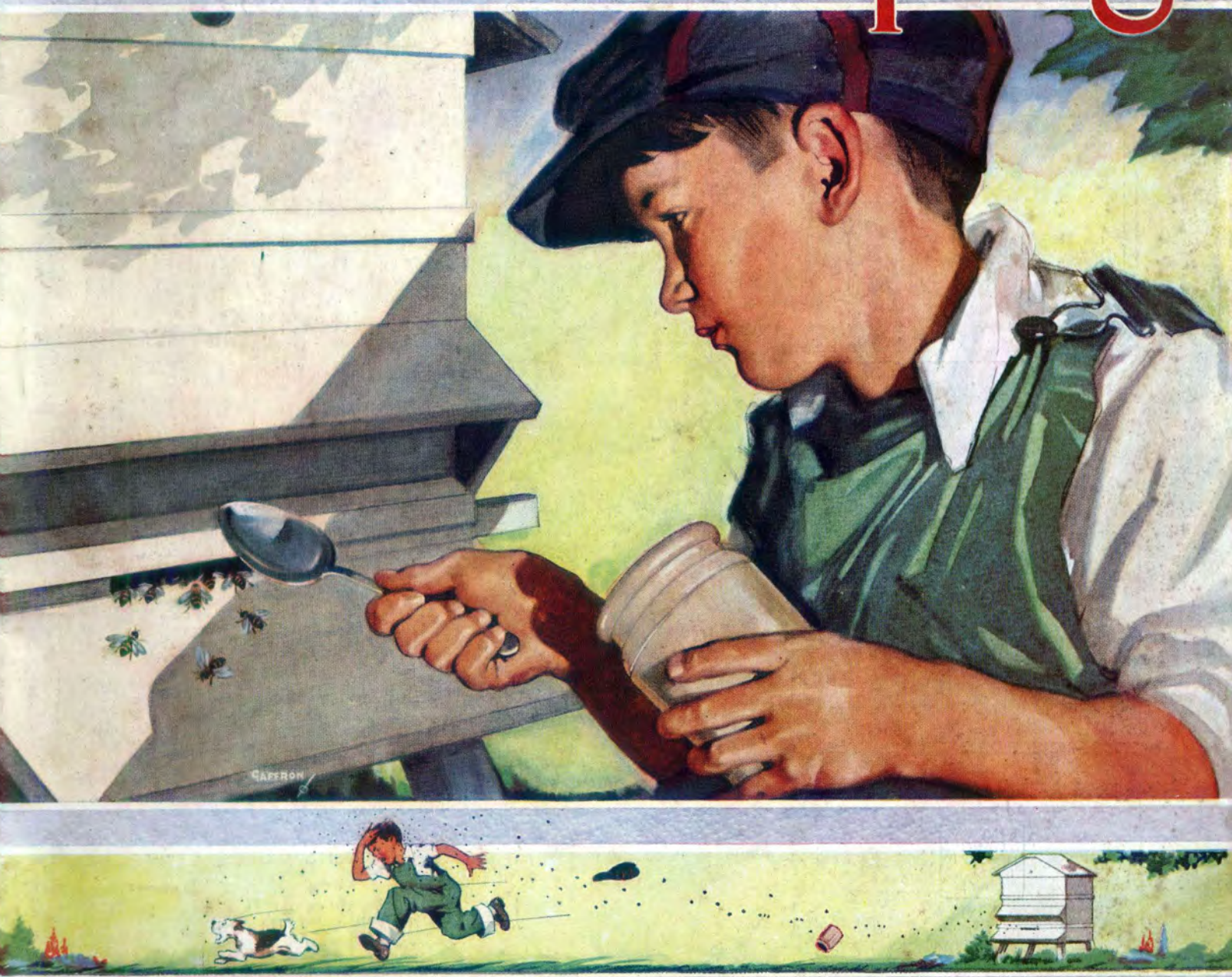
AUGUST 1938
25 CENTS

Good Housekeeping



STRANGE VICTORY

A New Serial . . . By **FRANKEN MELONEY**

THE CASE FOR MONOGAMY

By **DR.** *and* **MRS. E. R. GROVES**

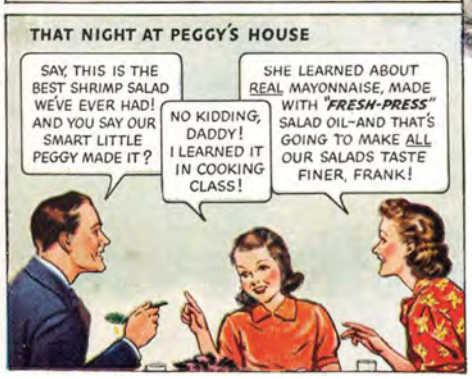
NORMA SHEARER RETURNS

By **DIXIE WILLSON**

"WRITE THIS IN YOUR NOTEBOOK, PEGGY, FOR SHRIMP SALAD—REAL MAYONNAISE REALLY FRESH!"

OUR SALAD OIL IS "FRESH-PRESS"!

Mayonnaise, you know, can't be any fresher than the salad oil used to make it. Our "FRESH-PRESS" Salad Oil is uniquely fresh, because we prepare it ourselves—fresh each day! It goes into our double-whipper right away. There it is mixed with freshly broken, whole eggs, our own special blend of vinegars, and choicest spices. Nothing else. *No starchy fillers.* It's *all* mayonnaise! That's why our two brands of *Real* Mayonnaise (Best Foods in the West; Hellmann's in the East) taste so rich, so creamy and so FRESH!



COMBINATION SHRIMP SALAD

- 1½ cups cooked shrimp
- 1 sweet, red-skinned apple, unpeeled
- Lemon juice
- ⅔ cucumber, scored
- 8 celery curls
- Lettuce
- Hellmann's or Best Foods *Real* Mayonnaise

Slice unpeeled apple, cut slices in halves and dip in lemon juice to prevent discoloration. Slice scored cucumber crosswise and cut slices into halves. Cut 2-inch celery stalks in lengthwise strips, leaving one-fourth inch uncut at end. Place in ice water until curled. Arrange in lettuce cups a row of fruit and vegetables, with shrimp on either side, as illustrated. Serve with *Real* Mayonnaise. Serves 4.

IN THE WEST ➡

⬅ IN THE EAST

BEST FOODS ➡ HELLMANN'S

Real Mayonnaise

So Young—So Lovely

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]

She evades close-ups . . . Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm . . . She ignored the warning of "Pink Tooth Brush"

So young...so radiant...so alive! How you wish she'd smile. For naturally you expect a smile as bright and sparkling as sunlit waters, a smile as lovely as her face. But how disappointing when it comes and dull teeth and dingy gums cloud that youthful loveliness. How much she is to be pitied—*and how much to be blamed!*

Many a girl has seen that tinge of "pink" on her tooth brush and foolishly passed it by! *And you can't do that*—and go scot free! True, "pink tooth brush" is only a warning—but when you see it, *see your dentist immediately.*

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

You may not be in for serious trouble—but make sure. Usually, however, he'll say that yours is just another case of lazy gums—gums robbed of vigorous chewing by modern soft foods. Probably he'll suggest that your gums need more work. And he may add, as so many dentists do, —"try the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana with massage is especially designed to help the gums as well as keep teeth clean. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums each time you clean your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gum tissue. Your gums tend to become firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Don't wait for that first warning tinge of "pink"! Change to Ipana and massage today. Help your dentist keep your smile winning and attractive.

* * *

DOUBLE DUTY—For more effective gum massage and thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for Rubberset's *Double Duty* Tooth Brush.

Ipana
TOOTH PASTE

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING *August* CONTENTS

P

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Warren C. Agry, V.-Pres. A. S. Moore, V.-Pres. F. E. Hagelberg, Treas. R. F. McCauley, Sec'y.

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Try the *NEW* different
LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
the dental discovery of the century!

Amazing Luster-Foam dentifrice, safe and gentle, releases detergent energy at first touch of saliva. Cleans, brightens, and polishes teeth as never before because it reaches decay-ridden "blind spots" that ordinary pastes, powders, and even water seldom enter.

After you use the NEW Listerine Tooth Paste, super-charged with Luster-Foam, you will understand why it is superseding older types in the favor of thousands, every day.

Luster-Foam ($C_{14}H_{27}O_5SNa$), works a miracle in your mouth and on your teeth . . . *you can actually feel it work.* Wetted with water and saliva, it springs into an aromatic and stimulating foam, simply charged with detergent energy! Not a soap, yet it has penetrating power far beyond that of soap.

Saliva Releases Energy

The moment saliva touches it, Luster-Foam detergent generates tiny bubbles of energy, 20,000 to the square inch, which instantly surround and whisk away surface deposits on the teeth.

Then, detergent Luster-Foam's energy breaks up decay-fostering deposits in the saliva before they have a chance to glue themselves to the teeth.

Areas Seldom Reached Before

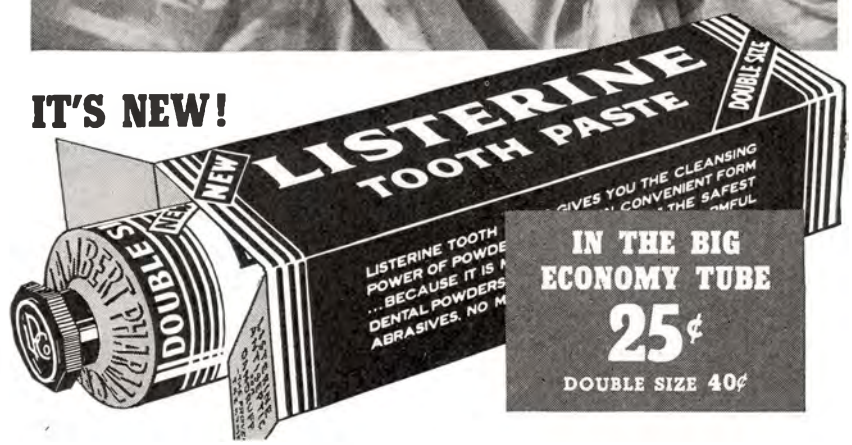
Next, Luster-Foam detergent surges into remote spots which ordinary pastes and powders, *even water,* may never reach . . . The 60 "blind spots" between the teeth and at the gum line where germs breed and decay acids form . . . The countless tiny cracks and fissures on teeth surfaces which catch and hold food, mucin, and discolorations.

Now Luster-Foam reaches them . . . and because it does, dental trouble may be reduced amazingly.

No matter what tooth paste you are now using, lay it aside and try this extra-safe, master-cleansing, luster-giving dentifrice that brings new dental health and beauty.

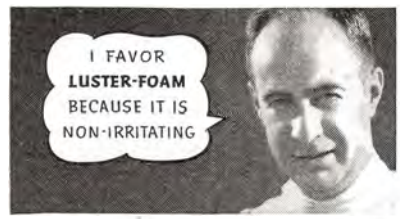
LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

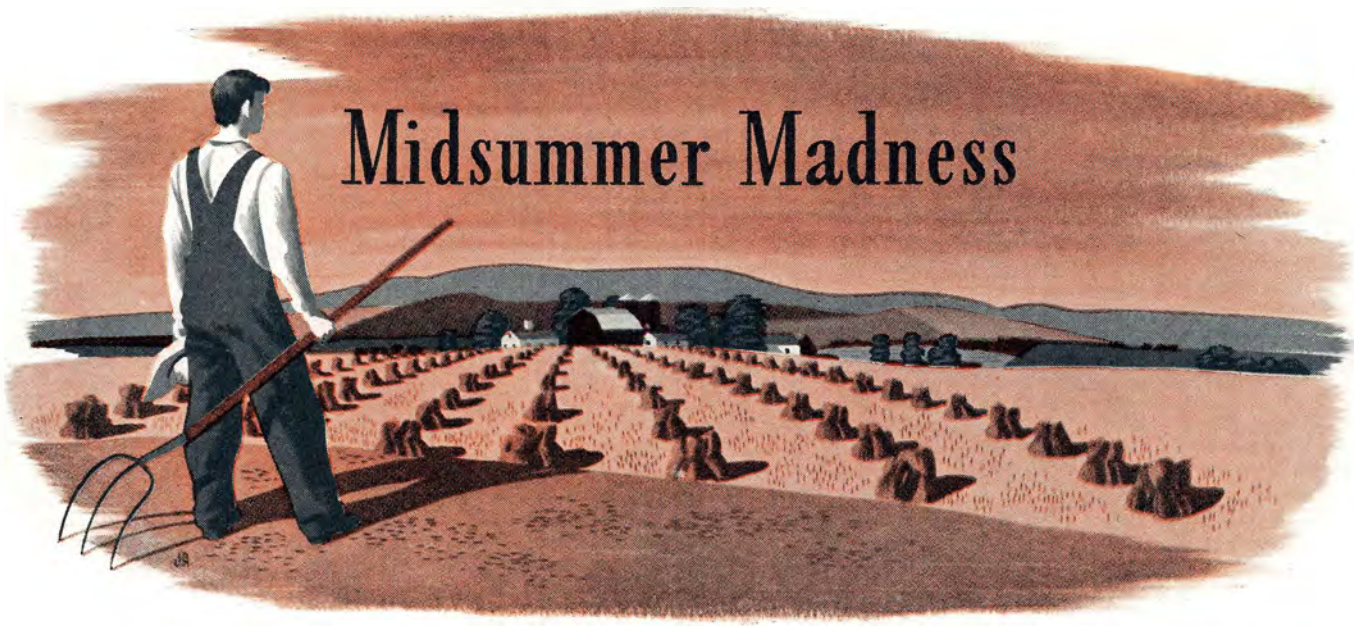
IT'S NEW!



In "Blind Test" Women's Consumer Jury Votes Enthusiastically for Luster-Foam

Stripped of all identifying marks, the NEW Listerine Tooth Paste and 4 other brands were distributed to a large Women's Consumer Jury, to be judged on merit alone. Against one leading brand, the NEW Listerine Tooth Paste was a 2 to 1 choice, and against the next two, a decided favorite and had a very slight edge over the fourth. The verdict of the men's consumer jury was essentially the same with the exception that the fourth paste reversed the women's results slightly. The enthusiastic comments below are typical of the many we received.





Drawing by John Atherton

THE man or woman who has no memories of August days lived—not just spent—on a farm has missed something rich and satisfying. "Then, if ever, come perfect days," in spite of Lowell and his apostrophe to June. In June you are hurrying morning, noon, and night—to get the last of the crops in, to get the jump on the weeds—as if one ever could!—and to get ready for the harvesting of July—the golden winter wheat, the fragrant red clover and dry, stiff timothy—why is it ever grown?—the oats and alfalfa. In July you hurry to get all these things done and to find time to give the corn a last plowing.

Then comes August with its long shimmeringly hot days, when so many of the things that should be done today can really be put off until tomorrow. The very early spring chickens are big enough to fry, corn and shelling beans—no string or limas, please—are ready for succotash, and only the memory of the weeds to be hoed—the ones you didn't get the jump on in June—spoils a month that has the makings of the best in the year. Over the hills and far away stretch the fields of stubble where the staff of life was lately growing—now in orderly shocks, row on row—and the waving green of cornfields where beef and pork and mutton are in the making.

There isn't a country-bred man or woman in America who can't see that picture and remember the thrills that came when the weather had been just right and bumper crops came rolling in. There was a sense of satisfaction over a good job well done that is rarely found in any other field of activity. Perhaps that is because the farmer's work is basic; it is his job to feed the nation, and back of every load of wheat, every steer or hog or lamb that he sells, he sees the waiting, hungry city folks who are so helpless without him. He would feed them all if he had a chance—if middlemen and transportation costs, and more recently politics, didn't leave him so nearly helpless. No child in all America would ever be hungry if the farmers had their say.

But they have, it seems, little to say about it. Someone tells Congress that we are growing too much foodstuff and that farmers should be bought off to the tune of five hundred million dollars or so. And the farmer who doesn't want to be bought off can't help himself—so much of his fields must lie fallow. And the tax we take to pay him for what he doesn't raise makes dearer to us the price we pay for what he does raise. It doesn't make any more sense to us now than it did when the crop-control law was being considered, and we still are unimpressed by newspaper scareheads about bumper crops and falling prices—on the farms. We should hail the bumper crops with rejoicing and do something sensible about getting them to those in need. We are settling nothing by the means now being employed—only putting off the day of reckoning when we must reorganize our distribution or meet the whirlwind. We can't keep on controlling crops by taxation and making food dearer than it is; the end of the furrow will be reached—and we must turn.

We are paying out to farmers this year some hundreds of millions of dollars for not tilling so many acres of land. We are spending, this year, over four billion dollars for relief projects, and every dollar of that relief money will have to pay tribute to the dollars that keep men idle—that keep corn- and wheatfields fallow. It doesn't seem either sensible or right, with hunger and want stalking the land; and we are convinced that sooner or later the American people will demand that production of foodstuffs be uncontrolled until the underfed millions have been fed. They will also demand that the distribution of foodstuffs be made a first problem of government. To destroy food, deliberately to pay farmers not to raise it, is to destroy what men live by and little children grow on. This seems to us not only midsummer madness but inexcusable all the year round.

WILLIAM FREDERICK BIGELOW, EDITOR

Dresses—like undies—absorb perspiration odor...***Don't Offend***

Our clothes constantly absorb perspiration odor. To avoid offending, dresses (like undies and girdles) should be Luxed *often!* This removes odor-causing waste matter completely, as other cleaning methods too often don't. Lux has no harmful alkali—eliminates cake-soap rubbing. Safe in water, safe in Lux! Buy the *big* box for extra economy.

EVERY product guaranteed as advertised—see page 6

Index of Advertisements

YOUR GUARANTY

IT IS the definite policy of Good Housekeeping to make its advertising pages trustworthy and reliable. Every product advertised in Good Housekeeping is guaranteed by us as advertised in our magazine.

Before we accept advertisements for mechanical household equipment, devices, and utensils; and household soaps and cleansers, such products are tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Before we accept advertisements for foods, cosmetics and pharmaceuticals, such products are tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. Advertising is not accepted on products that are disapproved. Approved products in these classifications are permitted to use the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval.*

All other products are carefully examined by Good Housekeeping's technical staff. They, too, must prove satisfactory before advertising is accepted.

This is your Guaranty: If you purchase any product advertised in this issue of Good Housekeeping within one year from its date and find the product unsatisfactory, we will carefully investigate your complaint and if the product is defective it will be replaced or your money refunded.

(*Note: The award of the Seal of Approval to a product is not contingent upon advertising in Good Housekeeping. As a matter of fact, of all the products that have received the Seal of Approval less than 30% have ever been advertised in Good Housekeeping.)

Every product guaranteed as advertised

TOGETHER *again!*

Cagney meets O'Brien for the first time since "Ceiling Zero."... And the stage hit that tickled the nation slaphappy for over two years, now floods the screen in a deluge of joyous laughter!

WARNER BROS. PRESENT

BELLA AND SAMUEL SPEWACK'S

"BOY MEETS GIRL"

Starring

STAGE PLAY PRODUCED BY GEORGE ABBOTT

JAMES CAGNEY *and* PAT O'BRIEN

WITH

MARIE WILSON · RALPH BELLAMY

FRANK McHUGH • DICK FORAN

Directed by LLOYD BACON

SCREEN PLAY BY BELLA AND SAMUEL SPEWACK

★

MAKE A DATE FOR "BOY MEETS GIRL" AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

THERE is mystery in old Williamsburg, Virginia—and what mystery! I knew it before I had read a dozen typewritten pages of Leslie Ford's new serial, "The Town Cried Murder," which will run for six breathless instalments in this magazine, beginning in September. There is mystery all over the place, if only you had the good luck—as I did—to have Leslie Ford in person to help you find it.

Together we called at the Misses Smith's and saw the windowpane cut with a diamond, "1796 Nov. 23. 0! fatal day." Who wrote those words nearly a century and a half ago? Was it a girl in hoop skirts who had followed her sweetheart to his grave in the old Bruton Parish Church cemetery? A bereaved husband? A betrayed wife? Only the Williamsburg of another day could tell. And though indeed their pathos touches the heart of everyone who reads them, that grief can easily be distracted by the appearance of Josephine's Sally Lunn. Josephine is the Misses Smith's cook, and her Sally Lunn is another mystery of Williamsburg—runner-up, I might almost say, to Leslie Ford's in interest.

In the daytime Williamsburg is the cheeriest of towns. Great clumps of hollyhock tiptoe over white paling fences. Snowy well houses island the green lawns. Sunlight washes the old houses in a golden aura of past and present. But even as we sat at dinner in the garden of Travis House in the light of a lavender sunset I could feel night and mystery coming on. The catbird calling the cat names from the ten-foot holly trees that screened the table took on a slightly eerie note. The pecan pie was flavored with thrill and anticipation.

At last the dark fell still and soft and close as velvet. Stars seemed remote in the murky sky. We sneaked out to the car and drove as near as we could to the Governor's Palace. Across the street a grassy lane centered by a water-rutted gravel path descended a precipitous hill. The town was asleep. But as we stole down the walk fireflies flashed their amber lights and frogs plunked their unseen banjos deep in the gardens back of the high fences. It was spooky, no less. And besides there was the memory of that well we had passed. Had there been a splash?

A train whistle screamed like an angry banshee through the hush. We turned back by mutual consent, sniffing the air sweet with a thousand fragrant dreams of long ago, and Leslie Ford rippled into the story of a night when she had been—not to be ambiguous about it—snooping so long in the neighborhood that one of the Palace guards came out and asked her what she was doing. And, unnerved by the voice of authority, she told him the simple and incredible truth.

"I was looking for a good place to hide a shotgun . . ."

Well, we found one . . . But you will not know where it was until the third instalment.

DO YOU KNOW?

That Franken Meloney is the name of a literary partnership—matrimonial, too. William Brown Meloney and Rose Franken are the members of the firm ("Strange Victory," page 18).

★

That Burnham Carter ("Union Forever," page 28) spent four years in Cuba with the American Embassy.

★

That John S. Sumner has had lifelong military ambitions and enlisted in every war that came his way—but never got into front-line fighting except in his own war against vice ("The Decency Crisis," page 26).

★

That Helen Topping Miller has "raised" four other-people's children besides her own ("Next to My Heart," page 42).

★

That Philip Jerome Cleveland ("Nocturne," page 166) is a Congregationalist minister in Brooklyn, Connecticut.

★

That all in one month Lily Pons was made Officer of the French Legion of Honor, Godmother to the War Wounded of Belgium, and Chevalier of the Order of the Royal Crown of Brussels, and given the Gold Medal of Paris, last awarded to Charles Lindbergh ("Lily," page 36).

I COULDN'T decide, when Vivien Bretherton's latest story came to my desk for reading, which I liked better, the story or the letter that came with it. Read the letter and enjoy it, too, before you turn to "A Ticket to Samarkand," on page 22.

"And how did I happen to write 'Samarkand'? Well, in the first place, like the girl in the story I thought it had such a 'lovely sound.' And in the second, I can look out my studio window and see the rooftop overhanging the river where the five little houses stand. Artists and such delightful folk have always lived there, and I've dug into a tasty rarebit or two myself, in times past. And there are dreams there, you see, and high ambitions and sometimes heartaches, too. Call it Samarkand or (*Continued on page 143*)

"I'll tell you a secret about Bill"

SCENE ONE is called "The Slumps." . . . Meet my big, energetic, go-getter husband the way *I see him* on some of those nights when he's worked late and missed his dinner. And when he's worried about things at the office.

ACT TWO is to get him something light to eat and hustle him off to bed. (This was the night I had put the soft, beautiful new Cannon Percale sheets on the bed. And Bill said the old bunk sure looked inviting!)

THE PLOT was to see whether he'd notice the new *percale* sheets. He ought to, because he's one of those anti-pajama sleepers . . . simply won't wear a thing in warm weather! And he just purred like a kitten over that soft, smooth bed!

THE FINALE was next morning. Bill looked like a million (and he'll make it some day!). Said he felt *so rested*, and wondered why. I got him off . . . and then straight down to Cornham's to buy a big pile of Cannon Percale!

FOR COMFORT AND LONG WEAR — BUY

TRADE MARK MADE IN U.S.A. CANNON

Cannon Sheets

FROM CANNON MILLS — MAKERS OF CANNON TOWELS, SHEETS AND PURE SILK HOSIERY

Smooth, drowsy-feeling sheets *do* make beds more comfortable and sleep more sound. Are you enjoying the new Cannon Percale? It's not extravagant . . . it's an every-day percale, priced just a little above heavy-duty muslin. The light, dainty sheets are a delight to handle, and wash and iron. *And how they wear!* The fabric is actually woven with ¼ more threads to make it close and firm and strong. You know Cannon towels, of course, and you want Cannon sheets . . . thousands of women are changing to Cannon! The world's largest household textile mills make a sheet for every pocketbook.

CANNON MUSLIN, *for the least money* . . . . . *about $1.00*
CANNON PERCALE, *for comfort-at-a-price* . . . . . *about $1.39*
CANNON FINE PERCALE, *for luxury-sleeping* . . . . . *about $2.25*
Prices slightly higher west of the Mississippi

EXTRA-GOOD NEWS! Cannon is making Pure Silk Hosiery for you. Full-fashioned, ringless, triply-inspected and sealed in the Cannon Cellophane Handy Pack. Each stocking permanently marked with thread-count and suggested use.

EVERY product guaranteed as advertised—see page 6

Ask The Voice of Good Housekeeping

Some of the products advertised in this issue are on sale in only a limited number of shops. They are identified by the symbol shown above. Good Housekeeping provides a special telephone operator in the cities listed below to tell you who sells such products. Call the special operator in your town. She'll tell you which stores sell the product you desire. She's on duty day and night, Sundays and holidays included. Find a product you want and ask the voice of Good Housekeeping right now.

My number is . . .

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Allentown, Pa. 7433
Altoona, Pa. 3-1226
Atlanta, Ga. . . . . Hemlock 6302
Atlantic City, N. J. 5-0195

● Baltimore, Md. . . . . Plaza 2272
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Wonders can happen to you!

...VITAMINS PLUS

VITAMINS PLUS
every day in the year

Each of the six known vitamins has its mission to perform in the body. All should be supplied in adequate amounts daily — and all ARE supplied when you take VITAMINS *Plus*. Remember that one vitamin cannot supply the needs of the body for any other vitamin; also that the sun provides only vitamin D.

Good Housekeeping Bureau — Tested and Approved

BIOLOGICALLY STANDARDIZED

New worlds can open up for you . . . a new exciting vitality . . . a new thrilling beauty . . . a new YOU — the kind of woman you've always wanted to be. These are the wonders that vitamins can work for you. Which vitamins? All the vitamins . . .

Life begins with VITAMINS Plus. For VITAMINS Plus is the easy, streamlined way to get ALL the vitamins — A, B, C, D, E, G. And, for plus effectiveness, liver extract and iron. Just take two tiny capsules once a day, every day in the year — for a new and permanent lease on life! A 24 days' supply — **2.75**

THE COMPLETE DAILY VITAMIN ROUTINE

VITAMINS *Plus*

One Capsule Contains:
VITAMIN A, 15,000 U.S.P. Units
VITAMIN D, 1,500 U.S.P. Units
VITAMIN E is provided in the form of cold pressed wheat germ oil

The Other Contains:
VITAMIN B-1, 400 Sherman Units
VITAMIN B-2 (G), 25 Sherman-Bourquin Units
VITAMIN C, 250 International Units
+ Liver Extract + Iron

VITAMINS PLUS is sold at cosmetic counters of leading stores.

Phone to find where to buy VITAMINS Plus

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR YOUR LOCAL TELEPHONE EXCHANGE

Phone to Find WHO SELLS IT

Call that number. Ask operator where you can buy VITAMINS Plus. She'll tell you which stores sell it. No obligation.

Mail this coupon if no store in your town sells VITAMINS PLUS

VITAMINS PLUS, INC., 370 LEXINGTON AVE., N. Y. C.

☐ Herewith is $2.75 for a 24 days' supply of Vitamins *Plus*.

☐ Please send me your booklet, "What can I expect from vitamins?"

☐ Send my Vitamins *Plus* C. O. D.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

IN CANADA: $3.25 — McGILLIVRAY BROS., Ltd., TORONTO

GH8

My favorite peeve
Is an outdoor "good-nighter";
She makes me wish
I was more of a fighter.

The "shag" at the moment
Is greatly admired,
Except by the people
Downstairs who've retired!

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR

by

GRACE P. SMITH

A window shade flapping
All the night long
Is just the right thing to
Put you in wrong.

You know darned well it's
Against the rule,
And it's sure to make
Warm neighbors cool.

Please make your radio
Stay at home;
Then your neighbor can
Use his own.

If you go out
And leave your dog howling,
Don't wonder why
Your neighbors are scowling.

COMING NEXT MONTH—MANNERS *NOT* TO TAKE TO COLLEGE

Don't guess about *your* breath—Play Safe!

If you guess—you may be offending others right this minute with halitosis (bad breath). The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you have it. But others do and avoid you.

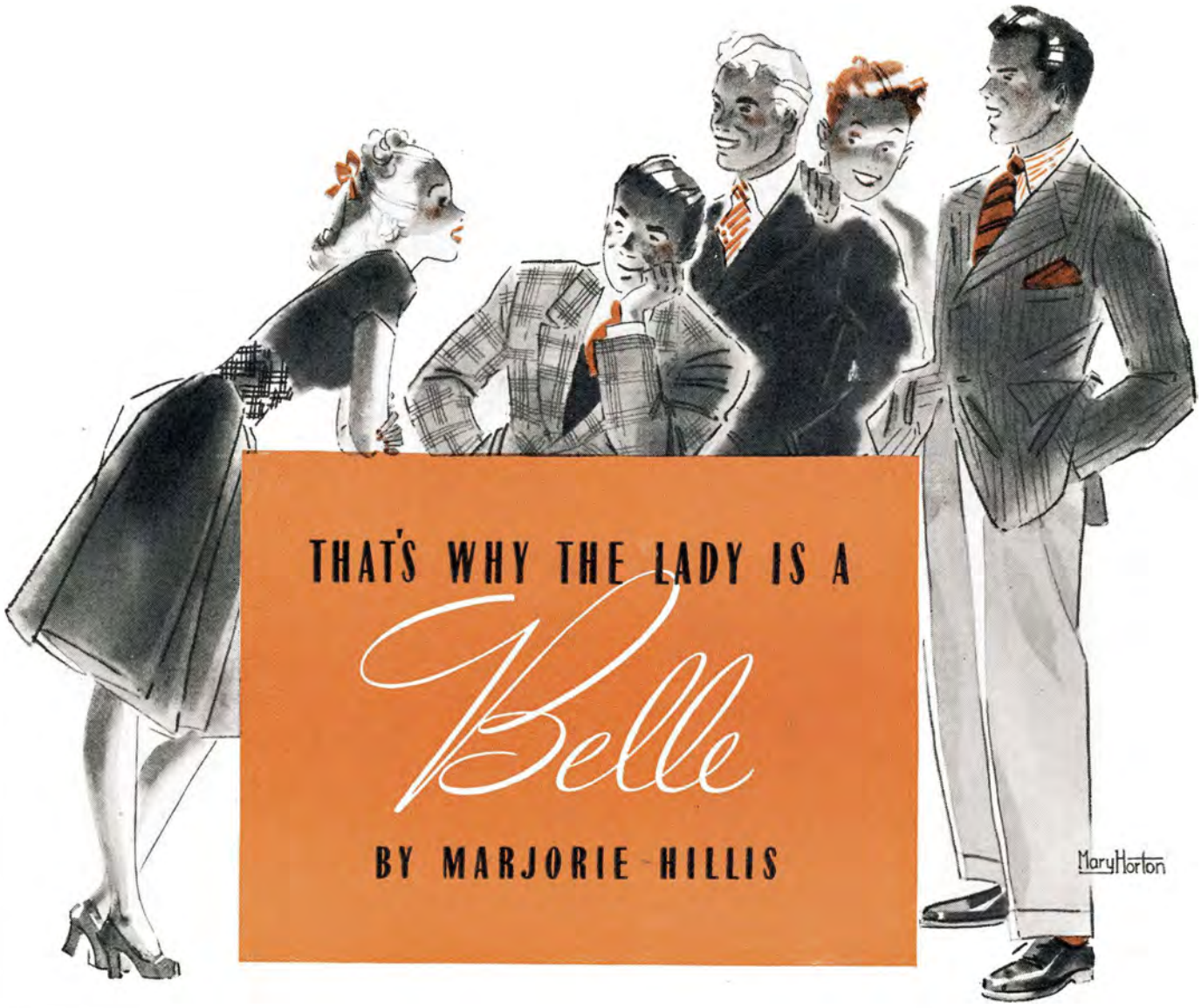
Don't take a chance of offending! Sweeten your breath by rinsing your mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and then quickly overcomes the odors it causes. Your mouth is refreshed and clean feeling and your breath is sweeter, more fragrant, more wholesome.

Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic morning and night, and before social or business engagements. Keep a bottle handy in home and office.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE FOR HALITOSIS

EVERY product guaranteed as advertised—see page 6



RECENT correspondence has made me suspect that the most troubled young lady in this troubled world is the one who has no dates. She writes me from big cities and little towns all over the country, with panic dripping from her pen. "I am seventeen years old," she says, "and I have no dates!" "The other girls in my class all have boy friends, and I don't." "I can't find out what other girls have that I lack, but they get all the dates." "Boys don't seem to notice me, and I'm not having any fun at all." "When I'm with a boy, I'm not one bit interesting. I go down like a flat tire, and he doesn't date me again."

She's pretty miserable. She feels that she's missing all the fun, and that it won't be the same if she does have fun later on. What's more, she is sure she is the only one in her sad state, a marked woman in a community of belles. If her parents think she's so young that it doesn't matter, she feels that they're unsympathetic and don't understand. If they do understand, her position is all the more painful because of a sympathetic audience.

In some ways she's right, and in some ways she's wrong.

To begin with the latter, she's very far from being a singular case. If one could take a ballot to show how many girls in the teens are popular with boys and how many are not, I don't doubt that the result would be close to a draw. Many of those who aren't popular seldom talk about it; they are shy to start with (which is one of the troubles), and lack of popularity makes them still shyer. And others do a good deal of bluffing. I've known girls who could make incidents from one date sound like six—and did, with skill and enjoyment, whenever they were in a group of girls.

The truth is that many boys in their middle teens are not yet interested in girls, and not all boys in the latter teens want to give girls all their spare time. And actually, most girls are better off *not* to have dates before fifteen, and sometimes sixteen. It takes most girls that long to learn about getting on with other people. And the fact that you think you're an exception doesn't prove that you are one. Many girls have thought that, and as a result have done and said a lot of silly things for which they were sorry later on (or should have been).

To take the other side, a girl of sixteen or older is right in thinking that she's missing fun if she has no dates with boys. We all need to know both sexes. Friendships with boys and men, as well as girls and women, make us well rounded and give us a better understanding of many things. And a great many of the good times that any girl wants normally include boys. Something is wrong when you are in your latter teens and have no dates at all—unless you live on a desert island—and a girl is right in wanting to do something about it.

She can do something about it as a rule, and get results, if she goes about it intelligently. It's harder for some than for others, but it's seldom impossible. And the first rule is not to look upon dates as an End and All. The moment the matter of having dates becomes the only important thing in life, every date assumes such exaggerated proportions that no one could be natural about it. The best actress in the world is ill at ease if half her mind is on what she's saying and the other half is thinking: "Oh, I hope I'm saying the right thing. I wonder if my dress is all right. I do hope he likes me!" Once you get into a dither about the impression you're making, you're pretty sure to be self-conscious and more than likely to spoil your chances of popularity with the very boy you'd like to interest.

There is a simple way to avoid that pitfall, but it takes a lot of will power. It's just a matter of making the boy a side issue while you are concentrating on something else. The trouble is that not all girls (*Continued on page 169*)

America's Natural Drink

TEA KEEPS YOU COOL!

These good black teas are especially suited to the American taste. For economy and full enjoyment...buy quality tea.

Try the delicious way to win more summer pep. Iced tea invigorates as it cools. Costs less than one cent a glass. And it's the natural drink—so pure—nothing artificial.

—and TEA steps up your Vitality

FREE

EVERY DAY FOR 30 DAYS

TEN $100 Bills

Plus 15 LONGINES INCLINEX WRIST WATCHES EVERY DAY!

17-JEWEL $70.00 VALUE

JUST COMPLETE THIS SENTENCE IN 25 WORDS OR LESS:—

"I find Oxydol the ideal laundry soap because_____"

_____

First contest closes midnight, August 15, with another daily contest every day except Saturday and Sunday, through September 23.

ENTER NOW!

Purpose of Contest:—To introduce more women to the amazing new, "no-scrub, no-boil" laundry soap—OXYDOL

HERE'S ALL YOU DO TO ENTER:

HERE'S the contest you've been waiting for! It gives you twenty-five chances to win each day—a new contest *every day* for 6 weeks (except Saturdays and Sundays)—750 prizes that *must* be given away!

Think of it! $1,000 in cash (in the form of *ten $100 bills*) given each day for 6 weeks! With *additional* prizes of 15 Longines Wrist Watches awarded every 24 hours!

What you do is as easy as A, B, C. Just complete the sentence about OXYDOL as shown in entry blank below. It takes only 5 minutes of your time—and may bring you as much as $100 in cash!

450 WRIST WATCHES *Longines Inclinex Model* GIVEN FREE

The world's most honored watch! Winner of 10 World's Fair Grand Prizes and 28 Gold Medals. De Luxe Inclinex model, curved to fit wrist. Newest classic design. 17 jewel movement in 14 karat natural gold-filled case. Guaranteed retail value $70. NOTE:—If preferred, winners may choose *man's* Longines Wrist Watch—also valued at $70. Send your entry today.

In finishing the sentence, remember that Oxydol is the new "no-scrub, no-boil" soap that does these 4 amazing things:—

(1) Soaks dirt loose in 15 minutes without scrubbing or boiling. (2) Gets white clothes 4 to 5 shades whiter, proved by scientific tests. (3) Cuts washing time 25% to 40%, in tub or machine. (4) Yet so *safe* that every washable color comes out sparkling, fresh!

Get Busy Right NOW!

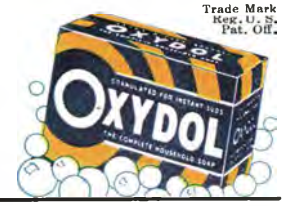
Remember, you have 25 chances to win each day for 30 days. A new contest every day—each with prizes of ten $100 bills and fifteen beautiful Longines Wrist Watches.

Start now—and enter as many times as you wish! Ask for OXYDOL at your dealer's. Mail your entry today! Procter & Gamble.

TESTED AND APPROVED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE

WINNERS ANNOUNCED DAILY OVER RADIO—For further details of the OXYDOL $1,000-A-Day Contest, tune in "Ma Perkins" or "The Goldbergs." Winners will be announced daily on both programs beginning Monday, Aug. 22. See local paper for time of broadcast.

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



ENTRY BLANK

FIVE MINUTES OF YOUR TIME MAY BRING YOU $100 CASH! ACT NOW!

"I find Oxydol the ideal laundry soap because_____

_____

_____

_____"

_____

(Complete the above sentence in 25 additional words or less.)

OXYDOL, Dept. G. H., Box 28, Cincinnati, Ohio

Gentlemen: Here is my entry. I am also enclosing an OXYDOL box-top (or facsimile).

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

HINTS ON HOW TO WIN:

First decide what you like best about OXYDOL. Then complete your statement to include these points. For example, if you like the way OXYDOL gets clothes *whiter* and *saves work*, you might say, "I find OXYDOL the ideal laundry soap because *it not only gets things whiter so they sparkle more, but it also saves me lots of hard work, too.*"

Or, if you like the way OXYDOL *saves time* and makes *clothes last longer*, you might say: —"I find OXYDOL the ideal laundry soap because *it soaks dirt loose so fast and saves my clothes from washboard wear and tear, besides being easy on my hands.*"

Remember, simple, original statements are what the judges want. No fancy writing—no high-flown language. Enter NOW!

FOLLOW THESE EASY RULES:

1 Finish the sentence, "I find OXYDOL the ideal laundry soap because . . ." writing 25 additional words or less. Write your sentence on entry blank shown on this advertisement or on one side of a plain sheet of paper. Print or write your name and address. Send no extra letters, drawings, or photographs with your entry.

2 Enclose one box-top from any size package of OXYDOL (or facsimile) with each entry. Mail to OXYDOL, *Department G. H., Box 28, Cincinnati, Ohio*, making sure to use sufficient postage.

3 There are 30 separate contests, a new contest every day (except Saturdays and Sundays) from August 15th through September 23rd, inclusive.

4 Entries received any time before August 15th will be entered in the first day's contest. All entries received on any contest day will be entered in that day's contest. Entries received on Saturdays and Sundays will automatically be entered in the contest for the following Monday. The final (30th) contest on September 23rd will include all entries received on that day and all entries postmarked not later than midnight of that day.

5 All entries will be judged for originality, sincerity, and aptness of thought. The decision of the judges will be final. Fancy entries will not count extra. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries returned. Entries, contents and ideas therein become the property of Procter & Gamble.

6 Anyone may enter these contests except employees of Procter & Gamble, the Longines-Wittnauer Company, Inc., their advertising agencies and the families of these employees. These contests apply only to the United States, Canada, and Hawaii and are subject to all Federal, State, and Local laws and regulations. You can enter each day's contest and enter as often each day as you choose. But be sure to enclose the top of any size OXYDOL package (or facsimile) with each entry.

7 The winners of each day's ten $100 cash prizes will be announced each day starting August 22nd over OXYDOL's "Ma Perkins" and "The Goldbergs" radio programs from coast to coast. Cash prizes will be delivered by fast *Western Union* Telegraphic Money Order. The 15 daily prize winners receiving Longines Wrist Watches will be notified by mail approximately one week after the close of each day's contest.

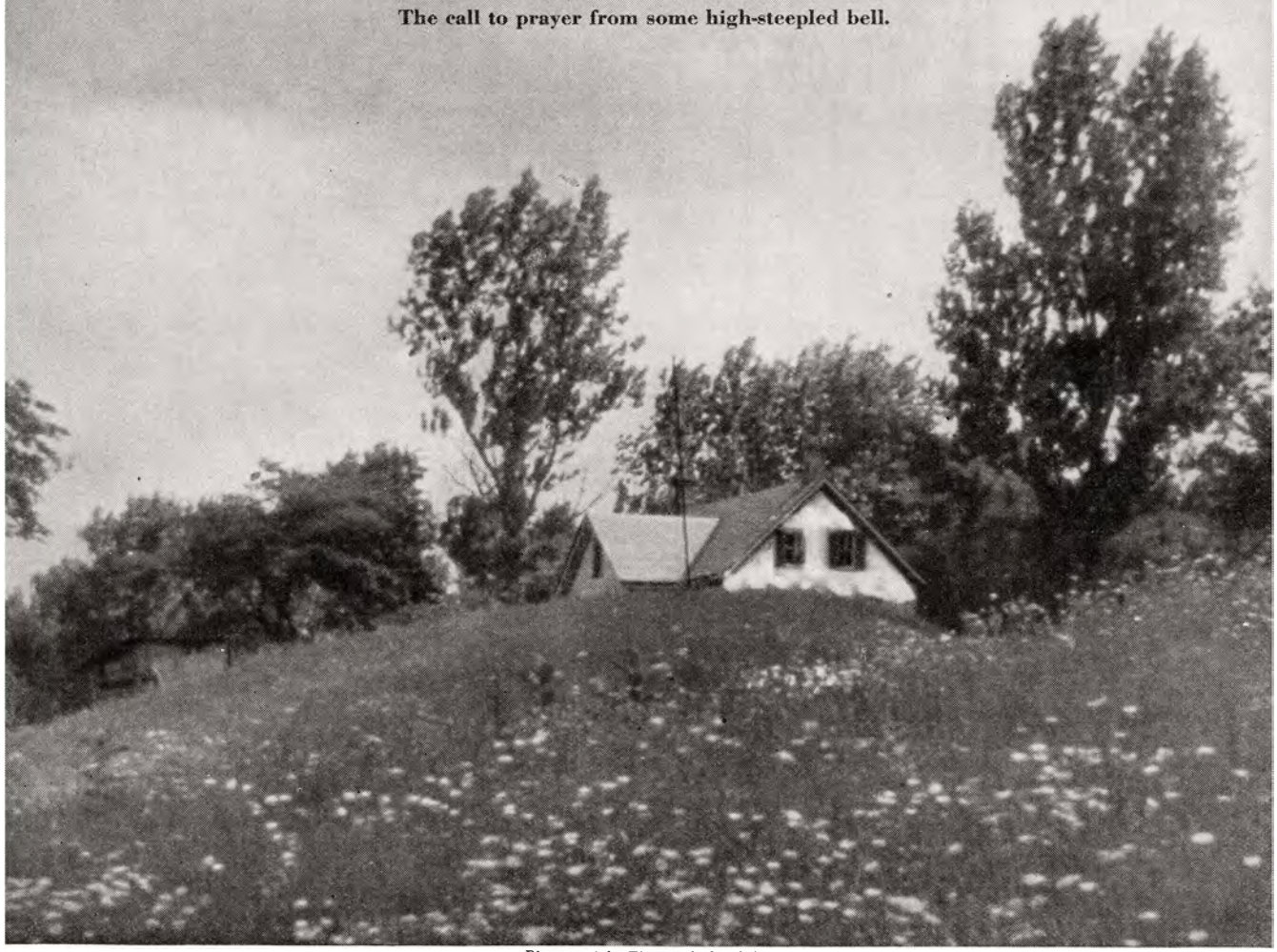
Cash Prizes delivered by Fast* WESTERN UNION *Telegraphic Money Order.

Dream House

By Hellen Gay Miller

OH, let me build my house upon a hill
Where all the stars come by. Let there be trees
To eastward of it, so the full moon sees
Its walls leaf-patterned when warm nights are still.
Let me plant honeysuckle vines to fill
High-windowed rooms with fragrance, breeze by breeze;
Let me make gardens for the summer bees,
And wide-eyed fires against the winter's chill.

BUT not too far away! I would look down
On smoke from other chimneys curling blue,
And amber lights at dusk, by which I tell
The friendly houses of a little town;
And I must hear, when Sabbath dawns are new,
The call to prayer from some high-steepled bell.



Photograph by Thomas O. Sheckell

A NEW SERIAL

STRANGE VICTORY

BY

FRANKEN MELONEY

SHE felt it as she bent to close her suitcase. It began as it always began—a vaguely ominous, almost pleasurable sensation that vanished off to nothing on her kneecap. "Splendid!" she applauded inwardly. " 'The bride came to her lover in runners.' Or better yet, 'The bride wore a tweed suit that cost thirty guineas, and was down to her last pair of stockings.' "

She lifted her skirt gingerly. The runner gave a vicious spurt and slithered on down her leg. She snapped her fingers at it. "Go ahead. You can run down and up again, for all I care!" Tomorrow at this time she could buy a dozen pair of stockings—a hundred, a thousand, if she had a mind to. "I have an extremely good-looking leg," she suddenly discovered. She wondered whether George had ever noticed it. He probably would today, on account of the runner. "Every runner has a silver lining." She began to laugh, and she laughed until she felt the tears on her lips.

She heard the carpet sweeper in the hall, announcing that Annie would soon be coming in to clean the room. She dabbed at her eyes and hastily sought the refuge of the window, where she stood staring out across a vista of clothes-festooned back yards. The whole block seemed to be hanging out its personal affairs this morning. An occasional pair of woolen drawers, swinging in the breeze beside a companionable chemise, punctuated the business of clean bed linen and suggested the joys of staid connubial bliss. An elephantine pair of ladies' step-ins diverted her especially. No masculine intimacy billowed there. "I suppose that one didn't get married," she decided. "She just got fat."

The approaching thunder of a Third Avenue Elevated train caused her nerves to tighten convulsively. She was ashamed of herself, but she could never quite get used to it. She set her jaws as the vicious onslaught of the train shook the walls and caused a little more plaster dust to fall from the chalky spot in the ceiling. Some day there'd be one too many trains, and the whole room would collapse, but she'd be safe and snug in the magnificent wisteria suite in George's apartment. Wisteria, she reflected gloomily, was lovely in a flower—

Her eyes traveled back across the clothesline. Long woolen drawers. There was something rather fine about long woolen drawers. She tried to imagine being married to a pair of them. "I'll bet it would be grand," she whispered.

A knock on the door, followed by the sharp report of a falling object, announced Annie's arrival. She always let the carpet sweeper topple just as she reached the threshold, and invariably stumbled in, saying, *"Ach."*

"I shall miss her," thought Paige, controlling another hysterical rise of

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

Holding up her head against the sick despair of failure, Paige heard the fat woman announce, "No references, no job"

laughter as Annie catapulted into the room.

"*Ach*, good-morning!" she cried.

She had big work-reddened hands, large flat feet, and a thick Hungarian accent. Her smile, however, was quick and lovely, and she liked Paige, who gave her clothes that were still sweet and fragrant and marred by no conspicuous signs of wear. When she saw the two pigskin suitcases standing with an air of finality on the floor, she gave voice to another "*Ach*" blended with sorrow and amazement.

"Is it you going away from here?"

"Yes. I'm getting married today."

"*Ach!*" The word seemed now to leap from Annie's lips; her soft, cow-like eyes widened in pleasure. "The gentlemens which always sending flower boxes and calling up? *Ach*," she breathed, not waiting for an answer because there had been but one gentlemens. "So happy I am for you—" Her voice brooded. "Iss nice to get married, ain't?"

"Ain't," Paige agreed with fervor.

"Karl and me get married maybe next year, if we can saving enough moneys," Annie wistfully remarked.

Paige knew all about Karl. Each day, while she dusted, Annie added a little more to the dim legend of her other life. Karl loved her, but his wages as a substitute boiler stoker were only eighteen dollars a week, and he had to support an invalid mother and two young sisters. Paige had always felt sorry for the groping little romance which knew so many obstacles, but now she found herself regarding Annie with a kind of envy. Annie had Karl and work and the dignity of obligations. What more could one ask of living?

"I can help you something?"

"No, thanks. I'm all packed and ready."

She sat down at the ugly high-waisted rosewood desk which Mrs. Biggle had placed in her room as a special concession. She had postponed writing Debby until the last minute. There was no postponing it any longer. It wasn't going to be an easy letter. It had been easy enough to lie about the splendid job she had found and to reiterate how glad she was that she had left England and forsaken old images for new. But it was going to be much more difficult to tell Debby that she had suddenly decided to become the wife of George Hastings V. Debby would remember him at once as the pale, uncertain young American whom she had dosed with aspirin and hot lemonade during all of a Christmas house party. Not that there was anything really wrong with George; it was simply that he lacked madness and was beset with a regiment of small, ignoble fears. He existed timidly and without joy, and in time she, too, would learn to live frugally and would forget the art of laughter. "But at least," she reminded herself, "I shan't be hungry." If Debby had known the stark looming panic of these past weeks, she might be glad of the security that would come with marrying George.

"DEAR DEBBY—"

Her pen halted. She couldn't go on. She didn't want to confide in Debby at this time, but there was a kind of tyranny implicit in one's relations to one's governess—the same kind of loving tyranny that springs between parent and child. Perhaps the fact that Debby was the only mother she had ever known made it that way. Her father was different; he had always compelled her to stand alone, had never belittled her competence by concern.

She tried to bring him very close to her, for she needed him at this moment more than she had ever known need. "What would you do, Tod?" Yet she was aware that even had he been alive, there would have been no answer for her. There would merely have been that glint in his eyes that men called hard or warm, depending upon what kind of men they were. "*Be what you are and do the thing that's right for you to do no matter what the consequences.*" It was the only code he had ever laid down for her, the only prop

he ever gave her. "But, Tod, what am I, and what do I do, and with what? I've come to the end of everything. I've tried and tried and can't get work."

Still there was no answer, but all at once she saw, etched in dancing gold against the blackness behind her closed lids, the model of the *Dark Arrow* on her father's desk at Tarleton. Tod had been nineteen when a typhoon had driven that ship, his first ship, up on the mudbanks of Shanghai Harbor. His men had deserted, and Tod Griswold had been the tyro laughingstock of the harbor. No money for repairs, no crew, no beard yet to mark him man, the young snipe piled a cargo of junk iron on a Chinese mudbank, and the story echoed all the way to his home port of Boston.

But Tod, paying no attention to the ridicule, had managed to sign on a load of lumber. He signed, too, the drunken scum of twelve nations to man his ship, sweated the liquor out of them at the pumps, and on the spring tide floated his ship off into deep water. There were grog-shop bets that she'd sink in the Roads. But lumber rafts have a way of floating, and sailors would rather pump than drown; so out of the profits he bought his repairs; and out of smart ship mastering, a derelict became a ship. It was not long before he bought a second ship.

When Paige was born, he took his fleet and his family to England, and the world forgot they were Americans.

They never would have licked him, but Tod died when nations were defaulting, and smaller souls who couldn't build rafts inside sinking ships had sailed the Griswold line to bankruptcy. There were a hundred ports where the name of Paige Griswold might have opened countless avenues of help. But Tod had never gone to anyone for aid, and it would have been a kind of unfaith for his daughter to have known a lesser pride.

She stared down at her letter. No wonder she couldn't go on with it. Marrying George was only another way of asking help. She rose to her feet. She had a habit, borrowed from her father, of pacing off confusion, but Annie, turning the mattress, filled the small quarters and held her prisoner against the rosewood desk. Paige watched her. How oblivious she was as she went about her work! How easily her strength flowed, with a quality of grace in the smooth big movements of her body. She was humming something vague and poignant and

If a girl can be gay when she should be sad, if a man can fight when he knows he's licked—that's the beginning of a superb story, and here it is

Hungarian, and Paige noticed that on her face there was a look of utter serenity.

"Annie," she asked suddenly, "how did you happen to find this job?"

"My cousin had a girl friend who working for Mrs. Biggle's niece," Annie lucidly explained. "But when you needing a cook, I have somewhere a name from very fine agency that gives very good girls."

"I wish you'd look somewhere and find that name for me," said Paige.

She picked up Debby's letter and tore it in small pieces. Then she sat down at the desk again and drew forth another sheet of paper.

"DEAR GEORGE," she wrote—

LESS than an hour later she stood before the door of Miss Moulton's Employment Agency, feeling like the middle of a bad novel. Soon George would read her letter, and as part and parcel of his tepid philosophy he would accept her decision with conflict but no combat. He would undoubtedly go through several l ad days, and then he would close the city house and take a boat somewhere, nursing a slightly broken heart and a much disturbed digestion. She half-wished that he would feel a deep and tonic grief in losing her, but she knew he wouldn't. She could close their chapter without a twinge of conscience.

She pushed open the heavy opaque door and entered a barren and uncompromising room with three windows perversely closed to the spring breeze that found its way to Madison Avenue. Her nostrils tightened against the impact of too much humanity crowding into too small a place, and she had literally to grab her shirttails to keep from bolting.

She addressed an elderly German woman who looked as if she might be Annie's aunt. "Could you tell me," she inquired, "where to go and what to do?"

The woman appraised her with respect. (*Continued on page 149*)

Rich girl, poor girl, beggar girl, thief —Mr. Herron went through the whole list as he looked at Paige appraisingly

"I came to say I didn't think I was going to like you," Erica said

A Ticket to Samarkand

BY

VIVIEN R. BRETHERTON

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

ONCE, when the old building had been new, the great high-ceilinged rooms with marble fireplaces and tall, shuttered windows had been the last word in office luxury. But that had been when the city was new, too—clinging close to the river that was to make it large and prosperous. Even then, perhaps, men had sat in those arched windows with the little iron balconies outside them, and looked out across the river at the ships anchoring there and known a moment of nostalgia for distant places. But that had been so long ago. Fifty years or more. Now the city spread like a great pattern far back into the hills, and the city's teeming heart had moved uptown, away from the waterfront. Only now and then someone, pausing for a moment before the ornate entrance of the old building, looked up at the quaint, old-world charm of it and thought: "It would be a shame to tear it down. A city should keep a few symbols of its past to look back upon!"

Erin O'Rane, who was still too young to do anything but look forward eagerly, hoped fervently that they'd not tear the old building down. Because she lived on its roof. In its prime, of course, there'd been no place for anyone to live there, and no doubt the old building sometimes roused itself and wondered at the goings on up there. But somewhere along the span of its years someone had built five small roof houses up there—one at each corner and one in the middle. And while no one would have thought of calling them penthouses, for their rents were low and their advantages—if you discounted the lovely river flowing just below and the endless sky that stretched above—were practically nil, people lived in them. Young, ambitious,

struggling people just like Erin. For you could live on the old building's roof for almost nothing, and you could dream there with no extra charge. All you had to do was stay on little wooden walks that crossed the graveled roof and cook on one small gas plate and prefer candlelight to electricity, for of course there was none on the roof. Oh, yes, and love it, as Erin did—its little world high above the river, its magic dusks, its starry nights, and all the laughter and the hope and heartaches that filled the lives of those who dwelt there.

For there were heartaches, as well as gallantry and high courage. In South—for the four small corner roof houses made a compass by their names, and the center one was called Meridian—lived Mart and Mary Prentice. By day Mart made blueprints in an architect's office and was paid very little for it, while Mary—slender and fair and fragile—stood behind a counter in a department store. But in the early mornings and on clear, bright Sundays, every moment he could steal, Mart painted those vivid, sometimes visionary canvases that filled every corner of their tiny house. He painted the same canvases over and over, for materials cost money, and the last year, when Mary had lost her baby, had left big doctor's bills. He painted slowly, too, for sometimes his eyes ached from bending over blueprints. But he kept on, because he had to paint. Just as Mary had to form the exquisite little poems that so often stole her sleep. But there was always the bright hope: "Marty will sell a picture! Mary will sell a poem!"

Then there was North—Concert Hall, they called it, because it held the antiquated old grand piano on which Deems—nobody ever called him by any other name—composed the music that he wrote. In fact, by the time both Deems and the piano were in the tiny house, there was little room for anything else. For Deems was huge. Deems looked like a longshoreman. Yet from his fingers drifted little melodies as exquisite as cloud patterns in the sky. By day Deems mended balky radios, for his fingers were as deft at this work

They were young, they were strong, and they wouldn't be afraid. Life was what they wanted. Life was what they got

Erin eyed the intruder coldly. So he was like that—smug and condescending? "Go away," she said. "I won't come to your party"

as at the fashioning of songs. And so, though there was often not much to eat up on the roof, there was always music, and as Erin said, "One of Deems' songs, or a symphony beneath the stars—if we have those, what do we care for a few potatoes or a steak!" Only sometimes, just thinking of a steak, she felt like weeping.

In West lived Sandy Murdock—Scotch and whimsical and lazy. Past master of the art of living without working. But he could sometimes tell Mart at a glance what was lacking in a picture, just as he could pick the flaw in Deems' last composition. And there was nothing he could not do—a little. He could carve amusing little wooden figures, decorate a shabby wall, cook up from practically nothing a feast for all the rooftop. And when hope was low, he could somehow raise it high again. With a cat named Ferdinand and a dog of many breeds called Incognito, he, too, dreamed perhaps that some day, when he got around to it, he might still reach out and grab the bright success he had once meant to strive for.

As for Erin—Erin of the black hair and small, gamin face—Erin of no beauty but a haunting something that snared you when you were away from her—she sat day after day in a small white room high up in one of the bigger women's stores, drawing elongated ladies showing off the latest fashions. And she knew that some day, somehow, she would join the ranks of important artists, and then the world and all its high adventure would be hers.

So there they were—South, East, West, and North—on a soft May evening. And because spring was in the air, even up there high above the river, Mart sat with idle brush and looked off at the purple shadows, while Mary, thinner from the winter, curled up at his side. And Deems, at his piano, wove a fantasy of dusk and sweetness, with Sandy just outside the door, pulling on his pipe and combing snarls on Ferdinand. But Erin, bending close above her drawing board, lit by one tall candle, drew a woman who was neither fashionable nor worth a cent of money, and so lost was she in this and all her dreams that she didn't notice when Deems' music stopped and he and Sandy crossed the shadowed roof to the little center house, Meridian. Not until, that is, she lifted up her small, dark head and saw the stranger standing in her doorway.

The stranger, who was tall and young and had a most engaging grin, introduced himself. "I'm Terry Blake—and I've come to roost in Meridian. To celebrate, I'm giving a party tonight, and you are invited. I hope you haven't eaten yet."

Erin O'Rane looked at him. Erin had no time for young men, not even attractive ones, for she hugged an ambition to her heart, and no one could cherish more than one thing at a time—not, that is, if one lived by pennies and counted the days until those pennies would form a copper gangplank between a rooftop and the wide world. But a party was something else again.

"Nobody," said Erin, "ever eats on the roof until all other hope of being fed has flown. But I ought to warn you—we eat a lot."

Terry Blake assured her that he could afford them all. "I have a new job with a paper and a new home—though I can't say I have it alone. When I left, three pigeons were clucking on my doorstep."

"That," said Erin, "would be Sambo, Jumbo, and Limbo. They've been keeping house—a triangle arrangement—in Meridian. Probably they were looking you over to see if they approved. Is the party starting now?"

Terry chuckled. "The one called Sandy is doing things with garlic and spaghetti. And the fat one is doing tricks with breadsticks."

Above her drawing board Erin eyed him coldly. So he was going to be like that, was he? Smug and condescending.

"Deems isn't fat," she said severely. "He's just built on vaster lines than most men. And he's a fine musician. Some day you'll be proud to say you know him. And if Sandy is cooking for you, it's because he thinks you want him to. Now, go away and let me work. Maybe I won't come to your party after all."

Terry Blake looked contrite. "Look," he said earnestly, "I didn't mean anything when I said he was fat. I like him. And I think Sandy's swell. So are the Prentices. Please say you'll come."

Erin shook the black bangs from her eyes. If he appreciated Mart and Mary, maybe he would do.

"All right," she said, "but you mustn't laugh at Deems. Just remember, Borodin was a huge man, too. Only I must finish this before I come."

She was, thought Terry, a funny little thing. No bigger than a minute, and what a pepper pot! He wondered what sort of things she drew.

"Could I look at it?" he asked.

"You could," said Erin, "if Sandy wasn't at the garlic. But he gets reckless with it if he isn't watched. And Deems *might* eat up the breadsticks."

Terry Blake bolted back to save his feast. And though he meant to ask someone Erin's name, somehow, what with everyone coming in at once and talking at the same time, he didn't get around to it. In fact, once things got under way, he hardly knew that she was there, for she was a quiet one—sitting in her corner like a black-haired pixie and concentrating on her eating. Until, at last, the final scrap was gone and all the candlesticks burned low and Mary gave a sigh.

"Mussolini," she murmured gently, "can have Italy, just so I can have spaghetti. I love to zoop it up."

"And she," groaned Mart, "writes such elegant poetry! Only I have to starve her to bring it out."

Across the table Deems and Sandy argued passionately about music. Russia, Deems protested, produced the greatest music, but Sandy held out for Wagner.

"He's more than drums and cymbals. He had body to his music—aye, and heartbeat, too. If he lived today—"

The moon swung up above the parapet, and Terry Blake looked up at it. He felt within him a surge of high excitement. Here, in this candlelight, he could talk! Words came rushing to his lips: "It is the newspapers, today, that write the symphonies! They take events, newborn, and orchestrate them for the world to hear. Oh, I'm nobody yet. All I try to do is score the themes of all the wandering correspondents who go out into the world and find the news. But you wait—I'll be out there, too, some day, in the places where the music starts! Spain, Russia, India, China—I'll see them all!"

Far below in the river a ship's bell rang. It rose to their listening ears like a symbol of far-off places. And for the first time Erin, sitting in the doorway with her knees hugged to her chin, spoke.

"Samarkand," she said softly—and no more.

Terry turned his head and looked at her, but it was Deems who spoke.

"What about Samarkand, little Erin?"

Erin's hair was like a cap of night. "I'm going there," she said. "Maybe not this year—maybe not next. But I'm going."

In the shadows Mart reached out and took his Mary's hand. "We all dream such dreams, Erin. With us, it is Paris. There's a chap there—Hugo Labbé—I mean to study under. And Deems will go to Italy to write his symphony. But why Samarkand for you?"

Erin's face, (*Continued on page 129*)

Something new and eager and almost reckless had transformed Erin. "We're young!" she said. "We're strong and not afraid." And dashing across the room, she caught up the baby and laughed up at him, "Here's our ticket!"

Photograph of Mr. Sumner by Lazarnick

FOR twenty-five years they have called me names. For a quarter of a century I have devoted my life to a fight against commercialized vice and indecency, and they have called me names. "Old fogy," my opponents have said of me. "A man who sticks his nose in other people's business." "A back number opposed to the free expression of art and literature." They have called me a tyrant; they have termed me oppressor, suppressor, and depressor of liberty. I, and the society for which I work, have been sued for "malicious prosecution." We have been taken to court for "false arrest" and "alleged libel." Their motif is "John S. Sumner, fanatic."

I know that I am not a fanatic. I think merely that I have been engaged in a worth-while work, but *hard* work. It could not be done, and it cannot be done, without a firm belief in its importance and a determination never to let go. I think that all reasonable citizens, no matter how "modern," are for decency. I think they want to see this work go on. This is the theory of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice and its board of managers, who are active in formulating the policies of the society which I, as executive secretary, carry out.

Let me tell you something. Within recent years a dangerous development has appeared in various cities in this country: marijuana parlors. In little hideouts misguided individuals, including boys and girls, got together to smoke marijuana cigarettes. They called them "reefers." Smoking such cigarettes, which contain a devastating dope, makes one feel "high." It is a sure, quick, and cheap route to crime. The police authorities are fighting it. They will let nothing stop them from cleaning up this form of vice.

Now, I fight another form of dope. Though it is not marijuana or cocaine or opium, though it may not affect the liver and the lungs, it is equally pernicious because it affects brain and soul.

I fight the dope of the mind. I fight dirty books, obscene magazines, tawdry, vulgar, and degraded *"objets d'art."* I try to stem the flood of unwarrantably filthy and depraved printed matter which, often created behind locked doors in furtive printing shops, goes forth with the sole purpose of supplying an illegitimate thrill to old fools and to young boys and

The Decency Crisis

A SUMMING UP BY

JOHN S. SUMNER

NEW YORK SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE

girls who haven't had a chance to know better.

Of course I have been called names. One can't deal with mud so long without getting one's hands soiled. But even after a quarter of a century of a more or less combative career, I am an optimist. I believe in the fundamental decency of human nature, I believe that at least 80 percent of the American people are opposed to commercialized indecency of whatever nature. A fair example of this is the incident of a radio broadcast a few months ago. The double meanings indulged in by the star aroused genuine public indignation. They made nice people mad. Most people simply don't want smut floated into their homes.

Being an optimist, I have tried to keep my sense of balance. I do not look for evil where there is none. I am aware that many young people like to show off, that they consider it evidence of maturity if they appear sophisticated and occasionally risqué. But being the proud grandfather of three little girls, I think I know enough about children to realize that the bark of most youngsters is worse than the bite they would take of the forbidden fruit. And when I look at my granddaughters, with the love I bear them, I am more than ever resolved that those children, and yours, must be protected—if not by law, if not by courts, then by an aroused and active public conscience. As clearly now as when I first began, I see the need of protection for the young from the temptations of pandering enterprises which assault their eyes and ears.

That is one of the major objects of our society—the protection of youth. The New York Society for the Suppression of Vice marked its sixty-fifth year of operation on May 16th of this year. I got into it because I was a lawyer. In 1913 one of the directors of the society told me of its purposes and told me also that its head, the redoubtable Anthony Comstock, was growing old and wished to retire. I became Comstock's associate and later his successor.

You see, as a lawyer I know that we have a law in this country, a law which is based on common sense and a basic desire to protect the community. That law forbids, among other things, the use of the United States mails and the use of common carriers for distributing obscene literature. In no way that I can see is that law anything but just.

Yet its practical application is not easy. Just imagine for a moment a policeman who has made an arrest and brings to court his evidence—an indecent book. Imagine the great fun that a pyrotechnic defense attorney can have with that policeman. He wants the policeman to give his definition of indecency "in his own words." He suggests that the witness tell the jury a few details of his own sex life, in order that the jury may understand his personal standards. And there sits the policeman in the witness chair, perspiring, squirming, embarrassed, unhappy, and secretly vowing to himself that never, if he can possibly help it, will he get into a case like this again.

Our society cannot be intimidated or made unhappy by ridicule. Nor is it our object so much to convict the purveyors of obscene material as to keep the material out of the market. We are more interested in protecting than in (*Continued on page 140*)

Let There Be Turbulence In The World! Let There Be Strikes And Picketing! What Does All Of It Matter When Two People Are In Love?

Union Forever

BY

BURNHAM CARTER

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

THE little Mexican, Carlos Romero, was talking about socialism, his English getting worse as he became more excited. Soon he would break into Spanish altogether, and the other three men at his table would look even more bored than they did now. Mike Halloran, the reporter for the *Record*, would say something rude, and Carlos would subside into an indignant silence.

Marie Briffaud, presiding benignly at her desk with the cash register, knew it all. Mary, Mother of God, hadn't she listened to it for twenty-nine years, ever since she was six, first in her father's restaurant in Paris, now in her own in New York? Socialism, the rights of the working man, capitalist tyranny, the organization of labor—they were the same old phrases, in

Marie faced them with a challenge in her eyes. "Be prepared to like the loaf that you have mixed, gentlemen"

German, French, Italian, Spanish, English, and Russian; and either you found the answer in a little money saved, a wife, some babies, and an *omelette au fromage*, or you didn't find it at all.

But men, of course, were children and would not give up their wooden swords. It was her task to call them home at the proper hour and to make them forget their causes temporarily in favor of her food. That was the function especially assigned to her by the Mysterious One Who watched over all. Men must eat, whether the world was rebuilt or not. And for 40 cents (50 cents for supper) Marie enticed as subtle a flavor out of simple foods as the cooks of the Bourbons inspired in a *truite au bleu* quivering from the royal pond and prostrate at last in a sauce of chopped herbs, lemon, and fresh butter.

"God will take care of their souls," Marie would remind Louis, who had been one of her father's waiters. "I take care of their bodies. Let them do what they want with their minds."

And Louis, gray and thin, with a limp from the war, would reply solemnly, "*Oui*, Mademoiselle Marie, over men's minds there is no control."

The little restaurant had only eight tables with plain board tops, and board floor, and walls of painted plaster. Every Monday Arthur Williams, who was rich and was always being asked for money for the strikers, brought flowers to her from his place in the country, and she would put them in a vase at her desk. By cutting their stems each night and changing the water she would make them last till Thursday. And then for Saturday night and Sunday Arthur would always buy her eight red florist roses. He was a tall, lean, kindly man of forty or thereabouts, the owner and publisher of a liberal weekly and the most devoted of her admirers.

Tonight it was late, and, aside from the table that Carlos was haranguing, there was only one other—a group of five labor organizers talking earnestly in the corner.

"And what for do you form unions—" Carlos was crying—"to bargain with the bosses! Ridicule! Let there be no bosses, except each man his own boss, owning the land, owning the machine, not by favor, but by the right—"

"Aw, nuts with that socialist stuff," Mike said. "You can eat it in Mexico with your tamales. You're wasting your time here, Carlos. The American labor movement hasn't anything to do with socialism. We're too busy getting

a decent wage to listen to that yapping."

Carlos stood up, speechless with rage. All he could do was to make a succession of gestures, each one for something he would have said, ending finally with both arms flung wide. At this point Marie rose and walked toward him.

"Your salad, Carlos—you have not eaten it," Marie reproached him.

Under the gentle pressure of her hand Carlos sat down.

"May I have some *petits fours*, Marie?" Arthur Williams asked, seeking to help her by diverting the conversation.

"Ah," Marie answered. "I am sorry. I did not bake today."

"But I saw some—in the kitchen."

"They are the cakes of yesterday. I do not serve the cakes of yesterday to my friends."

There was no answer to this. She added with a smile,

"I am saving them for the gumshoe men."

This was an ancient joke which only Arthur Williams and Louis and Mike understood. In the old days shortly after the war, when Harding was President and Attorney General Daugherty was hunting the Reds, Marie's restaurant was under suspicion; and almost every other day a man—or perhaps two men—would come in alone, and you could tell right away that they did not belong to the labor organizers and socialists who frequented the place. They were from the Department of Justice, and Marie would walk among the tables and murmur, "*La canaille est ici,*" and the conversation would become more guarded. "Gumshoe men," Arthur Williams had called them once, and she had delighted in the slang phrase. For them she saved yesterday's dishes, warmed over, and fit, in her opinion, only for *la canaille.*

She had been only eighteen then. She had married an American soldier in Paris and come with him to New York. But her husband's family had not approved, and finally he gave her two thousand dollars and divorced her. She bore him no ill will; he was above her class, and her practical French mind saw there would be no peace for them. So she started her restaurant, helped by some of the socialist *émigrés* from France, and by Louis, her father's waiter, who still called her Mademoiselle and would follow her to the ends of the world. There had been hard times. But she had never lost heart—nor money; for she belonged among the fearless, the competent, the incomparable women who run the small businesses of France.

Well, the gumshoe men came no more. The world had changed much in recent years, and those who had whispered in corners could now command in the streets. The little restaurant off Union Square became an institution among the hardened union leaders, the brainy young government officials, the social experimenters—who found strength for their causes in Marie's little baked onions, the cold fish marinated in tarragon vinegar and walnut oil, the lettuce gently bruised in a wooden bowl rubbed with garlic, and the chicken timbales with Sourbise sauce. They came and talked and planned; and frequently the younger ones asked Marie to marry them.

"It takes them a day to fall in love with Marie's food, and perhaps a week to fall in love with Marie," Bill Henderson, the head of the Textile Workers, once remarked.

She was good-looking in a dark, strong way; but her essentially conservative nature yielded as little to their professions of love as to their talk of new social orders. Perhaps with Arthur Williams the heart was, indeed, a little stirred. At night in her bed sometimes her heart admonished her that she should not say no to him a second time if the opportunity came, but she doubted it would come. She was a French shopkeeper, after all, and he was a rich man's son; and the ladies he knew—or had once known—doubtless wore rings and rose late in the mornings.

That night after everyone had left except Arthur and Mike she sat at her desk frowning over her accounts. The price of food was soaring. There were some new taxes. She would make very little money this month. Grimly she calculated receipts and expenditures.

Arthur whispered, "I love you," and Marie answered, in the protection of her own tongue, "*Je t'aime*"

Louis said good-night to her and went outside. She saw a young man join him under the street light. This was the second time the young man had waited, and she wondered who it could be. Louis had been quiet of late and seemed to have something on his mind. She shrugged her shoulders and turned to the two men at the table near by.

"We have made greater progress in this year than in the past twenty-five," Arthur was saying, stretching his long body in his chair. "I don't mean merely that the farmer is getting better prices and the laborer higher wages; that's happened before. But the real achievement is that we are now organized so that these things can be continued."

"You have failed in only one small respect, gentlemen," Marie observed tartly. "You have failed to protect the consumer who has to pay the high prices."

"If you increase purchasing power, you help the consumer," Arthur began, thinking less of his argument than of the simplicity and order of her face.

"*Attendez!*" she commanded. She turned the pages of her ledger. "For the beef—the good but less popular cuts that long ago my father taught me to buy—I pay 37 cents a pound this year. I paid 29 a year ago. Butter is 42 and was 36—"

"The farmer needed it."

"Eggs," Marie went on inexorably, "are 40 against 34. Pork—pork is 34 against 26. And how did you do this, gentlemen? Yes? You told the farmers to kill their little pigs!"

For years this had been a sore point with Marie. Pork, the poor man's meat, had necessarily been a frequent food at her table and one of the most challenging to her skill. She had never forgiven the rise in the price of pork.

Arthur shifted his ground somewhat. "The farmer's income and the laborer's wage have both increased more than living costs," he said.

"Have my wages increased?" Marie demanded.

As she asked the question, her eyes became speculative with a sudden thought. Arthur watched her with a fond amusement. He did not know what was passing through her mind, but it would be some practical application of the theories they had been discussing.

He did not discover what it was until two days later when he returned from Washington with a Department of Labor official and the two went to Marie's for luncheon. Henderson was there, and a veteran of labor troubles named Bill Brant. Mike Halloran came in a few minutes. The five were all in good spirits because of a Supreme Court decision that morning upholding the constitutionality of one of the labor laws.

Marie greeted them and handed them a menu with a solemnity that

puzzled Arthur. He was sure it had a special significance.

"You should smile, sweetheart," Henderson said. "Today we have won a great victory."

Mike was looking at the menu. "Say, what's this, Marie?" he exclaimed. "There's '50 cents' written at the top of the menu."

Marie nodded. "That is right."

"You've raised luncheon to 50 cents?" Arthur inquired, smiling. "How much is dinner?"

"Sixty-five."

There was a howl of protest.

"Profiteering!" Mike cried. "That's a 25 percent increase."

"I thought this was Union Square, not Park Avenue," Henderson put in, teasing her.

"We'll rename the restaurant 'The Little Waldorf-Astoria,'" Bill Brant added.

Marie waited calmly. "Your orders, gentlemen?"

"No kidding, Marie," Mike said. "That's a big jump in price. This is a workingman's restaurant."

"Louis," Marie said, "have the kindness to bring me my books."

She stood at the table surveying them all, like a teacher about to dismiss her pupils with a few kind words of admonition—serene, authoritative, kindly. Normally she would not interfere in their games. But when the games threatened to destroy the principles of life as she knew it, then, indeed, she would defend her faith. And what would the world be like, she wondered, if she and others like her did not stand guard against the follies of men? Who would hoard a little of the precious grain, mend last year's clothing, have the pot boiling on the stove when they came back from their wild pursuits among the stars? Men saved the world—perhaps!—but a woman saved her home, for sure.

Her flashing dark eyes met Arthur's and suddenly dropped in confusion before the intentness of his gaze. But only for an instant. Louis handed her the ledger, and she opened it to the page of notes she had been compiling in the past two days.

"As you see, I have raised my prices," she declared, "and these are the reasons."

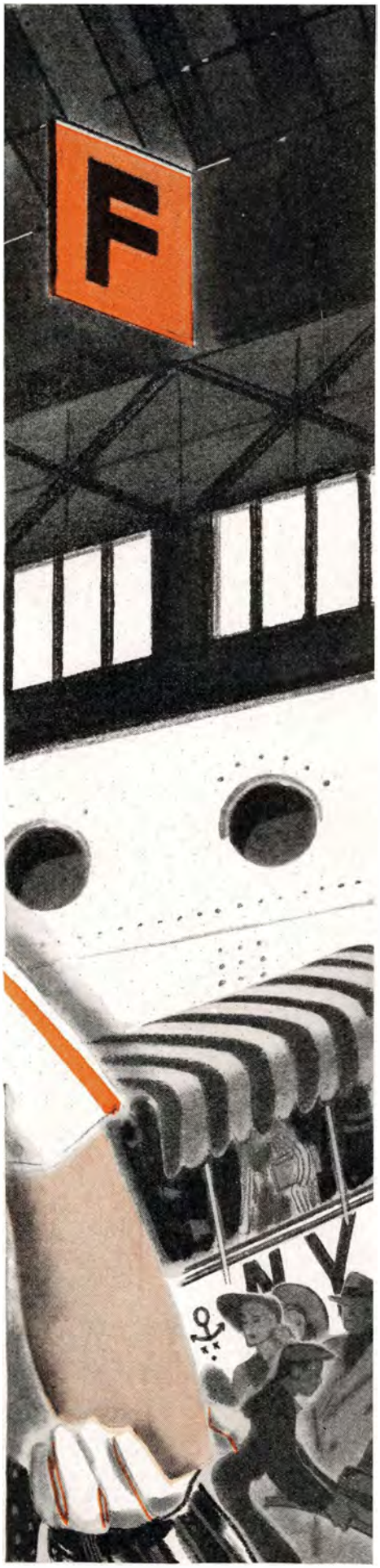
She was speaking to the whole room now—twenty people or so, almost all of whom knew her well. In a melodious voice, marked by her French accent and her occasional quaint word groupings, she compared the costs of her business this year with those of the year before, item by item. Her average net profit per day, allowing for her living quarters above the restaurant, now amounted to $2.11.

She handed the book back to Louis, who had stood beside her all the time, napkin on his arm, gray head bent solemnly. She put her hands on her hips and faced them with a challenge in her eyes.

"Be prepared to like the loaf that you have mixed, gentlemen," she announced. "You will find the ingredients more costly." (*Continued on page 91*)

They stared at the notice on the door: "Marie Brifaud Has Closed Her Restaurant For Today, Thursday, So That The Union Men May Get More Rest"


20



ILLUSION

She had worked so hard on the glamour, not to deceive him, not to hurt him, but because she wanted him never to go away

BY ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

PROVOST went into the drugstore and sat down at the counter. "Black coffee," he said, and lit a cigarette.

He could see his image in the mirror before him, soft hat pulled down over his dark, sardonic face. His lean jaw had a bluish look; he hadn't had time for another shave after dinner. "I'm a tramp," he thought. "I'm a bum. I ought to be shot for letting that kid do this. She's just a poor little rich girl who doesn't know the answers, and I'm a tramp. If I were any good, I'd never see her again. All right! I'm not any good, because I always do see her again, every time she lifts her finger."

He turned sideways to sip the coffee, so that he no longer saw himself in the mirror. The drugstore had a queer look, he thought; in the harsh overhead light the people who came in looked white, haggard, furtive; the soda jerker stood with his arms folded, blank eyes staring at nothing. At the prescription desk a boy with his coat collar turned up stood talking to the clerk in a murmur.

"I'd like to draw this," thought Provost, and suddenly had an idea for a series of sketches. "One of these shady little drugstores," he thought . . . "The types you see . . . More dramatic than a bar or a pawnshop . . ."

Johnny made his way through the crowd to her side. "Althea?" She turned quickly with a lovely, startled look

The door opened, and Althea came in, wearing a long white chiffon dress and a white fur wrap; ermine, maybe —he didn't know. "She's *not* beautiful!" he told himself, but that didn't help. She was lovely in a way all her own, a little thing, with a pale clear face and pale blonde hair, and blue-gray eyes clear as clear water. All in white and silver tonight, like the Snow Queen in the fairy tale.

"Hello, Johnny!" she said. She did not smile, only looked straight at him with a sort of sternness. "Coffee? I'd like a cup, too."

"Let's go somewhere else."

"Can't," she said. "I have only half an hour."

She sat on a high stool beside him, and a faint, enchanting perfume reached him. Everything about her was exquisite—her little hands, her narrow little feet in silver sandals; her pale hair sparkled strangely.

"Got something on your hair?" he asked.

"It's called star dust," she answered.

Star dust, he thought; just what you'd expect. "Did you have a good time—wherever you were?" he asked.

"No," she answered in that direct, quiet way of hers. "It was a dinner dance at a hotel. I never have a good time at those things, Johnny."

Always telling him she didn't like dances, dinners, parties; didn't like being a debutante. She believed that, but he didn't. He couldn't. She was only eighteen, and she had always had everything; didn't know, couldn't even imagine, what it was like not to have things.

"She has some sort of illusion about me," he told himself. "I suppose it seems romantic to her for me to be an artist. She probably thinks I'm a genius. It's just too bad the agency doesn't think that way. 'We can't use this, Provost. Can't you get more glamour into your figures?' . . . Can't sell baked beans or vacuum cleaners or furniture polish without glamour . . . Althea's got the real thing. Genuine glamour."

He glanced at her, that little precious thing all white and silver, with star dust in her hair. "I wish I'd never met her. Because when she's gone, there'll never be anyone else like her. I'm in love. It's supposed to be grand, glorious, supposed to make you happy. You'd be surprised what a headache it can be . . ."

"Tired, Johnny?"

"No," he said with a smile. It was sweet, the way she asked that. "Are *you*, baby?"

"I've been—thinking," she said, her lashes lowered. "This is about the last chance we'll have for a really decent talk. Mother's coming back tomorrow, and then it'll be harder than ever to meet you."

"I'm a bum," he said to himself. "If I weren't, I'd tell her here and now that we won't be meeting any more. She'll be sorry—for a while. But she'll get over it. I'm twenty-four, and I've been around. It's up to me to end this. She just thinks it's romantic. But suppose someone who knew her saw her with me."

They met in drugstores like this, in the lobbies of obscure, dingy hotels; she would ring him up, with the rendezvous all planned. "Busy this evening, Johnny? Busy on Sunday afternoon?" No, he was never busy. Never had any work to do, never had an engagement. When she had any time to spare, he could come, all right.

"What's the matter with you, anyhow?" Nicholson had demanded. "Are you in love, or are you developing a paranoid personality? Secretive, suspicious, shutting yourself off from the normal life—"

"Don't you recognize genius when you see it?" he had replied. "All this is Temperament."

But Nicholson suspected the truth, and if he kept on meeting Althea, someone would surely find out.

"You must be glad—about your mother coming home," he said. Idiotic thing to say.

"Yes," she answered, "only it'll be harder than ever to meet you, Johnny."

This was the moment. If he really loved the precious little white-and-silver thing, loved her more than himself, this was the time to prove it. He had known the moment would come; here it was.

"It's been done before," he told himself. "I'm not the only man who couldn't have the girl he wanted. Pull up your socks and get it over with."

"Wait till you see my friends. They're all crazy," Johnny warned Althea. "I like crazy people," she protested

She was waiting for him to speak.

"Well, after all," he said, "your mother—ought to be considered."

Badly put. All wrong.

"Yes, of course," Althea said in her quiet little voice. "Only Mother's so terribly conservative and old-fashioned about me. I know it's because she loves me so much, but—she doesn't understand things."

"Maybe," said he. "And maybe she does understand, Althea. She might understand *this* better than you do."

"Think so, Johnny? Do you think I don't know what I'm doing?"

"I've got to stop her!" he thought in a panic; and said aloud, "It's been—wonderful."

She smiled in a special way she had, her little white teeth biting her underlip, her gray eyes alight; she looked mocking and devilish and adorable. "So *nice* meeting you, Mr. Provost. I do hope we'll meet again sometime."

"Yes," he said. "Sometime. Some day—let's say in ten years—your husband will come and ask me to paint your portrait, and you'll look at me, probably through a lorgnette, and think, 'His face seems familiar, somehow.'"

"Johnny, you're not so frightfully poor. You paid an income tax for last year."

He looked at her, astounded. "How the—how do you know that?"

"I found out. Because I wanted to know."

"It's true," he said. "I daresay I make as much in a year as—that cost." He touched the white fur wrap with one finger.

"And you think I'd be wretched if I didn't have things like that? You think I just don't know my own mind. Just a silly, romantic child. I'm not, Johnny."

"All right," he said steadily. "I'm not romantic, either. Life isn't a movie. It's not beautiful and sweet for us to meet like this. It's wrong, and it's dangerous."

"Do you mind danger such a lot?"

"I do."

"Johnny," she said, "will you take one last chance? I'd like to talk to you just for half an hour. I'd like to go to your studio."

There was the strangest, the most touching dignity about her, something so honest and so brave in her clear gray eyes that he couldn't look at her any more. He had to remember that she was eighteen. He had to remember all the other things.

"No," he said.

He had meant to go on, to say more. But after all, maybe it was just as well to leave it that way. No. That was what he meant. He wouldn't take her back to the studio for half an hour or half a minute.

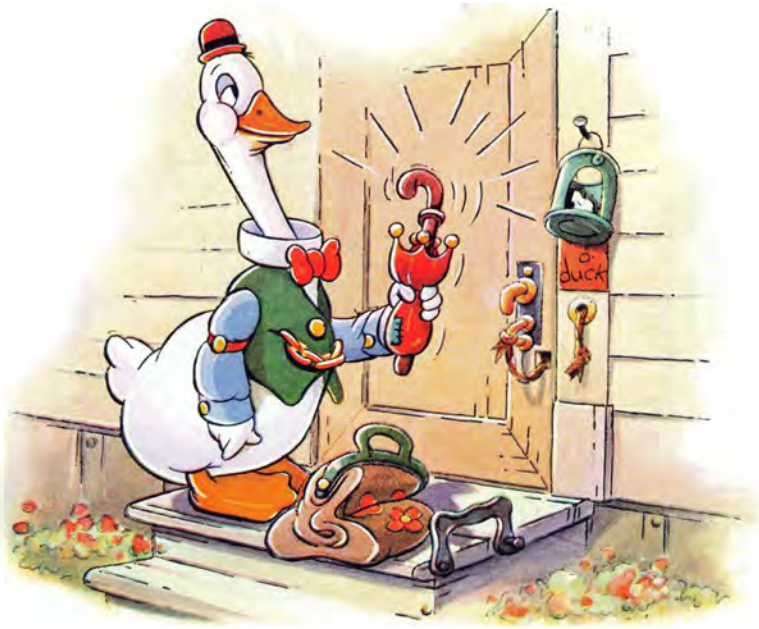
"Johnny," she said, "this is just about the most important thing in the world for me. All I want is a chance to talk to you. If you—don't agree with me after you've heard what I want to say, well—that'll be that. But I think you ought just to listen."

He had to look at her then, into her proud, brave little face; he had to see the (*Continued on page 166*)

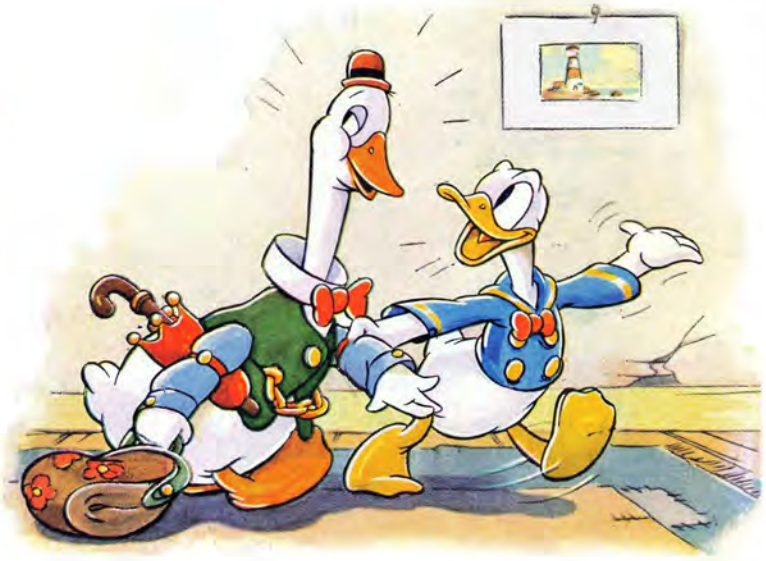
WALT DISNEY'S

donald duck

Donald's Cousin Gus

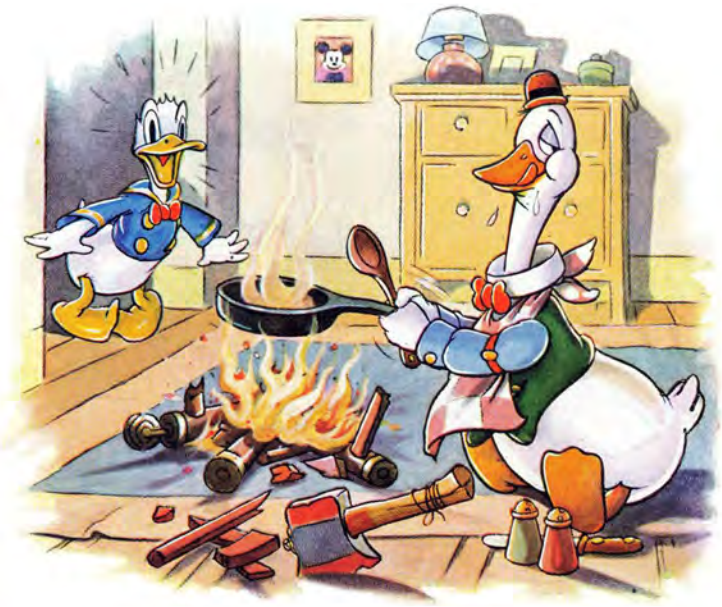


A BRANCH of Donald's family tree
Alighted from a bus.
He knock-knock-knocked at Donald's door.
His name was Cousin Gus.

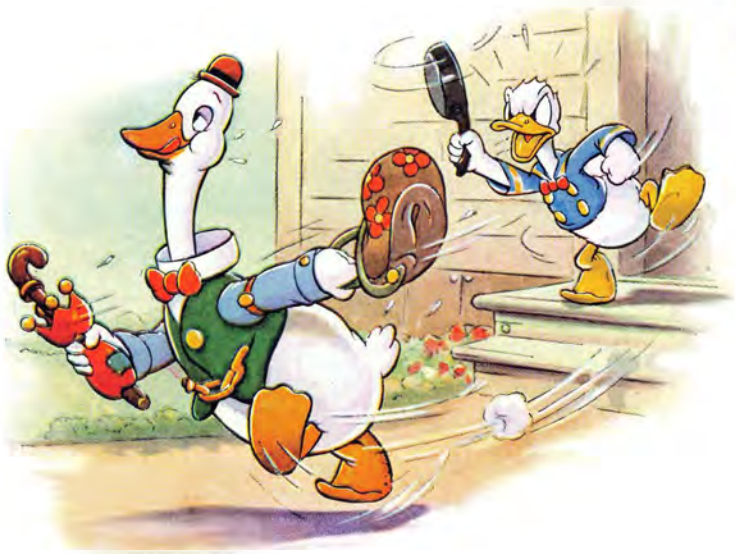


Said Donald, "Make yourself at home,"
Like any perfect host;
Then left Gus Goose alone and went
To get some tea and toast.

But tea was not for hungry Gus—
He had a taste for fish!
He thought that Donald's little pet
Would make a tasty dish.



When Don looked in, his greedy guest
Had chopped up desk and chair,
And in the parlor built a fire
On which to cook his fare.



This was too much. "Oh, much too much!"
Fierce Donald Duck let loose.
"You've made yourself too much at home.
You've proved that you're a Goose!"

Lily

Married now, the adorable coloratura will often return with her husband to the garden she has tended so well

THE sunny Mediterranean city of Cannes, in France, is known as *La Ville des Fleurs*, the City of Flowers. And so it is entirely appropriate that from Cannes should come a flower-loving French Lily. Named after a flower which has become almost her coat of arms, Lily Pons has transferred her love of gardens, and her talent for making flowers bloom, from a Riviera town to the Connecticut hillside where she now makes her home. Her white-painted stone house, perched on a hill in the rolling Connecticut country, is just the sort of provincial farmhouse which might fit into a typical French landscape.

A sturdy little figure in gray flannel slacks and bright green sweater, Lily Pons pointed with a trowel to the rows of spring flowers which border the flagstone terrace. "These bulbs, daffodil and crocus and tulip, I plant them all myself," she announced, her quaint French accent struggling with the strange new flower names. "It was late for planting when I returned from concert tour this year. It is hard, when I must sing and always travel and travel, to do my plantings always in the right season. But it was the first chance I had, and no, I would not let anyone else do it for me. That is maybe why I am so happy here."

Glancing about, it was easy to see why she was happy in her Connecticut home with its lovely vistas, cedar groves, and the informality of casual gardens and sudden bits of color. From the house a graded terrace slopes down to an oval swimming pool of mottled green and blue tiles. Along the stone steps are planted a medley of pansies, carnations, rock plants, primroses, sweet alyssum, and portulaca. Water gushes into the pool magnificently at the rate of twenty-five gallons a minute. At the deep end there is a springboard, but Miss Pons confesses that she prefers the shallower end.

"Now I must show you my autograph orchard," said Miss Pons as she took us to the garden behind the house. "I ask all my friends, when they wish to give me housewarming presents, I say, 'Give me, please, trees for my garden.' Here is Grace Moore's tree. See, on the little sign on the tree I have made Grace's autograph." She indicated a metal disk which hung from a magnificent blue spruce.

Similar disks hung from several other trees, and Miss Pons showed us other contributions to her autograph orchard which had been presented to her by Andre Kostelanetz when he was merely her music director (now he's her husband), by Jascha Heifetz, by her neighbor and friend, Geraldine Farrar, etc.

"I think this is a wonderful way to remember my friends, and each tree that they send me I plant with their autograph upon it. That is nice, no?"

But even lovelier than the autograph orchard was the lily pond in the woods beyond the guest house. Lilies are this Lily's personal insignia. She has tiny fleurs-de-lis on her notepaper, handkerchiefs, clothes, and table linen. The wallpaper of her room has a lily motif. She wears two small sapphire fleurs-de-lis cuff links.

Fleurs-de-lis border the little wood; there are calla lilies and Easter lilies in the formal garden, and lilies-of-the-valley in the shade under one of the great oak trees. But near the little guest house are Miss Pons' favorites —water lilies from Lilypons, Maryland, a town named in her honor. Every time they bring out a new variety of lily at Lilypons, a specimen is sent to Miss Pons and finds its place in her lily pool; and not only white, but rare pale blue and rose blooms float on its waters.

The formal garden behind the tennis court has all the elegance of a Versailles vista. Here are planted in sedate beds a succession of flowers which bloom from early spring till late November; such perennials as delphinium, foxglove, coreopsis, peonies, shasta daisies, asters, and chrysanthemums. But Miss Pons loves also the bright bits of color that are best found in annuals, and keeps her flower garden and the vases in her home full, in successive seasons, of marigolds, zinnias, regal lilies, and scabiosa.

"In a profession such as mine, there is so much traveling to be done," Miss Pons sighed. "But it is good to have the feeling of my own home and garden to come back to. I love this New England so much that I feel glad it is my second homeland. Now I want to prove my love by making mine the finest garden in New England."

And surely this transplanted Lily is well on the way to achieving her ambition.

Many waters

In every woman's life there comes a time when she must feel a certain way about a certain man

Mary Jay hastily read the telegram from David asking if he might visit her. She said to her mother: "It's from Professor Ellicott. I'll read it to you later"

run deep

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Illustrated by Mead Schaeffer

THE Websters were at home when the telegram arrived, and all in the kitchen. It was almost lunchtime, and the odors of the meal had drawn them all as by invisible ropes to the neighborhood of the stove and the pantry.

Mary Jay, the recipient of the message, was there helping her mother. At twenty-two she was the oldest of the line. George, junior, twenty, was there, at the sink with a basin of water, working on his big young dirty hands; he had just come from an all-night job at the factory and was going to sleep during the afternoon and take his girl to a dance that night. Philip, sixteen, and Michael, fourteen, were there, dressed in muddy cords, bedroom slippers, and slightly dampened well-worn blue shirts; they had been out in the rain that morning yelling like Indians as they rode planks down the waters of the swollen Manzanita; their hard young faces were rosy and spattered, their mops of black hair disordered; they were breathless, ravenous, ecstatic. They had left their jackets and shoes on the porch at their mother's third harassed suggestion and with some help from Mary Jay's firm hand. They now wanted only double helpings of stew and corn, six biscuits apiece, and half a pie before rushing back to the fascinations of the flooded river.

Sarah, Isabel, and Margaret, who answered respectively to the names of Sally-baby, Boo-boo, and Missy, were there, flushed and warm from a long holiday morning in the attic and still absorbed in dollhouse dreams. They were setting the center table with much sharp prompting from Mary Jay. Their ages ranged between eight and twelve. Tomsy, the baby, aged five, was privileged and was already eating his supper, his chair—built up with two heavy volumes entitled "The Presidents of the United States" and dated 1857—being drawn to the table.

Also in the kitchen were Kaytaconna, big-armed, deep-voiced, embittered, adoring all Websters and especially delicate little Missy, and Mary Jay O'Connor, senior, the children's mother.

The senior Mary and Kaytaconna were busier than anyone else, absorbed, active, their conversation reduced to monosyllables, their eyes, hands, feet going like the pistons of well-regulated machines. They bustled through the group in entire unconsciousness of anything except their own affairs. "That towel, Mary Jay darling. The plates, Kaytaconna. Get up, dear. It's hot. Out o' my way, Boo-boo. Hold that. Don't forget your biscuits. Fill it, dear. Put that down."

Their murmurs went on under the casual fabric of the children's talk like a binding woof. Water plunged from the faucets, steamed on the stove, splashed bright into glasses. The stew sent up rich odors of carrot and celery and peppered beef; the crisp buttery crusts of the biscuits contributed their share to the heartening atmosphere. Missy leaned against her mother whenever she could—at the sink, at the stove, at the table—and whined that she wanted to go see Mickey Mouse, and every little while her mother said gently: "Ah, no, dearie, not with this cold. You stay home and play with Boo-boo and Sally-baby today, like Mother's good girl."

And all the time the rain splashed down gray and steady against the oaks in the bare dooryard, and smashed the chrysanthemums into muddy bundles of wet leaves and crushed flowers, and shut away the eastern line of the mountains. It dripped and gurgled from the house eaves; it formed a coffee-colored pool at the corner of the chicken house; it drummed steadily on the tin roof of the woodshed. Everyone, except possibly the boys, was heartily tired of it, and still it rained on and on, and there was no dryness or comfort or dependable warmth anywhere in the big house except in the kitchen.

No garments among the scores of dampened or soaked ones which accumulated from day to day as the young Websters went their busy ways would dry anywhere except in the kitchen or laundry.

"Well, it's just a siege!" the children's mother said cheerfully. "We'll have to do our best and somehow get through it!"

The younger Mary Jay was less philosophical. She loved the farmhouse in summer when they could spread out a bit, sleep on the upstairs decks under pear-tree leaves, dine on the screened side porch. But winter was squalid and disgusting, she thought in her secret soul, with the airtight stove burning all day in the laundry, with drying mackinaws and socks scenting the air, with the dining room an icebox unless the two oil stoves were lighted for hours, with baths most

uncomfortable affairs, reduced to their minimum number, and with one's sheets at night extending only the cold welcome of a shroud.

At the moment matters were congested even more than usual, because of a leak from the bathroom just above the dining room. Eventually Wm. Knox and Bro., the village plumbers, would come around and fix it. But Harry Knox had explained by telephone that there wasn't much use putterin' with plaster this weather, and the brothers had gone off duck hunting with all the gaiety in the world. So the Websters had their meals in the kitchen, which everyone liked, more or less overtly, except Mary Jay.

This meant that daily between the hours of seven and eight, twelve and one, six and seven, the kitchen became a madhouse, with Dad trying to work out his crosswords in the rocker by the boiler; Tomsy's trains and rails extending from the outer door to the pantry; the girls sucking pencils and doing examples over by the window: George in a fresh morning hurry or at dinnertime weary and grimy and silent, already in his place at the table with his head in his big, imperfectly washed hands: Phil and Mike making noisy pests of themselves in seventeen different ways; Mary Jay finishing the table setting in a dignified and all-enduring silence; Mother and Kaytaconna dishing up food; doors being opened to let in drafts; radio blasting away somewhere in Dad's neighborhood.

It was into such a scene that Mary Jay's telegram had penetrated. She had read it, said in a brief aside to her mother: "From Professor Ellicott. I'll tell you later," and tucked it into an apron pocket. The meal, steaming and plentiful and delicious, was no sooner on the table and the stew and biscuits in rapid circulation than there was a general demand to know what it said.

"It says: 'MAY WE COME TO SODA RIVER AND MEET THE BIG FAMILY. WIRE SAINT FRANCIS SAN FRANCISCO. WOULD LIKE TO ARRIVE TEN O'CLOCK TRAIN FOR SUNDAY LUNCH,'" Mary Jay read lifelessly.

"Good heavens, ham-and-cabbage dinner tomorrow!" Kaytaconna observed from the sink, where she was majestically leaning as she drank hot tea from a handleless cup.

"Tomorrow?" Mary Jay's mother faltered, even her stout heart failing. "Is that one of the family you visited in Boston, dear?" she asked, sparring for time. "And he's here? Dear me!"

"That's the family," Mary Jay admitted quietly. "They're about the—the grandest people in Boston," she added. "He's related to practically every first family in the place! He can't come, of course," she added in a dark undertone. "We can't let them come!"

"Them? His wife's with him? I thought you had a sort of crush on him," George said in frank interest.

"No, he's not married. I like him tremendously, and I respect him," Mary Jay said with emphasis on the verbs. "He took me—we all went, his sister and all of us—to the opera and to different museums and to dinner once or twice. His secretary's with him; he's been lecturing at Berkeley. He said he might be in this neighborhood. But of course I don't want them to come here!"

"But you and the sister were together in Europe, and you said she was nice," somebody said, awed by Mary Jay's nobility of manner.

"I did. I like them all. But he's a rich and cultured and—important man," Mary Jay stammered, looking appealingly for sympathy from her father's face to her mother's. "I don't mean that I'm ashamed; you know I'm not!" she burst out with feeling. "But with the weather this—this *abominable* way, and a great piece out of the dining-room ceiling, and the sitting room like a vault—"

"We could have a big fire in the sitting room going all day," her mother said as she paused in distress. "And I daresay Mrs. Miller has chickens. As for the dining room—if we light the two stoves right after lunch and explain to Doctor Ellicott that the boys let the bathtub run over, why, I know he'll understand."

"Oh, no, I'll wire him not to come!" Mary Jay said composedly. "The thing is," she added measuredly in a voice that gave signs of breaking and was held all the colder and higher for that, "I never should have taken that summer course and met Eliza Ellicott; I never should have accepted her invitation to drive East with her and visit her family. It didn't do me any good with the school board to be two weeks late getting back, and now you see what happens!"

"Well, I don't call it such a calamity, dear, to have a man like that want to look you up when he comes out here," the older Mary Jay said soothingly. "It's too bad that it has to be tomorrow, because everything's so muddy, but I'm sure we can manage a nice dinner. His train gets here at quarter to one, we'll have it at half-past one. Boys, remember that dinner's half an hour late tomorrow."

"Mother, really it would be too much work," May Jay protested. "Napkins and glasses and all—and we'd have to have flowers on the table, and I don't believe there's one left in the garden. You can't think what the Ellicott house is like," she went on. "Shrubs with snow on them, great gates higher than this house, an avenue of elms—"

"It must be cold, having shrubs and gates and an avenue of elms indoors," George said with his joyous laugh.

"I mean out-of-doors. Inside it's all rugs and old portraits. Copleys and Gilbert Stuarts, and old Spode, and Pembroke tables, and everything! And books—Mother, you never saw such a library! And David, that's Doctor Ellicott, is so simple and fine and—I don't know— Anyway," Mary Jay interrupted herself abruptly, "he can't come here! I'd rather he didn't, honestly, Mother. I'd feel more comfortable, honestly. I'd love you to meet him, and if it were spring and we could have a picnic and have supper out-of-doors— But honestly—"

Kaytaconna did not actually join the family at dinner in either dining room or kitchen. But she was a privileged character, and when the meal took place in her own domain, she entered freely into the conversation while gathering her supper irregularly from stove and table alternately. Now she said:

"We could get a young tom turkey off the Rogers'. She's tellin' me today she'd raised eight in the field back of Barbers', and she killed three yesterday."

"A turkey would be *nice*," Mary Jay's mother said.

"With boiled onions and dressing and everyone eating himself into a state of furniture polish!" Mary Jay thought. Aloud she said: "But honestly I'd rather he didn't come. You can't imagine how dignified and—and formal things are back in Boston. And everyone—great scientists and writers and everyone—makes so much of David!"

"I don't care if they kneel down and name the ground San Salvador when they see him, believing it to be a part of India," George said. "He never tasted anything like Mother's chicken!"

"Chicken tapioca with paprika," his mother murmured, her heart swelling with the ecstasy that is like a swoon. George always would stand up for her!

"Aw, no, it'd be too much work," Mary Jay said. "I'll wire them that the town's just about under water and they'll have to come some other time."

And she was extremely brisk and cheerful as she helped with the clearing away of the dishes. She even hummed lightly to show with what indifference she was taking the whole matter. But her mother sent her more than one uneasy glance nevertheless.

Goaded by their mother not to spend the whole day in the close attic, and

GRANDMOTHER

By Minnie Hite Moody

SHE promised me Old Bill should never plow
The beds of larkspur and delphinium.
She said, "I'll keep them always just as now.
And you shall find them so, next time you come—
Blue-veined petunias and speckled phlox,
Mauve morning-glories twined from post to post,
Orange nasturtiums and white hollyhocks,
And these pink touch-me-nots you love the most."

SURELY she promised, and it must be so—
That she attends them still with patient toil,
Caressing fingers and a puttering hoe . . .
Are the plants sturdier in that golden soil?
And do they bloom—pink as when I was seven—
Those touch-me-nots, beside the fence of Heaven?

Mary Jay felt the man's arm about her. And there was no crisis in life that could make this hour anything but a miracle of joy

stimulated by the prospect of the inevitable early dinner and seven o'clock movie, the small girls assumed old sweaters and rubbers and wet-weather wear generally, and surged forth noisily to join their brothers, who were screaming and splashing at the farm-road bridge that hung so low over the swollen creek. George stumbled upstairs to sleep; Tomsy and his father went off to see Grandma Jay and Cousin Kate, both of whom were eighty, and Aunt Kate, younger, who took care of them.

"It seems a shame we can't have your friends here, Mary Jay," said her mother when the kitchen was quiet and reduced to order and there remained to herself, Mary Jay, and Kaytaconna only the the peaceful employments of darning socks, pasting snapshots in a black book, and stringing beans.

"Oh, it's all right!" Mary Jay answered, resolutely resigned.

"I could have sent the children over to Ma's," Mrs. Websters said reflectively. "What'd you say in your telegram?"

"That the roads were out and the trains not running on schedule and that I was terribly sorry."

"Well, it's too bad," the older woman persisted regretfully. "You like him, don't you?" she added reluctantly.

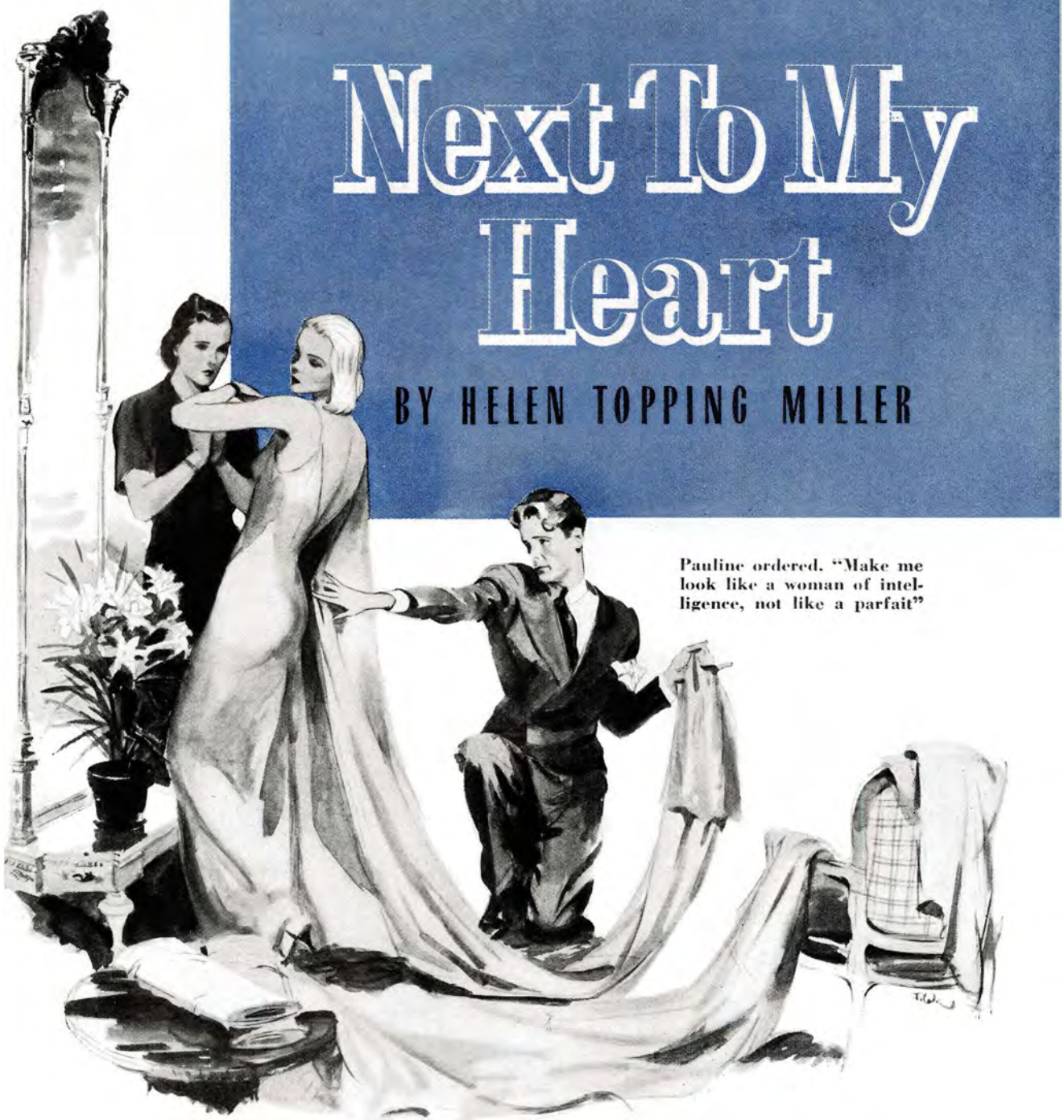
"He's the most important man I ever met," Mary Jay answered slowly, pressing the prints down carefully, finishing them off with a wet cloth.

"And the secretary, is he nice? Old?"

"Oh, no. He's Doctor Ellicott's cousin, Jim Cutter. He's a Harvard man, too; trying to get into newspaper work. He's taking this trip with David to see some (*Continued on page 96*)

Next To My Heart

BY HELEN TOPPING MILLER



Pauline ordered, "Make me look like a woman of intelligence, not like a parfait"

The story of a girl whose heart was just like a daisy—it wouldn't tell her a thing

Résumé of Preceding Chapters:

KATHLEEN O'HARA, meeting steadily the inquiring gaze of Julian Towne, refused stubbornly to tell him why she had run away from the Towne house where she had been mothered and fussed over by the elder stepsister Caroline, and patronized by the tempestuous younger Townes—lovely spoiled Pauline, dark Andrew, and blond Julian—for the last ten years of her life.

"I can't tell you, Julian. I can't tell you—ever," she said huskily.

How could she tell this arrogant boy so like his father, Dr. Towne, that the great impatient surgeon had informed her peremptorily that he was going to marry her? That in fear and bewilderment she had fled from him to Washington, where she had accidentally found Pat O'Hara, the father who had deserted her years before, sick and in need of her? How could she tell him that Dr. Towne, with brutal frankness, had so shocked her nineteen-year-old innocence that even now, with Julian declaring,

"You're a darned sweet kid, and I'm crazy about you," she wanted to cry out:

"I have a lovely devil in me. It lives in my hair and my eyes and my voice. It sings to lure men. Are you falling in love with me or with my fascinating devil?"

No, she couldn't tell Julian these things, and she angered him further by her refusal to take his declaration of love seriously.

"You can be sure of me," he protested.

"Come and tell me that tomorrow," she said. "And think hard, Julian."

She rode up in the elevator to her father's apartment feeling queerly dead. Had her lovely turquoise-colored moment come, and had she tossed it away? Julian with his reckless eyes and his smile, his handsome face—did she want Julian?

And then she thought of Andrew, to whom she had gone before she had found her father. Andrew sitting on the edge of a chair, his hair rumpled, arguing with her. Andrew bringing hot food on a tray, showing a frigid fending face to young men who tried to come too near. Was it Andrew she wanted?

She opened the door, and there another man awaited her, smiling at her ardently—Philip Malone, the man who was Pauline Towne's fiancé.

"HOW did you find me?" Kathleen asked, a little stunned.

Philip Malone laughed. He sensed under her polite manner the query she had really intended: beginning with "why" rather than "how."

"It was easy. I contacted a friend in the insurance business who contacted a reporter on some yellow sheet who contacted some friend of Pat O'Hara's—"

"Oh, so it was you." Her voice fell a trifle flat. "Did Caroline send you?"

"Caroline thinks I'm in New York. So does Pauline. But I had an uneasy feeling that someone ought to look out for you, and I find that my hunch was right. Your father tells me that he has been very sick."

"He's better now. Will you stay and have supper with us?"

"O'Hara and I have already settled that. I'm taking you out to supper."

"I'm afraid I couldn't. I've been out nearly all day."

But O'Hara said: "Go along with him. I'm not running a jail. I have to eat grass and baby food, anyway. Juan will fix it. Go along, Kathie."

So there were candles again, and shining white linen and cool air, fragrant with delightful odors, and, across the little table, Philip Malone smiling at her.

"I'm ordering for you," he said. "Thick cream soup and a rare steak and baked potato. You look wan."

"I'm terribly healthy, really. But I have been a little tired lately—my father has been so restless, and it was a strain."

"But why did you worry alone, Kathie?" he asked. "There were plenty of people who would have been glad to help you. That was unkind—to shut us all out—don't you think?"

"Yes, it was unkind. It hasn't been so good, either, thinking about it, how ungrateful I've been. But after I'd set

Illustrated by Tom Webb

The waiter said, "Miss O'Hara is wanted on the telephone." Kathie turned a little white and put out her hand and said, "Julian!"

out on my own, somehow I couldn't ask for help. That sounds silly, but perhaps you can understand what I mean."

"Yes, I think I can understand. They are a little overpowering—the Towne family. They breed defiances in people. That's why I came over here—partly. Partly because I had to make an independent move to get my self-respect back, but chiefly because I was worried about you."

"But you needn't have worried about me. I've written to Caro. I told them all not to worry."

"But you entirely evaded mentioning the real reason for this. Have you told anyone why you ran away, Kathie?"

Slow red crept up her throat. The old uncertainty had her again, the thing she hated. "No, I haven't told anyone. And I'm not quite sure in my own mind yet whether I was a vain idiot or very wise. I'm not sure yet."

Philip Malone leaned a little closer. "Now that you've seen me again?"

"You?" Kathleen repeated aghast. "But why— But you—"

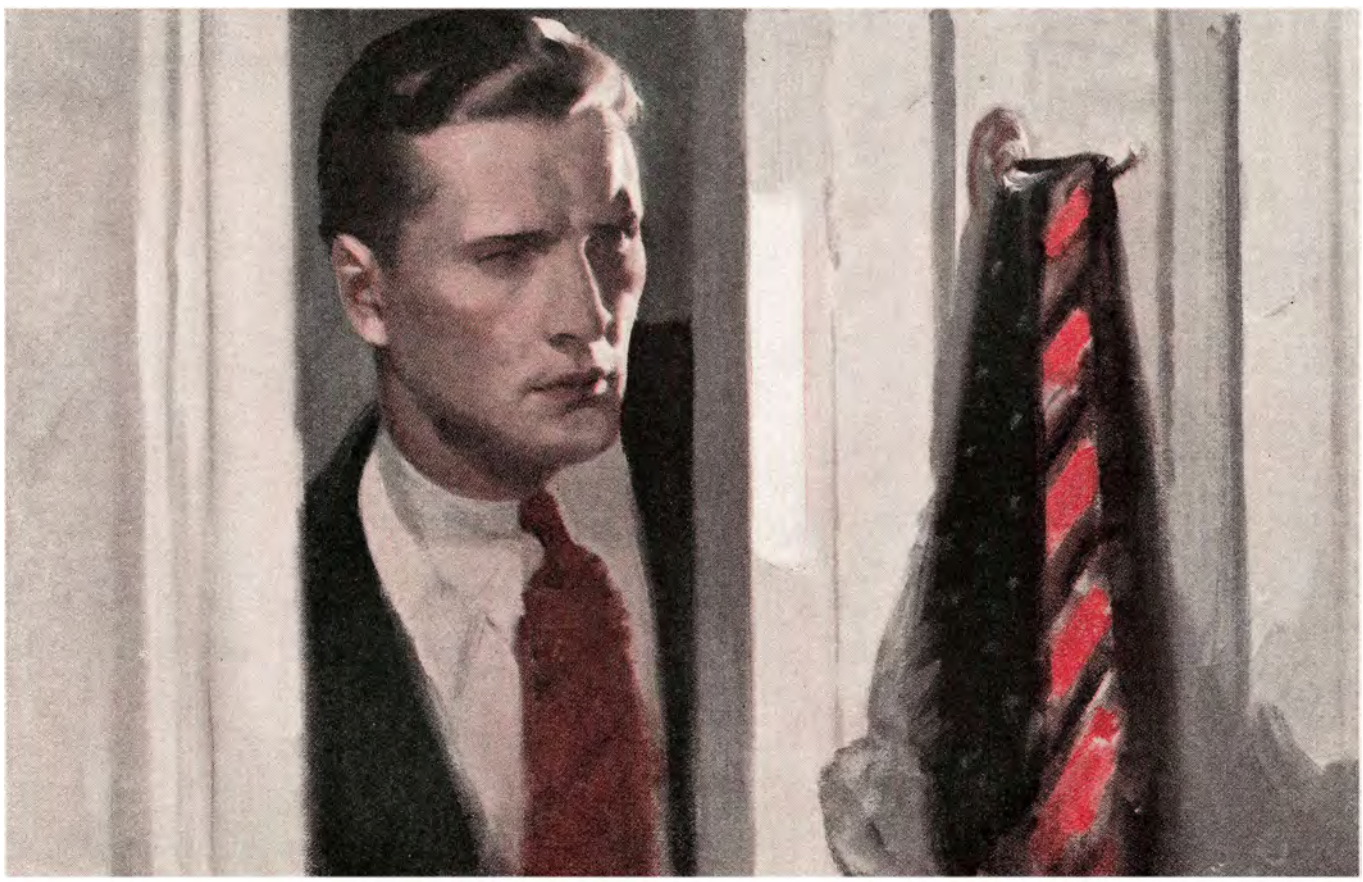
"You couldn't help seeing that I was tremendously attracted to you, could you?" he went on without waiting for an answer, overlooking the stunned consternation in her face. "You must have seen that you had me badly knocked out of line. I had my life all set up in a pretty pattern. I was in love—or thought I was—with a beautiful and charming girl. Everything was arranged. Still is arranged, for that matter. And then I walked into that old house and saw you."

"But I—" her breath seemed to press in her throat so that she could hardly speak—"But please—you have to understand—it wasn't that at all. I couldn't do a thing like that—"

"No." He was bland, his superb egotism blind to the panic in her face. Were they thinking things like that about her—Caro, Pauline? "No, you were too fine. You're a pretty splendid little kid, Kathie. You've got the finest sort of courage that I know. You couldn't stick around because you were fond of Pauline, and you couldn't help seeing how I felt."

"Oh!" Kathleen cried. "You're so wrong. So terribly wrong. I'm sorry if you thought wild, wrong things about me. But—I didn't know. I didn't really. I didn't even like you—not so very much. It was the way you looked at me, the way you're looking at me now."

"Don't you like the way I'm looking at you now?" He was unperturbed; he was even a little amused. Nothing she could say would penetrate the suave crust of his vanity. "It's all your fault," he went on. "You shouldn't have eyes like that and hair like that and a lovely, maddening mouth like that. Kathie, have you any idea how pretty you are? I think you must know, though sometimes I wonder if you are really as naïve as you seem. Did you see how all the men turned their heads when you walked into this room? Dear child, don't tell me that you are so blind and simple as not to know why they did!"



Something made Julian close the door softly and wait in the hall outside

So running away had been no use at all. Because she could not run fast enough or far enough to get away from Kathleen O'Hara.

"I must tell you," she persisted. "You're absolutely wrong. I wasn't thinking of you at all. It was something else entirely."

"Suppose you eat your soup?" He was cool. "We don't have to spoil our dinner with an argument, do we? A useless argument, as a matter of fact. I'm marrying Pauline on November twenty-third. It's all settled. She settled it. But tonight belongs to me. I stole it. Just a piece of high larceny, of brigandage. But it was worth it, now that I've seen you again. You're worth seeing, you know. You do know, Kathie, though you put on such a cute little show trying to fool yourself and other people. You're sincere—I'm not trying to dispute that. That's why it's so refreshing to be with you. I feel young again and clean and full of high ideals, as though I could go galloping off to set the world on fire for you."

And she—she felt smirched and burning and unhappy. But talking was utterly no use. Sure of himself, lost in himself, Philip Malone would hear only the things he wanted to hear.

The hot dinner came in, and Kathleen found herself eating hungrily, because she was somehow so tired and cold inside. First Julian, and now this man who belonged to Pauline.

He was talking on. "You'll be there, of course, on the twenty-third? I don't know whether Pauline is having bridesmaids or not, but if she is, of course she'll want you."

Kathleen buttered her roll, keeping her dry thoughts to herself. She knew what Pauline would want better than he did.

"That part of my life is ended," she said. "I'm going to be standing on my own feet now. And much as I love Caroline, I can't turn back. Was she angry and hurt? It keeps me awake sometimes at night, thinking about Caroline."

"She was hurt and puzzled, but she wasn't angry. I may let her know that I've seen you, but probably I won't. I stole this interval, as I told you. But you seem not to be very much excited by the idea."

"Should I have been excited?"

"Kathleen, you are either stone blind or a darned clever actress. Do you know that if you gave me any encouragement at all, I'd never go back to Pauline?"

She stood up quickly, angry coins of color burning in her cheeks. "I won't listen to you. I can't listen when you talk like that."

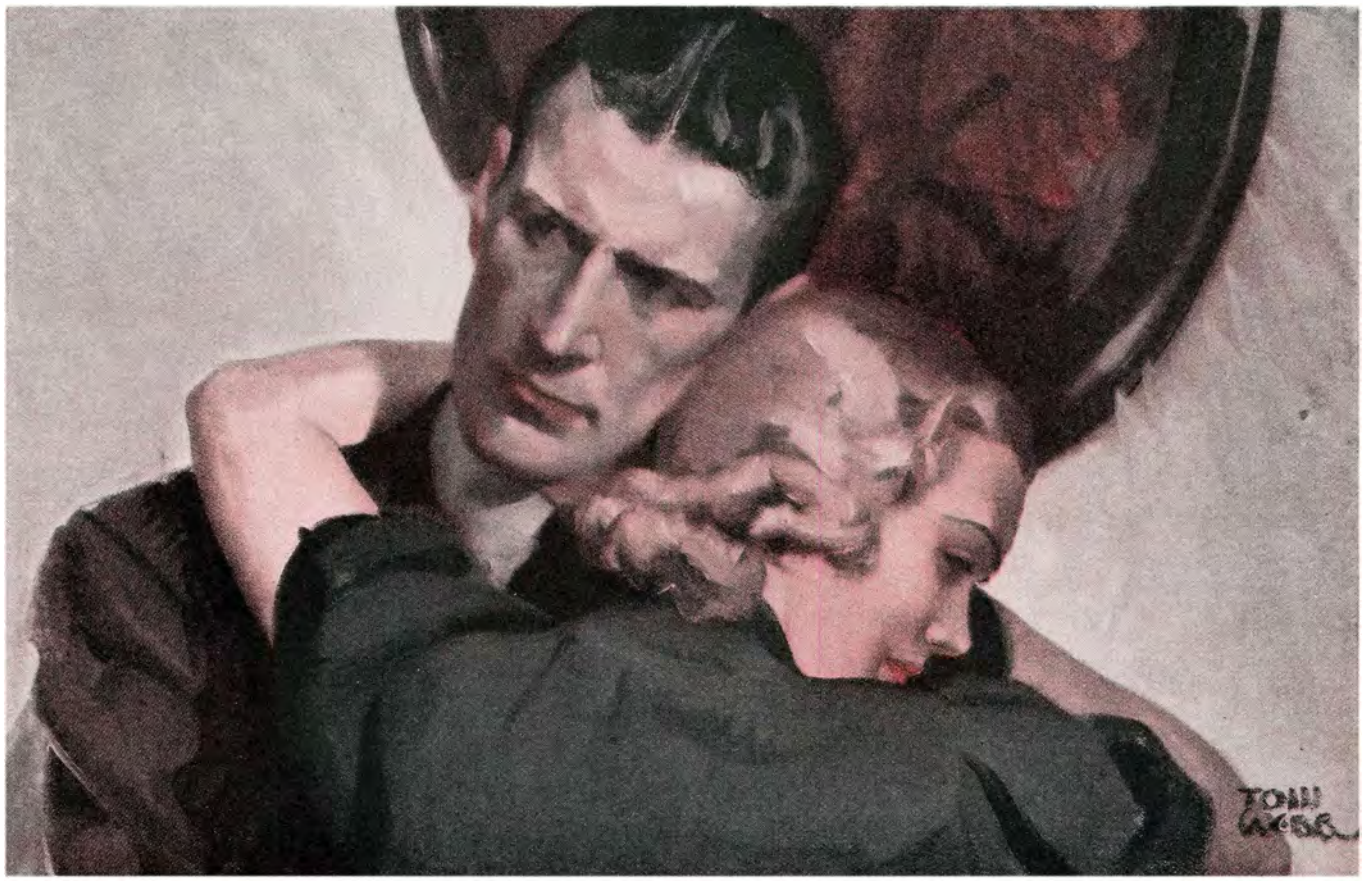
He got up, too. "Silly child, don't be theatrical. We're modern people. That stuff went out with Laura Jean Libbey."

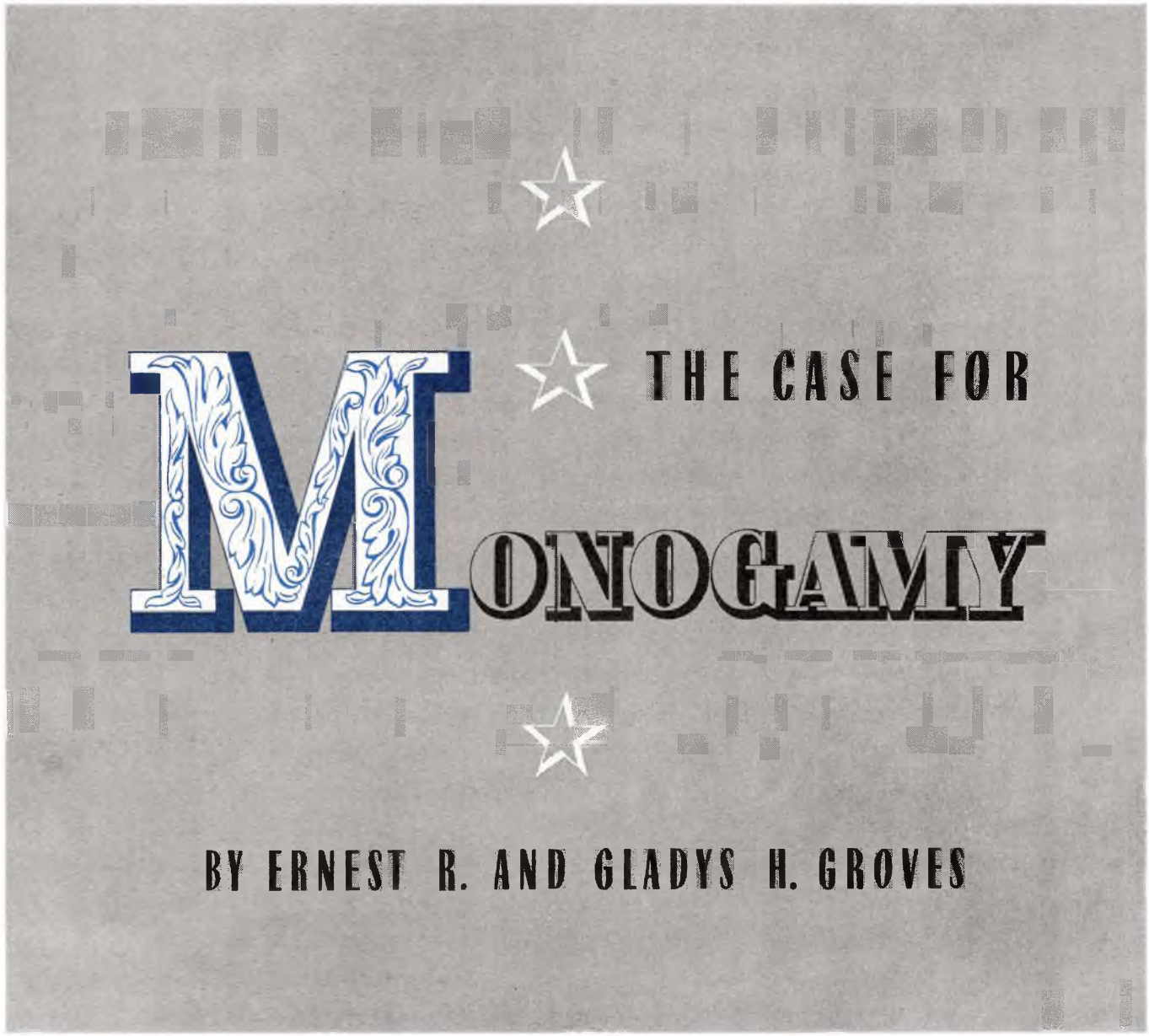
"Decency never went out—never."

"Stop glaring at me, Kathie, and let's dance."

He had her out on the floor before she could protest. And, once there, the music, the rhythm caught her up.

If only, she was thinking, following the lilt of the (*Continued on page 144*)





IF WE put off examining the case for monogamy until we had personal questions about it, most of us would never get around to studying it. For most people no more doubt that monogamy is the best possible program than that good health is better than bad. To argue such a matter seems strange.

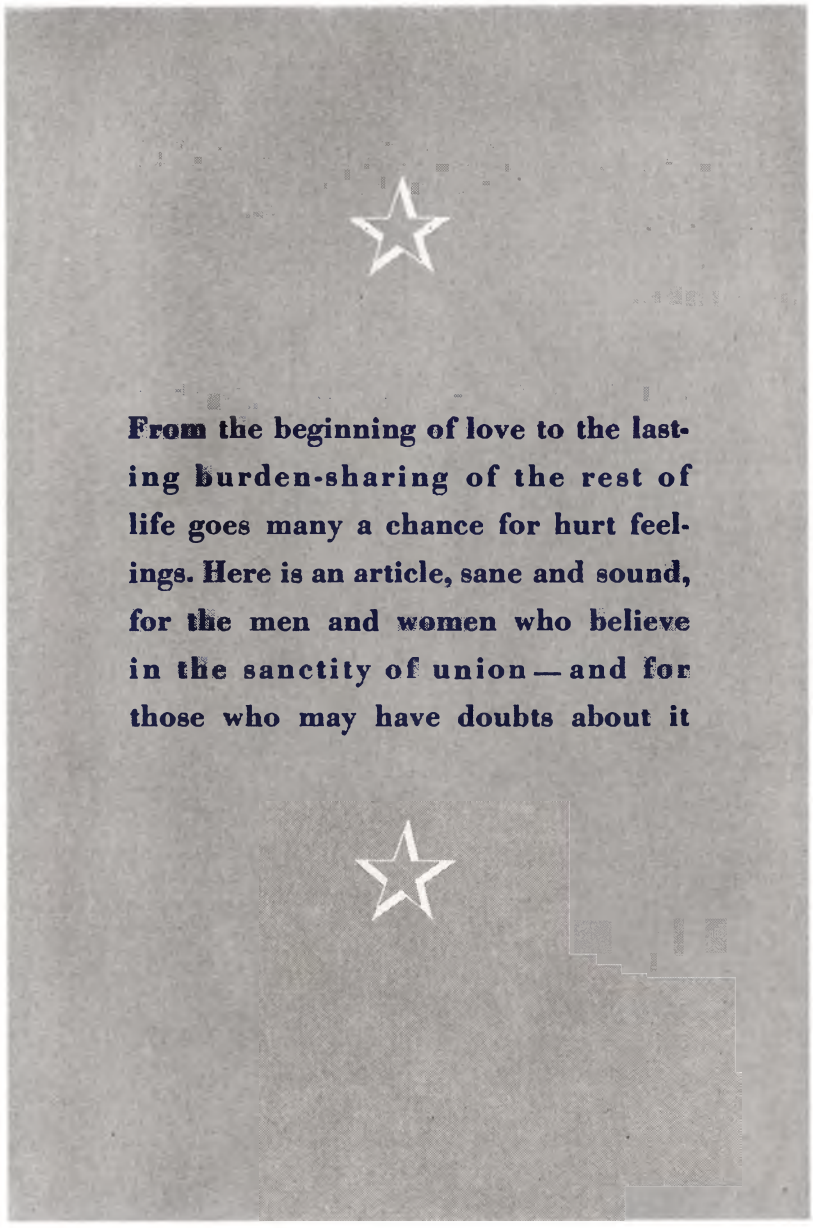
But there is much loose talk about on the other side of the case, crying up the non-monogamous program practiced by a few and publicized by more. The adherents of this group are so vocal that their ideas are constantly being aired. Knowing themselves a small minority, with the burden of proof against them, they excitedly attack the existing order.

Their arguments are likely to interest the average person, however, only when he or she is momentarily thrown off balance by an emotional upheaval of one sort or another. And right there is the danger. It is hard for anyone—particularly a young person—to make a rational decision when his thinking is colored by his emotions; his tendency is to use his intellectual processes merely to justify what he wants to do at the moment, and not to search out the truth. If he is unprepared for the anti-monogamy arguments ready and waiting for him, he is likely to accept them without question. Before we have occasion to doubt it, therefore, those of us who take monogamy as a matter of course should understand why we do, and what its significance is to us. Then, if ever the occasion does arise, we shall be better able to let our minds, not our passions, decide the issue for our greater happiness.

And so this last article in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING'S Course on Marriage Relations is concerned with the greatest problem of all: Shall I, having given myself to one man or one woman, abide by the till-death-do-us-part vow, or shall I be free to change partners at will?

The natural mood of most men and women entering marriage is deeply monogamous. The one thing husband and wife crave is to depend only on each other forever. Yet later on some of them will suddenly desert the standards of monogamy without giving themselves time to think, and others will pass through a period of turmoil before making up their minds to go or to stay. What has happened in the marriage experience to change these individuals who were strong for monogamy into men and women either dead set against it or very doubtful about it?

The answer lies both in the particular temperament of the persons concerned and in certain characteristic features of the early, middle, and later stages in married life. Sometimes a young man or woman bolts from the tenets of monogamy in a late-adolescent panic when marriage responsibilities begin to be irksome. Sometimes it is the older man or woman who married in good faith only to lose sight of the values of monogamy. Not having the backbone to accept what comes and do something about it, this type of person wants to give up as soon as



the going gets rough, and daydreams about making a better start elsewhere.

What are the parts of the marriage experience that bring out this disposition of wanting to run away in order to try again? The romantic love that marks the early part of marriage is a characteristically youthful attitude. Each spouse idealizes the other and pictures their life together as something almost unique in its perfection. Stimulated by the mate's expectations, each one rises about his or her previous habits of behavior, and for a while the two seem indeed to be finer and better than the general run of humankind.

In time the first flush of enthusiasm wears off, and the husband and wife gradually get to see each other more nearly as other people see them. For those who flinch from reality, this is as bitter an experience as any of the other hard parts of growing up. For nobody is it easy. But for all who face it squarely, it is a big step toward emotional maturity.

Without hastening the process, and thereby losing most of its benefits, one can learn to accept it little by little, as it comes. The wife who seemed the most beautiful or most gracious woman imaginable, the husband who was looked upon as the strongest or cleverest man in the world, slowly loses this impossible glamour and shrinks to the life-size proportions of a real man or woman.

When one catches a glimpse of oneself in the estimation of the newly married spouse, and realizes how far the idealized picture is from the somber reality one has grown up with, it is easy to think, "I am made different by this love that expects so much of me, and if I am not yet quite so wonderful as my beloved thinks me, I shall soon become so, for this expectation spurs me to hitherto unimaginable efforts."

Something of this improvement does take place—but then, to the chagrin of the one trying to improve, it becomes increasingly clear that the original expectations of the mate are being lowered in the direction of one's actual present level of attainment. Surprisingly enough, by the time one is sure of this, it is not disturbing in the way one would have expected, for one's own impression of the mate is also coming down to earth.

At first this descent from the clouds of fanciful exaggeration of the loved one to the lesser status of everyday life seems more or less tragic, as both fear that the supreme quality of their marriage is vanishing. The more a couple have been lifted up by their romantic attachment for each other, the more they can be hurt when the wearing out of its unreal element drops them to earth again. The ones who are stouthearted enough to count their own hurt a small matter, if they can still help the partner to have something to look forward to beyond the present difficulties, are matured by this part of their marriage experience, and later come to look back on what went before as a dreamlike time when they lived on nothing more substantial than hopes.

This is the testing period of the marriage. Each partner must continually get used to the new outline of the other's personality as it is showing itself, without losing sight of the value of the essential quality that persists. Of one thing both can be sure: each still has need of the other.

In today's mail comes a letter from a businessman who admits that he had got out of the habit of showing his wife how he felt about her in the rush and worry of trying to keep his head above water financially. Now that she in her loneliness has lost her heart to another man, the husband almost breaks into poetry in telling of his feelings. Not vindictive, he is just hopeless. If the wife could have had imagination enough to realize the strength of his need of her, she would never have wrapped herself in loneliness away from him.

The drop from the temporary bliss of the beginning of love to the lasting burden-sharing of the rest of life offers many a chance for hurt feelings. Those who lose confidence in their own or their partner's ability to keep on trying to live together on a reality basis are generally the ones who want to keep one foot in the dreamland of immaturity. If he drinks and she sulks, both would rather think themselves martyrs and talk over their troubles with sympathetic friends than get down to business and do something about their problems.

Quarrels are intense in proportion to the depth of tender emotion in the background. Not understanding what is happening to them, the husband and wife think it is the end of love, and he may be tempted to accept comfort from another woman, she from another man. Then they need desperately to know, "What is the case for monogamy?"

History shows that monogamy has always been accompanied by increasing vigor in the society or group practicing it, and (*Continued on page 126*)

THE 8TH PASSENGER

By

EDISON MARSHALL

Illustrated by John Fulton

CONCLUSION

SALLY had her baby in a maternity home, not quite so expensive as a regular hospital and not quite so frightening. Not that she wouldn't have gone to a hospital in hell to have that baby. They did not ask to see her marriage certificate, but she showed it to them anyway; she thought they might take better care of the baby if they knew it was not—what nice people called il-le-git-i-mate. She had changed the date on the certificate so neatly that if it had been a check, the bank would have paid it without a word.

She had always heard that childbirth was very painful, and it was. But all of a sudden everything was over, and there was the baby in the doctor's hands. It was an awful-looking blue color at first, but it gave a little wail and began to turn pink all over. She had told Harold it would be a homely little brat, but she had just said that; she knew it would be beautiful, and it was. True, it was a little bit red, and bald except for a little fuzz, and it made the funniest faces anybody ever saw, but it was absolutely perfect. It was a girl and weighed eight and a quarter pounds.

"What are you going to name it?" the nurse asked.

"I was going to call it Bill, but since it's a girl I'll name it Dawson."

It was a pretty name, she thought, and it was only fair to Dawson Jack. After all, he had quite a lot to do with her having this baby, and she still loved him, although she intended never to lay eyes on him again. And Harold would understand. Where Harold was, everyone understood everything.

"Dawson Harriet Slatterly is this baby's name," she said.

"FEBRUARY — March — April," Dawson Jack was counting up as he sat with a friend in the back room of the Crystal Palace in Anchorage. "Yep, it's about time. But I'll never hear of it, Oscar. Frisco won't even let me know."

"Iffen I was you, I'd find out."

"I'll try to find out, I reckon, but I haven't staked no claim on that baby, and never will. I ain't any more right to it than you have to the twenty dollars you gave to little Kitty Montana last night. I lost what right to it I ever had when I sent her Outside to do what I told her to do."

"It was the natural thing, Jack."

"Like hell it was. It was the yaller thing."

"But it would be a pretty low kind of fellow that would marry a girl in that fix, wouldn't it, Jack? Or would it? I'm kind of all balled up."

"That's all right for you to ask that question, Oscar. I asked it myself. But if anybody would come right out and say so, he'd have a fight on his hands, and that is what I mean."

"Well, there's somethin' to that, I reckon."

"Is us men so all-fired holy that we can't understand a girl makin' a mistake now and then? Is one of us such a whale of a lot better than the rest of us? But there ain't goin' to be any fights, Oscar. Nobody's goin' to know about it."

"You've been stallin' around, makin' up excuses for Frisco not comin' back. What are you goin' to tell 'em now?"

"I'm goin' to tell 'em she skipped with another sport. I'll have to take a lot of kiddin', but I've got it comin'. They'll believe that. They wouldn't believe the truth, even if it was fair to Frisco and her baby to let 'em know it."

"What was the name of that fel—but maybe you don't want to tell even me."

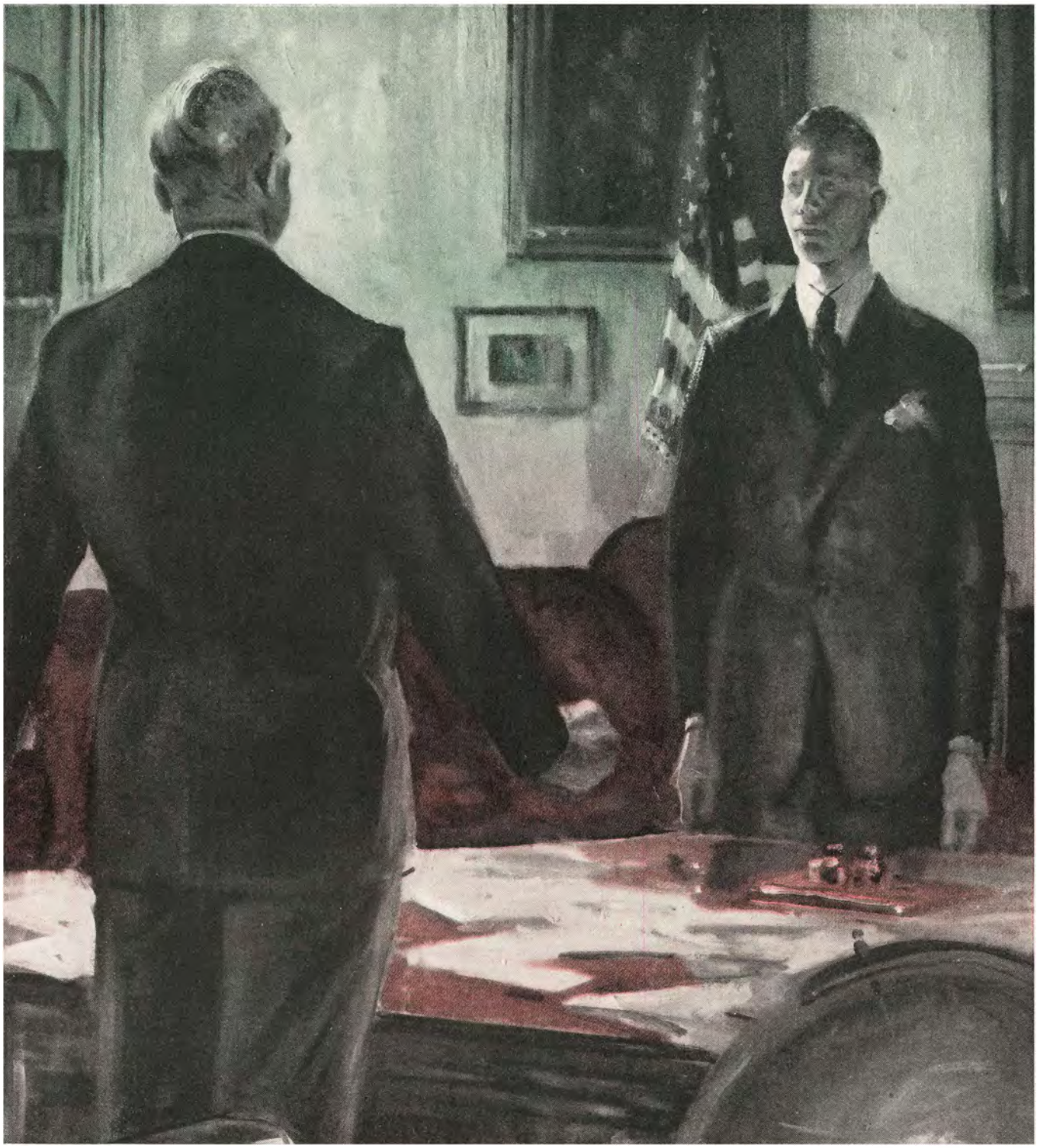
"Not even you, Oscar. It's Frisco's claim, and nobody's goin' to jump it. I wish—but no matter about that—Oscar, I see the *Catherine D* has just brought up a load of cannery hands."

"They're expectin' a big catch this year. The prices last year have set the boys crazy. There's more than a dozen new traps, calculated to catch nigh a million cases of fish on Cook Inlet alone."

"Yes, and did you hear that Ole Peterson is on his way to Washington to try to stop 'em? Someone's going to have to shoot that feller."

But Ole Peterson's lobbying did not carry him far. By sheer pertinacity he forced a few Congressmen to give him a few minutes each; but, after all,

Jean looked as if she were going to cry, and Dave, his voice trembling, told her: "You can answer now. I've had my say"



"If it was me," Martin ventured, "I'd say, 'Go ahead.'" The President rose, said with a new dignity: "All right, Martin. I am the President of the United States"

Alaska was far away, and there was an election around the corner. By practically camping at the Department of Commerce he got the ear of the Commissioner of Fisheries; but although that gentleman knew perfectly well that Ole Peterson was perfectly right, there were a hundred perfectly good reasons why he could do nothing.

When Ole Peterson returned to his Alaska, he found that his job with the U. S. Board of Education had been abolished. Various Congressmen from Washington and California where most of the big fisheries were incorporated had done this in the interest of economy. And that would hold the crazy Swede awhile, the cannery owners told each other.

But it did not hold him. He received nearly forty dollars every month from his entailed estates in Sweden, and it was remarkable what a man could manage on that amount. His clothes were seedy, of course, but it was not his clothes that men saw; it was his eyes. He found that he could arrive just as quickly at a fish congress by going steerage as first class, talking all the way to humble fishermen of his own Baltic, men whose backing was hard to win but which, once won, went the whole hog. Also he was beginning to receive small contributions from fellow conservationists throughout the land, to spend as he liked without accounting.

In fact, the cannery owners had done him and his fish a favor. By throwing him out of a job they had turned him loose on full time. Besides, the injustice of the thing won over many Alaskans who did not like canned salmon but who loved fair play.

For three or four years his only victories were moral. From sheer fear of Ole Peterson and his small but solid block of backers—and perhaps a little sneaking fear that he might be right—the owners thought twice before they ordered more traps, more boats,

"You can cut another notch in your gun," Eve said again. Avery heard her swift light step, the closing of the door. He knew she'd never come back

more seines, and more "lines" in their plants that caught fish at one end and turned out cooked and canned Sunday night suppers at the other. The catch was greater every year; still, it was less than it would have been had Ole Peterson drowned. But at last a bill before Congress authorized the Department of Commerce to regulate the industry, limit traps, and close depleted rivers.

If that bill passed, Ole Peterson's fight would be well begun. Enormous pressure would be brought to bear on the Commissioner, to wink his eye, turn his face, overlook the holes in the cannery floor through which fell cheap pink salmon which would otherwise be counted in the quotas the same as expensive red salmon; but Ole Peterson would still be on deck to see about it. Old Ole Peterson, who was a nobleman in Sweden but a crank in Alaska, puffing his pipe, giving facts and figures in his quiet voice, squeezing a little lemon on salmon right out of the can for his Sunday evening feed.

But there was grave doubt that the bill would pass. The cannery kings were using every hook and crook to defeat it. The price of canned salmon had gone overside since war days; the only thing they could think of to maintain dividends was to catch more fish. Ole Peterson sailed from Skagway on his way to Washington, but he was not a brilliant man—he had to study "like de dickens" for what he knew, did not even "t'ink quick"—so he was not very hopeful. However, he would do what one man could.

When the ship stopped at Ketchikan, he went ashore to talk to an enemy cannery superintendent. When he left the office, he noticed a considerable crowd collected on the street. He thought it was just another fight and started to worm through.

But this was no ordinary crowd. It was a shipload of Chinese, Japanese, Filipinos, and white wharf rats that had just arrived from San Francisco as slimers and labor crews for a new cannery. Now they had heard they were to be sent back. And although the real reason was the slump in prices, they had been told it was because of the new restrictions about to be imposed by Congress. And the backer, the instigator, the cause, of those restrictions was a Swede named Ole Peterson.

"And there's the squarehead now," someone yelled.

The crowd turned toward him and then on him. Ole Peterson had once seen wolves tear down a bull caribou in the deep snows of the Donjak country, and he had cause to think of it now. He backed against the wall of the building, but the only thing that saved him even for a moment was the lack of solidarity in the pack. In general those in reach of him were not yet ready to attack, so that their bodies formed a shield from the more ferocious members in the rear.

The most dangerous part of a mob is always that part which cannot see its victim's eyes. The men in front recognized Ole Peterson as another human being; whatever he had done, he was frail and plain-looking and not any kind of devil. Also they were in reach of any resistance he might make, which gave them pause—if not for thought, at least for the vague fear of consequences. But as soon as the blood lust of those behind fired their hearts, their minds would stop working. Each second seemed as long as a minute.

"Bust him open," someone yelled. And then there were many yells, and a thrust from the rear ranks that pushed the front ranks almost over him. But members of the mob began to bark and snap at each other, saving Ole Peterson a moment more.

Presently it was decided that Big Pete should be master of ceremonies. A hulking, swarthy man of Eastern European origin, he was to have been the foreman of one of the labor gangs.

"Your name's Peterson?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was it you that got this here law passed?"

"It's not passed yet. I've been advocating it, but—"

Yells drowned him out. He was the fellow they wanted. Bust him open, Big Pete! But Big Pete turned, scowled, and restored order.

"So your name's Peterson, is it?"

"Dat is my name. I—"

"What's this about you tryin'—"

"I vill tell you if you listen. Every year fewer of de salmon reach de spawning beds. De catch is greater—"

"So your name's Peterson. Ole Peterson. It looks like you're the man we want. What's this about you gettin' those laws passed?"

"The laws are not yet passed. I am werry sorry. It would be best for you

in de long run when dey are passed. De fish belong to all the peoples, not private property. When your children get big—"

"So you're sorry for what you've done, huh? Well, why did you do it when you knew it would cheat us out of our jobs?"

"I said I was sorry dat de laws are not yet—"

"You're lyin', and you know it. Maybe this will teach you to tell the truth."

And he struck Ole Peterson in the face. He did not strike him with even half his strength, but the blood trickled from Ole Peterson's mouth. That sight of blood was all the pack needed. The shouting began again, grew into a roar, and then the fighting began.

At first there was no sign of a real fight but merely the mobbing of one defenseless man. His thin arms flailed his attackers, but his shirt was torn from his breast, fist after fist smote him in the face, and the only reason he did not fall was that the pressure of bodies about him held him up. Although it got in its own way, the mob would soon have what it wanted, Ole Peterson's life.

But now the men of Ketchikan were ceasing to be merely bystanders. It was an open question whether the first recruits were for Ole Peterson or against him. Probably they were neither, merely wanting a share in the fun. But on the streets that day were many halibut fishermen, big horny-handed men, Scandinavian stock mostly, and although they held no brief for Ole Peterson, he was a white man and sourdough, while the mob were cheechakos, many of whom were one or another kind of Chink.

"They're killing Ole Peterson," the cry ran up and down the street. "At 'em, boys."

The first of Ole Peterson's avowed defenders was a six-foot Swede named Oskar Oleson, who weighed two hundred and ten pounds and was light on his feet as a tiger. He was soon surrounded by a scratching, clawing mob, but four other men from his own boat, none of whom weighed less than a hundred and sixty-five, soon fought their way to his side. And now the stores and offices were disgorging Peterson partisans. They came on the run, stopping only long enough to pick up sticks.

Ole Peterson was left lying beside the building. He was trampled on and tripped over, but accidentally; the mob had all it could do to meet the attack from the rear. Soon it had more than it could do. When the foreigners drew knives, they were met with belaying pins, halibut gaffs, and peavey poles that seemed to appear by magic.

The police were called, and then the volunteer fire department. But most of the firemen were in the fight, and they thought they might as well keep on fighting until the fire truck arrived; then they could join their comrades and do their civic duty. But the foreigners would not give them a chance to restore order. They were restoring it themselves by slinking off through the alleys and legging it down the cross streets toward their boat.

The men of Ketchikan chased them a short distance; then someone suggested they had better go back and see about Ole Peterson. This proposal was received with great enthusiasm.

They picked him up tenderly and with much shouting got him to the hospital. He'd live, the doctor said. He had two ribs broken and two teeth knocked out and was badly bruised and battered, but the old feller was going to pull through all right. Wasn't he game, though! And him not weighin' as much as a skate o' gear.

It was not long before one of the rescuers announced that he never *did* see anything wrong with Ole Peterson. Crazy like a fox! He had the best head in Alaska. Those new laws *ought* to go through; the outside salmon companies were guttin' the country.

"By Yimminy!" Oskar Oleson announced at Big Tom's barroom. "He bane the best fellar in Alaska. Anybody who says different he's got to fight wit' *me*."

But nobody said different. That night a petition signed by a thousand men was mailed to the President of the United States, asking for legislation to protect the salmon. Noting the sudden veering of the wind, the boards of the big companies abruptly met and decided they could not afford to oppose public opinion. Anyway, it was possible that regulations not too drastic would benefit the industry in the long run. (At least it might bring up the price of fish.)

So the blow of a violent fist on Ole Peterson's face echoed not only in the halls of (*Continued on page 114*)

The ceremony was over, the wedding bells began to ring; and Sally was wishing she need never leave this hallowed place

FASHIONS

HELEN KOUES, DIRECTOR

MADAME AGNES' forte is her varied interpretation of the draped turban

MADAME SUZY—declares she has the most beautiful clientele in Paris

More

MADAME SUZY, one of the most "modern" of Paris milliners, depends on antiquity for inspiration. Every one of the strikingly modern hats of her designing dates back in influence to century-old sources. Suzy has no preconceived idea when she starts to create. An "image," as she calls it, forms in her mind. This she translates into reality. While Suzy looks to the past to guide her, many of her personal likings are as far removed from antiquity as modern architecture, decoration, and furniture. All these appeal to her. Hats of the moment in Suzy's scheme of endeavor are large ones. She believes the visit to Paris of English Royalty gives large hats a proud place in the sun. Her shallow black felt hat, left above, has, in sharp contrast, high feathers. It is worn over the eyes, in the middle of the head.

ROSE VALOIS—famous for her becoming berets

LOUISE BOURBON—pilots her own plane as well as makes smart toques

Paris Personalities

BY HELENE DE BELMONT, Our Paris Director

MADAME AGNES, making hats for her dolls, started her millinery career at a tender age. She first went to Reboux, then to Talbot, and finally reached the coveted goal of directing an establishment all her own. In working out her ideas, Agnès never looks over pictures or thumbs through a book. She merely visualizes a hat and then sets about constructing it. She works with fabrics, scissors, and pins, and never from sketches. Her hats now are very small and much trimmed. For the new high hairdressing, she proposes Watteau types, shepherdess styles that go up in back and down in front. Madame Agnès has a son who is making his cinema debut in "The House of Malta," and hats of Knights-of-Malta inspiration may be expected. Agnès is famous for turbans; on opposite page is one of black antelope draped in blue chiffon.

ROSE VALOIS, whose spectacular rise to millinery stardom has surprised Paris, gives an impression of great energy combined with the artistic and romantic quality. At a very early age her childish hands began to dabble in hats. An artist born, Rose Valois has a profound interest in all the arts, especially painting, sculpture, and architecture. She has the background of travel at home and travel abroad. Without being excessively devoted to sports, Rose Valois skiis, canoes, swims, plays golf and tennis. Valois works sometimes from sketches, oftener with the millinery materials themselves. She can be seen any day in her salons, approving a line or changing it with a sure touch. She makes most becoming berets, and the one above of black felt and pink crepe combines a beret and turban effect.

LOUISE BOURBON is that rarest of milliners, one who pilots her own plane. She found time between toques, so to speak, to study aviation, and won her pilot's license. She also enjoys cycling, driving her own car, and running up high scores in the gentle sport of archery. Country life appeals to her tremendously, and she and her husband have taken a very old place near Compiègne. Here there are lush gardens and a swimming pool.

Bourbon comes of a Bourgogne family, was born in Paris, and started her millinery career there. She is a painter as well as a designer. The present tendency in millinery, she believes, is toward more trimming. Flowers, veils, feathers, revive the romantic atmosphere. Her hat of black felt, sketched above, achieves height and shows the (*Continued on page 139*)

ARNHEIMER FURS

Photo by Arthur O'Neill

Short or long boxy coats in long or semilong furs are most popular. Natural skunk worked like sable marten makes the first coat above, and Fromm silver foxes the shorter model; Sally Victor hats; Mark Cross bag

furs

and what our readers ask us about them

SO MANY of our readers have asked us for shopping information to guide them when they buy furs that we have assembled some brief points to help.

WHAT STYLES TO BUY? Do not be afraid of the short, boxy jackets for daytime and evening. They are better than ever—not only in long-haired furs such as the fox family—silver and blue fox—lynx, and skunk, but also in semilong furs like baum marten, kolinsky, mink, and opossum. Good also are seal, beaver, and sheared beaver, as well as mouton, which is processed lamb. Coats vary in length from 18 to 24 inches for the very short boxy type, 34 to 36 inches for the fingertip length, and longer coats of course. Generally speaking, straight lines are the most popular; but fitted lines will be good also, especially in the flatter furs such as Persian lamb and caracul. The Dolman bloused silhouette, molded at the hips and slightly flared toward the hem, is definitely new for dress and evening wear. Many necklines are collarless; others have small collars. Sleeves are straight, sometimes bell-shaped. Shoulders are squarer, but not so puffed.

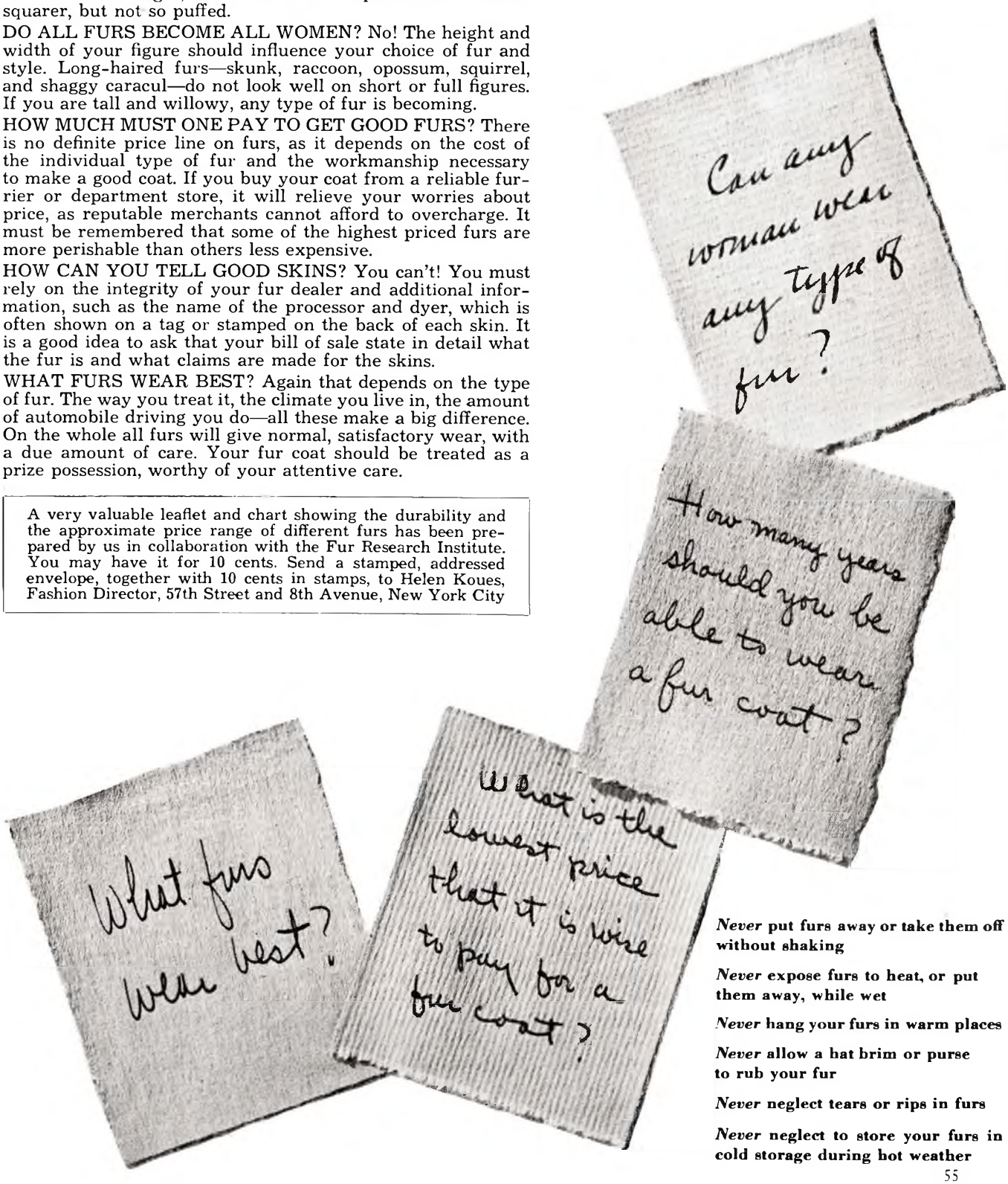
DO ALL FURS BECOME ALL WOMEN? No! The height and width of your figure should influence your choice of fur and style. Long-haired furs—skunk, raccoon, opossum, squirrel, and shaggy caracul—do not look well on short or full figures. If you are tall and willowy, any type of fur is becoming.

HOW MUCH MUST ONE PAY TO GET GOOD FURS? There is no definite price line on furs, as it depends on the cost of the individual type of fur and the workmanship necessary to make a good coat. If you buy your coat from a reliable furrier or department store, it will relieve your worries about price, as reputable merchants cannot afford to overcharge. It must be remembered that some of the highest priced furs are more perishable than others less expensive.

HOW CAN YOU TELL GOOD SKINS? You can't! You must rely on the integrity of your fur dealer and additional information, such as the name of the processor and dyer, which is often shown on a tag or stamped on the back of each skin. It is a good idea to ask that your bill of sale state in detail what the fur is and what claims are made for the skins.

WHAT FURS WEAR BEST? Again that depends on the type of fur. The way you treat it, the climate you live in, the amount of automobile driving you do—all these make a big difference. On the whole all furs will give normal, satisfactory wear, with a due amount of care. Your fur coat should be treated as a prize possession, worthy of your attentive care.

A very valuable leaflet and chart showing the durability and the approximate price range of different furs has been prepared by us in collaboration with the Fur Research Institute. You may have it for 10 cents. Send a stamped, addressed envelope, together with 10 cents in stamps, to Helen Koues, Fashion Director, 57th Street and 8th Avenue, New York City



Never **put furs away or take them off without shaking**

Never **expose furs to heat, or put them away, while wet**

Never **hang your furs in warm places**

Never **allow a hat brim or purse to rub your fur**

Never **neglect tears or rips in furs**

Never **neglect to store your furs in cold storage during hot weather**

LITTLE SISTER COAT AMERICA'S FAVORITE GRAEWIL LOVE

RAYNSTER VELVETONE

By **NORA CAROÉ of the Fashion Staff**

School clothes this fall have a new significance for mothers anxious to get the best for their children. Alert mothers are shopping for safety as well as for quality, style, fast colors, and Sanforized-shrunk labels. Safety clothes, in case you haven't guessed, are those that the motorist can't fail to see. Bright colors or gay color contrasts are their first requisite.

The school patrol wears a white Sam Browne belt to make him conspicuous both to schoolmates and to motorists; just so, it is wise to dress children in colors which will not blend too easily with drab winter scenery. The clothes on these pages qualify on this score, as well as on counts of style and quality.

Choose between two types of coats —one semifitted, single-breasted, of Lorraine wool with four-gore back (first above); the other, a gay Strong Hewat wool plaid coat, cut on box lines, which may be worn over any dress or over the two-piece suit seen on figure at extreme right, above. The coat is lined in Duchess acetate-rayon satin. We still believe in the peasant influence, so here is a dirndl of Pacific Mills wool, embroidered at neck and pockets and edged in rickrack. Have you had trouble matching sweaters and skirts? Here is your answer. Ask for Botany flannel skirts, for Botany yarn sweaters match or blend perfectly with them. Your little girl will love the model third above—suspender skirt and jacket, with slip-on sweater scalloped to match the suit. What could be brighter than a D. H. Grant clan plaid gingham dress belted in leather and trimmed in piqué (fourth above)?

Best of all for safety is the white raincoat. The boy left wears a U. S. Rubber model, cut on straight lines with a storm hat to match. Sister is safe, too, in a white Velvetone belted coat with hood, and umbrella to match, and white Gaytees. When the sun shines again, the coat can be folded and packed in the hood, which acts as a bag.

In schoolrooms also, let children wear bright clothes. Look at the sweet Everfast striped cotton frock, at right, shirred with horizontal bands of the stripe, the bodice hugging the body closely in the new way. Then we come to a Fruit of the Loom cotton print dress with bolero effect, and last a Marvlo Mills Crown Tested spun rayon

SAFELY back to school

Dress your children in bright clothes easily seen, to guard against unnecessary accidents

RUDINGER

box-check dress, the skirt pleated all around, with hook-and-eye suggestion down the front.

If it's boys you are particularly interested in, we suggest you ask in your store for Kaynee Victoroy shorts, zephyr wool sweaters, and Oliver Twist cotton waists—not illustrated. These are sold separately to mix and to match. For big boys there are Tom Sawyer Juillard Tufferoy jackets and slacks, a joy for rough wear. And the small boy feels so proud of dressing himself in a Kladezee Self-Help Sanforized-shrunk cotton covert suit. For active play Lee Sanforized-shrunk branded cowboy pants are practical.

Don't forget that shoes are the foundation of safety. See that your children are properly fitted in shoes that in no way hamper their movements. The child who is sure on his feet is in a much better position to take care of himself. All the shoes at right are Buster Browns, and those above, Vitality.

If you cannot find these clothes in your local shops, write to us, and we shall be happy to give you the nearest dealer and any other information you need. Address Good Housekeeping Fashion Salon, New York City.

LOVE FRUIT OF THE LOOM STYLED BY FINE

Off for another year in the luxury of a brand-new streamlined train

HI-HO!

Photographed at Sarah Lawrence College

Sunning herself between classes in an outfit every college freshman should own: sweater, jacket, and skirt matching exactly

HI-HO! OFF TO COLLEGE WE GO!

Almost late for class, but she'll make it

Candid-camera shot of two classic college outfits

Get the right start! Dear to the heart of every girl off for college is the thought that she will have the right clothes —that she will make a good first impression on classmates and teachers. And dear to the hearts of mothers of girls just starting out on their own is this same thought. For, superficial as clothes may seem when compared to character and personality, they often create that first impression. This four-page portfolio of college clothes will start you off on the right foot.

In general, girls in college wear very much the same type of clothes throughout freshman to senior years. Except for individual fancies for color, campus clothes today are so fixed by girl-made rules as to be almost a uniform. A freshman should have classroom and campus things in the main: sweaters and skirts, matching or mix-mates; jackets, also matching or in a contrasting plaid or check; reversible tweed-and-gabardine coat. She probably has a sports coat left over, but the gabardine-and-tweed reversible will not only give her a useful coat but prove to the college crowd that she is "in the know" on what to wear.

Of course, when she starts off for the trip to college, a tweed suit is the thing, either short-jacketed or a long reefer coat with matching skirt. Most college girls take such a suit, using the skirt to wear with other jackets or sweaters, and blouses for weekend trips.

In large universities and colleges, the addition of soft wool dresses and one or two in rayon or silk crepe fill the bill for off-campus dates, for sorority teas, for Sunday church, for after-the-game club or tea dance. A simple black velveteen with lace collar and cuffs will enchant friends.

Now that fur coats can be had in simple, classic styles suitable for evening parties in winter as well as for games and cold-weather campus days, such a coat is an investment.

In a limited budget, however, it's the sweaters and skirts, the reversible coat or sports coat, checked or plaid tweed jacket, that take first place in any year for campus wear.

LOOK FOR THESE FOUR PAGES OF COLLEGE CLOTHES IN THE WINDOWS OF THESE STORES DURING AUGUST—SIZES 9 TO 17

BEST & CO.
New York City

MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY
Chicago

FORBES & WALLACE, INC.
Springfield, Mass.

THE HIGBEE COMPANY
Cleveland

B. FORMAN CO.
Rochester

JOSEPH HORNE CO.
Pittsburgh

MEIER & FRANK CO., INC.
Portland, Oregon

FREDERICK & NELSON
Seattle

T. A. CHAPMAN CO.
Milwaukee

WOODWARD & LOTHROP
Washington, D. C.

Teatime date dress any little girl will love to have

This year's suits—either short or long coat will win a great big hand

Kislav Gloves

To a sorority tea as pretty as can be

Charming Sunday afternoon frock of sweet simplicity

Our college girls' clothes, photographed and shown on these four pages, can be found in the junior departments of the stores listed on the previous page and have been approved for usefulness, style, and price. Let us describe them to you:

TRAVELING (page 58): The two having coffee in the lounge car of the new Liberty Limited of the Pennsylvania Railroad wear —First, a smart gray striped flannel, six-pocket dress with white piqué collar and gray bone buttons; $14.95. Second, a slate-blue jersey dress with wine-and-blue-mixture jacket; $29.95.

SUNNING ON ROOF: Sweater dyed to match its gray tweed skirt and jacket. Sweater, $3.95; skirt, $5.95; jacket, $10.95.

LATE FOR CLASS (top of page 59): Soft wool dress in steeplechase blue with self buttons, tucks, and pretty scarf; $19.95.

POSING FOR THE CAMERA: A gay and happy freshman wears a plaid and pleated skirt in shaggy wool—wine and royal blue —and a white Shetland wool sweater; skirt, $10.95; a sweater she knitted herself. Her classmate adores her yellow-and-green plaid tweed jacket, $10.95; her skirt in a harmonizing shade of green, $6.50.

TEATIME DATE: Lovely dress in rayon crepe in a new shade called plumberry has a softly draped neckline; $13.95.

THIS YEAR'S SUITS: At the top of this page. First, the short-jacketed one, six-pocket version, in a wonderful new tweed in plumberry or other woodland colors; $29.95. Next, tweed reefer with high-button

Football game and cold winter days in the offing

Even if it doesn't look like rain

Photographs by Munkacsi

Peter Pan collar, novel pockets, a skirt to match in stone blue: $25. The long coat makes a separate coat to wear over dresses, the skirt nice with plaid jackets.

To a Sorority Tea: Wear the sweet little princess velveteen with darling lace collar and cuffs. This is best in black and will carry a freshman through for teas; $19.95.

On Sunday Afternoon: The lovely gray wool dress is softly made with draped bodice and puffed embroidery; $14.95.

Fur Coat of the Year: Magnificently fashioned into a tubular, bell-sleeved coat of lustrous brown fur like a deep-piled beaver; but it is lambskin, called Laskin Mouton, and magnificently priced at $95.

It Looks Like Rain: Checked brown tweed-and-gabardine reversible coat; $19.95.

Freshman Trio: Soft wool in typically 1938 versions, good all winter. First, a two-piece contrasting frock with charming scalloped front, stone blue with wine; $14.95. Second, buttoned-down wool in a new soft shade, called blue-of-her-eyes, has a brown alligator belt: $13.95. And a red or green plaid wool, rabbit's hair, with pleated skirt, white piqué baby collar: $14.95.

To sum it up. What to take freshman year:

1 Tweed Suit	1 Afternoon Crepe
1 Matching Sweater, Skirt, and Jacket	1 Plaid Jacket
1 Extra Sweater	1 Reversible Coat
	1 Soft Wool

These fill the main first-year needs and will make new friends we know you will keep.

By MARGARET STONE of Fashion Staff

Freshman trio: all wool, one has scallops, one a row of buttons, one a baby collar

1, 2, 3 in Larger Sizes—for Mothers Seeing Daughters off to College

Let our Shopping Service buy Autumn Clothes

HOW TO ORDER: Shop in New York by shopping through GOOD HOUSEKEEPING. Clothes for college girls or anybody. Send check or money order, size, color. Your order, domestic postage prepaid, promptly filled. Address: Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C.

1. First Autumn Dress. Tailored Lorraine flannel will prove an all-winter one; self stitching, matching bone buttons; in gray, slate blue, or wine; 14 to 20; $7.95; or larger, 40 to 42, $8.95

2. Pin-Striped Spun Rayon. Washable, non-crushable Crown Tested rayon in a dress that comes in larger sizes; stud buttons, convertible neckline; black, wine, or navy blue; 14 to 42; $3.95

3. Wool for Street, Office, or Home. A grand model for your first autumn activities and to wear with a fur scarf or coat. Rose rust, woodland green, stone blue, or black; 12 to 40; $8.95

4. Plaid Wool. New baby neckline, softly bloused bodice, pleated skirt, in a back-to-school or office dress in wine, navy, or gray plaid wool with gay embroidered dots on it; 12 to 20; $7.95

5. Bicolored Sleeves on Wool. Start autumn in style in this dress with uppish neckline, uppish sleeves, colored bands; black with wine and royal, or wine and green; 12 to 20; $7.95

6. Autumn Stud Dress. In a lovely new fabric—wool and spun rayon combined—a dress for anyone; has colored glass studs, nice pleats, bloused feeling; autumn blue or rust; 14 to 20; $6.95

7. Softly Bloused Plaid. Here again a new fabric—spun rayon —in a two-piece dress, with blouse on a Lastex band. A year-round school or country dress in red or blue plaid; 10 to 16; $6.95

8. Long-Sleeved Wool and Rayon. Autumn, 1938! Deeper armhole, tiny collar, tucking. Office, school, or everyday dress of wool and rayon; in black, wine, green, or blue; 12 to 18; $7.95

9. Pretty for Parties. That old-fashioned leg-o'-mutton idea is suggested here in a spun rayon print with tucks across the bodice, a new skirt. Black, navy, brown, or rust; 12 to 20; $4.95

10. Cardigan Wool Suit. In autumn woodland colors: green, wine, royal, or in black; smart herringbone tweed suit with padded shoulders, lined sleeves; 12 to 20; jacket, $6.95; skirt, $4.95

Norma Shearer Returns

THE STORY OF HER PART IN "MARIE ANTOINETTE"

BY DIXIE WILLSON

THIS story begins in Gstad, Switzerland, in June, 1934, with breakfast for three in the garden of a village hotel. Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg on their first vacation since their marriage in September, 1929—Thalberg scarcely thirty-five and already one of the most important minds in the motion-picture industry; Norma Shearer an established star, acclaimed for many notable performances. They were very happy. They were very much in love. The third member of the party was their enchanting, auburn-haired, freckled, three-year-old son.

And then—breakfast interrupted by a cable from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in California, informing their young executive vice-president that they could now purchase, if he still wished it, production rights to Stefan Zweig's "Marie Antoinette."

He handed the message to the lovely girl opposite him. It was in answer to his newest dream, for in Zweig's story of the little Duchess-Queen for whom destiny wrote the most tragic page in the history of France, Thalberg felt something poignantly great; in the characterization he saw a role perfectly suited to the star who happened also to be his wife.

But this was her first news of the idea, and, hearing his eager plan of

Norma Shearer and Tyrone Power portray the romance of Marie Antoinette and Count Axel de Fersen

splendor and grandeur, she was doubtful. A queen sounded so regal. "And I've never been a queen of any sort," she objected.

In that garden, then, Irving Thalberg described the tragic queen as he visioned her against the background of brilliant, fantastic extravagance that was the court of Louis XVI—a woman of no superhuman stuff, but one to whom came hope, pride, love, difficulty, failure, as to the rest of us.

Norma Shearer's son, climbing into her arms, intrigued with kings, soldiers, and palaces, listened to this story he could not understand. Norma Shearer herself heard the creation of an Antoinette she had never before conceived. And that morning in June, 1934, a one-word cable went back to Hollywood—"Yes."

The Thalbergs returned to America. M.-G.-M.'s research department went to work. Edwin Willis, in charge of interior decoration, sailed for Paris to unearth actual remnants of that gay, mad court of the Louis. Ace Designer Adrian journeyed to Paris also, seeking fabrics and authentic sketches and paintings of styles, his the bewildering task of creating some 1200 costumes for a period of fashion more lavish than any the world has ever known. By November a crew of cameramen, in France, had made 12,000 photographs of country roads, villages, gardens, obscure cobbled streets, and (with the first permission of the kind ever granted by the French Government) every interior and exterior detail of the Palace of Versailles. In Italy factories long closed were reopened to produce forgotten materials. In Vienna was collected all possible information about 'Toinette's empress mother and the Austrian court of 1770.

It must strangely have moved Norma Shearer, the little Canadian whose quest for success began in a Ninth Avenue rooming house in New York

First rumblings of coming revolution—Marie Antoinette is hissed at the opera in Paris

City, her food cooked over a gas burner, her bed a cot without a mattress; it must strangely have moved her that now, in preparation for her appearance in the title role of a picture anticipating a place among the greatest in a decade, expert technicians in five countries, with unlimited expense accounts, were setting the stage.

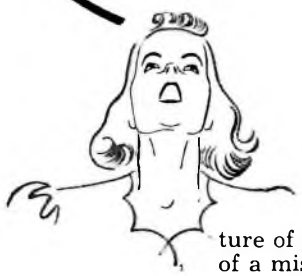
In Paris, on the Left Bank, Edwin Willis, browsing through the rue Bonaparte one afternoon, observed in a musty secondhand shop a faded gold chair bearing the initials "M. A." He had not divulged to the rue Bonaparte what he was seeking. But he looked at the chair with lingering interest.

"*Elle appartenait à Marie Antoinette,*" the shopkeeper volunteered, and, as proof, produced a writing box of rosewood and ebony bearing not only the initials "M. A.," but Antoinette's crest and crown.

There were in his closet tapestries with like identification. Above, in the loft, crystal chandeliers also from the palace anterooms, these things miraculously saved from that historic mob of the night of August 10th, 1792.

And it was even a stranger turn that in London's Caledonia Market should be found 'Toinette's own rugs, carpets, and window curtains, packed on a shabby pushcart, as salvaged from an English estate furnished with goods bought at auction in Paris—goods of the last court of the ill-fated king. Worn and darned, they hang—in the motion picture—again in the bedroom of Antoinette! The chair which began the discovery (*Continued on page 121*)

Modeling of youth



By RUTH MURRIN

A FIRM throat, chin at a pert right angle to it, clear curves from chin to throat and from ear to shoulder—these are the very signature of youth. When an artist takes a sketch of a miss of twenty and adds three lines—a droop on either side of her chin and a sag in her throat—he doubles her apparent age.

All women hate the sagging and loosening and blurring that wreck the look of youth more than any other age symptom. But too many of them think nothing can be done about it. "I never had a pretty neck," they say—and how wrong they are!

The modeling of a beautiful neck and throat line properly begins in the cradle. Baby is trained to sleep without a pillow. Little daughter plays posture games, walking around with a book on her head, and Mother makes certain that the fledgling's coat collar does not thrust her young head forward awkwardly. Nothing really makes up for this early schooling in good carriage.

Still, no matter what your age or how careless you have been, there are several steps you can take to make your throat and neck look younger and lovelier. They are simple and not costly, but—I warn you!—they take time and perseverance. The sooner you put this discipline in practice, the better your chances are to be proud of those few inches between your head and your shoulders. First and most important, you must start now to sculpture the muscular framework into strong and beautiful form. This is how you do it:

1. Sleep without a pillow. If you must have one, let it be flat.

2. Get an expert to teach you good posture; practice it until you automatically sit, stand, walk, and work in correct positions.

3. To strengthen the muscles that control your carriage, spend ten minutes a day on special exercises such as these:

Lie on your back, knees bent, so that the soles of the feet are flat on the floor. Pull in your abdomen and press your spine down until every inch of it touches the floor. Relax and repeat ten times.

Lie on your right side, your right arm stretched upward so that your head rests on it. Pull in the abdomen and flatten your back as much as possible; relax. Repeat many times. Do the same on your left side.

4. Hold your head high. If your neck is naturally short and thick, stretch it to make it longer and slimmer. Push it back against your collar and s-t-r-e-t-c-h. It should feel as if two hands above your ears were pulling your head upward. This is especially recommended to you if you are dumpy or if your head has that woeful middle-aged habit of sinking into your shoulders.

5. Do the head-bending, throat-tensing, and jaw-strengthening movements pictured on these pages for a few minutes every day. They help to keep the muscles of the neck full and firm and to prevent sagging and scrawniness. They also help you to fight a double chin or a droop along the jaw.

6. While you are sculpturing your neck by exercise and good carriage, keep the surface smooth and soft in tone and texture, by daily care.

Whenever you cleanse or cream your face, do the same for your neck. If the skin is naturally smooth and fair, this is all you need do. But if it is dark, or withered, or rough and pebbly, a little more work will help. Try scrubbing it lightly with a complexion brush to quicken circulation. Use a mask often, or try a tingling circulation cream.

After taking any one of these treatments you should use your richest cream to supply the oils which are so necessary as one grows older.

That is all there is to it. Adopt a proud young carriage, hold your head high, strengthen the muscles by daily exercise, give your skin sensible care. Do this, and I promise you that you can show off your neck with pride.

More exercises, more details of just what to use and what to do to have a smooth, pretty throat and a well-modeled neck, are given in the new Powder Puff. To receive it send a three-cent stamp to Ruth Murrin, care of Good Housekeeping, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City

Photograph by Ruzzie Green

Exercise 1. Drop head backward and open and close mouth slowly 10 times.
Exercise 2. Elbows on table, chin on fists, open and close mouth very slowly, resisting strongly the pressure of the fists.
Exercise 3. Chin on chest, roll head up to the right, looking over your shoulder as far as you can. Repeat to the left.
Exercise 4. Head dropped back as far as it will go, make throat muscles tense and slowly draw head erect.


2


3


4

Girl GOES TO College

Drawings by Ilse Shank

But to which one? The wrong choice can bring trouble, the right choice a full measure of happiness. Here are some factors to talk over, a group of pertinent suggestions to consider

BY MARIAN CASTLE

SO YOUR daughter is packing her trunk to go to college this fall? You have seen to it that she has picked the right kind of hats and sweater sets and campus brogues, but are you sure that she has picked the right college?

The right college is the college in which she will find happiness. Don't be misled by that word happiness. It is not the senseless gaiety that often turns college into a four-year country club—an irresponsible stopgap between childhood and maturity. Happiness in college means fulfillment; the developing of a girl's powers of personality, body, and brain. The right college is the one that can do this for her because it fits her temperament and because it trains her for her future, whether she is preparing for a career or for marriage.

Finding the right college for your daughter is not always easy. It means analyzing the girl and then finding the college that fits. You wouldn't hesitate to go to a dozen shops to find the hat that brings out the color of her eyes. And how much more important it is to shop around until you find the college that will bring out her personality!

Analyzing her personality usually requires a three-sided consultation: first with yourself, then with your daughter's teachers, and last with the girl. For each of these three knows things about your daughter that are wholly unknown to the other two.

Choosing a college is one of the three great choices of a woman's life, exceeded in importance only by choosing a husband and choosing a career. Yet often the egotism of parents proves to be the deciding factor in choosing a particular school. A mother picks the college that she went to herself, or one that she longed to attend in her youth. A father decides on a certain school because it has a huge endowment or a vast enrollment. Or both parents pick it because it has all the big sororities on its campus, or boasts a reputation for exclusiveness. Is it any wonder there are so many college misfits today?

There is Janet, who lives across the street from me. She is not going back to college this fall. Her mother sighs and says "nervous breakdown"; her father grumbles something about "working the poor kids to death these days." Janet herself says nothing. For it is not overwork or a nervous breakdown that keeps her from going back. It is dread—dread of the misery of being a college misfit again.

Janet's mother had been a lively, popular sorority girl at the state university when it had a student body of a thousand back in the days of pompadours and chafing dishes. It never seemed to occur to her that this same school, with its present enrollment of over 10,000, might not be an ideal choice for timid, oversensitive Janet.

So Janet went—and stuck it out for a miserable college year. The women's dormitories were inadequate, as they are at many big universities, so Janet lived in an off-campus rooming house. She had the drab protective coloration of the shy, so her mother's sorority did not pledge her. The freshman class was large, as it usually is at state institutions, so her classes were taught by overworked young instructors who did not know her when they passed her in the halls. At the end of the year Janet had achieved barely passing grades, the acquaintance of two or three other girls in her rooming house, and a profound sense of failure.

Yet the failure was her mother's. In selecting Janet's college she had failed both to analyze the girl's needs and to find the college that would fit

those needs. She knew, but didn't stop to consider, that a sickly childhood had made Janet lose a grade and along with it her self-confidence and "push"; what she needed was an environment that would do her pushing for her. From Janet's teachers she could have learned that Janet had a good mind if it were drawn out. From Janet herself she might have discovered that the girl's secret longing was to "be somebody" when she went to college.

A small, friendly school, preferably a women's college, would have been the place for Janet. In such a school her personality would have blossomed instead of shriveled; for she would have been encouraged to take part in activities—to sing in the glee club, to work on the school paper, to paint scenery for the dramatic club. As it was, she only sat on the sidelines and envied. She will probably carry through life a conviction of defeat.

Farther down the block lives Agatha, who is starting off to college this fall. The wrong college, I am afraid. Her mother chose it without regard to Agatha's wishes because it represents all the so-called "advantages" she was deprived of in her youth. It is a fashionable girls' school, dignified by the name of college. But Agatha is an unfashionable girl, with an ardent interest in zoology, who wants to go to a university and dissect frogs. Instead she is being sent to a school where she can learn interpretive dancing. The chances are she will be miserable.

In view of the hundreds of colleges open to women, there is no excuse for such misfits as Janet and Agatha. Among all these institutions—the large coeducational university, the small coeducational college, the women's college, and the junior college—may be found the right kind of school for almost every type of girl.

But before we consider how to pick this right college, let us admit that there are certain girls who should not pick any college at all. It is a blow to parents to have to concede that their daughter is not college material. But a girl's poise and serenity are too important to be sacrificed to parental face-saving.

If your daughter's I.Q. is around 90, when 100 to 110 is average and 140 is high; if she was always in the lowest third of her class; if her greatest aptitude is mechanical or personal, rather than scholastic—don't send her to college, where scholastic aptitude is essential. Vocational training is the thing for her. She might learn to bind books but not to be a librarian; to be a doctor's office girl but not his laboratory technician; to run a tearoom but not to become a hospital dietician. Train her to do what she can do well.

The problem is different for the girl with the low grades but the high I.Q. This girl can, but won't. The best treatment for her is to let her get a job. Usually a year of uncongenial work—clerking behind a counter or operating a switchboard—will make her eager to acquire better educational equipment. Keep your hands off until she does want it. After that she will make good.

Your daughter may be sufficiently advanced mentally, and yet require special care and supervision. This will be true if she has frail health, or if she is not grown-up enough to send to a university. For this not robust girl, or this immature girl, the college located in your own city, so she can live at home, is one answer. Another answer is the junior college or the two-year college.

Often the irresponsible girl becomes mature enough by her third year to go to a university. Be very sure, however, if you are contemplating keeping your daughter at home for her first two years, that she *is* immature. A wise dean of women in a Middle Western college remarked to me with a twinkle, "The most important word in the phrase 'going away to college' is 'away'!"

Parents are sometimes least able to judge how grown-up their daughters are. The fact that a doting mother washes out her daughter's silk stockings every night, or a father can be wheedled into making additions to her allowance, or both parents pace the floor whenever she is out late is no sign that the daughter, if put on her own, might not manage her wardrobe and pocketbook and dates with unexpected acumen and success.

Yet college catastrophes do occur. Some girls cannot manage their own lives. Every girl going away to college should realize that being her own boss means doing a good job of bossing; it means going to bed and getting up on time, spending her money thriftily, studying regularly, and keeping her head emotionally.

Your daughter may, when she is halfway through her course, want to change colleges. Don't be afraid to let her if she has found out what she wants to specialize in. The losses in splitting her college life in two—the breaks in her friendships, in her class feeling, and in her participation in campus activities—will be more than made up for by the gains in mental growth.

If lack of (*Continued on page 112*)

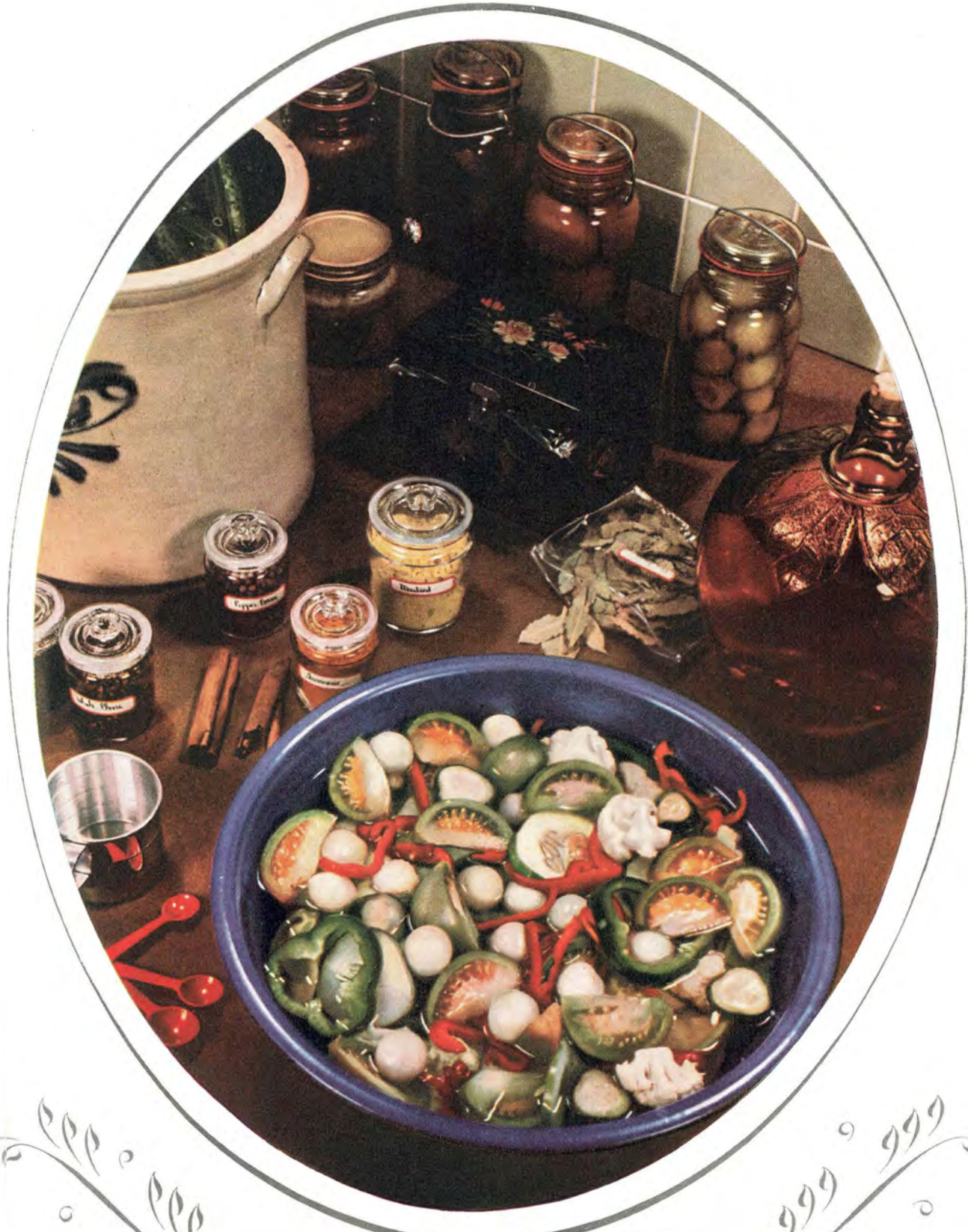
Born Executive

Girls' Girl

Nice average

High I.Q.

Boys' Girl



"Sugar and spice and all things nice,"
That's what these pickles are made of.

Photograph by H. I. Williams

Good Old-Fashioned Pickles

All of them family favorites
All tested in our kitchens
at Good Housekeeping Institute

By Julia Hoover of the Institute Staff

VISITORS overstayed their time. Staff members lingered at the door. Executives wandered from their offices. Elevator boys asked questions. Why? It was pickling time in our Institute kitchens. We were testing the recipes for this article, and the tantalizing spiciness that wafted from our bubbling kettles awakened appetites—and, for many of us, memories.

It took us back to the years, not so long ago either, when we were children and the pickling season was on. Down from the kitchen or pantry ledges came pickle crocks, similar to the nice old gray-and-blue one on the opposite page. In from the garden and market came vegetables and fruits still moist with morning dew. Then for days we could walk down almost any street and know, by sniffing the outdoor fragrance of pickles and relishes, just what was happening in the Beck or Davis home.

Many of these pickle recipes were handed down from grandmother to mother, from mother to daughter, like legendary ballads. Each housekeeper had her favorites, the secrets of which she guarded almost as carefully as her life. Give away a bottle of her pickles? Why, certainly, if friendship warranted. But give the recipe even to her nearest? Seldom! It was little use to enter your cucumber pickles in the township fair, for Mrs. Duffy always walked away with first prize. All that was ever known of her procedure was that she "filled a well-cleaned butter tub with salt water strong enough to float an egg, and chose gherkins not over a finger long."

Times and tastes have changed, but we still like old-fashioned pickles and relishes. While our grocer stocks a choice variety of excellent bottled pickles at all seasons of the year, many of us still like to "put down" at least a few jars, particularly when we have a garden that affords a plentiful supply of pickle fixin's. Hence our reason for spending several weeks at Good Housekeeping Institute last fall working over family-favored recipes from many sections of the country.

Try our pickle recipes, and you'll discover that all of them are genuine old-timers, including the mustard pickles which you see ready for their brine soak in our color photograph on the opposite page. There are no puzzling instructions or indefinite measurements. Our simple and exact directions produce old-fashioned pickle delights in an easy, modern manner.

Mixed Mustard Pickles

(Tested by Good Housekeeping Institute)

1 medium cauliflower
2 green peppers
1 red pepper
2 c. small white onions
2 lbs. green tomatoes
2 c. very small cucumbers
4 c. unpared cucumber slices, ⅛" thick
1 c. salt
6 c. cold water
3 pts. vinegar
2 c. granulated sugar
2 tsp. celery seed
¾ c. sifted all-purpose flour
¼ lb. dry mustard (1¼ c.)
¾ tsp. turmeric

Wash the cauliflower and break into small flowerets. Wash and seed the peppers, cut in halves, then into ¼" crosswise slices. Pour boiling water over the onions, let stand 5 min., then skin. Wash and cut the tomatoes in eighths. Mix the cauliflower, peppers, onions, tomato sections, whole small cucumbers, and cucumber slices in (*Continued on page 137*)

Helen Kendall of the Institute Staff

Many a large wash flapping merrily in the breeze at 10 o'clock on Monday morning will have a weary wait before the last piece is ironed. "I don't mind the wash," our visitors tell us when they come to see us at the Institute, "but, oh, the ironing!" Week after week and year after year we have washed and ironed many family washings in the machines which we are testing in our laboratories. Our clothes hampers are no different from yours, as actual families cooperate with us in sending in their wash. Because of this very practical experience, we have worked out many ideas which we hope will help you to lighten both your washing and ironing, as they have lightened ours.

Are you perhaps too meticulous about your week's ironing? Do you insist that every sheet and every dishtowel be dampened and ironed over the entire surface? If you do, try to revise your thinking and save your skill and time for that frilly blouse or that smart summer frock.

We would not for a moment want to encourage poor standards, but in a home where one pair of hands must do it all, we must weigh relative values and put first things first. Have you decided just what are the first things to you, what you are satisfied to pass over and what you are not?

The piles of clothes on the table need little or no ironing

Follow closely instructions in the manufacturer's booklet

Miss Phillips finds that ironing begins on the line, and when she comes to the flatwork in her basket, she appreciates the time and attention she has given to straightening out corners and hanging evenly on the line. The handkerchiefs hung at the left won't need pulling and stretching like those at the right. There's a right and a wrong way even in hanging up clothes.

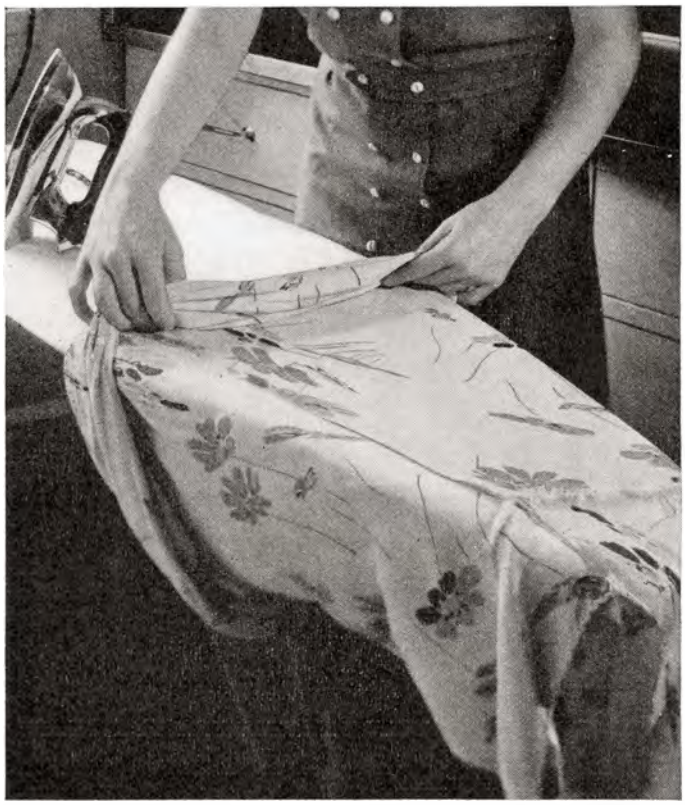
IRONING BY RECIPE

Here is Miss Phillips seated comfortably at the ironer, letting the machine and not her arm do the work. Have you often wished you had more skill with your ironer? You *can* have, for instruction booklets supplied with ironing machines give not only directions but illustrations to guide you in ironing each piece in your laundry basket. Sheets, pillowcases, table linen, and towels are all beginner's work and can be done easily. Shorts, shirts, pajamas, and trousers, as well as washable suits—these are the more difficult pieces—but a little practice with them and care in following instructions will turn you into an expert who can iron

almost any garment. Follow the instructions in the manufacturer's booklet as you would follow an Institute recipe.

HIT THE HIGH SPOTS ONLY

Not one of the pieces in the large pile of clothes on the table came in for any real ironing. Folded and straightened out with an occasional bit of help from the iron or ironer, they were ready to put away. Bathtowels and facecloths, silk and cotton knit underwear, sweat shirts and polo shirts. Yes, there are dishtowels in the pile, too—for why iron them? And there are sheets as well, for if they are carefully hung and folded when taken off the line, a quick pressing



Fold back the bottom of nightgowns and slips when ironing top

around the edge may be enough to satisfy the family if they want you to go picnicking or swimming with them. There are plenty of hand-size Turkish towels instead of linen in our weekly wash—another way of cutting down on ironing!

The clothesbasket shown opposite is one that will have a real appeal for any woman who does her own washing. It can be wheeled out to the drying yard, where it stands on its own legs, so there is no stooping for clothes. The clothes in the basket show how we like to arrange them for ironing. If there is anything that is discouraging and actually tiring, it is a hodgepodge basket. When all these clothes are ironed, there will be no tedious sorting of tea napkins, handkerchiefs, and other pieces, for each will be in its own pile. Notice the simple devices for even sprinkling in the background of the picture, and if you are still dampening your clothes with a flick of the hand, why not try one of these for neater and more even sprinkling? One is a metal top which can be used with a suitable bottle, and the other is an approved automatic sprinkler which, when you have pumped up pressure, gives off a fine even spray as the handle is pushed down.

IRONING NIGHTGOWNS AND SLIPS

We have found that when we iron silk nightdresses or long slips that are quite fussy at the top, the bottom often becomes dried out before the top is finished. Try folding it back evenly as we have shown above. It prevents drying out, and it offers less interference with the ironing cord and end of the board.

For our hand ironing we use a lightweight iron—3½ to 4 pounds. These are no longer new, of course, but we still like to talk about how easily they glide over the fabric with a smoothing action! With a touch of (*Continued on page 137*)

Iron pockets dry first, and you'll avoid mark on right side

WASHDAY HINTS

Along about Friday gather up your sheets, bathtowels, and other small things that need little or no ironing and take time out to wash them. One hour or even less will do the whole job, and what a help on Monday morning—in saving not only your strength, but your hot-water supply as well.

★

When rinsing clothes in double tubs, be sure to put the stopper in the opposite tub before the clothes drop down into the tub from the wringer. If you don't, the water will back up from the rinsing tub as you pull the stopper out, and wet the clothes which are in the second tub ready to be hung.

★

We keep a sponge (you can use a natural sponge or a cellulose one) at the tubs for the final washing and wiping up of the washing machine and tubs. If you use one once, you will never be without it. Notice particularly how it dries off the surfaces, leaving no streaks.

★

When you place a dress, blouse, or knitted garment on a hanger for drying, you can keep the hanger from "jumping" off the line if you place the garment on two hangers hooked in opposite directions over the line. Knitted slips and nightgowns should always be hung this way.

Visits to the grocer

WITH DOROTHY MARSH
OF THE INSTITUTE STAFF

SAUTÉED BANANAS, THE INSTITUTE WAY. If you have never served our old friend, the banana, as a delightful variation from potatoes or rice, do try our Sautéed Bananas as a garnish for your meat or fish platter.

Cut 6 peeled ripe bananas into halves crosswise and brush them with lemon juice. Heat 2 tbsp. butter or margarine in a skillet and sauté the bananas in this for about 8 min. or until brown and tender, turning them once. They're nice sprinkled with a bit of salt just before serving.

DON'T NEGLECT OYSTERS. That oysters are out of season right now is no reason for depriving your family of their deliciousness. See if your grocer doesn't carry the canned oyster purée and oyster bisque that we recently tested in our Institute kitchen. Made from selected oysters finely chopped, these two canned oyster products abound in real fresh oyster goodness. And to make a gorgeous stew, you need only add hot milk or half and half of hot milk and cream, with a generous lump of butter!

Don't forget, either, that packaged frosted oysters are on the market the year round and may be served just like fresh ones.

JELLIED SALADS GET THEIR INNINGS. I call them benefactors to summer housekeepers—those manufacturers who package the gelatins for such cooling salads and desserts. And now along comes another with a novel idea—canned tomato aspic on which the Institute recently made the taste test for the Bureau. About 4 hrs. in the refrigerator will jelly this aspic, which then turns out of the can, ready to slice, arrange on salad greens, and top with dressing. You may put raw or cooked vegetables or cooked fish or meat in molds, then pour in the liquid aspic, chill, unmold, and serve.

EASY TO MAKE, COOL TO SIP. I wonder if you are prepared to whisk together cooling drinks at a moment's notice these sultry August days. By way of reminder—pineapple, orange, grape, grapefruit, and loganberry juices, a mixture of orange and grapefruit juice, and fruit nectars all come in cans or bottles and combine deliciously and quickly with carbonated drinks. Also there's no better thirst quencher than fresh orangeade or lemonade.

Here's a Tea Punch that Institute guests always rave about. Let 4 c. boiling water stand on 10 tsp. of tea for 5 min., then strain. Or if you think of it the night before, let 4 c. cold water stand on 5 tbsp. tea for 18 to 24 hrs.; then strain. Now stir in until dissolved 1 c. powdered sugar; add 1 c. cold water, 2½ c. canned pineapple juice, ½ c. lemon juice, and some ice. Chill well and serve. Serves 15.

DO CANE AND BEET SUGARS DIFFER? In case someone asks you this question, here's the Institute's answer: The sugar that is separated from the beet and that separated from the cane are identical in chemical properties. They have the same keeping qualities, too. And it is doubtful that anyone except an expert could detect any difference in their flavor and odor. Furthermore, one is just as good as the other for cooking. So buy whichever your market offers.

SOUR CREAM GOES SAUCEY. A friend of Julia Hoover discovered this one, and our Tasting Staff voted it a winner.

If your cream turns sour, don't feel too bad. Choose buttered cauliflower, asparagus, broccoli, or broiled fish for dinner that night. Then beat up 2 egg yolks, add 1½ c. thick sour cream, 1½ tsp. each of lemon juice and salt, ¼ tsp. sugar, and a speck of pepper—all in the top of a double boiler. Cook this over hot water until it thickens, stirring constantly. Then pass with the vegetables or fish.

In case you don't have sour cream on hand, you can buy it bottled.

WHEN YOU'RE BUYING MELONS. Summer and fall months tempt us with a variety of delicious cantaloupes as well as casabas, honeyballs, and honeydews. In selecting melons just right for serving, look for a softening of the melon at the blossom end.

SHOULD A CAN HISS WHEN OPENED? Don't be alarmed if the can you're opening hisses. This usually means that there is a good vacuum in the can, and occurs when air *rushes in* to fill the vacuum.

However, if either end of the can is bulged, the hissing sound may be caused by an *outrush* of gas from the can, and suggests that the contents may have spoiled. Vacuum-packed coffee is an exception to this, since it is not unusual for these cans to show a slight bulge on the end; but this in no way affects the quality of the coffee.

RIPE OLIVES IN GARLIC. Here's another Institute luncheon favorite! Buy the size of ripe olive you like best, remembering to check the can or jar label, which should show a cut or imprint approximating the size of the olives in the can. Drain these of their liquor, cover them with olive or salad oil, and add a cut clove of garlic. Chill for several hours. Then drain off the oil and serve the olives as a relish.

Or warm up the olives in the oil in a saucepan after they have stood in it for a day or so, then remove them from the oil and serve hot as a center garnish for the meat platter. Hot or cold, the olives take on a delightful suggestion of garlic flavor.

—*from the desk of* Katharine Fisher

BANISH WASHDAY TRADITIONS. There was a time when washday was called blue Monday—and with good reason. It meant getting up at dawn to build the fire, putting the boiler on, wringing out the clothes that had been soaking overnight, and otherwise getting an early start so all the wash would be out on the line by noon. Neighbors vied with each other to see who would finish first.

It was a slow and laborious job, a job for a Cinderella. Breakfast was a hurried meal; lunch a sketchy pickup affair. The house looked after itself, and the family felt forlorn and neglected.

Today the magic of modern equipment has eliminated this once-a-week drudgery. There is no stove to stoke, no overnight soaking or boiling of clothes, no washboard scrubbing. The electric washing machine whisks the clothes clean so quickly that it is a simple matter to wash a load or two. Not on Monday alone but on any other day that seems convenient.

Yet I am sure that in many homes Blue Monday is still observed with the same old-fashioned fervor. Clothes are allowed to pile up all week for this one day. When it arrives, the family is warned to use hot water sparingly. Every effort is made to stretch the hot-water supply so that the week's washing can be done in one forenoon. Two or sometimes three loads of clothes are often put through the same suds and the same rinsing water. The result is that they are not really washed clean.

Let's throw washday traditions overboard. Your grandmother and mine had to do all their washing on Monday, just as they did all their baking on Saturday. It was work to build up a rousing fire and keep it going. They had to make full use of it. But those days are gone. Let them go!

Why not do a small washing daily, or two or three times a week, whenever it is convenient? If you plan the week's work ahead, you will find it easy to arrange washing hours that will not upset the family or your household routine. You will find you can wash and rinse the clothes more thoroughly in the way you really want to, because your hot-water supply will not be so overtaxed. You will have clean hot water for each load. Besides, you will not be overtaxing yourself on any one day of the week.

Fumigating a storage closet

MOTHS DON'T TAKE A VACATION. Remember this when you close your house to take yours. It may be a signal for the beginning of their busy season. They get in their best—or worst—work when undisturbed in a quiet, dark place. So before starting on your holidays, go around the house and check up very carefully to be sure that your possessions are well protected against these destructive little pests.

You have the choice of a number of different methods which are effective for defeating the moth. But none of these will do a good job unless it is effectively used. Few people seem to know what these effective methods are. Some manufacturers and sellers are pretty casual, too, in the way they try to tell you. I am dismayed by department-store advertisements which say: "Just hang this in your closet. It will release a vapor fatal to moths."

If properly used, this vapor is fatal to moths, their eggs, and the larvae. But used in this casual way, the only good it can do is give you a false sense of security. To be fatal to moths, the vapor must be present in a strongly concentrated form. This becomes possible only when you use a sufficiently large quantity of the vapor-producing material. Then, to keep the vapor from escaping and weakening, and moths from entering, the closet must be kept as airtight as it is possible to make it.

SEAL YOUR CLOSETS. This is easily done by covering the cracks around the closet door, including the one along the floor, and even the keyhole, with gummed paper or the sealing tape used by fumigators and sold in drug and department stores. Hang in one closet all the woolen clothes you wish to store, seal it, and keep it sealed until the things stored in it are needed.

The larger the closet, the greater the quantity of vapor-producing material or fumigant will be needed to get the desired strength of fumes. A pound of fumigant for a very small closet measuring 2′ x 2′ x 7′, or 28 cubic feet, gives good protection. A closet 3′ x 3′ x 7′, or 63 cubic feet, will need 2¼ pounds, and so on.

Cleanliness is a great (*Continued on page 90*)

SIMPLE

You asked for them—and here they are,

SNOW PUDDING

(Tested by Good Housekeeping Institute)

1 tbsp. plain unflavored gelatin
¼ c. cold water
1 c. boiling water
¾ c. granulated sugar
¼ tsp. salt
1 tbsp. grated lemon rind
¼ c. lemon juice
2 egg whites

Soak gelatin in the cold water, 5 min.; add the boiling water and stir until the gelatin is dissolved. Add ½ c. of the sugar, and salt, lemon rind, and juice. Cool until slightly thickened. Then, using an egg beater, beat in the egg whites, which have been beaten with the remaining ¼ c. of sugar until stiff, as shown above. Turn into a cold wet mold and chill. Unmold when set and serve with Custard Sauce made from the remaining egg yolks. Serves 4 to 5.

APPLE TAPIOCA

(Tested by Good Housekeeping Institute)

½ c. granulated sugar
½ tsp. salt
½ c. quick-cooking tapioca
2½ c. boiling water
¼ tsp. nutmeg
3 c. sliced, pared, cored apples
Cream

Combine the sugar, salt, and tapioca in a double boiler. Add the boiling water while stirring, and cook over hot water until the tapioca is transparent—about 5 min.—stirring frequently. Add the nutmeg and apples, and pour into a greased covered 1½-qt. baking dish. Bake in a moderate oven of 350° F. for 1 hr. 15 min., or until the apples are tender. Serve hot or cold with cream. Serves 6. To serve 2 or 3 make half this recipe. The apples may be halved.

ROAST BEEF

(Tested by Good Housekeeping Institute)

Order a rolled rib or loin roast of beef and be sure to get the weight of the roast *after boning*. Sprinkle it lightly with salt, pepper, and flour if you wish. Then place on a rack in an uncovered roaster. Add *no water*. Roast in a very hot oven of 500° F. for 15 min., then reduce heat to a moderate oven of 350° F. for remaining time. Allow 25 min. roasting per lb. for a rare roast, and 30 min. per lb. for a medium roast. Roast a standing rib roast as above, allowing 20 min. per lb. for a rare roast; 25 min. per lb. for a medium roast. In using a meat thermometer, use same oven heats as above, and roast meat until thermometer indicates desired doneness. Use above roasting time periods as guide.

WE ARE strong in our conviction that American cookery has never been given the place it deserves among the fine arts. The palm for cooking usually goes to France, but we believe that even the most exacting gourmet would have no hesitation in awarding it now and then to our native American dishes, the good old stand-bys that are so essentially American: chicken pie, apple pie, ice cream, luscious layer cakes, corn-on-the-cob, and sautéed onions.

Of native dishes there is no lack. They are the foundation of our culinary art, and although our cooking is by way of becoming international in scope—for we are quick to adopt what is choice in foreign dishes—we are as devoted as ever to the dishes that our grandmothers passed on to us.

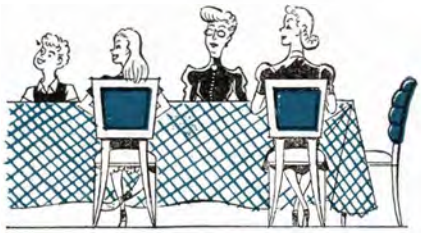
What is most important to us is that they should never become the victims of indifferent cooking. Because they are plain everyday dishes is no reason we should be content with anything but perfection in their making. And we know that many of you think as we do about this, for we have had so many enthusiastic letters about our article in April Good Housekeeping, "It's Something To Be A Good, Plain Cook." You made us feel that the simple homely dishes well made are still the cornerstone of our American cookery. In your letters you asked us to repeat recipes for certain

CHICKEN PIE

(Tested by Good Housekeeping Institute)

1 4-lb. chicken, dressed and cut up
2 tsp. salt
2 stalks celery
12 small white onions
6 tbsp. fat
6 tbsp. flour
2 c. chicken broth
1 c. top milk
Baking-powder-biscuit dough

Simmer chicken, salt, and celery, covered, in boiling water to cover, 1 to 1½ hrs., or until tender. Add onions when chicken is half done. Bone chicken, cut up, arrange with onions in a 1½-qt. casserole. Melt fat in a double boiler; add flour; stir smooth. Add broth and milk; cook until thickened. Season, pour over chicken. Top with baking-powder-biscuit dough rolled ¼" thick, and cut with a doughnut cutter. Prepared biscuit mix may be used. Bake in a hot oven of 425° F. for 30 min. Serves 6.



DISHES

say Katharine Fisher and Dorothy Marsh

old favorites, and for this instalment we have picked out eight that seem to be particularly seasonable.

We are both ardent anglers and like nothing better than to take a few days off for fishing. One of us has memories of a trout stream that meandered through the home farm. What excitement the day fishing season opened! We youngsters were abroad early with our rods and our bait, and a catch of speckled beauties was carried triumphantly into the kitchen in time for the noon dinner. Quickly prepared and rolled in corn meal, they sizzled to a rich golden brown in the skillet. There's an art in cooking (*Continued on page 90*)

SAUTEED ONIONS

(Tested by Good Housekeeping Institute)

12 peeled medium onions
¼ c. fat
Salt

Slice the onions ¼" thick. Cook slowly in the hot fat in a skillet, as shown above, for 25 to 30 min., or until tender and golden brown, turning frequently. Sprinkle with salt and serve with hamburger balls, liver, steak, etc. Serves 6. To serve 2 or 3 make half this recipe.

For French Fried Onions, slice 6 large onions ¼" thick. Separate into rings; dip each ring first in milk, then in seasoned flour. Fry about 2½ to 3 min. in deep fat heated to 370° F., or until a 1" cube of day-old bread browns in 1 min. Drain on paper toweling and serve hot. Serves 6. To serve 2 or 3 make half this recipe.

Photographs by H. I. Williams

DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE

(Tested by Good Housekeeping Institute)

½ c. shortening
1 c. granulated sugar
½ c. boiling water
2 sq. (2 oz.) unsweetened cooking chocolate, melted
2 eggs, unbeaten
1½ c. sifted cake flour
1 tsp. baking soda
1 tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
½ c. sour milk or buttermilk
1 tsp. vanilla extract

Cream shortening 1 min., then add the sugar gradually with the electric beater at high speed. Scrape bowl; beat 1 min. Stir water and chocolate smooth; add at medium speed. Add eggs, beating 1 min. at high speed after each is added. Add sifted dry ingredients, alternately, with milk and vanilla—¼ of each at a time at low speed. Scrape bowl; beat few seconds. Bake in greased pan 8" x 8" x 2" in moderate oven of 350° F. 50-60 min. For hand method, follow usual procedure.

BOILED CORN ON THE COB

(Tested by Good Housekeeping Institute)

12 ears corn
Boiling water

The fresher your corn, the sweeter and more tender it will be. If you must hold it a few hours before cooking, remove the outer husks and most of the silk, but leave the light inner husks to protect the kernels. Then wrap the ears in a slightly dampened cloth and store in the refrigerator. In cooking it, remove the husks and all the silk, then cook it, covered, in boiling water for 7 to 10 min., or until just tender. Remember that overcooking makes corn tough! Lift the corn from the water immediately—tongs spare burned fingers—and serve on a hot platter. Serves 6. If preferred, corn may be boiled 1 min., then cut from cob, a little milk or water added, and let simmer until just tender. Then season and serve.

PAN FRIED FISH

(Tested by Good Housekeeping Institute)

Small whole fish, fish steaks, or fillets
Milk
Corn meal
Fat or oil

Select cleaned small fish—flounders, or brook trout, or steaks such as salmon, or any fish fillets. Dip in milk, and then roll in corn meal, completely coating all surfaces. Sauté in a skillet in a ⅛" layer of hot fat over medium heat until golden brown on the under side. Then turn carefully with a broad spatula and continue cooking until golden brown and tender, allowing about 7 to 12 min. for the total cooking, depending on the thickness of the fish. Serve immediately on a hot platter. Accompany with slices of tomato, cucumber, or lemon. Seasoned flour or fine dried bread crumbs may be substituted for the corn meal.

It's not hard to guess the high spot of this picnic

OUR Institute kitchens, you know, are pretty much like your home kitchen and mine—especially when ice-cream-making time comes along. There seems to be a grapevine telegraph that tells the men on our staff what is going on and makes the small boy in them creep out. One by one they appear when its time to open up the freezer and take out the dasher. Our only regret is that we have no children here, but maybe you have those "animated crank-turners" who love to share the fun—and the work, too—of making ice cream for dessert or parties.

ICE CREAM AT MY OWN HOUSE

At my house we have homemade ice cream so often and so regularly that I think I must have promised to "love, honor, and make ice cream." I face a disappointed husband indeed when Sunday dinner has any other ending. So I cherish my one-quart freezer because it makes just enough for our small family and an occasional guest, it takes so little ice, and the freezing is done in a jiffy. I can even stretch that quart of ice cream to make six to eight scrumptious desserts by filling cream-puff shells or topping sponge-cake slices and then pouring a yummy sauce over them.

Here's my system, that works like a charm. I like to plan a day ahead, scalding the milk while doing the dinner dishes. Then I make up the mixture to be frozen, put it in a covered bowl, and tuck it away in the refrigerator overnight. The freezer, canvas bag, mallet, and a jar of ice-cream salt are kept together on a shelf, and about two hours before dinner I break up the ice and freeze the dessert. After repacking, the ice cream is ready whenever I am ready to serve it and has been made with as little trouble as any dessert I make.

ICE CHOPPED IN NO TIME

Now don't say chopping ice for homemade ice cream is too much trouble. Get a piece of ice from the iceman; or if you have an ice refrigerator, you can tap off with an ice pick a piece of even thickness from across the top of the cake in the ice compartment. Place this piece on a thick pad of newspaper in your sink; a few firm taps on the ice pick with a wooden mallet will quickly and easily separate the cake into small pieces. Put these pieces, or ice cubes if you use an automatic refrigerator and can spare them, into a canvas bag made for the purpose. Tie firmly or gather up the open end and, holding it in one hand, place the bag on a firm surface and give it a few whacks with the mallet. This gives ice in small pieces, like that in the picture.

Of course if you have an electric mixer with an ice-crushing attachment, your problem is only one of dropping in the pieces or cubes of ice; the machine does the rest. And with an electric freezer, or freezer attachment on your electric mixer, you merely snap a switch after the freezer is packed, and there's all the frozen deliciousness you want, for the asking. The direction booklet that comes with the freezer gives the time required for turning; keep an eye on it and the clock.

FROZEN DESSERTS FROM AN AUTOMATIC REFRIGERATOR

One very easy way to freeze desserts is in the trays of an automatic refrigerator, and our exacting tasting staff at the Institute has been enthusiastic about those we have worked out in our kitchens. By using cooked and uncooked foundations and the handy ice-cream mixes, too, you can certainly serve enough different frozen desserts to please any family. The cry for better fruit sherbets, inexpensive and easy to make, yet full-flavored and smooth as satin, started wheels turning in the Institute kitchens. Testing and retesting first this combination and then that one, checking these proportions and then dozens of others, brought forth the recipes on page 125 for fruit sherbets. These frozen mixtures are lighter ones—the perfect ending for many meals.

OR YOU MAY BUY DELICIOUS ICE CREAM

Of course, you often strike a time when you are just too busy to make any dessert at all, and then isn't it a joy to know that you can purchase such a variety of approved packaged ice creams? We can heartily recommend them (*Continued on page 124*)

FROZEN *Deliciousness*

Summer's hot days—more frozen desserts—more easily made—more successful parties—here's how!

Photograph by Gray-O'Reilly

A sauce makes all the difference

Photographs by H. I. Williams

Use eight parts of ice to one of salt

Making Ice Cream in a Freezer

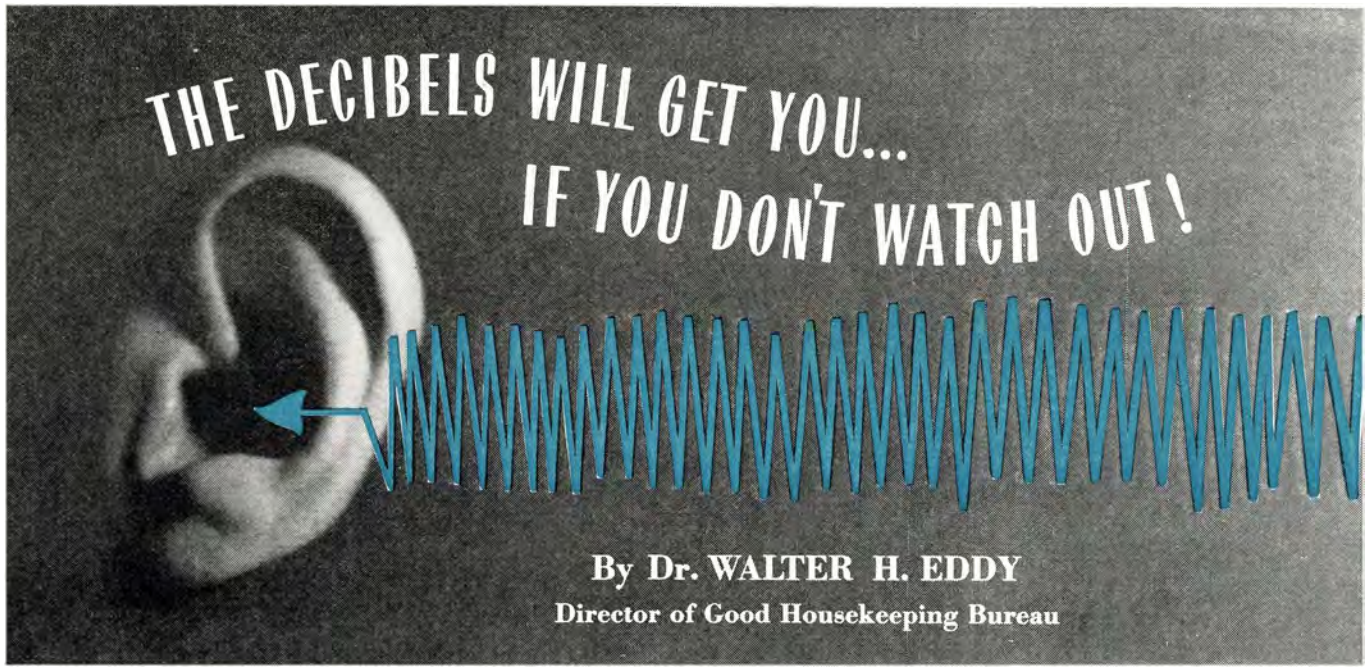
Scald can, cover, and dasher; let cool. Fill can two-thirds full of cold mixture, adjust dasher and cover, set in tub. Put on top and clamp in place. Put 2 qts. finely chopped ice in tub, sprinkle 1 c. ice-cream salt over it; repeat until tub is filled. Turn crank slowly until resistance is felt, then increase speed until difficult to pull.

Take off top, wipe off cover of can, remove it and dasher. Pack down mixture. Replace cover, putting a cork in the hole. Draw off the water and fill tub with ice, using 1 qt. ice to each c. ice-cream salt when serving dessert within 2 hrs., or 2 qts. ice to each c. salt when holding it for several hours.

To freeze ice cream and pack it for 2 hrs. a 1-qt. freezer uses about 6 lbs. of ice, a 2-qt. freezer about 10 lbs., a gallon freezer about 15 lbs. Figure the weight of ice cubes by measuring the water which the ice-cube trays hold. Two c. of water yields about 1 lb. ice.

Now turn to page 124 for the recipes.

By Helen E. Ridley of the Institute Staff



THE DECIBELS WILL GET YOU... IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT!

By Dr. WALTER H. EDDY
Director of Good Housekeeping Bureau

THEY have a beautiful new bronze plaque down at Police Headquarters in New York City. It is to be awarded annually by the League for Less Noise to the precinct making the most effective elimination of criminal decibels. Decibels? They must be a real menace to society if our busiest city is going to so much trouble to exterminate them. But just who or what are they?

I tried a technical definition on our editor; he said it didn't mean a thing to him and that if I wanted to interest people in decibels, I'd better get down to simple language. I'll try to follow his dictum and explain briefly that a decibel is simply a measure of the intensity of noise; that noise is important because the doctors have found that in certain intensity it does bad things to our physical and mental health; that measuring noise is important because measuring enables us to control it. For example: Because we can measure noise, the police in New York City last year were able to issue warnings to some 300,000 makers of unnecessary noise and to convict 20,000 of these malefactors in court. In brief, Mr. Policeman can now say to Mr. Offender:

"Watch your decibels! And keep them down to amounts that are harmless, or into court you go. My meter will be just as effective in securing conviction as the speedometer on the motorcycle of the traffic officer who charges and proves speeding."

Decibels, then, are not a joke, even if the word is new and strange-sounding. You will understand this better if you know how human ears work. The outer ear is a trap to catch wandering sound waves and make them converge on the membranous drum inside, which they set to vibrating. Back of this drum is a wonderful instrument, the cochlea. This cochlea, so called because it resembles a coiled snail shell, contains a fluid; into this fluid dip hundreds of hairlike living cells which, when they are stirred by the waves of fluid set in motion by the drum vibrations, transmit the sensations we call hearing.

These sensitive hairlike living cells must be treated right or they will not function; when they go on strike or degenerate, deafness results—partial or complete, according to the extent of the injury. They can handle noises ranging from zero decibels (the threshold of sound, just audible) to 120 decibels. Sounds of higher than 120 decibels deafen and pain us, and it is now known that continuous exposure to sounds of 90-decibel intensity or over produces progressive degeneration of the hair cells of the cochlea and will eventually create a chronic deafness.

This is not guesswork. It is definitely proved that noise does structural damage to the hearing apparatus and that it also can upset other body functions and organs. The New York State Department of Labor not long ago made a survey of some 1040 workers in noisy industries, and found that deafness was not only more common in the noisier industries but also that it increased with years of exposure. Workers exposed to from 60 to 80 decibels for 25 years showed 26.9 percent deafness, while only 6 percent of the workers who had been employed for a year had developed the condition.

Up at Colgate University Dr. E. L. Smith and Dr. D. A. Laird proved that a noise of 60 decibels or greater actually slowed down the digestive contractions of the stomach; 80 to 90 decibels reduced them 37 percent; 60 decibels cut down the flow of saliva 44 percent. The glands and muscles we rely on to digest our food can't stand too much noise. If you have digestive upsets, perhaps they are due as much to noisy environment as to faulty selection of food.

At Bellevue Hospital in New York City Dr. Foster Kennedy has proved that blood pressure in the brain increases markedly with noise, and Dr. H. R. M. Landis increased systolic pressure 20 millimeters in 2 seconds by increasing the decibels. Since noise can cause blood pressure to increase too much, noise may mean seriously premature old age.

Almost everybody realizes that when one works in a noisy environment, he makes a conscious effort to prevent distraction of attention by the noises. Even if in time he screens them from his consciousness, the nerves are under a strain. Nobody can maintain a nerve control over a period of time without ultimate nerve fatigue. Serious neuroses may develop as a result of the continual drain on nerve energy.

Granted that all this is true, what are we going to do about it? Unfortunately, we have to hammer steel and pound in rivets to accomplish the work of the world, but we can and should do two things: stop unnecessary noises and provide intervals of quiet to permit recovery of the structures affected by the pounding decibels. A tight shoe worn once will not produce a corn, but it will if worn continually. So with noise—continuity means progressive damage to our bodies, which in time may become irreparable.

But periods of relief help to delay the ultimate damage. So at this vacation time I should like to suggest that you take into consideration the effect of noise in your selection of time and place for that vacation. Stretched out on the sands or under the trees on the hills, tired bodies get quick relaxation.

Remember—real rest is due to the interaction of three of Nature's sovereign remedies: fresh air, sunlight, and quiet. Keep in mind that choosing a quiet vacation spot (*Continued on page 136*)

Simple meals FOR SUMMER DAYS

SUMMER LUNCHEON MENU NO. 1
(OR FOR SUPPER)

Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup
Chilled tomatoes filled with chicken-and-celery salad
Watercress sandwiches on wholewheat or white bread
Sponge cake
Coffee

SUMMER LUNCHEON MENU NO. 2
(OR FOR SUPPER)

Campbell's Asparagus Soup
Minced green salad with cheese dressing (French, with cheese crumbled in it)
Wholewheat rolls
Milk

SUMMER LUNCHEON MENU NO. 3
(OR FOR SUPPER)

Campbell's Noodle with chicken Soup
Sliced ham sandwiches, with ripe olives, stuffed celery and radish garnish
Red raspberries with cream
Iced tea

Now is the season when everyone heads for outdoors—a time to really enjoy life and to store up sunshine.

The song of freedom is in the air, for busy housewives insist on having their day outdoors, too. "Away with kitchen drudgery", say they. And so a welcome simplicity comes to summer meals. You glance at your pantry shelf, select the Campbell's Soup of the day, and in a twinkling the main dish for lunch or supper is ready.

FAMILY FAVORITES ALL

And will the family enjoy these simple summer meals? Well, just serve any one of the three shown here and you'll get the answer quickly.

Take menu number one, for example—built around Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup. Sumptuous mushroom luxury in every spoonful . . . The next calls for Campbell's Asparagus Soup. By the way, have you ever had a smooth, nourishing purée of fresh asparagus, enriched with fine table butter, and garnished with tender asparagus tips? Well, this is it! . . . And when the family is especially hungry, Campbell's Noodle with chicken Soup —old-fashioned and homey.

DELIGHTFUL CHANGES

You have your choice of twenty-one different Campbell's Soups for serving as the one-hot-dish. That means enjoyable day-to-day variety. And you know, too, that good soup is also helpful in promoting the digestion of other food.

This, also—Campbell's Soups are sold by grocers everywhere, so that wherever the family may be, these important aids to simple summer meals are always within easy reach, and ready at a moment's notice.

Campbell's SOUPS

Grace Moore
in Magnolia Gardens
.... Chesterfield time is
pleasure time everywhere

They Satisfy

the BEAUTY Clinic

STAINED FINGERTIPS

The tips of my fingers are constantly stained. I do all my own housework, including canning in season. I scrub my hands until they hurt, but I cannot get rid of the stains.

Your hands have probably become so rough that stains sink in and cling. Try these corrective measures: Rub the dampened fingers with a piece of pumice. Then get the lemon-and-lotion habit. When you do a piece of work that may cause stains, bleach the hands with half a lemon: rinse and apply lotion. At night cream the hands well and wear a pair of loose cotton gloves.

THICK ANKLES

I am of medium weight, but my ankles are thick. What can I do to reduce them?

If the girth of your ankles is due to large bones, there is not much you can do to reduce it. But if fat is settling there, you should promptly cut down your diet, spend a few minutes every day on firm massage, and do some special exercises. Try skipping rope, walking upstairs on your toes, and foot circling. Massage with both hands, and don't spare yourself. Neutral-toned hose make the ankles appear slimmer.

SOOTY FILM

I have a very difficult problem. I work in a garage heated only by kerosene stoves. Fine soot from them gets into my skin and is ruining it. There is no hot water, and I have no facilities for change of make-up. What can I do?

You can get a desk set of cosmetics with a good mirror like the one pictured on this page. Or you can use a liquid cleanser and completely refresh your make-up without much fuss. There are small moist cleansing pads, also, which cleanse thoroughly, quickly, and neatly. You should always apply a powderbase to protect your skin, and by all means cleanse well at least once during the day.

CHANGE THE METHOD

I find soap is the best cleanser for my face, but my skin is very dry and rough. Is that because I use soap? I get a good lather, leave it on my face until it is almost dry, then rinse off.

Why do you leave the soap on your skin so long? Soap cleanses in a jiffy, and the suds should be rinsed off promptly and thoroughly. Do this, and I'm sure your skin will be softer and smoother.

NO MAGIC SOLUTION

I know that if anyone can help me with my problem, you can. Such a scraggly problem, too—curly eyebrows! Have you a magic solution up your sleeve?

Pluck the refractory hairs if they are placed where they won't be missed, or try cutting off the curly end. If neither of these suggestions is effective, apply wave set rather heavily at night. comb them into shape, press firmly in place. Maybe this will help to straighten them. In the morning after washing you probably will need to apply a bit more wave solution to paste the curly hairs in place again.

Above is a chic new travel set. The cream at the right is a good cleanser for all types of skins. The bottle holds a cologne version of a famous chypre perfume

THE *Wedding Council*

BY CAROLINE GRAY

"What shall I wear?" is a vital question that often presents itself when a wedding invitation is received. Everyone wants to wear the correct thing and to look her best. Remember, as the bride goes, so goes the party. If she is in bridal array and the groom in formal dress, whether it is afternoon or evening, formal dress is worn by the bridal party and guests; if she wears an afternoon dress or a suit, it involves less formal dress for everyone.

To help you with this problem we have prepared the following schedule of correct dress for daytime and evening in varying degrees of formality.

FORMAL	SEMIFORMAL	INFORMAL
BRIDE—Daytime		
Wedding gown; long, medium, or short train. White or tint. Lace or tulle veil, long or fingertip length. White accessories. White bouquet or white prayer book; may have ribbons and flower streamers.	Wedding gown and veil, as for formal. Or formal afternoon dress; may have dip train. White or light colors. Short or fingertip-length veil, or hat. Harmonizing shoes and accessories. Small bouquet or corsage.	Afternoon or street-length dress or suit. Navy or colors. Small or large hat with or without face veil. Matching or contrasting shoes and accessories. White gloves. Corsage.
Evening		
Formal wedding gown of same type as for daytime. White evening dress with jacket may be worn. Long veil. White bouquet or white prayer book.	Dinner dress, or evening dress with jacket. In other respects the same as for daytime.	Afternoon or dinner dress. In other respects the same as for daytime.
BRIDESMAIDS		
Afternoon or garden-party type frocks. All in same or harmonizing colors. Large or small hats to match or harmonize. Accessories in complementary colors. Gloves optional. Bouquets in complementary colors, or muffs.	Same as formal, except in the evening, when dinner or evening dresses with jackets may be worn. Small hats or turbans; or, for evening church wedding, veils alone. Bouquets or corsages.	Afternoon or street dresses, according to what the bride wears. Harmonizing hats and accessories. Corsages.
MAID OF HONOR AND FLOWER GIRLS		
Their costumes may follow the bridesmaids' color scheme, but reversed. Details: the same as bridesmaids.		
MOTHERS OF BRIDE AND GROOM, AND IMMEDIATE FAMILIES		
Formal afternoon dresses. Hats and accessories to match or harmonize. Corsages.	Same as formal, determined by the bride's costume. Gloves. Corsages for mothers.	Street clothes or informal daytime or evening clothes, according to what the bride wears. Gloves. Corsages for mothers.
GUESTS—WOMEN		
Town—Daytime		
Dressy street-length dresses. Hats and accessories. For formal reception, ankle-length dresses.	Suits or same as formal for daytime as well as evening.	Suits or street or informal afternoon or evening dresses.
Country in Summer—Daytime		
Street or ankle-length dresses. Hats and accessories.	Same as formal.	Same as formal.
Evening—Town or Country		
Formal evening or dinner dresses and accessories. In some churches veils or hats.	Same as formal.	Same as formal.
GROOM—Daytime		
Cutaway, gray vest. Wing collar, ascot tie. Black shoes and socks. Spats, vest, and gloves to match. High silk hat. Boutonniere of lilies-of-the-valley, or something from bride's bouquet.	Oxford coat, striped trousers. White shirt, stiff collar. Gray four-in-hand tie. Black shoes and socks. Gray gloves. Spats optional. Black derby or gray felt hat. White boutonniere.	Dark blue or gray suit. White shirt and collar, conservative four-in-hand tie. Black shoes and socks. Gloves. Felt or derby hat. White gardenia.
	Summer	**Summer**
	White flannels, dark coat. White shirt, stiff collar, conservative tie. White shoes and socks. No gloves. Panama or stiff straw hat.	Same as for semiformal wedding.
Evening		
Full evening dress. Stiff white shirt. Pearl studs and cuff links. White tie, white vest. Patent-leather shoes, black socks. White gloves and muffler, opera or top hat. Boutonniere of lilies-of-the-valley, or something from bride's bouquet.	Full evening dress is correct, but dinner coat with black faille vest, stiff shirt, wing collar, studs and cuff links, black bow tie, may be worn except in New York and other large cities. Black shoes and socks. Black derby hat. Boutonniere as for formal.	Dinner coat, etc., same as for semiformal. Boutonniere.
BEST MAN, USHERS, AND FATHERS OF BRIDE AND GROOM		
Daytime		
Same as groom for daytime. Best man and bride's father wear similar boutonnieres. Ushers wear white gardenias.	Same as groom for daytime. Best man and bride's father wear similar boutonnieres, different from ushers.	Same as groom for daytime. Flowers same as semiformal.
Evening		
Same as groom. White gloves.	Same as groom. White gloves.	Same as groom.

Gossip at the beach!

JUDY: "He nagged and acted so terribly mean, it sure looked like a bust-up for a while. I really felt sorry for Jane."

ALICE: "Aw, be fair! Tom raised cain—but so would you if you had to go around in tattle-tale gray. Jane was to blame for using lazy soap. It left dirt behind! Tom's shirts and her whole wash showed it."

SALLY: "Well, I'm glad the fuss has blown over! If we'd only told Jane sooner how Fels-Naptha's richer *golden* soap and *lots of naptha* hustle out every last speck of dirt—the whole mess wouldn't have happened."

MARY: "Better late than never! Since she listened to us and switched to Fels-Naptha Soap, everything's peaches again and they're off for a second honeymoon!"

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

NEW! Great for washing machines! Try Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, too!

EVERY product guaranteed as advertised—see page 6

fashion salon's sewing room

5-in-1 dress

Fig. 2

Princess or peasant—as you will. Neither is difficult to achieve with this five-in-one dress pattern. Believe it or not, the lines of all five dresses are identical; it's the fabric and details that give them individuality. The pattern is adequately perforated for each version and easy to use. Any of these will be a favorite with your daughter. When selecting cottons or rayons, make certain they are Sanforized-shrunk; in linens or velvets look for the "crush-resistant" finish.

The princess frock, Fig. 1, in fine-wale piqué, looks adorable on a ten-year-old girl. It may be finished with a double row of tiny rickrack braid or with a single line of wider rickrack or with narrow bindings. Use a belt or not, as you please. Do have interesting buttons, like the novelty ones shown below—the more colorful the better. The Tyrolean buttons are amusing on frocks of peasant character. Fig. 2, a tailored version of the dress below, adds a Talon slide fastener from hem to throat. In woolens, velveteen, plain or printed cottons, it gives a cute paper-doll silhouette. Fig. 3—lace edges the high square neckline of this smart version in velveteen for parties or in dotted swiss or crepe de Chine for dancing class. Fig. 4, in linen, piqué, or crepe de Chine, has scallops and buttons straight down the front, and side ties. Fig. 5—in wool crepe, velveteen, or bright plaids, this jumper with square-cut neck, snug-fitted bodice, and swing skirt is worn with a white batiste guimpe.

For five-in-one pattern and directions to make child's dress, give size—6 to 12—send 25¢ in stamps. Address: Good Housekeeping Pattern Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C.

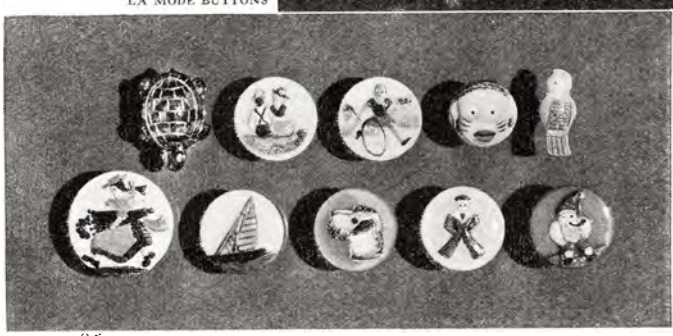
Fig. 1 *Photo by Gray-O'Reilly*

Fig. 3

Fig. 4

Fig. 5

LA MODE BUTTONS



By CAROLINE GRAY

Now—Apply Vitamin A to the "Skin-Vitamin" Right on Your Skin

FOR YEARS we have been learning about the importance of the various vitamins to our health. A-B-C-D-E-G—who hasn't heard of them?

Now comes the exciting news that one of these is related in particular to the skin! Lack of this "skin-vitamin" in the skin produces roughness, dryness, scaliness. Restore it to the diet, or now apply it right on the skin, and our experiments indicate that the skin becomes smooth and healthy again!

That's all any woman wants to know. Immediately you ask, "Where can I get some of that 'skin-vitamin' to put on *my* skin?"

Pond's Cold Cream now contains this Vitamin

Pond's Cold Cream now contains this "skin-vitamin." Its formula has not been changed in any way apart from the addition of this vitamin. It's the same grand cleanser. It softens and smooths for powder as divinely as ever.

But now, in addition, it brings to the skin a daily supply of the active "skin-vitamin."

Use Pond's Cold Cream in your usual way. If there is no lack of "skin-vitamin" in the skin, our experiments described in the next column show that the skin is capable of storing some of it against a possible future need. If there is a lack of this vitamin in the skin, these experiments indicate that the use of Pond's Cold Cream puts the needed "skin-vitamin" back into it.

Begin today. Get a jar of Pond's, and see what it will do for your skin.

Same Jars, same Labels, same Price

Pond's Cold Cream comes in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Now every jar of Pond's contains the active "skin-vitamin"—Vitamin A.

MRS. ALEXANDER C. FORBES, young New York society woman, grandniece of **MRS. JAMES ROOSEVELT:** "With Pond's Cold Cream, my skin looks soft—not rough or dry."

MRS. WILLIAM RHINELANDER STEWART, beautiful as when she came out: "The use of Pond's Cold Cream has helped me to keep my skin fresh and bright and smooth."

Most People don't know these Facts about Vitamin A and the Skin...

First Published Reports

In 1931 and 1933, deficiency of Vitamin A ("skin-vitamin") was first recognized as the cause of specific skin disorders. In the cases reported, a liberal Vitamin A diet made the dry, roughened skin smooth and healthy again. Later reports confirmed and extended the evidence of this.

In hospitals, other scientists found that Vitamin A ("skin-vitamin") applied to the skin healed wounds and burns *quicker*.

Tests with Pond's Creams

Experiments were made concerning possible causes of deficiency of "skin-vitamin" in the skin.

I. Dietary—The skin may lose "skin-vitamin" from deficiency of it in the diet. In our tests, skin faults were produced by a diet deficient in "skin-vitamin." Without any change in the diet, these faults were then treated by applying "skin-vitamin" to the skin. They were corrected promptly.

II. Local—Our experiments also indicated that even when the diet contains enough "skin-vitamin," the stores of this vitamin in the skin may be reduced by exposure to sun, and also by exposure to warm, dry air together with frequent washing. In further tests, marked irritation resulted from repeated use of harsh soap and water. This irritation was then treated by applying the "skin-vitamin." The skin became smooth and healthy again. It improved more rapidly than in cases treated with the plain cold cream or with no cream at all. The experiments furnished evidence that the local treatment with "skin-vitamin" actually put the "skin-vitamin" back into the skin!

All of these tests were carried out on the skin of animals, following the accepted laboratory method of reaching findings which can be properly applied to human skin.

Even today it is not commonly known that the skin does absorb and make use of certain substances applied to it. Our experiments indicated not only that the skin absorbs "skin-vitamin" when applied to it, but that when "skin-vitamin" is applied to skin which already has enough of it, the skin can store some of it against a possible future need.

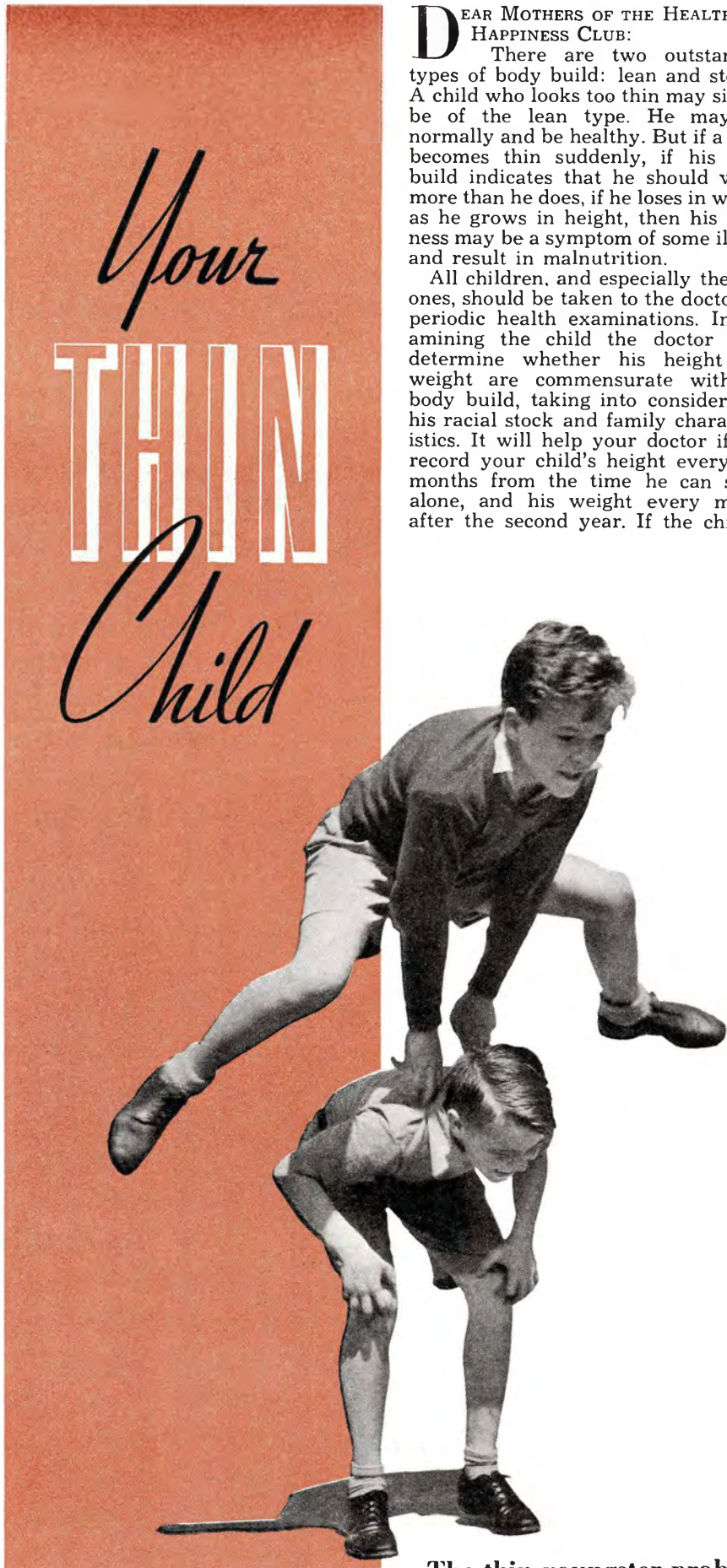
The Role of the "Skin-Vitamin"

The "skin-vitamin" functions like an architect in regulating the structure of the skin. It is necessary for the maintenance of skin health. When the skin is seriously deficient in the supply of this vitamin, the skin suffers.

Signs which may indicate "Skin-Vitamin" deficiency

Dryness, Roughness, Scaliness resulting in a Dull Appearance.

Your THIN Child



Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts

The thin youngster probably is as fit as his chubby brother, but watch him a little more closely just to be sure . . .

Says **DR. JOSEPHINE H. KENYON,** *Director of the Health and Happiness Club*

DEAR MOTHERS OF THE HEALTH AND HAPPINESS CLUB:

There are two outstanding types of body build: lean and stocky. A child who looks too thin may simply be of the lean type. He may eat normally and be healthy. But if a child becomes thin suddenly, if his body build indicates that he should weigh more than he does, if he loses in weight as he grows in height, then his thinness may be a symptom of some illness and result in malnutrition.

All children, and especially the thin ones, should be taken to the doctor for periodic health examinations. In examining the child the doctor must determine whether his height and weight are commensurate with his body build, taking into consideration his racial stock and family characteristics. It will help your doctor if you record your child's height every two months from the time he can stand alone, and his weight every month after the second year. If the child is well, his weight should show a steady upward trend.

Suppose your child is found to be suffering from malnutrition, not a disease in itself but a symptom. It may follow a chronic illness or infection; it may be associated with a defective diet, or lack of sunshine, outdoor activity, rest, and sleep. There may be a disturbance of the glands of internal secretion. Absorbing of foreign matter from decaying teeth, infected tonsils, discharging ears, or sinus conditions may disturb nutrition. If adenoids are large enough to obstruct nasal breathing, they may interfere with health. Obstinate constipation, chronic diarrhea, or other unusual physical condition should be corrected if a child is to be well. Anemia is another cause of weakness and loss of appetite.

Children who are suffering from undernourishment may have low muscle tone all the time. This makes them slump and develop poor posture. The arches of the feet may relax, and then there will be added to their troubles the aches and pains of foot weakness. By all means give exercises for weak muscles and correct poor posture, and at the same time build up the child's condition in every possible way.

For children with fatigue, weakness, fever, or cough, your doctor will undoubtedly advise a skin test to detect tuberculosis. Allergic children and those who cannot digest certain types of food should be on a diet supervised by the doctor; otherwise they may miss essential minerals and vitamins. For example, if a child cannot take milk, he should have calcium in some form for the health of his bones, teeth, and other tissues.

If, after examination, the doctor finds no special cause for the thinness of your child, then the responsibility for the planning of meals and the details of food selection devolves upon mother or nurse.

Your child should come to his meals hungry and in a happy frame of mind. Thin children are often sensitive to the emotional atmosphere around them. They react adversely to a tense situation. Scoldings and punishment are bad medicine for all children, but especially for the thin type. Have the child leave his play ten minutes or so before mealtimes so that he does not come to the table overtired or overexcited. At mealtime be sure he is comfortable—let him sit at a table low enough to allow his elbows to clear the top, and in a chair low enough for his feet to rest firmly on the floor or a footstool.

Often children gain weight when you increase the caloric value of a meal—when you serve a baked potato or cooked carrots with string beans rather than (*Continued on page 139*)

Punch...and Beauty

with a Woodbury Facial Cocktail *

Gown and Jewels, Bergdorf Goodman. Coiffure, Charles of the Ritz.

A Tonic Treatment with Woodbury Facial Soap makes your tired skin lovely and lively

TIRED skin needs a lift—a gentle punch to bring it back to life. So, before the curtain rises on the evening's gaiety, give your complexion a revivifying Woodbury Facial Cocktail. A quick treatment with Woodbury Facial Soap, now containing the skin-stimulating Vitamin—and instantly you feel your skin revive. Your beauty comes to life.

Woodbury Facial Soap has been favored by three generations of lovely women for its kindly complexion care. Now, with the skin-stimulating Vitamin in its lather, Woodbury is also a splendid beauty tonic for tired skin.

The Skin's Breathing Is Stimulated

When your beauty goes limp with fatigue, your skin breathes slowly, cannot throw off its wastes, looks sallow and lined. The skin-stimulating Vitamin in Woodbury enlivens the skin's breathing, gives the skin energy to function youthfully again.

So, treat your complexion to a Woodbury Facial Cocktail whenever it needs a lift. Your skin will tingle with life, rejoice with youth, thrill your friends with its freshness!

HEAR "WIN YOUR LADY" new comedy drama, Sunday nights, NBC—Blue Network.

CONTAINS THE SKIN-STIMULATING VITAMIN*
*Produced by ultra-violet irradiation — Patent No. 1676579

From the Desk of Katharine Fisher

(*Continued from page 75*)

aid in preventing moth damage, so the closet and all the clothes stored in it should be clean.

These fumigants or vapor-producing materials are made of paradichlorobenzene or naphthalene and are usually sold under brand names. They come in cake form and in loose crystals or flakes. The latter are sprinkled evenly on the top shelf and floor of the closet. Because of the smaller surface exposed, those in cake form give off their fumes more slowly. Therefore they may not be quickly effective, and a greater amount may be needed to give prompt protection. Weigh these cakes before using them and compute the amount you need. It takes three or four days to fumigate a closet after it is sealed.

Woolens, such as your blankets and rugs, may also be fumigated by sprinkling them generously with one of these fumigants and then wrapping them very closely in heavy paper. Don't think that your woolens are safe if you put them in dresser drawers and sprinkle in some moth balls or other fumigant. So much of the fumes will escape through the cracks around the drawers that there seldom remains sufficient strength to give complete protection.

MOTHPROOFING SPRAYS

You can also protect woolens by spraying them with a good mothproofing compound. Such compounds make the fabric distasteful to moths. But—and this needs special emphasis—the mothproofing compound must be sprayed on the fabric so thoroughly that it covers *every thread.* Power sprays that can be attached to some makes of vacuum cleaners will do a more thorough job than a hand spray.

Mothproofing with these compounds affords protection for a year or more, unless the fabric is cleaned before that. It is not necessary to store mothproofed fabrics for protection. Clothes can be left hanging in open closets, blankets on the linen shelves, and rugs on the floor. *Nothing is mothproof, however, until it has been adequately treated with a good mothproofing compound.*

CEDAR CHESTS

Cedar chests have long been used for storing household woolens. They offer adequate protection if they are well constructed, with a high percentage of aromatic red cedarwood, and have tightly fitting covers. Everything stored should be cleaned first, and the chest should not be opened except to remove something from storage.

GARMENT BAGS

Garment bags, even though "chemically treated" or impregnated with cedar oil, protect only by keeping moths out, so they must be well made and kept tightly closed. The clothes must be clean and free from moths, moth eggs, and larvae before they are stored in garment bags.

INSECT SPRAYS

There are insect sprays which kill if they come into contact with moths, their eggs, or larvae. As you know, the larvae are the tiny worms that hatch out from the eggs. They, and not the flying moths, eat the holes in your woolens. Every flying moth killed, however, means fewer eggs and larvae to worry about. Insect sprays must be used very thoroughly; otherwise some moths, eggs, or larvae may escape untouched and go on their destructive way.

Do not confuse insect sprays with mothproofing compounds that are sprayed on woolens. *Insect sprays will not make fabrics mothproof.* They only help to prevent damage by killing any flying moths, eggs, and larvae which are on the fabric at the time. Therefore the spraying must be repeated now and then, unless the article is sprayed and stored away at once.

You will find more complete information in our bulletin, "Defeating the Moth." Send 10¢ in stamps for it to Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City.

Simple Dishes

(*Continued from page 77*)

FISH—it is so easy to overcook it. And to be enjoyed in all its succulence, it should be served the minute it is done.

ROAST BEEF—rare, medium, or well done—take your choice. You have a choice, too, in the roasting method. We prefer the one given on page 76; we like the crisp fat and the accent of roast flavor that the high initial temperature produces. You may also use a temperature of 350° F. throughout the roasting period for the time stated in our recipe.

We offer these two methods of roasting because we have no wish to be arbitrary. Your choice will be dictated by the family's taste. There is one thing, though, on which we are arbitrary, and that is on roasting beef without any water in the pan. If you add water, you have braised, not roast, beef.

A roast may be done to a turn in the electric roaster. We show it on page 76 in use. A meat thermometer insures the doneness in meat that you prefer, as it registers the progress of the cooking in the interior of the roast.

ONIONS—for the epicure there is no middle way with them. Either they are served as a dish—creamed, fried, sautéed or they are used for seasoning other dishes, and then they clamor for moderation. There should be only a suggestion of onion when it is used as a seasoning.

CHICKEN PIE is one of our prize dishes. It gets one of the highest votes from our luncheon guests. We like to top it with biscuit rings; you may wish to cover it with a biscuit or pastry crust.

We have found that GELATIN SNOWS will emerge with a smooth velvety texture if we make a meringue of the stiffly beaten egg whites before folding or beating them in thoroughly. A Custard Sauce with it uses the egg yolks and makes a lovely golden-yellow trimming. Cook this sauce in a double boiler just until it coats the spoon—*no longer,* or it may curdle.

THE DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE is the red kind that so many of you have asked for. We serve it with what a small boy friend of ours calls a "yumski" icing which is the good old reliable seven-minute icing.

APPLE TAPIOCA should be treated with respect if you wish it to be tender and jellylike and not pasty. Almost any kind of fruit goes well with it.

We have given only one vegetable, as it is now at the height of the season. As with all VEGETABLES, the cooking time is important. Don't overcook them. The amount of water used is important, too. Most vegetables should have just enough to keep them from burning, to preserve their flavor, color, and food value, too. For good cooking is, after all, only a means to an end. We wish to keep our family fit.

Union Forever

(*Continued from page 31*)

They had listened to her attentively and with respect, and when she finished, the room filled with laughter and applause.

"Anyway, the food remains unimpaired," Arthur said, tasting the beef broth.

The higher prices did not appreciably diminish Marie's clientele. Some tried other places where the 40-cent level prevailed, but most of them came back. The shock of ordinary food was too much for them. But her problems were not ended. Louis was not behaving in an accountable manner. Since Marie served breakfast only by prearrangement for a few close friends, he did not report until eleven; and twice she had seen him arrive with the strange young man.

"You have a new friend, Louis," Marie remarked.

"Yes, Mademoiselle. He lives in my boarding house."

"He is also a waiter?"

"No, mademoiselle."

He hoped to go no further than this, but Marie waited with such significance that he was forced to continue, "He is one of the union workers."

"Ah."

Louis set the table with great care.

"Do you, then, find the talk of unions interesting?"

"Many seem to be joining them," Louis replied, moving to the next table.

Marie followed him. "And you, Louis—would you like to be among them?"

He looked desperately from the knife on one side of the doily to the fork on the other. There was no way out. And, after all, he had fought with the great Pétain in the army at Verdun. The Colonel had praised him at Douaumont.

He straightened. "I am even now a member of the union, mademoiselle."

"So," Marie said.

THEY did not speak again that day except to transact the business of the restaurant. Louis was very unhappy. Occasionally he stole a glance at his mistress' grave face and then would have to remind himself hastily of the Colonel's remark at Douaumont. That evening, for the first time in many years, he left without saying good-night. And tomorrow would be worse. The union local had voted for action on behalf of the closed shop and a 48-hour week. A man was coming in the morning to ask Marie to sign an agreement.

Louis was purposely not there when the union representative called. He arrived just as the man was leaving rather hurriedly, and Louis pretended not to notice him. His mistress was standing halfway down the restaurant, flushed of face.

"So you are discontent with your work," Marie greeted him without preamble. "You wish shorter hours, so that you can get fat like a French stationmaster—"

"I myself have made no complaint—" Louis began.

"—And you wish me to sign a piece of paper saying I will employ only men from the union—men who get the permission from the union boss—"

Louis again started to speak, but Marie's words poured over him in an avalanche, wholly French now.

"You, Louis Pinaitre, who fought for 41 weeks in the circle of death around Verdun, who carries a piece of Boche steel in your leg, who was kissed on both cheeks by a Marshal of France!—a Marshal who is still living, who will perhaps hear of this, who will perhaps shake his old white head, and say:

" 'So! Are my soldiers babies again? Are they who slept standing up in the trenches with their chins on the mouths of their

guns—are they too soft to work in a restaurant? Must they join groups, like little boys, and chatter of wages and hours—and send messengers—men who smell bad, who do not wash—to talk to their women employers and say,

"'"You must take only people from our group, or else we will punish you—we will dishonor you—we, the old French soldiers, will fight against the Boche no more, but against the women of France?"'"

She paused for breath, but Louis, hopelessly confused by an argument that had swept the point at issue far out of his reach, could not take advantage of this opportunity. Anne, the little dishwasher, had come in and was staring at the scene with round eyes. When Marie turned toward her, she scurried like a mouse into the kitchen.

"So I, in order to work, must employ no one unless your union boss says 'O.K.'," Marie went on more slowly. "Never! That will I never do. Let my restaurant be ravished first by those who ravished Rheims! And, as for the other thing, these 48 hours—you—the old soldier—you work too long, you say? Very well. We shall close the restaurant for today.

"Anne!" She spoke tenderly as Anne appeared, pale, in the doorway. "Come, my child. You are to go home today. The restaurant of Marie Briffaud is closed for 24 hours to enable him to rest who was kissed by a Marshal of France."

She walked back to her desk, waving both of them outside. An acrid burning odor was wafted to her nostrils. She jumped up with a gasp of horror and ran to the kitchen. She had burned her tarts—her famous raspberry tarts with the faint rum flavor. She had not burned her cooking since her first lessons from her father in Paris. Arthur Williams had said that the oven opened its mouth and called to her when her dishes were ready. Tears started to her eyes as she saw the blackened edges of the pastry. What if Arthur should ever hear of this! What a pity! What a waste! That was the kind of day it was. She would go to the zoo and eat those tough, teeth-clogging American sandwiches and watch the disgusting monkeys. She put on her hat, locked the front door on the outside, and pinned a small notice to it:

MARIE BRIFFAUD HAS CLOSED HER RESTAURANT FOR TODAY, THURSDAY, SO THAT THE UNION MEN MAY GET MORE REST.

ARTHUR WILLIAMS, strolling in the direction of lunch with a well-known lawyer from the Civil Liberties Union, was told the news by Ahearn, a city news reporter. The three continued on together, to read the notice. By 12:30 there was quite a little gathering in front of the door. Ahearn, scenting a story, sought out Louis, but Louis was obstinately silent. The group dispersed at last for such nourishment as its members could find in the neighborhood hash houses.

Arthur, sitting gloomily over a flat leathery omelet, and Henderson, picking at a vegetable lunch, listened to the plans for the big mass meeting in the Square the next day. The newly formed Labor Party was holding a demonstration in behalf of the pending Wages and Hours Bill.

That evening Arthur called Marie on the telephone, but she said firmly, no, he couldn't come over.

"I just wanted to give you a big order for a dinner," he said. "I'm giving a dinner tomorrow."

"You can give it to me over the telephone."

"I can't talk to people unless I know whether they're frowning or smiling."

"I'm frowning."

"That means there is a short line in the middle of your forehead and your lips are

drawn in a little from the sides. It's rather sweet. You looked that way when I asked you to marry me."

"Did I?"

"I have always wondered what you were thinking about."

"It is so long since you asked me that I do not remember."

"Oh," said Arthur, clutching desperately at the possible implication of her words. "May I not please see you for a little while?"

There was a moment's silence. "I was about to go to bed," Marie said. She added contritely, "I burned the raspberry tarts this morning."

"It doesn't matter," Arthur said. "I'll be over in ten minutes."

SHE was wearing a green-and-white dress which he had not seen before. The sleeves were bound at the wrists with green ribbon and the flat circular collar was green. It was becoming to her. She had bought it defiantly that afternoon after leaving the tough sandwiches and the disgusting monkeys.

"You are truly beautiful, Marie, even when you frown."

"No woman—particularly a Frenchwoman—can frown when she hears that," Marie said, smiling.

"Still, I wish you would frown a little."

"Why?"

"Because on the way over I was thinking what I would do if you frowned, with that little line on your forehead and your lips pursed together."

"What would you do?"

"I decided that I would kiss you."

"Oh."

"What would you think of that?"

"I don't know," Marie said honestly. She frowned.

He leaned forward and kissed her. For a moment, as he put his arm around her, he felt her hold herself back, her lips firm against his, as if she were weighing this thing in her mind. Then, suddenly, the lips melted against his mouth, and she yielded to him with a marvelous softness and grace.

Shaken by this miracle, he said unsteadily, "I love you."

"*Je t'aime,*" Marie whispered, in the protection of her own tongue. "*Coeur de mon coeur.*"

"Even if I am a little gray, Marie?" he said. "And growing a little old?"

"There is only one patch of gray—here—and it has grown no bigger in the past year. I have watched it."

"Then you do not think I am too old to marry you?"

"Not too old—"

"What, then?"

"Well—" She made a little helpless gesture with her hands—a gesture infinitely appealing to him who had always seen her hands competent and decisive in their actions. He caught them both in his and asked again,

"What is it, then, that you are thinking of?"

But she did not want to tell him then. She did not want to tell him what her realistic mind was warning her—that she was not of the society into which he had been born; she did not wear rings or rise late in the mornings or go to the theatre or chatter over tea.

"You must give me time to think a little," she said.

"Must I wait very long?"

"Not very long."

"Tomorrow night, perhaps?"

"Yes."

"That is long enough. Will you say that sentence in French again, so that I shall be able to wait more happily?"

Marie smiled. "There were, first, three words of yours."

"I love you," Arthur said instantly.

"*Je t'aime, coeur de mon coeur.*"

On his way home, walking on sidewalks that had the spring of turf beneath his feet, he realized that he had forgotten to tell her about his dinner party. He had asked ten people to have dinner with him at the restaurant after the mass meeting. So he had to telephone her to tell her that and other things, and took her caressing voice with him into his sleep.

"Am I too bold?" Marie prayed to the Virgin that night. "Would I do wrong to depart, this once, from the practical way—to marry out of my class? Help me, now, for you alone can understand a woman's heart." She added in a pleading whisper, "And do not let me burn my tarts."

She rose at six the next morning in order to get to the market before the crowd and have the first choice of what to buy for Arthur's dinner. She was busy with her preparations by the time Anne arrived at 9:30. Massot, the assistant cook, was due at the same time, but had not yet appeared. Marie was vexed at this, and vexed, too, at Anne, who was nervous and peeled the potatoes badly, wasting too much of the flesh.

"What is the matter, child?" Marie exclaimed.

"It is that man," Anne said.

"What man, for the love of God?"

Anne pointed her knife through the open door of the kitchen toward the street. Outside a man was walking up and down with a double sign hanging from his shoulders. Marie walked out to him. In large red letters the sign announced:

THIS RESTAURANT
IS UNFAIR
TO UNION LABOR

WHEN he saw her, the man halted, looking a little shamefaced but defiant. He had heard of Marie.

"Good-morning, Miss Briffaud."

"What does this mean?" Marie demanded.

He explained somewhat awkwardly that the union had called a surprise strike in all restaurants that had failed to sign an agreement.

Marie drew in her breath. Before the impending avalanche of her invective, the young man visibly quailed. But she abruptly checked herself. All her indignation, her deep scorn, her passionate independence were contained in one short, immeasurably contemptuous phrase. "*Mon pauvre enfant,*" she said, and left him.

So Massot would not come, nor Louis, nor Paul in the afternoon. And there was Arthur's dinner party. In the face of crisis, she was calm and resolved. "My child," she said to Anne, "this is a day to test us both. Courage! *Toujours l'audace!* There are only you and I, and many men to serve. Once, when my father came home from the War, I—I alone—cooked and served for fourteen. There was only horse meat, but baked very long in strong red wine—" She rattled on, rapidly getting her dishes in order for the cooking, gradually instilling in Anne the adventure of Paris in 1917.

By noon they were ready, at least for luncheon. The tables were set; Anne was in a clean apron, prepared to serve. And then Louis arrived.

Marie was made aware of his arrival by voices raised in anger from the street. She saw Louis' fists shaking in the air in front of the man with the signs. He had walked the streets after being told of the strike, not knowing whether to go to the restaurant or not; and then he had seen the picketer. At first he stood stock-still, aghast at this public accusation against his mistress; and then his loyalty and devotion to her broke into a rage at such humiliation. He ran forward, shouting im-

precations, and tried to tear the signs from the other's shoulders.

"Beast, fool, coward," Louis stormed, before a crowd that seemed to spring up from the ground. "*Imbecile!* You do not know what you are doing! Run! Hide yourself!"

"Get off before I sock you one," the other growled, pushing him away.

"I shall get a knife! I shall kill you!"

"Hooray for the old man," someone shouted.

"Atta boy, Frenchie."

"Swing on him."

"Stick him with a fork."

A policeman came up at a fast walk. "What's the argyment?" he said. "Break it up, dere. Here, hold on, you." He caught Louis' arm. "What's the excitement?"

Louis' wild splutter in French conveyed no information.

"He's trying to chase off the sandwich man," someone said.

"Well, there ain't no law against picketing," the policeman stated. "Quiet down, Grandpa, or I'll give you a ride in the wagon."

Marie came forward, composed and handsome in the midst of the excitement. "He will be all right, officer," she said. "He is my friend, and he works here. He will come with me."

Her words, her direct and commanding gaze, seemed to draw authority to her like a magnet, and even the policeman was aware of this subtle transference of power.

"All right, keep him quiet then," he muttered, and turned to the milder encounter of the crowd: "Break it up now. It's all over, see? Move along."

Inside the restaurant Marie said nothing about the incident and pretended not to notice Louis' trembling; but her voice was warm with affection and praise as she remarked: "I'm glad you came, *mon ami*. There is much to do. Monsieur Williams gives a dinner for ten tonight. These tables now—are they all right? We may have forgotten something—"

There were only four guests for lunch—all newspapermen. Marie was relieved because it gave her time for special care with the little pullets for Arthur's dinner, stuffed with a dressing of chestnuts and herbs of her own recipe. There would be a red Maçonnais—a Moulin-à-Vent, 1929—much greater than its price. Her father had taught her to buy the brands that the foreigners did not know about. "A reputation is always costly," he had said.

At 5:30 she walked to Union Square to see the crowd. It was not so good a place for a mass meeting as the plaza in front of the Pont de la Concorde, solid with heads from the bridge to the Chamber of Deputies. Here there were not so many—several thousand—herded along the walks and around the edges of the square—but the same people with the same worn, earnest faces, striving for a little more bread, all over the world. Her heart was moved by them, the while her mind doubted their wisdom. Life would always be hard for most people; it had been hard for her; and only by courage and toil and the blessing of God was one able to find a measure of peace and joy. Why so much peace and joy had been given to her, she did not know; but she was grateful, and she would try to share it with others. She walked back to the restaurant, imagining that Arthur was by her side all the way, almost as if she could touch and hear him; but still she did not know what she should say to him.

The mass meeting ended at 6:30 without disturbance, and Arthur collected his friends and guided them toward Marie's. When they were across the street from the restaurant, Henderson halted with an exclamation,

"For Pete's sake, look at that!"

They followed the direction of his gaze and saw the man with the signs walking back and forth.

"Picketed!" Mike said.

"That's ridiculous," Arthur exclaimed warmly.

"I heard from somebody that she had refused to sign an agreement with the union," Ahearn said.

"Well, I've ordered dinner for ten," Arthur stated, "and it's a good dinner. I know Marie's taken special pains with it." His face wore a look of acute distress. He felt that this was a crisis. If he failed Marie now, she might, indeed, decide that their ways lay too far apart.

"Well, gosh, we can't go into a restaurant that's picketed," Henderson said uneasily. "That's betraying the union. It would be sure to cause an awful rumpus."

"We can't stand Marie up, either. I told her we'd all be there, and she's prepared the food—her special onion soup, boned pullets stuffed with something, and raspberry tarts. I know—"

"Um-m," said Mike. "I'm a newspaperman, even if it is a labor newspaper, and I can eat anywhere."

The remark was received in a somewhat hostile silence.

"Who's the head of this union, anyway?" Wiseman, a representative in Congress, asked.

"The offices of the local are on Union Square."

"Well, what of it?" Henderson inquired peevishly. "Are we going over there to ask them to call off the picket because we like the food in a scab restaurant?"

"Listen," Arthur said desperately, "I have an important personal reason for this dinner—something I didn't mention before. In fact, I hope to marry Marie—"

"Whoopee!" Ahearn cheered.

"No kidding, Arthur!"

"Gosh, that's fine," Brant said, slapping him on the back.

"I was just planning to ask her to marry me," Mike complained.

"If it's an engagement dinner, that certainly ought to make a difference," Henderson asserted. "Come on. We'll ask the picket to step inside and have a drink while I call up the local. I think I can fix it all right."

Dazed by the suddenness with which his engagement had been accepted as a fact, and somewhat uneasy in his mind, Arthur followed them to the restaurant. The attitude of the group had suddenly become one of great good cheer. They gave him no chance to explain anything to Marie, but crowded around her, demanding a "kiss from the bride."

"We've broken all the rules," Henderson shouted. "We never could have come, with that picket outside, if you weren't going to marry Arthur."

"Arthur had to tell us about it, to get us here," Brant said. "You shouldn't keep a secret like that from your old friends."

Marie looked from one to the other, trembling a little. She caught sight of Arthur in the background, gazing at her with humility and love. She was trying to think clearly in the confusion. It was a sign. Surely the good Virgin had given her a sign—this once, and for the sake of love, she could depart from the practical way. She lifted her eyes again to Arthur with a smile, saying "Yes" as plainly as if the word had been spoken; and was rewarded by the sudden radiance on his face.

"And now," Henderson said gruffly, "not being in love, I am ready for dinner."

The onion soup was, perhaps, only as good as it had been before; but the boned pullets stuffed with chestnuts and herbs were undeniable evidence of the world's potential glory. "A tender confusion of succulent flavors," Mike Brant described them, sipping the Maçonnais; but even he was reverently silent over the raspberry tarts.

Competent, smiling, Marie watched them eat, missing no one's need, responding swiftly to each one's jest. She had never been so happy. Whenever she passed the table, she would let her hand brush Arthur's shoulder. Everything was as it should be. In a little while the men would go home, and she and Arthur would talk to each other about their plans—about selling the restaurant, perhaps, and living in the country, with a big quiet kitchen and plenty of time to fuss with that sauce Victoire that her father had created, and other dishes not commercially practicable.

Henderson lifted his bulk from the chair with a grunt, beckoned her to him and made her sit down. He began making a speech, standing his sentences up in a row, one by one, like lead soldiers:

"I started working in the mines when I was 14. I quit when I was 37. Sometimes I think I have the coal dust on me still. I'd like to buy some champagne, but I haven't the money. Besides, the newspaper boys might tell on me. Bill Henderson drinking champagne! I've had wine only two or three times. I want to propose a toast in the wine to Marie and Arthur."

He paused, with a mischievous smile twitching the corners of his mouth. "We wish for them just what we wish for the workers all over the land. We wish for them just what we wish for the waiters now on strike in this city."

He looked, grinning, into Marie's puzzled, half-indignant eyes. "A happy union," Henderson said.

$50,000.00 CASH CONTEST

CONTEST RULES

1 Hurry! Send in your entry today. Send in another next week, and the next. Keep trying until you win. Someone is going to get the cash prizes. And it can be you! Simply finish this sentence, "I like ROYAL CROWN Cola best because" with 25 additional words or less. Write your entry on the contest blank below or on a separate sheet of plain paper. Print your name and address clearly.

2 Send in as many entries as you desire for each week's contest and enclose with each one a top from a bottle of ROYAL CROWN Cola or a facsimile (drawing). Mail your entry to ROYAL CROWN Cola, Columbus, Georgia.

3 There are six more separate weekly contests. The opening and closing dates of each contest are shown below. Entries for each week's contest must be postmarked before Thursday midnight of each week. Entries postmarked later will be entered in the following week's contest.

4 Entries will be judged for clearness, sincerity and originality of thought. Your own words are most important. Do not send fancy entries. All entries are carefully considered and the judging is done by an outside company—(Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation). Entries are not acknowledged since this is a weekly contest. Decision of the judges will be final and duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. All entries and contents become the property of ROYAL CROWN Cola. No entries returned.

5 Anyone may compete except employes of ROYAL CROWN Cola, their advertising agency and their families. Contests limited to United States and subject to Federal, State and Local regulations.

6 Prizes in each weekly contest are: First, $1,000 cash prize to writer of best sentence. The next ten best receive $50.00 each, and the next fifty best receive $10.00 each. Total of 61 weekly prizes amounting to $2,000 a week. All prize winners will be promptly notified. Remember, the contests are weekly, so if you do not win the first time, try again.

TUNE IN — For good music—good comedy—and good contest tips—listen to the ROYAL CROWN Revue every Friday night over NBC coast-to-coast network. See your newspaper for station and time.

CONTEST DATES

CONTEST	OPENS	CLOSES
20th Contest	July 22	July 28
21st Contest	July 29	Aug. 4
22nd Contest	Aug. 5	Aug. 11
23rd Contest	Aug. 12	Aug. 18
24th Contest	Aug. 19	Aug. 25
25th Contest	Aug. 26	Sept. 1

QUICK--Enter Now!

$2,000.00 in Prizes Each Week

First Prize	**$1,000.00**
10 Prizes	**$50.00 Each**
50 Prizes	**$10.00 Each**

Couldn't you have loads of fun with $1,000 in cold cash, right now? That's the first prize each week and there are 60 other weekly cash prizes. Someone is bound to win them, why not you? Get busy! Drink a bottle of ROYAL CROWN Cola. Its refreshing goodness will give you a grand inspiration for a prize winning statement. Answers such as this one may win you $1,000. "I like ROYAL CROWN Cola best because the two full glasses in each 5c bottle mean added refreshment and added economy." Or, "I like ROYAL CROWN Cola best because of its grand taste, its real economy and its guaranteed purity." Read the simple rules. Send in your entry today. With 61 cash prizes each week, you have a wonderful opportunity to win.

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Many Waters Run Deep

(*Continued from page 41*)

newspaperman in San Francisco. He doesn't count!" Mary Jay said carelessly. "Anything would do for him! But I would —I mean if David came here, I really *would* like things to be nice if only because—well, because we're just as good as they are."

She floundered, her hands very busy, her eyes not raised from her work.

"Lord, ye could get down the Canton. That ain't no bother!" Kaytaconna said unexpectedly. "An' the flurd'lee tablecloth is clean. It come home yesterday."

"I wouldn't have you do it for anything in the world!" Mary Jay assured her fervently.

"If the children all went over to Grandma's," Mrs. Webster was musing aloud, "and I got four broilers from Millers'—"

"Oh, yes, Mother!" Mary Jay interrupted in affectionate impatience. "And if it was spring, and if all the children when they went over to Grandma's didn't come surging back just as we got talking to see if any of the chocolate cake was left, and if the lilacs were out and Dad began talking of the old times and his father's covered wagon and all that, and if the road wasn't all mud and the whole house smelling of kids' shoes drying—"

SHE stopped, vexed to feel her throat thick and her eyes tingling.

"I wasn't thinking so much of chocolate cake," her mother observed practically, "as of that upside-down tutti-frutti. Mine comes out so soft and crusty, and Nanny Bates says hers is like rock. She uses white sugar, but I believe it's the brown that makes all the difference in the world."

"He'll be back sometime," Mary Jay observed heroically. "We'll have him next time."

"He's rich, isn't he, Maje?"

Mary Jay wouldn't let anyone else call her "Maje," but from Mother it always sounded rather sweet.

"Oh, very. He's always had—*everything*," Mary Jay explained, "and it hasn't spoiled him. He's tremendously earnest and simple."

"How old, darling?"

"About thirty-five, I should say."

"Thirteen years, that's quite a difference," the older woman said innocently.

"Difference in what?" Mary Jay's tone indicated that she didn't understand. But her cheeks grew red. "I'm not thinking of marrying him, Mother, if you meant that," she said. "But—well, I suppose I let him think we were richer and—and grander than we are," she confessed honestly, for Kaytaconna had lumbered off to her own room now, and mother and daughter were alone. "What with the country place on Buzzards Bay, and a colored driver for Eliza's car, and everything, I suppose I was a little—overpowered. And I kind of made Dad out a picturesque country doctor that everyone adored, and a scramble of brothers and sisters like a—like an old English story. I don't think I exactly mentioned donkey carts and governesses and nursery tea, but I made it dramatic. That is, as I told it, it *sounded* dramatic."

"Well, everyone *does* adore Dad. But of course if you put a lot of nonsense like that in, why naturally he'd be surprised."

"I didn't put it in. But—you know how it is, Mother. I never thought he'd be out here!"

"I wish it was one of the times when Ursula wanted you in Berkeley. You could see him there."

"I know. But with the term just starting I can't ask for leave now."

"I'd have had crab cocktails, because they can't get our crabs in the East. Then —no soup."

"No. But I was thinking—the chicken tapioca and creamed artichokes and biscuits, and just the lightest sort of salad."

"Tomato ring with avocados in it?"

"Mother, I think that'd be too heavy with that dinner. Plain salad and then the tutti-frutti cake. And the Canton china, of course, and the fleur-de-lis cloth, and no noise and racket; just you and me and George and Dad and David and Jim. That'd be perfect, especially if we could warm up the dining room. We could explain the stain on the ceiling and say—and it's quite true—that we'd asked the man to come but that the weather was so bad he had to wait. And I could get some roses for the table. I don't know what I'd do with them afterward, but I guess I could manage it."

"Why, Mary Jay," her mother said in surprise, "how many roses would you want? We could use them here, or you could take them to the hospital."

"I didn't mean the roses, Mother. I meant the men! I mean amusing them until the four-o'clock train! Maybe George would drive us up to the old mine. But if the *rain* would only stop!"

"And they're not coming anyway."

"No, they're not coming anyway." Mary Jay's voice went flat. "I feel so muggy," she said. "I think I'll walk to Grandma's and come home with Dad and Tomsy."

"That's three miles in the rain, dear."

"I know. But I feel like hammering—pounding—*banging* something out of me!" Mary Jay said. "It'll do me good."

"I believe I'll make a couple of tutti-frutti cakes tomorrow anyway," her mother observed aloud. "I'll get the fruit ready. Tell Ma I'd like some of that currant pickle if we're going to have turkey, and tell Aunt Kate I wish she'd give them early supper tomorrow and come over. I've got my rags all rolled."

Mary Jay presently walked away into freshness and coolness and the fragrance of a silver interval between two showers. The ground beneath her feet dragged and sucked, but the air was like honey, and the flat farm country and the towering trees glistened in a yellow sunset.

SHE came back breathless, restored and rosy, to find news awaiting her; or rather not awaiting her, but screamed at her, repeated to her, called at her from all sides and angles. Everyone was back in the kitchen now, and the early supper was in process of being served. And there had been a telegraphed message for her. Doctor Ellicott and Mr. Cutter were coming anyway; they'd telephoned the railway company, who had assured them that the floods were going down and that trains would run on schedule. They'd arrive at one tomorrow and take the four o'clock back.

"Gosh, Mary Jay, the telegram had about a thousan' words in it, an' it wasn't a day letter either!" Michael observed, awed.

"So Kaytaconna and I are going to get at the Canton china tonight, and Dad's sending the children over to Ma's," Mary Jay's mother said capably. "It'll be wintry and rainy, but we'll do the best we can. You can set the table right after breakfast and get yourself nicely dressed to welcome them while I stick the cake into the oven."

"Oh, heavens!" Mary Jay murmured, standing transfixed with despair in the center of the floor. She sat down to macaroni and cheese, toast and jam and baked apples in a dazed state. "Oh, I wish they weren't! I wish the railroad would go

under water! I wish it was a week from Thursday," she thought. Aloud she said affectionately, ruefully, "But, Mother, it means so much work for you!"

"It really means less, with the children gone," her mother assured her with a great air of practicality.

The younger Mary Jay tried to brace herself for the ordeal. After all, what was there to it? Nobody could control the weather, and if David Ellicott didn't like California weather, he didn't have to come again. The alternative to going out into the rainy country to have a farmhouse lunch with the Websters would be the depressing one of sitting in his hotel room all day playing dominoes with Jim Cutter. Or a movie. Let him come and get wet and see the stain on the dining-room ceiling and realize that Mary Jay's family employed only one servant, and that one an intimate familiar friend, and that her mother had cooked the dinner and that her father was an overworked, underpaid country doctor who saw little that was romantic in his work and was apt to criticize the administration in Washington for the fact that patients didn't pay their bills.

She spent a restless night wishing that the guests had arrived, that the party had begun, that she could do something about it. And she was downstairs early in the morning, ready to start in on the nearest of the many tasks that had to be done before one o'clock.

THE bedrooms first. Not that David Ellicott would see them, but they had to be got out of the way just the same. The sitting room must be dusted and straightened and rearranged to make it look fresh and simple and yet unpretentious and lived-in, too.

Then the dining room—the real scene of battle. It sounded so little, the lifting down and washing of the thick old pink-and-green Canton, the counting of napkins, the careful laying of the fleur-de-lis cloth. But a hundred culinary activities were going on kitchenward at the same time, and her mother and Kaytaconna had to consult her over every olive, every fork, every cube of sugar. When to serve the coffee and in which size cups and whether the crab was exactly what it ought to be—

"It's raining, Sis!" said Sally-baby.

"Mother, when are they going to Grandma's? They muss things up as fast as I fix them."

"Yes, come on now, children, get started! George, you take the first load over to Grandma's. Then Dad'll take the rest, and you can change. Bring in some more wood, you and Phil, before you go."

"Mother, the dining room's too hot now!" Mary Jay said.

"We're going to turn those stoves down and air it thoroughly, and then get it just freshly warmed. Put that down, dear. You can finish off everything when the company goes. Now I want you all to be as good as gold at Grandma's, and not get Cousin Kate nervous. You boys play in the barn."

The nightmare went on and on. It was twelve o'clock, and her mother was frying broilers so tender that they could almost have been eaten raw. Mary Jay skimmed leathery brown cream from the Jersey milk, wiped the table where dredging flour had been scattered, filled salt cellars.

They had too much time. George, shaved and fresh and looking his handsome best, sauntered in for a sympathetic word with Mary Jay. "Listen, I just telephoned Rivers down at the station. The noon train is forty minutes late."

Forty minutes! This was disaster. The delicate chicken dish, the delicate crabmeat, the delicate dessert were not going

to be benefited by the wait. And Dad was starving now.

"Oh, dear, I was counting on half-past one!" Mary Jay's mother exclaimed.

Everything had moved almost too expeditiously. The kitchen table, the sink, were spotless. The hot plates, the serving plates, were all ready. A fresh checked blue napkin was waiting for the hot French bread.

The women were dressed, brushed, and aproned and ready for the meal. And it was twenty-two minutes to one!

Mary Jay's face was flushed, her soft russet hair rose in unwonted waves and curls. Preparations for the luncheon had looked exquisite an hour ago; she was afraid they were going to look only pretentious and unnatural now. The kitchen was warm and bright, the dining room looked lovely, but rain had begun to fall in swift silver lines against the windows again.

AT TEN minutes of two the family and guests were lunching, Mary Jay laughing and explaining and nervously eager, her mother anxious and hospitable and kind, her father inviting David Ellicott's sympathy because when folks were out of money, they called the old doc who'd trust 'em, and as soon as they were flush, they ran after the young fellers. Tomsy, who had not gone to Grandma's because he had had a croupy night and was supposedly confined to bed, kept coming downstairs in pajamas and hanging in the doorway, arguing with his mother.

David Ellicott, however, was charming; amused, interested, contributive to just the right degree. His cousin also did his best—a shy, tall, awkward young fellow, he still seemed, Mary Jay thought, to appreciate the fact that first-aid measures were necessary, and pulled his weight in the foundering boat of the midafternoon dinner party.

Neither man ate much. They appeared to be distracted and entertained by the weather situation. They described the slow train trip—great shallow sheets of water on all sides, little farms on the flat standing on their own reflected trees and walls, boys ecstatic on rafts. All through their talk and the meal Mary Jay could hear the family cow bellowing and bellowing; they had just taken away her calf. It occurred to Mary Jay that the separation might have waited until Monday.

To her the crab cocktail seemed wilted, the chicken somewhat dry and thick, the upside-down cake just a sticky sugary mess. Even Dad, who considered his wife the world's best cook, made a mild comment,

"Don't seem to me that this cake is quite up to your mark, Maje."

"Why, it's delicious," said Jim Cutter a shade too warmly.

"Here come the folks, kit an' boodle!" said Kaytaconna from the kitchen doorway.

Mary Jay prayed only for tomorrow.

Here, indeed, were the folks. Grandma, outraged and important, with the bugles trembling on her old bonnet and her mud-spattered skirts held high above white cotton stockings and snugly buttoned boots; Cousin Kate in tremulous tears wearing her stringy fur "boa" over both her black and her white coat and carrying a cat; Aunt Kate as always laughing and good-natured and rosy in her widow's bonnet and veil, with her children, Katy, Carol, and Michael, clinging to her, and all the little Websters and three dogs swarming along in rapturous attendance.

Wet, breathless, excited, they surged in; and while the children surreptitiously seized what food remained upon the table, their seniors, being pushed into chairs, being comforted with coffee, told the story. The old Jay place was just about under water. They'd managed to get the truck out through the mud and turned the stock loose; that was all, according to the deep bass voice of Grandma Jay, that man or mortal could do.

Grandma had been a schoolteacher back in the Eighties, but her grammar had slipped with her hair and teeth; it shocked Mary Jay to realize today for the first time how very far it now departed from the conventional.

"You ain't in none too good a place here, Jarge," Grandma said to her gray-headed son-in-law. "You ain't but eight-ten feet higher'n we are. 'T'sall we could do to get acrost your yard; you'd better get some of your things up attic right off!"

Mary Jay moved through a nightmare. A nightmare of drafts and mud and children with tutti-frutti cake on their faces; Tomsy in the midst of everything, weeping and coughing; George—such a patient darling angel through it all!—telephoning the station to learn that no trains would run on schedule today; Jim Cutter helping Mother carry books upstairs; and David Ellicott drawing Mary Jay aside, when she was so nervous that she could not hear anything he said, to make reassuring remarks about floods.

It was raining again as hard and sharp and fresh as if rain had just been thought of. Some of the party were in the truck and some in the car. Dad shouted to George,

"Look out for her ignition in the puddles!" and George shouted back to Dad:

"How about up to Willebrandt's? It's high, and they've got the big barn!"

WHEN they got near the village, church bells were ringing, sounding ominous in the dim rainy afternoon, and David's delightfully clipped Bostonian accents were urging them all to come down to the city. He must go; he had a lecture the next night. Why not all come to the hotel until this—this extraordinary crisis was over?

Bump. Slide. Skid. Splash. Mud like rich soup running down the windshield.

A lighted train, puffing steam that looked clean and dry in the general wetness and muddiness, was standing majestically on the embankment, the bell gang-ganging constantly. Bedraggled parties were crowding aboard. It would start, the Peters boys shouted, when it got full. And, gee, there was another train right behind it!

"I have to get on board," David said. "I wonder how I can find Jim? He went with your brother and the others in the truck. Isn't it too bad! I feel so guilty now, having come at all."

The truck had stopped ahead near the tracks. Now George came up to them. They could see Cousin Kate leaning out of the truck struggling to hold tight to a great, plunging white cat. Grandma descended amid a rabble of children and stepped about with spattered white stockings and a crocheted petticoat in generous view. George came up to the car.

"I got hold of Joe Silva; he's going out to our place to see about the chickens and the calf!" George shouted.

There seemed need to shout; everyone was shouting in the general din of waters and bells, whistles, horns, and calls. "Doctor, you'd better get on that train; you won't get a seat, but it may be the last out. They say the bridge is about seven inches above water; they're walking them across and picking them up the other side. You'll make it. Mr. Cutter's aboard—good-bye! Gosh, yes, it's a pity. Oh, we're all right. Only I wish I'd taken my camera upstairs. I got the radio and the phonograph up there and forgot the camera."

"Good-bye!" Mary Jay said, shaking hands with David Ellicott. She looked

suddenly tired and white. "It's too bad. I suppose there's no use saying that it's unusual?"

"I'm only sorry we added to the complications!" David said, smiling down at her.

Chill rain struck gently, steadily at their faces.

"There's one of the dogs missin', Mary Jay," said her grandmother, coming up. "If we're goin' up toward Willebrandt's Dairy, seems to me someone oughter whistle for him before we get any farther!"

David ran for the train, which was now giving hysterical evidences of being about to start. Men, women, boys, dogs churned about in the mud. George caught at his sister's sleeve.

"Let Grandma wait for the pooch, and you come along with me! The water's up over the crossing, and I want to get the kids up higher somewhere before it's dark. Tell Mom. Tell her I'm responsible."

"Use me in any way that you possibly can!" said a tall young man at Mary Jay's elbow.

She turned, her heart rising like a skylark into blue-and-white May skies. "I thought you went on the train!"

"Then you weren't bright. I stay with you. What's George yelling? Your grandmother's—*what's*—all right? Oh, your grandmother's dog is all right. Come on, jump into the truck. Otherwise we'll be short a brother or a sister when the flood goes down! Make room for us here, kids!"

EVERYONE else, it seemed, had had the bright idea of going to Willebrandt's Dairy up in the hills. The muddy wallow of the road was choked with slipping and honking cars from which dangled not only treasured household possessions of all sorts but also not infrequently the arms and legs and heads of their possessors as well.

The great barn, dim with twilight when they reached it, was filled with circling forms and laughter and excited voices. Children, their maddest dreams of Heaven suddenly realized, threaded the groups, slid down manger stays, bounced in hay.

Supplies were there; officious young men were breaking open crates of canned foods and boxes of apples; joyous young women were carrying them about. In the harness room an old stove glowed clear as a ruby. Mrs. Webster and half a score of assistants were starting a soup kettle, cooking cereal by the box. Fritz Willebrandt, his round red face and white whiskers a vision of pleasure and welcome, was urging all and sundry to "milk der cowz und gif der kits supper!" Willebrandt's hundreds of milk cans would not get to San Francisco tonight, nor tomorrow morning either. The kids could have all they could drink.

George, ably aided, got two locomotive lights and fixed them to the rafters; great mellow shadows moved and swooped on the hay and the high cobwebs. Rain drummed on the roof; breathless and frightened arrivals were spattered with it. Women fed their children and were at peace, ate their own supper and were suddenly gay. Well, this was quite a picnic!

"I was just washing up when I looked out of the kitchen window, and if the water wasn't creeping right up to the clothes poles!" said a young woman, nursing a fat, stout-cheeked, black-eyed baby as she sat comfortably on blanket-covered hay.

"We've got a couple of spare comforters if you're short, Mis' Rice!" boomed the deep voice of Grandma Jay. "Mary Jay, take these two kids and get up there on the meal bins and bang on something to make folks keep quiet, and ask whose they are. I never seen them before! Missy, you keep hold of Aunt Kate's Michael,

and don't you let go of him until you find your mother. Bust open that box of coffee, boys; don't be all night about it. I wish I could get me a piece of gunny sack; seems as if I always can do more if I've got a strip of gunny sack tied round me. Looks like Manny Cass is goin' to have her baby right here and now, tonight. They've got her fixed up real good in the old feed shed; Fritz went into the house and got a stove from upstairs, and the boys are puttin' up the pipe; I hope she can wait for 'em to get through! Doc Cane's with her. Oh, thanks, Mary Jay, you're Grandma's sweetheart, and you always were! Pin it tight, dear. Where you ever got a gunny sack in this mix-up beats me! Look at them children sayin' their night prayers as if they was home; I call that cute."

"Guess this takes ye back to the ole Marysville days, don't it, Mis' Jay?" wheezed a veteran who was noisily drinking soup in the very shadow of the stove.

"Time I put phenacetin into the bread thinkin' it was bakin' powder!" Grandma said with relish. "Why it didn't kill half the kids in town I'll never know!"

"Did it kill anyone, Grandma?" Philip, gorging on beans and bakery cake as he sat wedged into a corner, demanded interestedly. Philip knew every detail of the story, but this point always had to be made clear to outsiders.

"Nope. They didn't none of 'em die. They was runnin' all over town eatin' pretty much everything, and I guess the phenacetin took its chances with the rest!" Grandma said, ladling busily. "You askin' what kind of soup is that, Captain Kirk? That's every kind that there ever was canned all poured in together. It's good, ain't it? I sampled it. Flood soup, I call it. My grandsons was openin' cases and cans of it as fast as their hands could move when we first got here; folks was sittin' round as scared and wet and cold as if we couldn't eat because the river come up a little! But I guess they're mostly fed now."

Mary Jay, her heart singing all the paeans of joy that ever love and youth and excitement composed, cut and buttered bread until her hands were sore. She fished hot frankfurters from boiling water, licked mustard from her fingers, held a funnel steady as she poured warmed milk into baby bottles. She found some warm water and white rags to give Mrs. Purse, who was washing the new Cass baby; she drank four cups of coffee and ate odds and ends of cake and boiled eggs as they came to hand. And when the phonograph started at the lower end of the barn between the haystacks, she danced.

Then, when general protest from the sleepy occupants of the place had silenced and stopped all this, she and a dozen others went out to the pasture fence in the cold silvery moonlight and saw the stars shining between the great masses of cloud in a rainy sky; and in inexhaustible wonder saw the placid waters that had half-buried the town and that now were standing still halfway up the buildings like sinister creatures that had fallen on their prey and lay waiting to sink their teeth in it.

While Mary Jay watched, she was wrapped in a man's greatcoat, and the man's arm was about her and his low voice at her ear. And there was no crisis in life, no emergency, no sudden uprooting and change, that could have made this hour anything but a miracle of joy to her.

When they all went stumbling back into the shadows of the great barn, she found her mother having some difficulties with the three younger girls, who were far too stimulated by the enchanting events of the day to sleep. No school tomorrow, no homework, and always from tonight on a priceless subject of conversation: the night the river rose. Sally-baby, Boo-boo, and Missy could not sleep for joy. Tomsy, too, was in an uproar. Mary Jay devoted herself to settling them for the night, and finally rolled herself in a blanket and curled down on the hay beside the others, not to sleep, certainly, but to rest for just a little while.

But she did sleep, and looked as fresh as the fresh green grass that stretched in every direction from the great barn on the hilltop when the sun rose dazzling and hot upon the next morning. It was ten o'clock when Mary Jay went to awaken her grandmother.

Old Mary Jay lay like a soldier where she had fallen. But she was not dead. The breast of the practical gingham kitchen gown which she had put on in her own bedroom yesterday morning to cook and serve the children's turkey dinner rose and fell peacefully with her deep breathing. Her grizzled head rested on a rolled sweater; her stout, mottled, scarred old hands were still. As Mary Jay stood looking down at her, a sudden smile touched the girl's lips, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Wake up, Grandma, it's morning!"

Instantly the old woman was wide awake and scrambled to a sitting posture. "Rain stopped?" she demanded.

There was no need for an answer. Sunlight struck in confident beams through the great open barn doors. Men and women and children were straggling out into the flood of light. Cars were beginning to chug down the muddy roads.

"Folks all right?" asked Grandma Jay. "You look pretty good, Mary Jay," she added with a keen glance.

"I went over to the house and cleaned up. George—the boys went over, too. Dad's getting the truck out. The water's pretty nearly gone down," she reported. Simple words, not romantic in tenor, but the girl was swaying on her feet like a growing flower, her bronze eyes alight with mystic fire, her cheeks aglow with apricot and cream.

"You look like you'd got a good sleep, but you had a hard day," the old woman said, buttoning and smoothing her clothing, straightening old shiny gray wire pins in her hair.

"Yesterday! Yesterday was one of the most glorious days of my life!" Mary Jay sang rather than said. "And last night—and what a moon after all that rain! We danced, you know, and then we went out."

She stopped, feeling herself again bundled into that thick soft coat, feeling that arm about her again, hearing that masculine voice—"Mary Jay—there couldn't be a miracle like your caring for me? Being my girl forever and forever?"

"What did you say, Grandma?" Mary Jay said suddenly aloud, brought back from dreams.

"Said that your mother told me your young man had gone into the city. She felt terribly that everything had gone wrong for ye!"

"Oh, no, he didn't go!" Mary Jay breathed. "He's here. We did everything together last night, he and George and I. Oh, what *fun* we had! George likes him. Gran, you'll have to like him."

"Doctor Ellicott didn't go to town after all?"

"Oh, he! Oh, yes, *he* went," Mary Jay said carelessly. "He had to go! But Jim—James Alden Cutter, Grandma, and he's promised a job on an evening paper in the city, and he's—well, it's been Jim from the very first minute with me." She stopped, laughing for sheer joy.

"I thought you's cracked about the doctor!" old Mary Jay said in amazement.

"Doctor Ellicott!" Mary Jay ejaculated in her turn. "Why, he's—he's thirty-five, Grandma. And he's—he's terribly smart and rich and everything. Oh, no! It's always been Jim. Oh, I wanted things nice for the Doctor," the girl went on reflectively. "I wanted him to go back and tell his mother that we had things nice. But that was all I cared about *him* for! Mother got that same idea; she was perfectly paralyzed when Jim showed up last night. But, oh, Gran, he's darling! And he—he—" The exultant, triumphant young voice thickened, the dancing eyes filled suddenly with tears, and Mary Jay tried to smile with crystal drops on her lashes.

She and her grandmother were standing now, and she put her hands on the old woman's shoulders, and her soft fresh cheek against the leathery one.

"I love him," she whispered.

"Well, I guess every woman's got a right to feel that way about a man—once," the first Mary Jay said, her gruff voice lowered to tenderness, her eyes on the radiant, tearful face so close to her own.

"Mary Jay—for heaven's sake—I thought I'd lost you!" said Jim Cutter, coming in through the sun-flooded doorway. "Good-morning, Mrs. Jay. I just heard that they're naming the Cass baby for you. Come on, both of you. The truck's all ready to start!"

They went out into the brilliance of the green and blue and gold world together.

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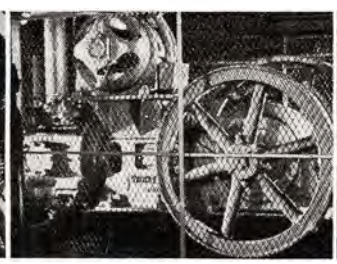

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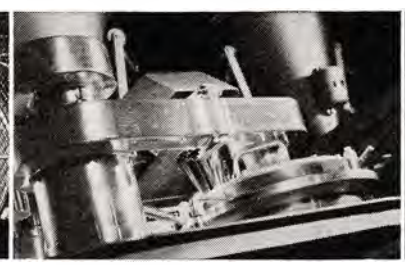

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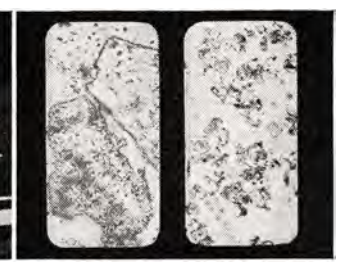

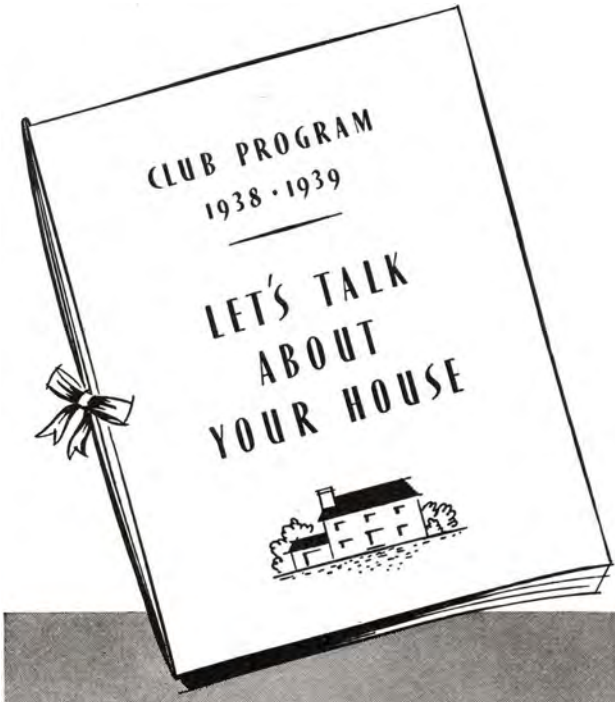

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CLUB PROGRAM AROUND HOUSE BUILDING

Here's an idea for your hard-pressed program chairman who is spending sleepless nights worrying about planning a worth-while study program for your club next year.

Why not plan your program around your house—present and future. We guarantee ahead of time that it will be not only tremendously helpful but lots of fun. (We also guarantee to help you!) For we have the word of the Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, Branch of the American Association of University Women, who studied this subject last year, that they had a perfectly wonderful time. According to Mrs. Joseph D. Wood, the leader of the Bethlehem group, who sent us the idea, "So interested were the members, so numerous the questions, and so heated the discussions following reports that we seldom broke up before midnight, if then."

That "midnight" reference is better explained by the fact that the Bethlehem study group included husbands. According to Mrs. Wood: "This was a bit irregular, but by treating them as 'paying guests,' we managed to include them. And I must say they paid their way by hard work. For the men did the research on such subjects as excavation, foundations, framework, plumbing, and heating, leaving the more ladylike jobs of laying floors, plastering, millwork, weatherstripping, and the like to their wives."

Such a study program should fit in very well with any group interested in consumer problems. For a house is the most expensive single purchase that any of us makes. And because it is usually a once-in-a-lifetime purchase, we cannot afford to learn by the usual method of trial and error. Though many of your group may be renters, or even apartment dwellers, such information is good to store for the future. Good low-priced housing is a question before the country today. Find out how good a house you can build for how little!

Even an ambitious soul like Mrs. Wood, who is living in the third house that she and her husband have built, says: "I know now that I could build a better house, and for less money—even though the one we live in now is attractive and comfortable. Three of the couples who studied with us last winter are now breaking ground for their new homes, confident that they will at least get what they pay for. Two other couples are drawing up specifications with frequent references to our filed material. The other members are still renters, in the hopeful stage, but with the help of the new FHA program their dreams may soon be realities."

Why don't you propose that your club take up the study of this subject that is more in the news than ever before in the history of housing? Our Good Housekeeping Studio stands ready to help you at every turn—with suggestions for papers and talks for sixteen meetings, with bibliographies and source material for every talk, and dozens of suggestions on how to get help and cooperation from your local building experts. We can send you a study program that is so complete that you have only to assign the different topics to your participating members. Or we can start from your club's own needs and help you build an entirely different kind of study course.

Our friend Mrs. Wood reports that the dealers of building materials in Bethlehem were most helpful, "even to the extent of keeping their sales instincts subordinate to the educational information." This we feel you would find true in your town, too, for the whole building industry is extremely aware that better materials and equipment speak for themselves if the buyer is an informed one.

Let Mrs. Wood tell you how she planned for her study group:

"We held two meetings a month over a period of nine months, and usually covered two topics at a meeting—unless they were especially involved, as in the case of heating systems, to which we gave two evenings. As a program outline we followed the steps involved in building a house. We studied materials and methods by working with a hypothetical house, which we pretended to build with many different materials—getting actual bids on each type."

Suggest to your club that they have an equally enjoyable season. Remember that an understanding of what lies behind your walls and under your floors is important to the proper maintenance of your present house. For who can take proper care of anything if he doesn't know of what, or how, it is made!

Remember, too, that Good Housekeeping Studio, working daily with builders, stands ready to guide you in this new but fascinating subject.

Ask us to send you a set of club-program material for studying house construction. We have ready a study outline for sixteen sessions, suitable for a group of any size. Tell us all about your hopes and plans, and where you are to meet. Send 25 cents and we will send you bibliographies for all suggested papers and suggestions for getting local help. Address Helen Koues, Director of the Studio, Good Housekeeping, 57th Street and 8th Avenue, New York City

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Students' for boys

Here is a room for the practical use and comfort of a young student. Simple furnishings against a background of white and dark blue give a definite masculine atmosphere to this room. Yet it is the type that a mother would enjoy furnishing for her high-school son. In it we have used furniture made of rough-hewn chestnut with a rustic quality—good solid pieces capable of withstanding the proverbial rough treatment of youth. Although the room is small, the necessary pieces of furniture have been so placed as to give no sense of overcrowding. A single bed, a low bookstand, a dresser, an easy chair, and a writing desk have all been nicely adjusted to the available wall space. A low open-front bookcase takes the place of a night table, to hold a reading lamp; it has the advantage of space below for books. Since this piece serves a double purpose, the cost—$24.75—is not high.

No matter how small the room, every student wants a comfortable chair. There wasn't much spare space in this room, but we used a low, sturdy chair that will provide adequate comfort. Its cost is $34.50. At the foot of the bed is the writing desk, which sells for $32.50.

Dark blue and white rough fabric in an Early American design is used for both the curtains and the slip covers on the cushions of the chairs. On the floor is a blue plaid reversible rug made of wool and jute, guaranteed to take its share of wear and tear. There is nothing fussy about the accessories. They are simple and entirely in keeping with the masculine character of the room.

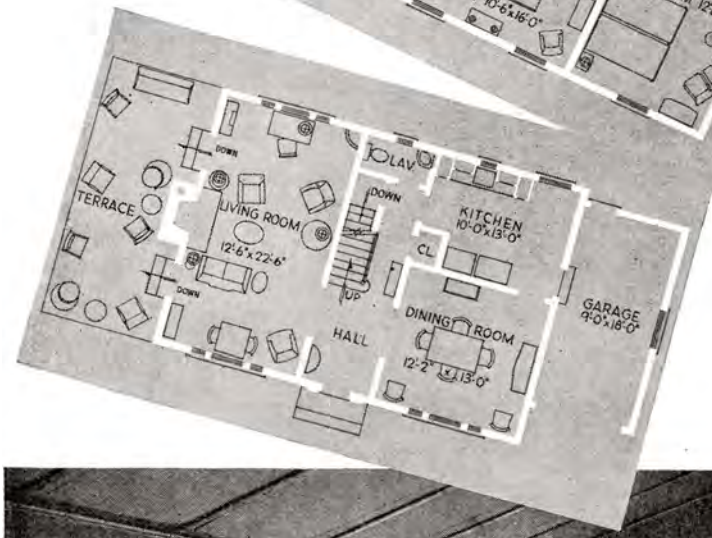
It is only natural that young people should be partial to Modern for their rooms at school. It gives them a sense of sophistication—a grown-up feeling that pleases them. Most of them, we find, are content with a studio couch, a desk, a comfortable chair. Those who can, buy a few more pieces.

When we set up this room for a girl, we made it variable, to allow for different budget margins. For instance, the desk in the lower picture is a grand piece for $39.98, but if this is too much, the dressing table, which costs $19.98, would do very well as a desk. Again, the upholstered armchair is a winner for $29.95, but the open armchair shown in the second picture is not to be scorned for comfort, and it costs $17.98. The couch is actually a box spring on legs and a mattress, complete for $29.98. The tailored couch cover with three cushion covers costs $10.00. We couldn't resist the big blond primavera chest of drawers, shown at the top, though at $69.00 it was a little higher in scale than our other pieces. With its cedar-lined wardrobe section, it is perfect for sweaters and skirts. The one seeming extravagance in the room is the reading lamp standing beside the chair. It has the I.E.S. features that insure good light. Colors in a student's room should be soft and receding. The dull olive-green walls of this room are restful and pleasant. Rug and couch cover are dark brown. The curtains of modern plaid crash in beige, brown, and white are readymade and cost $7.49 the pair. A Venetian blind regulates the light.

for girls

Rooms

THIS ROOM FOR GIRLS IS NOW ON EXHIBITION AT BLOOMINGDALE'S, NEW YORK CITY



This house, built by the Chanin Organization, at Green Acres, Valley Stream, Long Island, contains 26,890 cubic feet, and costs $8800 with land. Specifications: Foundations and Cement Work, Atlas Portland Cement Co.; Insulite Sheathing and Lok-Joint Lath, Insulite Co.; Steel Basement Windows and Wire Lath, Truscon Steel Company; Balances, Unique Window Balance Co.; (*Continued on page 111*)

The following firms cooperated with the Studio in furnishing and decorating this house. Ask your local dealer to buy these furnishings for you: WALLPAPER. Glencraft Washable Wallpapers in Dining Room, Kitchen, Lavatory, Girls' and Boy's Bedrooms, and Bathroom, Imperial Paper & Color Corp. (*Continued on page 111*)

Living-room view opposite the fireplace

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING GREEN ACRES HOUSE

BY THE DIRECTOR

We chose this month to show you a typical small house—our Good Housekeeping Green Acres Exhibition House in Valley Stream, Long Island—and furnished it completely in the spirit of Modern decorating on a budget of $2500. Remember, this means from scratch to finish, and fortunately few of us furnish all at once! Before telling you of the decorating we must recommend to you the good design and plan of the house, which you can see in the picture, the use of good building materials, and good building construction, for all of which we awarded our Shield.

Study these rooms to see if there is an idea for you for refurnishing; happily, there are excellent furniture sales now of new and good pieces.

We are frankly proud of this budget house, because work though we did over prices, it doesn't have the earmark of budgeting about it. The secret is to work hard for individuality, character, and simplicity. Spend a few dollars more on something that will contribute individuality—it may be smart wallpaper or a rug, it may be curtains or a nice desk. Make up the difference where a lower priced article will do.

Our living room is a good example of character and comfort on a budget. The features that give it individuality are the color of the walls, the practical but smart fern-patterned rug, the striped curtains, the choice and arrangement of furniture. Speaking of furniture, don't do the usual thing—buy sets of this and sets of that. Pick individual pieces that go together in general line and scale.

It cost no more to paint our living-room walls this dull soft celadon green than it would have to paint them an innocuous cream or tan, but the result goes a long way toward making the room. Then take the striped curtains. High style, you say? Maybe, but not high-priced, for our material is a good inexpensive cotton, and you could make the curtains yourself. Notice the simplicity of line of the furniture, and notice, too, how much charm is given the room by the combination of pine desk and coffee table, a black-painted card table and chairs, and mahogany pieces. Repeating fabrics is another trick that gives a room pleasant unity. Use your curtain material on one or two chairs—and don't use too many different fabrics in one small room.

In the small dining room we got a nice feeling of quality by using simple pine furniture with black-painted chairs. Again the walls contribute a good share to the character of the room.

We used identical rugs in the living room, hall, and dining room—a good plan where rooms are small, for it makes them look less cut up. There is only one double window in the dining room, so here again we saw a chance for smart economy and used a white cotton twill for curtains, with three decorative swags across the top.

Though the furniture in these downstairs rooms is traditional, as befits a traditional house, we used some Modern pictures and accessories; these create a new look, at the same time making a connecting link with the bedrooms, which are Modern.

Look at the floor plan on page 106 to see the good planning in the arrangement of the upstairs rooms. The master bedroom has a large dressing-room closet, the bathroom is close by, and there is a sun deck opening off the bedroom. On the other side of the hall there is a bedroom, which we furnished for two daughters of the family, and also another room big enough for two boys.

Many of our readers ask us if it is all right to use Modern furniture in

Modern pictures flank dining-room cabinet

Boy's room furnished in sturdy rock maple

A corner of the Modern master bedroom

THE STUDIO DECORATES ON A BUDGET

bedrooms in a traditional house. We are sticklers for the right background to suit the type of furniture used, but where the woodwork is simple, the problem of creating a Modern background is elementary. Use a Modern paper. If it is a big bold pattern, use it on three walls, as we did in the master bedroom shown at the bottom of page 109.

The light woods are nice for small rooms, as they give a more open effect. These simple Modern pieces in the master bedroom are wheat color, and the textured rug is just a little deeper. An inexpensive but smart dressing table is made of an unfinished table with a straight skirt of pink quilted chintz.

Every so often we like to try our hand at a girl's room in a fresh, simple treatment of only two colors. Green and white are the only colors in this room, shown second at the right on page 109.

The boys' bedroom is shown in the center picture on page 107. It is furnished with sturdy rock maple of a Modern-peasant character. The color scheme is set by the wallpaper with its amusing assorted sports motifs in red and blue on a white ground.

Following are the costs of the furnishings, room by room, making a total of approximately $2500. A quarter of the cost of the house is a good allowance for the furnishing budget. Write to us for help with your own budget

Downstairs Hall	$145.78
Living Room	988.55
Dining Room	334.30
Upstairs Hall	22.00
Master Bedroom	466.83
Girls' Bedroom	321.40
Boys' Bedroom	197.70

In the dining room, small-scale pine furniture and black chairs

For young girls an all-green-and-white room is fresh and pretty

Master bedroom—Modern furniture in a Modern background

B-2101

New ideas for appliqué and knitting

BY ANNE ORR

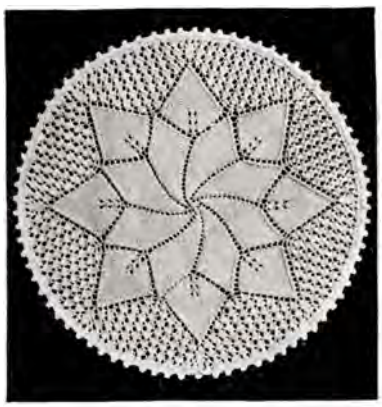
Now is the time to start working on things for your home. I am showing you the loveliest sort of designs, and they are all easy to do.

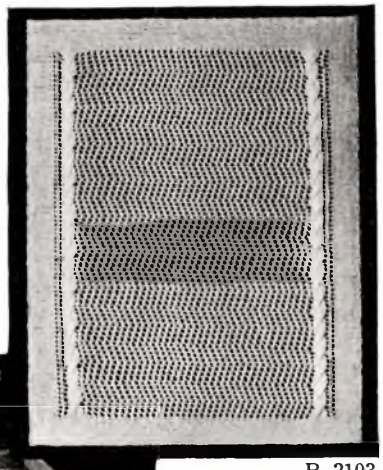
Above is a beautiful and simple appliquéd spread. Its design is worked in pastel colors that will tone in with any bedroom—blue, pink, peach, lavender, and green—on a white dimity background. Hot-Iron Pattern B-2101, 38¢, has the transfer pattern for border design, and directions for making and coloring this spread.

How we all love pansies! And here, left, they are used as appliqué on a tea cloth. Hot-Iron Pattern B-2102, 28¢, contains four large pansy motifs for the cloth, as well as motifs for making eight napkins. Directions are also included for coloring this exclusive design. The same motif would be attractive for a luncheon cloth.

Then I have designed for you (right and below) six smart knitted designs for doilies, pillow tops, luncheon sets, or cloths for breakfast trays and small serving tables. Printed Pamphlet B-2103, 28¢, has directions for knitting these six unusual pieces. Knitting cotton suitable for making them, in either white or ecru, 33¢ a 400-yard ball.

HOW TO ORDER: Any questions to ask? Just write me, and I shall be happy to answer them. Give numbers of patterns and send check or money order for all Hot-Iron Patterns, Pamphlets, and materials to Anne Orr, Needlework Editor, Good Housekeeping, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C.





B-2103

B-2102

B-2103

Green Acres House

(*Continued from page 106*)

Weatherstripping, U. S. Metal Weather Strip and Water Proof Co.; Glass, Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co.; Linoleum Floor in Kitchen, Armstrong Cork Products Co.; Hardware, Sargent & Co.; Plumbing Fixtures, Steam Boiler and Radiators, Kohler Co.; Laundry Tubs, Ford Manufacturing Co.; Medicine Cabinets, United Metal Box Co.; Kitchen Sink, Tracy Manufacturing Company; Brass Pipe, Foster-Wheeler; Iron Soil Pipe, National Foundry Co.; Oil Burner, Petroleum Heat & Power Co.; Thermostat, Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Co.; Galvanized Steel Conduits, Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co.; BX Cable, General Electric Co.; Slate Roofing, Vermont Structural Slate Company; Wood Floor, Bradley Flooring Company

COOPERATORS (*Continued from page 106*)

Clopay's Duray Washable Wall Covering in Master Bedroom, Richard E. Thibaut, Inc. RUGS. "Beauvais" Rug in Hall, Living and Dining Rooms, Bigelow Weavers; Textura Rug in Master Bedroom, C. H. Masland & Sons; Sof-Tred Rug in Girls' Bedroom, Amsterdam Textiles; Delwood Rug in Boy's bedroom, Deltox Rug Co.; Ret-Rac Bathroom Rugs, Carter Bros., Inc. FURNITURE. Hall: Original Studio Iron Works, Columbia Mantel Company; Living and Dining Rooms: Dunbar Furniture Manufacturing Company, The Wabash Cabinet Co., Loeblein, Inc., Union National Furniture Co., Imperial Furniture Co., Illinois-Rockford Corp., American Chair Co., Shaw Mfg. Co., Drexel Furniture Company; Radio, RCA Victor Co.; Master Bedroom: Heywood-Wakefield Company, The Dearborn Company; Girls' Bedroom: Arcadia Furniture Company; Boy's Bedroom: Sweat-Cummings Co. FABRICS. Striped Cotton and Chintz in Living Room, Desley Fabrics; All Trimmings, Consolidated Trimming Corporation; Master-Bedroom Curtains, R. Loeb & Company; All Other Glass Curtains, Kenneth Curtains, Bartmann & Bixer, Inc.; Fieldcrest White Twill for Dining-Room Curtains, Marshall Field & Company, Manufacturing Division; Quilted Chintz in Master Bedroom and Plain Blue Fabric in Boy's Bedroom, Witcombe McGeachin & Co., Inc.; Upholstery on Master-Bedroom Chair, Louisville Textiles, Inc.; Bedspreads in Master Bedroom, Redwine & Strain; Chintz Curtains, Bedspreads, Stitched Chintz in Girls' Bedroom, Atlas Bedspread Co.; Doesheen Curtains, Bedspread in Boy's Room, Charles Bloom, Inc. BEDDING. Sheets and Pillowcases, Wamsutta Mills; Blankets, St. Mary's Woolen Manufacturing Co.; Pillows, Burton-Dixie Corporation; Springs and Mattresses, Simmons Company, William Intner Co., Dundee Towels, Woodward, Baldwin & Co. ACCESSORIES. Pictures, The House of Art; Ashford-Fenton, Inc.; Vienna Art Publishing Co.; Lamps, E. Wanda Baker Inc.; Edward P. Paul & Co., Inc.; Greenly Lamp & Shade Co., Inc.; Chase Brass & Copper Co.; Mutual Sunset Lamp Mfg. Co.; David Fingerhut, Inc.; China, Cavett-Shaw; Glassware, Cataract-Sharpe Mfg. Co.; Fireplace Equipment, Jewel Equipment Corp.; Ornaments: Weil-Freeman, Inc.; Clem & Nixon Hall; Herman C. Kupper, Inc.; E. Wanda Baker, Inc.; Edward P. Paul & Co., Inc.; Henry Amdur & Sons, Inc.; Guion Craftsmen, Inc.; George F. Bassett & Co., Ernestine Trostler; Alexander Backer Co.; Janis-Tartar Greeman & Najeeb, Inc.; Turner Artwares; Cornwall & Reed; Koscherak Bros., A. H. Heisey Glass Co.; Calart Artificial Flowers, California Artificial Flower Co. CLOSET FITTINGS. Grandeur Products Co., E-Z-Do Products; Individual Drinking Cup Container, Dixie-Vortex Company

EVERY product guaranteed as advertised—see page 6

Girl Goes to College

(*Continued from page 69*)

money limits your daughter to a college near home, don't let her be discouraged. For such a school has one incalculable advantage. When a girl graduates from it and settles down at home, she will always find a flourishing alumni group. She will grow old among her dearest friends—her college mates. The girl who goes to school a thousand miles away is likely to find her home town singularly lacking in friends.

It has been estimated that over one-third of all girls have to earn part of their expenses at college. The task is harder today than it once was, for the number of college women has increased 400 percent since 1910. There is a limit, in any one locality, to the number of dishes to be washed, babies tended, and tables waited on by ambitious girl students. The problem has been answered in two ways—by increased scholarships granted by the colleges themselves, and by college aid from the National Youth Administration of the Government. But at this point it is well to go warily. The college which offers the most jobs and the largest scholarships may prove to be an unhappy choice in the long run if a girl discovers upon graduation that her Alma Mater's academic rank is so low that getting a teaching position is difficult.

College authorities unite in warning the girl with the lean pocketbook not to try to earn all her current expenses. It is better to work in the summer, to borrow, to stay out a year and save money, than to sacrifice too much in terms of friendships, activities, and health itself.

ALLOWING for these limitations of choice, there still remains the problem of how to find the right college for your daughter. Here is where your analysis of her comes in. Once you have determined her type, you will be able to select, in consultation with her, that right college. No girl completely represents any one type, but you will be able to decide which are her dominant traits.

The first type is the exceptional girl with an I.Q. of from 120 to 160. This girl, like Agatha, usually knows early what she wants to specialize in. She handles ideas better than people, and she is not afraid of loneliness. Such gregarious props as dates, sororities, and college activities are nothing to her. Send this exceptional girl to a great university, a true center of learning. Give her hard bones to gnaw; she'll sharpen her teeth on them. Let her travel alone; she'll go far. Thirty years hence she'll be a judge or a child specialist or a great archaeologist. And you need not regretfully conclude that she is throwing away her chances of romance for her career; often she marries some erudite fellow worker and has a profoundly satisfying marriage.

The next type is the born executive. She may not be a beauty or a belle, but in high school she was president of everything but the boys' athletic association. She may have a good mind, but she is not innately studious; in fact, she often prides herself on getting along without "cracking a book." In the small college she is likely to become bossy and a bit too sure of herself. She should be dumped overboard into the swift current of a large student body and left to sink or swim. She'll swim, but she'll have to pant to gain any headway. Make no mistake about her; she's a fine girl. She's tomorrow's social worker, hospital-board chairman, community-chest captain. But she needs the impersonal *laissez-faire* atmosphere of a great university where the competition for grades, offices, and honors is keen. When this type marries, she usually makes a good job of it.

The third type, for want of a better word, might be called the girls' girl. Not that she wants to be a girls' girl, but either she is timid or she lacks the something that would make her succeed with boys. At class parties she dances with other girls or is out in the kitchen making sandwiches. She looks and acts her best with girls.

A parent's first impulse is to send a girls' girl to a coeducational college with sororities to "bring her out." Coeducation and sororities may do that; but they are quite as likely, as in Janet's case, to "turn her in." Sororities are necessarily superficial in their rushing. How could they be otherwise, when the average age of their members is about nineteen and the average time allotted them to pass judgment on their future sisters is about ten days? It is the sororities that are really rushed. And since the girls' girl is not spectacular, she may be left a "barb," or independent, and go through college wounded and bewildered. Many a dean of women will tell you that she is annually saddened by the cruelty of youth to youth at rushing time. Nor is cruelty confined to one sex. Masculine youth can be terribly cruel to feminine youth if the latter isn't "smooth" or lacks a "line."

Like the society mother who decides that her wallflower daughter prefers social service to balls, the wise parents of a girls' girl will probably send her to a women's college that has no sororities. If she is not bruised early in her college life, she sometimes blooms later into a charming mature woman who marries happily. But married or not, her adult life is likely to be richer if her earlier days were spent at a women's college.

THE fourth type is the exact opposite of the girls' girl and, oddly enough, needs the women's college quite as much. A generation ago she was called boy-crazy; today she is simply highly sexed. Parents of the boys' girl may have to sell her the idea of a women's college with some finesse—it is swanky, it is near such-and-such a men's college, she can have such marvelous weekends.

For the boys' girl needs the Monday-to-Friday seclusion of the women's college for study. She needs its weekday simplicity of apparel. She needs to be forced to cultivate her own sex. It is tragic for a woman to like, to cater to, to unfold only in the presence of the opposite sex. As American society is constituted, the married woman who doesn't care for other women has a pretty thin time of it—or else a thicker time that ends in the divorce court.

The fifth type, the nice average girl, is the most satisfactory daughter of all. She likes domestic science and tries out strange soufflés and salads on the family. She enjoys best sellers, movies, bridge, clothes, and shopping. She goes to college because her crowd is going. She joins a sorority for the same reason, and proves to be ideal sorority material—dependable, hard-working, cooperative, loyal. She secretly collects a hope chest and thinks babies are sweet. A spinster career would be unthinkable for such a girl—or *to* her. She is neither highbrow nor lowbrow; she is a comfortable middlebrow who will make some man a devoted wife. She will follow all the rules and rear healthy babies who will grow up to love her. She will study the household magazines for ideas on clothes and interior decora-

tion and balanced diets. She will be a faithful worker in the P.T.A. or the church or her college alumnae group.

If your daughter showed talent for painting, you'd send her where she could fit herself for a career in it. This nice average girl shows unmistakable talent for marriage and homemaking. Why not send her where she will have the widest possible choice of future husbands and where—when she does marry—she will have the best chance to make a good marriage? That means to the coeducational college.

It is true that she'll probably go there anyhow, for this average-girl group far outnumbers any other group; and seven-eighths of all college women attend coeducational colleges today. But if you are her parent, you will want to make sure; for statistics leave no doubt that the coeducational college offers more and better chances for matrimony than any other kind of school. "Match factories," they have been called. Using the same period for observation, which was long enough ago so that now all the members of the classes under consideration are married who are likely to marry, investigators discovered that the percentage of alumnae from Iowa State who married was 69, from Kansas State Agricultural College 63, and from Wellesley 44.

The marriage rate is higher in the small than in the large coeducational college; in the Western than in the Eastern college (due no doubt to the higher general marriage rate in the West); and in the colleges with homemaking departments than in those with only straight Liberal Arts courses.

NOR do statistics leave any doubt that college-made marriages are good marriages. Some years ago Rita Halle made a study of this subject for GOOD HOUSEKEEPING. In her article (April, 1931) she said: "In 1900 there was one divorce for every twelve marriages in the United States; in 1929 there was one in every six; the average for the thirty years is a little less than one in every nine. There is a record of only one divorce for every seventy-five of the marriages made between the men and women who met at coeducational colleges. In other words, if we may consider these records worth anything at all, and if the comparison with the average rate for the past thirty years in the country generally is a fair one, marriages consummated after college courtships have more than eight times the chances of happiness that other marriages have." Yet you will hear parents make the fantastic remark that they are sending their nice average daughter to such-and-such a college to get her away from the "man problem." To get her away from men during the years from eighteen to twenty-two when nature intended her to pick her mate!

College couples make superior homes and rear superior children. Wherever colleges have kept such records, it is interesting to note that those students who have college-bred parents are always above average in ability. But this is only to be expected, for the college marriage, especially of people from the same college, has everything in its favor.

These marriages are contracted between people mature enough (from twenty-two to twenty-five usually) to know their own minds and yet young enough to be biologically at their best for parenthood. They are usually the result of a two- or three-year courtship, with all the consequent knowledge of each other. They are the result of real selection, not just the snapping up of the only matrimonial chance of a lifetime. They involve a minimum of jealousy, for nothing so dis-

courages undue possessiveness as modern campus life. And throughout all the long years of marriage a college couple have common interests, common memories, and common organizations to knit them together—to make them friends as well as lovers.

Certainly the answer, in most cases, to the question of how to be happy at college is to pick the right college. The right college is the one that fits a girl temperamentally and prepares her for her future, whether her future is a career or marriage. And although the choice of a college is supposed to be third in importance in a girl's life, exceeded only by choosing a husband and a career, if she chooses the right college, she is very likely—as a result—to find both the right career and the right mate.

So, if you are the parents of that frightening, precious thing—a daughter of college age—go carefully. What is this child of yours really like? Is she a career girl, an executive, a girls' girl, a boys' girl, or a nice average girl? Will she blossom best at a great university, a small college, a women's college, or a junior college? Choose wisely. For in the right college lies happiness for her.

The Eighth Passenger

(Continued from page 51)

Congress, but to the farthest reaches of the Alaskan rivers where escaped salmon went to spawn, and even in the farthest ocean shoals where the fingerling fed.

But although the fish bills passed, Ole Peterson never dreamed that his work was done. If he wanted the world to eat plenty of canned salmon—whether or not with a little lemon straight out of the can—he must fight on.

CHAPTER XI

BUT if Jean Webber's prediction that Ole Peterson would save the salmon was beginning to come true, Ole Peterson's guess that she might some day write stories as good as Selma Lagerlöf's seemed miles off the mark.

Not that her efforts were sparing. She remained only a few weeks in her home town in Indiana, for it was a country town; the atmosphere was not literary but merely fresh from the wind off the prairie, the price of corn was more important than the new poetry, and the man she liked best, Dave Griffin, was neither an author nor a critic, a poet nor a sculptor, but a partner with his father in the hardware business. Big and gentle, he soothed her instead of inspiring her. And although he was shrewd in his way, he could not see why she shouldn't do her writing right there in Rensselaer.

But she gave him one good-bye kiss—she was afraid to give him two, lest she decide to stay—and moved to Greenwich Village.

Still, what she wrote no one would pay to read. She wrote in the crisp, sophisticated French style, then in the melancholy Russian; but the editors rejected both efforts with equal firmness. Her fellow writers were wonderfully generous with their criticisms—often she rewrote whole chapters to meet their approval; but the only stories she was able to sell were occasional Alaskan adventure stories to the pulp-paper magazines, a prostitution of her art that she concealed from her fellow artists. She bobbed her hair, learned to smoke, preached if not practiced the new cults, even tried to have dirty fingernails like Olga Tchetowsky the poetess, but all in vain.

For the first few months in the Village she hardly bothered to answer Dave Grif-

fin's letters. They were usually the only mail in her box, outside of returned manuscripts, and she was not interested in Cope Hanley's moving to Chicago, or Howard Clark's taking over the editorship of the *Republican,* let alone Dave's painfully accurate description of picnic suppers and Sunday socials with fried chicken and corn on the cob.

But when she had lost fifteen pounds and her nose stuck out thin as a bird's beak, she began to take a curious pleasure in Dave's letters. Especially she liked those parts where he described Mrs. Hamilton's chicken and noodles and Mrs. Reeves' salt-rising bread. She even liked to read how on the way home from the pictures he and that new girl from Chicago, Mimi LaMarr, had stopped at Don Wright's for hamburgers. But she didn't think she liked Mimi very much, in spite of Dave's glowing descriptions of her. She hated to see a nice boy like Dave, with a good future in the hardware business even if he did not understand the new poetry, throw himself away on a hussy.

But one morning when her breakfast had been tea and nothing else, she received a letter from him that simply would not fall into the wastebasket. She found herself reading it over and over, folding it up only to open it and read it again. Dave had just talked to the Superintendent of Schools. The teacher of the fifth grade was about to be married, and if Jean would like the job—just to get material for a child's story—it was open.

"I hope you're not mad at me for suggesting it," Dave wrote. "I just thought maybe you might want a change from New York high life, eating at Delmonico's and all that, and want to bite into some more of your mamma's old-fashioned custard pie. And you'd be teaching only from nine till four, so you could have plenty of time for your writing."

In the same mail was a check for fifty dollars, from the sale of a dog-eared manuscript that had been making the rounds of the pulp magazines for the last three months. It would buy a ticket to Rensselaer and leave a little extra to get her clothes in order. On the other hand, it would pay her room rent for another month, buy a fortnight's bread and tea, and postage stamps and manuscript paper. So suddenly she found herself facing one of the great crises of her life.

It was the last paragraph of Dave's letter that really made up her mind. "But you'd better let me know as soon as you can," Dave had written. "If you don't want the job, Mimi LaMarr has decided to take it instead of going back to her place in Chicago society—just because she's tired of it all and likes a quiet life in the country. And she'd make a good teacher, if I can judge by her interest and keen insight into the hardware business."

Jean figured rapidly. A night telegram could be sent for about forty cents, while a day telegram would cost sixty cents. But she sent the day telegram.

BUT even a week later it seemed that Mimi would get the position after all.

It happened that Jean and Dave had gone to the movie, stopped at Don Wright's for hamburgers, then driven in Dave's old Model T out past Haughter's farm and parked beside a field near the Iroquois River. In that field stood corn in the shock, and there were some pumpkins in the fence corner, slick and shiny with dew. He was very fond of pumpkin pie with whipped cream on it, Dave told her.

"I know how to make pumpkin pie," Jean told him.

But this was all she said that might be called a pass at him. Except for this, he brought up the subject himself.

"Jean, I've been thinking that Mimi could teach that fifth grade plenty good enough."

"She's certainly a very clever young woman," Jean replied.

"But not every girl can write wonderful stories like you. I dunno as you have the right to take time off from them, even from nine to four, to teach a bunch of kids."

"I can't write wonderful stories, Dave. I'm a failure."

"Yes, you can. I read 'Glory of the North,' and it was wonderful. And you could write even better here at home, where you wouldn't be distracted by high society, and where—where you'd have someone to kind of watch over you and make you take your food and rest. Why, you've been working so hard that you're 'way underweight. I reckon there in New York you wouldn't stop long enough to eat, and there was no one to make you stop and keep your strength up. But here there is someone if—if—"

"If what, Dave?"

FOR he was running his finger round and round the steering wheel. "Your mother can't do it any more. She's been mighty poorly this summer. Anyway, you couldn't live there without helping out somehow, her so hard up and all, and that would mean you'd *have* to take that job. But I tell you who could do it, and that's me."

"You?"

"Don't answer too quick, Jean. I don't know anything about free verse, and my favorite poet is James Whitcomb Riley. But I'm gone all day at the store, and you could get a nice farmer girl from Nubbin Ridge to do your housework. And I'd be there at night to listen if you wanted to read your stories out loud, and I could 'tend to the business part—I'm smart enough at business, even if I do say it—and when you're tired and nervous from work, I could—I could—"

"You could do what, Dave?"

"Hold you in my arms. They're mighty big arms, and strong, I tell you—and they want you more than anything in this whole world."

Jean made a face as though she were going to cry, but she rallied her courage—that incalculable courage that is half of genius—and spoke very low and steadily. "Did you say I couldn't answer at once?"

"You can now," he told her, his voice trembling. "I've said my say."

"If they want me more than anything in the whole world, why don't they take me—right now?"

That night, too happy to sleep, Jean put a blank page into her old typewriter and began a new story. It was the story of an Alaskan ship running on a rock, but in this case the rescue ship arrived only in the nick of time, and there were many deeds of heroism, many revelations of the human heart, before the struggling lifeboats were picked up.

In one of those boats were Ole Peterson and Avery Curtis, herself and Sally Francis and her unborn baby, Harold Slatterly and Martin Nelson, whose simplicity reminded her of Dave—seven passengers besides the crew. There was an eighth passenger, too, but he was a mysterious figure; she herself had not yet decided who he would turn out to be. And although she wrote more rapidly and freely than ever before, somehow it seemed more real than even the stark realism she had written in Greenwich Village.

There was no dog with those eight passengers. The dog had jumped overboard hours before. But there was Sally Francis and her unborn baby . . .Avery Curtis . . . Ole Peterson . . . Harold Slatterly . . . Jean Webber . . . Martin Nelson, who reminded her of Dave . . . and one more . . .

CHAPTER XII

MARTIN NELSON approved of the Secret Service of the United States. After only one year with the Department he walked into the Chief's office and told him he had decided to stay.

The Chief was not only somewhat surprised but greatly pleased. Although Martin Nelson was by no means a master mind, could read no cryptograms and make no brilliant deductions, he applied to his job a kind of realistic thinking that could only be called horse sense. Also, he was one of the best field men in the department. Having no desire to be killed—when he was dead he wouldn't be any good to anybody, including himself—he planned his arrests so carefully that they went off like clockwork. At the same time he would take almost any kind of chance rather than let a dangerous man get away.

In the meantime he had met Helen Foraker, the daughter of a Washington engraver. Helen was very pretty, and after he had taken her out a few times he found that he liked her very much. Sometimes he did not take her out, instead sat at home with the family. Still, Helen and he were happy, had much to laugh and talk about, and he concluded that they could get along quite well even if marooned all winter in an Aleutian barabara.

So on the same day that he told the Chief he would stay and help out the Secret Service, he made another, equally important, decision.

"Do you like me, Helen?" he asked when they were alone.

"Yes."

"A lot? I've got a good reason for asking."

"Yes, I like you a lot, Martin."

And what he thought was a very queer but sweet expression came into her eyes.

"Well, I thought you did, but a fellow can make a mistake. Well, I like you an awful lot, too. I like you so much that I don't want any other girl as long as I live."

She did not say a word. She just sat there, and he saw her breast rise and fall.

"In all my life I've never told a girl I loved her," he went on thoughtfully. "I didn't want to tell a girl that until I was sure, because it would be an awful mistake. But I'm going to tell you, Helen. I couldn't like a girl as I do you, and feel the way I feel when you kiss me, unless I really loved her."

"Tell me, then, Martin."

"I thought I just did tell you. But I don't mind telling you again, or as many times as you want to hear it. I sure enough do love you, Helen."

She drew a sharp breath, but all she said was, "Goodness."

And then she started crying. He did not know why—her eyes were simply shining—but he was never so happy in his life as when he took her in his arms and kissed away every tear on her face.

SO THEY were married at Helen's home. It was the prettiest wedding Martin had ever seen, and the prettiest bride. Martin invited all his best friends in the Service, including Shorty Drexel, who had got him the job, and the Chief, and they not only came but brought their wives.

It was less than a year after this—November, 1920, and the baby one month old—when he came home one weekend with an exciting story. While he and three other men were closing in on a house that they knew contained a counterfeiting plant, Martin suddenly discovered that the counterfeiters themselves were actually in a near-by house, with some kind of old drain or pipe line for a secret passage between.

There was no time to notify his companions. He had made a sudden feint, then run and broken in the back door of the hide-out.

The door fell in and knocked silly a man who had just been running for it. Another man was there; he made a move to draw a pistol, but he looked at Martin and then opened his hand wide. It was a good thing for him that he did, Martin told Helen in complete modesty but with complete honesty. On so many of his Alaskan trips a rifle or shotgun had been too awkward and heavy to pack, so in shooting grouse and rabbits for the pot he had learned to be uncommonly handy and quick with a revolver.

"So it's you, is it?" the man asked disgustedly.

"Yes, it's me."

"Just my luck."

"Well, you hadn't ought to go around making counterfeit money."

"You see that money there on the table? There's two hundred one-hundred-dollar bills—twenty grand—and it's not queer. It's what we got from a big pusher for a hundred grand queer."

"Well?"

"While you're pocketin' that money we could get in the car and get out of here. And a man can pocket two hundred bills easy."

"Of course he can. What do you say that for?"

"Oh, what in hell's the use!"

Martin Nelson pocketed the money with his left hand. "Oh, I see," he said after a pause. "You're trying to bribe me. Shorty told me somebody would try it sometime, but I didn't think they'd be *that* foolish. Well, we might as well get going."

WHEN he had finished telling Helen the story, her eyes were shining, but her voice was calm and quiet.

"I think you'd better put all you've told me into your report to the Chief," she said.

"Oh, he wouldn't be interested."

"Yes, you owe it to him to show what dreadful men they were, trying to bribe you. Men like that are especially dangerous to the public."

And two weeks after that report went in, Martin got a rise in salary and was transferred to the other branch of the Secret Service, to help guard the life of the President and his family!

So far there was nothing in the life of Martin Nelson that even hinted he might sometime change the course of human events. Although he was chosen as one of the personal bodyguards of the new President, it was not because he could discuss with him worldly affairs, but only because he was quick on his feet, quick with his hands, unchangeably honest, and faithful as the old lead dog of a good malemute team.

The pomp of power was nothing to Martin. He did not even look for his own face close to the President's in innumerable newspaper pictures; the cameras were taking the President, not him. The brilliant receptions, the cheering crowds, the triumphant parades, and all the grandeur fitting to the highest office in the land were things to describe to Helen at the supper table, nothing more. It was enough for him to stand beside the nation's chief, soberly proud that such trust had been placed in him; proud, too, of his humble gifts that justified such trust; ready to protect his President with his body.

The President felt this devotion. He wanted Martin with him everywhere he went. And a jovial, warmhearted man, good-natured to a fault in one of such exalted place, often he talked and joked with him, delighting in his candor and astonishing common sense. But a few

months after he had taken office, a strange thing happened.

Frightened and angry after a talk with some traitors who he had thought were friends, he had called Martin into his office. He wanted to talk to someone whose honesty he need never question, someone to make him laugh and win back his usual good humor. Besides, he wanted to get a little information from him.

"A big thing I've been planning has fallen through," the President said, "so I think I'll put forward the date of my Alaskan trip. And as you're the only Alaskan around here, you can help me arrange my schedule."

"I'll be glad to help you, Mr. President," Martin answered. "But I'm mighty sorry it's fallen through."

The President looked sharply at him, his heavy brows knitting. "What do you know about it?"

"I couldn't help but know, standing by you so much of the time and all, and hearing you speak to your officials and friends. You mean the big disarmament conference you were going to call."

"And you're sorry it's fallen through?"

"Yes, sir, mighty sorry. I thought it would be a fine thing."

"Why?"

"Well, I've lived long enough in Alaska to know if you give a gun to a fool, pretty soon he's going to try to shoot something with it, and then there's trouble."

THE President laughed, but instantly grew sober. "I don't think England, France, Japan, and ourselves would like being called fools. Of course that's just what we are. The whole passel of us."

"Anyway, there's no sense in the nations having so many guns. All we do is buy guns, more and more, and some day one of us will get mad at one of the others, grab a gun, and then there will be another war. And if any President could do even a little to stop war, the whole world would bless him."

"But many great men tell me that big armaments don't make for war, but are necessary to keep the peace. What do you think of that, Martin?"

"Since you ask me, Mr. President, I think those great men are fooling themselves or trying to fool you—and then of course they're not great men, just cheats."

"But—"

"I'll tell you what happened in the early days in the North," Martin went on, unaware that he had interrupted the President of the United States. "There was Alaska belonging to us, and the Yukon belonging to Canada, and gold seekers by the thousand pouring in both countries. In Alaska we let the miners keep their pistols, although not one man in a hundred can hit a grouse or a rabbit with a pistol, but almost any man can hit another man across a barroom table. Well, the shootings and the murders and the trouble those pistols brought on Alaska during the stampede was something awful."

"What happened in the Yukon territory?"

"The first thing the Mounties did when a miner stepped over the White Pass was to take away his pistol. A few of 'em got smuggled in, of course, but there wasn't one shooting in the Yukon for a dozen in Alaska. It was all quiet and peaceful as a Sunday school picnic."

"But the Mounties had pistols," the President said, looking very keenly into Martin's face.

"Yes, sir, I reckon they did, but they didn't brandish 'em about very much. There's got to be armed officers to take care of crooks and desperadoes. And we've got to have armaments to take care of any desperado nation that tries to come into our country. But I understood you

intended for every nation to have a big enough navy to drive off invaders, but not big enough to go invadin' other countries."

"That's just what I did intend, Martin. But I've been persuaded it won't work."

Martin thought this over. "It may not work," he admitted at last. "The other nations may not agree, or keep their promises even if they do agree. But just to *try* to do it will do good. It's a noble idea, that's what it is, and if it won't work now, it will sometime, if you and other great men keep putting it forward. But if you give up without even trying, pretty soon our boys will be over there fighting another war."

The President did not answer. Martin caught himself with a start.

"There's no reason for you to listen to me, one of your bodyguards, when you've got the biggest men in the country to listen to," he added.

"There's every reason in the world why I should listen to you," the President answered in a strange, bitter voice. "You are one man who tells me the truth—who doesn't want something for himself."

"I want peace for myself." Martin spoke from his simple heart. "I want to live in a peaceful country always."

"That's what I want, too. That's what I pray for. But many of my 'friends'—men who helped make me President—are tied up with the munitions business. And they no longer ask favors, they demand them. They threaten trouble—real, great trouble—unless I become their rubber stamp. They're in a position to make that trouble. I have made terrible mistakes!"

It did not seem at all strange to Martin that the President of the United States should sit there, pouring out his heart to a bodyguard. But the President knew he would never tell a soul. Even if he did, no one would believe. The simplest and most natural things in life were the hardest to believe.

"If it was me, I'd say, 'Go ahead and make the trouble,'" Martin told him. "'If you put me down, I've stood by the people. I am the President of the United States.'"

The President threw away his cigar and rose to his full height. He was always a fine-looking man, Martin thought; now his head seemed to scrape the ceiling.

"All right, Martin," he said. "I am the President of the United States."

Martin continued to gaze at him with his blue Danish eyes.

"I'm going to call that conference, for such good as it will do. I'll ask the other nations to have only defensive weapons. But you—one of the people—keep on standing by me, Martin. I feel I'll need you more than ever in the days to come."

CHAPTER XIII

AMONG those men who had tried to block the President from calling an arms limitation conference was Avery Curtis of New York. Naturally he did not wish his profits from his munitions plants curtailed. And in his cynical knowledge of human nature he felt sure that his and his fellows' efforts would be successful. The President was on the spot and would not dare defy his friends.

So when rumors of such a conference depressed munitions stocks, Avery Curtis bought for all he was worth. When little fleecy lambs are scattered by panic, there is good hunting and full feeding for the gray wolf.

But for some reason none of the operators could understand, the President stood his ground. The conference was not only held but was as successful as the nations' jealousies and fears allowed. Some of Killer Curtis' foes grasped the truth in time, the munitions stocks went into a power dive, and when he clambered from

the wreck. the two millions he had left from his armistice disaster had shrunk to half a million.

He would continue to operate, but nibbling and piddling from now on. The back of the gray wolf was broken; the Street knew it, and in his heart Avery Curtis knew it, too. But perhaps the deepest cut of all was given him in his own home. By losing his millions he lost control over his daughter Eve.

Eighteen now, Eve was in love with a young civil engineer named George Healey. Avery Curtis did not favor him. He wanted Eve to marry money and power and place, put into the shade the daughters of his enemies. So he had fought Healey with all the weapons in his hands.

True, it was not good sport. He would much rather pick on someone his own size. The fact that he had to spend time and thought on the stripling son of a small New Jersey manufacturer stung his pride. He rarely shot ducks on the water because of his perfect confidence in his wing shooting. But something very important was at stake.

He had fought him in the usual manner —by sending Eve on voyages and exposing her to more suitable suitors—and in a manner unusual. His last stroke, which he thought would turn the trick, was to try to get controlling interest in the elder Healey's factory, a relatively small and perfectly sound investment. Then very frankly he could tell Healey that his daughter's future happiness and welfare meant more to him than anything in the world.

BUT the scheme had failed. It took every dollar he could rake and scrape to stave off ruin. Then Eve came to him, a glory in her eyes such as he had seen in Ruth's eyes more than twenty years before; and this glory was undimmed by fear.

She did not sit down. She was in a hurry, she said. She just stood there, a tall and lovely dark girl, looking at him with grave dark eyes. "I just dropped in to tell you that George and I are married," she announced.

Avery Curtis straightened some papers on his desk. He touched a bell, gave orders to one of his secretaries, lighted a cigar, leaned back in his chair. In the meantime Eve had said not one word.

"Ran off, eh?"

"It seemed the safest thing to do. I have a great deal of respect for your powers."

"Not very considerate, was it? If you had told me—"

"Let's don't, Father. It would make us both feel so silly."

"You hate me, don't you?"

"No."

"Why lie to me? You want me to be frank—why not you? I don't mind being hated, Eve. I'm used to it. It leaves my hands free."

"I used to hate you, but I don't any more. Hate is nothing but fear, and I'm not afraid of you any more." She did not know it, but if she had searched the dictionary through, she could have found no words more telling than these. "You've killed any love I ever had for you, if that's what you mean," she went on. "You can cut another notch in your gun for that. But I want to get over bitterness, and I can with George. Thank God he's waiting for me outside. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Eve." Avery Curtis picked up his papers, but did not fail to hear her swift light step and the quick closing of the door.

Sally Francis, too, had closed a door on the dead past. In the latest city directory of San Diego under the P's was entered, at the street address of one of the best families in the city, "Saluda Perkins, cook." And at the address of a less prominent but equally respectable family was "Dawson Harriet Slatterly, orphan."

Sally had decided that Portland was too close to Alaska to be safe. At first she had thought of going to Los Angeles, but the motion-picture actors and actresses were there, and as Sally had heard many stories of their carryings-on she thought it might not be a proper place to bring up Dawson. On the other hand, San Diego was another overgrown country town, refined aplenty, and the weather was ever perfect for a child to play outdoors.

There had been no trouble providing for Dawson. Sally was known all over the neighborhood as a treasure. She earned eighty dollars a month besides her board, so she could pay not only for Dawson's board with a happy, hard-working family where there were other children, but for life and accident insurance that would guarantee Dawson's education if anything went wrong. And she had more than twenty dollars a month left for herself.

She spent every Thursday afternoon with the baby and every alternate Sunday. Also her Missus let her off at odd hours to run over and see if that tooth had come through yet. And soon Dawson was not a baby any more. She could walk, then she could talk—the things she said were the cutest Sally had ever heard, she told the Missus, and ought to be sent to one of them magazines that print cute children's sayings—and then she could sit at the drugstore counter, her yellow curls just touching the back of her plump little neck, and lick an ice cream cone.

The family with whom Dawson lived loved her as one of their own. They were Presbyterians, so she went to Sunday school, and Sally found there was no objection to her going, too. In fact, when there was a Sunday school picnic, the superintendent himself told her she could come. And all the teachers, let alone the children, made her welcome, and not just because she had brought the prettiest, whitest cake, and the most delicious even if she did say it.

"A fine Christian character," the superintendent said of her. "Of humble origin, of course, but no doubt she had a good mother."

ALTHOUGH the minister himself spoke to her about it, she never joined the church. She thought it might impose confessions she did not intend to make short of Saint Peter. She got out of it by telling him she was a Quaker—the only religion she could think of on the spur of the moment that could not likely be checked up —and although he looked a little surprised, he said no more.

"You know, Miss Perkins, the little girl looks very much like you," the Sunday school superintendent told her one day.

"Why, Mr. Brady, I ain't even married," Sally answered quickly.

"My dear young lady, I never meant to suggest—"

"Her real mother, Mrs. Slatterly, looked a awful lot like me, too," Sally went on after the quickest thinking she had ever managed in her life. " 'Saluda,' she used to say to me, 'you're the spit and image of me,' only she didn't say it that way. 'You look an awful lot like me, as though we are sisters, instead o' mistress and servant, and our first names sound a lot alike, too.' For she was named Sally, Mr. Brady, and my first name is Saluda."

"They do sound a bit alike," the superintendent agreed.

"When she died of the flu, she gave me her marriage certificate and her wedding ring to keep for the baby, and the baby's birth certificate. I've got 'em all, and if you'd ever be interested in seein' 'em—"

"Such a thing is farthest from my thought."

"Well, if anybody ever asks you any questions about the baby, I thought—I thought—"

"There *are* suspicious and evil-minded people in this world," Mr. Brady observed, "but I trust I am not one of them."

The years began to steal away. Dawson was in the first grade of school, then the second, and in a year or two more she could read the paper to Sally better than Sally could read it to herself. And she never stopped loving Sally when she was old enough to know that the woman who loved her so was only a servant. Anyway, Mrs. Parker, with whom Dawson lived, was too fine a woman to let her grow up a snob. And every Thursday afternoon and all day Sunday, and best of all, two whole weeks every summer they were together.

Of course she loved Mrs. Parker, too. In fact, she called her Mamma, but Sally never felt a pang of jealousy—or hardly ever.

OVERNIGHT, it seemed, Dawson was in high school and going to the same little parties as the Parker children. There were school entertainments, too, little plays and programs, and to these Sally came early, sitting in the front row with her heart bursting with pride and happiness. And soon after this Dawson had her first beau.

Sally was proud, but frightened, too, until she talked with Mrs. Parker. The boy was all right, that lady assured her; one of the neighborhood boys, and after all, Dawson was growing up.

And then came high-school graduation. Dawson wore a white dress and sang a little song all by herself—the prettiest song Sally had ever heard, she thought, all about the springtime—and her mother's eyes were blinded with tears. "I *am* her mother. That is my wonderful secret that no one can ever take away from me. Oh, thank You, thank You, God."

Dawson had taken a business course in high school, and with a little extra training she was able to get a job with one of the big real-estate companies as a stenographer. Sally made no objection. She wouldn't be here always; here she was forty already, and unless Dawson met someone who—

But Dawson did meet someone, a young man working for the same company. When he first laid eyes on the tall fair girl, so pretty and yet with something so wistful about her mouth, he knew that he must have her for his very own.

He was not a rich man, as Sally had sometimes dreamed, or a nobleman from some foreign country. He was not even handsome, but Sally found out that he was hard-working and honest, intelligent enough to get ahead, and best of all from Sally's viewpoint—for she knew, she had seen, none better—he did not hit the booze. So when Dawson's eyes like twin newborn stars told her that she and Charley were engaged, she took her daughter in her arms and laughed and cried.

The marriage took place at the same church where Dawson had gone to Sunday school. Scores of her school-day friends were there, and the Parker girls were her bridesmaids, and Mr. Parker himself gave her away. The organ pealed, the minister's voice flowed out to the congregation, the light came charmed and magical through the stained glass windows.

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered together—"

The gathering was mostly neighbors and friends, but there was one man sitting at the very back of the church whom none of the guests recognized. And because he slipped away as soon as the ceremony was over, Sally, sitting in the front row, did not even see him. But he looked like a hard and worldly man, for all his sober dress, a gambler and a publican and sinner, and all who saw him marveled at his tears.

A wind from the north sprang up outside and rattled the windows, but within it was hushed, hallowed, safe . . . The ceremony was over, the wedding bells had begun to ring; but she wished she need never rise and go out, Sally was thinking . . .

Or was it Sally who was thinking this? Jean Webber, half-awake, could not be sure. Was it herself instead?

But she *must* rise and go out! The wedding bells had changed to the alarm bells of the *Princess Sophia*, and the whistle blew in terror, and the gale that had sprung up out of the north was hammering at the porthole of her stateroom. Arise quickly, dreamer, for your dream is ended.

L'ENVOI

So my dream, too, is ended.

But the stuff of that dream is only too real. In the yellowed files of Alaskan and Seattle newspapers anyone can read how the *Princess Sophia* sailed from Skagway before midnight on October 23, 1918, with three hundred and forty-two people aboard. Those people were not the figments of an author's fancy, but were as real as the ship they sailed on, the rock she ran on.

Among them were genius and innocence, valor and beauty. But what did the south wind care for these? Those newspapers tell how it sprang up without warning in the deep of the following night, battered the helpless vessel with giant and invisible hands, and drove the seas against her. The boats that tried to come again to the *Sophia's* help could not reach her in those anchor-dragging seas nor find her in the fury of the blizzard. Even so she lived on through the day of October 25th, possibly far into the night.

But on the morning of October 26th, when at last the lighthouse tender *Cedar* was able to draw near the rock on which she had hung for terror-stricken hours, the *Princess Sophia* had disappeared from sight, and every soul aboard was lost.

No one knows how the world would have been changed had her more than three hundred souls escaped while there was yet time. But everyone knows that the salmon are fewer every year, the output of the munitions plants is greater, and there are wars and rumors of wars. Killers are still abroad in the world, and not all of them are so merciful as the eighth passenger that Jean Webber saw so dimly.

The name of the eighth passenger was Death.

THE END

SUMMER

By Betty Knowles

LOOK at a garden and love the world,
Breathe the fragrance of summer air,
Touch the heart of a flower uncurled,
Lie in the grass and say a prayer,

Sway to the music of bending trees,
Wade in the rush of a hidden brook—
Secrets of happiness lie in these
If only you open your heart and look!

Norma Shearer Returns

(*Continued from page 65*)

you may see in the picture "Marie Antoinette" at 'Toinette's dressing table, it's in the scene where Count Merci endeavors to persuade her to mend her ways.

In LeBrun portraits of 1790 Adrian found his designs for gowns (the only authentic record) for the 'Toinette of a new century.

And in California, through their long, lazy evenings at home, Irving Thalberg recounted to Norma Shearer all these things. And since he loved hearing her read aloud, she would surprise him with books such as that by Mme. Campan, the Queen's lady in waiting, who revealed the secrets of her mistress—for instance, that she was careless about brushing her teeth, was so nervous at her wedding she left a blot after her name on the marriage contract, loved playing duets with Mozart, dined usually on nothing but roast chicken and coffee, had 36 new dresses each summer and winter, and made over spring dresses for fall.

"We never tired talking about it," Miss Shearer told me. "It was so rich in romance, such a gripping story that I think it haunted us a little. Playing the part began to be very important to me, not because the picture was to be spectacular but because Antoinette became so real to me. Now I could understand completely all her reckless coquetry, her foolish, beautiful styles, the ambitions, the pride which made her aspire to be the highest, brightest figure ever in the court of France! I found myself more and more impatient for a script which Mr. Thalberg would finally call the right one."

But for that he waited a long time—so long, in fact, that a new tenant had moved into the Thalberg nursery, a nice little girl with enormous dark eyes and skin described by Miss Shearer as "like a dusty rose."

At last, however, a screen play was completed which pleased Mr. Thalberg very much. And exactly two years after that morning in Switzerland studio blueprints got under way for the Paris Opera House, the Little Trianon, 18th-century streets of Paris, gaming places, ballrooms, 195 feet of the vast connecting rooms of the Palace.

AND then suddenly, one September day of 1936, that quiet, commanding young personality, Irving Thalberg, was dead. Suddenly a shocked and startled world had left only the gesture of white flowers, sympathy, and reminders of courage for the girl to whom he left the heritage of a son, a daughter—and his dreams.

Marie Antoinette!

"He was so ambitious for me. He wanted me to do so many things I never quite got done," Norma Shearer told me. "But most of all he wanted me to be the best actress on the screen. And so—I wished to go back to my work, the work we both had loved, the work which had made our lives so exciting and wonderful."

Thus it was that a year later "Marie Antoinette" continued where so abruptly it had left off, Irving Thalberg's good friend Hunt Stromberg going on as producer.

First, for Miss Shearer, was a schedule of 90 days spent in wig and gown fittings, for each gown some 30 yards of material, worn over steel hoops and ten petticoats, the ensemble crowned by a wig which might be anywhere from 20 to 38 inches in height, the weight of the whole costume somewhere near 50 pounds. The elaborate wedding dress weighed 112, two pounds more than the little star who was to wear it!

It was necessary for her to rehearse

long and patiently to accomplish just the wearing of each gown and wig. Ten minutes in the first weighty creation with its breathlessly tight bodice found her very white, sitting down quickly, a little fearfully. But as she became used to it for as long as several hours each day, she found more fascinating than ever this bringing to life of 'Toinette. She and Adrian used to wonder what might be the emotions of the little ghost of that queen.

"Was she displeased with the representation, we wondered," said Miss Shearer whimsically, "or amused, or did she only think us impudent!"

So came the morning in January, 1938, when, for "Production 1030," cameras were at last to turn. A dramatic moment, Miss Norma Shearer's return to M.-G.-M. —alone—and after two years. New circumstances, a new producer, a new director . . . and the greatest role of her career.

"It was sweet to see everyone again," she said to me. "They were all so considerate, so thoughtful. It helped much more than I could tell them. Mr. Stromberg had been so wonderfully kind from the beginning. I am very grateful. I can't imagine having done this picture without his sympathetic understanding and guidance. Mr. Van Dyke's direction, too, has been a great experience. He is a remarkable person, so unpretentious, yet with such a sure sense of what is a sincere performance or a synthetic one."

AMONG NEXT MONTH'S

STARS

LESLIE FORD

MARTHA OSTENSO

FRANKEN MELONEY

JOSEPH HARRINGTON

LOUISE REDFIELD PEATTIE

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

SARAH COMSTOCK

MAXINE DAVIS

MARJORIE HILLIS

Concerning the set of the picture's first sequence there is a strange bit of story. In the scene 'Toinette is called to the room of her mother, Empress of Austria, to learn of her impending journey to Paris. In 1934, on the rue de Bonaparte, for no other reason than that it was significant of the period, Edwin Willis bought a life-size portrait of Antoinette's father, Prince Consort Franz. When, four years later, for set construction, a sketch was found of the actual room in which history places this scene, there appeared above the fireplace the identical painting purchased by Willis! So now, by the incomprehensible design of Fate, it was once more to hang above that fireplace in that room of 150 years gone! What phantoms the "soul" of its faded gilt must have conjured in the lone night shadows of a Hollywood sound stage!

A constant amazement it was that, through endless hours of concentration and work, Miss Shearer's consideration, her thoughtfulness, her dependability, her smile, remained forever a pattern for the rest of them. Her characterization, they said, was amazing, too.

"If I have to dig down deep for emotion," she told me once, "I find it by forgetting all about emotion and remembering only that it's Antoinette I'm living, not myself."

In the scene shot yesterday in the Chapel of Versailles the Archduchess Antoinette married the Dauphin Louis XVI, rose tapestry shimmering in the light of 350 candles. Against muted singing voices, the whispering of the seed-pearl hem of that remarkable wedding gown.

Today's piece of camera work was the Artists' Ball, a gay kaleidoscope of color, silver, and gold; a pair of mermaids zippered into glittering fishtails to ride on a carnival seashell; arc lights, suns, "broads" flooding the place with a tide of white light.

On Stage 12, entirely empty of settings, was being created a sound track of thousands of marching feet doing the 17 miles from Paris to Versailles as on that historic night of growing drama and tension which ended with the shattered palace doors—for the motion picture "breakaway" doors, specially built for this scene and substituted at the right time; doors of light, easily splintered wood with holes bored here and there, puttied and painted over! Palace furniture was also duplicated in "breakaway"—their patterns of carving and brocade exactly copied—in wood so light as to crash with quick and complete effect.

On production days the Antoinette company was easy to locate, even on M.-G.-M.'s 200-acre lot, because of a trail of white hairpins from "make-up" to whatever sound stage was "in work."

And so the scenes of the script checked off—weary days, inspiring days, occasions for laughter, too, as at the final dinner of the royal family in prison.

Said Director W. S. Van Dyke to Master Scotty Beckett, the Dauphin,

"Now, when I say 'Go,' and the camera starts, I want you to tell the King you're hungry."

Lights, mike, camera. Actor Beckett on his mark.

"All right. Spin 'm," calls Van Dyke.

A moment to get into the scene; then Scotty's look of appeal to the king.

"Oh, boy, am I hungry!" remarked the Dauphin with feeling.

Perhaps the most novel piece of casting was that of Harvey Aulback, Jr., selected to portray the Dauphin, newly born. Given a contract for the role one month before his birth, Harvey arrived on the lot on schedule, nine days old, at the proper place and hour for the scene.

On a far corner of the lot the guillotine waited in its own portentous shadow, a tall rustling grove of California eucalyptus behind it providing a note of incongruously gentle peace, a guillotine awaiting the arrival of the mob and the tumbrel with its small, frail passenger at the mercy of the maniacs of the democracy . . .

Fate, and a little duchess of Austria, for whom finally came May 15, 1938, when that "trail of white hairpins" led, for Norma Shearer, home. Two million dollars budgeted, a picture finished, Norma Shearer no longer mother of a Dauphin of France, but of a sandy-haired dauphin of her own, aged seven, and a dark-eyed elf of going-on-three.

She herself designed the children's wing of her home, three large happy rooms. Irving's in boyish tan and green,

with numerous ships, globes, and shelves of books; wee Katherine's domain a delectable place of pinks and pale blues, a paradise of dolls, Humpty-Dumptys, and irresistible tea sets. Between the two rooms is a playroom bright with scarlet-and-white furniture low enough for the comfort of small householders, windows arranged for plenty of air without draft.

These windows frame two rarely lovely pictures. One is a bright garden of daisies, heliotrope, and pink hibiscus, green grass, and a flagstone walk. And nothing short of a miracle is a garden here, for the other window's wide picture is the blue Pacific, the Thalbergs having built their home so close to it that only a split sapling palisade sets it apart from the tide.

Small Irving loves swimming and diving and does both beautifully. I thought the rolling breakers looked high and fearsome.

"Well, they don't scare me," he said stoutly.

But he need go out to meet them only when he wishes, for inside the palisade is a personal Thalberg shore, a tiled swimming pool in which a very blue piece of the sea is caught and imprisoned. Here is white sand, too, and gay, lazy beach chairs and sunshades. And the entire length of the house, along a flagstone gallery, are great soft divans in canary yellow and sea-blue-green. White gulls dip so close you fairly reach for them. Distant masts of barracuda fishing boats are sketched against the sky. At night the little beach within the palisade is a pattern of scattered warm ivory lights, a flood of turquoise moonlight in the pool. Far up along the shore shine the playground lights of Venice and Redondo.

IT IS Mother who reads the last story of each day—for Irving a chapter of child's history, for Katherine any story which is an animal story, since for any and all animals she has a deep and abiding affection.

Miss Shearer found her the other day, tear-filled dusky eyes pleading with the gardener for the life of a trapped snake.

"It's such a darling snake," she begged.

In the small military uniform of his school, Irving bounds upstairs to the nursery every afternoon upon his return home.

I was there on the day when, so breathless he could scarcely contain the news, he burst in to report to Mother, playing on the floor with a little girl and five live gray kittens, that today he had batted his first home run! Bending down so that his eyes could look squarely into Mother's, he recounted the details, small hands on his knees in typical outfielder position.

"And if you come down on the beach," he said earnestly, "I'll show you exactly how I did it!"

But Katherine hastily locked her arms around Mrs. Mother's neck. "We have to play music for the kittens," she said decisively, and to gain ground, speedily hurried to her phonograph to tug at her book of records.

"Gosh!" remarked Irving with patient exasperation. "Isn't that just like a girl!"

"Mother, come and be Snow White," begged the tiny, winsome siren, and so for a worshipful audience of one Norma Shearer became Snow White, singing ever so softly in Snow White's small voice:

"I'm wishing . . .
I'm wishing . . .
For the one I love
To find me . . .
To find me . . .
Today"

Behind her tumbled the kittens, a lost

doll, a fort of soldiers; but for the two great brown eyes absorbedly watching her, baby lips whispering the words, repeating them, all the world was forgotten but Mother—and Snow White.

We left kittens and babies in the nursery to go downstairs for tea.

"People ask me if I have hobbies," Miss Shearer laughed. "I wonder when I'll have time to find out! There are such endless things to do and to plan in the house, always such little tasks which prove to be such big ones. And of course when I'm making a picture, there's even more to think about, though I do try to find time to walk on the beach once in a while or read a book. And also," she added, "I like just being alone sometimes."

We talked of her thought for the children's future.

"Irving is going to be thoughtful, with keen intelligence, like his father," she said. "He wants so much to be like his father that whenever he has a chance to wish on a wishbone or a four-leaf clover, he wishes his eyes will turn brown.

"I don't intend to plan a future. I think a better way is just to let it happen. But the quality of his which I love most," she said, "is his determination to keep at a thing until he can do it better than anyone else.

"In Katherine I'm pleased with her gaiety. She's so very, very happy, so alive and eager to be doing things—especially," laughed the young lady's mother, "when I am cutting her hair and her nails. Then I do have to work quickly. But she's always companionable, and I like that, because most of all, I want my children to have lots of friends."

Her loveliest smile—that smile so hauntingly her own—flashed with special tenderness across her eyes. "I don't want them ever to be lonely," she said.

Now the sky was mauve, a star or two, a slender moon laced through the masts of the anchored barracuda boats. Against the shore rolled the breakers . . . *boom . . . zoom* . . . a rhythmic, velvet drumbeat. Coming downstairs we heard soft little footsteps, and presently a small voice,

"May we come in?"

Norma Shearer's quick welcome brought across the threshold two little travelers, now in sleepers, robes, and bedroom slippers. Coming eagerly across the room to her, they climbed into her chair and fitted themselves into her arms.

Norma Shearer and her heritage. A son, a daughter, and the dreams of the man who is acknowledged to have been the picture industry's greatest influence for fineness; the last of his dreams, the presentation, as a royal Marie Antoinette, of a very royal Norma Shearer.

She must have missed him very much this last year of days.

"You're missing Irving today, aren't you?" I said to her once.

"I'm afraid I miss him all the time," she said with her quiet smile. "There is never a moment when he isn't in my mind, behind whatever other thoughts I'm thinking, his face behind whatever other face I see. The things you have never had are not the ones you miss. The things you miss and long for are the ones you've had and lost. He gave me everything in life—fame, fortune, friends, a home, children. He left me everything I would possibly need for happiness except what I wanted and needed most—himself. Without him I cannot escape the feeling that life is but a temporary thing, yet while we're here, things are to be done, things like the making of this picture he left us to complete, things unbearably poignant but very precious because of the thought and inspiration associated with them."

And so you have it; the story behind the making of "Marie Antoinette"—the story of the dream, the preparation, and now the completion of Hollywood's newest super feature, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Production 1030."

Frozen Deliciousness

(*Continued from page 78*)

because we know they are good. You can vary these, too, by serving different sauces over them. Fresh or canned fruits, such as berries, cherries, and sliced peaches are a particularly nice choice and also a quick and an easy one.

FROZEN DESSERTS FOR EVERY TASTE

There's actually a frozen dessert for every taste and every occasion, from the wedding collation that calls for a lovely rich ice cream or mousse to the simple milk sherbets that are so suitable for youngsters' unlimited appetites. So many of you have written us for recipes for less rich and more inexpensive frozen deliciousness, kinds you can serve in quantity without being haunted by the specter of upset digestions! That's why we have added so many to this group of recipes. And are they good? Just try them and be convinced.

American Ice Cream

(Tested by Good Housekeeping Institute)

2 c. bottled milk or 1 c. evaporated milk and 1 c. water
2 egg yolks
1 c. granulated sugar
Few grains salt
1 qt. thin cream
2 tsp. vanilla

Scald 1½ c. milk in a double boiler. Beat the egg yolks, add remaining ½ c. cold milk, sugar, and salt. Combine with the hot milk. Cook, stirring, about 3 min. or until mixture coats the spoon. Remove from heat, strain, and cool. Add cream and vanilla and freeze, using 8 parts ice to 1 part ice-cream salt. Makes 2 qts. For 1 qt. make half the recipe; for 1 gal. make twice the recipe.

Chocolate Ice Cream

(Tested by Good Housekeeping Institute)

1½ c. bottled milk or ¾ c. evaporated milk and ¾ c. water
2 egg yolks
1¼ c. granulated sugar
Few grains salt
1 qt. thin cream
2 tsp. vanilla
2 squares (4 oz.) unsweetened chocolate
½ c. boiling water

Scald 1 c. milk in a double boiler. Beat the egg yolks, add remaining ½ c. cold milk, sugar, and salt. Combine with the hot milk. Cook, stirring, about 3 min., or until mixture coats the spoon. Remove from heat, add cream and vanilla. Melt chocolate, add boiling water to it, and mix to a smooth paste. Add to above mixture; strain and cool thoroughly. Freeze, using 8 parts ice to 1 part ice-cream salt. Makes 2 qts. For 1 qt. make half the recipe; for 1 gal. make twice the recipe.

Fresh Peach Ice Cream

(Tested by Good Housekeeping Institute)

2/3 c. sweetened condensed milk
½ c. water
1½ c. crushed fresh peaches
1/3 c. confectioners' sugar
1 tbsp. lemon juice
¼ tsp. salt
1 c. whipping cream

Blend condensed milk and water thoroughly. Add peaches, to which sugar, lemon juice, and salt have been added. Chill. Whip cream to custardlike consistency and fold into chilled mixture. Pour into freezing tray of automatic re-

frigerator with cold control at coldest setting. When mixture is half-frozen, scrape from sides and bottom of tray; whip with a fork until smooth and creamy but not melted. Replace in freezing unit and freeze until firm. Serves 6.

Buttermilk Sherbet

(Tested by Good Housekeeping Institute)

2 c. buttermilk
½ c. granulated sugar
1 c. canned crushed pineapple
1 egg white (unbeaten)
1½ tsp. vanilla

Combine buttermilk, sugar, and crushed pineapple, which has been drained of a little of the juice. Place in the freezing tray of an automatic refrigerator with cold control at coldest setting, and freeze to a mushlike consistency. Remove to a bowl, add the egg white and vanilla, and beat until light and fluffy, using a hand beater or an electric beater at high speed. Return to tray and freeze until firm. Serves 6.

Lemon Milk Sherbet

(Tested by Good Housekeeping Institute)

1¼ c. granulated sugar
3 c. bottled milk or 1½ c. evaporated milk and 1½ c. water
¾ c. lemon juice
1 tsp. grated lemon rind
¼ tsp. salt
2 tsp. granulated gelatin
1 tbsp. cold water

Dissolve sugar in milk and add lemon juice, grated rind, and salt. Soften gelatin in cold water, place in a pan of boiling water, and steam until gelatin is dissolved. Then add to first mixture. Pour into 2 shallow trays of automatic refrigerator with cold control at coldest setting and freeze until frozen about 1" from edge of tray. Stir and whip with a fork until smooth. Freeze until firm. A half hour before serving stir and whip again until smooth. Serves 8. To serve 3 or 4 make half this recipe.

Pineapple Sherbet

(Tested by Good Housekeeping Institute)

1 c. water
1 c. granulated sugar
1 tsp. granulated gelatin
2 tbsp. cold water
¼ c. lemon juice
1 No. 2 can or 2 1/3 c. unsweetened pineapple juice
2 egg whites

Boil 1 c. water with ¾ c. sugar for 10 min. or to 218° F. Soften gelatin in the 2 tbsp. cold water and add to the hot sugar syrup. Add lemon juice and pineapple juice. Pour into 2 shallow trays of automatic refrigerator, with cold control at coldest setting, and freeze until frozen about 1" from edge of tray. Beat egg whites until stiff, adding the remaining ¼ c. sugar. Stir and whip the sherbet with a fork and fold in the beaten egg whites and sugar mixture. A half hour before serving stir and whip with a fork until smooth. Serves 8. To serve 3 or 4 make half this recipe.

Orange Sherbet

(Tested by Good Housekeeping Institute)

Substitute 2⅓ c. fresh orange juice for pineapple juice in Pineapple Sherbet.

Grape Sherbet

(Tested by Good Housekeeping Institute)

Substitute 1 pt. of grape juice for pineapple juice in Pineapple Sherbet recipe, using 2 tablespoons less sugar.

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The Case for Monogamy

(*Continued from page 47*)

that its opposite—freedom from social restraint in the relationships of men and women—has always been associated with social or group decay. But modern young people are interested in the meaning of monogamy for them personally.

Monogamy is a going on in the healthy spirit of meeting what life brings, not running away from it. Escape into a substitute relationship is a going back to the dreamlike stage of late adolescence, putting new promises ahead of present performance, and attempting to make life stand still, so that one may continue on the threshold of maturity without ever stepping over into the place where one must make good one's promises.

No human craving, from infancy to death, is stronger than that for security of affection. What misleads people into thinking of going outside their marriage association, or wanting to break it for a new one, is their failure to understand the slow growth of permanent affection. Looking back at the intensity of its beginning in romantic love, they suppose it is dwindling, when it is really taking root.

As a child that has been spoiled at home has a hard time getting used to the lesser attention he receives away from home, the married person who believes that courtship love is the essence of marriage finds it hard to come down to the quieter affection that can endure. This is the person who, unable to stand being valued only for his or her real worth, complains to an outsider, "Nobody understands me." The outsider, flattered, murmurs, "I do," and romanticizes about "this fine, unappreciated person," only to discover when it is too late that the person was only too well understood by the unfortunate first partner.

One may not be able to make oneself grow up suddenly and all at once, but one can hold onto the principles one knows to be worth fighting for, by the simple process of refusing to let go. All kinds of wonderful qualities needed in marriage may seem to be conspicuous in oneself chiefly by their absence, but one can always play for time. Even if infatuated with another person, one can hang on to what one knows is right until Time, the mighty leveler of passion, comes to one's help.

An exceptionally happy married woman, after going through this ordeal, said that at the time when she was almost carried away by an unexpected infatuation for a business associate of her husband's, it seemed as if nothing was real but the lover. Neither the memory of past happiness with the husband nor the thought of his future misery if she should leave him was able to mean more to her than so many words. Only, in her half-stupefied condition, she had the wit to remember, as one might recall the multiplication table without caring anything about it, that she had always previously despised people who acted on impulse without trying to find out the probable consequences. Therefore she stuck to her self-imposed rule that she would have no contact with the man, even by letter, until she could get over the strange numbness of her emotions toward her husband. Then, gradually but thoroughly, she came out of her trancelike infatuation, until she found it hard to remember that it had ever happened.

The time to put on the brakes in checking runaway emotions is before they gain momentum. While the feelings aroused still seem harmless, the person can redirect his or her energy toward a more desirable object such as finding new grounds of communion with the spouse or sublimating its expression by turning it into constructive artistic or social channels. To wait until disaster threatens before taking oneself in hand is to pile up, at best, a guilty feeling that one has not done one's best to meet the needs of the mate.

Those who "step out" in the frantic forties and foolish fifties complicate the picture for their younger observers. What they are trying to find is not so much a new thrill as the reliving of an old glow—the hopefulness of their lost youth. Not content to live over in memory the high hopes that were theirs when life was new—because of the gap between expectation and realization—they close their eyes to the new disillusionment they are heading for, and think only to shut out their sense of inadequacy in their present association by steering full steam ahead for another encounter, in which the odds are even more against them.

One may think one doesn't care much about the partner, one may get tired of listening to the same old jokes, the same set of worries, the same reminiscences; but let there be a misunderstanding, and one finds that one must care tremendously or one could not be so devastated. No association is so humdrum that it cannot be quickened into life, no matter how long it has been meagerly taking its course.

Certain types of people, whom we might lump together as a restless, discontented lot, enjoy "shopping around" for doctors, for jobs, for friends, for lovers, never staying long enough with any one doctor, job, friend, or lover to have to take any back talk. As soon as the first signs of a candid relationship appear, they are off, bag and baggage, to newer hunting grounds. We may suspect that what they

In eleven searching articles by distinguished men and women

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING'S COURSE ON MARRIAGE RELATIONS

has dealt with the problems that inevitably arise whenever two people desire to live together as husband and wife. This article takes up a problem that embraces all the others—that of faithfulness. We say, "Forsaking all others . . . so long as we both shall live." Can such a vow be kept? Does it pay? The answers—affirmative both—are given here

really want is to outrun their own personality.

This appears in their willingness to slough off even their children, in an adolescent impatience with any barrier to an immediate desire. So contrary is this to nature that regret follows closely their decision. The children, however, are laden with a burden put on them by their parents. Instead of joyful confidence, they experience a divided affection. Driven to a choice of loyalties or caught between competing rivals who attempt to win their love, they are thereby denied security, the one gift every home owes a child.

Depending as he must upon his parents for this, it is a shattering experience for him to find that the twofold support of his existence is no longer holding together. He wants and needs not his mother or his father, nor just his mother and his father, but his two parents love-linked together as the one source of steadiness in a universe which otherwise is in flux and turmoil.

The child who finds his parents have given up trying to maintain their affectionate interdependence is hurt beyond any other hurt that can come to him. Precociously matured by being denied that security of encircling affection which is his right, he is forever cheated of his childhood and therefore can never become fully mature emotionally, but must have great gaps in what should have been the slow development of his emotions, before they hardened into adult form.

The monogamic fellowship normally encourages the coming of the child. Neither husband nor wife can awaken in the other the strong normal urges that come to expression in love fellowship, without bringing forth the desire that seems rooted in human nature for a child of their own. In any case, when the child does enter the home, experience soon makes plain his need of security. Where there is no monogamic commitment, he is forced into family life that is confused, incomplete, and uncertain. In such a situation, open as he is to first impressions, he suffers most, and not infrequently so deeply as to carry emotional scars for life. The friend of children recoils from the thought of any sort of transient motherhood or fatherhood. Monogamy provides a stable home in which each member—husband, wife, and child—although they are copartners in love, has an indispensable, unique, and satisfying role.

MONOGAMY is not a fettering of human impulse, but a registration of the deepest yearnings of men and women. The laws that define and support it are merely man's efforts to express the common opinion that has taken form out of the experiences through the centuries of a great multitude of persons who, like ourselves, have sought success in marriage. Those who think of monogamy as something imposed on human nature through external authority, a sort of strait jacket of emotional restraint, are obtuse to the overwhelming testimony of human nature. Monogamy is not established by a thundering edict from Mount Sinai, but by the quiet, persistent inward-speaking of human need. The one-man-one-woman craving is so deeply laid in the structure of all of us that any other way of mating and establishing a home is alien to desire; the thought never arises, except when the one-time expectations have been lost through personality failure.

Monogamy is not something that suddenly and finally takes shape, a petrifying of emotion that for a season in courtship flourishes. It gets its vitality through a growth process, continues with life, a spreading of an affection always forward-looking; anything else is an indi-

cation of a faltering marriage. In the beginning love announces the awakening of mutual need. Then the feelings flow swift and strong and carry each toward the other. The impulse to possess, to annex, to have possession of the beloved, is a consuming hunger. It is a covetous grasping, a recognition that the other is indispensable. Out of this comes a union, and from then on, the two grow not only together, but also their common fellowship grows, becoming their way of life.

The passion to add the other one who seems external, to possess, fades, and in its place comes the joy of mutual sharing, the security of an exploring fellowship. It is thus that monogamy offers love its fulfillment. There must be this welding of self with self if the emotionally awakened man or woman is to escape loneliness. Self-expansion in power, distinction, or pleasure does not suffice. Any by-oneself fulfillment only brings home the profounder need of a different achievement, not in separation, but through union, the fusion of two persons in a constant intimacy.

This growing together comes from no deliberate, effort-making program. It grows out of the affectionate living together. It is a day-by-day consolidation, not only of interest or experience, but of satisfactions. It is this that led Plato long ago to say that the man or woman apart from the other is incomplete, a partial person, hungering for the needed lover. Monogamy is, however, not a mere getting together; it is a growing together. It furnishes the opportunity for continued unrivaled intimacy, and its on-going not only strengthens the life together, but makes it pregnant with the forces that lead to character growth.

MONOGAMY is therefore a preference, usually so much a matter of course as to seem the natural way of living. This explains its supremacy among the schemes of human mating. It is a product of love ties, but only as these flourish in a maturing intimacy. It asks no more than that each member of the fellowship grow with the other.

Monogamy is indeed a test of character, but not in some extraordinary, aristocratic way that would put it out of the reach of most of us. Although its benefits cannot be had for the mere asking, it is denied to no one who in sincerity lives in love with the person of his choice. It is an achievement, but not in the sense that one eventually awakens to discover that he has at last arrived at a monogamic relationship. It is rather a hand-in-hand walking through life of a man and woman, each having chosen the other and offered his every possession. It as surely adds to character as it demands character.

The vitalizing union provides incentives that enrich both character and ambition. The two sharing a common life add more, do more, and feel more than each found possible in their one-time isolation. This in turn strengthens the union and makes each more indispensable to the other. They do not attempt to duplicate each other, but knowing that their love is secure, each gains through the life contact of the other. It was thus that Robert and Elizabeth Browning each affected the quality of the other's work, both being able to write deeper and more human poetry as a result of their marriage.

It is most important for an understanding of monogamy that it not be thought of as a monotony, a petering out of the energy of love until the high hopes of the confident lovers disappear in a drab, toilsome existence. This fading out does come to married people just as it does to those who have never married. Rightly used, however, monogamic fellowship protects by making adventure in life more zestful because it is shared. However hard and dreary experience becomes, it is more so if one walks alone and less so if its testing is met by two who travel onward in love. Monotony is always a reflection of inner losses. So long as we are alive to what is, so long as we have the feelings that uncover the zestfulness of things, we keep out of the desert. Monogamy cannot guarantee enthusiastic living, but undoubtedly, by encouraging mutual love, it protects the roots from which most of all each of us draws vitality.

When the relationship becomes monotonous, there is the same confession of failure as when day-by-day happenings grow stale and repellent. The difference is that when love goes, the fortress has been taken and all life flattens out.

THE exclusiveness of monogamic fellowship, the outcoming of the deep hunger for a unique experience in affection, can be greatly misinterpreted by failing to see that it is human nature's effort to keep to the golden mean as one is driven by tremendous impulses toward the supreme man-woman comradeship. In all such relationships there is on one side the extreme which shows itself when one member of the intimacy crushes and destroys the personality of the other. This eventually spoils the union by making it a conquest of one by the other. The opposite disaster appears when there is no fusion at all but merely an alliance of two independent, self-centered persons who come together in the spirit of temporary self-interest and refuse to develop a common life. Even when they maintain the letter of the monogamic code, they lose its spirit.

In contrast with these unfortunates, victims of will-to-power and self-centered passion, those in monogamic fellowship enlarge the life they share. One often notices, as did Hudson, the naturalist, in his description of the English shepherd's home, that husband and wife reach such understanding that they share feeling without recourse to words; and gather so much in common that as they travel through the years they do, indeed, seem to grow even to look like each other. They winter and summer together, and when time sends the children to their own adventures, we hear these life-tested lovers, hand in hand, saying:

> "Grow old along with me!
> The best is yet to be,
> The last of life, for which the
> first was made."

The following books, which you will find at your local library or bookstore, are recommended by the authors of this article:

"Understanding Yourself," by E. R. Groves; Chapter XV, "The Supreme Fellowship." (Greenberg, Publisher, N. Y. C.)

"Essays on Marriage," by F. M. Harris; Chapter V, "Marriage as a Partnership." (Association Press, N. Y. C.)

"An Introductory Study of the Family," by E. Schmiedeler; Chapter I, "Family Bonds." (D. Appleton-Century, N. Y. C.)

"Twenty-Four Views of Marriage," a symposium edited by C. A. Spaulding; Chapter XVI, "Monogamic Marriage as a Solution of Human Mating." (Macmillan, N. Y. C.)

As this last article in the Course on Marriage Relations goes to press, arrangements are being completed for the publication of the series in book form. Publisher —Prentice Hall, Inc., 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Date and price—to come

A Ticket to Samarkand

(*Continued from page 24*)

in the candlelight, was almost lovely for a moment. "It has such a lovely sound," she said. "It—sings in my mind. It is the far corner of the earth that I must go to!"

Beside her Sandy quirked an eyebrow. "The child is tetched. It is the moon and the melancholy days of youth. Or perhaps it is just too many anemic-looking ladies in her life."

But Terry knew it wasn't. It was restlessness, and an inner hunger reaching out for something, and the fear of being trapped by life. He knew it, for he'd felt it all himself. And so, when Erin took her candle and started back across the roof, Terry followed her. He thought she was a little cracked, but he was still curious about her.

"You're a funny girl," he said, leaning against the parapet outside her door, "wanting to go batting off across the world alone."

"And what," demanded Erin, "is so funny about that? You want to go yourself, don't you? Or were you just talking?"

"Oh, I'm going. I'd like to see anything stop me. But I'm a man. Girls are different. All I ever knew wanted other things—a home, a husband, love. If they said they didn't, it was just a line."

ERIN stared out across the night. She didn't care particularly whether Terry Blake thought it was a line with her or not, but something in the night depressed her. She had the feeling that all about her dreams were dying. But she meant to keep her own.

"I don't know about other girls," she said passionately, "but I don't want love! Love robs you, puts you in a prison, cheats you of your destiny! Look at Deems! Look at Mart and Mary! Waiting, hoping for something that will never come true!"

He looked at her curiously. "So you felt it, too. Something futile in all their talk."

"Not futile," she said swiftly. "Only little people are futile. Deems and Mart are big! But so tragic that it breaks your heart. For it wasn't true, what I said about your being proud some day of knowing Deems! He'll never write his symphony. He's been in love for years with a girl who doesn't care two pins about him! But Deems can't go away and forget her. So he'll stay here, getting older and maybe a little bitterer, until all his music has turned to discords. And Mart, who might be great, will never see his Paris because loving Mary is more beautiful to him, and he will never leave her."

"But—couldn't they go together?"

She shook her head. "They pretend—oh, it's pitiful how they pretend!—but they both know that Mary will never be strong enough again to follow him across the world. And they're so poor—always, since the baby died, they've had so many doctor's bills—" She broke off, to square her shoulders resolutely. "I won't let love do that to me!"

Terry looked at her. She was such a little thing to be so purposeful! He wanted to ask her more about herself, what she sought and how she meant to find it. But down there in the river a ship slipped toward the sea, and Erin, her eyes following it, flung up her head.

"I suppose you think I'm selfish—but you have to be when there's just one thing in all the world you want. And I want to be free! Free to go where something calls me, to find the beauty and the wonder and the excitement there. And I am going!"

And then, abruptly, as if already she had given him too large a portion of her mind, she took her candlestick and left him standing there. And only the moon-

light and the whistle of a boat remained, and the soft coo-coo of pigeons on the roof.

It was a week before Terry Blake saw Erin O'Rane again. A week in which he settled down to the ways of the rooftop and never even thought of her. Until one night, returning from a late fire he had covered, he saw the flickering light of candles in her tiny house and knew that somewhere back behind his mind her image had been hiding. And once again he felt the eagerness of her, and could see her page-boy hair and small, dark sturdiness.

He crossed the graveled roof, but once outside her open door he stopped and stared at her. For there she sat, hunched over her drawing board, with a wet compress around her head, her face wearier than any face he had ever seen before.

As he looked in at her, impatience flooded him. What did she think she was made of, anyway! Cast iron in a midget mold?

"For the love of Pete!" he exploded. "Why don't you go to bed! Aren't there enough hours in the day for you to do your work?"

"This is extra work," mumbled Erin unsteadily, "and I have to get it done. Go 'way, you bother me, and I'm all right!"

Into the room marched Terry, and he snatched her pen from her. "Like heck you are!" he growled. "What's the matter with your head?"

Erin rubbed her eyes with one small, grimy hand. "It aches," she muttered drowsily. Then, as if just aware of him: "If you have an aspirin, it would help. Because I've got to get this done! It's for an advertising firm, and if they like it, I can get more work from them! I've been working on it nights this week."

So that, thought Terry angrily, was why he hadn't seen her. Day and night she'd been at it. And now look at her!

"I don't suppose," he said, "you've even thought of eating half the time!"

Small Erin scowled at him. He could stand there, talking about food, when all she wanted was something to stop that throbbing in her temples.

"I had dinner," she said. "I—" she blinked and stopped to think. "Well, anyway, I had an egg. And some coffee. Only maybe I forgot to drink it."

Terry reached down suddenly and picked her up. He could put her in his pocket, he thought helplessly, for all the size she was! He felt like shaking her, but instead he carried her across the room and dumped her on her cot.

"You ought to have a keeper," he said grimly. "Now, you stay there until I get some food in you! And not a peep out of you, either!"

HE FOUND a can of soup and warmed it up. He heated coffee. And fed her with a spoon. She let him without protest, for suddenly she did feel queer—as if her head were far too light for all the rest of her. But in the middle of her meal she went to sleep, abruptly, deeply, as children slip off into dreams. And looking down at her, still impatient with her, Terry bent and laid a blanket over her. She slept curled up like a kitten, and she looked young and somehow helpless in her sleep.

"There ought to be a law," groaned Terry, "against crazy girls barging around by themselves!"

He stood for a moment beside her drawing board, and even in his irritation he could feel the strength and power in her work. Oh, she was good, all right—perhaps the flame did burn brightly in her. But she needed someone to look after her.

As he blew out the candle Terry had to grin a little. "Me, playing nursemaid to a pepper pot! But just the same I'm going to give that little brat a good-sized piece of my mind in the morning!"

He was there with the rising sun, at her door. And sat there doggedly until he heard her stirring within. Then he knocked.

"Wake up," he called. "Dr. Blake is here to see his patient."

The door opened, and Erin peered out at him. "You—again?"

"The same. And taking you for a boat ride. Oh, not an ocean liner—just a rowboat. But a day on the river won't hurt you."

Erin drew a deep breath. "Thanks—for everything last night. But I've got work to do today. This series has to be in by six o'clock. So if you'll please go off somewhere—"

Terry didn't budge. "I don't know," he murmured, "why I bother about you. You're contrary, and you're stubborn, and you get in my hair. But since today happens to be Sunday—"

Erin blinked. "Sunday? I must have lost a day somewhere! But that just gives me extra time at home."

"It gives you," stated Terry, "exactly five minutes to get your bonnet on. If you're not ready then, I'll lug you off as is. So step on it, funnyface, before I decide a week's vacation is the medicine!"

ERIN went with him. To argue with him took more energy than she happened to have. And even she admitted that the day was perfect. They rowed up the river, and she took a nap. They ate a picnic lunch that Terry brought, and she took another nap. And all the way home she slept soundly.

Terry didn't mind. As he told himself, if he'd wanted a girl to entertain him, he'd have picked a blonde. Besides, Erin rested him as well as herself. He didn't have to talk to her if he didn't want to. And when, at twilight, feeling full of sunlight and a nice, lazy peace, they came back to the rooftop, he beamed upon her contentedly.

"That wasn't half-bad!" he said. "We'll do it again. Confess, now, you feel lots better for it."

Erin smiled. He was almost as nice as Deems and Sandy, after all.

"I feel," she said, "like a lovely lizard that's been sunning itself on a warm brick wall."

"Then we're all set—the firm of Blake and O'Rane—adventurers headed for the wide world but passing the time of day together until we get started. Ships that pass—that's you and I, Erin. So here's to our rooftop stopover. I don't suppose, to celebrate, you could invite me in to supper, could you? There's a can of crabmeat on your pantry shelf."

Erin thought she might as well invite him in. If she didn't, he'd probably come anyway. "But you'll have to help with the dishes," she warned him. "And when they're finished, home you go!"

In that fashion was the friendship of Terry Blake and Erin O'Rane begun, and it was a satisfying friendship for both of them. To Terry, Erin was a new experience. A girl who didn't expect either admiration or attention—who didn't even want them from him! In fact, he felt perfectly safe with her. She was the Good Companion he had never found before. And Erin? She liked Terry. She didn't analyze it or think much about it. But she accepted him, as the whole rooftop accepted him, and if she let him bully her a little—well, that was rather nice, too.

Sometimes they talked together, sitting high above the city underneath the stars. They talked of everything under the sun, but mostly of his work and hers. Of the things Terry meant to write and all the waiting loveliness out in the world that

Erin meant to see. Erin learned that behind Terry's banter was a quick and facile mind, and Terry came to know the truth about Samarkand. That, to Erin, it was not so much a place as a symbol. It was freedom, and the high goal of adventure, and an urge that never gave her any peace.

"The world is full," she cried, "of people who once wanted to run away and find their own Samarkand! But they didn't go—and life crept in and put its chains on them, and in the end they gave up all their dreams! Maybe they didn't fight hard enough for them. Maybe, if they had fought, they might have been among the great ones of the earth. And maybe, even if I go, I'll never reach the top, either. But I'll know all the bittersweet of struggling for it!"

Listening to her, Terry saw she meant it.

"O.K., Miss Quixote. Go out and tilt at your windmills. But let me remind you that while a man might work eighteen hours a day and get away with it, you're built on less heroic lines. I sometimes wonder what will happen to you when I take my eye off you!"

Erin flung back her blackbird head. "I've been an orphan since I was ten, Terry Blake! And I've always taken care of myself. I guess I can still go on doing it! Anyway, I haven't time to stop and think about myself."

Nor did she stop. Summer came—a sudden, sultry summer—and high up on the roof the heat was stifling. Marty, out of his meager savings, took his Mary to the seashore and said good-bye to Paris for another year, and even Deems went to the country. Only Sandy and Terry remained, because they had to. And, of course, Erin.

IT WAS then, when even the nights were close and still, that Erin lost her job. She told no one about it, but day after day she walked the streets, hunting for some free-lance drawing. And now the months of overwork began to take their toll of her. She lost weight so rapidly that Terry was worried sick about her, and her eyes in her small face were like enormous lanterns burning too brightly for her good. Terry knew that half the night she kept her candles burning; for only in the night, when a faint breeze blew up from the river, was the rooftop bearable for working. And he found out one day about her job. But he couldn't tell her so. She was so independent—the stubborn little thing!

He was working hard himself, these days, striving for a toehold on the newspaper, and he hardly made enough to keep himself. There was glory, perhaps, in newspaper reporting, but very little money. He sometimes thought desperately: "I'd be better off digging ditches! That way, at least, I might make enough for both of us!"

It wasn't sentiment with him, for he wasn't in love with Erin. He never even thought of such a thing. But she was in his thoughts like a small, troubling ghost, and he couldn't put her out of them.

He had an inspiration, finally. He couldn't do much—and he knew he couldn't do that little openly—but he needn't stand by and watch her lose her fight, need he? He went to her, outwardly casual.

"Look," he said, "there's a chap down at the paper—got the writing bug. I don't suppose you'd care to do some typing for him, would you? Just to sort of help him out?"

Erin looked at him sharply, afraid lest this were pity, but she could see nothing suspicious in his face. "I—do know how to type," she said slowly. "But I have no typewriter."

"Oh, I could borrow one from a chap I know. This writing egg, he can't pay

much, of course. But it would be—well, four or five dollars a week, I'd say."

Erin's eyes were suddenly wet with tears. "I'll—do it, Terry! I do need it! I hadn't told you, but I—I lost my job. Sometimes I've been almost frightened lately—"

He patted her shoulder awkwardly. "Rubbish! You'll be sailing out of here for Samarkand by spring! Nothing can stop you, Erin. But about this other—well, that's all set, then. I'll bring the typewriter and some of his stuff to you in a day or so."

After that Terry's candles burned late into the night, too. But he hung blankets across his door to hide the light. If Erin ever found out that he sat up, sweating blood, to pound out something that might pass for a try at fiction, she'd never take a cent from him!

But Erin didn't find it out. She took the work he brought her and typed it carefully. And never knew that now, for Terry, too, rest was something almost forgotten.

Until, one afternoon in late July, she came almost running back up to the roof. For it had come at last—the good luck she'd been waiting for. Tomorrow she'd be working again, for the advertising agency for whom she'd made those first drawings! Tonight—well, tonight she'd cook a feast for Terry to celebrate!

As she passed his door something caught her eye—a pigeon calmly walking in across his threshold. "Sambo!" she thought. "Or Jumbo or Limbo! Terry's forgotten to close his door again!"

She dashed in to drive the intruder out, and it was then she saw the copy paper on his table—the sheets he had been working on. And looking down at them, she knew the truth. It had been Terry, then, writing all those pages just for her! She caught her hands together, her dark eyes wide! So he had guessed it, then—her desperate need for help! And from his little he had given it to her!

WHEN he came across the roof that evening, she was waiting for him, his story in her hands.

"You—did this!" she cried. "So that you could help me! You paid me, Terry, out of the little you had!"

He eyed her helplessly. "I never meant that you should know. But it wasn't much to do, Erin. You shouldn't mind it too much."

"Mind it?" Her eyes were shining. "It was a wonderful thing to do, Terry! You helped me win out. Because I have a new position, Terry! With the Acme Agency, doing their art work! I would never have had it if it hadn't been for you helping me hold on. But even that isn't as important, now, as—these." And she held out to him the typewritten pages in her hands.

He didn't understand her. "But that—that's what I've been handing you. And scared to death you'd get suspicious, because it was no good."

"And all the time I was wishing you had written it, Terry! Because it was so fine!"

"Fine?" Terry stared at her. "But I only wrote it to—"

"To give me work," finished Erin softly. "But don't you see, Terry—you can write! This is real and true and beautiful! It's the beginning of a book, Terry, and you'll go on and finish it! You'll sell it and go to all those places you've been dreaming of!"

Terry sat down suddenly. "You—believe that?"

"Of course! You can write, Terry! You want to, don't you?"

He drew a deep breath. "Want to! It's been a—wild, crazy dream of mine for years! I always meant to when I had the time and had been places and seen enough to write about!"

"And now you needn't wait!" She hugged the typed pages to her eager heart. "There's something I must say, Terry—something I've been thinking about all afternoon since I came back and found these! You did this—for me. Now I can do something for you. Something you've got to take! I've got this job—I can make enough for both of us. I know I can! And you've got to give up your newspaper work for a little while and write your book. Oh, don't say what you are thinking—it's my turn now! I couldn't bear it if you wouldn't let me do it."

IT SEEMED to Terry in that moment that Erin's eager face was the loveliest thing he'd ever seen. Why—Erin was beautiful! The way her eyes shone and her red mouth trembled . . .

"All I'm thinking," said Terry slowly, "is that I never really saw you before, Erin. There's no other girl in all the world like you." He reached out gently and touched her shining hair. "It wouldn't surprise me, Erin, if we'd fallen in love, in spite of all our theories."

"Oh, no!" Erin, startled, said it breathlessly. "It's only that—we are friends!"

He paid no attention to her words. A strange new triumph filled him. Why, he loved Erin! The knowledge of it shook him.

"We've been as blind as bats!" he cried. "Why, this is love, of course! Wanting to care for someone, needing her and having her need you, wanting to work for her and share with her. If I can write, it's because I had to do it—for you, Erin. And here you are—so small, with so much courage—wanting to give me my big chance! Erin, say you know that it is love!"

And Erin did know it. As any girl knows her heart when that heart wakens into being. But still she couldn't say it. "But—you wanted to be so free, Terry. To roam the world, to go alone—"

"And you wanted your Samarkand! But don't you see, we'll have them together now. Oh, Erin, say you'll marry me! I'll write like mad, and we'll go together in the spring!"

One moment longer she held him from her. "But other people—Mart and Mary—I couldn't do that to you, Terry!"

He caught her in his arms triumphantly. "We're not like other people, Erin! We're ourselves, different! You'll see, we'll go—and we'll find all the adventure and the beauty, hand in hand!"

She believed him, and when she told Sandy all about it, she added breathlessly: "But we won't be like other people—settling down! We'll go even farther together than we would alone!"

Sandy smiled his crooked smile. "Is that so important? Be glad you've found love, Erin, and leave the future to itself."

But Deems was sterner with her. "Don't be greedy, little Erin. And don't marry with a bargain on your lips. Be content with Terry."

Secure in her happiness, Erin's heart went out to him. Poor Deems, with no one to reach the heights with him. She laid an eager hand upon his arm.

"Oh, Deems, if only you'd go with us in the spring. You would—forget her. And it does no good to stay!"

His huge bulk towered over her. "I'm staying, Erin. Some day she may need me, and I'll be there. That's a kind of love you haven't learned yet. But you will, if life is to be full and rich for you."

One week later, in a little church up on the river bank, to a flood of Deems' music, Erin married Terry. With Mart and Mary standing by and Sandy waiting with the ring. And even as Erin made her vows, within her heart another promise rang.

"This isn't the ending—it's just the beginning for us. We'll go together—to the top!"

That night Terry came to East with Erin, for now this was to be the home of both.

"It is so lovely," Erin had said, "hanging high above the river. And while we're waiting for the spring we can watch the ships go by."

And Terry let her have her way. But now, outside her threshold, he picked her up.

"Brides come home this way," he said unsteadily. "But some day, Erin, I'll carry you into a castle! And cover you with jewels for your sweet loveliness. Yet for tonight my love is my sole gift to you!"

And for Erin it was enough.

In the weeks that followed they knew a breathless ecstasy. The world was theirs, and they were young and reaching out to take it eagerly. What matter if they had so little money? The short, gray days of winter might come, and Terry's coat be all too thin and Erin's far too shabby, but eager hope was their companion. And Terry, working on his book, felt the surge of power sweeping through its pages, and Erin, coming back to him each night, found rest within his arms.

Sometimes he said: "But your drawing, Erin! You've put it all aside and tied yourself to drudgery, just for me! It isn't fair!"

"Mine can wait," said Erin staunchly. "Oh, I'm not being heroic, darling. I'm only being wise. We're the firm of Blake and Blake now. And anyway, it is only until spring!"

She said it, determined that Terry should believe her—for nothing must stop him now. But as the weeks slipped by she often wondered how much longer, with scarlet lipstick and the mask of laughter, she could keep him from finding out how things were with her. For she was so tired—so ghastly tired—and the doctor she had seen had said:

"This can't go on. You must get more rest, Mrs. Blake, or I won't answer for the consequences."

"Rest!" thought Erin. "I can still wait—a little longer! I can manage for just one more month."

OF COURSE she couldn't. With the first touch of winter she caught a cold, and on a snowy evening three days later she fainted just inside the little door of East. The last thing she saw before the darkness claimed her was Terry's frantic face.

When she came to, she was lying on the bed and he was bending over her. She knew that he was terrified. She touched his cheek and managed a little gamin grin.

"Don't be frightened, darling. It's just that—the Junior Member is coming to join the firm of Blake and Blake. I didn't want to tell you yet, because of the book."

Terry held her close. "Hang the book! Oh, Erin, I've been so blind! But that's over now. From here on I'm taking care of you."

Erin caught his hand, held it tightly. "Don't worry—it will be all right," she whispered huskily. "He won't change anything for us. You'll see—we'll tuck him in a basket and tote him right along with us. We'll have Samarkand—and all the places we mean to see!"

They were very gay about it that evening, as each tried to reassure the other. But underneath their gaiety panic lay.

The next day Erin gave up her work with the agency, and Terry, putting aside his book, went back on the newspaper. While swiftly, on snowy feet, the year slipped through a Christmas when Terry and Erin laughed and gave each other trains and teddy bears, into January.

Terry was working harder now than he had ever worked before. He had taken on the night-court shift, besides his regular beat, for the additional money it would give him. With mounting doctor's bills and

more to come, he had to do it. But if at times he looked drawn and haggard from these new responsibilities, he never spoke of them. Once more, driven by their needs, he took to working late at night on his book. The hours he snatched were all too few, and they were stolen from his rest, but he went to them in a white heat of certainty. Words flowed from his mind in a triumphant cadence, and he wrote them down and knew that they were good.

To cheer Erin, who suddenly was in such need of cheering, he brought home great stacks of maps and ocean charts, and a huge globe of the world with fascinating seas of midnight blue, and poring over them, turning the globe in eager hands, she forgot for a little time how miserable she felt. Names that were like exciting bars of music fell from her parted lips—Morocco, Bariloche, Zanzibar, Singapore! She thought: "Life has stopped us for a little while. This new life within me has halted us. But we'll be free again! Nothing can stop us—for long."

ONCE, sitting with her, watching the almost feverish light in her eyes as she talked about the future, quiet Deems said:

"Poor little Erin—the lessons you are learning are hard ones, aren't they? But learn to give, not to demand from life, and you'll be happier."

Erin ran a restless hand through her dark hair. "But you don't understand—I want so much more than happiness! So does Terry. We want freedom, reaching our goal, finding the thing we are seeking."

But when he had gone, she went to stand before her drawing board. She was for the first time really afraid. Was Deems right? Was all that—the bright dream—gone for her? Must she be submissive? Take what life gave her? Not demand?

That night in Terry's arms she wept. "I'm not selfish and unnatural, darling. I'm not, I'm not! But I never planned for the Junior Member in the first place. Must I let him change everything for us?"

Terry, holding her close, looked out across her dark head and wondered if they both were wrong. Perhaps they should be like Mart and Mary, content with dreams and not pledged so with making them come true. He said helplessly, stroking Erin's hair:

"It will be all right, darling. It's got to be. Now sleep, and try to rest. If the Junior Member heard us, he might think we didn't want him."

The weeks passed slowly, dragging on leaden feet, even as Erin dragged herself about. It was March, and the rain fell like a silver veil outside the little windows. It was April, and in Erin's heart panic grew. She was unreasonable and contrite by turns. She was miserable, and often knew that she was going to die. Watching her, Terry felt a tenderness that knew no bounds. But he, too, felt helpless in the tide that swept them on to parenthood.

It was in May, while on the rooftop spring poured out its magic, that Erin's son was born, in such a nightmare of black agony that it left her spent and shattered. And when they put her baby in her arms, no miracle of mother love came to strengthen her. She only thought, "Now I can begin to plan again!" and turned her tired face to the wall.

As for Terry, Deems and Mart walked the rooftop with him all through that long night. For the Junior Member had chosen to be born a week before he was expected, and at the last it had been too late to rush Erin to a hospital. But when dawn came, bringing the news that now he was a father, Terry collapsed on Deems' doorstep. But somehow it didn't help him much to hear Deems say:

"There go your salad days, old man. But a son—well, a son is worth it!"

Or to look at Mart's face as he whispered: "You've got—everything worth having, Terry. All the rest—the crazy dreams of youth—they don't matter now."

For two weeks, as Erin, listless and weak, lay on her bed, Mary took the care of the Junior Member in her hands. And Erin didn't care. She was scared to death of him. He was so tiny and so helpless, and she didn't know what to do with him! But she felt trapped, for already Mary was saying gently:

"The rooftop is no place for a baby, Erin. It will be too hot for him this summer. You'll have to find a little house somewhere—a place to raise your son. And, oh, how happy you will be!"

Yet Erin wasn't happy. She felt lost, bewildered, beaten. Was this, then, the end of dreaming? And even as she grew stronger and discovered that the Junior Member wouldn't break in two if she picked him up, the gaiety that was the old Erin didn't return to her. Always, every minute of the day, she had so much to do! There were bottles, feedings, washings, until the person she once had been seemed completely lost and all that remained was a slave to this small morsel of humanity. Yet he was such a good baby! Fat and cherubic, lying contentedly in his basket and gurgling up at her. He was beautiful, too. Looking at him, Erin thought:

"I love him! I must love him—I'm his mother!"

AS SUDDENLY as that, it seemed, she found she did. It happened on a still, sweet afternoon. Out in the country June went dancing by on flowered feet, and even on the rooftop there were butterflies that came dipping from a cloudless sky. So imperceptibly had spring slipped into summer that Erin had not noticed it until, with the whisper of a warm, scented wind, there it was, stirring the very air about her. It was in that moment that Erin, looking about the tiny space of East so cluttered with the Junior Member's belongings, felt lighthearted and filled with youth once more. Spontaneously, she picked the Junior Member up, much to his delight, and danced around the room with him, and it was as if all the dark panic were wiped out of her, forgotten, and of no importance.

"The trouble with me," cried Erin to his fuzzy head, "is that I've been trying to make a problem child of you! Why, you're a duck—you're a fat, sweet love! And between you and me, my lad, I think your mother has dropped her wailing robes and returned to normal!"

Normal? She looked about her, at the sunshine pouring in across the doorstep, at the river slipping by so far below her windows. Why, it was a beautiful world, after all! A thrilling, exciting, zestful world! She thought: "Money—bills—worries—fiddlesticks! They can't defeat us if we don't let them! I'm Erin! And Terry is Terry! And the world is still ours, if we will only take it!"

She dumped the Junior Member back into his basket. He wasn't a burden to her any longer—a snare that had trapped her. He was a dimpled, complacent individual who popped his thumb into his mouth and went to sleep. Tucking him in, Erin murmured:

"Pretty swell job you did, Erin Blake! Now how about getting back to your other job?"

Her drawing table was a litter of baby bottles, tiny clothes, and books on infant feeding. With a gleam in her eye she swept them to a chair and laid out a fresh piece of drawing paper. Then, zest flying little flags of red in her cheeks, she went to work.

She worked slowly at first, feeling her way back along paths that for months she

hadn't traveled. Then, as the flame within her began to burn more brightly, swiftly and with sure, powerful strokes that brought a singing to her blood. This was the past recaptured! This the dream coming true once more!

It was so that Terry, running excitedly across the rooftop, found her. And for a minute he could only stare at her. He had forgotten that Erin could look like that—so arresting, so alive. Then she saw him and darted into his arms.

"Terry—this is me—Erin! Remember me? I'm working! Oh, I can work like a house afire, Terry! Because I've found out something. I've news for you, darling! I can have a baby—a love of a baby—and have my work, too! I can have everything, Terry!"

He held her tightly to him. "I have news, too, darling! It's come, Erin—come at last. You see, I finished the book three months ago, when you were so sick. And I took a chance and sent it off without telling you. Now it's sold! Sold, Erin! Do you know what that means, darling? No more living on the roof for you, where it is so hard now that the young sprout is here! We'll get a little house somewhere, you can have someone to help you—"

Erin pushed him away, looked up at him. "Is that what you want, Terry? A house? A nurse for the Junior Member? Security and bills paid and no worry? Terry, look at me! Is that the thing you want down in the bottom of your heart?"

He looked at her, and at something in her face—something new and eager and almost reckless—his own heart leaped. "Oh, Erin, you don't mean—you can't mean that you are afraid of them, too! All the safe, sensible ties that will make us settle down! Woman, if you are fooling me—"

Erin dragged him to the window. "Look down there! There's the river, waiting to carry us away! There's life waiting—and beauty and wonder and all our dreams! Oh, Terry, let other people give theirs up! Let Mart be satisfied with his Mary, and Deems with his music and his lost love! But we're young! We're strong and not afraid to go out and find our Samarkand! And you'll write splendid books, and I'll build beautiful pictures."

"And—the Junior Member?"

ERIN dashed across the room and caught up her son. High in her arms she held him, and laughed up at him. "Pooh! Let silly women and weak women and afraid women sit at home and rob their sons of their heritage! But my grandfather crossed the plains in a covered wagon when he was two months old. And my great-grandfather came to America on a sailing vessel when he was six weeks old. That's the blood the Junior Member has in his sweet veins!

"Born on a rooftop, cradled in a ship that takes his doting parents across the seven seas, taking his first step in some lovely, foreign city—that's the kind of start my son is going to have in life! Why, he deserves this! It was because of him you had to write that book. He's really our ticket to Samarkand, the angel! Oh, Terry, we'll start packing this very night. And tomorrow we'll see about a boat. And before a week is out, we'll be on our way, sailing down the river beneath the stars, with the wind in our faces and all the world ahead of us—"

Across the rooftop Mart and Mary sat outside their door, holding hands. In his corner, Sandy combed the snarls from Ferdinand. While faintly, above the soft coo-coo of pigeons, Deems' music rose upon the warm, sweet air of dusk. But hanging over their own parapet, Erin and Terry gave their young son his first sight of the waiting river, and kissed, then blew a kiss to Samarkand.

DR. EDDY'S Question-Box

Questions addressed to Good Housekeeping Bureau will be answered only when accompanied by a stamped envelope. Prescriptional advice cannot be given, nor can food or drug samples be analyzed. Address Dr. Walter H. Eddy, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C.

Two Types of Skin Dryness

Please send me a list of foods containing vitamins which act on skin dryness. *Mrs. H. W. S.*

There are at least two causes of skin dryness. When the ducts leading to the oil and sweat glands are clogged, the skin is not properly lubricated by the natural oils of the body; the result is dryness due specifically to lack of skin oil. If the body lacks vitamins A and D, certain changes take place in the skin cells themselves, one of the results of which is a hornification of these skin cells; this creates another type of dryness in the skin which can be corrected only by supplying the skin with the vitamins it needs.

Butter fat, egg-yolk fat, and the green leafy vegetables, such as spinach, kale, lettuce, etc., vegetables such as peas and string beans, and the yellow root vegetables such as carrots, sweet potatoes, etc., are all good sources of vitamin A. Vitamin D is found in considerable abundance in salmon, sardines, and, to a much lesser extent, in eggs, but foods in general lack significant quantities of this vitamin. Vitamin-D milks and certain other vitamin-D-reinforced foods have helped to remedy this situation. Usually, however, we get our supply of vitamin D by exposure of the skin to the direct rays of the sun, these rays creating vitamin D in our skin, from which it is supplied to the blood, bones, and teeth. If there is suspicion of lack of vitamin D in the diet, cod-liver oil, halibut-liver oil, and concentrates of vitamins A and D may be used to insure against this lack.

Fruits and Vegetables Indicated

Please tell me what foods not to eat if one has acid in the urine. *Mrs. R. M. A.*

Urine acidity is an index of whether the foods you are eating predominate in acid or alkaline ash. In general, fruits and vegetables have an alkaline ash, as do milk and milk products. Meats, fish, and cereals have an acid ash. If there is a persistent high acidity in the urine, you will do well to reduce the acid ash by increasing use of the alkaline types of food. Remember, however, that an acid urine does not mean that you have acidosis. Blood, in spite of acid urine, is able to neutralize invading acids; but in the course of time it exhausts the minerals it uses for this purpose—hence it is desirable to have your diet preponderantly on the alkaline side.

Don't Swallow Gum

Is it injurious to swallow gum? I have a habit of eating, not chewing, it. *H. H.*

I do not know of anything poisonous in chewing gum, but the very character of the gum tends to keep it in a rubbery mass not easily broken up in stomach or intestine. You run a risk of interference with the progress of food through the small intestine if you make a practice of swallowing wads of gum.

Too Much Vitamin A?

Would eating grated carrots every day as a means of preventing night blindness cause trouble by overstimulation of the eye? *F. R. D.*

There is no danger of overstimulating the eyes by eating large quantities of vitamin A. What the body does not need it eliminates, and no toxic effects of any kind result from taking vitamin A in even much larger amounts than could be obtained from such a diet of grated carrots.

Increase Your Vitamin A

Kindly give me a list of foods which will help to build an immunity to boils and general infection. *Mrs. A. E. A.*

Vitamin A helps to build resistance to infections. Some of the foods especially rich in this vitamin are butter fat, leafy vegetables such as spinach, beet greens, lettuce, etc., and certain root vegetables such as carrots. Dr. E. V. McCollum calls milk, fresh fruits, and fresh vegetables the "protective foods"; one reason for this name is their content of vitamin A.

Sediment Is Largely Protein

Is the sediment of meat broths beneficial, or is it advisable to strain it off? *V. A.*

In the making of broths—from beef, for example—the cooking of the beef in the water extracts the soluble salts and vitamins, but there is left a residue of non-soluble protein of very good quality, in a form that is easily digestible. This sediment, therefore, is a perfectly satisfactory foodstuff.

The Decibels Will Get You

(*Continued from page 80*)

may be taking out insurance against the ravages of noise.

And even at home, after the vacation is over, do not let up on your anti-noise crusade. Do you play the radio at 65 decibels or do you cut it down to a perfectly audible but harmless 35 decibels? Do the children have a quiet place to study after dinner, or do you upset them with your noise? Do you fray your neighbors' nerves and tempers by failing to keep your household noises to yourself?

There are a lot of unnecessary noises in the lives of most of us. We could easily eliminate them with a little attention to the matter. Science says the effort is worth while in real health benefits to ourselves, families, and neighbors.

If you run a business or an office, if you employ people, give serious attention to the extent of noise around them. It will pay dividends in efficiency, as witness figures from a survey made by Dr. E. B. Dennis in New York City in 1930. Dr. Dennis found a 12-percent increase in the output of workers in offices following reduction of noise from 45 to 35 decibels; a 45-percent reduction in errors in the telephone room of a telegraph company, with a 3-percent drop in cost, was effected by a reduction of the noise level from 50 to 35 decibels. Noise does cut down efficiency, whether you have got accustomed to it by sheer effort of will or not.

So, for health's and progress' sake, let's be serious in our efforts to reduce unnecessary noise; and when we return to work after the vacation, let's keep up our effort to make the interim before the next playtime less nerve-racking with decibels.

But Oh—the Ironing

(*Continued from page 73*)

the finger the thermostat is set at the desired temperature, whether for rayons, silks, and wools, which require a low ironing temperature, or for cottons and linens, which require a higher temperature. The high wattage provides plenty of heat, no matter how damp the ironing surface may be. If you are buying a new iron, don't think that these newer irons are too light when you lift them, for we have found that it is not weight but heat that counts. How different from the old sadirons or even from the low-wattage electric irons that weighed six pounds or more, without a heat control, and slowed up your ironing. Well might you say, "Oh, the ironing!" when pushing one of those about the board.

EASY WHEN YOU KNOW HOW

The summer laundry basket holds a liberal supply of trousers—big and little—and they are really easy to iron if you know how. The ironing machine does them with almost no effort, but the method is the same whether by machine or hand. If you iron the pockets dry first, they will not leave an outline on the front side of the trousers. Then iron the top on the wrong side, straightening the bands and plackets; iron them dry before ironing the rest of the top. The next step in ironing trousers is to match the inner and outer leg seams to make the creases come in the right places. On the right side iron the inner, then the outer, side of each leg till dry. Lay the legs together and press creases sharply the entire length.

Good Old-Fashioned Pickles

(*Continued from page 71*)

a large bowl. Cover with a brine made by combining the salt and 4 c. of the cold water. Let stand overnight; in the morning bring just to a boil in the same water. Drain. Meanwhile heat the vinegar, sugar, and celery seed to the boiling point. Mix the flour, mustard, and turmeric to a paste with the remaining 2 c. water; add this to the hot vinegar mixture while stirring constantly. Add to the drained vegetables and cook uncovered 20 min., stirring constantly. Turn into hot sterilized preserve jars and seal. Makes 7 pts.

Spiced Seckel Pears

(Tested by Good Housekeeping Institute)

8 lbs. Seckel pears
4 lbs. (8½ c.) granulated sugar
4 c. vinegar
2 c. boiling water
7 3" pieces stick cinnamon
2 tbsp. whole cloves
2 tbsp. whole allspice

Wash the pears; leave on the stems and scrape out the blossom ends. Pears may be peeled if desired. Boil the pears for 10 min. in boiling water to cover; pour off the water and prick the skins of the pears. Boil the sugar, vinegar, and the 2 c. water with the spices (tied loosely in a piece of cheesecloth) for 5 min. Add the pears, and boil uncovered for 10 min., or until they are tender. Allow the fruit to stand in the syrup overnight. Drain, remove the spice bag, and pack the pears in hot sterilized preserve jars. Bring the syrup to the boiling point, completely fill jars, and seal. Makes 3 qts.

Spiced Peaches. Pour boiling water over 8 lbs. of firm cling peaches; let stand until skins can be removed easily; then dip in cold water and peel. Stick 3 whole cloves in each. Make syrup as directed for Spiced Seckel Pears; add peaches; proceed as above. Makes about 3 qts.

Cucumber, Onion, and Pepper Relish

(Tested by Good Housekeeping Institute)

15 small cucumbers
16 c. cold water
1 c. salt
5 medium onions
1 sweet red pepper
3 c. vinegar
½ c. granulated sugar
2 tsp. mustard seed
1 tsp. celery seed
1 tsp. turmeric

Wash cucumbers. Soak overnight in the water and salt, which have been combined. Drain, dry, peel, and slice into ¼" crosswise pieces. Peel and thinly slice the onions. Wash and remove the seeds from the pepper; then chop fine. Combine all ingredients and boil uncovered for 10 min. Pour into hot sterilized preserve jars and seal. Makes 2½ pts.

Bread and Butter Pickles

(Tested by Good Housekeeping Institute)

4 qts. unpared cucumber slices, ⅛" thick
6 tbsp. salt
1½ qts. vinegar
1 tbsp. celery seed
2 tbsp. mustard seed
½ tsp. curry powder
4 c. granulated sugar

In preparing the cucumber slices, use medium-sized cucumbers. Sprinkle the cucumber slices with the salt, cover with cold water, and allow to stand overnight. Drain off brine; then wash cucumber slices in several waters. Bring remaining ingredients to boiling point and add cucumber slices. Heat 4 min., stirring constantly, being careful not to let mixture boil. Pour into hot sterilized preserve jars and seal immediately. Makes 5 pts.

Sweet Pickles

(Tested by Good Housekeeping Institute)

4 qts. unpared cucumber slices, ⅛" thick
1 qt. vinegar
3 tbsp. salt
1 tbsp. mustard seeds
5 tbsp. granulated sugar

In preparing the cucumber slices, use medium-sized cucumbers. Simmer cucumber slices with remaining ingredients, covered, until partially tender, or about 10 min. Drain, discarding liquor. Then place cucumber slices in hot sterilized preserve jars and cover with a boiling hot syrup made by boiling together 3⅓ c. vinegar, 5¾ c. granulated sugar, 2¼ tsp. celery seed, and 2¼ tsp. cassia seeds; boil until the sugar is thoroughly dissolved. Seal immediately. Makes 6 pts.

Spiced Rhubarb

(Tested by Good Housekeeping Institute)

2½ lbs. rhubarb
4½ c. granulated sugar
⅞ c. vinegar
1 tsp. cinnamon
½ tsp. cloves

Wash rhubarb; cut in 1" pieces. Combine with remaining ingredients and bring to a boil. Simmer uncovered until thick, tender, and transparent. The mixture should be the consistency of marmalade. Turn into hot sterilized preserve jars and seal. Makes 2½ pts.

Sweet Tomato Pickle

(Tested by Good Housekeeping Institute)

8 qts. green tomatoes
8 large peeled onions
1 c. salt
2 qts. vinegar
6¾ c. granulated sugar
6 tbsp. mixed pickling spice

Wash and cut the tomatoes and onions into ⅛" slices. Place in a large bowl or stone crock. Sprinkle with the salt. Cover with a large plate; place a clean stone or brick on top of the plate to hold it down. Let stand overnight; wash and drain the tomato mixture three times in cold water. Then place in a kettle, add the vinegar, sugar, and spices, the latter tied in a piece of cheesecloth. Simmer uncovered until the tomatoes and onions are tender—about ½ hr.; then remove the spice bag. Pour into hot sterilized preserve jars and seal. Makes 7 pts.

Pear Relish

(Tested by Good Housekeeping Institute)

7 lbs. Keiffer pears
4 medium hot red peppers
4 medium sweet red peppers
12 large green peppers
2 small cans pimientos
3 c. brown sugar
1 qt. vinegar
3 tbsp. salt
2 tsp. celery seed
2 tsp. turmeric powder

Peel and core pears. Wash and seed peppers. Put pears, peppers, and pimientos through coarse blade of food chopper. Combine with remaining ingredients and cook uncovered over low heat until ingredients are tender. Pour into hot sterilized preserve jars and seal. Makes 4 pts.

Tomato Apple Catsup

(Tested by Good Housekeeping Institute)

15 lbs. ripe tomatoes, cored and quartered
4 sour apples, cored and diced
1 lb. peeled onions
1 doz. small peeled garlic buds
2 c. cold water
3 tbsp. salt
1½ tsp. pepper
1 c. granulated sugar
2 tsp. celery seed
2 tsp. mustard seed
1 tbsp. whole allspice
1 tbsp. whole cloves
1 stick cinnamon
1 qt. white vinegar

Simmer the tomatoes and apples, covered, until soft; then strain through a coarse sieve. Cook the onions and garlic together in the water, covered, for 20 min. Strain through a coarse sieve and add to the tomato pulp. Add the salt, pepper, sugar, and spices, the latter tied together in a piece of cheesecloth. Simmer uncovered for 1 hr., stirring occasionally. Add the vinegar and cook uncovered until thick—about 2 hrs. Turn immediately into hot sterilized preserve jars and seal. Makes 3½ pts.

Uncooked Relish

(Tested by Good Housekeeping Institute)

3 fresh hot red peppers
12 washed, cored large green tomatoes
12 large red cored apples
2 peeled small onions
2 c. vinegar
2 c. granulated sugar
5 tbsp. salt
¼ c. lemon juice
1 tbsp. mustard seeds

Cut the washed peppers into quarters; discard the seeds and inner coarse white membrane. Put tomatoes, peppers, apples, and onions through a food chopper, using the coarse blade. Add remaining ingredients and mix thoroughly. Pour into hot sterilized preserve jars and seal. Makes 5 pts.

Mustard Pickled Onions

(Tested by Good Housekeeping Institute)

3 lbs. peeled, sliced white onions
1 tsp. salt
3 c. vinegar
3 tsp. dry mustard
2 c. granulated sugar
4 tbsp. mixed pickling spice

Scald onions in boiling water for 10 min. Drain. Cover with ice water and let stand 30 min. Drain, sprinkle with the salt, and place in hot sterilized preserve jars. Simmer together for 10 min. uncovered the vinegar, mustard, sugar, and pickling spice, the latter tied in a piece of cheesecloth. Then remove the spice bag, pour this boiling liquid over the onions, and seal immediately. Makes 4 pts.

Piccalilli

(Tested by Good Housekeeping Institute)

4 qts. green tomatoes
1 c. salt
Vinegar
4 medium peeled and sliced onions
4 chopped medium green peppers
2¼ c. granulated sugar
1 c. mixed pickling spices

Wash tomatoes, slice ¼" thick. Sprinkle with the salt and let stand overnight. Drain and add enough vinegar barely to cover the tomato slices. Add onions, peppers, sugar, and spices, the latter tied together in a piece of cheesecloth. Simmer uncovered over low heat for 3 hrs. Pour into hot sterilized preserve jars and seal. Makes 4½ pts.

Your Thin Child

(*Continued from page 88*)

giving two leafy vegetables at the same meal, adding custard sauce to baked or stewed apple, using top milk on cereal. Desserts should be mainly fruit or simple milk, egg, bread, and gelatin combinations. Offer them only after the main meal has been eaten.

A thin child may thrive better on four meals a day than on the usual three. This fourth meal—midmorning or midafternoon—may include a glass of milk if it will not interfere with appetite for the next meal. Often it does interfere, because milk remains several hours in the stomach during its digestion. Therefore you might try bread and butter and fruit or perhaps crisp raw vegetables for this extra meal.

If you need to introduce an element of interest, try letting the child serve himself, pouring milk from a pitcher to the glass, passing the bread or sandwiches, or helping set and clear the table. If he eats at the table with adults, serve only foods that everyone can eat. Allowing a child a choice of foods is often an excellent stimulus to appetite. Fresh air and sunshine are wonderful tonics—try serving a picnic meal on the porch or having the noon rest outdoors.

Vitamins are important as a stimulus to appetite and to improve general health. Of the various vitamins, those under the general heading of "B" seem especially valuable in this connection.

Simple food is best for children. Serve it attractively, with no elaborate preparation. Cultivate a mealtime atmosphere of quiet happiness; not only your child's digestion but his general health will benefit by it.

EXPECTING A BABY?

DR. KENYON has written eight letters to expectant mothers. Would you like them sent to you, one each month, in a plain envelope? Then tell us the date you expect your baby, send us fifty cents in stamps, and ask for "Series I. For the Mother-to-Be and the Baby-to-Come." BABY'S FIRST YEAR is his most important. Dr. Kenyon's second series of eight letters will help you and him through this period. For fifty cents in stamps Series II will be sent complete, including a pattern for a cap to keep flaring ears flat while the cartilage is soft. Or send ten cents in stamps for the earcap pattern only. PRINT your name and address plainly, enclose your stamps; address Health and Happiness Club, Good Housekeeping, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C.

More Paris Personalities

(*Continued from page 53*)

"new tilt over the eyes," created for high coiffures. For both the hats created by Louise Bourbon and Madame Suzy illustrate this trend, which for two reasons seems to be one of the coming points for next season. First, to make a change from the hats worn right on one side of the head or those tilted at the back. Second, with the new style of hairdressing, which consists of piles of curls on the top of the head, leaving the ears and the back of the neck bare, the milliners have had to create some kind of "tilt" that could be worn with the new coiffures. So far, the women in Paris who have adopted the new way of doing their hair, have had to carry their hats in their hands, as no form of inducement could make their hats sit on their heads.

The Decency Crisis

(Continued from page 27)

punishing. Nor do we initiate proceedings haphazardly. Usually we begin after receipt of a legitimate complaint from some citizen. Many of our cases originate through the cooperation of a schoolteacher or principal. Obviously we cooperate to the fullest extent with the police and with the post office.

It is likely you couldn't even suspect the existence of the numerous manifestations of indecency which we come across. I can only assure you that a perverted mind is often ingenious and that we must be constantly alert for the new guises and refurbished cloaks of respectability under which these "science" books, these "art" magazines, these "sex enlightenment" treatises seek to travel through the night.

Twenty-two years ago I prosecuted and convicted the publisher and the editor of a magazine devoted to so-called "snappy" stories. It seemed then the most objectionable of a group of sex-story magazines which had gained foothold in the East. For a few years the effect of this conviction was to discourage those inclined to take chances with the law.

But then came a period of "art" publications specializing in pictures of nude women and published under the pretext that they were of value to art students. We try to catch these art magazines; generally we are successful. Unfortunately we can't stop them altogether from being published—because the next issue after their conviction may be one that is completely innocuous and clean; only by and by, when the publisher assumes that our watchfulness is on the wane, dirty material is sneaked in again. Here you are not dealing exclusively with petty criminals ignorant of the law. You are dealing all too often with publishers who can afford to employ clever attorneys. I recall the case of a publisher of no fewer than four dirty magazines whom we arraigned. His attorney pleaded that the man had a boy in college and a girl in high school, that the publicity following conviction would ruin the lives of his children. We promised that the publicity would be withheld if, in turn, he gave us a written promise to destroy his magazines and never again enter the shady publishing business. He wrote that promise. We kept ours. A few months later I read in the newspapers that he had been arrested in Bridgeport on the charge of distributing indecent literature.

Many of these publishers are like the many-headed hydra. Chop off one of its heads, and two grow in its place.

LOOK at the situation which faces us currently. Today a presumably conservative magazine of considerable circulation prints an article by a coed who discusses frankly and at length existing sexual freedom among students. Another magazine exploits the vaporings of a common prostitute on the comparative respectability of her so-called profession. The situation has become so offensive that the citizens of many widely separated localities—such as Denver, Colo.; South Bend and Ft. Wayne, Ind.; Boston, Mass.; Buffalo and Albany, N. Y.—have succeeded in driving many such publications from their local newsstands. Canada has recently excluded nine magazines published in the United States, and one magazine was recently denied mailing privileges by the Postmaster General. It has been gratifying to observe that so many newsdealers, given an idea of the contents of some of the publications on their stands, are eager to remove them from sale.

How far indecency has gone! There is on the market today a series of pamphlets with illustrations and fictional writing on the subject of flagellation. They pander to the sexually perverted. We are prosecuting them. Meanwhile, according to the report of the New York Police Commissioner, "sex offenses reported in 1937 number 1892 as compared with 1251 in 1936." An increase of 641 in the course of one year.

These pamphlets and magazines are, in my opinion, particularly harmful because they are displayed on stands where your child can see them even without buying them.

But obscenity doesn't come only in magazines or pamphlets. There are the books, which range from the cheaply printed, sloppy, inexpensive volume to the volume graced by an ornate binding, illustrated with expensive artwork, that sells anywhere up to fifteen dollars. Don't think that because a boy or girl hasn't got fifteen dollars he or she can't get hold of the books.

MANY of the complaints on my desk are from schools where such books are passed around. When I hear of a boy who has such a book, I usually go to see him. I do not try to frighten him. I try only to learn where he got it. Almost invariably he "found the book in the subway" or in the park. I smile and tell him I have been doing this work for many years and haven't once "found" a book. At last and inevitably the answer comes out that "a boy in 7B gave it to me." I visit the boy in 7B. Perhaps some older friend lent it to him. I try to find the friend; and so, patiently, with a good deal of labor, the book is traced back to the seller and finally to the publisher or printer.

Then we proceed as we did in an especially flagrant case four years ago. One Saturday morning a man I had never seen before walked into my office and laid before me an unspeakably offensive book. He told me he knew of a printer who produced this obscene literature in great quantities; in fact, one new book every month. A sort of Muck-of-the-Month Club, if I may call it that. He had no idea who the publisher was, but he had a hunch that if we went to the printing plant, we might find some evidence to lead us to the publisher. That afternoon, with two plain-clothes men, I went to the printer and found—at first nothing. We looked around. There seemed to be no copies of the book. But over in a corner was a bundle which, on opening, we found to contain the plates for the illustrations. In a rubbish heap we found a torn wrapper of the book; and on the printing press, carefully covered, the type was still standing. The books had been spirited away. The printer, as is customary in such cases, denied any knowledge of the publisher. But among his telephone memoranda we discovered the name we sought. A stub of a rent check gave us a clue to a warehouse where we found the books.

The defense of most such publishers is that these books are art. Many a time have I sat in court and listened to the legal representative of a publisher wax eloquent in argument over the merits of some filthy fiction on the theory that it was a sociological study with a deep meaning. I have seen that argument prevail even with some magistrates. But somehow or other, sooner or later, the law steps in. Not infrequently the magistrate's judgment is counteracted by a grand jury's indictment.

One day, not long ago, I went with plain-clothes police to a loft on the lower east side of New York, and there found four young men engaged in the manufacture of indecent articles ranging from playing cards, each bearing an obscene picture, to illustrated cloth-bound books of from 250 to 300 pages. About six tons of illegal matter were taken as evidence, including popular comic strips which these perverted souls dirtied up for sale. All the defendants were convicted and sentenced to imprisonment. They had had as customers in several adjacent states many small dealers who were more or less regularly supplied by automobile. That was clever, because it isn't a violation of the Interstate Commerce Law to use a private automobile. A prerequisite for conviction under that law—and a serious loophole therein—is the use of a common carrier.

One of our most successful efforts in the decency campaign was in the cleaning up of New York City's burlesque houses. You may have read in the newspapers that these burlesque places were disgraceful. Competition had forced the theatre managers to present cruder and cruder strip teases, dirtier and dirtier blackouts, in order to capture their customers and draw the shekels from their pockets. One theatre manager said to one policeman: "Why do you bother? Why excite yourself? Nobody but bums and morons come to such a show." But we did bother, and after weeks of work obtained a conviction against one theatre. With that conviction we went to the license commissioner and said, "Look, here is your weapon for stopping other theatres." In the meantime public opinion rose against these burlesque houses. People were tired of having Broadway, the Great White Way, turned into the Great Dirty Way. On May 1, 1937, when the time came for expiration of the licenses, the commissioner did not renew them.

AND so the battle goes on. Indecency continues to appear before us in various forms, threatening the moral health of youth and of many adults. The fight is not won. Perhaps it never will be. But it's a good fight, I think.

I am not vain enough to believe that the situation today is better than it was. On the contrary, in former generations a child brought up in the average home of the day was not easily led into derelictions. Children and parents alike sought and found their entertainment for leisure hours in their homes or in the homes of friends. There did not then exist the massive volume of commercialized distractions with their flamboyant and seductive advertising which now try to take the pennies from the child and the dollars from the night-club habitué.

But more important, our present-day situation is aggravated by the economic depression. Millions are unemployed. Normally nice people out of work sometimes take chances with the law in an effort to make what they are told is easy money. When a man is idle and desperate, he is not unlikely to seek any way by which to earn a few dollars, even though that way borders on illegality and may land him in jail. Thus it is true that the flood of salacious material has increased rather than otherwise.

While organized societies such as ours can do their part, the fight is really a public fight—it is every decent person's responsibility. In the last analysis the public, and the public conscience, will decide what kind of civilization ours is to be.

If in the years to come you want to make your town or village a nicer place

HOW MANY BEANS IN THE BOTTLE?

for your children to live in, then you must start now with your child. He must learn to distinguish for himself what is good and bad. We can't teach that by forbidding. "Don't read that" and "Don't look at that" won't get us anywhere. Forbidden fruit will still taste sweet, even though it is plentiful.

We must guide our children. And the guided will follow only if they trust the guide. The child must have respect for our tastes and opinions. Did you ever hear your very young daughter settle an argument with a playmate by saying with great emphasis. "I know it's so because my mother told me"? Then you may be sure you have established a relationship which is priceless. The time will come when your child must realize that you are not infallible; but that won't matter because by then she will know that no one possesses all knowledge. By then you will have established a bond of understanding and a confidence of enduring quality. This bond can be formed through love.

But if you want the bond of affection between you and your child, you must be honest. I don't believe in giving children fables of the stork. I am against indecency—not against truth. Answer truthfully the questions about birth which your child sometimes puts to you at a surprisingly early age. If a child's curiosity on this momentous subject is not satisfied at home, he will go outside to get information—or rather, misinformation.

To give a child resistance against commercialized indecency, instill not only self-confidence but also self-control. Self-control is not a natural human characteristic. yet it is a most necessary quality in any member of organized society.

And—most important—lead the child away from the tawdry by substituting the inspiring and the beautiful. If your son acquires a love for fine literature, he cannot be so easily veered toward pornographic platitudes.

But should a problem confront you, common sense will tell you not to lose your head. Don't get rough. Soft-pedal righteous indignation and put the emphasis on rewards and commendation for efforts to do the right thing rather than on penalties for excusable faults.

AND so back to the general problem. Free speech! Free press! How often have we had these phrases flung at us during efforts to squelch indecency! Those opponents who shout these cries the loudest are the quickest to forget that we, too, have the right to speech and press, that there still is nothing in the Constitution which forbids an open fight on indecency in all its forms.

I say this to my fellow citizens: that when a public problem arises in your community, when some commercialized affront to decency offends your peace, unite with other parents and drive out the offender by the pressure of public opinion.

Councils for Decency are being organized. They are using all legal means to discourage publication and distribution of periodicals of a demoralizing character to which the criminal law may not apply. These councils are composed of representatives of important organizations of all religious denominations.

There is a decency crisis in the land. Do not be afraid to do something about it. If you should be twitted for your zeal, don't mind it. There was an English poet in the 17th century—the Earl of Roscommon—who wrote,

"Immodest words admit of no defense,
For want of decency is want of sense."

His words are still true.

Facts and Fiction

(*Continued from page 8*)

an ache in the soul for the ultimate destination where dreams are. There are always some—young, and maybe reckless—who persist in going forth to find them.

"Maybe mine included a big vessel once. Sitting in my window I can watch many a one going down to sea, and they do put a hunger in the heart for distant ports. But at the moment the family acquisition of a sailboat has narrowed down my vision. All I want now are beautiful bell-bottomed pants and a nautical vocabulary!"

IF, BY any chance, Miss Bretherton had another wish—such as for pictures as charming as the story—Pruett Carter has answered it. One of his illustrations hangs on my wall wherever I live. I couldn't keep house without its sunshine.

Years ago when we were all very young and very poor, and Pruett was learning to be an artist nights and art-editing GOOD HOUSEKEEPING by day, we were all discussing ways to save a bit of money. And finally Pruett—who lived 'way up on Washington Heights—said, "Well, if I didn't have to work mornings, I could walk to work and save a nickel." And then, the beauty of the idea dawning on him, "And if I didn't have to work in the afternoon, I could walk home and save another nickel."

Pruett Carter is a Californian. So is Kathleen Norris, who has the added distinction of being one from birth. Mrs. Norris is a family woman if there ever was one, and she is always at her best in a story like "Many Waters Run Deep," page 38, with plenty of mothers and fathers and sisters and brothers in it. In spite of Mrs. Norris' enthusiasm for all her young nieces and nephews she has an eagle eye—and ear—for their cussedness, and she loves to quote the introduction of one of them who came to her holding a little playmate by the hand and said, "Auntie, this is my little friend Cynthia that I hate!"

MARTHA OSTENSO is a name that won its fame early with the prize award for her book, "Wild Geese." But in all the list of her successes, she values most—her friends tell me—a thin little volume of poetry Thomas Seltzer published back in the Twenties, called "A Far Land." All good writers have a bit of poet in them, and if you doubt it, "Tonka Squaw," which we are to publish in September, will convince you.

I was reminded, when I saw it, of the story of Miss Ostenso's first big check. It was a thousand-dollar advance, and for days and weeks and months she had been looking at a pair of frivolous, cutout, impractical shoes of a completely entrancing blue. She needed practically everything in the world but those shoes—yet they were all she wanted.

It was raining the day she got the money, but she went straight out to the store and tried the shoes. They were just as beautiful as she had thought them. She admired them on her feet, paid for them.

"Shall I send them?" asked the clerk, looking ominously at the deluge outside.

"Oh, no," she smiled. "I'll wear them home."

And she went happily out into the rain in her blue shoes—just what she wanted and not a minute wasted in getting them.

I HAVE loved Elisabeth Sanxay Holding on paper for years, but in all my acquaintance with her printed word I have never read a more poignant story, with a more appealing heroine, than "Illusion," on page 32. And so I was doubly delighted to have the chance to meet her personally, at the Gramercy Park Hotel where she lives with her two daughters.

A gentle comfortable little rain was falling softly as I came along the Park, and I smiled at the memory of an adventure my mother and I had had there long ago. You see, the Park is owned by the surrounding houses and apartments, and is enclosed by a high iron fence with gates which lock. We stopped one gay spring day when the tulips were opening and watched the children playing on the paths and, seeing a little group entering, followed them inside. We must have stayed for an hour . . . and then found the gate impossible to open. We tried another. It began to dawn on us that something was wrong. Finally we asked—and were told. The gate was unlocked for us by the very superior owner of a key, and we departed crestfallen.

Mrs. Holding's apartment is on a high floor, and she was sitting by a window looking toward the Park, completely surrounded by stacks of those yellow, lined tablets which you may buy at any ten-cent store. She works on five different stories—not simultaneously, for I inquired about that carefully, but in succession. When you tire of one story, you turn to another, and the system increases your working hours immeasurably, she explained.

We talked on and on—over tall tinkling glasses of orange juice—of places near and far. Of South America and oceans and islands. Mrs. Holding lived for eight years in Bermuda, completely surrounded by water; perhaps that is why she would rather be on any ship going anywhere, than any place else in the world. We talked of people and books and fortunes by palmistry, cards, and crystal gazing. The one thing that was not mentioned, and that I did not learn till two weeks later, was that Mrs. Holding was going to the hospital for an operation on the Monday next. That omission, to my mind, indicates several things—all very fine.

Alice Brotle

LITTLE THINGS

By Katherine Millhon Messick

LITTLE things that are filled with love you give
To me. Your fingers twining mine, bespeaking
Eloquence no word could say. You live
Your love for me. Each thought is gently seeking
Some expression different from the last.
Love springs from the source of little things—
A touch upon my skirt when once I passed—
And the tender kiss you give, gives love its wings.

Next to My Heart

(*Continued from page 45*)

tune, this were someone else! Andrew—or Julian? She did not know. The thought of Julian was still like a wild, sweet flame, like a wind blowing across blossoming fields, heady with fragrance. It caught her up in a dream; it changed everything. But, like the flame or the wind, she could not hold it in her hands. There was nothing to cling to. Doubt was in it, and a sick sort of panic.

But to think of Andrew was somehow to feel strong, and Andrew was not afraid. There was a maturity in him; he was strong and cool. There was no thrill somehow in thinking of Andrew, but there was comfort and a sort of security. It came to this, she decided. If she were happy and lighthearted and safe, dancing here with Julian would be wonderful. But if she were troubled and perplexed, she would want Andrew.

They rode back to the apartment in a taxi because a rain had begun. At the door Malone paused.

"Look here, Kathie," he said, "there are a lot of things I'd like to say—things you won't let me say."

"Oh, no, I can't let you say them. But thank you for a nice evening."

"Take this card, anyway, and if ever you need help—"

"I shan't need help. But thank you. And good-bye."

"Good-bye, Kathie."

He caught her to him and kissed her lightly, almost casually. And then he wheeled and walked swiftly away.

Kathleen stood still for a minute, watching him go, and then she tore the card to bits and scattered the pieces on the wet sidewalk. Then she went upstairs.

PAT O'HARA was lying in his bed, his silk pajamas neatly arranged, a light blazing beside his head. He was reading a pink sporting paper. "Well, did you have fun?" he asked.

"The dinner was good, and we danced. Father—" Kathleen sat on the edge of his bed and plucked a fold of the sheet abstractedly—"what do you know about our family—the people behind us? I had grandmothers—what sort of women were they?"

"My mother—" he frowned a little in an effort at concentration—"died when I was ten. She was a good woman. My father was a wanderer like me. He went to the war in Cuba; then he drifted off to Alaska. I never heard anything from him again. I suppose he died up there. I never knew Lily's people. They didn't like me much. Her father was a doctor in Pennsylvania—a hard, cold man, so she told me. They were too stern with her, and Lily liked to dance, so she went off to New York and joined a show. They told her not to come back. That's where I met her—dancing in New York."

"But if they were good plain women, where did I get the things I was born with? Things I can't do anything about?"

"What things?"

"My eyes, and the way my voice sounds—things that make men look at me."

"Men look at you because you're young and fresh and pretty. They'll always look at you. You don't have to look back."

"But they say things."

"What things?" His voice sharpened a little.

"Nothing terribly horrid. I don't mean that. But things like giving up the person they're going to marry."

"I thought that redheaded fellow had something on his mind. What did he come over here for, anyway? I thought at first they had sent him to bring you back."

"No, he's on his way back to New York. I won't see him again. I don't want to see him again. Listen, Father—Pat—I don't know what to call you—"

"You called me Pat when you were little. Why don't you call me Pat now?"

"All right, Pat. It does sound a little more friendly, doesn't it? What I was going to say was: if I'm going to stay with you, couldn't we have a house? Couldn't we live like other people—like any other man and his daughter? I—you see, I need somebody to take care of me. I want to be your daughter—not just Kathie O'Hara, out on her own."

He looked startled, and a little touched and uncertain. He groped for her hand and picked it up, and she felt the heat and the nervous twitching of his fingers.

"Why, sure, Kathie," he said a bit hoarsely. "We could have a house if you want a house. And I'll take care of you."

"I don't mean money. It isn't that. But I need to belong to somebody—somebody who will fight for me if I need fighting for. Somebody who will protect me from things I can't seem to do anything about!"

His eyes misted suddenly. His fingers tightened. "Maybe I can fight," he said huskily. "Maybe I can!"

There was a little glow about him, and for the first time in those dragging days, they were not strangers. For the first time since she had left the big Towne house, Kathleen felt at home.

CHAPTER XVI

THE day was divided into a long chain of slowly moving minutes, because at four o'clock Julian would come. Kathleen went about the little routine tasks she could find to do in the apartment and kept her eyes sternly away from the clock, but there was little to do.

She went out to walk, wearing her new blue dress under her tweed coat. The day was bleak, and little dashes of rain spattered on the pavement now and then, and the Monument, seen from far away, looked like a gray nun veiled in mist, standing sad and reproachful above a forgotten city.

Kathie walked fast and looked in shop windows, seeing little, seeing only clocks. And then it was three, and she hurried back a little breathlessly, shut the door of her room, and did her hair over again, brushing it till it glistened, rolling it softly over her fingers.

The hands of her watch crept around, and she tightened and began listening over the roar of the traffic and the thousand everyday sounds for the step outside the door, for the shrill of the buzzer. But knowing somehow, drearily, that when Julian came, nothing would be changed. Nothing would be sure. Nothing settled. She had lain awake for hours, and walked the streets for other hours, and still there was nothing clear in her mind or in her heart.

She had told herself when dawn broke that she was sure. She was in love with Julian. It had begun long ago—back in the old days when they had sailed the *Wahoo* and Julian had yelled young abuse at her and called her a sissy because she let ropes slip through her hands—back in the old days when they had climbed the apple tree.

And then she reminded herself that there had been years in which Julian had seen a hundred other girls—clever and beautiful and rich. Very likely he had said tender and gallant things to those girls, too, under dark skies of night. How could she know now that he saw deep—looked into her heart rather than into her eyes,

where, so wise old Doctor Towne had warned her, a siren lived, a witch thing that would always make her heart speak louder than her brain?

If she was unsure of Julian, she was even more unsure of herself, so that by the time the slow minute hand stood at the quarter before four, her wrists were cold, and her throat was aching, and she was fighting an impulse to run fast and far.

Pat O'Hara awoke and was helped back to his bed grumbling, impatient because the afternoon papers had not come. The little Filipino scurried around on placating errands, but in the outer room, on the white plush sofa with its huge, fantastic tassels of black, Kathleen sat with her fingers caught together, seeing her taut face in too many mirrors, and listening for that finger on the buzzer. And after all her waiting, she jumped when the reptile whirr of it filled the rooms, and had to swallow hard to get her poise back before she opened the door. And then it was not Julian who stood there. It was the narrow-faced, unpleasant little hunchback called Jacques.

He had a harried look; and when the other door was opened, he seemed to slide through as though there were no flesh on his bones, and Kathleen felt a sick sort of revulsion when the door closed and she knew that he was shut in there with her father. And then it was a quarter after, and then half-past four, and Julian had not come.

AT FIVE o'clock anger came to save her pride, and she put on her hat and went out, walking blindly and quickly, hardly seeing where she went. When the rain began to pelt her, she flagged a bus and got aboard and rode far out Sixteenth Street and back again, till suddenly she found herself at a familiar circle. Down the street to the left was the tall old red brick house. On an impulse she pushed the stop signal, though the rain was beating steadily and dark was coming down.

She hurried, half-running, along the street, through the splashing puddles, and up the long flights of stairs of the tall apartment and knocked at the door where before she had knocked, the night that fright and uncertainty had driven her. And, as on that night, a voice shouted something incoherent; and then the door was opened a scant six inches, and Andrew stood there frowning at her.

When he saw who it was, he opened the door wider, but he did not speak for a moment. His coat and collar were off, he had the look of a man dressing in a hurry, but he stood and looked at her, from her dripping hat to her sodden shoes. And when he spoke, his voice was dry.

He said, "Don't tell me you've been out walking around the block all this time."

She dropped on the edge of a chair and took off her hat, shaking the water from it absently. She said: "Hello, Andrew. I'm glad you're back."

He had his tie in his hands, and he looped it around his fingers and pulled it back and forth, his dark face unrelenting. He said, "I came back yesterday."

"Julian didn't tell me," she began. And then, clearing her throat because the angry knot of hurt pride still ached there, she said hesitantly, "Andrew, I did try to call you—almost every day."

His brows drew in, and he drew the silk so tightly between his thumbs that it squeaked. "I suppose you call it a friendly act to sneak out without leaving even a note on the pincushion?" he said harshly.

"I know I should have left word, but I was upset. I found what you had written about my father, and then you went away. And I've been all right. We moved into an apartment. Yesterday I saw Julian."

Andrew walked to the mirror and put on the tie, slipping it carefully, taking his time. He did not look at her. Her shoes were wet, and her stockings stuck to her legs; she felt cold and friendless and strung taut with a fury that made her veins feel like wires, every one carrying a humming, icy current to her heart. Fury that lashed out at Julian, and at Andrew for standing there ignoring her, with his handsome head held back and his eyes on the glass, and against herself for being such a fool as to come here at all.

She said crisply: "You needn't rub it in, you know. After all, he is my father."

Andrew gave a little shrug and framed a thin cold smile as he turned to her. "I'm not rubbing it in. You gave me a promise, and you didn't keep it. I merely happen to have ideas about keeping promises. I was trying to take care of you."

"I told you," she said quietly, "that I didn't want to be taken care of. That I was going to take care of myself."

"And I suppose," he said, not mollified, no gentleness in his voice at all, "that you think you can go on doing it?"

She held to her cool, even tone, though her hands were shaking a little. She gripped her damp purse to steady them. "I know I can do it," she said, rising. "I'm sorry I bothered you. I just happened to be passing, and I wanted to tell you—"

He wheeled, and his look held the hawk-like thrust with which Doctor Towne impaled his listeners. "You happened to be strolling by—in a rain like this! What's wrong? It's written all over your face."

She said, "Nothing is wrong, Andrew," knowing that everything was wrong. Then she went on, loosening the tight tangle of her fingers: "I came because—Andrew, I want a job. I want to go to work."

"I thought you made me a very grim speech about not depending on the Towne family? You practically served notice on me to mind my own business. If I had listened to you, I wouldn't have had people hunting for you all over Washington!"

"Did you have people hunting for me? I'm sorry, Andrew. I did treat you shabbily after you'd been so good to me. I'll apologize now—and good-bye."

"Wait a minute—" he was between her and the door—"you aren't going to walk out on me again—not till I know what this is all about."

"There's nothing to know. I'm living with my father. Down on Vermont. He has been quite ill, but he's better now. They're going to let him out in a few days. I've heard from Caro—not much, but a letter. I still have ninety-two dollars. I still want to take care of myself. Is there anything else, Andrew?"

HE DID not say, "Yes, there is something else!" Not then. He did not speak out the vague, restless tenderness for her that for days had burned through him like a dark flame. He did not speak of it because at that moment he was only half-aware of it, fatuously believing that this was anger that quivered in his blood, that this was masculine indignation at the stubborn foolishness of women.

He was young, and he was a Towne; and the Townes were proud, high-headed people, reluctant to concede that anything could be stronger than their pride. And deep in him was a sort of brier prick, a thing that stung without recognition for what it was—the stab that had shot through him when she spoke about Julian. So old Jule was around, was he?

What he said was: "You seem to be doing pretty well. Obviously you don't need me any more." Stiffly, not looking into her eyes where a kind of desolation lay; rigidly, fighting the frail unease in him, the shaken thing that cried out against letting her go at all.

She drew herself up a little. She twisted her lips into a smile. Dry and too wise and patient. She said: "You still have the same old rages, don't you? Like the time you swam ashore and left me to bring the *Wahoo* in alone because I wouldn't keep a poor little fish—because I threw it back. It was little and pitiful, and I was sorry for it, but I don't think you know how to be sorry for things, Andrew. So—that's why I'm sorry for you."

He was torn between the impulse to hold to the moment, to keep her there, slim body and valiant heart, and the bitter, twitching, ruthless thing in him that was his inheritance, that fended for him against any yielding tenderness, keeping him aloof and cool and separate.

"Sorry for me?" he repeated a little hoarsely. "You needn't be sorry for me."

"But I am," Kathleen insisted, her eyes big and dark so that they dominated her face, her mouth steady and strong now—no tremulousness, no surrender. "I'm sorry for you because I think you will always want to keep things that should be given up, and probably you'll give up the things you ought to keep!"

Without another word she turned and walked out of the room. The door closed behind her with a little final crash. It was almost a minute before Andrew let his breath out with a gusty blast of scorn; but when he drew it again, it came uncertainly, making him tremble from head to foot. He had to stand frozen, with his hands caught into fists, to keep from running after her, to keep from calling her back and holding her close and never letting her go again. He walked back to the mirror and finished his dressing, but his face looked out of it stricken and strange and somehow betrayed, as though for a long time he had been telling himself lies and knew now how false and foolish they were.

But his tingling anger against Julian did not die. Somehow, without being told, he knew that Julian was concerned in this sudden, agitated visit from Kathie. She had seen Julian, and Andrew was not yet satisfied in his own mind that Julian had not had something to do with her sudden and unexplained flight from the Towne house.

He shrugged into a raincoat and jerked the belt tight, pulled a hat over his eyes, and tramped out. At that moment he looked as Doctor Towne looked striding into the operating room, but he did not know that.

CHAPTER XVII

IN THE Towne house the preparations for Pauline's wedding went on. Caroline gave up reluctantly the plan she had had for seeing Pauline married in her mother's white satin dress. Pauline had a thousand arguments against this.

"Caro," she pleaded, "I'm not Mother's type at all. I'm like Father, and that ingenue frock would make me look simply sappy. And even to please you and for sentiment's sake I can't walk downstairs and be married to Phil looking like so much vanilla ice cream. I want something with an air—something sophisticated and smooth. And it can't be had anywhere except in New York City."

"But with Father on the way back, Pauline, I don't feel that I should go away just now."

"There's no need to go. Call them up, and they'll send people down with samples."

"But that will cost a great deal, won't it? They'll add all that expense to the bill." Caroline was hesitant.

"Oh, of course, darling, if economy is to be the watchword. I thought, so long as I'll never be married again—in white, anyway, and a veil—that the family might be willing to see that it was done properly. And I am taking myself off the family budget. I think Phil expects to take care of me—at least. I'm going to let him know that I'm counting on it. He made some very grandiloquent speeches about not wanting any of Father's money. It may have been a gesture, of course."

So a young man came down from New York, and dark Mamie lingered, big-eyed and ecstatic, outside doors while bolts of shimmering stuff, suave and sophisticated, were spread across beds and over the backs of chairs, and other bolts of cloud-like transparency, blossom fragile and light as air, were draped and tossed and caught up into knots, and lengths laid lightly over Pauline's yellow hair. There was a trunkful of trimmings of pearl and pale gold and stones that shimmered, but Pauline dismissed all these curtly.

"Make me look like a woman of intelligence, not like a parfait. I'd rather not have a veil at all, but I suppose Caro would die of disappointment if I didn't fluff myself up in the virginal stuff, so if you can fasten it on somehow in a distinguished fashion—"

"A diadem!" exclaimed the little man, teetering on his toes enthusiastically. "She wants to look like a queen—condescending! We get that effect. A plain band of silver, and she looks as aloof as the moon. I comprehend you perfectly, Mademoiselle!"

But when that was settled, another question arose.

"The bridesmaids, Mademoiselle? They will be like medieval court ladies, perhaps? Or we could put them in silver gray, with lilies also, so they look like little nuns."

CAROLINE held her breath, but Pauline said firmly:

"There will be no bridesmaids. Only my sister here—she'll be a sort of unmarried matron of honor. Can you work out something for that?"

The man walked around Caroline, so that her face burned and her fingers twisted unhappily.

"For you, my dear, we need color. Blue—deep like night—and stars! A hat also. I fix it. I know exactly. Blue—and silver shoes. We make you look beautiful! So the bridegroom he wonder perhaps if he made a mistake, eh?" And he laughed—a feminine, excited giggle.

He departed presently, handing Caroline an estimate on a folded paper before he left, and she had not the courage to open it. She would hand it to her father without a word—perhaps in the mood of emotion that follows a marriage he would not explode and blame her for Pauline's extravagances.

She was a little dubious, too, and troubled about his abrupt return. Odd that he should have canceled anything so important as the Vienna engagement to rush back because of Kathie.

And he would walk in and thunder his displeasure, and she knew that she would be assumed to be particularly to blame. She was growing just a little weary of blame. They would all be gone soon now—all the young Townes and Kathie. She would be left alone. And he was growing older. There would come a day, inevitably, when his career would begin its downward trend, when young doctors would crowd in and newer methods would appear, and he would no longer be the Great God Towne.

That day was not going to be an easy day for him to face. He had tasted supremacy so long that no ordinary brew would ever satisfy him. He had stalked in glory until the plain ways of the world were going to be paths of humiliation for

one so proud and arrogant in his pride. And he would need her then. She hugged the realization that he would need her then. But between that day and this there stretched an arid length of time that she winced away from contemplating. She was not old, yet somehow now her life had come to an end.

No one needed her—no one at all. She could not comprehend a life without demands, without responsibilities. Her heart was too rich in the maternal habit of giving. When she lay awake at night, her mind would scurry like a frightened bird up and down the narrow avenues of her existence, seeking for some outlet for the surging eagerness within her. And the days crept on, and in another day the French ship would be docking and Doctor Towne would be back in America again.

She considered going to New York to meet him, and then discarded the idea after talking it over with Bob Reighard. She seemed to think much more clearly after she had talked things over with Bob. Bob lived alone and had a sardonic outlook on life, but his reasoning was almost always sharply clear and logical. Caroline considered talking over her future—what she should do with the long procession of years ahead of her—with Bob. Then she abandoned the idea, seeing in it something too poignantly personal, something that made a slow flush creep up into her colorless face. She was a woman, and so often lately she forgot that entirely. She forgot so many things about herself, but that was because years ago she had almost stopped thinking about herself at all.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE talk about taking a house somehow died, and nothing was done about it. Pat O'Hara liked living within hearing of the roaring traffic of downtown; he liked the ornate apartment and being accessible to the strangely assorted groups of people who came to talk to him.

Kathie was a little puzzled by some of these people, but she let them in and disappeared dutifully, and some of them stayed for hours. The dreary little man, Jacques, came oftenest of all, and on an impulse she spoke to her father about him.

"I'm sorry for him, of course—he's so pitiful. But why do you want him around? It isn't my business, I know. I'm just curious. You needn't tell me if you'd rather not."

"Jacques works for me—odd jobs," Pat said, and instantly put on his glasses again and returned to his paper.

Kathleen, dismissed, asked no more questions, but she went on wondering about a great many things.

There were pleasant visitors, like the kind old priest. He came on Sunday afternoons, and once, to her surprise, the little Filipino came to her door and knocked.

"Boss want you to come in," he said.

The priest stood in the middle of the ornate room, looking not at all out of place surrounded by white plush and mirrors, and he had put on his cassock. "We're saying some prayers, Daughter," he said. "Will you kneel down with us?"

For weeks afterward that picture lived poignantly among the other strange pictures in her mind, and, in the midst of trouble and unease and doubt and even tragedy, its stark, strange beauty stood out: Pat O'Hara, with his gray head bent low and the eagle look gone from his black brows, kneeling humbly in front of his chair, and the little Filipino hunched down anxiously, his beady eyes wandering about, while over their heads the Latin phrases beat in measured music, deep and beautiful, old as time.

She went away humbly, telling herself that she would never understand the amazing combinations and contradictions that went to make up her father. There was a sharp sort of ruthlessness in him that made her fear and distrust him, there was a cynicism in him that she hated, and a somehow distorted outlook that got all the values wrong. He was gentle and wistful, and then this endearing mood would vanish in a dry blast of irony. He treated her like a child, like a sweetheart, and then again like a despised mistress who had stayed around too long.

Every day she told herself that today she would go, and then he would put out a hand to her and draw her close to him, or give her his rich Irish smile and an approving word, and she would forgive him all over again and decide that so long as he was still weak she would stay.

There was apparently always plenty of money. She asked no questions and kept her dubious feeling about it to herself. Her own personal feeling and uncertainties were thrusting themselves into the forefront of her thoughts so insistently that other anxieties sank into the background.

JULIAN had come back. He walked in coolly, gave her his dazzling smile, tossed back his fair hair, and shrugged out of his overcoat. He said: "Mad at me, Kathie? I did try to get here, but the boss had ideas about what I ought to do. Didn't have a chance to make it."

She did not say, "You might have telephoned." She was as cool as he, and as airy. What amazed her most was the ease with which she attained this attitude of nonchalance. There was no cramping hurt in her throat, no fluttering of her breath, none of the aching nervousness she had known before with Julian. She could even look at him calmly, decide that, though his brow and eyes were proud, his mouth was too self-satisfied and a little weak. It was as if she had come out from under a spell. And she saw that Julian felt this change too.

He took her out to dance to a Russian place where the food was heavy and good, the air too warm, too thick with cigarette smoke. She wore her blue dress and a scrap of a hat she had bought and a little fur jacket hurriedly borrowed from Myra by telephone. Pat had disapproved the borrowing.

"Tomorrow," he ordered, "you go out, Kathie, and buy a coat of your own."

But Julian had only grinned and caught her elbow, and run with her down the hall and into the elevator, laughing. "Now that I've snatched the princess from the palace of the dragon, let's go and have some fun."

"Pat isn't a dragon. He just growls to see people scamper, and we all scamper because we know it's such fun for him. But he knows that we know that he's a bluff."

"Just the same, Kathie—" Julian was grave—"it gives me a rotten feeling to see him ordering you around, even if he does do things for you. Knowing what I know."

"What do you know, Julian?"

"Oh, things he's done— Years ago, of course," he added hastily. "When you were little—and needed someone."

"He thought he was doing something fine for me then—when he gave me up," Kathleen said. "And it didn't bother you, did it, when your father ordered me around?"

"Anything the Herr Doktor did bothered me. That's a low thing to say, but it's the truth. And now the thought keeps coming to me that he's growing old, that in a little while he's going to be brought low by something he has never been able to glare down—time. I ought to feel sorry, but instead I wonder if maybe it isn't

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going to be good for him to taste a little humility. It may sweeten him a little. He might be happy for a little while. He never has been happy."

"I've seen him when I thought he was happy," Kathleen said. And then, because saying it brought back too much, she went on in a little rush, "When he comes in sometimes from some long trip, when he's done something no one else can do—then I think he's happy."

"You think he's happy when he gloats, then? That doesn't agree with my idea of happiness."

"What is your idea of happiness?" Lightly—oh, lightly, with honey-colored head held high and a light in her eyes as shallow as stars seen on water. Because this was not Kathleen O'Hara who knew how love could hurt. This was a witch-siren creature who lived behind her eyelashes and led men on to make silly ruin of their pride and did not care at all.

"If I told you that, you wouldn't listen," Julian said.

"No," she said with cool impudence, "probably I wouldn't."

"You're growing up too much, Kathie. I don't think I like it."

"Oh, but I like it. I work hard at it."

"You," said Julian, looking at her levelly, "seem to have come a long way from our old apple tree."

The quick red ran over her face; she could feel it stinging there, feel the choking cramp in her throat. Her hands were cold as ice, but she kept her eyes up, looking at him over the rim of a coffee cup, kept her voice even and slow and even a little insolent.

She said: "I ran very fast away from that apple tree. I had a fear that the apples might be wormy."

He reached for her hand. "Kathie, listen to me."

But she drew it away calmly, dropped both hands into her lap where no one could see how tightly the fingers were gripped together, as she said: "Really, I don't like listening. It's an old story, anyway, isn't it? One you've rehearsed quite a few times." Hating this thing she did, sick with it, but knowing wearily that it had to be done. Julian was not in love with her, he probably had never been in love with her. Perhaps no man would ever truthfully be in love with her. She was under a sort of curse. They knew about those things in Ireland, where the kind old priest had come from. Almost she crossed herself. Mist was in her eyes. She blinked it away angrily, and went on smiling.

And then a waiter in gay silk blouse came sliding through the crowd to their table. "Miss O'Hara, on the telephone."

She turned a little white and put out her hand and said, "Julian!"

"I'll go with you. It's probably nothing. Don't be alarmed."

Andrew, was her thought, Andrew had been hurt—but it was the little Filipino.

MISTER O'HARA, he shrilled into the instrument, had gone out. He did not wish him to go out, but Mr. O'Hara would not listen. Mr. O'Hara had gone to his place and now he have another attack and you will come quick, please.

Kathleen turned a puzzled face to Julian. "He says my father went out—to his place, and now he has had another attack. I have to go at once. But where? I don't know where he is."

"I think I know," Julian said quietly. "I'll pick up the check, and we'll take a taxi."

The address that Julian gave to the driver meant nothing to Kathie at all. It was all strange and frightening and mysterious. The dark streets flew past, lights winked red and then green, and then they were out of the lights and on a paved road that crooked and curved through dark woods, and Kathleen spoke out the cry that had been growing and swelling in her heart.

"Julian, I want Andrew!"

"Why Andrew?" he asked a trifle sharply. "I'll take care of you."

She controlled herself then, but she was merely hushed, not contented. She wanted Andrew, who knew this unreal devious world which was the world of Pat O'Hara—a world she had hardly glimpsed, had seen only through the hollow eyes of little Jacques. "His place"—what did they mean by that? And then, when the taxi whirred around on a graveled space, under a glare of lights, she knew.

She knew before she passed the open bar where people leaned and turned to look at her. She knew before she saw the inner rooms where men in evening clothes and women in trailing silk gowns sat hunched intently over tables under the smoky murk of lights. It was horror and shock, and the horror did not lessen when she saw Pat O'Hara's piteous face, his hand held out to her, as he lay prone on a couch in the room farthest back.

HE WAS not pale now—his face was flushed, and his breathing was quick and shallow, and he held her hand shakily and whispered, "Kathie."

A doctor with a stethoscope hung around his neck shook his head and pushed her gently aside. "Not just yet," he said kindly. "He's just had a hypodermic. I'd like him to be entirely quiet for a few minutes."

"But I came to take him home," Kathleen persisted. "He can't stay here."

"I'm sorry. He can't be moved just now. I'll stay with him. In the morning, perhaps."

She was aware vaguely of Julian at her shoulder, following her through the rooms, standing quietly by while she telephoned. He said nothing at all when she said:

"I've called Andrew. Andrew will know what to do."

She had been gay, she had danced, she had smiled and let her eyelashes drift, and then she had needed Julian; but now trouble had her, and she wanted Andrew. They sat on a narrow sofa in one of the rooms waiting for Andrew, and she gripped Julian's hand hard, but it was the hand of the boy Julian, who had sailed boats with her and grown up under the same roof with her, not the hand of a lover. They sat and breathed the smoky air and heard the low tense voices, and Kathleen picked and picked at her blue dress, suddenly finding it horrible, torn with the sharp desire to drag it off and trample it, drag those silken folds from her wincing body, her burning arms.

Now she had the answers. The thick rolls of money, the expensive apartment, the men who came and went. It was all horrible—more horrible now than ever because she knew that she loved weak Pat O'Hara as her mother must have loved him. But like her mother, she was stronger than love.

When Andrew came, they put her into the taxi, and she sat between them, looking straight ahead, saying nothing. Andrew had asked a few questions, and Julian had given him the answers.

They turned into the avenue, and she came alive then to cry out:

"No, no, I'm not going back there. I can't go back there!"

"But where can you go, Kathie?" Julian argued.

"She can go to my room. I'll bunk with you," Andrew said, and gave the driver the direction without another word.

They led her up the long flights of stairs,

one on either side, and Julian said: "Don't get upset, Kathie. Pat will be all right. They'll take care of him."

Andrew gave him a slow look. It had something almost of pity in it. "Go down and get her something hot," he directed. "Chocolate or something. And get something from the drugstore to make her sleep."

"You're awfully good to me," said Kathie faintly. "I'm sorry—to go to pieces like this, but I didn't know— That awful place—"

"Don't talk," Andrew said. He jerked open a drawer. "Here are some pajamas—the same ones." He smiled at her briefly.

And then she began to cry. Weakly, chokingly, strangling on sobs, as though something taut and bitter and aching had been pressed down into her heart for days—something that freed itself now with shuddering agony. Andrew held out his arms, and she crept into them, trembling and shaken.

When Julian came back, Andrew was still holding her, and something in Andrew's face—something somehow exalted and incredulous—made Julian close the door softly and wait for a long ten minutes in the hall outside. Wait, frowning at the wall and opening and shutting his hands, with the black, unhappy look of the Townes upon his face.

(To be continued)

Strange Victory

(Continued from page 21)

"Better you go to the other entrance, ma'am. In here is only for help."

"But I'm looking for a position—"

A curious expression of distrust crossed the woman's face. "Better you stand in that line over there by the railing," she curtly advised.

"Thank you." Paige turned away with a vague sense of apology, leaving behind her a stir of comment.

"The likes of her!" an Irish voice expostulated.

"In Berlin when the mark went down, it was the same," Annie's aunt held forth sagaciously. "I was a cook where the maid was a lady I once worked for. Terrible it was. There was nothing these ladies could do to earn their living with, they could not even be good servants."

Paige heard her. "They could not even be good servants." Her confidence faltered. It was true. By what crazy conceit had she imagined herself capable of scrubbing floors and cooking three square meals a day? She knew only the tradition of service—honesty, loyalty, and a consummate self-effacement. These attributes Debby had unwittingly taught her in the many years of endless and unstinted giving. But they were not salable qualities in a world that was buying strong hands and tireless feet.

"Still, I could wheel a baby carriage," she thought defensively, "and I could be frightfully fond of a baby if it didn't cry too much."

"What's your name? I asked you twice. I haven't got all day—"

Paige met the hostile eyes of the woman behind the application desk. She had a small tight mouth in the middle of a large fat face, and her two chins quivered impatiently.

"I'm sorry. Paige Griswold."

The fat lady looked suspicious and said, "Spell it." She continued to look suspicious as she wrote it down. Who ever heard of a name like Paige?

"Age?"

"Twenty-two."

"White." She checked a little square on the form before her without raising her eyes. "References from last positions?"

what about having?

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"I'm afraid I haven't any."

"No references?" The chins worked with pompous indignation. "Why do you go on wasting my time, young lady? Moulton's won't place help without references." She tore up the blank and tossed the pieces in the wastebasket.

"But, you see, I've never worked before," Paige explained in dismay.

"No buts about it." She raised her voice and threw it stridently across the room. "No references, no jobs, and that goes for all the rest of you! Next?"

A titter of nervous laughter rippled over the waiting line. Paige managed, against the sick despair of failure, to keep her head up until she reached the corridor. This was a Chinese mudbank of another sort—her bridges burned behind her, and less than three dollars in her purse.

"Pardon me—"

Paige turned. A lady in fox furs with earrings that dangled had just emerged from the elevator and was peering up at the door.

"I'm looking for Miss Moulton's agency—the employers' entrance. Could you tell me where to go?"

"The employers' entrance?" Paige repeated. (The woman must think she was a half-wit, standing there with her mouth open and her eyes popping!) "Why, of course, the employers' entrance! I'm looking for the employers' entrance myself," she announced exultantly. "It must be down this way."

MISS MOULTON'S conception of a Louis Seize salon was rather appalling. Paige sank into a lurid tapestry armchair and lost no time in consulting the mirror in her handbag. She was glad that she had the sort of looks that never went back on her. Not beautiful, perhaps (except for her eyelashes, which she had always let George believe were pasted on), but at least her face didn't have to be catered to or need renewal every so often during the day. Her hair, also, was more reliable than the average. It hadn't known any care beyond the white soap on a rooming-house washstand for months, yet it shone with health and the blessing of a natural wave. "I have an all-right nose, too," she decided as an afterthought, "and a hundred and ten pounds of very passable shape."

After a brief wait she was admitted ahead of the lady with earrings into Miss Moulton's private sanctum. Miss Moulton, seated before a huge desk, sized Paige up and immediately diluted her efficiency with unction. She smiled, showing some very fine false teeth."

"What can I do for you?"

Paige took a long breath and wished her heart would stop beating like a hammer. "Have you on your lists a governess who can meet my rather unusual qualifications?"

Miss Moulton's pencil described a neat and businesslike doodle on her scratch-pad. Surely this girl wasn't old enough, the doodle pondered, to be wanting a governess for a child of her own?

"Have you a governess," Paige quickly pursued, "who can speak French, German, and Italian, and play the piano sufficiently well to teach it? Tennis and swimming and a good horsewoman— Someone who can run and staff a large household, knows wines and foods, and is able to manage accounts? Above all, someone to whom salary is not the major consideration?" It all came tumbling from her lips, leaving her heart quite still and orderly.

Miss Moulton carefully completed a second doodle and then smiled in pity of such naïve optimism. "My dear young lady," she said, "you're asking the impossible. I have three or four governesses who, combined, might fill your bill. But a single person—never!" At this point she emitted a short mirthless laugh. "If I did have one, she would always be employed, I promise you."

"That's what I had hoped!" The words escaped Paige before she could recapture them.

"But—you were looking for a governess?" Miss Moulton was not only bluffed but baffled.

Paige pursued her slim advantage. "If you will remember, Miss Moulton, I did not say that I was looking for a governess. I merely asked if you had a governess on your lists with certain qualifications which I happen to possess."

Miss Moulton's eyes narrowed. Sheer impudence, but there was character and quality and what the dressmakers call a *je-ne-sais-quoi* about the girl's whole bearing. She had long since made it a practice to shun all encounters with the working classes—an aversion carried over from the days when she had walloped a pot with the best of them—but now she recognized an imperativeness that warranted her personal attention.

"Where have you worked before?" she asked with grudging interest.

Paige summoned what little duplicity life had taught her. "I was governess to the daughter of T. J. Griswold, the shipping man." (How was that for a bold-faced one, Tod?)

Miss Moulton was impressed. "And then?"

"After Mr. Griswold's death I came to America."

Miss Moulton assumed the wary maneuvering of the buyer. "I'm afraid you didn't realize that conditions here are very difficult."

Paige had heard the same statement in a hundred different ways. She began to draw on her chamois gloves, for it was obviously the moment to float the derelict off the mudbank and head for another port. She rose. "I believe, no matter what conditions are," she said, "that people qualified for work will always find positions, and I was under the impression that in coming to you I was coming to the best agency in New York. However, if I have been wrong, I can very well go elsewhere."

Miss Moulton bridled. "My clientele is the wealthiest in the city, Miss—"

"Paige. Deborah Paige." (Thank you, Debby!)

"If I am not able to place you, Miss Paige, nobody else can."

SHE squared herself before the desk, clearing her throat loudly and flicking over a pile of cards. Finally she paused over one and picked up the interoffice telephone.

"Has Mrs. Henderson's inquiry for a governess been filled yet? It's for twin boys, eight," she threw out in an aside to Paige.

Paige wondered what one did with a brace of eight-year-old boys. But whatever reservations she had were stillborn as the automaton voice on the other end of the wire made known the fact that Mrs. Henderson had decided to take a tutor.

Miss Moulton shrugged in intimate invitation for understanding. "Mercy me, you can see for yourself how it is." The cards began to flip again—down—down—down—until there was only one left in her hand. She put it on the desk before her. "Here's a hard nut to crack," she confided, and read aloud: "Wanted: governess, preferably English. Companion to girl of thirteen. Languages and background of travel required, also competence in sports. Must be able to maintain a home and background for child in absence of family. No applicants considered under thirty."

Miss Moulton looked up. "That's the story. And all I know is that I've sent

four governesses in three weeks, and they don't any of them seem to get along."

"Oh, I'd love to try it!" Paige cried.

"I'm afraid you're too young. Still," Miss Moulton argued with herself, "he called me this morning again. He's desperate for someone."

"I can look much older," Paige broke in eagerly, "and if it's a problem child, Miss Griswold was frightfully difficult to manage."

"We'll see," said Miss Moulton. She picked up the telephone. "Get me Mr. Michael Herron."

The conversation was brief. Evidently this Mr. Herron was a man of few words. "He'll interview you at four o'clock," Miss Moulton reported, putting the receiver down. "Can you be back at four?"

"Yes," said Paige. ("I'm beginning to understand how you did it, Tod—how you got that cargo in a sinking boat.")

Almost three hours to kill. Her knees felt watery as she stepped into the street again. Maybe it was relief—maybe it was the breakfast she hadn't had. She began to walk downtown past the innumerable little specialty shops and restaurants that make up the Madison Avenue of the Sixties. In her handbag there was a single dollar bill and a dollar and forty-three cents in change. She knew the amount without looking.

She could feel herself slowing down. She wanted to keep on walking, but she had no strength of character. "I'm ashamed of you," she said to her stomach as she peered through the window of a glorified delicatessen store. "I suppose you'd go in there and gorge yourself if I gave you one drop of encouragement."

She dragged herself away from the tantalizing smell of fresh roast ham and new dill pickles. "This is torture," she whimpered, "absolute torture." She couldn't bear it. She turned into the nearest drugstore and headed for the counter. "A glass of malted milk," she ordered, though her very soul clamored for the special thirty-cent luncheon of pot roast and mashed potatoes. But the malted milk was only ten cents and had a lot of nourishment in it, and, oh—bounty of bounties—they gave you a thin packet of soda wafers free.

SHE emerged from the store feeling more cheerful and knowing exactly what she was going to do between now and four o'clock. The traffic at Fifty-ninth Street blocked her progress, and while she waited she tried to fit a person to the name of Michael Herron. Perhaps he wore a beard, pointed and neat. That would make him stiff and precise and cold and bankerish. He most likely was, since he wanted someone over thirty to manage his difficult brat. "Well, Mr. Michael Herron, I know your kind from away back, and already I don't think I like you. But I'm going to work for you just the same." Her jaw set. "I can't afford not to work for you, and it's not my fault that I'm only twenty-two."

Between Lexington and Third Avenues she found the sort of shop she was looking for. "Feinman's Optical, Camera, Sheet Music, and Novelty Store." She walked in. After a moment or so, Mr. Feinman emerged from dark recesses where he had been eating lunch.

"I want a pair of glasses, please—something to make me look ten years older."

His very brown eyes flew open and popped. "Older, did you said? Ten years?"

"A masquerade," Paige glibly explained.

"So!" His eyes went back in place, and he smiled broadly. "I have here the right thing absolutely." He reached into an untidy showcase and pulled out a pair of heavy steel rims with thick convex lenses.

She tried them on and winced. "That's too much of a good thing. Give me something that will make me look only eight years older."

"Surely. I got others."

The steel spectacles vanished. The old Paige returned and then disappeared again behind a pair of thin horn rims.

She pushed her hair back and rearranged the brim of her felt hat just enough to destroy the dash of it. Her face, too, lost something of its humor and contour and became the amiable and unimaginative countenance of a young woman whose chief asset was being good to her mother. She thought: "You'll do. I've seen you by the hundreds in Paddington Station."

Aloud she said, "How much are they?"

"How much?" Feinman repeated the question absently, as though his thoughts had been far away from commerce. He studied Paige and then went over the day's sales in his mind. It wouldn't do to lose a customer by asking too much, and since it was only for a party—"A dollar and a half," he hazarded.

A dollar and a half. That left eighty-three cents. She wished it had been a dollar and three cents. There was a moral strength in a dollar that anything less than a dollar did not possess. "I'll take them," she decided.

Mr. Feinman beamed, and myopically and magnifiedly she beamed back.

MR. MICHAEL HERRON wore neither a mustache nor a beard, and he wasn't middle-aged. To her astonishment, Paige found herself in Miss Moulton's office sitting opposite a tall young man—certainly not over thirty—with dark hair, dark eyes, and a lean silent face etched gravely with lines from nose to jaw. "Perhaps," she concluded, "he's Mr. Herron, Jr., plowing the way for Father to follow up." Anyway that would be one way of explaining a youngster of thirteen.

His manner as he greeted her was distrait and ill at ease, as if he wished to heaven that this business of engaging a governess were over and finished with. She thought, "He'd be uncommonly handsome if he smiled."

There was no answering flicker of either interest or distinterest as he looked at her. Evidently her appearance typed the sort of person he had expected, with the spectacles and the neatly mended runner passing muster as symbols of respectability. Indeed there was something about the way he questioned her that almost defied her to suit him.

"I asked about your command of languages," he repeated with a trace of peremptoriness that rubbed her the wrong way.

She reflected, however, that it was wiser not to bite the nice-looking hand that she hoped was going to feed her, and replied meekly enough, "*Je parle français avec une bonne idée de l'idiome; hablo español; parla Italiano; und ich kan auch Deutsch sprechen.*" It was as if she had gone back through the years and was standing before the headmistress of Saint Hilary's School in an entrance examination. Only Debby had been stationed proudly behind her, a source of strength to her faltering courage.

"Do you think that you could manage a household and take complete charge of a young girl?" he continued crisply.

"I took complete charge of Miss Griswold, particularly after her father's death."

He regarded her with an uncertain frown. "You're pretty young for that sort of responsibility, Miss—?"

"Paige," she supplied. "Debby Paige."

"Debby." He repeated the name with an expression of distaste, his frown deepening to a boy's sullen scowl. "Look here," he shot out, "you're not whimsical, are you?"

Laughter bubbled up in her. He must be really nice underneath, and she knew exactly what he meant. She had a swift picture of all the previous governesses.

"I haven't a grain of whimsey," she assured him firmly, "and I don't keep boxes of pills on my bureau, and I'm never put upon or forbearing, and I don't use a sachet that makes me smell like an old lady's reticule."

He stared at her, and then he, too, suddenly laughed.

("I was right; he is handsome," she discovered triumphantly.)

"How did you know my pet abominations?" he demanded. Then, abruptly, the smile vanished, and his face settled back into its rigid mask.

She knew, before he spoke again, that he would hold it against her that he had given away to laughter. She was half-prepared for it when he rose and said, "I'm sorry, but this position requires someone more mature."

"I'm—" she stopped. What with eighty-three cents and no pillow to call her own that night, insistence on veracity was not the better part of wisdom, yet how could she call herself ten years older than she really was? In the first place he wouldn't believe it, and in the second place he'd find it out sooner or later. "I'm not so young as I look," she equivocated.

"You certainly don't look any older than twenty-nine," he said.

She bit her lips to keep back her indignation. Twenty-nine indeed! Why, she didn't look a day over twenty!

"That is, Miss Moulton gave me your age as twenty-nine," he amended hastily.

Paige's nails were brutal against her palms, but she managed a pleasant smile. "I hope you get someone who quotes Emerson," she said amiably, "and who wears hairnets."

He flushed. "You're evidently not afraid to speak your mind."

"I'm not afraid of anything," she answered without bravado.

He looked at her for a moment. "You're fortunate. Most people are afraid of everything."

"I used to be before my father died. Losing him was the one thing in the world I dreaded. After it happened—" she gave a small shrug—"I saw that nothing in the world could ever really hurt me again, so of course there was nothing to be afraid of."

SHE caught herself sharply. Why was she talking this way to an utter stranger? Particularly a stranger who had as much as told her that she was unsuitable and incompetent? She turned to leave.

"Thank you for interviewing me, Mr. Herron."

He seemed to come back from a long distance. "I wish I could believe that philosophy of yours was really valid," he reverted.

"It was bad taste of me to spurt my philosophy."

He smiled faintly. "It was bad taste of you to wish a hairnet on me. As a matter of fact, the last one wore a hairnet, and she didn't work out at all. I'm wondering if I haven't been on the wrong track. What I mean to say is, I'd like very much for you to consider the position."

It occurred to her to wonder what had occasioned his sudden change of attitude, but she was too deliriously happy to think straight. She not only had a job, but she liked her employer. She liked everything about him—his mysterious aloofness, and his fleeting smile, which was like a door opening and closing again. It was going to be pleasant to keep on knowing him.

"I'd be very glad to come." She hoped that her voice didn't sound as shaky as it felt.

"Good. Would tomorrow be too soon?"

"Tomorrow?" She hadn't figured on that. If she hadn't bought those glasses, she would have had enough for a night's lodging somewhere. She supposed that she could sit up in the railroad station with her suitcases, but then suppose that the Herron place was more than eighty-three cents away from New York?

"I had assumed that if you wanted me, you'd require my services immediately, so I was prepared to start this afternoon."

He nodded approvingly. He had evidently expected her to say that she had to get her belongings in order, see her cousins, pay her life insurance, and do all the things that all the other governesses had had to do at the last minute.

"Excellent. My car is at the door, and we drive across the bridge. Is your luggage far from here?"

"Four blocks away."

"Fine," he said, and this time he smiled spontaneously and as if he weren't afraid of smiling.

THE car had a mannish look to it—not the sort of car that would suggest a Mrs. Herron inside of it. It was lean and long and functional like its owner.

The chauffeur opened the rear door and then glanced at Paige and opened the front door as well. So the boss hired her, she read his mind; and through his veiled servant's immobility she could feel his swift approving of her. A kitchen Romeo, she decided.

She had to restrain herself from stepping forward, and hesitated, waiting for Mr. Herron. Mr. Herron hesitated, too, and then took her arm, handed her into the car, and seated himself beside her.

"Where to?" he asked.

Paige gave Mrs. Biggle's address. The car glided forward.

Mr. Herron was the first to break the silence that fell upon them. "I should like to talk with you about the particular aspects of the situation that lie ahead of you." "My—" he cleared his throat, then uttered the word with effort—"my daughter is not a difficult child, or, rather, not in any sense of the word a problem child."

"Problem children never are to their parents," Paige inwardly remarked. Yet there wasn't anything about him that was old enough to have a daughter of thirteen.

"She's motherless and has been deeply hurt."

A muted quality of hurt in Michael Herron's own voice arrested her attention. He made her think of a wounded mastiff she had once owned.

"I forgot to mention that your salary is to be a hundred and fifty dollars a month," he digressed abruptly, "and your free time one day a week."

Her cheeks grew hot. It was as if he had read her thoughts and had lost no time in putting her in her place. A woman was a fool to compare a man to a dog, because she could never really dislike the man afterward.

"That will be more than satisfactory," she replied levelly. "And since you dislike the name of 'Debby,' the Griswolds always called me 'Paige.'"

The idea seemed slightly shocking to him. "We Americans call only our butlers by their last names," he objected. "But I must confess the name 'Debby' doesn't suit you very well, and if you don't mind—?"

"I'd prefer it," she answered. (She could kick herself for feeling pleased at his discrimination.)

"Very well. Paige it is."

It was disturbingly pleasant to hear him say it. "Remember, my girl," she reminded herself sternly, "every time he calls you 'Paige' it merely means that he's thinking of you as a lady butler."

The car slowed to a stop in a jumble of traffic. On the sidewalk an old woman was selling the first spring lilacs. The fragrance of the flowers floated through the open window and carried Paige back to the gardens at Tarleton. She remembered how Tod had loved lilacs, and her throat tightened with a realization of loss. She glanced at Michael Herron. Memories seemed to be flooding back on him, too. He stared straight ahead of him, his very silence imbued with a quality of intolerable nostalgia. She withdrew herself from him and looked at the face of the old vendor. It held no past, filled instead with the haunting exigencies of the present.

"In the fall," Paige thought, "she'll sell apples, and in the winter, needles. What is it all about?" The car started forward. She felt unutterably lonely and depressed.

"The child is filled with resentments and has erected barriers against anyone who wants to help her."

Michael Herron had begun to talk again, slowly and haltingly, as if he knew that talk were dangerous but necessary. She held herself very quiet. If he could speak some of the burden of his heart, it might be well for him.

"Resentments and barriers," he repeated, half to himself, as if the idea were new to him.

Paige wondered what resentments and barriers against life Michael Herron was erecting.

"She needs the security of a home that a man cannot give, but that a woman, the right woman—" there was an implied question in his voice—"may be able to provide for her."

She began to understand why he had searched for maturity and wisdom in a governess. With her courage at low ebb and her whole being filled with desolation, it would be a case of the blind leading the blind—the blind, the halt, and the lame leading the blind.

"I'll do my best," she murmured, and felt that her words were wooden and inadequate to his crying need.

The car pulled to a stop before Mrs. Biggle's door.

"I shan't keep you waiting," she promised.

IN THE area entrance she could discern two dark shadows—Annie and her Karl snatching their brief moment from the day's full stress. She felt sorry to interrupt them, but she had already returned her key to Mrs. Biggle. She rang the bell. It sounded in the depths of the house and was followed by a scurry in the dark below. A few mumbled words, the iron grille of the basement door clanging shut, and then the clop-clop of Annie dragging her legs up the stairs. The stained-glass hall light dressed her in the robes of a fairy tale. Her drab uniform looked royal purple, and her eyes and cheeks were shining with the remembered touch of Karl's lips against her own.

"*Ach,* it's you!" she exclaimed when she saw Paige. "I'm so happy you come back yourself!" She peered out at the long, sleek lines of Michael Herron's car. "Iss your new husband and automobile, not?"

She did not wait to be enlightened, and indeed Paige would not have disillusioned her for the world.

"I bring down your satchels," Annie offered eagerly.

The chauffeur tried to intercept the bags on the stoop. He succeeded in getting one of them from her grasp, but not to be robbed of a firsthand view of romance, she eluded him with the other and all but plopped it on Michael Herron's lap, murmuring, "*Ach!*" on an ecstatic breath. The chauffeur gave her quite a push, retrieved the case, and in stiff silence placed it where it belonged.

Annie was not daunted, however. She rubbed both palms over her apron and pumped Paige's hand with congratulatory enthusiasm. "Iss wonderful!" Her accolade of approval might have been applied to the whole gamut of life, but an overt glance at Mr. Michael Herron confined it to Paige's supposed choice of a husband.

"Thank you, Annie. Wish me luck." She slipped the remainder of her world's possessions into Annie's fingers. It was not a tip, but rather a symbol—a challenge to fate.

"*Ach*, you shouldn't," protested Annie. "Already you have given me so much."

The aura of Mrs. Biggle's boarding house continued as the sordid neighborhood followed the car to the very bridge head. The mood which had compelled Michael Herron to talk about his daughter had shifted, and he retired once more into silence. High above the city a fresh wind blew in from the sea, clean and a little salty and refreshing. Paige cradled her tired back against the soft cushions and gave an inaudible sigh. She felt suddenly let-down, and she had a headache. She longed to yank off the glasses that were straining her eyes, but she did not dare to take the chance. No spectacles, no looking-like-thirty-and-hell. No looking-like-thirty-and-hell, no job. From what she had already glimpsed of the decisive Michael Herron, it would not be above him to stop the car and dump her out.

The machine sped over the span. Soon they were on the parkway. She recognized it, for George Hastings had driven her down to Long Island one snowy day last winter. Only now there was forsythia in yellow leaf.

The miles kept sliding by. Beyond Roslyn they turned off and nosed into one of the country highways.

The car slowed at a gate lodge. So this was what it was going to be like. Beyond and etched against the still faint sky stood a massive and imposing residence. "Long Island Tudor Gothic, quaint, and I'll bet gloomy as all get out on a rainy day," she wagered to herself. Light pebbles from the drive clicked against the fenders as the car gained speed up the winding driveway.

They rounded to the great stone doorway. Just a humble little cottage, Paige concluded dryly. The place was worse than a tomb, but for all his untoward preoccupation Michael Herron was not the man who would have bought or built such a pile. This was undoubtedly the product of another generation.

A butler appeared on the threshold. As Paige descended from the car, she realized how unconscious she had always been of the freemasonry of servants. Some quick passage of eye between him and the chauffeur marked her instantly as *one of us*, but such a one as would bear watching. They were puzzled, that was clear. A thirty-guinea suit; and a blooded horse steps high in any harness. "Sort of a giddy harrumphradite, servant and master, too," she paraphrased the line of verse.

"Is Miss Erica in her room?" Herron asked.

"She was down here a moment ago, sir."

"Have Miss Paige's things taken up to the room next to Miss Erica's."

He led the way through the gallery toward the doors of the great hall. Paige gasped a little. It was all so monstrous with good taste and great wealth and lack of warmth. Although a fire burned in the immense fireplace, and lamps glowed dimly on long tables, the vast room was vibrant with a cold and unlived-in emptiness. Then suddenly it was as if some power compelled her gaze toward the wide space above the mantel, where the dark brooding eyes of a woman pierced through the medium of paint and dominated the hall with a penetrating beauty and aliveness. There is a quality that a portrait possesses when its subject is no longer of this world, and Paige knew, in some devious way, that the woman had but recently died. Her eyes rested on the painting for only a moment, but she had the illusion of having stared at it for countless minutes, stared at it until every feature was graven on her memory, and as if she had touched and known the sad ecstasy of its inmost soul.

She was aware that Michael Herron was watching her. Reluctantly she drew her eyes away.

"Here's Erica," he said.

The child was standing in the dim shadows between two concert grand pianos, a small ghost fashioned in the very image of the portrait.

"I was wrong," thought Paige swiftly. "It's the child that's dead, and the woman in the picture that's alive."

"Hello, Erica." Michael Herron half put out his hand. There was a shyness in his greeting, as if he wanted to say something more, but didn't know how.

"I heard you drive up the road." Her face was impassive. She merely stated a fact, and in her statement there was neither a welcome for him nor a curiosity in seeing Paige.

"That's a nice boisterous interchange between two people who are supposed to love each other," thought Paige and then remembered the stubborn utterance, "They shall not pass," of those who held the line at Verdun.

"This is Miss Paige," he continued. "I wonder if you will be good enough to show her to her room and see that she has everything she wants."

Erica accompanied Paige in silence up to a large square chamber on the second floor, connected to her own by a small sitting room. She paused at the open doorway.

"Marie is here. She'll see to anything you need."

Her manner was civil, but informed with an unmistakable antagonism to which Paige pretended to be blind.

"Oh, come on in a moment, won't you?" she invited affably.

"No, thank you." Erica's finely modeled mouth, set like a flame in her small heart-shaped face, closed to a thin, straight line.

Paige made no further overture. The time had not come for her to try to know the girl. "See you at dinner," she smiled.

She noticed that Marie was looking at her with a faintly insolent stare.

"Shall I unpack your things?" she asked with an overtone of, "Or are you going to do for yourself here?"

"If you will." Paige's reply had the subtle inflection of a command.

Marie tossed her head. "Mr. Herron usually dresses, Miss, in case you'd like to know."

"Thank you. Leave a dinner gown out for me, please."

She wandered over toward the window and looked into the night. In the darkness she could see the looming bulk of what seemed, at a distance, to be farm buildings. "What a nice surprise if there are horses and cows!" she thought with a slight stirring of interest. She saw, too, the glint of starlight on a greenhouse roof. Her eyes roved the room. Not a flower, and she had noticed none downstairs. The greenhouse was evidently not being worked, which meant that there was small hope of any livestock. Indeed, there wasn't so much as a dog wagging its tail around the place. Strange, because Michael Herron seemed like a dog's man. He'd run to large breeds, too—a mastiff or a pair of hounds.

She compelled her thoughts away from him.

"Will you draw a bath for me, Marie, after you've unpacked?"

The maid's shrewd eyes took judgment of her again. She would have liked to say, "Do it yourself," but she seemed to think better of it.

Paige sensed that sometime in the future lay hurdles to be jumped with Marie, with the fresh chauffeur, and with the complacent fat-behind-the-eyes butler. A servant and yet not a servant. She wondered if Debby had ever had to meet the same kind of problem with the help at Tarleton.

"Will this one do, Miss?"

"Nicely, thank you."

Marie laid out a Patou dinner gown with a trace of awe. Paige knew that within the hour a complete catalogue of her possessions would be current in the kitchen, the assumption being that they were either her own—in which case there would be something fishy in the state of Denmark—or that they were castoffs of a previous mistress, in which case fitted pigskins, Conduit Street ridings, and Patou gowns smacked suspiciously of blackmail.

"I can't find any evening stockings, Miss. No stockings at all, for that matter." Marie's eyes were on the run.

"You can't find them because there aren't any," Paige informed her cheerfully.

Marie took her retreat before such disarming candor and vanished into the spacious bath adjoining. Alone, Paige whipped off the trying spectacles and thrust her hands up through her hair, her blessed hair that was worth hundreds of dollars a year for never having to be dressed. Oh, it was good, suddenly, to be alive!

She made short work of bathing and dressing. The evening gown slipped over her head and slid to the floor in rich gentle folds. She looked in the mirror and raised her hand in a salute of farewell to Paige Griswold. "Too bad, old girl, because this happens to be one of your better-looking moments. In fact, you're quite beautiful, if I must say it as shouldn't."

She put the spectacles on and surveyed herself in mingled amusement and disgust. She wasn't even homely; she just looked plain ridiculous. "See here, Debby or Paige or whoever you are, some one of these days you're going to forget to wear them, and then where will you be? And anyway, you don't like pretending to be something that you aren't, so if Mr. Michael Herron doesn't approve of you, you might as well know it straight off."

She pulled the glasses off and then almost changed her mind as someone knocked. "It's no crime to be good-looking," she thought rebelliously, and called, "Come in!"

Erica entered, closing the door behind her and standing against it. She wore a white silk dress tied childishly with a black sash, and for the first time Paige saw how thin she was, with the tender, pitiful gawkiness of adolescence. A puzzled expression crossed her face as she stared at Paige.

"You're different."

COME

By Emlen Knight Davies

COME, oh, come with me!
Life has loveliness to offer,
And we have courage, we have love.
Take me far away with you,
For in your work are my dreams,
And in your love is my life.

"Oh," said Paige nonchalantly. "It's just the glasses. I'm not wearing them this evening."

"You weren't a bit pretty with them on, but—" She broke off as if annoyed with herself for softening. Her eyes grew dark and hostile, and she stood with her back against the wall in more ways than one. "I came in to tell you that I didn't think I was going to like you, and I thought it would be fair to let you know it before we began. Then you wouldn't be expecting anything that I wouldn't be able to give."

"That's plain talking," Paige said. "And I rather admire you for coming out with it and getting it said. I wish, though, that you could tell me whether it's particularly me that you don't like, or just the idea of me. That would help me to know whether there was something about me that had failed."

Erica's face worked under some great stress within her. "It isn't you, I guess. It's just that—" A quick sob tightened her throat, and all at once she couldn't talk.

Paige put her arm about her shoulder. She felt the child relax a little and come toward her.

Marie's voice sounded from the other side of the door. "Dinner's ready, Miss. Shall I call Miss Erica?"

"No, Marie, I'll call her."

She knew that if she kept her arm about Erica, a torrent of pent-up burning emotion would pour forth. The child was at the breaking point of some violent inner conflict. But it was not wise to encourage her to give way now.

"Shall we go downstairs?" she asked casually.

A muted, "Yes."

"Want a hanky?"

"I've got one," Erica said. She dabbed at her eyes with a clenched ball of linen.

They went down the long corridor together. At the foot of the stairs Michael Herron awaited them. A look of surprise and then a shadow of disapproval passed over his face as he glanced up. But he maintained his well-bred inscrutability and said merely,

"Shall we go in to dinner?"

THE dining room was vast and dim, lighted by the fitful flicker of candles set in massive silver holders. Paige's eyes lifted to a painting of the same woman whose portrait hung in the great hall. She was half-aware that Michael Herron was watching her as if she were somehow committing a violation of his privacy. She dropped her eyes and took her place.

Food came and went—extravagantly conventional dishes, impeccably served. Michael Herron ate scarcely anything. Paige glanced at Erica's plate. Hers, too, was untouched. She realized suddenly that healthy, normal appetites were probably never brought to this table and that meal after meal must be passed in a maelstrom of tense, suppressed feeling, with the portrait, mysterious and aloof, presiding like a guest. Her own appetite vanished abruptly, and she put her fork down.

When they rose to return to the great hall, Erica immediately asked to be excused.

"Not going to bed, are you?" Michael's big hand timidly touched the child's shoulder.

"Yes. I'm tired. Good-night."

"May I go up with you?" Paige asked.

"No, thank you. I never have anyone."

Paige wished that she could invent some excuse for avoiding this moment alone with Michael Herron. She walked over and stood before the fireplace. Michael Herron filled a pipe from a bowl of tobacco on a table.

"Men are lucky," Paige thought. "They have their pipes." She remembered Tod,

and the ceremony that he attached to his favorite after-dinner smoke. Michael Herron was going through the same motions. There was the mingling and fingering of tobacco and then the smelling of it to make certain that some malefactor had not stolen in in the night to tamper with the blend. Then the inspection of the briar, the examination of its bowl, the sacerdotal tapping, and the lean forefinger stowing the leaf into the charred orifice.

She gazed at the picture above her, leaving him undisturbed and unhurried. "Did you love him?" she questioned wordlessly. "And if you did, can't your loving help him now and help the child? Can you be happy with all the unhappiness that remains in this house?"

She brought her mind back to Michael Herron and the issue that she would have to meet for being young and good-looking. The pipe was filled now to his satisfaction.

"Go on," she said under her breath, "put it in your mouth and try it . . . There, see, it wasn't packed tightly enough . . . Now the forefinger once more, and that half-twisting motion. Into the mouth again. I like your lips; they're hard and strong and can be hurt and won't weaken . . . Here comes the ritual of the match . . . That's right, not too low, and an even burn . . . Now, here's the test for you, Mr. Michael Herron. Do you touch down the coals with your bare finger, or do you use a matchbox? Tod used to say if it was lit right, it wasn't too hot . . . See, Tod, he does know his pipe smoking. Bare finger and no burn—hurray!"

Michael Herron held the thin stem of the pipe satisfiedly between his teeth and drew a lungful of smoke. "Suppose we talk things over a bit, Miss Paige?"

If it had been Tod, he wouldn't have run more true to form.

"And let us be quite frank with each other," he went on. "How old are you?"

"Twenty-two."

"Why did you lie to me this afternoon?"

The relaxation that the pipe had lent to his face was no longer there. His jaw was set. (These confounded men with their righteous ideas. She could kick all male shins when they adopted that attitude.)

"I didn't lie to you. I didn't tell you anything about my age this afternoon."

"You told me you were twenty-nine or thirty-two, I forget which."

"I told you nothing," she repeated firmly. "What Miss Moulton told you is another thing entirely. Anyway," she flared, "if you weren't blind, you could have seen I wasn't thirty-two!"

Michael Herron's lips twitched. "I'm sorry," he apologized gravely. "Still, my lack of intelligence scarcely explains this—" he stumbled a little—"your sudden transformation."

"It isn't a transformation," she denied indignantly. "This is my usual face."

"It doesn't look like the one you were wearing in the car this evening."

He had a nice twinkle in his eye. He had started out to be rather stuffy, but he was suddenly quite human. The wisest, the most decent thing, would be to make a clean breast of the whole affair.

"That really wasn't my own face," she confessed. "I bought it just before I interviewed you."

He grinned. "I hope you didn't pay too much for it."

"A dollar and a half—and an awful headache."

"But look here—why, in heaven's name?"

"Because if I didn't look stodgy and over thirty, you wouldn't even have interviewed me."

"I suppose that's true. But I'd have been cutting off my nose if I'd refused to engage anyone so well recommended just because she happened to be—to be pretty," he finished confusedly.

"That's just it. I'm not," she blurted out.

One brow slid quizzically up his forehead.

("Oh, he is nice," she thought. "Much too nice to put anything over on.")

"I don't mean about my looks. I mean I have no recommendations, because I've never worked before."

His eyes lost their pleasant twinkle. "You were aware, were you not, that I wanted only a governess of assured stability and experience?"

"Yes, but I thought you were being rather arbitrary about it."

"Possibly. But in view of the fact that I'm alone here, I feel that the position requires a mature companion to protect a girl of Erica's age from the conventional attitude of the outside world."

"I do see that now," Paige admitted.

One Man Wanted A House. Another Man Had A House He Didn't Want. That's What Brought Them Together. A Woman Had Run Away From That House. At Length She Came Back.

"SUMMER'S LEASE"

By

LOUISE REDFIELD PEATTIE

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"Much more than I realized it this afternoon. I'm terribly sorry, and if a car is going into town in the morning, I'll be packed and ready."

He looked relieved. "I dislike intensely to take this stand—"

"I understand perfectly," she broke in.

"The truth is," he told her candidly, "I should always have the feeling that you hadn't played quite fair."

She stood irresolute. She didn't want to trade on his sympathies, but like two ships that pass within call, there was an obligation to declare oneself and name one's destination. "For some reason I dislike to have you think poorly of me, Mr. Herron. I'm not offering any excuse or apology. I can only say that I really felt that I could qualify for your position, and that my dissembling could hurt no one except myself."

"But why did you do it?" he asked with genuine interest.

"Because I was hungry, and I needed a job."

"Hungry?" His eyes swept her Patou gown.

"If I were dowdy, it would have been easier," she answered his unspoken reservation. "I washed dishes in a cafeteria two weeks ago, but I wasn't the type, and so the manager didn't think I was good enough. I was the one hundred and seventh girl that Macy's didn't employ on Monday—they said so. And I couldn't stay on at Mrs. Biggle's, because I didn't have the four dollars to pay the next week's rent."

He looked shocked, incredulous. She divined his impulse to question her further. Who was she? What was her background? Were there no friends or relatives on whom she could call? But he said merely, in a sobered voice:

"I'm sorry I was so high-handed. I hadn't the vaguest notion that you were motivated by any actual need. That naturally changes the aspects of things."

She could feel her pride, which had been behaving itself rather meekly, suddenly rear up on its hind legs. After all, she hadn't shunned help all these long weeks to knuckle down now to the patronizing pity of a complete stranger. "It doesn't change the aspect of things in the least, Mr. Herron," she replied in a tone that was chillier than she meant it to be. "It's very kind of you to feel that way, but my problems are my own, and I'll have to meet them by myself."

"Oh, come now. You can't just leave here penniless, and walk the streets without a roof over your head!"

His distress at her unhappy plight made her feel a little guilty. It was only fair that she should relieve him of any sense of responsibility or reproach. "I shan't be exactly destitute," she assured him.

"But if you have no money—no one to turn to—" he protested.

"It isn't as bad as all that," she said. She decided to tell him about George without mentioning names or making too much of a rather spectacular choice in turning her back on luxury and ease. "If I can't find a job," she continued lightly, "I shan't go homeless or starve, because there's a magnificent suite of rooms—all furnished in wisteria—waiting for me on Park Avenue."

She expected him at least to meet her halfway. To smile a little, perhaps, and to divine the implications that lay behind her words. But she realized as soon as she spoke that she had been far too oblique, for Mr. Michael Herron evidently divined the wrong thing.

He said merely, "I see," and drew on his pipe, unnoticing of the fact that it had gone out.

She wanted to retort, "Just what do you see?" But she knew that anything she said now would only confuse the issue further. There were evidently too many buttons for him to count. Rich girl, poor girl, beggar girl, thief—she could see him going through the whole list, shuddering a little at his lucky escape from exposing Erica to so doubtful a character.

He met her eyes. His own were straight and cool. "That's quite another story," he said.

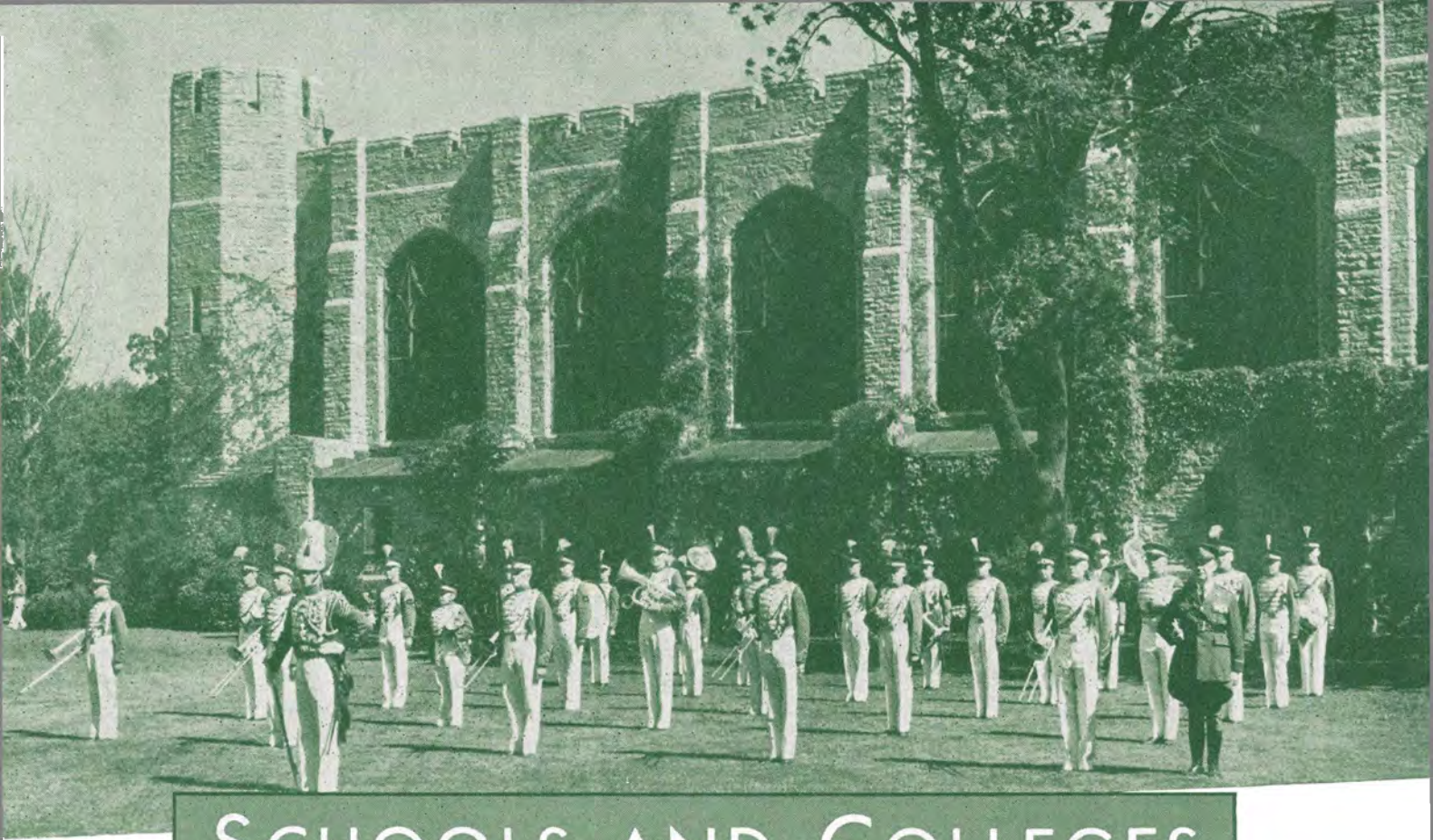
"Quite," she acknowledged.

So she'd been right. He had been counting the buttons. Her blood boiled. Whatever impulse she had felt to correct his false assumption vanished in a flare of impatience with all male stupidity and righteousness.

"I'll be ready to leave in the morning," she said, and without another word turned to go upstairs.

She was aware as she walked toward the door that his eyes followed her, and that the pipe was clenched between his teeth. She had a wild desire to yell back at him to light the damn thing. No man ever knows how foolish he looks with a dead pipe in his mouth.

(To be continued)



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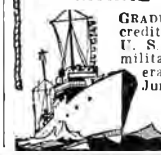

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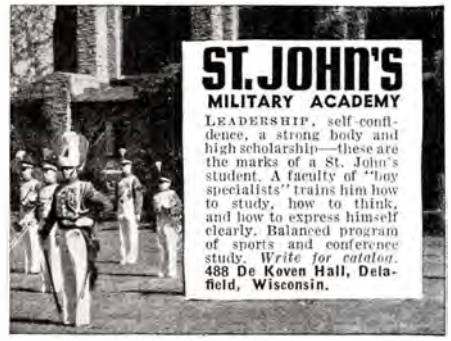

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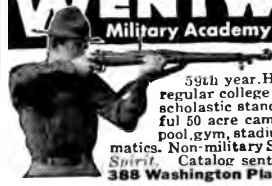

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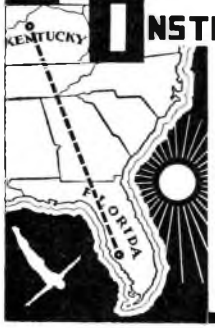

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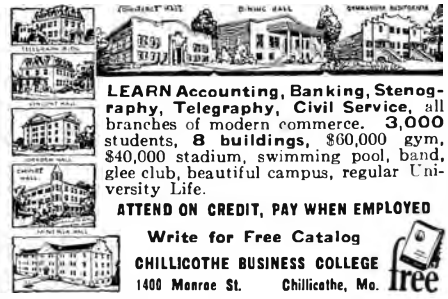

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Illusion

(Continued from page 34)

glitter of tears in her eyes. "Althea," he said. "Althea . . . It's better not said, dear."

"I'm going to say it. I'm—just sorry to say it—in this horrible place. I love you, Johnny."

"Get tough!" he said to himself. "You darned fool! Get tough. Life isn't a movie. You haven't anything to give her. You won't have for years, if ever. You're not good enough. 'I love you, Johnny!' There'll never be anything like this again. Here, in this horrible place. Althea, I love you, and I didn't know about love before. I didn't know anything before."

He looked up at her then. "Honey," he said, "you don't. You—" He stopped; after all it didn't really matter where they were. He took her hand and raised it to his lips. "Thank you, dear, beautiful Althea," he said. "It's the best thing that ever happened to me."

Then he got down from the stool. "Where's your car, honey?"

The way she took it! The courage and the pride that little thing had! She got down, too, her long white skirt falling in soft tiny pleats about her silver sandals.

"Johnny," she said, "if you want to quit, that's all right. But I meant what I said."

He put some money on the counter, and they went toward the door.

"Where's your car, Althea?" he asked.

"Outside a friend's house on Eighty-fifth Street," she said. "She's left the basement door open for me."

"But won't the chauffeur see you going in?"

"He doesn't talk," she said.

"I'll go to the corner with you."

"Don't," she said. "I've—played all my cards, Johnny, and if I've lost, I'd rather—be alone."

"I won't let you go alone in this neighborhood. It's not safe."

"I'm not afraid. I want to be alone."

And she set off alone. He followed her to see that she was all right; he stood on the corner and watched her go down a long, quiet block. She didn't go in any basement door; she went straight to a big town car standing there; a chauffeur jumped out and opened the door for her, and in she got.

"She's safe now," he thought. "Even if her people find out that she met me, it can't do her much harm if I'm out of the picture. I'm glad she has those people of hers to look after her. To love her. They'll see if she's unhappy. They'll take her to Europe—something of the sort."

He knew that her father and her mother were divorced and both remarried. "It all happened when I was little," she had told him. "It's really meant that I've grown up with two homes instead of one." She was staying now with her grandmother, her mother's mother. "She's a wonderful person, Johnny. She's always been so sweet to me."

He was glad to think of all those people loving her, looking after her. "She needs looking after," he thought. "She's too generous—too honest for this world."

He tried to picture her going back to the hotel where she lived with her grandmother. "Did you have a nice time, my dear?" What kind of grandmother? An old-fashioned one, cozy and cheerful? Or a modern one, alert, charming, worldly wise?

"Be nice to her, Grandma!" he said in his heart. "Tuck her in and kiss her good-night."

He didn't feel like going to bed; he sat at his drawing table and worked, and the work was no good. The steam heat had gone off; the studio was cold, and it was in a disgusting mess. He hated it. "I'll have a few words with Mrs. Kelly tomorrow," he said to himself grimly. But Mrs. Kelly would defeat him, as always. "How would I clean the room, and you telling me all the time not to be touching anything?" she would demand with justice. He hated the place, cold, dusty, depressing; he hated his work.

It was himself he hated. "I was the noble hero," he thought, with his head in his hands. "Too proud and noble to listen to the Rich Girl. Too proud and noble to give a damn about *her* pride." He thought of her, walking away by herself, such a little thing, straight as an arrow. Not hurrying, not running away; just going because it was the only thing he had left her to do.

"I love you, Johnny . . ." And what had he answered? "I love you, Althea. Honestly love you, so that I'd rather hurt myself than you. Love you so much that I feel—not good enough. And it's the first time in my life I ever felt humble. Love you so, Althea, that I wish life was a movie." Oh, no! That wasn't what he had said. "Honey, you don't. Thanks, so much. Good-night!"

He rose and walked up and down the studio. Hating himself. "She's proud," he thought. "And I let her go like that. Wouldn't even say, 'I love you.' She had a right to that much." He lit a cigarette. "She was so generous, and I was—so craven. I didn't explain. I'm *going* to explain! I'm going to tell her the truth. 'I love you, but we can't get married. There's too much against us. We wouldn't have a chance. Either I'd accept favors and benefits from your people and be a bum, or I'd refuse everything and be a noble prig, and whichever it was, we'd be miserable. I won't ask you to wait until I make my fortune, because I haven't any conviction that I ever will make a fortune. We've got to say good-bye, but I do love you.'"

He hated himself. Why couldn't he be like one of those young men in a movie, absolutely sure that he would make a fortune, absolutely sure that love would make everything come out right? "That's an easy one," he answered himself. "It's because I look around, and I see that everything doesn't come out right. Not just by chance. There has to be some sort of intelligence and planning, even for love. She's only eighteen. She doesn't really know me."

A curious sense of haste oppressed him. "She ought to know now," he thought. "Maybe she can't get to sleep. Maybe she's lying awake now, this minute, remembering how she told a man she loved him, and he just answered, 'Thanks, good-bye.' That's a damn bad thing for a girl to remember. I suppose it's too late to call her up?"

It was two o'clock; decidedly too late. "I'll write her a letter," he thought. "She'll get it tomorrow morning." He sat down and tried to begin, but he had no gift that way.

"Just talk on paper, you fool!" he told himself, but directly he wrote anything, it was stilted and lifeless. "All right! I won't let her go around thinking she's humiliated herself. I'll see her once more. She's going to meet her mother's ship tomorrow morning. All right! I'll be there, too. The family won't know who I am. I'll be hanging around waiting for a friend I thought was on the ship. I'll come up to the girl, like a casual acquaintance—and she won't give herself away. She's not that sort. There'll be a chance for a word alone, and it's only going to be a word: 'I've got to go away, honey. But I love you.'"

HE WENT to the customs house and got a dock pass, and then he went to the pier. He was early; no one else there; it was a gray, cold morning with a bitter wind; no smoking allowed; the only thing to do was to walk up and down the pier and think.

"I don't understand the rich," he thought. "Don't know them. It must make a difference to your psychology to be rich and able to do what you want. It ought to make you pleasanter and milder, to have things without struggling and fighting for them, only it doesn't seem to work that way. I hope her mother is nice. As nice as the girl thinks she is. I hope being rich and having a loving family will help."

He turned up the collar of his overcoat and walked up and down and wished he could smoke. Then, with an effect of suddenness, people began streaming onto the pier—men, women, children. A little boy raced back and forth, screaming shrilly; he saw a gull and began to flap his arms as best he could in his stiff chinchilla coat. Two customs officers came; porters came, trundling trucks. "There she comes!" said someone, and everybody surged to the right.

Then he saw Althea.

She was alone, standing a little apart, straight and chic and self-possessed, in a short gray fur jacket and a small black hat; everything about her perfect, as usual; her gleaming high-heeled pumps, her

NOCTURNE

By Philip Jerome Cleveland

HOW many times nights grievous to be borne
Have been relieved by sudden bursts of song—
A few brave notes some bird flung from his wood,
Unconquerable where the shadows throng!
Close by the window, looking down the fields,
How often have I clutched that fragile trill
Of simple loveliness, heard scarce an hour
At midnight, when the tired world lay still!
Then have I thought of many things as vast
And wordless as the night. Is this my lot—
To sing a few small notes courageously
As sparrows in deep woods? As like as not
There is no nobler destiny than this—
To shatter fear and doubt, and round the shore
Of human things fling all the joys I know,
God is, and life is good; to give no more
Than this, and feel that I can rend the dark
With sure, brave music—any time I try—
For those who listen through the wind and rain,
Wistful and weary—yet none more so than I.

gloves, her purse, everything expensive—and entirely right. "She doesn't look stricken," he said to himself. "Maybe I'm just a fool." But he remembered how she had looked last night, and remembered what she had said.

He made his way through the crowd to her side.

"Althea?"

She turned quickly, with a lovely, startled look. "Why, Johnny!" she said. "What are *you* doing here?"

"I wanted to see you," he said. "I may be going away, and I wanted to see you."

The ship came in sight now, sliding past a window, looking enormous.

"Going away, Johnny?"

"Yes. I wanted to see you. I'm afraid I've said that before."

She looked up at him, with her own little smile, gay, but always doubtful.

"I want to tell you I love you," he said.

He felt dizzy, lost, looking down into her clear gray eyes.

"And still you're going away?" she asked.

"Unavoidable," he said, and stopped looking at her. "Anyhow, I want you to know. I love you. I loved you the first time I saw you, and it went on, getting worse. You're the bravest and sweetest and loveliest girl that ever lived—and thank you for being alive in the world."

The gangplank went down with a rattle of chains.

She gave him a quick, sidelong look and laid her hand on his arm. "Wait, will you, Johnny?"

"Darling, no!" he said in a sort of panic. "I can't."

But her gloved hand closed over his sleeve. "There's Mother!" she said.

A beautiful mother, dark, slender, and elegant, unsmiling, serious, even a little tragic.

"*Darling!*" she said, and kissed Althea. "Darling, this is Mr. McGowan, an old friend of Sue's. Wasn't it curious, our meeting in Havana? Nick, this is my baby."

Mr. McGowan was tall, lean, and nonchalant; he shook hands with Althea. Johnny had stepped aside, and no one noticed him. He was looking on with a sort of frown.

"Nick," said Althea's mother, "will you look after that case of rum? It's something *very* choice," she explained to her daughter. "A bottle will make a wonderful Christmas present."

MR. McGOWAN moved off, and mother and daughter were alone.

"Darling, I didn't have a *minute* to get those things you asked for."

"None of them?" asked Althea with a faint little smile.

"I'm so sorry! But—" she paused, glancing at her child with something like anxiety—"I'm sure we'll be able to buy exactly the same things right here in New York, darling. We'll have a beautiful day shopping as soon as I have a free moment, darling. Oh, Nick! Oh, my keys? How nice of you to look after my luggage!"

"Are you coming home to lunch, Mother?"

"Darling," said her mother, "when Nick's been so very helpful and kind, I can't just walk off and leave him, can I? I'll see you at dinner, of *course*, Baby. I shouldn't *dream* of going out to dinner my first night home."

"I'll tell Adams to wait here for you, Mother."

"No, baby dearest! Nick has his car here. Let Adams take you home."

"Mother," said Althea, "this is Johnny Provost."

"How nice!" said her mother, with a smile for Johnny. "I *think* these are the right keys, Nick."

"Be seeing you, Mother!" said Althea. "Come on, Johnny!"

He went with her along the pier to the stairs. "*That's* her devoted, loving mother, is it?" he said to himself. "All right! I hope the girl doesn't realize what a superb egotist the woman is. What a callous—"

"Johnny," said Althea, "would you like to come home to lunch with me?"

"Sorry, dear, but—"

The crowd leaving the pier jostled them; they went off to one side.

"I'd be—frightfully glad if you *could* come," she said. "There won't be anyone else—just you and I."

The poor little devil—looking forward so to her mother's homecoming.

"Suppose you come out to lunch somewhere with me?"

"I'd ever so much rather go back to Grandma's, if you don't mind," she said.

"But how about Grandma? What would she say if she heard—?"

"She wouldn't say anything," said Althea. "Nobody would. Nobody knows what I do or whom I see, and nobody—gives a damn." She looked straight at him. "All that about having to get home at a certain minute—about keeping our meetings so secret—that was just a build-up, Johnny."

"But—Althea! Why?"

"So that I'd seem—more valuable," she said. "I wanted to give the whole thing a sort of glamour. Nobody really cared when I got home. Nobody would even have known. I have my latchkey and my own suite. Well, the build-up rather broke down this morning, didn't it?"

He did not know what to say; he could not adjust himself to this new view of her all in an instant.

"I'm not being—bitter," she went on. "Mother and Father and Grandma are all very fond of me. Only they're busy with their own affairs. And they think I'm pretty sensible and levelheaded. They don't worry about me. I'm not one *bit* sorry for myself! It's probably better for you to be—let alone, than to have people fussing over you."

Maybe. Maybe it was fine to be given a latchkey and let alone at eighteen. Maybe it was wonderfully beneficial for your mother to forget to bring some little thing you'd asked for, just to give you a kiss and see you later. But maybe it wasn't so fine. Maybe it was forlorn to be eighteen and look like a little princess when nobody really cared.

"Wasn't there ever anyone who—" he paused for the word—"anyone who put you first?"

That question, or perhaps it was his voice, nearly broke her down; she turned away her head, and her clear little profile looked stern, except that her upper lip trembled.

"Let's get going," she said, and they went down the stairs to the street.

The car was waiting, the opulent car that had waited for her last night. He recalled that little white-and-silver figure going along the street alone.

"You managed the glamour very well," he said.

"Not so very well," said she.

The car started smoothly; they sat there side by side.

"I want you to know that you *did*," he said. "If I live to be ninety, I'll remember just how you looked, and just what you said. There'll never be anything so glamorous in my life."

"Even when you know it was a build-up? Even if you know that every time I met you in those queer places and put on the Cinderella act about having to get home before the clock struck, I could perfectly well have asked you to come to the hotel?"

"Even then."

"Well," she said, her head still averted, "suppose I told you that I'd checked on you?"

"Checked on me?" he repeated. "What d'you mean, dear?"

"I have a cousin who's with a credit insurance company; he's a nice boy. I asked him to find out all about you."

"What did he find out, I wonder?"

"Just what I expected!" she said. "That you were honest, that you were very talented, Johnny."

"Whom did he find *that* out from?" asked Provost.

She didn't answer for a moment. "I hope you don't mind," she said then. "It wasn't that I didn't trust you, Johnny. It was just that I'd promised myself I'd do that when I met anyone—I liked."

She paused, and he saw her moisten her lips with the tip of her tongue. Her voice was pretty steady; her face didn't give her away, but she was nervous, poor little devil!

"You see," she said, "I wanted to be sensible."

"I see!" he said, so touched that it was hard to speak quietly.

"Well, it didn't work," she said.

"I think it did."

"No," she said. "Not the—glamour part of it. And I worked hard on that. Last night, for instance, I hadn't been anywhere. I just got dressed in a new dress at half-past eleven, and went to that drugstore. But I guess that if you're not—romantic, you can't fake it."

"Aren't you romantic?"

"Well, you can see for yourself," she said. "I'm pretty practical."

The car stopped before a well-known hotel; the chauffeur sprang out nimbly and opened the door; out they got and entered the lobby. She led the way toward the elevators, and he followed her. They shot up to the twenty-first floor, she rang a bell, and a thin, sallow woman in black opened the door.

"Is Grandma at home, Maria?" she asked.

"Madame is resting," said the other tartly. "She is not to be disturbed until three o'clock."

"All right!" said Althea. "This way, Johnny."

She led him along the corridor to another door and opened it with a latchkey; they entered a sitting room, neat, furnished with impeccable taste in white and gray, with professional notes of blue here and there.

"Is this your room?" he asked. "Do you sit here by yourself sometimes?"

"Plenty of times," she said. "I'll order some lunch sent up—if you'd like that, Johnny?"

"Yes. Yes, thanks, I'd like that," he said.

She went into the next room to telephone; he heard her clear little voice. "Room service? Miss Charter speaking—2119. Will you read me the specials for lunch, please?"

"She knows her way round," he thought. "She said she was pretty practical. But, my God! *This* is all she's got. She's eighteen, and so sweet—and they've shoved her off here. Glamorous? Glamorous? About as much glamour here as you'd find in a furniture store. Grandma, who must not be disturbed—is *that* so? And Mother's gone to lunch with Nick. Well, well!"

"Johnny, what's the matter? You look so angry."

"That's something you couldn't get anyone to check on. My disposition."

"I checked on that myself," she said, sitting down in an armchair. She looked so little; she looked—

"Althea!" he said. "Are you tired?"

"Sort of," she answered. "I got up early to meet the ship."

"Althea, look here! Tell them not to send up that lunch!"

She sprang up briskly and went to the telephone, countermanded the order. "Why, Johnny?" she asked.

"You're a very remarkable girl," he said. "You do what I want first before you ask any questions."

"All right! Now tell me!"

"I thought—how about going to my studio and getting ourselves some lunch? I'll go to the store and get eggs, spaghetti, cheese, and I'll get a bottle of Chianti. We'll cook it and eat it there in a cloud of dust and smell of turpentine. I think that would be glamorous."

"I think so, too, Johnny," she said sedately, but there was a sudden light in her blue eyes, a gaiety in her face he had never seen before.

"Wait till you see that studio! Four flights of stairs to walk up."

"I don't mind stairs."

"Wait till you see my friends. They're all crazy."

"I *like* crazy people."

He caught her in his arms, lifting her off her feet; he kissed her and set her down. And she caught him around the neck, pulled down his head, and kissed his cheek.

"Althea," he said, "I was afraid I didn't have anything to give you. But I have! I've got glamour!"

"Well, I always thought you had," she told him with a wavering little smile.

And also, he said, "Althea, I love you, if you know what I mean."

"Sure, I know!" she said.

An Only Daughter—An Only Child—And This Is Her Wedding Day. On Such A Day, What Goes Through The Mind Of The Mother Of The Bride?

"BEGINNING AGAIN"

By

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Is A Poignant Document, A Superb Story Of Love, That Only Women Will Really Understand.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

The Lady Is A Belle

(*Continued from page 14*)

have that much concentration, and it's hard for them to see that they need it. It's particularly hard to apply yourself to the matter in hand if you have chosen to do something that you can do with boys, which is usually the best plan. Something like dancing or tennis or swimming or bridge or entertaining or any one of a hundred other things. The trick lies in really becoming so interested in learning to do that thing *just as well as you can possibly do it that you actually and sincerely look upon the boy merely as an aid in helping you to become an expert.*

Once you have done this—not half-heartedly, with one eye and two-thirds of your mind on the boy, but with as much attention as though your companion were another girl—you'll find your problem fading. This is bound to be true. First, because you will forget about self-consciousness, which blurs anyone's attractiveness. Second, because the boy will share your interest in the sport and like your proficiency. Third, because he will sense the fact that you aren't angling for him as a beau, which affects the boys most worth knowing like a scratchy collar.

IN ADDITION to the effect this course will have on current prospects, everything it teaches you will be an asset later on. The girl who is good in three sports has three times the chance the girl who is good at only one has, when it comes to cultivating friends at a house party or summer resort. By the time you've learned several, you may really feel that the boy you now long to attract is an unimportant incident. And if you've developed that much, you are equipped to interest a more interesting man.

Incidentally, you will have so many resources that if you find yourself in a place where no dates are possible, you won't mind half so much. But it is one of the inconsistencies of life that those who wouldn't mind aren't the ones to be dateless. If they don't know many boys or men, they are the ones with enterprise enough to join some social organization in a church or a "Y," or a dancing class or tennis club or beach club or country club. Once in, they realize that they have to contribute something in the way of cooperation and that sitting in a corner and feeling neglected won't get them far.

If you find all this hard to believe, look around at the most popular girls among your friends. How many merely sit and exude appeal? Don't they ride well or dance well or talk so well that you know they have taken the trouble to be interested in a good many subjects and learn about them? Or aren't they capable when it comes to running a party? And don't they put their minds on these things from a sincere interest in them, instead of half-doing them, with one fluttering eye on a fascinating young man?

There are a few exceptions, but their appeal is seldom lasting. They flit from date to date right through life, seldom with the same partner for very long. As for the others, you will find that each has her specialty or specialties, regardless of dates. That's why the lady is a belle.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE

"When you see a woman in sables and pearls speak to a little errand girl or a footman or a scullery maid as though they were dirt under her feet, you may be sure of one thing: she hasn't come a very long way from the ground herself."

—Emily Post, *Etiquette*

Half done is Well done

SAYS CHRISTOPHER BROOKS

THEY often do things by halves in Good Housekeeping's Beauty Clinic—shampoo half a head, use creams, rouge or powder on half a face, color the nails on one hand. But surprisingly, the result is a very thorough job of testing cosmetics from the standpoint of practical use. You see, the *other half* is always done too, but with a preparation of known effectiveness. A comparison of *both halves* then tells the story.

The Beauty Clinic is a fully equipped, altogether practical beauty salon. In it Ruth Murrin, Beauty Editor, supervises actual use tests of cosmetics seeking the Seal of Approval of Good Housekeeping Bureau. After the Bureau completes its laboratory tests—for purity and safety come first, of course—the Beauty Clinic finds out for you if it really will contribute to your good looks.

About two hundred girls and women who differ widely in age and other characteristics serve the Beauty Clinic as a voluntary and comprehensive testing group. With their help, too, is developed, tested, and proved much of the good looks advice you find every month in Good Housekeeping. It is information tried and true.

If the Beauty Clinic *disapproves* a product, it cannot have the Seal of Approval, cannot be advertised in Good Housekeeping, even if laboratory analysis gives it a clean bill. Like Good Housekeeping Institute and Bureau, Beauty Clinic tests are free, and make no distinction between non-advertised and advertised products.

CONSUMERS' FORUM

★

● What does "guaranteed by Good Housekeeping" mean?

Our guaranty (which you will find stated in every issue on page 6) simply means that we stand squarely back of every product advertised on the basis of the claims made for it in Good Housekeeping and that we have fully verified all such claims.

● Sometimes I can't make use of the protection of your Advertising Guaranty because I can't find advertised products in local stores.

We've solved that problem to a great extent by our unique "Phone-to-Find-It" shoppers' information service. See page 10 (in any issue) for details.

★

● Who sets your testing standards — manufacturers or yourselves?

Our testing standards are entirely our own and are based on consumer needs, not manufacturers' wishes. We test primarily for the benefit of consumers to find out what products are satisfactory for their use.

● Do you encourage visitors to your laboratories?

Indeed, yes. Good Housekeeping Institute Beauty Clinic, Bureau and other departments are open to the public daily (except Saturday and Sunday) from 9 to noon and 1:30 to 5 o'clock. No invitation is needed. Just drop in. Groups are asked to make advance arrangements so as not to conflict with other groups.

★

Ask Consumers Forum any questions you may have about Good Housekeeping's Advertising Guaranty and the standards and tests behind our Seals of Approval.

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