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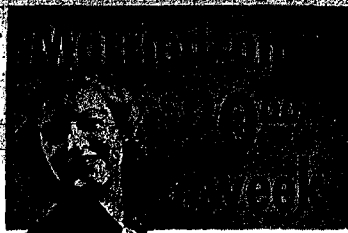
Laundering as being kind of fabric.

Mum is actually in. You can use it in saving the underarms.

Mum does not stop simply banishes all odor, long. Hours after will keep you as fresh as you started out. Un- offense friends can- use Mum.

IMPORTANT USE—Thou- us Mum for Sanitary Nap- know it's gentle, safe, sur- embarrassment with Mum.

MUM the odor perspiration



-this bride can't afford baking failures

"In the year I've been married," says young Mrs. George Fericola, of Newark, N. J., "I've learned it doesn't pay to experiment with cheap, doubtful baking powder. I tried it once, and my cake was so poor I was ashamed to let George know I had baked it."



"I can't afford to waste good baking ingredients, and I went right back to my mother's stand-by—good, dependable Royal. And George brags so much about my baking that I'm really embarrassed. I know the credit belongs to Royal."

THANK YOU, MRS. FERICOLA. And "orchids to you" for your sound reasoning! When you stop to figure the cost of your ingredients for a cake, you see at once that it is poor economy to trust these expensive materials to a cheap, doubtful baking powder.

After all, two or three teaspoons of baking powder are enough for a large cake. That much Royal costs about 1¢!

Only 1¢ for Royal! And you have the certainty of a perfect cake every time. For Royal is made with Cream of Tartar, a natural product of luscious, ripe grapes. This pure, wholesome fruit product never fails to give you an extra fineness of flavor... a more even texture... and better keeping-quality. So don't take chances with cheap, doubtful baking powder. Avoid the waste of costly baking ingredients.

Do all your baking with Royal. Remember—it's the only nationally distributed baking powder that is made with Cream of Tartar.

FREE COOK BOOK

Write to Royal Baking Powder, 691 Washington Street, New York, Dept. 26.



(Continued from Page 50) mine here and now, and let the pounds come where they may.

Usually I have very little else for that meal, nothing hot or heavy. Thin sliced ham, perhaps, and a light salad of greens, or only a jellied soup with lemon and wafers. The kind of shortcake I make must be approached in the Assyrian manner, like the wolf on the fold.

The Moores came in for lunch yesterday on their way to Provincetown. This time they had to take potluck. I had been giving Star and Rip and Sister a good shampoo. I use a good warm suds with disinfectant, and a special shampoo which kills fleas, mites, lice or any errant bug they may have caught from the neighbors' chickens. A plain tar shampoo is good, too, or a coconut oil. I was just scrubbing Star's neck when I heard the Moores' horn. There is nothing like wash-day in the kennel to bring visitors.

For a moment I just stood, dripping suds all over the floor, and I thought, "This time I can't take it." Then I took off my apron, gave Star a wipe with her towel, and went out.

I gave them a vegetable plate. Carrot slices, tiny ruby beets, round faintly pink baby turnips, and chopped chard molded in custard cups, then turned out and topped with a hard-cooked egg. I opened a can of golden-brown shoestring potatoes, and I preceded the luncheon with a fragrant cold drink. We had coffee under the apple trees.

"It's so lovely and restful here," sighed Dot Moore. "I don't see how you ever do anything but sit under the trees!"

Then they drove dreamily away and I did the dishes and washed dogs.

This is the time for the first summer salads. I wash and chill all the raw vegetables, chop them in a big bowl which has been rubbed with a clove of garlic. The only vegetable I don't use raw is the independent potato. Anything else goes. I keep a dressing on hand in a quart jar. This is made of a can of tomato soup, three quarters of a cup of olive oil, half a cup of sugar, three quarters of a cup of vinegar, a tablespoon of grated onion, salt, pepper, paprika. I shake it up well and store it near the freezing tray.

As soon as the garden produces at all I begin canning. A few jars, while the vegetables are tender and young, are worth a dozen after the season is gone. And it doesn't seem like such a task. I keep the beans picked down every day, eating all we can use, and canning the surplus.

Young green beans make a fine sauce, baked in a cream sauce and a layer of meat or fish at the bottom, by sizzling golden cheese. And caul are good baked in a ring mold. It's them first and cook until tender, add beaten eggs, cream, salt and pepper and bake until it looks like custard, but not stiff.

June is the month for flowers. The azaleas are dazzling on the hillsides, always plan to move some to the yard and after the flowers are gone we can tell them from huckleberry, but So this time Bob tied red yarn on stems so we can actually find them again.

The wild dark-purple iris is in bloom too; we move a few roots every year the brook. I'd like a real wild garden along the brook but so far we've only had time strength to put three pussy willows; some w cress and forget-me-nots. Bob finally got to his water lilies to produce small leaf but it off one day der the impres that it was a kind of ball.

RIVIERA WAITING ROOM

BY LEONORA SPEYER

An old man sweeps the station floor, His broom, a palm leaf whispering... Back and forth, door to window, Window to door.

Dusty and dry

(I hear it say) That waved in the air, That was green and high.

Heaping together the littered things Strewn by travelers on their way, Left for gotten where they lay; Whisk and whisper...

My leaves were wings, I swept the sky on a windy day, And brushed the rain from the eyes of stars.

Back and forth... I was beautiful.

In an ancient land; My shade fell purple and wide and cool On the hot, clean sand; And the traveler came And drank of my waters and bathed his scars.

Whisper, whisper, Window to door and the dust piled neat...

I was a banner high and proud, I was waved and flung, I was almost a tongue that called aloud As I heard the cry Of the crowded street—

Hosannah! Hosannah! His colt's light feet Scarcely touched me as He passed by.

in a narrow bowl they black charm spend time enough on them to give a flower its own value in their management. I never crowd them, use the old d d blue sugar bowls or squat white sto pitchers, or smoky enamel milk jugs; the lighter tones of brass and copper are happy with the daisy and flame flower and there is a new salmon shade which exquisite in a soft blue rose bowl.

I like them by themselves, or on bag colors buttons add a nice contrast and spray of the blue perennials trailing over the bowl is a pleasant variation. When we can afford a planter we shall have more flowers, but you are content with the flowers that can be care of in a few minutes. Phillys has a cinnamom, perennials, aster, zinnias, climbing roses and a yellow daisy of pink composite and flower garden up to date.