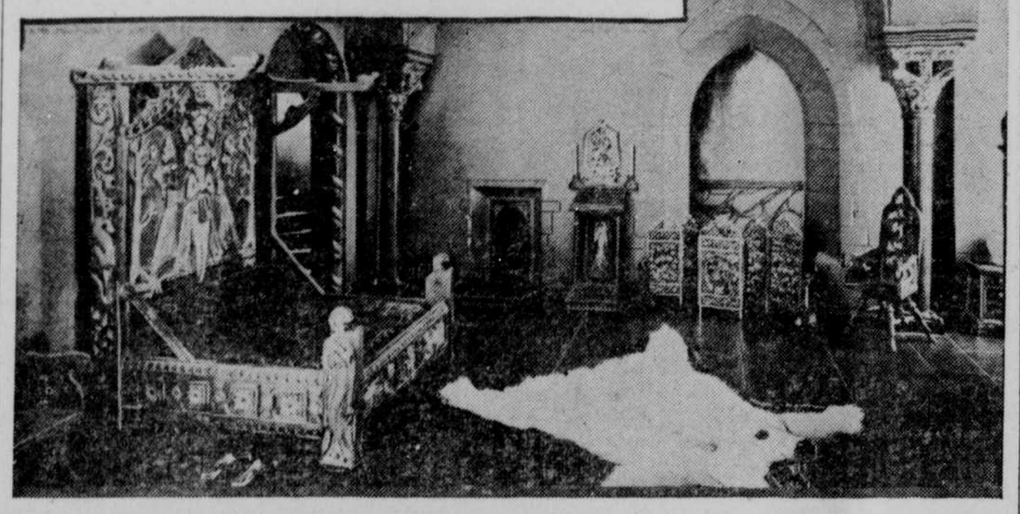
Screen Star Builds Miniature Doll House

THE doll house of Colleen Moore, screen star, is a fairy castle of incomparable beauty—a work of love which has made the world's most exquisite and costly toy a veritable shrine to the little god of miniature. Created by a score of famous artisans over a period of nine years and at a cost of $435,000, the enchanted capital of fairyland soon is to be booked on a world tour for millions to see. Proceeds from exhibitions throughout the United States and abroad will be donated to hospitals for crippled children. By this means more than $1,000,000 will



be realized from showings which will require a three-year schedule of bookings in every city in the United States and all foreign capitals. Constructed of aluminum and copper with fantastic angles and sky-sweeping turrets and steeples, no semblance of architectural convention is found in this giant abode of little people. Resting on the summit of a rugged precipice, the castle, which is nine feet wide and nine feet long, rises fourteen feet into the air and weighs approximately 6,000 pounds. The house, excepting rivets, contains more than 200,000 pieces, being a mechanical marvel of unprecedented intricacy, yet practicability. Equipped throughout with mechanical wonders in miniature, the house boasts of a solid golden cathedral organ fifteen inches high, which plays through an elaborate electrical system via remote control. Miss Moore's famous doll house also has the world's smallest electric light bulbs, each being the size of a grain of wheat and imbedded in sockets with the circumference of pinheads, in a golden chandelier, strung with glittering, pear-shaped diamonds. The doll house, wired with an electrical system requiring months of labor and experimentation, is controlled with a series of transformers and switches for each room. All lighting, with the exception of floodlighting in the gardens, is indirect, with more than 400 small-watt bulbs being utilized in the system. Water tanks on turrets and in the dungeons of the castle feed live fountains in the kitchen, garden and bathrooms. The tanks, on emptying, play beautiful chimes in the steeples every ten minutes automatically. Operated by electricity, a magic feathered nightingale perches on a lavender glass tree in the Garden of Aladdin and sings full-throated, joyful tunes. The doll's house contains eleven rooms, Aladdin's Magic garden and Noah's entrance hall. The furnishings throughout the house represent years of effort in collecting in every part of the world. They are in scale an inch to the foot and are probably the most priceless in existence. Photograph shows the prince's bedroom in Colleen Moore's doll house.

Bedtime Story
by Thornton W. Burgess

WHAT DANNY MEADOW MOUSE DID

TO GRANDFATHER FROG, watching from the safety of the Smiling Pool, it seemed that Danny Meadow Mouse hadn't the least chance in the world. There he was on the bank of the Smiling Pool with water in front of him and Reddy Fox creeping up right behind him. To try to run back would be to run right into Reddy's mouth.

So Danny Swam With All His Might for the Other Bank of the Smiling Pool.

There wasn't a place for Danny to hide.

"I told Danny he was foolish to come over here," muttered Grandfather Frog. "I'm rather fond of the little fellow, and I hate to think that I shall never see him again."

Grandfather Frog saw Reddy start to spring on Danny Meadow Mouse and closed his big, goggly eyes so that he would not see the dreadful end of Danny. He expected to hear Danny's last despairing squeak, but instead he heard a splash. Grandfather Frog's big goggly eyes flew open, and then he gave a grunt of surprise. On the bank where Danny had been a second before was Reddy Fox, and if ever there was an angry and disappointed Fox, that one was Reddy. And there in the Smiling Pool itself was Danny Meadow Mouse swimming straight out toward the middle as if he were quite as much at home in the water as his big cousin Jerry Muskrat himself.

From the way he was headed it was quite clear that Danny intended to swim across the Smiling Pool to the other bank. "Chugarum!" exclaimed Grandfather Frog. "Chugarum! Bravo, Danny Meadow Mouse! Bravo!"

Danny made no reply. He was too busy. He couldn't waste his breath talking. Besides, he was afraid he would swallow some water and choke. So he kept right on swimming as hard as ever he could. The truth is, Danny was in a hurry to reach the other bank. While he wasn't afraid of the water, he was afraid of certain folks who live in the water. He knew that Snapper, the great, big Snapping Turtle lives in the Smiling Pool, and that nothing would make him happier than a fat meadow mouse for his dinner. Then Danny couldn't help but think of Billy Mink. If Billy Mink should happen along, well, Danny didn't like to think of it. You see, Billy Mink is also fond of fat meadow mice.

So Danny swam with a his migh. for the other bank of the Smiling Pool. There were some little holes in that bank where he would feel quite safe. As for Reddy Fox, he looked both foolish and angry. You see, Reddy had felt absolutely sure of that Meadow Mouse dinner. As it was, he wouldn't even get a frog dinner, for, at the warning of Redwing the Blackbird, all the young frogs along the edge of the Smiling Pool had dived for safety.

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The Molly Maguires

The Molly Maguires, a secret order, once existed throughout the anthracite coal mining region of eastern Pennsylvania, principally around Pottsville and Columbia and Carbon counties.

Mother's Cook Book

EVERYDAY GOOD THINGS

FOR those who are fond of chocolate the following recipe will be a delight.

Chocolate Cookies.

Sift five and one-half cupfuls of cake flour with one teaspoonful of soda, sift once more. Beat three eggs slightly, add one cupful of brown sugar and one cupful of granulated sugar, one and one-half cupfuls of shortening, melted, eight squares of chocolate, melted. Mix and chill, after making in a roll. Cut in thin slices after standing in the ice chest all night. Add four cupfuls of coconut chopped. Bake in hot oven. This makes six dozen cookies.

Carrot Pudding.

This is a dessert well liked in Portugal. Serve with any desired sauce or with cream. Take one-half cupful each of butter and brown sugar, one egg lightly beaten, one cupful of grated raw carrot, two teaspoonfuls of grated lemon peel. Sift one and one-fourth cupfuls of flour with one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon and baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of ginger. Mix as usual and bake in a buttered pudding pan for one hour. Serve hot.

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YOU AND I TOGETHER

By ANNE CAMPBELL

YOU and I together
Have shared adversity.
Our faith has tumbled mountains
Of care into the sea.
We've faced small tribulations
With laughter in each heart;
But what has life to offer
For you and me, apart?

You and I together
Are strong to conquer Fate,
But separate, how stony
The path to heaven's gate!
I do not fear life's sorrows,
But I should miss the start,
And never reach the hilltop,
With you and me, apart!

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PAPA KNOWS—

"Pop, what is a pyramid?"
"First open shop job."

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QUESTION BOX
by ED WYNN, The Perfect Fool

Dear Mr. Wynn:

I am a man twenty-four years of age and extremely bashful. I am madly in love with a girl my own age and would like to marry her, but I am too bashful to even broach the subject. I will never get over my bashfulness, and do not know what to do. Can you give me an idea that will help me?

Yours truly,
O. B. O'GOSH.

Answer: The next time you call on her get the conversation switched around to the different kinds of drinks there are in the world. Then each of you take turns asking each other which drink you prefer. Now you're all set. When she asks you: "Do you like tea?" turn to her and say: "Yes, but I like the next letter better."

Dear Mr. Wynn:

I am a boy eleven years old and in the sixth grade in public school. I have to write a story about the most unusual animal in the world. Please tell me what it is and why, will you?

Yours truly,
I. HATEORITE.

Answer: The most unusual animal in the whole world is "a man," because a man is the only animal that can be "skinned" more than once.

Dear Mr. Wynn:

I went to the circus yesterday, and in one of the side shows there was a skeleton of a horse. The man said it was the skeleton of a horse that was ridden by "Richard the Third." I am a student of Shakespeare and I was surprised at this, as I always understood he didn't have a horse; in fact, he offered his kingdom for a horse. What do you think of the situation?

Yours truly,
ELLA PHANT.

Answer: Very simple. The skeleton you saw is of the horse he offered his kingdom for.

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Lame Organdie Bolero

One of the latest of Parisian fashion creations for milady is this lame organdie bolero by Marcelle Landowska.

MINUTE MAKE-UPS
By V. V.

If you're going to wear a veil—and many of the new hats flaunt them—be sure you rouge up close to your eyes to make their color brighter. If the veil extends past your lips, use a brighter lipstick than usual.

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Frock Well Named "Love of a Dress"

PATTERN 2170

Here you are—the soft, wearable, French-looking afternoon dress for which fashionable women are searching exclusive shops. Yours—for only a few yards of material and a few hours of enjoyable time. The design is perfect—combining a slick yoke and trim skirt with the softness of gathered bodice and flowing sleeves, which may button below the elbow or be cut short. Delicate colorings or subdued prints fit into the mood of the dress, but if you're a striking type you may select vivid tones. Any soft silk crepe or triple sheer material will adapt itself to the design.

Pattern 2170 is available in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 takes 3¾ yards 39 inch fabric. Illustrated step-by-step sewing instructions included.

Send FIFTEEN CENTS (15c) in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Write plainly name, address and style number. BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

Address orders to Sewing Circle Pattern Department, 243 West Seventeenth street, New York City.

TELLING

"Do you believe in fortune telling?"

"No," answered Miss Cayenne. "I inherited a fortune sufficiently large to make me dislike to tell it so that the tax collector might hear it."

Breakfast

"What are we going to have for breakfast, dear?"

"Pawncakes."

"Why the English pronunciation? You mean 'pancakes,' don't you?"

"No, I had to pawn a bracelet to buy the flour!"

More Consideration

Diner—Say! Of all the vile, nauseous messes ever set before a man to eat—

Waiter—Sh! You seem to think we're your wife.

Insulting

Jimpson—Say, old man, do you know that you're getting a double chin?

Simpson—Don't you dare talk that way about my fiancee!

Of Course

Dub—I'm going to marry a gi who can take a joke.

Kay—Don't worry; that's the only kind of a girl you will get.

Through A WOMAN'S EYES
by JEAN NEWTON

MEN AND WOMEN

"A MAN is seldom more manly than when he is what you call unmanned—then his emotion is championship, pity, and courage; the instinctive desire to cherish those who are innocent and unhappy, and defend those who are tender and weak."

Those words bring to my mind the case of a man who let his "manliness" stand in the way of his happiness. It was a question of forgiving his wife for a fault that had humiliated him, that had caused him to lose face with his friends.

The man wanted to forgive and forget, but he had his "self-respect"—he thought it wouldn't be "manly." So he sacrificed the happiness of himself and the woman who loved him.

And don't we women have the same fault? We do not call it "manliness"—it is "pride" or "self-respect" on whose altar we make sacrifices.

It may be a woman friend with whom there is a rift. You miss her companionship, you feel she misses yours. The difference after all is not irremedial. But there is that question of "self-respect" in making the first move. What a man might call his "manliness" deters you from "running after" her.

And if that "self-respect" can stand between you and another woman—what havoc it can work between you and a man, even the man you love! Whatever the hurt or the wrong, coming from the man it attacks your womanliness!

Perhaps a woman, too, is most womanly and most self-respecting when she allows such emotions as pity, courage, love, to sway her, and to subordinate that pride which in a man is called "manliness."

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Do You Know—

That the strange superstition of touching wood to avert evil comes down to us from the Druids. In touching wood you are praying to the tree gods, as the Druids used to do, begging them to give you happiness and preserve you from bad luck.

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Step Back in the Car!

Parisians Take Their Tea in a Stable

A NOVEL tea shop has been set up in a stable on a farm situated near the Bois de Boulogne in Paris that is proving quite popular with the ladies of the smart set. A large pane of glass is all that separates the tea drinkers, who seem to prefer the fresh milk to the tea, from the stables and if they wish they may try their hand at milking the cows.