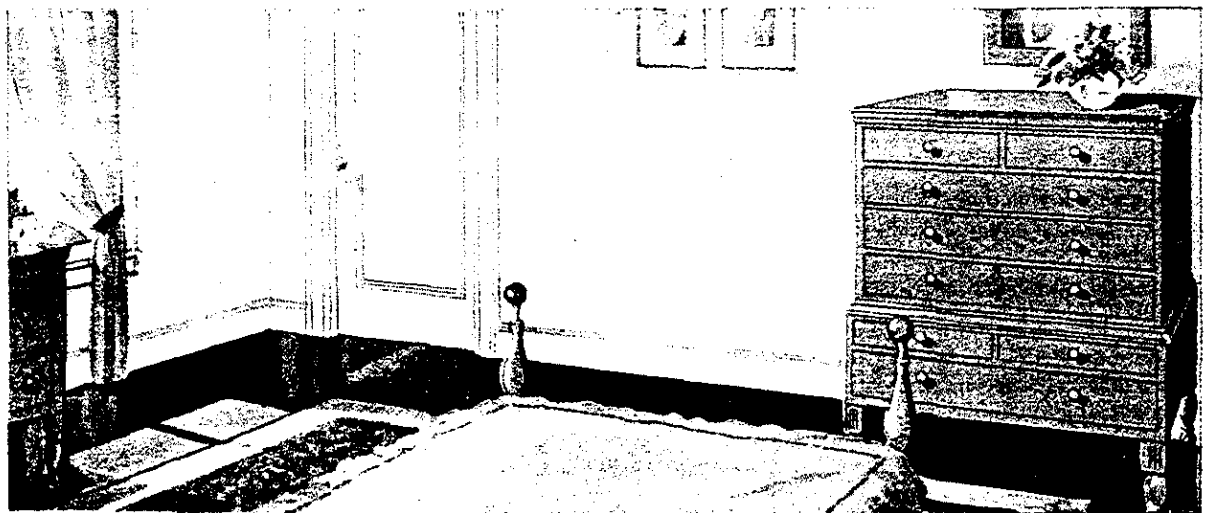
tity as to challenge the supremacy of the predominating color.

It is quite essential that when designing the color scheme of a room to remember that the walls, which offer the largest color space, should be the background intended to show off the subsidiary colors of the room, primarily the curtains, which, as a rule, should supply the most definite note of color. The carpet, bedspread and dresser scarf should be second in importance to the curtains and should never conflict.

Intense colors should play a small part in the general color scheme. In a room with gray walls, the intense colors should be introduced through the medium of the pictures, ornaments, cushions, etc.

In applying flat wall finish it should be remembered that it should not be applied like ordinary paint. It is not to be brushed out thin, but all coats should be full, flowing coats. Applied in this manner it has wonderful covering properties and works easily under the brush. It must not be applied over damp surfaces or over ordinary gloss oil or glue size. Best results are obtained by using a wide, flat wall brush (five or five and one-half inches) with soft bristles. On all surfaces the finishing coat may be stippled if desired.

Homes in better taste, more smart and colorful, are the special interest of women today, and it is reassuring to observe so much real advancement being made.



Walls—Orchid; Woodwork—Ivory; Floor—Slate; Furniture—Lettuce Green.

NUT CRACKER

"That man over there just whistles at danger."

"How is that?"

"He is an engine driver."

* * *

Some one was saying how dissatisfied he was with his son-in-law.

"What have you against him?" some one asked.

"He cannot play cards," said the father-in-law.

"You should be glad if he cannot play cards," he was told.

"What did you say—should be glad?" he threw back. "He cannot play cards—but he plays, nevertheless."

* * *

Tommy Atkins and a doughboy sat in a poker game together somewhere in France. The Britisher held a full house, the American four of a kind.

"I raise you two pounds," quoth Tommy.

The Yankee did not hesitate.

"I ain't exactly onto your currency curves, but I'll bump it up four tons."

* * *

The assistant minister announced to the congregation that a special baptismal service would be held the following Sunday at three o'clock in the afternoon, and that any infants to receive the rite should be brought to the church at that time.

The old clergyman, who was deaf, thought that his assistant was speaking of the new hymnals, and he added a bit of information:

"Anyone not already provided can obtain them in the vestry for a dollar, or with red backs and speckled edges for one dollar and a half."

* * *

The mistress was annoyed by the repeated calls of a certain negro on her colored cook.

"You told me," she protested to the cook, "that you had no man friends. But this fellow is in the kitchen all the time."

"Dat nigger, he hain't no friend o' mine," the cook declared scornfully. "Him, he's jes' my 'usban'."

An amateur sportsman spent the day with dog and gun, but brought home no game. A friend twitted him with his failure:

"Didn't you shoot anything at all?"

The honest fellow nodded miserably.

"I shot my dog."

"Why?" his questioner demanded. "Was he mad?"

The sportsman shook his head doubtfully.

"Not exactly mad," he asserted; "and not so darned tickled neither!"

* * *

The teacher directed the class to write a brief account of a baseball game. All the pupils were busy during the allotted time, except one little boy, who sat motionless, and wrote never a word. The teacher gave him an additional five minutes, calling them off one by one. The fifth minute had almost elapsed when the youngster awoke to life, and scrawled a sentence. It ran thus:

"Rain—no game."

* * *

A Kansas editor hit on the following gentle device of dunning delinquent subscribers to the paper:

"There is a little matter that some of our SubScriber\$ have \$eemingly forgotten entirely. Some of them have made u\$ many promi\$e\$, but have not kept them. To u\$ it i\$ a very important matter—it\$ nece\$\$ary in our bu\$ine\$\$\$. We are very mode\$t and don't like to \$peak about \$uch remi\$\$ne\$\$\$."

* * *

The instructor in the Medical College exhibited a diagram.

"The subject here limps," he explained, "because one leg is shorter than the other." He addressed one of the students:

"Now, Mr. Snead, what would you do in such a case?"

Young Snead pondered earnestly and replied with conviction:

"I fancy, sir, that I should limp, too."

The tenderfoot in the Western town asked for coffee and rolls at the lunch counter. He was served by the waitress, and there was no saucer for the cup.

"What about the saucer?" he asked.

The girl explained:

"We don't hand out saucers no more. We found, if we did, like's not, some low brow would drift in an' drink out of the saucer, an' that ain't good fer trade. This here is a swell dump."

* * *

An elderly Englishwoman looked out of the car window as the train drew into the station, and hailing a little boy, said:

"Little boy, are you good?"

"Yes'm."

"Parents living?"

"Yes'm."

"Go to Sunday school?"

"Yes'm."

"Love your teacher?"

"Yes'm."

"Then I think I can trust you; run with this penny and get me a bun, and remember, God sees you!"

* * *

Jimmy and his "Dumb Dora" had had a scrap, and the more he argued with her, the more exasperated she made him.

"Oh, go jump in a creek," he said finally, with a gesture of disgust. And then, as an after-thought, "You know what a creek is, don't you?"

"Sure I do," said Dora. "It's one of those guys that runs a restaurant."

* * *

The clergyman on his vacation wrote a long letter concerning his traveling experiences to be circulated among the members of the congregation. The letter opened in this form:

"Dear Friends:

"I will not address you as ladies and gentlemen because I know you so well."

* * *

"I hear you've taken up golf. What do you go round in?"

"Well, usually in a sweater."

BOBBY JONES

(Continued from page 15)

disturbing gallery at his heels. Truly a record which like the stars will remain until the end of time.

To the non-golfer there was probably an element of monotony attached to Bobby Jones' repeated successes, but to golfers, no matter how many times he had done the same thing before, each new feat was a more incredible achievement than the last. He has always been a creator of intense drama. Each tournament he won was an exciting adventure story to the golfer. There were his three stirring play-off duels for National Open titles with McFarlane, Farrell and Espinosa, only the last of which he won; there was his thrilling streak of super golf in England in 1927 when he astonished staid Britons by scoring 14 under fours for 72 holes; there was his surprising defeat at the hands of Johnny Goodman in the first round at Pebble Beach, Cal., in 1929, a reverse that knocked the bottom out of the tournament; there was the stroke he deliberately penalized himself at Worcester in 1925, a penalty that cost him the Open championship; and more wonderful, more awful than all else, there was his steadfast refusal to crack under the terrific strain at Merion last year in trying to win the last trick necessary for his glorious Grand Slam.

Jones has a sharp sense of climax; he proved that by withdrawing from the picture at the very crest of his golf wave. Anything more would necessarily have been in the nature of an anti-climax. Certainly no retirement has ever been more richly merited. Incessant efforts towards improvement lifted Jones to golf's supreme throne. From an unschooled kid with an excitable temper, Jones matured into the deliberate, dignified magician of the links, whose every stick is a wand. From a wild-swinging, long-hitting, but scarcely polished youngster, Jones ripened into golf's greatest stylist. His every movement is a study in the poetry of motion. Until now when you see Jones on the screen drop 48 of 50 approach shots within a radius of six feet from the pin, you witness the quintessence of golf.

You see that seeming paradox—**HUMAN PERFECTION!**



HOW WOULD YOU PLAY THIS BRIDGE HAND?

(Submitted through the courtesy of The Cleveland News)

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO WIN ANOTHER DECK OF CARDS

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

Our Bridge Page has been so popular that we are including another in this issue. This hand is by Milton C. Work, noted bridge authority, and the problem, we trust, you will find very interesting to work out.

A deck of cards will be given free to the first 25 people who send in the correct play to the hand.

Write your solution on one side of the paper and send it to Publication Headquarters, Madison Avenue and Berea Road, Cleveland, Ohio. Be sure to give us the name of the dealer that sent you this magazine, and also the name of the magazine, itself.

With the above hand at auction South would obtain an uncontested one no trump contract. At contract, South's 21-count hand, with every suit stopped, warranted an original declaration of three no trumps, and neither adversary had a double or a bid.

West led the five of spades, East played the ten, and South won the

trick with the queen. A hold-up here would have meant the loss of the queen and but a single stopper in spades. Declarer counted five sure tricks, plus additional possibilities in diamonds and clubs. Since dummy could not be put in the lead to finesse either clubs or diamonds, declarer decided to establish diamonds—his longest and strongest suit. He played the ace, then the queen. East played his king on the queen since he could not keep declarer from winning at least one diamond trick in dummy.

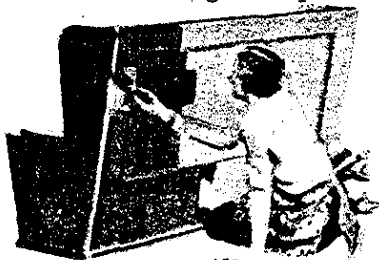
East led a spade, and South correctly held up his ace until the third round. Declarer now ran the remaining diamonds, winning the last round in dummy. The queen of clubs was led and covered by the king. All declarer could win now was the ace and jack of clubs, and the ace of hearts. East and West won altogether one trick in diamonds, one in clubs, two in spades and one in hearts—setting the contract one trick. Could declarer have made more than he did?



Furniture—Lettuce Green; walls—Ivory (Speedwall)

FOR many years we have turned up our noses at eating in the kitchen, partly because we did not take special care to have the kitchen one of the most attractive rooms in the house. Since we have begun the healthy habit of making it so, we are resuming the wholesome and labor saving fashion of having breakfast and sometimes lunches in the same room where they are cooked.

Most modern houses are now built with the breakfast nook either in the kitchen or closely adjoining it. Older houses can be easily remodeled to include this feature. Many kitchens, of the past generations, are sufficiently large to provide a pleasant corner where the nook may be fitted in. Often a butler's pantry, relic of our earlier days, may be renewed in usefulness by alteration into an informal place in which to eat. One of the cleverest rearrangements of a square kitchen is to divide it through the middle by a wide, shallow cabinet. On one side, this becomes a buffet on the other, a kitchen cabinet, with one of the delightful painted



THE MODERN KITCHEN AND BREAKFAST NOOK

breakfast room sets on the buffet side of the cabinet screen. Two room result where only one was before.

Breakfast sets can be purchased at a very low cost and can be easily finished in beautiful colors with either lacquer or the modern quick drying enamel that dries in four hours.

If your local merchant does not carry unfinished Breakfast Sets, the local lumber yard will cut one out for you easily and inexpensively.

Have you ever noticed how the personality of some women seems to penetrate and cling to all their surroundings even to their kitchen color scheme? It is this personality which transforms the furnished house into a home; it is this same instinct which changes the kitchen from a place of drudgery to one of contentment gained from the feeling of pleasure of doing things there. If your surroundings are cheerless and ugly, you will only be

conscious of the work to be done and of the desire to finish that you may be free to seek more pleasant quarters.

Examine your kitchen today. Look at the walls, do they reflect the maximum amount of light? Do they present a cheery and inviting atmosphere, one in which you really love to work? If they don't, why not get some of the semi-gloss finish wall paint and give your walls a fresh coat? You will be surprised at the difference it will make.

Put a breakfast nook in your kitchen if you haven't one already, as we explained to you before, you can get them at your local lumber dealer or your local merchant.

You will be delighted in finishing it yourself or for that matter, if you have a breakfast set, give the old one a new lease on life with a fresh coat of either lacquer or enamel. Just a few magic strokes of the brush and you will be proud of your new creation.



Furniture—Mandarin Red; walls—Sea Green; woodwork—Ivory (Jap-a-lac)

A STITCH IN TIME - - -

It is true economy to keep your house well painted—beautified and protected with Glidden Endurance House Paint.

To neglect painting means added expense in repairs, for surfaces that are allowed to go unpainted are soon well on the way to ruin, and in the end a valuable building becomes a shameful wreck.

That's a good reason why it pays to keep your house well painted. A good protective coating of house paint represents an excellent investment for it protects the dollars you've spent for the ownership of your dwelling.

Aside from the protection to your house, paint adds cash value to your house. Houses that are well painted are worth more to live in, to rent, or to sell.

You will want to paint your house as



economically as possible. Therefore, Glidden Endurance House Paint is the house paint to use. It has an enviable reputation for covering capacity and durability. Cheaper paint costs just as much to apply but it lasts about one half as long, making "cheap paint" expensive.

Glidden Endurance House Paint is available in beautiful, enduring colors—colors that will not fade. Come in and let us show them to you. We will help you work out an attractive color combination.

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PAINTS — VARNISHES — LACQUERS — ENAMELS

ONE CENT SALE

SEE pages 12 and 13 for full details regarding our 1c sale on Jap-A-Lac 4-Hour Enamel. Take advantage of this special sale because it is for a limited time only and here is your chance to refinish your furniture and woodwork economically.

—and look on Page 2—here is a wonderful hat cleaner free. Don't fail to get yours before the supply is exhausted.

If you have a paint problem, bring it to us, we are local distributors for Glidden Products. Glidden customers are satisfied customers. Every product carrying the Glidden name is a quality product. Satisfaction is guaranteed. If you purchase a can of Glidden Paint, Varnish or Lacquer, and for any reason it is not satisfactory, bring it back and get your money.

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**SPECIAL
OFFERS**
on Pages 2 and 12

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