

Saving Money in the Home; Little Tricks For Women in Household Economics

By Elizabeth Lattimer.

ONE fact is certain—nobody with a heart should ever have to award prizes—trouble is, I'd like to give dozens of prizes here I can only give one.

At the last moment I've decided to take the second week's Ten Dollar Prize and split into five extra Two Dollar Prizes for letters.

The largest number of letters dealt with sewing at home, and while this work is most admirable and lucrative, it is not essential to the home.

The prize winners are: \$10 Prize—Mrs. Morris, 1935 Lincoln road northeast.

First \$2 Prize—Mrs. Hazel H. Boehm, Brandywine, Md.

Second \$2 Prize—Mrs. Mabel R. Hinkle, 3505 Baker street, Mt. Rainier, Md.

Third \$2 Prize—Eloise Keen, 1407 Massachusetts avenue northwest.

Advertisement for O-Ban Hair Color Restorer, featuring a bottle image and text describing its benefits for hair color and texture.

Dream With Open Eyes A Recipe for Success



YOUTH says so often, "How can I keep my dream?" "How can I clutch the very edge of the gown of Success?"

Not if you DRAW and dream. For dreams are real things. But little would be picture-maker, it's true if you dream alone, without the other D!

They mean, to dream with open eyes—not stupidly. They mean—while you're in the woods where there isn't much light on the subject of your success!

Dream—yes—for dreams are things—but dream with open eyes—and make your Mother and Father a picture every single day.

When Hearts Are Trumps

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

CHAPTER XV. BETWEEN her aunt and uncle was going on, Barbara Paige sat in her room and began a letter to Robert.

She had no intention of mailing her epistle until she had received a letter from him—but it was a relief to her feelings to put upon paper some of the thoughts that filled her mind.

So she told him what a beautiful drive she had had this afternoon—how the white world looked different to her because she was thinking of him and of his love.

Hints For The Household

Black silk may be cleaned by sponging the dirty parts with the water in which potatoes have been boiled.

Tartaric acid is most effective in removing stains made by permanganate of potash; it also removes fruit stains.

Starch the ironing board cover and it will keep clean longer, the clothes will slip over it more easily, making it a real pleasure to iron.

Always cook a roly-poly pudding in a jam jar instead of loose in a cloth. This improves the flavor and saves mess, waste, and labor.

To prevent eye strain when sewing, reading, etc., it is a good plan to spread a white cloth on the table. The reflected light is a great help.

Master Percy, on returning from school, found his mother seated talking to a very portly lady. "Percy," said his mother, "this is your great aunt."

Presidents and Pies

An Interesting Account of Washington People of Yesterday and Today By the Wife of the Well-Known Diplomatist

By Mrs. Larz Anderson.

Against all this turbulence was set the candidacy of President Taft, with his quiet patience, his hard work, his able and conscientious record, his deliberate speech, and thoughtful argument.

The atmosphere of lawlessness in the convention was quite beyond one's comprehension unless one happened to be there. The steam roller, they called it, did grab two delegates from California who by right might have gone to Roosevelt, and there seemed to be a question over the State of Washington, but the others as far as I could make out, those that T. R. dubbed "liar" and "thief"—Pennsylvania, Michigan, and Texas—were fairly entitled to their seats.

Friday night great confusion reigned in the Roosevelt camp and so many rumors flew about that one didn't know what to think or do. His followers would not bolt with Roosevelt, and so they stayed in and were beaten. By this time it was a sure thing for Taft, and Saturday morning the decisive word came that he had been nominated for the Presidency.

After Chicago I went to Washington. Our house was closed, but the caretaker opened the den, with its little balcony bedroom, so I stayed there for several days. The first thing I did was to go to the War Department to find General Edwards, who had just returned from Belgium.

While in Washington I became for the first time actively interested in politics. Miss Mabel Boardman asked me to send out circulars, hoping to get contributions from the next time the Republican campaign before I got through, and distributed I don't know how many other campaign leaflets besides.

During the campaign which followed his nomination, Mr. Taft himself seemed indifferent to the result, looking forward to election day as only a man could who had done his work conscientiously and well.

While the campaign progressed, the signs were not favorable. As a Springfield paper put it, "In the matter of straightforward, frank dealing with the public, the President stands conspicuous, and his weakness in this connection, perhaps, lies in the failure to make a strong dramatic appeal to the general public to support him in an emergency."

Hope mingled with apprehension as election day drew near. I and I went to Washington, and I had my mother and good-by and took the train for New York where I was to join my husband, who had returned to America from Brussels for a few weeks.

All the news pointed one way. State after State went to Mr. Wilson, and those that for years had been staunchly Republican. It was impossible to shut our eyes to the fact that the thing we had fondly believed could not happen had really come to pass.

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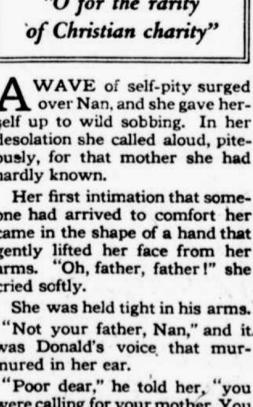
Some folks you will love in a novel you will never forget KINDRED of the DUST

By PETER B. KYNE ILLUSTRATED BY DEAN CORNWELL



Nan of the Sawdust Pile, the Innocent Mother of a Nameless Child

NAN never again would laugh that joyous elfin laugh of other days, and the sweet curves of her mouth were drawn in pain.



The Laird of Tyee, Who Tried to Master Fate as He Swayed Men

DONALD lay at the point of death, crying for Nan. Mr. Daney begged the old laird to send for her.



Donald, Who Braved a World of Biting Scorn for the Lovely Outcast

DONALD was not so simple as not to realize that between the Sawdust Pile and The Dreamer there stretched a gulf as wide and deep as the Bight of Tyee.

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