

Woman's Interests

Household Children Cooking Fashion

Little Stories For Bedtime

BY THORNTON W. BURGESS

CHATTERER GETS ANOTHER SURPRISE

Chatterer the Red Squirrel had never had so many surprises—good surprises—in all his life as since the day he had been caught in a trap in Farmer Brown's corn crib. In the first place, it had been a great surprise to him that he had not been given to Black Pussy the Cat, as he had fully expected to be. Then to come the even greater surprise of finding that Farmer Brown's boy was ever and ever so much nicer than he had thought. A last surprise had been the wire wheel in his cage, so that he could run to his heart's content. It was such a pleasant and wholly unexpected surprise it had quite changed Chatterer's feelings toward Farmer Brown's boy.

The fact is, Chatterer could have been truly happy but for one thing—he was a prisoner. Yes, sir, he was a prisoner, and he couldn't forget it for one minute while he was awake. He used to tell Farmer Brown's boy and wish with all his might that he could make him understand how dreadful it was to be in prison. But Farmer Brown's boy couldn't understand what Chatterer said no matter how hard Chatterer tried to make him. He seemed to think that Chatterer was happy. He just didn't understand that not all the good things in the world could make up for loss of freedom—that it is better to be free, though hungry and cold, than in a prison with every comfort.

Chatterer had stood it pretty well and made the best of things until Sammy Jay had found him, and Reddy Fox had made fun of him, and Peter Rabbit had peeped at him from behind the old stone wall. The very sight of them going where they pleased and when they pleased had been too much for Chatterer, and such a great longing for the Green Forest and the Old Orchard filled his heart that he could think of nothing else. He just sat in a corner of his cage and looked as miserable as he felt. He lost his appetite. In vain Farmer Brown's boy brought him the fattest nuts and other dainties. He just couldn't eat for the great longing for freedom that filled his heart until it seemed ready to burst. He no longer cared to run in that new wire wheel which had given him so much pleasure at first. He was homesick and he just couldn't help it.

Farmer Brown's boy noticed it, and his face grew sober and thoughtful. He watched Chatterer when the latter didn't know that he was about, and if he couldn't understand Chatterer's talk he could understand Chatterer's actions, and knew that he was unhappy, and guessed why. One morning Chatterer did not come out of his holly stump, as he usually did when his cage was placed on the shelf outside the farmhouse door. He just didn't feel like it. He stayed curled up in his bed for a long, long

time, too sad and miserable to move. At last he crawled up and peeped out of his little round doorway. Chatterer gave a little gasp and then rubbed his eyes. Was he dreaming? He scrambled out in a hurry and peeped through the wires of his cage. Then he rubbed his eyes again and rushed over to the other side of the cage for another look. His cage wasn't on the usual shelf at all! It was on the snow-covered stone wall on the edge of the Old Orchard! Chatterer was so excited he didn't know what to do. He raced around the cage. Then he jumped into the



Like a Little Red Flash He Was Outside

wire wheel and made it spin round and round as never before. When he was too tired to run any more he jumped out. And right then he discovered something he hadn't noticed before. The little door in the top of his cage was open! It must be that Farmer Brown's boy had forgotten to close it when he put in Chatterer's breakfast. Chatterer forgot that he was tired. Like a little red flash he was outside and whisking along the snow-covered stone wall straight for his home in the Old Orchard. "Chickaree! Chickaree! Chickaree!" he shouted as he ran. "Ha, ha, ha! Go it you little red scamp!" shouted a voice behind him. Then Chatterer knew that Farmer Brown's boy had not left the little door open by mistake, but had given him his freedom, and right then he knew that they were going to be the best of friends.

NEXT STORY—CHATTERER LISTENS TO THE SMALL VOICE

BUT HE DIDN'T KNOW IT
He—Fannie, the taxi will be here in a minute. Put on your evening gown—quick!
Wife—"Don't be funny, Wilfred, it's on.—Answers, London.

A Lesson In Harmony



By Marion Hale

NEW YORK—No matter how pretty the blouse, no matter how pretty the hat, the beauty's lost, all lost, if there isn't some harmonizing element. As for instance this Idalre hat and Erpi and Garbe blouse—there's a hint of Russia about each of them, so they look as if they were made for each other! The hat is a clever tricorne, braided in conventional design, smart of line and vastly becoming to the rather round face. The blouse—hand dyed silk and hand made—is a decorative affair, colorful in itself and touched up with a bit of Russian peasant embroidery. The neck, instead of hooking or buttoning, ties with self color silken ties finished with fascinating little balls.

SCOTTSDALE FARM BUREAU TO MEET

SCOTTSDALE, Dec. 30.—The regular meeting of the local farm bureau will be held Thursday night at 7:30 o'clock at the school house. Several committees have interesting reports to make and further announcements of the short course to be held the following week will be made by John Aldrich took his problem and little Kenneth straight to Muriel Doran. She listened with tears in her eyes while John told his story. Mar-

"The Lion Tamer" Friday Night
Everyone is looking forward to Friday, January 6, when the high school play "The Lion Tamer" will be given at the school house by the students under the supervision of Principal L. O. DuRoss. The costumes will arrive by that date and from all indications the show will be the most successful ever held here. In choosing Robert Adams as the woman hater an actor well fitted for the part was found. Miss Verden is the young lady who tames this woman hater.

Beavers to Play Glendale
The Scottsdale high five will play the fast Glendale team on the home grounds Friday, January 6. The local boys gave the Tempe high team a hard game at the last meeting and the Tempe boys defeated the Glendale boys, so the Beavers are in hopes of duplicating the Tempe feat Friday. Stiff practice will be started Tuesday and as the coach lives in the district now more time can be given to practice. It is hoped that the Glendale girls can come also, but nothing definite has been heard.

Cowboy Sports New Year's
The Indians living on the local reservation have made announcement of a great roundup day of sports New Year's day, or Monday, at their large corral on the reservation. These sports will consist of roping, riding, calf tying, facing, dances, etc. No admission will be charged and every one in the valley is invited. The event will take place four miles east of Scottsdale on the Mcowell reservation and a day of pleasure is in store for those that attend.

TRIES PROXY WEDDING
LONDON.—The wedding of Charles Phillips had progressed to the point where the registrar asked the bridegroom's full name. Then it was learned Phillips had delegated his brother to take his place while he went to France on important business. The wedding was postponed.

BOY MODEST HERO
WHITBY, England.—Wilfred Elders, errand boy, who jumped into the harbor and rescued a 6-year-old boy, was too modest to report his heroic act to his employer.



Cuticura Toilet Trio
Satisfies every want of the most critical in cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin and complexion. Nothing purer, sweeter or more effective for every-day toilet purposes.

FITTING "MISFIT" MISSES WITH FROCKS

Designer Who Does It Says "Perfect 36" Is a Snare and Delusion.



THREE OF MADAME EDNA RENAULT'S MODELS, ALL OF DIFFERENT HEIGHTS, BUT WEARING THE SAME DRESS. INSET: MADAME RENAULT.

CLEVELAND—An expert at fittings. That's Madame Edna Renault. But she's not a bookkeeper—Not a bank teller—Not an auditor. She's a designer of frocks for "misfits" for a Cleveland garment manufacturing concern. Madame Renault has made a study of women's figures for ten years. Here's how she boils down her knowledge for you: "The perfect 36 is a snare and a delusion.

"Measurements of this so-called standard figure were adopted by pattern makers more than 50 years ago and the figure of the modern woman is much different. "Insurance statistics say 68 per cent of American women are less than five feet five and one-half inches high. So the short woman, not the perfect 36, is the standard American woman. "According to the old 'perfect 36' standard, 98 per cent of the women nowadays are misfits. And that's what keeps me busy.

"The usual way of making a dress for a small woman has been to take a 36 pattern and 'grade down' two inches all around. "That falls to take into consideration the small woman usually has a short waist and wide shoulder spread." Madame Renault can put the same dress on three types of women and have it fit—without alteration. She makes four sizes for quantity production, 14 1/2, 15 1/2, 16 1/2 and 20 1/2. But they're all really size 18 1/2 and will fit a short girl, medium sized girl or tall girl without being changed.

A HUSBAND TO MARCIA

By CAROLYN BEECHER

Chapter XLVI.
John Aldrich took his problem and little Kenneth straight to Muriel Doran. She listened with tears in her eyes while John told his story. Mar-

cia's part in it softened as much as possible. "She is not strong and felt the care of a boy full of life would be too much for her," he explained, flushing.

For You To Guess



Can you help these children find their lost pets? Jennie has lost her bunny and Jack has lost his dog.

A RIDDLE IN RHYME.
Oh, what a shame!
I'm splik and span and I'm awful, very.
All carpenters find me necessary.
And yet, in spite of all that's been said,
When I start to work, I'm hit on the head.
Beholdings.

1. Behold the cost and leave a grain; behold again and leave a form of water.
2. Behold winged insects and leave nutraints.
3. Behold a blossom and leave me as high.
4. Behold a pile and leave a small nail.

Answers to Last Puzzles, Jack O'Lantern.

The answers to the charade are: pumpkin, Jack O'Lantern.

Muriel understood, but she gave no sign that she thought any circumstance was different from what John had told her. She puckered her brows in thought for a moment, then said: "I know just the place for him. A couple in the same apartment house with mother and me just lost their little boy, about this boy's age. They are poor, but refined, nice people in every way. I am sure they will be delighted to take him, if I can get off I will go there right away and find out."

She easily got permission to leave the store and went with John and little Kenneth. Before she returned, or John had gone to his office, little Kenneth had been welcomed with open arms, arrangements had been made whereby John was to pay what seemed a ridiculously small sum for his keep, and the boy had been left sitting happily on his foster mother's lap.

Neither John nor Muriel said much as they left the home that was to be the boy's as soon as John could attend to a few necessary preliminaries. When they separated in the street John held her hand for just a moment.

"You are one in a thousand, Muriel, you never disappoint a fellow, he finished boyishly. "Well, I hope you put that boy in a home." Marcia said that evening, meaning some institution.

"Yes, I put him in a home," the boy, what he had done for him, was



AIDS FAMINE STRICKEN—Julia Ward Howe Hall, great-granddaughter of the author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," is chairman of the Junior Commission for Russian Famine Relief, in New York.

his secret and Muriel's. He would not share it with Marcia. "That's where he belongs." "Yes, he is where he belongs. In a home." That ended all talk of the boy until one night when they were giving a dinner party. Marcia regarded their guests with the story of how John had brought home a red-headed boy expecting her to keep him. They all seemed to think it uproariously funny.

But it gave John a new interest in life, a more intense interest because it was shared by Muriel Doran. He worked even harder now, but did not give way so easily to Marcia's demands when she urged him to leave "that old desk" to go out with her. He had the boy to care for, later to educate.

Muriel kept a close watch of Kenneth in his new home, and told of Mrs. Turner's kindness to the little chap in a way that made John feel at rest about the boy. He had soon ceased to grieve for his own mother. Mrs. Turner had been so quick in sensing his needs and filling them by showering the mother love he needed upon him.

Often John went out of his way to stop and play with Kenneth, who called him "Uncle John" and loved him deeply. Nearly always there was a new toy, a book, some little gift in his hand. Really the companionship of the orphan boy, and knowing Marcia, her reference to Kenneth meant that she would use the child, the expense he would have been, as a lever to get what she wanted.

"No objections, please. You could very well afford to take a boy to bring up. You can afford to give me a new dining room suite. I can get rid of the old one in part payment." And because he did intend to do for the boy, even though secretly, John gave Marcia the money for the furniture they did not need. He had a feeling that he could not endure a scene because of the orphan boy, and knowing Marcia, her reference to Kenneth meant that she would use the child, the expense he would have been, as a lever to get what she wanted.

(To be continued)

Treat your beauty fairly!
No matter how lovely your features are you cannot be truly attractive with a red blotchy oily skin
Resinol Soap and Ointment make bad complexions smoother softer and generally charming
RESINOL
Soothing and Healing



A SOLUTION OF THE BATH PROBLEM—Recipe for the Saturday Night Bath: Take one tub, fill it with water, flavor with soap. Place in that one child. If child cries, add one pup. Never mind xip of pup, child will stop crying. Jennie Mahoney of New York wants to bathe twice a day since her mother followed this recipe. And who thought there were still tin bath tubs in New York?

The Lily Cook Says--

"Gift Day is almost upon us and the gifts are now on display in the window of the Arizona Gazette.

Go and see them, and wait for the give away announcement on New Year's.

In the mean time, if your grocer has any of the Lily cans with the numbered labels, don't fail to buy them.

You can never tell, the last can you buy may be the one which will entitle you to participate in the Gift-giving.

Address all communications to The "Lily" Cook, Lily Plant, Tempe, Arizona

Lily Milk is the rich, creamy, wholesome product of Arizona's finest cows.

MATTINGLY'S

SPECIALS FOR SATURDAY

10 lbs. Pure Cane Sugar	69c
12-lb. Sack of Boss Flour	65c
1 pkg. Mince Meat	11c
1/2-lb. pkg. Lipton Tea	37c
Eagle Milk, per can	22c
Heinz Peanut butter, large size	28c
Heinz Baked Beans, small size	10c
1/2-lb. pkg. Swift's Bacon	20c

MATTINGLY

GROCERY AND MEAT MARKET

CASH AND CARRY 2101 WEST ADAMS STREET

THERE'S NO QUESTION

That Phoenix Meat Company has a reputation of always having good meats. Our buying ability is such that we can get the best stock on the market. We sell steer beef because steer beef is more tender, is more tasty, and has more food value per pound. With our years of experience in Phoenix makes possible superior equipment and skill for ageing and preparing meat for your table. Yet many do not realize that it costs NO MORE to buy such superior meats at our markets. Sometimes the price per pound may be a few cents higher but value for value our meats are no more expensive, and in the end, cheaper than any place we know of.

For instance: Steer beef costs no more than cow beef, but cow beef contains more water and shrinks in cooking. When placed on the table, the advantage is in favor of the steer beef.

MEAT SPECIALS FOR SATURDAY

Fryers	35c	Fat Hens	33c
Beef Pot Roast (Steer Meat)	12c	Veal Chops	20c
Pork Roast	20c	Veal Stew	10c
Veal Roast	14c	Swift Hams (Skinned)	27c
Bulk Sausage	15c	Hamburg	12c

PHOENIX MEAT COMPANY

WETZLER ARCADE MARKET
WETZLER CENTRAL MARKET

WHOLESALE RETAIL