

## Sculptress Has Modelled Quints

Mrs. Silvercray of New York, Also Completes Bust Of Dr. Dafoe

Five days were sufficient for Mrs. Suzanne Silvercray, distinguished New York sculptress, and sister of Baron Silvercray, Belgian minister to Canada, to finish life-sized busts of the Dionne quintuplets and Dr. A. R. Dafoe.

"It was wonderfully interesting," she said, "last year I motored to the part of the country and went to Callander to see the children. They were so cute that I considered the idea of making busts of them to be used by the guardians as a record of their growth and development. At the same time, it was intended to show their character and personality. They are wonderfully bright and each with different character and personality. My experience with them was of thrilling interest. As for Dr. Dafoe, a bust of whom I also made, he is a wonderful man to have saved the lives of all these children."

Mrs. Silvercray has come to New York until the end of April, to finish in her studio there a monument that she is making for Shaw-tigan Falls.

## SPRING TOP-COATS



Lana Turner chooses a pepper and salt tweed with novelty patch pockets and leather belt in chocolate brown. Miss Sayers wears a collarless wrap-around mustard wool trimly tailored with square cut shoulders distinctive in minute-sized tucking.

## Ideal Modern Business Girl

Should Be Hard-Boiled In A Nice Sort Of Way — Four Prime Qualifications.

The ideal business girl is: item one, hard-boiled in a nice way; item two, reasonably feminine; item three, efficient, without being annoying about it; item four, natural-looking.

Those, in substance, are the qualifications that Emma Dot Partridge, New York, considers absolutely essential for the modern woman of affairs.

"The ideal business woman," said Miss Partridge, "must have learned to look at herself objectively. I mean she cannot always be thinking of herself as a woman and getting her feelings hurt. She isn't inclined, in other words, to take her business affairs as a personal matter."

Some efficiency items that Miss Partridge would stress include the ability to stay out of business associates' personal affairs without seeming unsympathetic; initiative; discretion, which would involve being able to keep a secret; good health; reasonable weight; scrupulous grooming and the grit to take it on the chin when she must.

## Queen Mary Shows Her Own Embroidery

Mrs. Vincent Massey, wife of Canada's high commissioner, opened one of the most interesting exhibitions recently held in London. The Royal Amateurs Art Society's show is unique for it usually contains not only treasures lent by royalty, but frequently some of their handiwork.

Queen Mary was among the exhibitors, showing a cushion cover worked in gosh point. Usually she prefers to work sets of embroidery, chair seats or matching cushions, but this piece was in soft shades of pale blue and pink. Her work is very fine and she never uses an embroidery frame.

## HEART ON HER SLEEVE

by ALMA SIOUX SCARBERRY

**SYNOPSIS**  
Moleen O'Dare tired out from job-busting, her last dime gone for coffee and rolls that morning, seeks shelter from a sudden June storm in a Broadway doorway in the upper Forties. Lightning and thunder make the bedraggled girl cringe and Jed Patrick speaks reassuringly in his southern drawl. When she lies, saying she lives with an uncle in Brooklyn, he suggests she get her clothes dry in his room a block or so away. She feels she can trust this tall lean brown young man. He makes coffee on a hot plate, serving it with doughnuts, and, wrapped in a blanket, she learns that he came from a Kentucky farm determined to make Broadway like his singing and banjo playing. His luck has been poor. She says her parents are dead and she is alone except for her young brother, Pat who is out of the city. Weary, she falls asleep and he sings and plays and he nods off waiting for her restful nap to end; it is morning when they awake. Jed's landlady orders him to move, leaving his belongings until he pays her three weeks' room rent. As they part, neither knowing where he or she is going, he makes a dinner date for the Fourth of July as an afternoon engagement with a hand at Coney Island will pay him \$25. As Moleen stumbles from a path into a Central Park roadway Mignon Laine's car knocks her down. The wealthy district attorney's daughter takes her home. Moleen is not badly hurt but Dr. Meade says she has not eaten for several days.

**CHAPTER XI**  
It was difficult for Jed to reveal what he had found out about Moleen to the man who loved her. There was the possibility that Tucker might not want to see her again. But if he did take that attitude, his affection wasn't real and Moleen would be better off not getting too deeply involved with Sunny.

It was after the inn closed that Jed sought Sunny in his room and told him what he had learned. Sunny did not seem surprised. "I knew," he said, frowning, "that there was something between them. Last night I suspected Moleen was worried. That's the reason I was so upset when she didn't show up here tonight. I was going to try to get at the bottom of it."

Jed was relieved that his information was not a too unpleasant surprise.

"What do you make of it, Tucker?" he asked.

Sunny got up and took a turn around the room.

"It's Nothing Wrong"  
"Whatever it is," he lit a cigarette. "It isn't anything wrong. It's just a mistake. We all make mistakes. I don't care what Moleen's past has been. If she's in trouble, I'll help her out of it, and ask her to marry me."

In spite of his worry Jed grinned.

"Boy, now you're talking my language!" Sunny looked at his wrist watch. "It's four o'clock in the morn-

ing." He crushed out his cigarette. "Too late to do anything. She's probably asleep by now. But I'm going in early and find out what this is all about. It's going to be tough on Mignon."

Jed nodded grimly.

"That's what I was thinking. Maybe we can straighten the thing out without worrying her about it. If we can just get the mascot to talk."

"I'll get Moleen to talk," Sunny's jaw squared, "if I have to take her out and give her the third degree. Or give her a good spanking."

Jed felt a great deal better when he went back to his room. The load was much easier now that he had placed a part of it on another pair of strong shoulders.

**Glycerine and Rose Water**  
In the first place, grandmother kept tiny muslin bags of rose petals, plucked from her own garden, in her linen closet, in the wardrobe where she hung her clothes, in her handkerchief case, in the lingerie drawer of her dresser.

She used glycerine and rose water to keep her hands, and sometimes her face, soft. And, for a finishing touch, she had plain rose water to put on her temples, the back of her neck, her arms and shoulders and wrists.

She used her simple, rose-scented preparation day in and day out. She didn't save them for important parties.

## Kittens "Pose" In Simple, Effective Laura Wheeler Stitchery



KITTEN PICTURE — PATTERN 2000

You'll love embroidering these wistful kittens in gay silk or wool. And what fun to hang the finished panel! Pattern 2000 contains a transfer quired; illustrations of stitches. Send twenty cents in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Wilson Needlecraft Dept., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Write plainly Pattern Number, your Name and Address.

## The Cosmetics Grandma Used

There Was Always A Faint But Lovely Perfume About Her

Grandmother had the right idea about perfume. You didn't catch her pouring on great quantities of it just before she left the house, or worse yet, never bothering at all about perfume.

No, indeed. Grandmother may not have such fine perfumes as are now available to all and sundry, but the chances are ten to one that there always was a faint, utterly lovely odor of roses or lavender about her.

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**Her Innocence Doubted**  
At eight o'clock Sunny telephoned Jed's room and asked him to run into town with him. When Jed joined him at breakfast he knew Sunny had not slept. His usually gay face was a weary mask. Sunny had spent sleepless hours trying to put his doubts to rest. He wasn't altogether certain Moleen was as guileless.

It was ten o'clock when they arrived at the Laine penthouse. Sunny looked at his watch doubtfully.

"If they've been up dancing all night, we're not going to be very welcome at this hour," he said.

"I've a hunch," Jed said nervously, "we've got to work fast. The police are on Farro's trail. If we don't get the truth now, she'll certainly be involved, no matter how innocent she is."

## Queen Elizabeth Meets Working Mothers



Queen Elizabeth is shown with the Lord Mayor of London passing through the Council Chamber of the Guildhall as she met London's working mothers. After receiving purses from debutantes and peereesses to aid the National Birthday Trust Fund, the Queen paused to chat with a number of the mothers.

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"You—don't know?" Mignon fought for control. "I—I thought that's why you came."

"We'd a hunch something was wrong," Sunny took a large handkerchief out of his pocket and handed it to her.

She wiped her eyes and motioned for them to sit down on a divan. Then she threw herself into a chair and told them, between sobs, a little of what had occurred.

"We—we came home at three

this morning," Mignon choked. "Father was waiting up for us in here. I—I knew from the look on his face something terrible was wrong. He began asking Moleen questions—and—it was terrible!"

Mignon broke into a fresh storm of sobs.

Jed patted her shoulder and said quietly, "Then what happened?"

"Dad accused Moleen of being a member of the Rafetti gang, and s-said she'd just pretended she got hit by my car and that she framed it so she could come here to live."

"Molly denied it, of course—and then he made her admit her brother was a member of the Rafetti gang and is in prison. He tried to get her to admit she knew Charlie Farro was the real head of the gang but she wouldn't. Then he said she was trying to shield Farro and called one of his men from the hall and had her taken down to police headquarters. At four o'clock in the morning!"

Sunny jumped up, his face white as a sheet.

"Molly is in jail!"

"She's in Jail!"  
Mignon sobbed. "I—I guess so. Father said she was going to be questioned by his men this morning. I—I've never seen him so angry in all his life. He—he says I'm ruined—running around with gangsters. He—he called Molly a—moll."

Sunny said grimly, "I've got to do something. But I don't know where to start."

Jed looked ill. But he said sensibly, "Right now, Tucker, I think we'd better not interfere with the district attorney. We'd better wait. If Molly is innocent he'll soon find out, and let her go."

"How can I wait?" Sunny walked to the window and back again. "Molly is in trouble."

"You—you love her—don't you, Sunny?" Mignon said, her voice breaking.

Sunny nodded miserably.

"So much, it doesn't matter to me what she has done."

Mignon got up and walked over to put her hand on his shoulder.

"I love you for that, Sunny. But, of course, you would be that

way. Don't worry, we'll find some way to help Molly."

Sunny looked up surprised.

"You're—not angry with her?" Mignon smiled through her tears.

"Why of course not, the poor little thing! Don't you think I know she wouldn't do anything really wrong? She—she's just frightened."

"But how about Farro?" Sunny's face grew more grim. "How did she get mixed up with him?" Mignon's eyes brimmed with tears again.

"I—don't know. I—I'm so disappointed in Charlie. He—was so much fun. I—can't believe he is a member of the Rafetti gang."

**The Gang Leader**  
Jed assured her that he was. He told of his meeting with Lynne Banker, his reporter friend, and Mignon was convinced. She said bitterly, "All last evening he tried to get me to elope with him. He wanted to marry me."

"You—don't care for him?" Sunny asked fearfully.

"I—thought—I did—a little," Mignon admitted unhappily. "He is terribly fascinating."

Jed sat silently, hoping against hope that he'd get a chance to even the score a little by giving Charlie Farro a good horsewhipping. That's what he'd get back home in Kentucky, and Jed was still mountaineer enough to believe it was good medicine for a man who trifled with a woman's affections.

Hearing Mignon's plans to help Moleen, listening to her defense of the younger girl, Jed felt his

**IF YOU FEEL SUNK**  
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Are you so blue that life is no longer worth living? Do you cry easily? Do you feel low, down, depressed—just absolutely SUNK?  
Then here's good news for you in one of our famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Let its wholesome herbs and roots help Nature build up more physical resistance and tone up your system, so that you can more easily throw off the "blues" and give your nerves a rest.  
MILLIONS of women have depended upon this Compound and have passed the word along to friends and neighbors, and to their children.  
Why not take Pinkham's Compound and go "smiling thru"?

belief in women grow with leaps and bounds. It was amazing to him that not one word of complaint for the embarrassing situation Moleen had put her in crossed Mignon's lips.

Jed, whose old-fashioned ideals were as deeply ingrained as his love for the mother who had taught them to him, felt a great pride in knowing a girl like Mignon Laine. He looked at her out of new eyes, and saw in her face a beauty that left him breathless with his discovery.

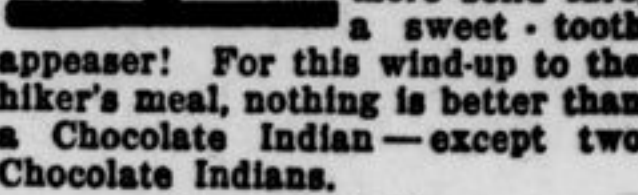
It was then he realized what lay back of his deep dislike, from the very first, of Charlie Farro. For he knew, as surely as he knew he was alive, that as long as Mignon Laine lived, no other girl would exist for him.

(To Be Continued)

## Heap Big Chocolate Indian

By Frances Lee Barton

HAVE you a Boy Scout or a Girl Scout in your home? If so, they are sure to be off "over the hills and far away" these fine week-ends—and that means a lunch to be packed. Won't you if you fall to tuck in amid the more solid fare, a sweet-tooth



appeaser! For this wind-up to the hiker's meal, nothing is better than a Chocolate Indian—except two Chocolate Indians.

**Chocolate Indians**  
½ cup sifted cake flour; ¼ teaspoon double-acting baking powder; ¼ teaspoon salt; ¼ cup butter or other shortening; 2 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted; 1 cup sugar; 2 eggs, well beaten; ½ cup finely cut dates; ½ cup chopped walnut meats, toasted; 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Add butter to chocolate and blend. Add gradually sugar to eggs, beating thoroughly; then chocolate mixture and blend. Add flour and mix well; then dates, nuts, and vanilla. Bake in two greased pans, 8x3x2 inches, in moderate oven (350° F.) 35 minutes. Cut in squares before removing from pan. Makes 4 dozen Indians.

## Orange Pekoe Blend "SALADA" TEA

### Of Interest to Women Readers

**SIMPLE CAKE RECIPES**  
Time was when most young people chose the spring months for their weddings but now fall weddings are almost as popular. No matter the month, weddings are still popular and many young women within the next few months will be starting on their new careers.

One often hears the charge that the modern girl can't keep house, is not a good cook, and in general is away behind in such arts. That isn't necessarily true as most modern women are as capable in the home as they are in other spheres. Where brides are likely to fall down on the job is in fancy dishes such as cakes and pastry. For the benefit of those young brides and brides-to-be, we are giving a cake recipe which is both simple to make and economical—the first consideration will please the lady and the second will please her husband.

**BRIDE'S FIRST CAKE**  
(1 egg)  
2 cups sifted cake flour  
2 teaspoons double-acting baking powder  
¼ teaspoon salt  
4 tablespoons butter or other shortening  
1 cup sugar  
1 egg, unbeaten  
½ cup milk  
1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter, and cream together well. Add egg and beat very thoroughly. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Bake in two greased 8-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375° F.) 25 minutes, or until done. Spread Quick Fudge Frosting between layers and over cake. Sprinkle with coconut, if desired.

**QUICK FUDGE FROSTING**  
3 squares unsweetened chocolate  
2 tablespoons butter  
12 marshmallows, cut in pieces  
¼ cup water  
Dash of salt  
2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar  
1 teaspoon vanilla.

Place chocolate, butter, marshmallows, water, and salt in saucepan. Heat and stir over low flame until chocolate and marshmallows are blended. Remove from fire; add remaining ingredients. Beat until consistency to spread. Makes frosting to cover tops and sides of two 8-inch layers.

**Beauty for YOU**  
The Secrets of Good Looks by Barbara Lynn.

**HANDS AND FEET**  
No woman should neglect her hands and feet, although they are, alas! so often forgotten. Well-kept hands are so lovely, whilst a little care of the feet repays us in a little comfort.

Look after your nails regularly. Use a waxy base underneath your nail varnish. This protects the nails and keeps them from splitting and drying out.

Give your hands and wrists a weekly dip in warm olive oil. Keep your hands as clean as possible. Wash them with Palmolive soap, and then rub them well with Italian balm. The more often you use lotion on the hands, the smoother and whiter they'll become.

This little exercise will keep your wrists supple; place elbows on a low table, relax wrists and fingers and, without moving elbows, describe circles with your hands. Bend hands backward as far as possible, then forward. Repeat fifteen times.

Tired feet bring worried lines to the face—more wrinkles! Wear properly fitting footwear.

Many readers ask me how to dispose of corns. The quickest and most effective method is to get a good corn plaster.

To relieve tired feet, rub them with a lotion made up of 1 oz. of spirit of camphor and 2 ozs. surgical spirit.

Write me for personal beauty advice. Detailed leaflets on the following subjects may be obtained for 3c stamp each: Face, Eyes, Hands, Feet, Bust, Superfluous Hair, Underweight, Reducing in Spots.

Please write direct to: Miss Barbara Lynn, 73 West Adelaide St., Room 421, Toronto, Ont.

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TRY IT TOMORROW

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Are you distressed with the misery of neuralgia... are your nights restless and your days weary with the gnawing ache and pain of this annoying affliction? Don't suffer any longer. Mentholatum brings quick relief. This famous family remedy has helped millions of men, women and children the world over. Your own doctor will tell you how beneficial it is. So get a 30 cent tube or jar of Mentholatum today. Apply a little over the area affected by neuralgia and gently massage. Quick relief is guaranteed or money back.

Issue No. 16-'39

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If you suffer from nervousness, weakness, backache, headaches, and painful periods, you will find Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription beneficial. It relieves the discomforts of the menstrual period, calms the nerves, improves the appetite, and so on.

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