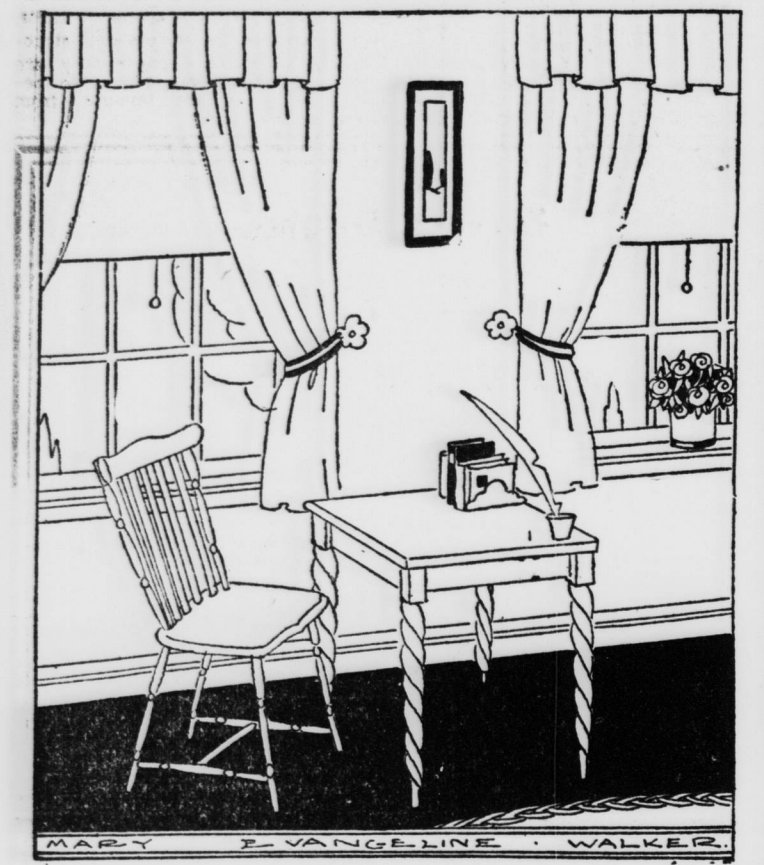


Tables at Right Angles to Walls

BY LYDIA LE BARON WALKER.



A GOOD POSITION FOR A WRITING TABLE, PERMITTING THE WRITER TO GET THE BEST LIGHT WITHOUT FACING EITHER A WINDOW OR A BLANK WALL.

A rectangular table, with or without drop leaves, may be placed at right angles to a wall and promote comfortable use and provide excellent decorative effect.

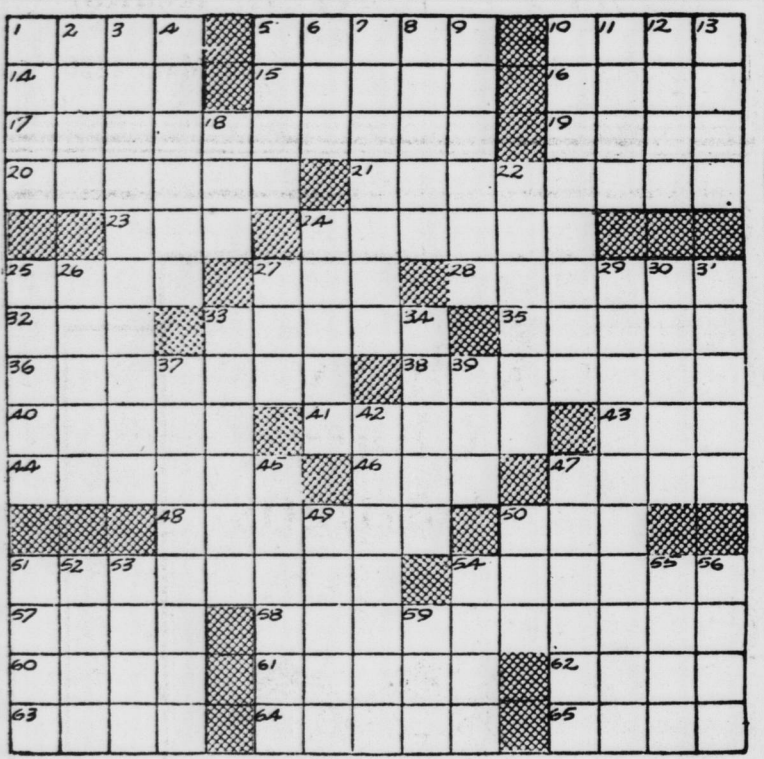
One of the good results of such positioning is that less wall space is taken up. This is of moment in small rooms. Another is that an irregular contour is gained instead of the more usual and less artistic straight line resulting from setting furniture against the wall. Every homemaker has at one time or another found it difficult to break up such an even arrangement without encroaching on needed floor space. Here is one solution.

If a room is longer than it is wide, the length can be pleasingly interrupted by a table set thus at right angles to a long wall. It should never be so placed against one of the short sides of the room. In the first instance the results are fine, but in the second they are very poor, accentuating the wrong lines of direction.

It is often possible to get a good light on a writing table or desk when it stands at right angles to a wall before, or near some window. Otherwise, the light might come over the right shoulder, which should always be directed against it. It is easier on the eyes to write with a light coming from the side than when one faces the light.

The Daily Cross Word Puzzle

(Copyright, 1929.)



- Across.
1. Restrain.
 2. Fruit.
 3. Manufacture.
 4. A continent.
 5. Region between heaven and hell.
 6. Mesopotamia.
 7. Withdrawal from activity.
 8. Measure.
 9. Verbosely.
 10. Adherent dweller.
 11. Corded fabric.
 12. Adept.
 13. Body of water.
 14. Salutation.
 15. Water nymphs.
 16. Night before.
 17. Falsifiers.
 18. Combining form meaning dead.
 19. Struggle.
 20. Girded.
 21. Minute quantity.
 22. Soldier's meal.
 23. Place of worship.
 24. White ant of the Philippines.
- Down.
1. Nag.
 2. Employer.
 3. Burden of song.
 4. Empty of water.
 5. Evergreen holly.
 6. Not bright.
 7. One who corrects literary work.
 8. Counselor of Saul.
 9. Healing fluid.
 10. Struggle.
 11. Street urchin.
 12. Japanese piquant.
 13. Common watercrust.

Everyday Law Cases

How is Provision in Policy, That Insured Remains Indoors When Sick, Constructed?

BY THE COUNSELLOR.

Henry Carson carried a health insurance policy enabling him to receive \$50 a week in the event of sickness. One of the provisions in the policy required that the insured, in order to be entitled to benefits, had to be "strictly and continuously confined within the house."

Carson fell sick and was unable to work for a period of six months. Not having read the policy, Carson, after a few months of illness, started to take daily walks and sometimes stopped on his way home to make purchases in stores. When the insurance company learned that Carson had not strictly obeyed the provision of remaining indoors, the officials refused to pay Carson his full claim. Carson insisted that he took the walks on his physician's advice.

The court's decision follows:

"As a general rule, from an examination of all the cases on the subject, the provisions of a health and accident insurance policy requiring the insured to be confined to the house do not have to be literally complied with in order to entitle the insured to his indemnity. In a few jurisdictions, however, it is required that the insured comply with the provision literally."

Golden Potatoes.

The following is a good way to use small potatoes: Boil them until tender, remove the skins, roll the potatoes in flour seasoned with salt and pepper and drop in deep, hot fat. Fry until a golden brown. Serve hot.

Everyday Psychology

BY DR. JESSE W. SPROWLS.

Fire Psychology.

When the sirens sing and the fire wagons rush through the streets, everybody takes notice. There is a never-failing curiosity aroused by fires and by the activity of the men and machinery sent to extinguish them. No one knows this better than firemen. A few have told me that it is not for the curiosity that is aroused when they are called to the hose and ladders, the business of being a fireman would be too monotonous to follow.

Monotony and its relief occupy a big place in fire psychology. More for the firemen, of course. But a fire helps to relieve monotony for the public as well. "You always feel 'pepped up' when the wagons go by. You have a sense of something else in the world worth saving besides your own business, day dreams and introspections."

But there are other factors in fire psychology that are worthy of mention. Every one likes to think that his business is important. In all probability the vocational pride is more important to the fireman than is the monotony factor. Who does not feel important when large numbers of people are taking note of the way he does his work? When a person's work attracts attention, his ego is increased, his sense of importance is magnified.

On the other hand, from the bystander's point of view, fire psychology is largely a matter of attention and its arousal. Fast-moving objects, loud noises and the like attract attention. The whole outside world is momentarily centered on the here and now. None but the hardest-boiled investigator can resist the temptation to turn their attention to things that forcefully stimulate the eyes and ears. So curiosity about fires is a product of the psychology of attention—mostly that.

My Neighbor Says:

Nut size kindling charcoal makes an excellent fire on which to broil steak.

If hooks to be used in the kitchen and pantry are dipped in enamel paint they will not rust.

When removing a stain from threads do not pull a very long basting. Cut it every few inches to avoid pulling the material.

Be careful to keep fruit and vegetables where they will not freeze during the winter weather. A dry, cool corner in your cellar is the best place.

Dried fruits, soaked over night, cooked the next day until soft, then pressed through a colander will make a delicious spread for sandwiches for the children's lunch-box.

Egg Noodles.

Sift a pint of flour into a mixing bowl and make a well in the middle as you would if making soda biscuits. Beat two eggs well and add to them half a teaspoonful of salt. Drop into the well in the flour, and mix the flour with your fingers until it is all mixed. Flour the bread board and remove the noodle dough to the board. Roll into a very thin sheet, adding flour as needed to prevent sticking. Allow to dry for one hour, if possible. If you have not time for drying, they must be scoured very thickly before rolling. Roll the sheet into a cylinder and cut across. To cook, drop into boiling salted water or chicken soup. They are delicious with stewed chicken and good with any stewed food or meat.

Plant an egg in a pot of water for three minutes after they begin to boil. A good-sized dish of noodles may be made with one egg by adding to the egg as much water as may be held in one-half of the eggshell.

Chicken Livers and Bacon.

Take a quantity of chicken or turkey livers and place them on skewers with alternate pieces of bacon. Salt and pepper well. Dip the skewers in the contents of a well beaten egg and then roll in bread crumbs. Cook for two minutes in very hot oil. Remove from the pan and broil for five minutes. When done, serve on toast.

Home in Good Taste

BY SARA HILAND.

To achieve a truly successful room from a decorative standpoint, crowding together of the furnishings should be avoided.

Take the illustration, for example: In the same space some furniture might feel that the table could be placed nearer the window to allow for another chair in the same space. It does not take much imagination to make one realize that this effect would be very awkward.

The background of this room is very plain, the woodwork and walls being finished in a parchment shade, and the floor covering is of plain, deep blue Wilton, made large enough to



cover the floor up to the baseboard. This gives the room a more spacious appearance than would be the case if a small sized rug were used.

The glass curtains are of pale gold silk gauze and the overdraperies of copper and blue-green damask.

The covering of the chair is copper velvet and with this the rich walnut of the small semicircular table is very rich appearing.

SONNYSAYINGS

BY FANNY Y. COBY.

Love makes the dumb eloquent, the tightwad a spender, the selfish self-sacrificing, the lazy industrious. Above all and most conclusive of all, it makes a man get out and hustle so he can hurry up his wedding day. Unless a man shows some or all of these symptoms he isn't in love.

DEAR MISS DIX: I am a young man and for the last six months have been "keeping company" with a girl 19 years old. I do not love this girl and have never led her to believe so or that I had any intention of marrying her, but because I was alone and without company I showed her a good time in a perfectly respectable way. I am now leaving the State to go into business elsewhere, and she declares that unless I marry her she will kill herself. What am I to do? I have been perfectly honorable in all my dealings with this girl.

Answer: The girl is simply trying to bulldoze you into marrying her, and you will be a poor, weak simpleton if you let her do it. Don't be afraid of her killing herself. That is a mere bluff.

Why, son, the game this girl is trying on you is as old as creation. When a woman wants to marry a man who doesn't want to marry her, she pulls this I-can't-live-without-you and I-will-commit-suicide-if-you-leave-me stuff. It is an ancient line, but it works, because the man's vanity is so flattered by the thought of the woman's devotion that he hasn't the courage to say "Nay, nay, Pauline," or to take to his heels and run away.

Thousands of men have married women they didn't care anything for because they didn't have the courage and the sense to break away from the clinging arms that held them. Then they were miserable ever after and made the women miserable, for no man who is shanghaied into marriage makes a good husband.

So my advice to you is to beat it while the going is good. Just fade away. And, as you value your life, don't go to tell the girl good-bye and give her a chance to meet your backbones down your throat. The man who takes a girl around and gives her a good time has paid his way as he goes, and he doesn't have to marry her.

DOROTHY DIX.

Fashionable Folk by Julia Boyd



DOROTHY DIX'S LETTER BOX

Do Good Housekeepers Make Poor Husband-Keepers?—How to Tell When a Man's in Love. Caught by Age-Old Trick.

DEAR MISS DIX: Don't you think, as I do, that excessive housekeeping is always cleaning the house, cooking, washing dishes, etc., ad nauseam. When a woman is always working she has but little time for loving, which, after all, is what most men desire. The reason men so often love the "other woman" is because they never see her cleaning the house. They see her when she is at her best. Keeping the house is all very well, but keeping the husband better and more important.

Answer: Even so, brother. It is certainly more important to keep a husband than it is to keep a house. But I greatly fear that the woman who is a punk housekeeper is also a poor husband-keeper.

Perhaps I have been unfortunate in knowing men of a sordid and earthy type and much given to the fleshpots, but I have never yet observed a husband burning incense before a wife who always burned the roast or one who took any interest in holding the hand that was too fine and dainty to sweep a floor or make a bed or do any of the necessary work to make him comfortable.

So far as my observation goes, after marriage, at least, men are more stomach than heart, and no amount of beauty or wit or talent in a woman attracts to them for her being a bad cook, a slovenly housekeeper and a wasteful manager.

On the contrary, the woman who is a super-excellent cook can keep her husband eating out of her hand, and not many men room away from a fireside chair waits for her to be flanked by the light that is adjusted at the particular angle that suits their eyes.

I agree with you that few men are reasonable in their demands upon their wives and that most men would like their wives to do miracle workers who could be both household drudges and Lady Loves at the same time who could do the cooking and cleaning and scrubbing for the family and yet have their hands always immaculately manicured and themselves decked out in frills and tulle, and who would wave some sort of magic wand so that the disagreeable subject of bills would never come up.

I also agree with you that the charm of the "other woman" is that a man always sees her when she is at her best, with her complexion on and her hair curled, whereas he gets a close-up of his wife when she is at her worst, when she is up to her eyes in the kitchen and the children off to school and the million other chores that call for a good, stout bungalow apron in place of chiffons.

Lady Loves are one thing and wives are another. They cannot employ the same technique, and I am very confident that no wife will improve her standing with her husband by devoting more time and labor and thought to her personal appearance than she does to making him comfortable. Excessive housekeeping may send a few marriages on the rocks, but neglectful housekeeping is the first aid to divorce.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: If in doubt whether a man loves you, what would you do? Can you always tell by actions?

Answer: If I had any suspicions about the state of a man's affections for me I should give him the benefit of the doubt and decide that he didn't.

There is nothing that women kid themselves so much about as they do about men loving them. They are so anxious to be loved, so eager to attract men, that they befool themselves into believing what they want to believe. They attribute to men motives that they never dreamed of having. They read deep meanings into the most casual attentions from men. They see a deathless devotion in a common politeness.

Why, women tell me all the time that they know a certain man is in love with them because, although he has never mentioned the matter to them, they can read his devotion in his eyes. Other women tell me that they know that certain men love them, but that they are too shy and timid to tell them so. Still other women are sure men love them because the men have been coming to see them for years.

All of which is utter nonsense. No woman, not even if she is the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter and born in caul and is endowed with the gift of prophecy, can read what is in a man's eyes. They may tell of the state of his liver, but not of his heart. Nor was there ever yet any man so shy that he didn't have spunk enough to propose. Neither is a man's camping in a girl's parlor year after year the slightest indication that he has anything more than a brotherly feeling toward her. Like as not he comes because her mother is a good cook and because her house makes a comfortable free club for him.

Take it from me, sister, that when a man is in love with a woman he doesn't leave her in doubt as to his feelings. He tells her about it morning, noon and night, and then for fear she may not have understood him, he telephones it to her all over again after he gets home.

He is insistent and persistent and consistent, because he not only makes love the theme of his monologue but he backs up his words by deeds. He is never too busy to take her out. He is never too tired to come to see her. He can think of a million things to do for her pleasure, and he has the time of his life in giving her a good time.

Love makes the dumb eloquent, the tightwad a spender, the selfish self-sacrificing, the lazy industrious. Above all and most conclusive of all, it makes a man get out and hustle so he can hurry up his wedding day. Unless a man shows some or all of these symptoms he isn't in love.

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Today in Washington History

BY DONALD A. CRAIG.

January 12, 1882.—With the Criminal Court so crowded that it required the moral suasion of the part of the jury to keep clear the space in front of the jury box, the closing arguments of counsel were begun today in the trial of Giteau, the assassin of President Garfield. As soon as Judge Porter, who was a few minutes late in arriving, came to the bench, all of the members of the court were present and the prisoner was immediately brought in.

Mr. Davidge, of counsel for the Government, spoke first. He said the only reason for the delay in the trial was on the ground of insanity, which could not, in his opinion, be proved.

"In respect to his intelligence," continued Mr. Davidge, "it cannot be doubted that he is a man of uncommon ability, nor can it be doubted that he has nerve and resolution enough to execute his conceptions. To sum up the man in a word, he has the daring eye of the vulture combined with the heart of the wolf."

Giteau has requested the court to be allowed to address the jury in his own behalf and this will probably be granted. He says his speech will fill several newspaper columns.

"It will be like an oration of Cicero," he said. "It is a very important document."

This and the speeches of counsel on both sides are expected to consume two weeks or more. While it is not usual to forecast the result of a trial, especially a murder trial, the conditions in this case are so unfavorable to the prisoner, as believed by lawyers about the court room, as well as the public, that Giteau is certain to be convicted of killing the President.

The trial began Monday, November 14, and bids fair before it ends to last beyond or near the middle of January.

DAILY DIET RECIPES

HEALTHY SALAD.
Cottage cheese, 4 tablespoons.
Salt, 1/4 teaspoon.
Paprika, 1/4 teaspoon.
Crisp lettuce leaves, 8.
Grated raw carrots, 1/2 cup.
Shredded raw cabbage, 1/2 cup.
French dressing, 1 cup.
Watercress, 4 tablespoons.

SERVES FOUR PORTIONS.
Season cheese with salt and paprika. Mound on crisp lettuce leaves and surround with a ring of grated carrots. Have cabbage soaking in French dressing for about 1/2 hour. Drain and place cabbage around the cheese. Sprinkle with watercress, and dress salad with the French dressing in which the cabbage was marinated.

DIET NOTE.
Recipe furnishes much fiber, some protein, as well as a great deal of time, iron and vitamins A, B and C. Can be given to children of 10 and over if the paprika were omitted. Can be eaten by those who are on a diet of low weight and by those wishing to reduce if a non-fattening dressing were used.

NANCY PAGE

Ever Had a Pot Roast With Dumplings?

BY FLORENCE LA GANKE.

Nancy was living within her budget and it took some planning to do it. Peter liked roasts and chops and steaks and chops and chops. You know how far meat money goes when you buy those frequently. Nancy had ordered beef for a stew, but when the butcher delivered it she found it was cut for pot roast. She did not have all the vegetables she needed—there were no carrots and just two potatoes. It was too bitterly cold for her to go to the shop. She decided she



would try a pot roast with dumplings. She never had heard of it, but surely dumplings could take the place of potatoes. She took the roast, wiped it with a damp cloth and then seared it in the bottom of a heavy aluminum cooker. She had some drippings from bacon, which she used as fat for searing. When the meat was browned on all sides she turned fire down, added two teaspoons salt and four cups water. A few peppercorns and a dash of table sauce and a chopped green pepper went in.

The meat cooked slowly for three hours. At the end of the time the liquid was rather low, so she added two cups water and two tablespoons flour stirred in cold water. When this was boiling she dropped in dumplings, put cover on pot and cooked 12 minutes. She did not lift cover during cooking, but she took the place of potatoes. She took the roast, wiped it with a damp cloth and then seared it in the bottom of a heavy aluminum cooker. She had some drippings from bacon, which she used as fat for searing. When the meat was browned on all sides she turned fire down, added two teaspoons salt and four cups water. A few peppercorns and a dash of table sauce and a chopped green pepper went in.

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Combinations of Figured Material

BY MARY MARSHALL.

It is hard enough to spring a real surprise on a man by thinking in dress that can possibly be considered a real novelty. Sometimes it seems as if the only way that a dressmaker could achieve this desirable bit of novelty was to launch something quite absurd, since everything that isn't absurd has obviously been thought of and tried before.

Perhaps the new combination of figures and plaids or of two sorts of figured materials in the same costumes is just an absurdity. But the effect is not really so preposterous as it might seem, since the colors and shades used in the two materials are the same.

Sometimes two distinct figures are used in this way, but more often a figure with a plaid or a check, or a large scroll figure with a dot, or a small figure with a stripe.

There are companion prints consisting of chiffon and crepe printed in the same color and design. These are less striking. Then there are printed crepes showing the same design and the same colors, only on one piece the dark color is printed on the light and on the other the light is printed on the dark. A smart effect may be gained by combining a navy blue velvet or tulle with a navy blue dotted with navy blue.

White has turned out to be more in favor than most of the expected—that is, pure white. The prediction was often made that with sunburned skin off-white shades would be preferred and eggshell white and oyster white have been seen a great deal. But the smart evening ensemble must be white—in satin, georgette, chiffon or tulle, worn with the wrap of white moire velvet or tulle—has taken on a place of real importance both with older women and with the younger ones.



This week's circular for the home dressmaker shows how to make the new wool tuft trimming, which makes a most effective and inexpensive finish for cuffs, collars and panels of the winter coat or frock. If you would like a copy, please send your stamped, self-addressed envelope and I will send it to you.

NEW SPORTS FROCK HAS PLAID KASHA SKIRT WITH POCKETS AND PRINTED CASHMERE BLOUSE WHICH BUTTONS ON SKIRT. THE BEIGE AND BROWN TONES IN SKIRT AND BLOUSE ARE THE SAME.

The Sidewalks of Washington

BY THORNTON FISHER.

It is said that Henry W. Longfellow was once the guest at a party attended by the elder Charles Loring. Some one remarked to Mr. Longfellow that his name and that of Mr. Longworth started out alike but made very dissimilar endings. "I replied," the poet, "I offer only another proof that worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow."

"Washington is a beautiful city but not the out-of-town critic began to 'pan' the National Capital. The native resident to whom he was addressing his uncompromising remarks stoutly defended the city and indignantly denied the charges of the outsider. It is true that Washington has no suburbs, elevated, great white way or roaring forties. We have no bridges comparable to those impressive structures that span the East River, but, on the other hand, we have compensating advantages.

Native pride reacts attacks on the home town which are situated on murky creek or by the side of broad waters. One evening a native of a certain city was sauntering down a main thoroughfare when he was accosted by a fashionably-dressed stranger. "Where can you find a yellow sport coat, lemonade gloves, and swing a cane?"

"Where is there a place of that design and, generally speaking, he was not 'stuffed'."

"Say, buddy," said the stranger to the native, "where is there a lively spot in this one-horse village where you can pick up any excitement?"

The native pondered a minute and then, suppressing a smile, answered, "Why, yes, I think so. Just walk two blocks farther on until you come to a sign that says 'go down in the basement.' That's the place."

The town boys gather in the evening. Just bust right in and tell 'em what you think of this place. They'll enjoy you a good time. I hope you enjoy yourself."

"Thanks, old top, I will," returned the stranger, as he dashed on his way. What happened to him before the evening was over may be left to the imagination of the reader.

The guests were trying to disguise the perfectly obvious fact that they were bored. During the social functions, unless the hostess is exceedingly alert, there is bound to be a "dead spot," a time when even small talk ceases to interest.

"Perhaps," said the hostess, "Mr. Smith will sing for us."

In nearly every gathering will be found a singer or one who can perform on a piano. Some of the guests stilled a yawn and eagerly applauded. Mr. Smith was a stranger, and it seemed that he sang tenor or something. The modest young fellow said that he would try if someone would play for him. He had no music with him, and he searched through the song sheets on top of the instrument. He finally drew forth a plaid by Perry Grainger and handed it to the volunteer pianist.

In the meantime, some of the male

guests wandered out to the Summer porch to escape the punishment they anticipated. The song was begun—and finished. Courteous, but weak handclapping did not assure the singer or hostess that the tenor's efforts had made a decided hit. Mr. Smith, of course, had done the best he could but the poor boy was only a parlor singer after all.

We happened to be present. Two years later we were passing a famous theater in Haymarket, London. In front of the ancient edifice were the name and picture of young Mr. Smith (of course, that isn't his name). He was starring in a popular musical production.

We dropped in to see Mr. Smith in his dressing room and mentioned the incident recorded. The modest young fellow smiled, and, before he could reply, was summoned by his cue to go on.

Later he returned to the States where he starred in another musical show. The truth is he had been singing leads long before the house party where his work had been received with yawns. Those who merely tolerated his entertainment, a gratis performance, have probably since paid legal simoleons to hear and see him on the stage. What we get for nothing we so seldom appreciate.

Fiction is often easier to believe than truth. One whose veracity is beyond question says that a Washington girl who had been employed in a business office met a young fellow at a small social function. This evening, however, attraction and each time the man came to the city on a visit he called on the girl friend. Apparently he didn't have an abundance of funds, for he used the street cars when he took her to the theater, and the seats he purchased were not the most expensive. Instead of dining at the best restaurants he sought the less imposing ones.

In due time he proposed and was accepted. Occasionally he sent her a box of flowers or a pound of candy. When they were married, she would save his money and his home. If they might be able to buy a small house in the country. She considered retaining her position in order that she might help with the family finances.

Then they were married in a simple fashion. The next day the young woman was informed that her honeymoon was to be spent abroad. A magnificent car was drawn up at the door. It was to be hers. She had married not only wealth but character.

It seems that she had met hosts of "gold-diggers" and sought a companion who would care for what he was rather than for what he possessed. The jibes of some of her friends who did "wise-cracked" about her friend's inability to hire taxis turned to envy. Wiser folks declared that she deserved her good fortune, not to mention the luck of the man who won such a spouse.