

The Queen is in the Kitchen

By Delight Sweney Trimble

But unless careful planning has gone into it the kitchen may be no happy place for a queen. Mrs. Trimble is an architect who has designed homes for scores of women and here she offers some suggestions for one of the most important rooms in your house

COME into the kitchen. It's an invitation that's not quite so unwelcome in this day when color and cheer have invaded even the most utilitarian chambers in one's home, but it often prefaces a visit that may be a bit depressing, especially to any one who is familiar with homes and their making from the viewpoint of the woman who occupies—and, never forget that—cares for them.

If you're planning a home, you're planning a kitchen. And even if you're going to stay put, perhaps you are planning some spring-urged changes and alterations about your home that will make it a pleasanter and more convenient place in which to live. In either case you may be interested in a few suggestions based on experience in planning scores of homes, many of them in consultation with the women who are to live in them.

"Be sure to get the sink the right height—I've never yet had one that was." "Be sure to get in enough cupboards—if there ever can be enough." How often have I heard those pleas!

Now, no matter how much a woman glories in a spotless, shining kitchen, the actual work of scrubbing and cleaning it isn't calculated to transport her to realms of ecstasy. So the first requisite is a kitchen easy to clean and, by the same token, it should be no larger than it actually must be.

Materials that make for cleanliness and ease in cleaning are almost invariably, alas, expensive. Tile, for instance, helps immeasurably but it is costly. However, it's a good investment. The curved cove base does away with floor mold that is so difficult to keep clean. The walls will need a wainscoting only four feet high and this should be of grade A tile.

Most women prefer heavy linoleum set on smooth cement for the floor. This is expensive but it is a good investment as once in place it requires only occasional waxing (with varnishing once a year) and it will last indefinitely. It is preferable to tile, which tires the feet, and you can also have the curved cove base.

If you should want a tile floor, you can cut down expenses somewhat by using a second-grade commercial tile. The color is not uniform and the dimensions do not always run true, but what of that? These slight irregularities only contribute to the beauty of the floor. They lend a variation, charm and warmth lacking in the absolutely uniform tile. If you use the larger sizes—eight by eight or nine by nine—you will obtain a larger smooth area; it is the roughness of the joints that tires the feet.

The walls above the wainscoting, the



The modern kitchen is more attractive and convenient than the old

separate drawer for these things and another for towels and another for aprons.

Above these drawers there should be a space of about five feet that may be used for a cupboard for staples. The shelves should not be evenly spaced if you're to get the best use out of them. Let the first shelf rest about eleven inches from the bottom. This will allow you room for jars of rice and cereals.

The second shelf should be about ten inches over this, allowing for coffee cans, table salt containers, baking powder and the like.

Now we are just about at eye level and the third full-sized shelf may be thirteen inches away from the second one, but between the two at the back of the cupboard you will find it handy to have a shelf about six inches deep, placed halfway, leaving roughly six inches above and below—useful for such small articles as spice boxes, fruit colorings and all those small items. (Being just at eye level, things of this sort will be easier to find when you want them in a hurry.)

The topmost shelf provides out-of-the-way storage for the things least frequently used.

If there is wall-space near the sink you can have a delightfully convenient cupboard fourteen by twenty inches or so for soap, cleaning powders, vegetable brush and other articles used right at the sink and too often tossed any old place beside or above it where they get mixed up with other things and look so messy. This cupboard need be only four inches deep and can be made to fit nicely between the studs. If it be in an outside wall, however, you will have to plan to insulate it against heat loss.

The millwork in the kitchen should be simple and plain. Panelled cupboard doors with glass knobs have all the advantages of looking well and are economical and easy to clean.

Choose Your Sink with Care

I have made no mention of open counter shelves: they are not handy because the cupboards above leave little working room, and they afford too much temptation to leave standing about things which should be put away. If there is not room enough in the kitchen for a table or if you need an open shelf in addition, why not have a sliding board between the upper and lower sections of the main cupboard unit, which may be pulled out when needed?

So far as the sink is concerned, you can have that set at the height best suited to you. The usual height is thirty-six inches. However, well-hung sinks may be set wherever you please. Those which rest on legs have a play of four inches so that they may stand at anywhere from thirty-six to forty inches high. One with a swivel combination spigot and soap-dish attachment is best. And nowadays you have a wide range of charming colors from which to choose.

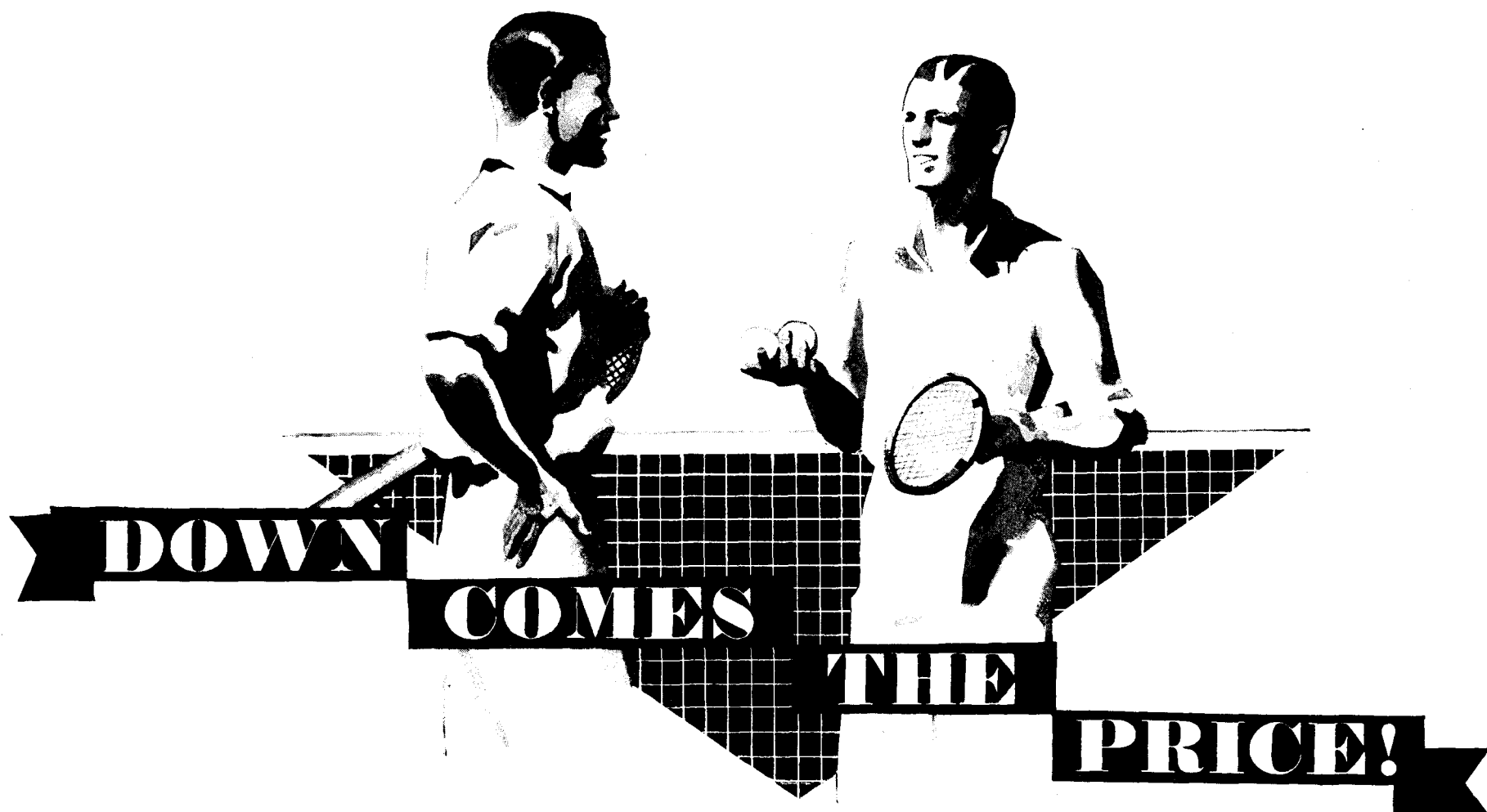
Color in the kitchen calls for a great deal of caution in selection. Some of the schemes you come upon are so violent that they instantly offend you; others are badly chosen in that they are tiresome to work with and live with. I know a woman who went to a lot of trouble and expense to work out a kitchen color scheme of brilliant red—now she's discovered why she began to find housework so much more wearing than formerly and she's replacing it with blue. Stick to creams, tans and soft greens with bright curtains for contrast and you can't go far wrong.

ceiling and the cupboards may be painted; but never use cheap paint. It's false economy. The very best quality is by far the least expensive in the long run. Given proper care, it should last for years without repainting.

The walls should be properly sized and given several coats of flat paint, then enamel. If they are new, clean walls, two coats of flat paint should be enough. If there are dirt spots on them, however, you will have to use enough flat paint to cover them as enamel does not hide such blemishes.

Shelves are Important

Then the cupboards! Just cupboards won't do. They should be so planned and arranged as to be handy, yet out of the way and with the intended use of every compartment in mind. There should, for instance, be a drawer for kitchen utensils, knives, forks and spoons. But that drawer must never be used for complicated things like egg-beaters, potato mashers and those other exasperating implements that get tangled up with everything else and can so easily take whatever joy there may be out of cooking. There should be a



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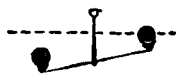
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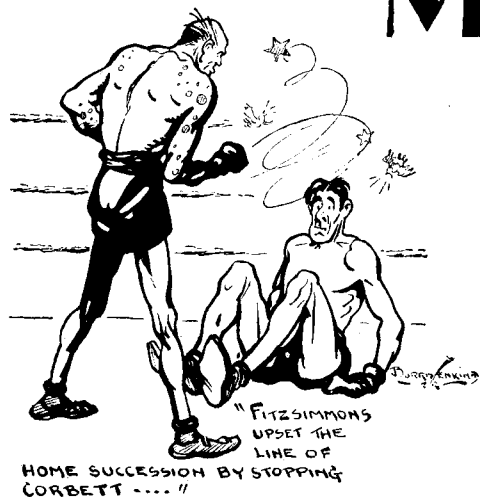
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Meet the Menace



THIRTY-SEVEN years ago John Lawrence Sullivan, "the grand old tub from Boston," rose up wearily from the dust of the arena and expressed his pleasant relief that the championship still remained in America. The old boy meant it. He was that way.

For thirty-seven years the heavy-weight championship has remained in America, although at Carson City a combination Australian-Cornishman by the name of Bob Fitzsimmons upset the line of home succession to a certain extent by stopping Corbett.

But although Fitz was born in Cornwall and did most of his early fighting in Australia, he was never regarded as an outsider. He had lived in this country six years before he won the title and it was in the United States that he fought, lived and died.

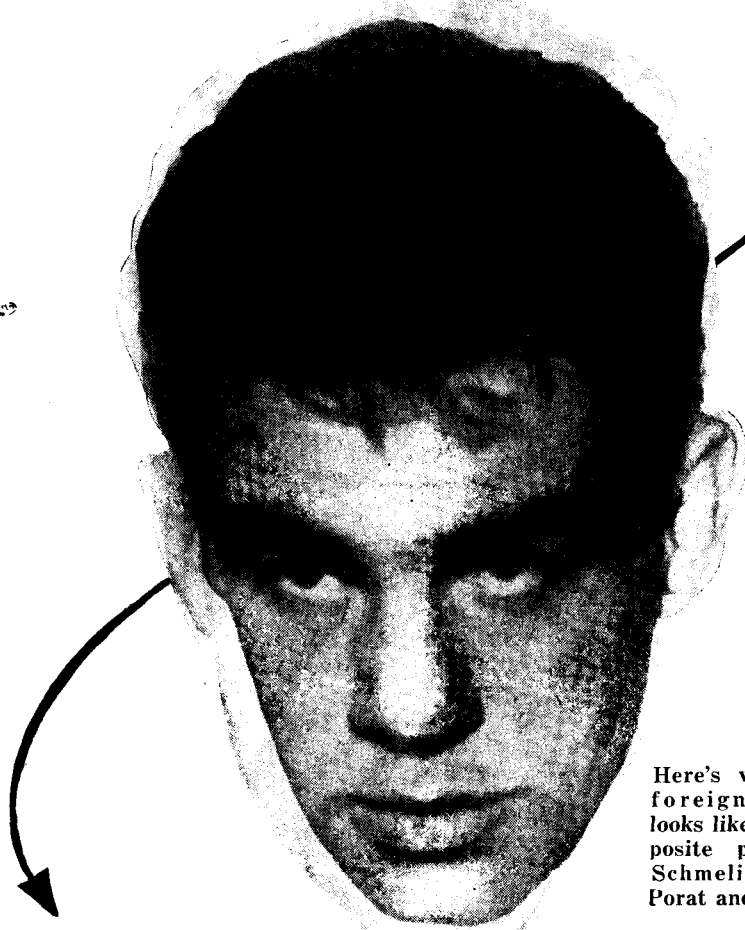
Jim Jeffries, the California Grizzly, ripped the coronet from Ruby Robert's head over thirty years ago and the line of American succession has been unbroken ever since—Jeffries, Johnson, Willard, Dempsey and Tunney, with Burns, a Canadian-American, sitting in Jeffries' throne room until Jack Johnson removed them both by violence.

It remained for the late Tex Rickard to dig up three foreign challengers—Carpentier of France, Firpo from the Argentine and Heeney from New Zealand. Jack Dempsey checked out the first two in less than six rounds, although Firpo had him listening to lullabies along the edge of Poppyland, for a few seconds.

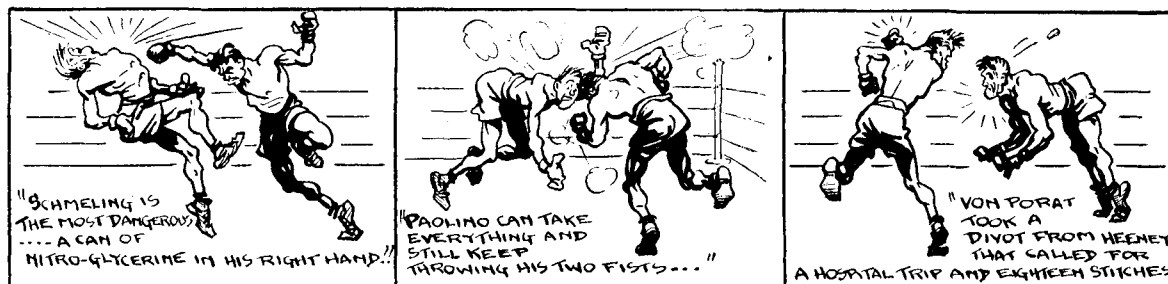
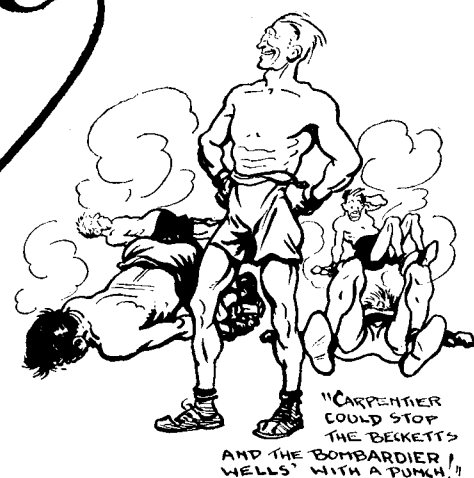
Gene Tunney removed the third foreign menace, Tom Heeney. Tunney then retired, and in his retirement he left the coast wide open, with no defender of any great merit to repel the foreign attack, which has suddenly become the most formidable in ring history.

The ghost of John L. must be wandering about in restless anxiety. For the foreign menace has become more threatening than at any time since Fitz arrived. Jack Sharkey, the Boston gub, seems to be the ablest defender left, and massed against Sharkey you find Max Schmeling, the German; Paulino Uzcudun, the Spaniard; and Otto Von Porat, the Norwegian.

Paulino Uzcudun, the Basque axeman, has been hovering around the American landscape for some time. In the last year or so he has met such rivals as George Godfrey, Tom Heeney, Jack Renault, Harry Wills, Johnny Risko, Christner and Jack Delaney, and so far no one has been able to hammer the golden smile from his Latin lips. He has dropped a close decision here and



Here's what the foreign threat looks like—a composite photo of Schmeling, Von Porat and Paulino



Practically all languages, including the Scandinavian, are invoked by the many European contenders for Tunney's title. And the shade of John L. shudders at the threatened invasion of American ring supremacy by pugilism's foreign legion

By Grantland Rice

there but he has been a tough piece of human machinery to play on.

Paulino is largely whalebone, leather, concrete, rawhide and barbed wire. He is harder to hurt than a rhinoceros. He isn't a fancy boxer nor yet a killing puncher, but he can take enough to sink a brace of cruisers and still keep throwing his two fists at body and chin. In a finish fight he would be unbeatable by any of the present crop.

But the most dangerous menace is Max Schmeling, the German. This is a strange turn, for while Great Britain can go back more than a hundred years to old champions and boxing has been popular in France for many decades, it is only a recent German outburst. The Joe Becketts and the Bombardier Wellies of England have been mournful flops. Carpentier could stop them with a punch.

Schmeling is a real threat. This

young German, twenty-three years old, weighing 190 pounds, is not only fast and strong and aggressive, but what is still more important, he carries a can of nitro-glycerine in his right hand effective from either the short or the longer range. Schmeling started into action with only a whisper for his ballyhoo until he bowled over Joe Monte, a rugged New England entry who had always been hard to hurt.

A Lesson to head Swingers

This knockout gave Schmeling another chance and this time they fed him a much better boxer in Joe Sekyra, one of the fastest movers in the trade. Sekyra can box and he is no easy target to reach. The aggressive Schmeling hammered and chased him all over the ring. This second victory was proof enough that Schmeling was going some-

where. When he knocked Johnny Risko down with a right-hand chop in the first round and later stopped him for the first time in Risko's career there was no longer any foggy doubt about the danger of the German invasion.

The Teuton carries a strong resemblance to Jack Dempsey, both in looks and in aggressiveness. If he can only build up a "Dempsey left," or anything like it, and take his share of the lathering he will ride home without more than half an argument.

Schmeling was improving rapidly when he left for Germany to straighten out some managerial tangles and it won't take much more polishing to make him the best man left in the field. One feature of Schmeling's boxing is that

he isn't a clincher, a wrestler or a holder. He is out there to fight, which is much more than one can say about most of the heavyweights now floundering along the vacated highway.

Otto Von Porat, the lanky Norwegian, may yet slip through with a right-hand punch. He nailed the ironclad Paulino hard enough to make the sturdy Spaniard buckle at both knees and almost take a flop. Later on he took a divot from the Old Rock, Tom Heeney, that called for a trip to the hospital and eighteen stitches.

By a strange coincidence Europe has turned out her best harvest of heavyweights just at the time the American crop was below the old standard. Or maybe the European caravan looks better against the present skyline.

The main defender of John L. Sullivan's ancient crown is Jack Sharkey, and he will undoubtedly be named to look after the home fires when Paulino and Schmeling, Spaniard and German, provide a survivor. Sharkey may whip either. He looks too fast for Paulino and too experienced for the younger German as he is at this spot. But with a trifle more experience and the development of a better left hand, the husky young Teuton would have a great chance.

So for the first time in thirty years a foreign fighter may take the championship belt across the Atlantic to Berlin or Madrid. One of these invaders is as soft as a hydrant and the other has a wallop that can drop a mule. If either one catches Sharkey as he was against Heeney, Risko, Christner or Stribling, the throne that Sullivan sat in and Tunney gave up may be moved from its American habitat for the first time in history. Which might be for the best. It might at least get the idea over to most of our heavyweights that a fight is supposed to be a fight and not a dancing match.