Nine To A Room In The Slums Of Russia

HORSES THE ONLY MEAT

"WE ARE WAITING FOR DEATH"

Pamela, fifteen, at the end of food, potatoes, lying on the floor. At this moment, Pamela's teeth have changed to a new shine, but their shine is not too great. Pamela lives in a small room which is only 12 ft. by 10 ft. With her is her mother, a woman of 50, and a little boy of 10. The room is full of dust and dirt. Pamela's father died two years ago. Her mother is a coalwoman. Pamela's gaze is directed to the door. "We are waiting for death," she says. "Our bread is finished."

GANGS OF ROBBERS

EMPTY COTTAGES: OWNERS FLED

THE TIMES Furnishing Company

where Mother bought her home

Science throws new light on Tooth Decay

Pan in Woman's mouth.

The cause of pain is easily traced. To ascertain cause, remove film from teeth.

PROBLEM OF BOYS' CLOTHES

SIMPLIFIED BY PAMOUR

Problem solved.

We've been married three months now, and here we are in a lovely home that everybody admires. Our only room is all dark oak—one of those fine solid refection tables and nice bird's claw of same original design. The bedroom is fitted oak over our feet and ceiling, the dressing table is really exciting—ultra modern with a long mirror and little green jade lamps hanging from the drawers... but it's no use telling you all we've got. Let's tell you how we got it. Our order came to £10, £10, and we put £5 a month for it—only £10 a week—not much to pay for such a fine house as ours. We bought it at The Times Furnishing Company, and we wish them here, honestly enough, both our mother bought their furnish from them—years ago... There were an embossed suite about the floor, the quality of the furniture and the fashion with which they were fitted to your wishes, that we felt we must go there. We are very glad we went. We like modern styles and when we had a look round their showrooms, we saw more than satisfied—no fact, we were delighted. They have plenty of the furniture we wanted, the lines ideal in everything, and every piece properly guaranteed. My baby (who is such a splendid free-rider) launched into the workroom...