

# The Answer To Christmas Tipping

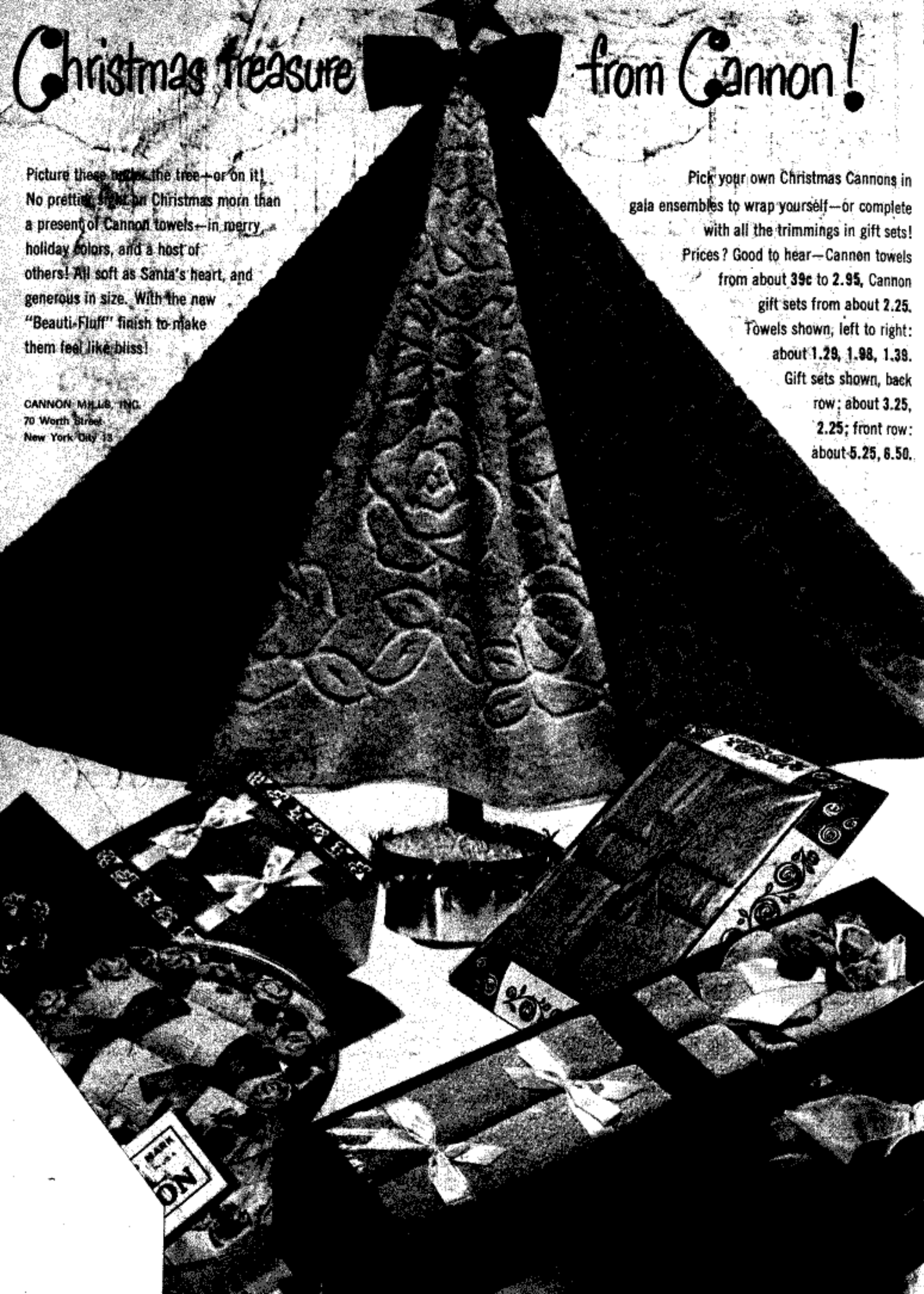
GOOD NIGHTS EVERYBODY

DECEMBER 195

40c

ANNUAL  
CHRISTMAS  
ISSUE





# Christmas treasure from Cannon!

Picture these under the tree—or on it! No prettier sight on Christmas morn than a present of Cannon towels—in merry holiday colors, and a host of others! All soft as Santa's heart, and generous in size. With the new "Beauti-Fluff" finish to make them feel like bliss!

CANNON MILLS, INC.  
70 Worth Street  
New York City 13

Pick your own Christmas Cannons in gala ensembles to wrap yourself—or complete with all the trimmings in gift sets! Prices? Good to hear—Cannon towels from about 39¢ to 2.95, Cannon gift sets from about 2.25. Towels shown, left to right: about 1.29, 1.98, 1.39. Gift sets shown, back row: about 3.25, 2.25; front row: about 5.25, 6.50.

CANNON



You can be confident you're keeping your mouth and breath more wholesome, sweeter, cleaner — if you guard against tooth decay and gum troubles *both*. Never risk halfway dental care. Depend on *doubly-effective* Ipana care for better all-around mouth protection.

**Fight tooth decay and gum troubles both—**

**to keep your Whole Mouth Wholesome!**

**Only one leading tooth paste is specially designed to give you this double protection!\***

Yours can be a healthier, more wholesome mouth—if you follow the advice of dentists: fight not only tooth decay but *gum troubles, too*.

With one famous tooth paste—\*with Ipana and massage—you can guard your teeth and gums **BOTH**.

No other tooth paste — ammoniated or otherwise — has been proved more effective than Ipana to *fight tooth decay*. And

no other leading tooth paste is specially designed to stimulate gum circulation—*promote healthier gums*.

Remember, Ipana is the only leading tooth paste made especially to give you this doubly-protective, doubly-effective care.

So be *sure* of double protection — keep your whole mouth "Ipana Wholesome." Ipana's wholesome flavor is refreshing, too—you'll enjoy it. Get Ipana today.

**Teach your children doubly-effective Ipana care**

To help your youngsters grow up with healthier, cleaner mouths, show them how to fight tooth decay and gum troubles *both*. Remember, tooth decay hits *9 out of 10* children before the age of six. And later in life, gum troubles cause *more than half* of all tooth losses. So start your children today on the Ipana way to healthier teeth and gums *both*. Ipana is another dependable Bristol-Myers product.

**NEW!**  
Big economy size Ipana  
saves you up to 23¢



**IPANA**

**For healthier teeth, healthier gums**

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## "PAGAN LOVE SONG"

An M-G-M Musical starring  
**ESTHER HOWARD  
WILLIAMS · KEEL**

Color by **TECHNICOLOR**

Screen Play by ROBERT NATHAN and  
JERRY DAVIS. Based on the Book "TAHITI  
LANDFALL" by WILLIAM S. STONE  
Music by HARRY WARREN  
Lyrics by ARTHUR FREED

Directed by . . . ROBERT ALTON  
Produced by . . . ARTHUR FREED



Lap us in a hammock, with a carafe of coconut juice near at hand and we die happy. We've just seen "Pagan Love Song" and we've gone native.

Now, how do you suppose M-G-M knew that everybody has a tropical island in his heart? Ours is furnished with glowing Esther Williams, in her most languorous, glamorous role to date, handsome Howard Keel, the sensational baritone who can lift the top off our bamboo cottage any day, as well as assorted graceful and happy-go-lucky Tahitians romping in an island paradise almost too beautiful to be real. But it is real, and Technicolor does full justice to palm-fringed Kauai, the island where "Pagan Love Song" was filmed.

There are other kinds of scenery, too. As a nicely Americanized semi-Tahitian, Esther Williams is in her element (watery, of course!) as she bewitches or bewitches a very green plantation owner from the States. This is youthful, handsome Howard Keel, who soon catches the island contagion of making work seem like play and making love night and day. And who could resist? When all the girls slip around in sarongs, dancing the hula!

Did you know that the tune "Pagan Love Song" was written, years ago, by Arthur Freed? Same Arthur Freed who produced this musical and many others. Mr. Freed has written lyrics to Harry Warren's music, a number of new songs for the picture which are excellent. Listen for "Why Is Love So Crazy?", "The House of Singing Bamboo" and "Sea of The Moon" among others.

Our best recommendation to you, is to heed the call in the title song, "Come with me . . . where moonbeams . . . light Tahitian skies . . ." See "Pagan Love Song"!

Technicolor Footnote! Currently "King Solomon's Mines" in Technicolor is entralling audiences. And more Technicolor treasures are on the way from M-G-M . . . "Kim", "Across The Wide Missouri" and, of course, "Quo Vadis".

(Advertisement)

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Among the **SECONDARY INVADERS** are the following: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus viridans, Friedlander's bacillus, Streptococcus hemolyticus, Bacillus influenzae, Micrococcus catarrhalis, Staphylococcus aureus.



**When this happens... these germs may invade tissue...**

Wet feet, or cold feet, may so lower body resistance that germs in the throat called the Secondary Invaders can get the upper hand.

Here are some of the Secondary Invaders which many authorities think responsible for most of a cold's misery. Anything that lowers body resistance makes it easier for them to invade the tissue. Listerine Antiseptic often halts such an invasion.

**you start sneezing!**

That sneeze, or cough, or snuffle is usually a sign that you may be in for a cold... that you should start fighting it with Listerine Antiseptic.

# Gargle

## LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—QUICK!

**The safe, direct way to attack colds and sore throat**

That Listerine Antiseptic gargle gets right to the seat of the trouble... the threatening germs in the throat shown above. They can cause most of a cold's misery when they invade the tissue. Listerine Antiseptic kills them by millions on throat surfaces.

So, if you gargle Listerine Antiseptic early, you may head off a cold entirely or lessen its severity, once started.

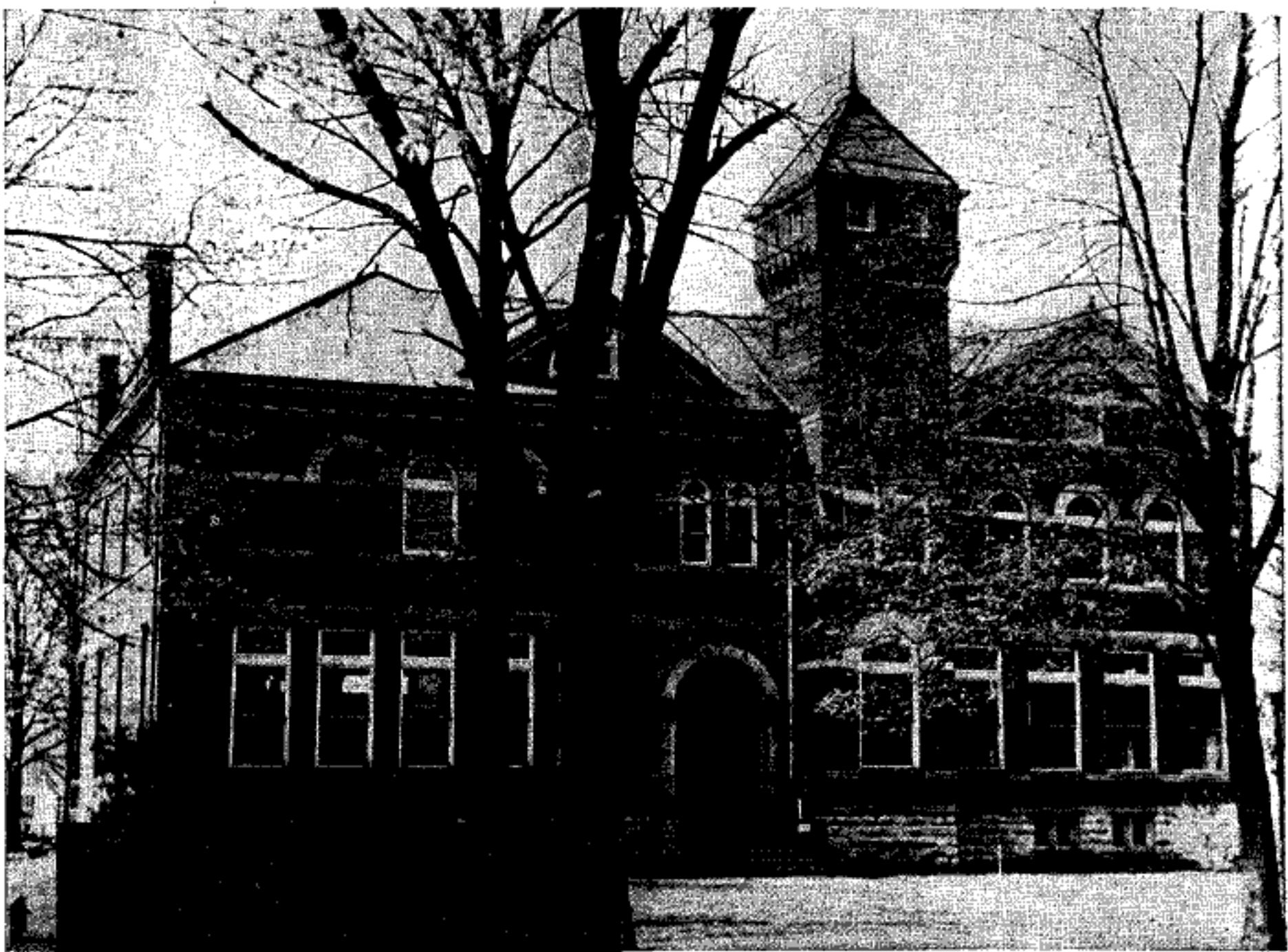
The Listerine Antiseptic way is a safe way, a direct way, with none of the undesirable side-effects of some so-called "miracle drugs". It has a wonderful record against colds and sore throat.

Tests made during twelve years showed that those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and sore throats—and generally milder ones—than those who did not gargle.

So, if you feel a cold coming on, or your throat is scratchy, get busy with Listerine Antiseptic at once, no matter what else you do. Attack the infection before it attacks you.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.





# New Harmony

Helen Elliott's father lived alone in a big house in the small town of New Harmony, Indiana. He was almost eighty, and he needed her. So, after living in Indianapolis twenty-seven years, she was saying good-bye to her friends. Without exception they were dismayed. "What on earth will you do with yourself in that poky little place?" they cried.

Lester and Aline Reynolds, of Evansville, were saying good-bye, too. They had decided to give up their jobs on a big-city newspaper and move to New Harmony for the "peace and quiet" of running a weekly. "You may get peace and quiet," their friends told them, "but you'll be bored beyond endurance in a town that size."

This kind of talk naturally led to misgivings—which were "filed and forgotten," as Lester said, "in a matter of weeks." For New Harmony, a 1,400-person speck on the Wabash River, sprawling personably and prosperously under the boughs of a thousand golden-rain trees, engulfs both natives and neophytes in a monumental whirl of community activities. Everybody, from Miss Mary Emily Fauntleroy, who engagingly celebrated her ninety-second birthday by sending greeting cards to all her friends, to the smallest cub scout, is so full of civic adrenalin that it is an uncommon week when the town isn't exercised about some local project.

"Heavens," Miss Elliott said recently, "I've never been

The town's 30,000-volume library attracts many visitors

so busy in my life. Church affairs, the Woman's Club, the Commercial Club, the Golden Rain Tree Association, the Conservation Society, the Museum Committee, our welfare work, our restoration meetings, our Festival."

New Harmony projects come in assorted sizes: small (the recent drive to install lamplighter-type signposts on every corner in town), medium (the never-ending campaign to add history-worthy belongings to the town's museum and rare historical volumes to its Workingman's Institute Library), and large (the annual Golden Rain Tree Festival, which involves the year-round labors of everybody in town over the age of four and the personal appearance on stage of a quarter of the population).

Twelve years ago, in her eightieth year, Miss Fauntleroy conceived the idea of the Festival, and the town raised \$1,500 to present it. Since then the citizenry has performed annually before about five thousand enchanted visitors. The Festival takes its name from the town's distinctive, yellow-blooming Oriental trees, which got their start a hundred years ago, when a traveling citizen sent back some rare *Koelreuteria paniculata* seeds. The trees are now in every yard and park, and literally rain golden petals during the month of June.

The Festival is a pageant (Continued on page 235)

**Each issue Good Housekeeping reports  
on some American community**

*Next month we feature Wall, South Dakota*

**BY KATHARINE BEST AND  
KATHARINE HILLYER**

★ ★ **Dandier** THAN 'YANKEE DOODLE DANDY' ★ ★ ★  
 Warner Bros' Song-Spangled, Colors-Flying Salute to Uncle Sam's own Cadets



It's the first time  
 Jimmy's been  
 seen in anything  
 like this since  
 "Yankee Doodle  
 Dandy"!

JAMES **CAGNEY** VIRGINIA **MAYO** DORIS **DAY** GORDON **MACRAE** GENE **NELSON**

**"THE WEST POINT STORY"**



WITH ALAN HALE, JR. DIRECTED BY ROY DEL RUTH • PRODUCED BY LOUIS F. EDELMAN  
 Screen Play by JOHN MONKS, Jr., CHARLES HOFFMAN & IRVING WALLACE • From a Story by IRVING WALLACE • Songs by Jule Styne and Sammy Cahn  
 Musical Direction by Ray Heindorf • Dance Numbers Directed by LeRoy Prinz









# WHY NO GIFT COMPARES WITH THE GIFT OF SLEEP...

Learn why no pillow compares with **PLAYTEX®**—the sensational foam pillow that gives deep, restful sleep to everyone in the family!



**Mother sleeps wonderfully**, for patented **PLAYTEX "staggered core"** construction cradles her head in the most restful position! Her Pillow always looks freshly plumped!



**Dad knows what's new** in the world of science—knows that his **PLAYTEX Superfoam™** Pillow resists harmful germs, fungi and microbe infection!\*



**Junior is out of this world** on his **PLAYTEX Pillow**—it's so light and buoyant! Made of the finest quality latex, **PLAYTEX** is never sold as a "second" or "irregular."



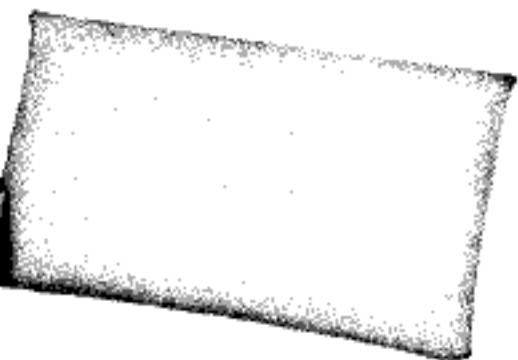
**Grandpa's PLAYTEX Pillow doesn't** get hot or perspiration-soaked like feather pillows—no feather dust allergies, either! It's a blessed relief to allergy sufferers.



**Sister gets "air-conditioned" sleep**—microscopic air cells inside the **PLAYTEX Pillow** actually "breathe." She likes the **EXTRA PLUMP** thickness, Mom likes the **REGULAR** height.



**Grandma has bought** many a pillow—knows good value. She prefers the **PLAYTEX Pillow**, with its extra-fine washable Sanforized cover and its many years of quality wear.



*Beautifully gift-packaged.  
At department stores, furniture  
stores and sleep shops everywhere.*

**CHOOSE YOUR FAVORITE PILLOW HEIGHT!**  
**Regular Height**, in white, pink or blue, extra-fine Sanforized cotton cover . . . **\$9.95**  
**Extra Plump**, in white, pink or blue, extra-fine Sanforized cotton cover . . . . . **\$10.95**

*Also, luxurious non-slip rayon satin covers, or concealed zippers, slightly higher.*

**No other gift that gives so much costs so little!**

**INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORPORATION**  
**Playtex Park** ©1950 T.M. **Dover Del.**

\*U. S. Testing Co., Inc. Report No. 10859

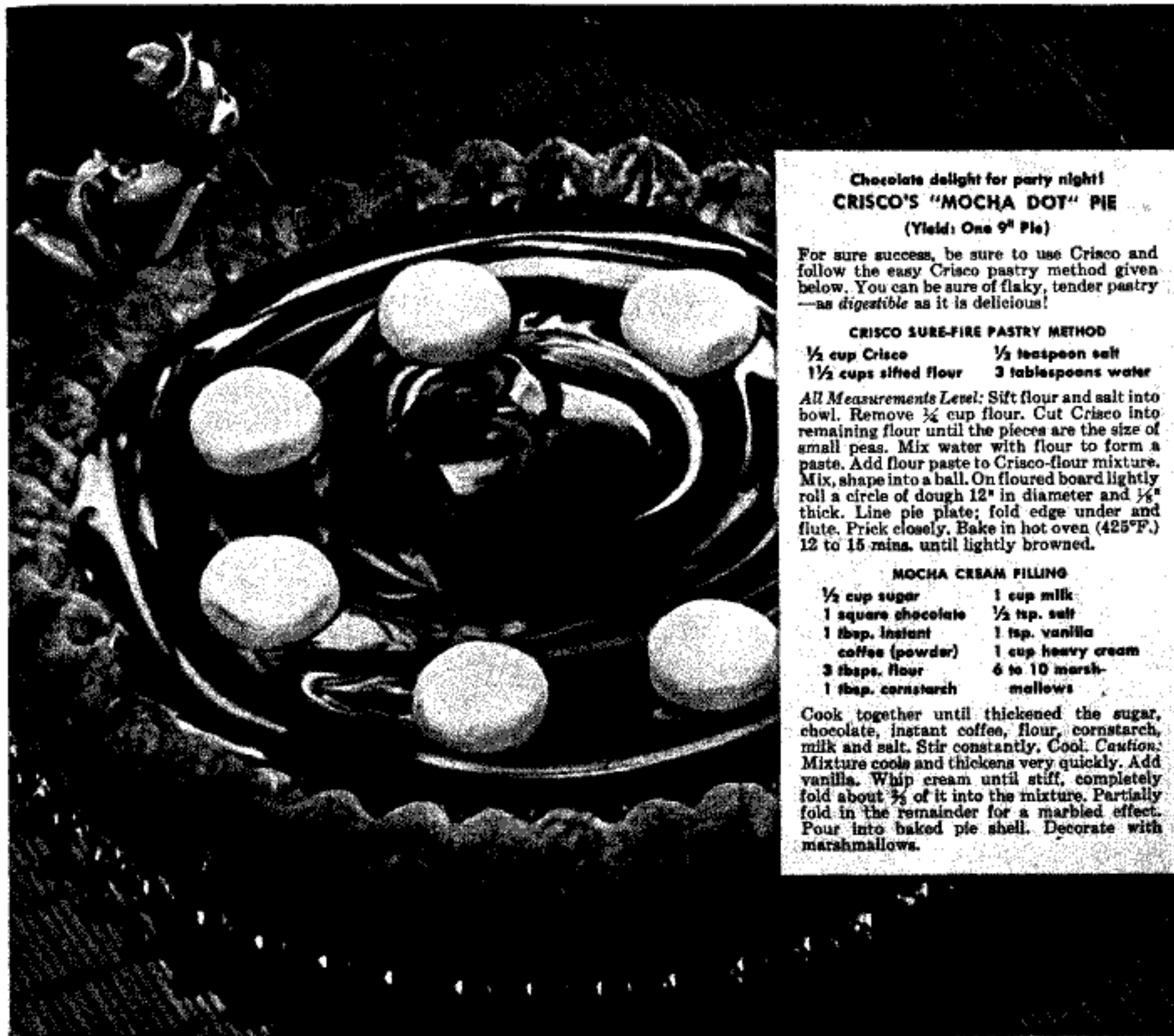


# O pen season!

God rest ye, merry family,  
Let nothing you dismay—  
But keep the tags and presents matched  
Upon this Christmas Day!  
*Who sent which tie—the blue?—the green?*  
The doll? The slip? The dress?

Do you *know*—or will it be  
Anybody's guess?  
A present is pleasant, but just the same,  
It's cricket to ticket *whence* it came.  
Let the welkin ring and raise the rafter,  
But *someone* make notes for the morning after.

**BY HARRIET LA BARRE**



Chocolate delight for party night!  
**CRISCO'S "MOCHA DOT" PIE**  
 (Yield: One 9" Pie)

For sure success, be sure to use Crisco and follow the easy Crisco pastry method given below. You can be sure of flaky, tender pastry—as digestible as it is delicious!

**CRISCO SURE-FIRE PASTRY METHOD**

½ cup Crisco                      ½ teaspoon salt  
 1½ cups sifted flour          3 tablespoons water

*All Measurements Level:* Sift flour and salt into bowl. Remove ¼ cup flour. Cut Crisco into remaining flour until the pieces are the size of small peas. Mix water with flour to form a paste. Add flour paste to Crisco-flour mixture. Mix, shape into a ball. On floured board lightly roll a circle of dough 12" in diameter and ⅛" thick. Line pie plate; fold edge under and flute. Prick closely. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) 12 to 15 mins. until lightly browned.

**MOCHA CREAM FILLING**

½ cup sugar                      1 cup milk  
 1 square chocolate          ½ tsp. salt  
 1 tbap. instant                1 tsp. vanilla  
   coffee (powder)          1 cup heavy cream  
 3 tbaps. flour                 6 to 10 marsh-  
 1 tbap. cornstarch            mallows

Cook together until thickened the sugar, chocolate, instant coffee, flour, cornstarch, milk and salt. Stir constantly. Cool. Caution: Mixture cools and thickens very quickly. Add vanilla. Whip cream until stiff, completely fold about ⅓ of it into the mixture. Partially fold in the remainder for a marbled effect. Pour into baked pie shell. Decorate with marshmallows.

*It's flaky! It's tender!*  
*It's made with Crisco!*



**Crisco—The One and Only—  
 discovered this sure way  
 to Perfect Pie Crust**

**Company coming?** Here's your pie! Its sweet 'n' creamy chocolate filling is partied up with coffee flavor and set off in golden glory by a flaky, tender Crisco crust! And it's yours—for *sure*—the Crisco way!

Yes, with pure, all-vegetable Crisco and Crisco's sure-fire pastry method, even a *beginner* can be sure of a flaky, tender pie crust every time! *Digestible*

pie crust, too! 9 out of 10 *doctors* say Crisco is digestible.

**Why wait?** Get compliments for flaky-light pies that *you* create! Crisco makes it easy. For shortening is the most important ingredient in pie crust, and Crisco is the finest shortening money can buy! No wonder more women cook with Crisco than any other brand of shortening!



For Cakes and Pies and Tasty Fries—

**use Crisco**  
**IT'S DIGESTIBLE!**

# Holiday Ham Loaf

A GAY AND ZESTFUL RECIPE BY ANNE MARSHALL

1 pound ground veal  
1 pound ground ham  
1 cup bread crumbs  
½ teaspoon salt  
¼ teaspoon pepper  
3 tablespoons minced onion

3 tablespoons minced green pepper  
2 eggs, beaten  
¼ cup ketchup  
¼ cup water  
1 can (1¼ cups) Campbell's  
Tomato Soup

Combine ingredients in order given, mixing thoroughly. Pack ham loaf firmly into a greased 9" x 4" x 4" loaf pan. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for 1 hour. Pour off juice, loosen edges, and invert on platter. Garnish with green pepper holly leaves and pimiento holly berries or sliced stuffed olives and sprigs of parsley. Equally good, hot or cold. Serves 8.

**Tomato-Horseradish Sauce:** Mix 2 tablespoons horseradish, 2 teaspoons prepared mustard, a dash of powdered cloves, a sprinkle of black pepper and 1 can (1¼ cups) Campbell's Tomato Soup. Serve hot with hot ham loaf, or cold on ham loaf sandwiches.

## Make it with America's Favorite Tomato Cooking Sauce

Flavor makes the dish, so why take chances? Campbell's Tomato Soup is tops in flavor and favor . . . used more than any other brand of any tomato product as a cooking and pour-on sauce! . . . That's because Campbell's is double-rich, double-thick, just as it comes from the can . . . smoother . . . better-tasting . . . a real purée of choice tomatoes, table butter, and gentle *balanced* seasonings . . . 17 fine ingredients in all. The chances are, you have Campbell's Tomato Soup on your kitchen shelf right now. Try cooking with it...today!

**Yes . . . CAMPBELL'S TOMATO SOUP MAKES THE BEST TOMATO COOKING SAUCE YOU EVER TASTED!**

DELICIOUS AS A SOUP...  
AS A POUR-ON SAUCE  
... AND IN COOKING



**FREE COOK BOOK** Mail coupon today to Anne Marshall, Campbell Soup Co., Dept. G 12, Camden 1, N. J.

50 PAGES  
99 DISHES  
FULL COLOR

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# Who's Who Cooks

This month it's our Institute Hostess

Mrs. Shirley Payne Randolph, Institute hostess, was born in Texas, of Virginian parents. She combines the graciousness of Virginia with the "get up and go" of Texas when she takes readers and other guests through the Institute's seven kitchens and many laboratories. Although she has been doing this for a quarter of a century, auburn-haired "Champe" Randolph (the name fits her well) puts her zest for living into every tour.

Come Christmas, you'll find her officiating at an eggnog party in her Orleans Hotel apartment. She serves the eggnog from a blue punch bowl, set on a 150-year-old silver tray, and uses a ladle bequeathed her from the Carter side of the family.

### CHAMPE RANDOLPH'S SOUTHERN EGGNOG PARTY

*Down in Culpepper, Virginia,* we often served eggnog on Christmas morning. About eleven, folks would start dropping into the house.

*With it, we'd pass "tart" sandwiches* of cream cheese mixed with anchovy paste or blue cheese, some on crackers, others on bread made into thin sandwiches.

*Although my culinary department* now consists of a two-burner grill and a refrigerator (in what used to be a dressing room), I still have open house at Christmas.

**Grandmother Randolph's Eggnog  
"Tart" Sandwiches  
Thin Slices of Elegant Black Cake  
Salted Nuts**

*I came by the eggnog recipe* by marriage; the cookbook I use originally belonged to my husband's grandmother\*. The original recipe has been used by all the children with great success. We make a ritual of preparing the eggnog—you need a strong right arm.

### GRANDMOTHER RANDOLPH'S EGGNOG

First, I separate:  
12 eggs  
putting the whites in one large bowl and the yolks in another. After beating yolks till thick, I gradually add:  
1 cup granulated sugar

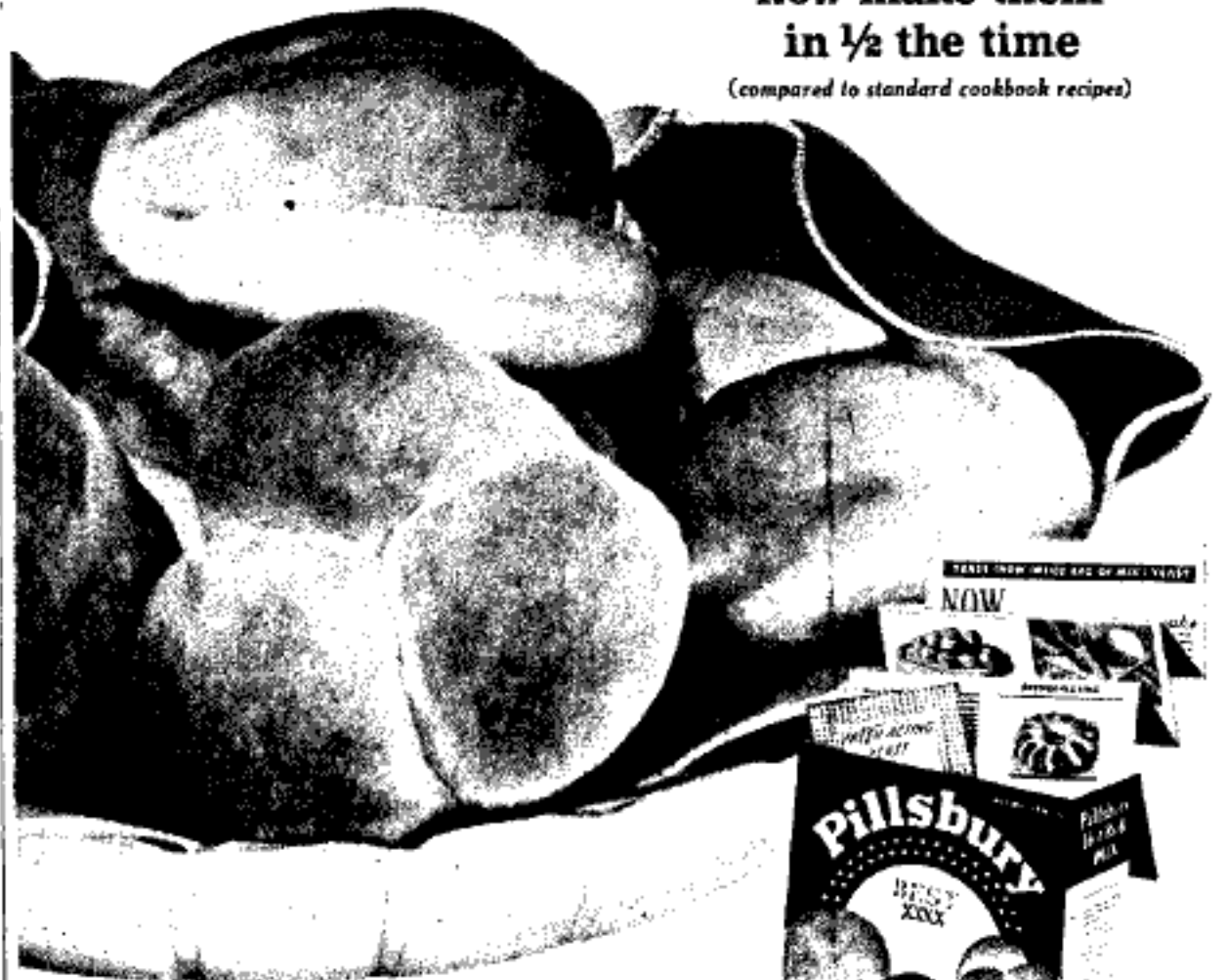


# "Mamma, you're terrific!"

*That's what your family will say when you serve them real homemade hot rolls like these*

**Now make them  
in 1/2 the time**

*(compared to standard cookbook recipes)*



beating after each addition till they're thick and lemon-colored. Then, while continuing to beat, I add, drop by drop:

1/2 cup brandy

The brandy cooks the yolks. Then I add, just as slowly:

1 1/2 cups whisky

1/4 cup peach brandy

After this mixture sets in a cool place overnight, I stir in:

1 1/2 qt. milk

1 1/4 teasp. nutmeg

At serving time, I beat whites till they peak when beater is raised, then fold smooth into milk mixture. Makes 2 qt.

*Of course, there were thin slices of an elegant black cake, heavy with fruit. To this day, my sister sends me one from Texas for the holidays. This sour-cream raisin cake I tasted at the Institute comes very close to the real thing:*

## BLACK SOUR-CREAM RAISIN CAKE

1 1/2 cups seedless raisins	soda
2 cups sifted enriched all-purpose flour	1 cup chopped walnuts, pecans, or almonds
1 1/2 cups granulated sugar	1 cup thick sour cream
1/2 cup cocoa	2 eggs
1 teasp. cinnamon	3 tablesp. melted shortening or salad oil
1 teasp. cloves	1 teasp. vanilla flavoring
1/2 teasp. nutmeg	
1 teasp. salt	
1 teasp. baking	

Heat oven to 325° F. (moderate). Grease 8" tube pan. Rinse raisins; drain; snip with scissors. Sift together next 8 ingredients. Mix in raisins and nuts. Add cream, eggs, shortening, and vanilla, all at once; beat well. Pour into tube pan. Bake in 325° F. oven 1 1/4 hr., or until cake tester inserted in center comes out clean. Invert on wire cake rack for about 5 min. Loosen and remove from pan. Makes 12 to 16 servings.

\*Mary Randolph, author of the famous cookbook *Virginia Housewife*, written in 1831 and filled with Southern delicacies.

*Cloupe Randolph*

Parade in with a plateful of your very own homemade rolls. And note the deep, satisfying glow you'll get from what your family says about you.

It doesn't take a lot of experience to accomplish this, either. Far from it. It's really easy, time-saving, and so sure in results.

Why not do yourself proud by giving your family your own homemade hot rolls tonight.

*Easy, quick, no experience needed with the new*

# Pillsbury HOT ROLL MIX

(WITH FRESH-ACTING YEAST)

*You and Ann Pillsbury  
can make a  
great team*



RECIPES right in the package show you how to make many other wonderful baked foods.

# NEW! "Beauty Glow" IVORY SNOW

Actually adds new beauty to lovely washables!



*rainbow-bright beauty for colors!*



*frosty-fresh beauty for dainty whites!*



*longer-lasting beauty for fine things!*

**new! exciting!**

*The one-and-only soap of its kind!*

Millions of women have known for years that Ivory Snow is the safest soap made for fine washables. Ivory-pure, and granulated for efficiency, too! No other soap like it!

Now this wonderful soap is more wonderful than ever. "Beauty Glow" Ivory Snow actually gives *new* loveliness to lovely things.

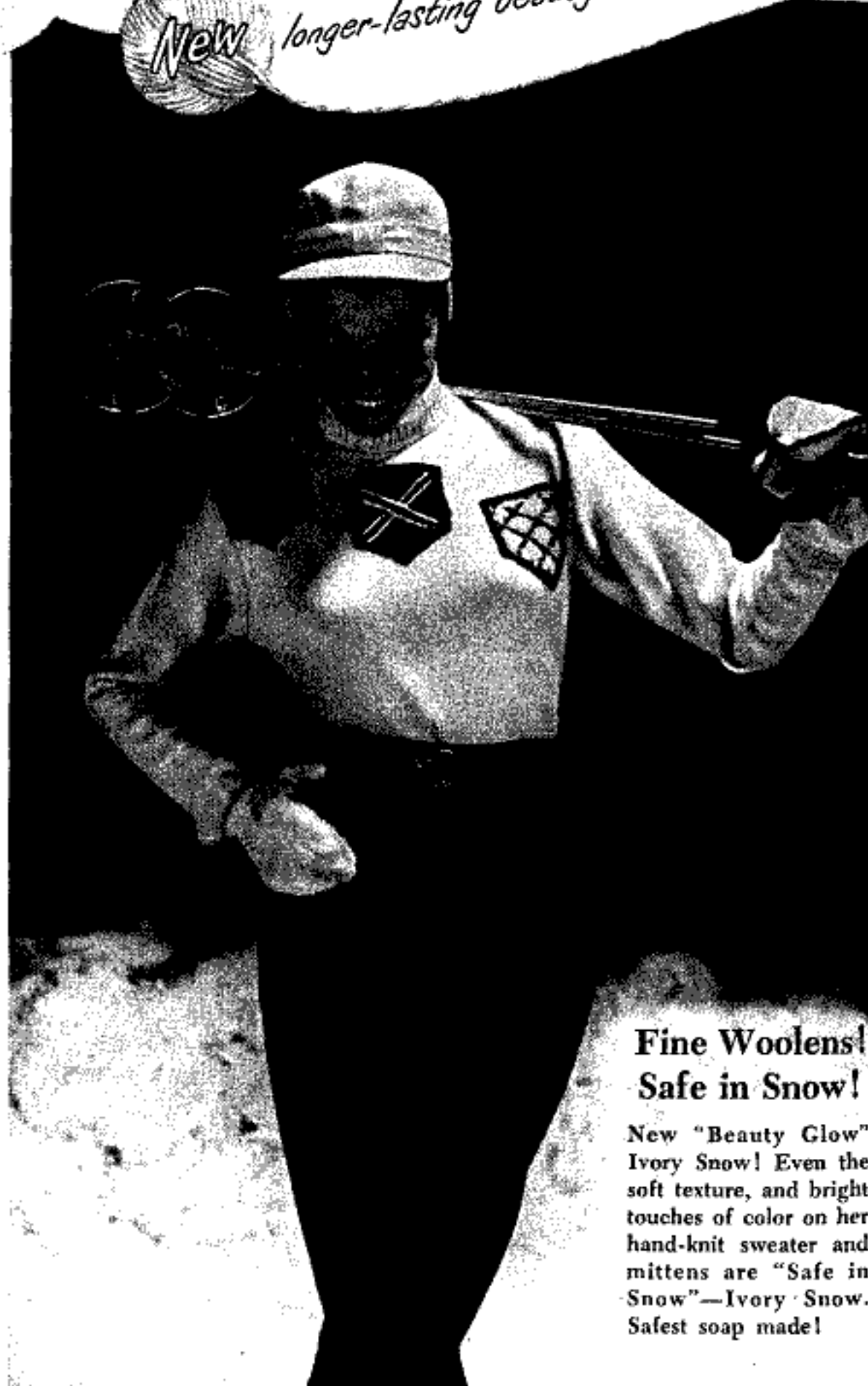


See the new rainbow brightness it gives colors. The fresh frosty new whiteness it gives dainty white fabrics and laces. How gentle Ivory Snow care keeps fluffy woolens and filmy nylons lovely *far* longer!

No other soap gives you all this. Ivory-mildness for super safety... 99 44/100% pure. Granulated form for instant suds, *even in cool water*. And glowing new beauty for fine things. Wonderful "Beauty Glow" Ivory Snow!



*Follow directions on the box. They're tested.*



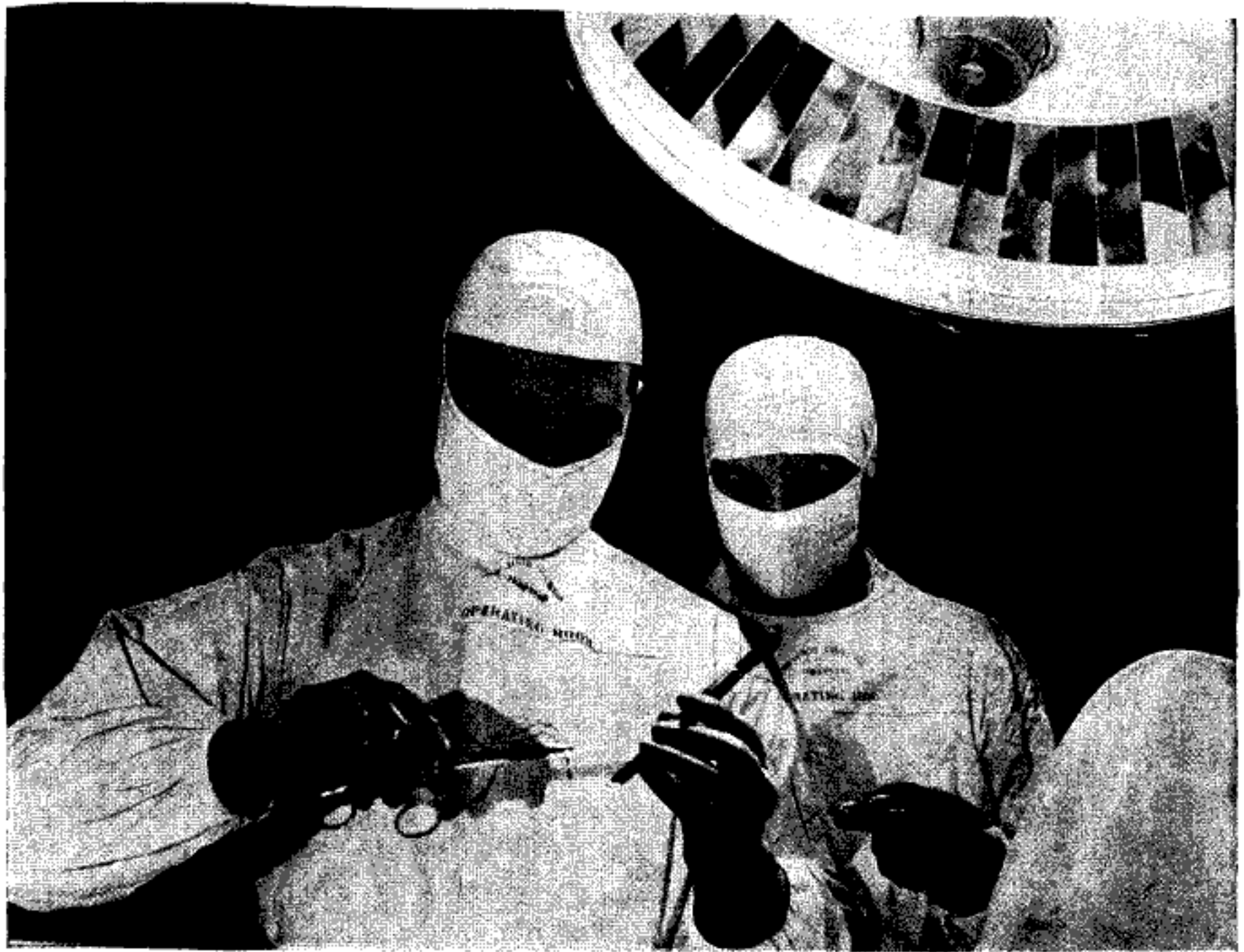
**Fine Woolens!  
Safe in Snow!**

New "Beauty Glow" Ivory Snow! Even the soft texture, and bright touches of color on her hand-knit sweater and mittens are "Safe in Snow"—Ivory Snow. Safest soap made!

*The Ivory Snow Sweater Girl's sweater and mittens are in Bernat Yarns. For knitting instructions, write Ivory Snow, Box 1280, Dept. G, New York 17, N. Y. For washing instructions, see the Ivory Snow package.*

**"Beauty Glow" IVORY SNOW**

*It's Ivory-mild...It's granulated for efficiency...There's no other soap like it!*



LAMBERT FROM LEWIS

# Why operations are safer today

BY MAXINE DAVIS

When a patient undergoes an operation today, his chances of recovery are excellent. Surgery is very much safer than it used to be, even in the recent past. For example, thirty years ago one woman in ten who underwent a Caesarean operation died; today only one woman in a hundred loses her life. Less than fifteen years ago a patient had only a fifty-fifty chance to survive a chest operation; today he takes less than a five percent risk.

Several factors are responsible for this great advance in surgical safety. The surgeon's skill has increased enormously; he can successfully perform far more complicated, lengthier operations than ever before. Some dramatic new drugs and procedures have been discovered. And equally if not more important are the measures the doctor takes before and after the operation.

The modern surgeon's first concern is making the patient ready for the operation. In the past, people died less often in the operating room than they did from postsurgical complications, such as pneumonia, heart failure, or kidney failure. Surgery is unquestionably a great strain on the system, particularly on the lungs, heart, and kidneys. So, unless the operation is an emergency, the doctor devotes considerable time and thought to studying his patient and preparing him for the experience.

First he takes the patient's complete medical history.

Past illnesses may give some clue as to what the surgeon should or should not do in selecting anesthetics, giving medication, and so on. Then he makes a number of tests. A very important one is the routine blood examination, which gives an extraordinary amount of information. The nurse draws a little blood from the patient's arm and sends it to the laboratory. There, the technician makes a blood count, to see whether the red cells are normal. The blood count shows whether or not the patient is anemic. If he is anemic, he may need a blood transfusion before the operation and often requires transfusions during and after surgery.

The blood count also shows whether or not some unsuspected infection exists. Another blood test, the blood-sedimentation test, also reveals the presence of infection. If the infection is not related to the ailment for which surgery is to be performed, the doctor may delay the operation until he can locate and treat the infection.

The laboratory also gives the surgeon a report on the patient's hemoglobin, the red chemical substance in the blood that carries oxygen to different parts of the body. The report reveals, too, how the patient's blood coagulates. This is very important in children. (Usually adults have long given some evidence of poor coagulation.) Most doctors and hospitals do routine coagulation tests in children before (Continued on page 126)



Stuck with a mess  
of crusty pans?



**BRILLO**

gives **TWICE** the **SHINE**  
in **HALF** the **TIME!**

New "Scorchy Pan" Tests prove Brillo outshines all other types of cleansers tested! Shine-meters show Brillo gives aluminum twice the shine in half the time.

A square, metal-fiber Brillo pad-with-soap just whisks off scorch! And the jeweler's polish in Brillo soap gives the speediest shine yet! No scraping! No scrubbing! Brillo guarantees results. If Brillo fails to clean a utensil, you get a new one—free!



- ★ GREEN box — pads and cake soap
- ★ RED box — soap-filled pads

There's  
jeweler's polish  
in **BRILLO**

**T O W N**

**DIRECTIONS**

It is the considered opinion of one of our engineers (male) that the reason women sometimes have difficulty with their household equipment or fail to get the most out of an appliance is that they persistently refuse to read directions. Blithely assuming that anything dedicated to domestic economy can hardly stump them, women, our engineer says dourly, either throw away the booklet of instructions or put it in such a safe place that they can never find it again, and attack the problem with their bare hands. Such is the quality of modern household equipment that it usually survives these naïve onslaughts, and the woman masters the machine in a few weeks, after her fashion, whereas she could have achieved top performance in ten minutes if she had been willing to read.

There is some virtue in this viewpoint if you take our case as an example. We stand accused of not really reading directions, or at least of not being able to follow them after perusing them patiently. Directions occasionally seem needlessly elaborate and confusing — probably written by men, who understand machinery anyway and can't believe it is difficult for the less logical sex. It seems too bad that directions must be so dry and bereft of the whimsy of feminine approach. We presume it is too much to hope that any set of directions could take on an air of woman's converse: "Take this red thingamajig and fasten it at the corner where there ought to be a funny-looking little hole. If it doesn't fit, keep trying." As this millennium is unlikely to arrive, it might be useful if directions had as their basic tenet: "Get a man to read these instructions and put the equipment together."

As a matter of fact, we nominate men to take charge of directions, so we don't have to bother our pretty head about them — especially this week, when we have just bought the children's toys. The marvelous toy that looked so whole and indivisible in the department store has just arrived in eighty-nine pieces, with a thick booklet of directions that might as well be Greek. Pardon us, we've got to go peek at the turkey!



**SOMETHING TO SING ABOUT**

READER H. G. SCOTT, of Toledo, provided us with convincing evidence, above, of the wide scope of Good Housekeeping's Guaranty Seal when it comes to homemaking. A family of discriminating robins, who tenanted one of Mr. Scott's trees, set such store by Good Housekeeping's Seal that they incorporated it into the very fabric of their home, weaving the string to which the tag was attached into the walls. There has scarcely been a better-kept bird's nest or a more cheerful set of neighbors.

**MEMORY OF GOOD THINGS PAST**

SO MANY of our readers have evinced interest in the series of nostalgic photographs appearing in the Institute pages that we feel we ought to say they are Mr. George Radkai's inspirations, photographed by Paul D'Ome. Mr. Radkai is primarily a painter, whose pictures are exhibited at galleries around the country; but he is also a genius at "props," the trade name for background items used in photographs. In this particular series, Mr. Radkai works with his props as an author, creating not only a scene and a period but a mood and an atmosphere and often characters who encompass whole personal histories in their attitudes and expressions. Mr. Radkai so loves America that he gathers these props from far and wide with care that is actually loving. He is a native of Hungary.

The perfection of this effort is attested by a letter from Mrs. Harry S. Kidder, regarding the photograph of the country store that appeared in our Christmas issue last year. Mrs. Kidder writes in part:

"Some time ago there appeared in your



# HALL

magazine a color page of an old-fashioned grocery store. It was in itself a beautiful picture, but it had a peculiar significance for me. The sign on the door read 'Adams & Co.' and the number was 76.

"My son's great-great-grandfather (his father's family) kept just such a store for many years. The name was G. W. Adams and the sign on the door was Adams & Co. and the number was 76 (Hanover Street, Manchester, N. H.).

"I was so intrigued that I framed the picture nicely and gave it to my son. Is it a photograph of a real store now existing in some country town?"

Our Adams & Co. was assembled in the studios of Paul D'Ome, but perhaps it is real to the extent that it re-creates in memory and in the most expert detail one of the charming aspects of early America.

## TREE TALK

**NOBODY** seems to know exactly who invented the Christmas tree. Some historians think it sprang from the celebration of the Saturnalia, when Romans hung little masks of Bacchus on small pine trees. The Christmas tree achieved its earliest popularity in Germany, and some people believe it was the idea of Martin Luther, who loved Christmas and all its gaieties. Although a few trees were used in England in the early nineteenth century, Prince Albert, consort of Victoria, was really responsible for its introduction into that country. Until then the English had favored the "kissing bough," a crown of evergreens surrounding a sprig of mistletoe, lighted with candles and hung with apples, all suspended from the ceiling. In 1841, the year Albert and Victoria's eldest son was born, Prince Albert set up a tree in Windsor Castle, and during the next twenty years the Christmas tree conquered England and the United States. In 1891 President Harrison reported that there was a Christmas tree in almost every home.

The Christmas tree has made very little headway with Latin peoples. Mexican children rejoice in a piñata instead of a Christmas tree. A large clay receptacle, beautifully decorated with paper chains, flowers, and ornaments, is filled with toys and suspended in the patio of the house. Each child is provided with a stick; at a given signal he rushes on the clay pot and breaks it, and all the toys tumble down in a shower. There is a certain amount of hazard involved in the breaking episode (which children adore), but it does away with drifting evergreen needles and the untrimming of the tree, a task that usually falls on Mother.



## EIGHT HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE

**ALLOW** us to introduce you to Octavia, author of that useful treatise "5 Parties for Children," on page 52. Octavia is the pseudonym of eight charming ladies, all of whom reside in Gates Mills, Ohio, where they are hard at work on a book on entertainment. Broken down into component parts, Octavia is Peg Buschman, Helen Cain, Dess Carithers, Jinx Hawkins, Jane Hepker, Phyllis Lloyd, Meg Tichy, and Connie King.

Individually and collectively, Octavia is a woman of parts, alumna of half a dozen different colleges and universities, with interests ranging from amateur theatricals to beagle field trials. Octavia is one hundred percent married and among herself has sixteen children and one on the way. Her article is based on performance, not hearsay, as she is the rugged veteran of many a children's party. Her occupational diseases, Octavia avers, are housewife's knee and writer's cramp. At least two of her eight heads are red.

## GREETING!

Now that Christmas has badgered the body and beaten the pocketbook, let it fall upon the heart. Let that instinct for giving and receiving happiness burn in the spirit like the log upon the hearth, warming the cockles and dismissing doubt and distrust, melting the icy reaches of loneliness with the confidence of love. May all who are separated know that intangible but unbreakable bond composed of thought and memory, which defies time and space and arms us past eternity. May every prospect please, and every present suit, and the red rose of Christmas shed its fragrance on you. Merry Christmas to all.

*The Editors*

# Drink this NIGHTCAP...



Delicious nectar of sun-smacked Sun-sweet Prunes! That's Sun-sweet Prune Juice. Enjoy it tonight—for a sunnier tomorrow.

## Start the day with a SNAP!



Unlike other prune juices, Sun-sweet never varies in laxative strength. An exclusive Duffy-Mott process keeps every glassful the same.

**ONLY SUNSWEET HAS UNIFORM LAXATIVITY**

## Sunsweet PRUNE JUICE

As prepared and distributed by the makers of . . .

MOTT'S APPLE JUICE, APPLE SAUCE, SWEET CIDER, JELLIES AND VINEGARS.



# Perfect Gravy every time...

SMOOTH... BROWN... DELICIOUS!



Add 1 can Franco-American Beef Gravy, 1 teaspoon curry and 1 cup cooked, diced celery to 2 cups cold meat cut in  $\frac{1}{2}$ " pieces. Mix, heat and serve on hot rice.

## MENU CURRY AND RICE DINNER

Meat Curry on Hot Rice  
Baby Beets and Green Beans  
Simple Green Salad Heated Rye Bread  
Caramel Custard over Marshmallows  
Coffee for grownups  
Milk for children

Anne Marshall  
Director  
Home Economics



## Adds extra flavor to Curry and Rice!

No more gravy failures! Make perfect gravy every time... any time... with Franco-American Beef Gravy. Made from selected beef. Has that real roast beef flavor. Ready to serve—just heat.

You'll find this rich, brown gravy adds just the right touch to your Curry. It's grand with roasts, meat loaf and for hot sandwiches. Wonderful in stews, too! Add it to your own gravy, too—when you find you haven't enough and want more as good as your own!

Good cooks everywhere praise Franco-American Beef Gravy. You will too! Get several cans at your grocer's!

## Franco-American BEEF GRAVY READY TO SERVE!



Look, folks, James Cagney's singing again! And dancing, too. All at West Point

# ASSIGNMENT

**ALL ABOUT EVE.** The story of how an older actress, in the autumn of her fame, is succeeded by a younger woman has been made into a fictionalized film biography that will be talked about for months to come. Bette Davis is Margo, the great lady of the theatre; Anne Baxter is the scheming, deceitful novice whom Margo befriends. *All About Eve* dramatizes with insight, humor, and a bitter kind of sympathy the fear every woman has of a rival whose weapon is youth. Writer-director Joseph L. Mankiewicz took his time in telling the tale; the film runs more than two and a half hours. But the pace is not slow. The story fairly bristles with penetrating, brittle details of theatre life.

The men in the lives of these two women—Gary Merrill, Hugh Marlowe, and George Sanders—are discerning. They fall for none of the easy blandishments. Each fits into the pattern of a woman's life and ambition and idea of happiness. As a playwright's wife, Celeste Holm helps things along in the story, and as in *A Letter to Three Wives*, she is a voice, persuasively explaining and asking your understanding. She's important to the humor and the moral balance of the film.

The question that will come to mind when you see *All About Eve* is whether the picture reminds you of someone you know, or someone you know about. Because it probably will, it is interesting and worth while.

**TRIO.** If you enjoyed the fine group of Somerset Maugham's short stories

that came to you last year under the title *Quartet*, you'll probably be pleased with *Trio*.

Again the venerable author speaks an amiable introduction to the filming of his vignettes, but this time he had a direct hand in the preparation of the screenplays.

The same quality that made *Quartet* outstanding will commend *Trio* to you. Perhaps it is the very brevity of each anecdote, depending on a gesture or a quick, sharp phrase to bring it to a close. Perhaps it is quiet, subtle characterization. One fact stands out: When short stories are well matched and grouped, there is a field for them in films.

The stories of *Trio* are *The Verger*, which concerns a cockney who could

Somerset Maugham's well-received *Quartet* has excellent successor, *Trio*





All About Eve—a woman with a rival, a rival who has the advantage of youth

## IN HOLLYWOOD

neither read nor write, but who made a lot of money through common sense; *Sanitorium*, about two who are incurably ill and seize a moment of happiness even though it shortens their lives; and *Mr. Knowall*, about a shipboard pest who redeems himself in the esteem of the man who knows him best. They are all beautifully played and directed and give you the feeling that they present about as literate an effort as the screen could dare to make. They are fun, too.

**THE WEST POINT STORY AND BREAKTHROUGH.** *The West Point Story* and *Breakthrough* share one thing in common—Army backgrounds. Otherwise, they present an interesting contrast. The first is a pleasant song-

Monumental film portraying terrors and dangers of battle for occupied France



and-dance item that puts tap shoes back on Jimmy Cagney for the first time since *Yankee Doodle Dandy*, eight years ago. The second is a grim view, only semifictionalized (to air the talents of David Brian, John Agar, and Frank Lovejoy), of the Normandy beachhead landings and the St. Lo breakthrough, which led to the conquest of Europe.

*The West Point Story* was filmed largely on the colorful grounds of the United States Military Academy. Most of *Breakthrough* was shot at Fort Ord, California; but by far the most fascinating of its scenes are the real thing, filmed by Army cameramen during the Normandy campaign and recently released from government archives. Some of the battle action is shown from the enemy side, via captured German film.

Having Cagney back in musical form after a string of gangster roles is pleasant. He's aided by an ingratiating troupe, including Virginia Mayo, Doris Day, Gordon MacRae, and Alan Hale, Jr. They're involved in a home-grown musical comedy that the cadets are putting on at West Point. Cagney, as a Broadway director, has agreed to stage it for them. The laughs are provided by the stiff-backed cadets in the pretty-girl roles in their musical, as well as by the "honor" bestowed on Cagney in making him a full-fledged cadet—entitling him to all the rigorous hazing of a West Point plebe. There's some hazing in *Breakthrough*, too, although the circumstances (Continued on page 254)

# READER'S DIGEST\* reports the same research which proves that brushing teeth right after eating with COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Better Than Any Other Way of Preventing Tooth Decay According to Published Reports!

Reader's Digest recently reported on one of the most extensive experiments in dentifrice history! And here are additional facts: The one and only toothpaste used in this research was Colgate Dental Cream. Yes, and two years' research showed brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stopped decay *best!* Better than any other home method of oral hygiene! The Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever reported in all dentifrice history!

No Other Toothpaste or Powder Ammoniated or Not Offers Proof of Such Results!

Even more important, there were no new cavities whatever for more than 1 out of 3 who used Colgate Dental Cream correctly! Think of it! Not even *one* new cavity in two full years! No other dentifrice has proof of such results! No dentifrice can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But the Colgate way is the most effective way yet known to help your dentist prevent decay.

ALWAYS USE COLGATE'S TO CLEAN YOUR BREATH WHILE YOU CLEAN YOUR TEETH - AND HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!



COLGATE

RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

\*YOU SHOULD KNOW! While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toothpaste used in the research reported in July Reader's Digest.

# Memory Lane

Follow it each month and meet again the best-known words of these and other times

## A CHRISTMAS SERMON

Robert Louis Stevenson

The Kingdom of Heaven is of the childlike, of those who are easy to please, who love, and who give pleasure. Mighty men of their hands, the smiters, and the builders and the judges have lived long and done sternly, and yet preserved this lovely character; and among our carpet interests and twopenny concerns, the shame is indelible if we should lose it.

Gentleness and cheerfulness, these come before all morality; they are the perfect duties. To look back upon the past year and see how little we have striven and to what small purpose, and how often we have been cowardly and hung back or temerarious and rushed unwisely in; and how every day and all day long we have transgressed the law of kindness; it may seem a paradox, but in the bitterness of these discoveries a certain consolation resides. Life is not designed to minister to a man's vanity. He goes upon his long business most of the time with a hanging head, and all the time like a blind child—full of rewards and pleasures as it is—so that to see the daybreak or the moon rise or to meet a friend, or to hear the dinner-call when he is hungry, fills him with surprising joys.

This world is yet for him no abiding city. Friendships fall through, health fails, weariness assails him; year after year, he must thumb the hardly varying record of his own weakness and folly. It is a friendly process of detachment. When the time comes that he should go, there need be few illusions left about himself.

Here lies one who meant well, tried a little, failed much—surely that may be his epitaph, of which he need not be ashamed.

## LIMERICK

There was an old person of Leeds,  
And simple indeed were his needs.  
Said he: "To save toil  
Growing things in the soil,  
I'll just eat the packets of seeds!"

## THE FUNCTION OF AN EXECUTIVE

As nearly everyone knows, an executive has practically nothing to do except to decide what is to be done; to tell somebody to do it; to listen to reasons why it should not be done, why it should be done by someone else, or why it should be done in a different way; to follow up to see if the thing has been done; to discover that it has not; to enquire why; to listen to excuses from the person who should have done it; to follow up again to see if the thing has been done, only to discover that it has been done incorrectly; to point out how it should have been done; to conclude that as long as it has been done, it may as well be left where it is; to wonder if it is not time to get rid of a person who cannot do a thing right; to reflect that he probably has a wife and a large family, and that certainly any successor would be just as bad, and maybe worse; to consider how much simpler and better the thing would have been done if one had done it oneself in the first place; to reflect sadly that one could have done it right in twenty minutes, and, as things turned out, one has had to spend two days to find out why it has taken three weeks for somebody else to do it wrong.

## JOY

John Kendrick Bangs

Today, whatever may annoy,  
The word for me is Joy, just simple joy:  
The joy of life;  
The joy of children and of wife;  
The joy of bright, blue skies;  
The joy of rain; the glad surprise  
Of twinkling stars that shine at night;  
The joy of winged things upon their flight;  
The joy of noonday, and the tried  
True joyousness of eventide;  
The joy of labor, and of mirth;  
The joy of air, and sea, and earth—  
The countless joys that ever flow from Him  
Whose vast beneficence doth dim  
The lustrous light of day,  
And lavish gifts divine upon our way.  
Whate'er there be of Sorrow  
I'll put off till Tomorrow,  
And when Tomorrow comes, why then  
'Twill be Today and Joy again!

## RESOLUTIONS

Jonathan Edwards

*Resolved, to live with all my might  
while I do live.*  
*Resolved, never to lose one moment  
of time,  
But improve it in the most profitable  
way I can.*  
*Resolved, never to do anything  
which I should despise  
Or think meanly of in another.*  
*Resolved, never to do anything  
out of revenge.*  
*Resolved, never to do anything  
which I should  
Be afraid to do if it were the last  
hour of my life.*

## DECREE ABOLISHING NOBILITY IN FRANCE

Adopted by the National Assembly  
June 19, 1790

Hereditary nobility is forever abolished; in consequence the titles of prince, duke, count, marquis, viscount, vidame, baron, knight, messire, écuyer, noble, and all other similar titles, shall neither be taken by anyone whomsoever nor given to anybody.

A citizen may take only the true name of his family; no one may wear liveries nor cause them to be worn, nor have armorial bearings; incense shall not be burned in the temples, except in order to honor the divinity, and shall not be offered for any one whomsoever.

## TWO WORLDS

William Blake

The world of imagination is the world of eternity. It is the divine bosom into which we shall all go after the death of the vegetated body. This world of imagination is infinite and eternal, whereas the world of generation, or vegetation, is finite and temporal. There exist in that eternal world the permanent realities of every thing which we see reflected in this vegetable glass of nature.

## THEY SAID IT IN ONE LINE

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam. *John Milton*  
It is right to be contented with what we have, never with what we are. *Sir J. Mackintosh*  
It has ever been my experience that folks who have no vices, have very few virtues. *Abraham Lincoln*  
All the world loves a lover; but not while the love making is going on. *Elbert Hubbard*  
Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent. *Jonathan Swift*  
Disease generally begins that equality which death completes. *Dr. Samuel Johnson*  
When in doubt, tell the truth. *Mark Twain*  
Nothing is really work unless you would rather be doing something else. *Sir James Barry*  
Some defeats are only installments to victory. *Jacob A. Riis*



**Snow wonder!** Silky satin elastic all around. Nylon satin undercups . . . topped with embroidered nylon marquisette. White. A'Lure #1045.



**Social security . . . with no strings attached!** Stay-put A'Lure strapless with stretchable nylon elastic marquisette all around. Nylon lace cups. Flexible boning. White or black. A'Lure #1062.

## Darling, you don't need reins to be a dear!

Above all—be elastically comfy in Warner's A'Lures

Jiminy Christmas! Don't put up with bras that keep a tight rein on your loveliness!

Here's A'Lure! It's a love of a bra!

The secret . . . Warner's exclusive *all-elastic* bands . . . they breathe when you breathe . . . hug you comfily from cup-to-closure. Yours will fit perfectly thanks to Warner's wondrous 3-Way-Sizing. At finer stores.

1. Your Warner's is your cup size . . . A to D . . . your cup size will fit you letter-perfect.

2. . . and your band . . . no bands, narrow bands, deep bands or elastic A'Lure bands . . . with the snug-hug you love.

3. . . and your uplift . . . whether you like a little lift or a lot, you can have your own way in Warner's bras.

**Fancy free!** All-around satin *elastic!* Undercup *elastic!* Between-cup *elastic!* Three times as free 'n easy on you! Fancy imported nylon lace over nylon marquisette. White magic! A'Lure #1016.



**Tailor top!** A'Lure without the trim. All-around elastic and elastic undercup uplift. Sheer nylon marquisette cup-tops. White. A'Lure #1090.



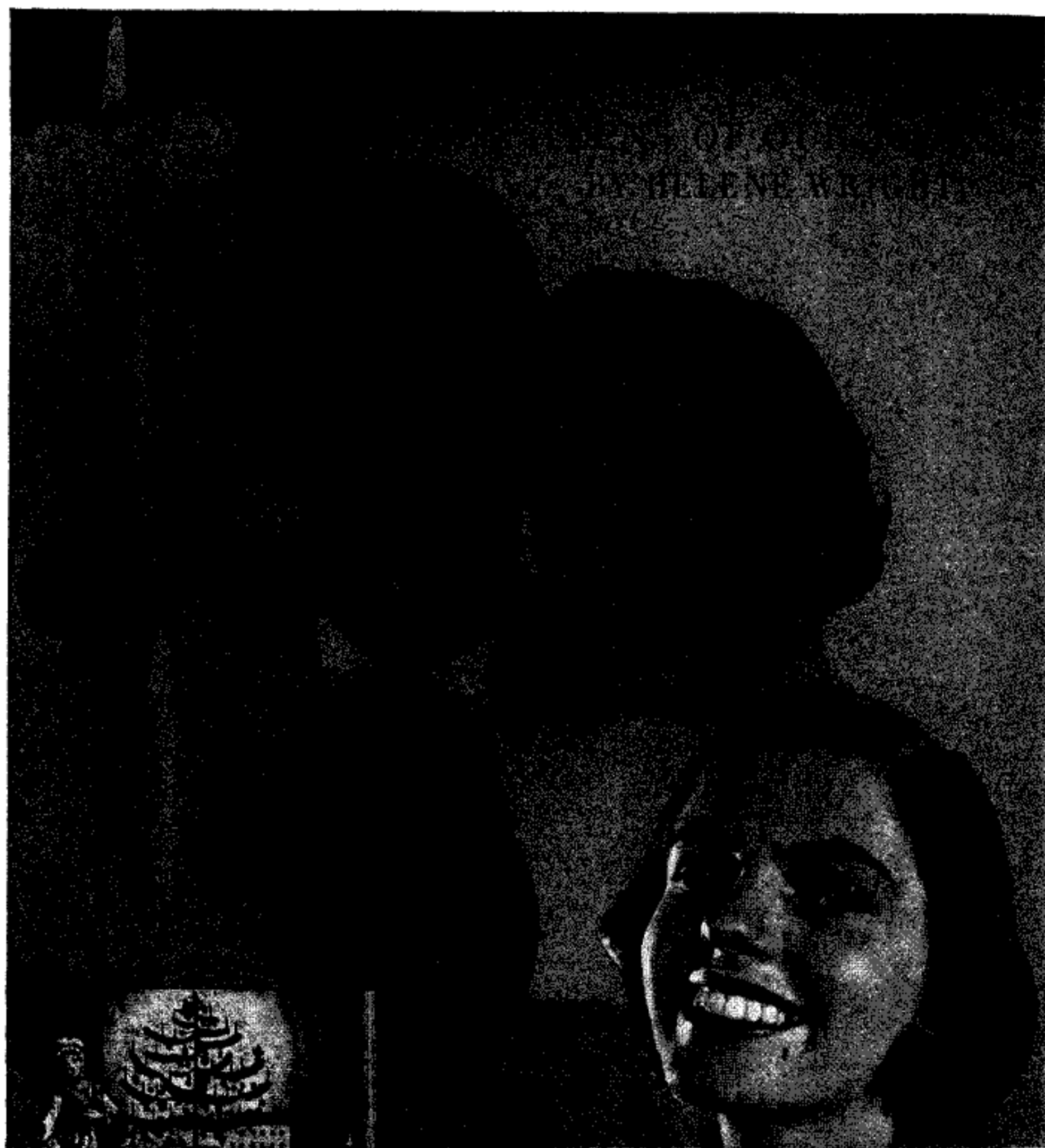
**Anyone's upper story.**

In every size and every cup. A'Lure satin elastic undercups and all-around band. Topped with nylon marquisette. Pink, black or white. A'Lure #1050.



WORLD FAMOUS FOR LE GANT\* • A'LU'RE\* • STA-UP-TOP\*  
"FREE-LIFT" • WARNERETTE\* • \*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.,  
The Warner Brothers Co., New York 16, Chicago 6, San Francisco 8

**WARNER'S**  
*3-Way-Sized*  
Foundations and Bras.



## Christmas presence

'Twas the night before Christmas—and all through this house, the wassail is a-wassailing, the yule log is blazing. Somebody has even remembered where the corn popper was last seen! And you're discovering all over again that very special feeling of a family *together* at Christmas. Holidays at home can be so much more personal

than a hello kiss and a good-bye wave as you whisk into the house to change your clothes and fly out to meet the gang somewhere else. Those several evenings you elect to drape yourself around your own fireside add up to a Christmas gift for your family—the very much hoped for gift that no one but you can give!

The perfect gift for a girl  
with parties on her mind!

International's

## "Sterling Hostess"

• "STERLING HOSTESS"—set of salad forks and teaspoons. Can be bought two ways—4 of each, \$32.60; 8 of each, \$63.20. (Including Federal Tax.) Comes in attractive wooden case—beautiful for silver, doubles as a jewel box! Pattern shown is Blossom Time, International's new, youthful design. Available in all International patterns.



IF YOU'RE LIKE most girls these days, you've probably already started collecting sterling for your hope chest. But wouldn't it be more fun to accumulate pieces that you could use *now* when you have a party?

International's new "Sterling Hostess" idea makes it possible for you to start your set on a modest scale, yet have enough gleaming silver to use for company right away!

With salad forks and teaspoons, you'll always have the right silver for serving refreshments to your crowd—and just *think* how proud you'll be of your own exquisite International Sterling!

You'll eventually want place settings, of course. And you can always buy them minus the salad forks and teaspoons. Or, no matter how much silver you collect, you'll *always* need extras on those pieces.

Why not hint to your relatives that a "Sterling Hostess" would make a perfect gift? (Or pamper yourself—buy it with your allowance or baby-sitting proceeds.) See the "Sterling Hostess" at your silverware store. In all patterns, easy payment plans available.

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International  
Sterling

**BAKER'S CHOCOLATE  
MAKES THE CAKE!**



Product of  
General Foods



THE INSTITUTE

**COOK'S**

**PRALINES**

In the South, you'll find them wherever and whenever candy is sold. Southerners nibble pralines as Northerners nibble candy bars. To quote the Texan who gave us this recipe, "I've never had enough in my whole life." It would seem that if you like them (and who doesn't?), you like them but good!

**STIR A LITTLE**

2 cups granulated sugar  
1 teasp. baking soda  
1 cup buttermilk  
Pinch salt

This recipe is so easy it's a joy to make. Select a large kettle—an 8-qt. one; the mixture foams up in cooking. In it, combine sugar, soda, buttermilk, and salt. Cook briskly, stirring frequently, scraping bottom and "corners," for 5 min., or till candy thermometer registers 210° F.

**STIR A LITTLE MORE**

2 tablesp. butter (the original recipe said butter the size of a walnut)  
2 1/2 cups pecan halves (it doesn't matter if a few are broken)

Now add butter and pecans. Stir continuously, not forgetting the bottom, for about 5 min., or till candy thermometer registers 230° F., or tiny drop of syrup in about 1/4 cup cold water forms very soft ball. Remove from heat. Stand by till mixture cools slightly—just a minute or two.

**THERE THEY ARE**

3/4 cup pecan halves

Now beat till thickened and creamy. Then immediately drop them by teaspoonfuls or tablespoonfuls (in Texas,

**RECIPE**

**HAPPY-TIME CAKE**

No other chocolate—only Baker's—gives you that world-famous Walter Baker richness and flavor. For this regal chocolate feast, follow the Devil's Food Cake recipe on Premium No. 1 package and top it with luscious:

**FESTIVE FROSTING**

Combine in metal bowl or saucepan, 2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar, 3 unbeaten egg yolks, 1/2 cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 4 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted, and 2 tablespoons butter. Beat with rotary egg beater until blended. Place bowl in pan of ice and water and continue beating until of right consistency to spread (about 3 minutes). Makes 2 1/2 cups, or enough to cover tops and sides of two 9-inch layers.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

**BAKER'S Premium No. 1—  
The finest cooking chocolate  
money can buy!**







# HEAVEN

they like them big—wouldn't you know?) on waxed paper, cookie sheets, or aluminum foil. For a finishing touch, dot with  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup pecans. Makes 7 Texas-size ones ( $3\frac{1}{2}$ " in diameter,  $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick in center), or 12 all-American ones ( $2\frac{3}{4}$ " in diameter, about  $\frac{3}{8}$ " thick).

## VARIATIONS ON THE THEME

**Praline Nuts.** Make pralines as directed, substituting 4 cups pecan halves for  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cups pecans; omit  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup pecans used for the finishing touch. Instead of making patties, turn out mixture on waxed paper; spread with spatula; then, with fork, separate nuts, so each is individual.

**Peanut Pralines.** Substitute peanuts for pecans—an interesting change in flavor.

## BLISSFUL NIBBLING

**For Television.** All on a tray: a basket of pralines; a pot of coffee (plus cream, sugar, cups, saucers, spoons); napkins; bowl of grapes, snipped into tiny bunches.

## PRETTY DOES IT

**A little "thank you" gift.** Just a lone, Texas-size praline wrapped in cellophane, tied with narrow red satin ribbon. Tuck a bit of bayberry under the bow.

**Southern Style.** Wrap them individually in cellophane; tuck them in a small, chestlike, cardboard box. Cover box with burlap; tie with bands of black gros-grain ribbon. Tuck a bit of cotton batting in one end, to resemble a bale of cotton. Wonderful if your family tries to guess what's inside before opening.

**Two in One.** Get an inexpensive basket that can be used for hot breads after December 25. Place some individually wrapped pralines in it. Tie with gold ribbon, and wire 2 unshelled pecans to bow.

**BAKER'S 4 in 1**  
**MAKES 4 CHOCOLATE TREATS**  
**—ALL OUT OF 1 PACKAGE!**



Product of General Foods



### 1. Instant COCOA and Chocolate Milk

Delicious, *extra*-chocolaty drinks—steaming hot or ice cold. So easy with 4 in 1 Instant Sweet Cocoa Mix—just add milk!

### 2. Quick FROSTING

Makes smoother, *creamier* chocolate frosting—and make it in a jiffy with Baker's marvelous 4 in 1 Recipe on package.



### 3. Quick SAUCE

Ice cream, cakes, puddings—they're *extra*-luscious topped with gorgeous 4 in 1 chocolate sauce. Easy recipe on package.



### 4. Quick FUDGE

4 in 1 makes heavenly fudge... *so rich* with Walter Baker Chocolate flavor. No boiling! No testing! Recipe on package.



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

**Everything chocolate tastes BEST when it's BAKER'S!**



*For gay days  
and busy days...*

(HUSTLE UP A THRIFTY PIE OR PUDDING FOR DESSERT!)

### NESSELRODE PIE

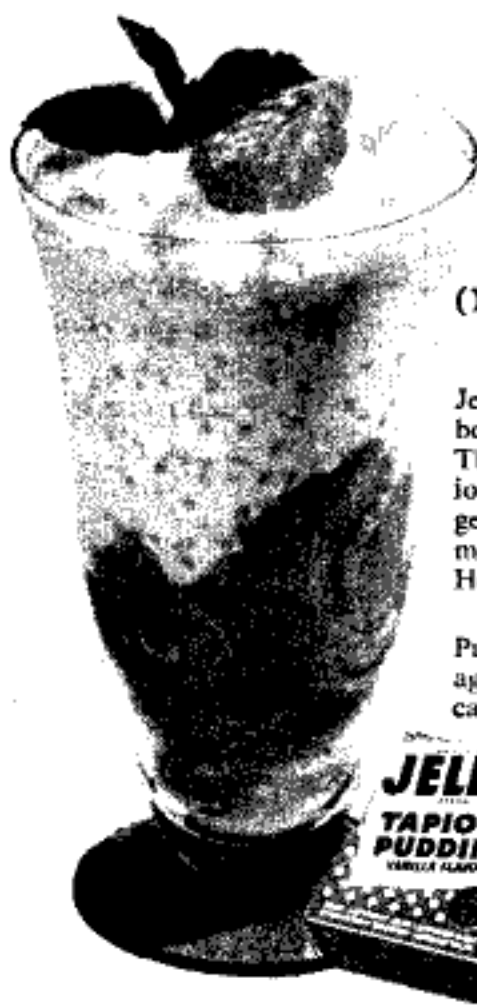
*(With Jell-O Vanilla Pudding, it's simpler than it looks!)*

- 1 package Jell-O Vanilla Pudding
- 2 teaspoons gelatin
- 2 cups milk
- 1 egg yolk, slightly beaten
- 1 egg white
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- ¼ cup cream, whipped
- 1 tablespoon chopped maraschino cherries
- ¼ teaspoon rum flavoring
- 1 baked 9-inch pie shell

Fancy enough for a family feast, yet so easy to make with Jell-O Pudding that even a brand-new cook can't miss!

Place pudding powder in saucepan. Add gelatin and mix. Combine milk and egg yolk; add to pudding powder gradually, blending well. Cook and stir over medium heat until mixture comes to a boil and is thickened. Remove from heat.

Beat egg white until foamy. Add sugar gradually, beating until mixture stands in peaks. Fold in hot pudding gradually. Chill, stirring often. Fold in whipped cream, cherries, and flavoring. Turn into pie shell. Chill. Spread with sweetened whipped cream. Sprinkle with shaved Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate.



### APRICOT TAPIOCA PARFAIT

*(You'll bless Jell-O Tapioca Puddings for being so speedy and good!)*

Jell-O Tapioca Puddings are the best friends a busy lady ever had! They taste like the real old-fashioned kind, but you whip 'em together in about 5 minutes! So many ways to serve 'em, too. Here's a fine one!

Prepare Jell-O Vanilla Tapioca Pudding as directed on the package. Place several pieces of cut canned apricot halves in bottoms of parfait glasses. Fill with cooled pudding. Chill. Garnish with mint leaves and pieces of apricot halves. Makes 5 delicious servings!

### CHOCOLATE MACARON PUDDING

*(New way to enjoy that good, rich Jell-O Chocolate Pudding!)*

- 1 package Jell-O Chocolate Pudding
- 2 cups milk
- ¼ teaspoon almond extract
- ½ cup macaroon crumbs

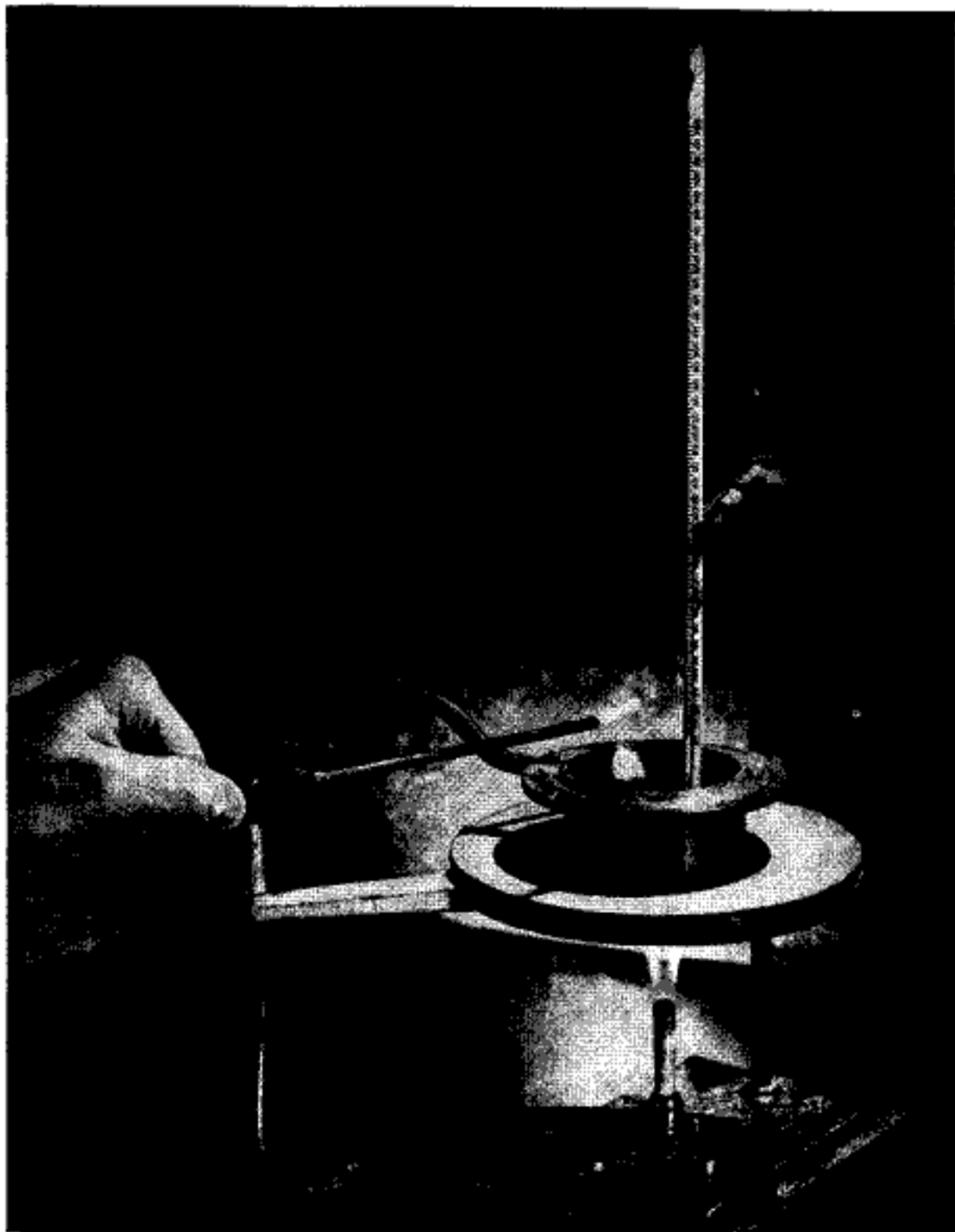
Add a tantalizing flip of flavor to the family's favorite—Jell-O Chocolate Pudding. A perfect dessert for the busy days ahead—it takes so little time, so little money, too!

Prepare Jell-O Chocolate Pudding with milk as directed on package. Remove from heat and add almond extract. Chill. Before serving, beat slowly with rotary egg beater.

Arrange in alternate layers with macaroon crumbs in serving dishes. Garnish with sweetened whipped cream, additional macaroon crumbs, and maraschino cherries. Serves 4.



**JELL-O PUDDINGS** FOR *Red Letter* DESSERTS



# MORE FLASHES— FEWER FIRES

RUTH R. BIEN, *Chief Chemist,*  
*Good Housekeeping Bureau*

There's a danger signal for many of the things you use in your daily housekeeping. It is called the "flash point," and we translate it in terms of safety for you.

The laboratory device shown above is used to determine whether or not insecticides, furniture polishes, stain removers, paint cleaners, and similar products are likely to cause a fire by igniting accidentally. This device is our guide in assuring you that such products will not flash (ignite) *below a temperature considered reasonably safe* for home use. When we say "home use," we are particularly concerned with one very important room—the kitchen. Should you clean the kitchen floor while tonight's stew is simmering? We think you *should* be able to, and safely—and you can with products advertised in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING. Can you safely remove spots and stains, or use a spray insecticide without worrying? Again, we make sure of that for you.

The flash point of any product is really just that—the temperature at which a tiny flame brought into contact with the vapors flashes brightly for a moment. All this is carefully controlled in our laboratory. A measured sample is heated slowly, at a certain number of degrees per minute, and we must be able to check our results very, very closely. Of course, the farther above the minimum safety point we find the flash, the happier we

are, because each degree widens the margin of safety.

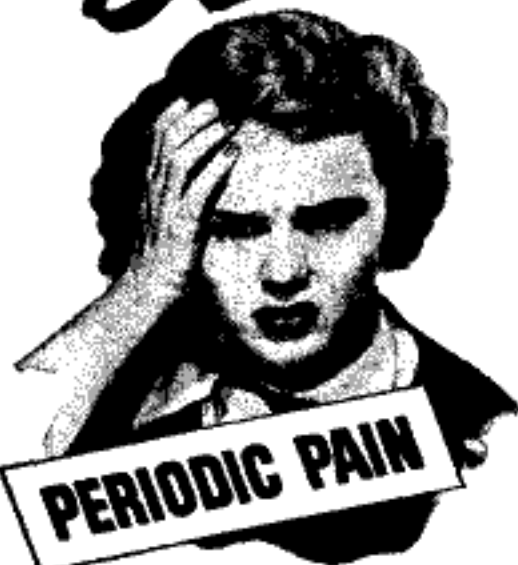
Our noses have become quite expert detectives, because we have worked with so many of these products over the years. Often a sniff of a new product may make the chemist say, "Try flash point first on this one. It smells low to me." And often he is right. If the flash point is too low, no further work is done on that particular product. No matter how excellent its performance, it will remain unacceptable unless the formula is altered to bring the flash point into the safety zone. And there have been many instances where formulas have been so altered.

Important as it is, safety is only one side of this picture. The product must do the job for which it is intended. No matter how *high* the flash point, the insecticide must kill, the furniture polish must really polish, the stain remover must take out stains. They must be properly labeled, well-formulated products, and all the claims made for them substantiated, before we pass them on to you.

We give this seal to no one—the product that has it, earns it.



# Bonnie's BLUE



**PERIODIC PAIN**

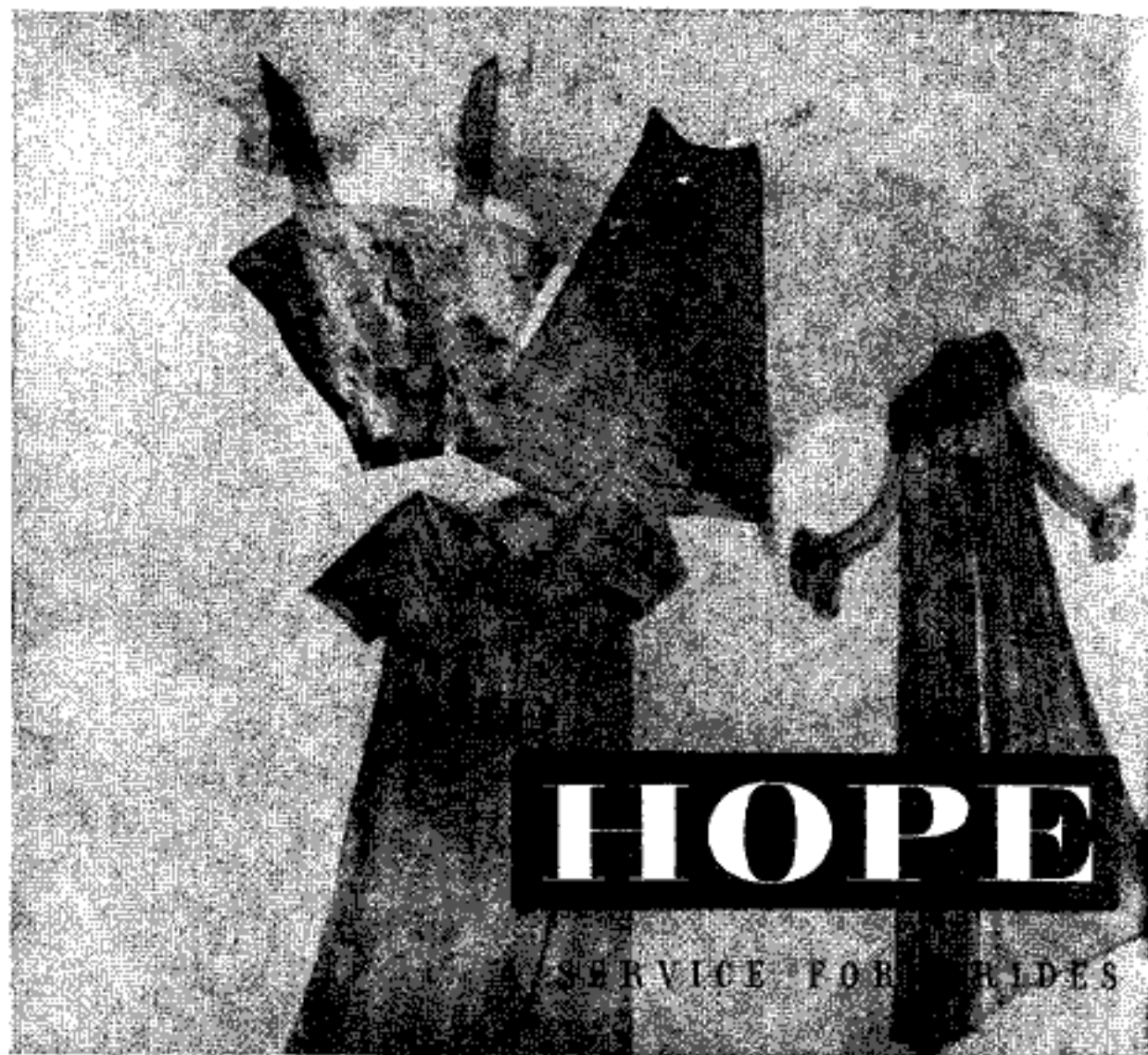
Don't let the calendar make a slave of you, Bonnie! Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water...that's all. Midol brings faster relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

FREE 24-page book, "What Women Want to Know", explains menstruation. (Plain wrapper). Write Dep't, E-120, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y.

# Bonnie's GAY WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores  
have Midol



# HOPE

SERVICE FOR BRIDES

A lingerie shower is one of the nicest things that can happen to a bride-to-be. Provided, of course, that it's *planned*. Remember, two dozen nightgowns and no slips or slippers do not add up to a successful shower. Yet this sort of feast-and-famine collection almost invariably appears when the guests aren't assigned specific items to give. You may feel that this takes all the spontaneity out of buying the gifts. Even so, the bride's the girl you want to please, and prearrangement is the only way to insure balance.

### Who Gives What?

The most practical gift-assigning

system takes price as a basis. The bride's mother and possibly her future mother-in-law will probably want to give the expensive items. And a grandmother or an aunt may be feeling lavish, too. Have them decide among themselves who will give the warm robe, the bridal nightgown, and the peignoir. The maid of honor is the girl who'll probably want to give the going-away slip. The bridesmaids should each take over a bed jacket, a slip, or pajamas. Friends outside the actual bridal party should choose from a long list of lingerie addenda that's not enormously expensive. Camisoles, step-ins, slippers, and satin bags for underpinnings are eternally welcome.





# CHEST

BY WAYNE LIST AND ANN GEOGHEGAN

And don't forget stockings—a gossamer pair is a wonderful shower present. It's better not to go into foundation garments, however, as they must be fitted to the bride. A gift certificate from a store takes care of this.

### What Does the Bride Need?

Certainly not as much as her mother had. Gone are the days when a bride felt her family had abandoned her unless she had dozens of everything. Today's young wife knows that she needs exactly what she had in single life—but no more. Four or five well-cut slips, and the same number of nightgowns, are adequate. She also

needs one or two half slips, a camisole, perhaps two bed jackets, and half a dozen pairs of stockings. She should have a warm robe, and possibly a pretty peignoir as well. A brunch coat will also be welcome (although it's hardly necessary). See that she has step-ins of sturdy fabrics that will dry quickly, and two good garter belts. A bride really needs two pairs of slippers—mules with heels and scuffs.

### When Packages Are Wrapped

Have a sachet dropped in every parcel (the bride's favorite fragrance). Then all the new lingerie will arrive sweet-scented for the honeymoon.



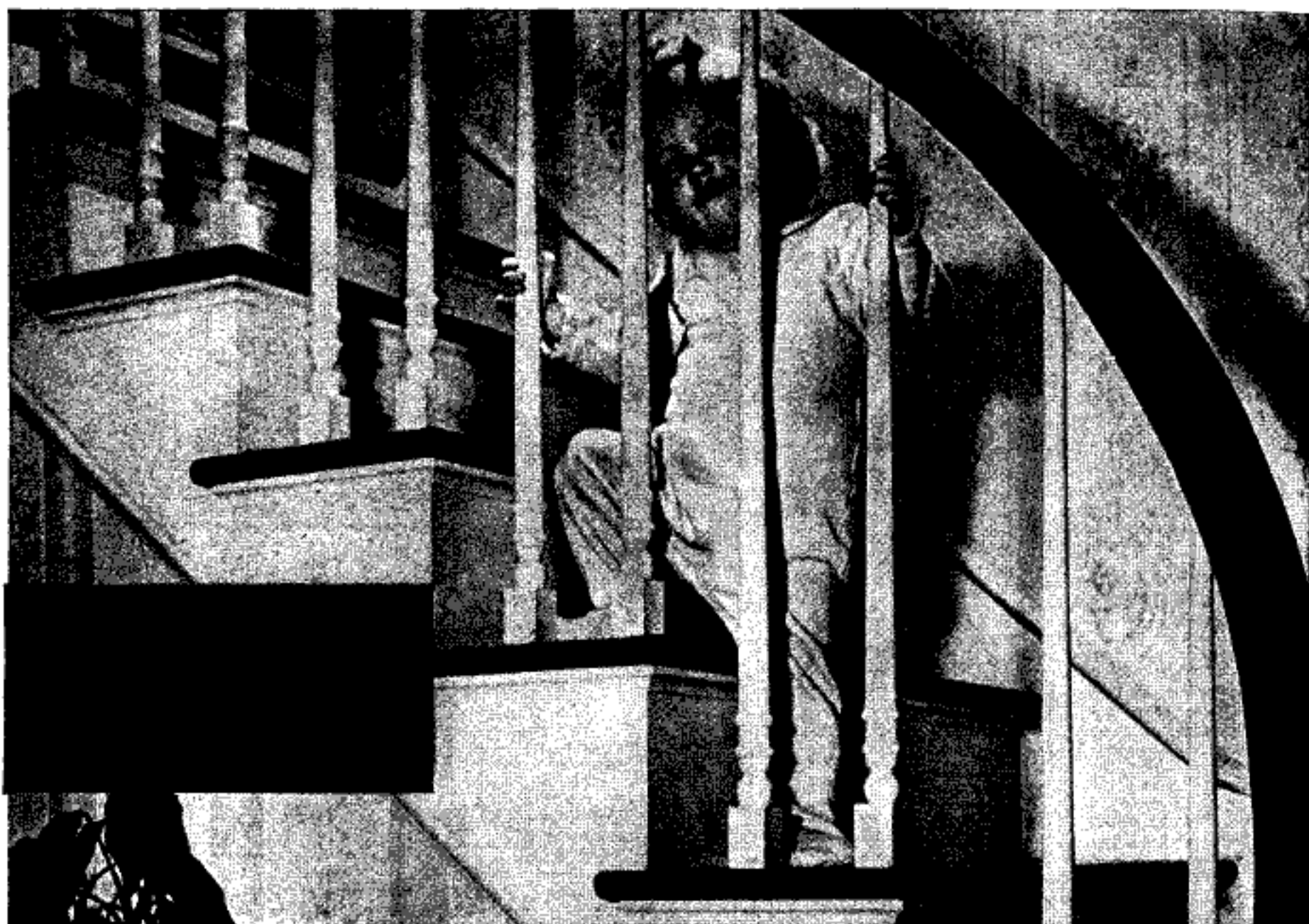
LINGERIE, COURTESY LORD & TAYLOR, NEW YORK

**LOOKING  
for SOMETHING  
?**

**HOSIERY**

Classified Telephone Directory

**To find the products  
you need—use the  
YELLOW PAGES  
OF YOUR TELEPHONE DIRECTORY**



PHOTOGRAPH BY CARROLL VAN ARK

# Christmas is for Children

- **How can parents keep their child from becoming over-excited at Christmastime?**

During the child's first two years, his excitement often is generated by the parents' own enthusiasm. They are overeager to get their child into the spirit of a season that means so much to youngsters. It is wise to postpone elaborate observance of Christmas until the child can grasp it for himself. His gifts should be placed where he can see them and handle them. They should not be wrapped; gay papers and ribbons are fun for parents but mean nothing to little children and can tire them unnecessarily.

From three years on, the child's natural anticipation will fill the home with plenty of Christmas spirit. There is bound to be excitement on this festive day, but it should be kept within bounds by following the routine of a normal day as far as possible. An overexcited child can't fully enjoy the Christmas fun.

- **How can a child be made to eat breakfast on Christmas Day?**

He might be allowed to investigate his stocking before breakfast, to satisfy his bubbling curiosity. Then the rest of the gifts could be opened after the child has eaten

properly. Some inventive parents serve breakfast in bed on Christmas Day as a special treat. This helps to start the day calmly.

- **Should a child take his nap as usual?**

Yes. Otherwise, he may become cross and irritable. He may not actually sleep, but the period of rest and quiet will be good for him. If he does not nap, he should be put to bed early, after a simple supper. If he refuses to eat, don't force him; at this time sleep will do him more good than food.

- **At what age is a child sufficiently advanced to enjoy Christmas dinner with the family?**

A child of three and a half is old enough to have Christmas dinner at the table, so long as he does not get too tired waiting for it. If a late-afternoon dinner is a family tradition, the child should have his meal at the usual hour and then take a nap. If he awakens in time, and if he does not disturb the adults' pleasure or dominate their conversation, he may be permitted to sit at or near the table and eat some of the Christmas dinner and join the family fun. (Continued on page 236)



Hints collected by

*Mrs. Dan Gerber*  
(Mother of 5)

**PEEK OVER MY SHOULDER** at this enthusiastic letter:

Dear Mrs. Gerber,  
I just have to tell you how pleased I was to see some of the foods my baby likes so much being prepared at Gerber's Oakland plant recently. One of the most exciting things was watching the girl at the Quality Control Table. She was as neat and efficient as a nurse in a doctor's office. Watching her check every batch of food was almost like taking my little Alen to the doctor for a check-up. The food was weighed, had its temperature taken, was tested for just everything. I wish more mothers could see how every bit of Baby's good-tasting Gerber's is carefully "nursed" every step of the way.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Alice Herman

**YOU'RE ALL WELCOME.** Any time any of you mothers (or daddies) find yourself near Fremont, Mich. or Oakland, Cal., do come in and see what makes Gerber's so good.

**WORK-SAVER.** You can easily avoid oil spots on clothing by giving Baby his Vitamin D drops right from a dropper—while your little he or she is in the bath.

**HOLIDAY PUDDING FOR TOTS.**

This colorful, delicious wholesome dessert is Gerber's Plums-with-Tapioca. All ready to serve, like all Gerber's from Starting Cereals through Junior Foods. So trot our Plums-with-Tapioca for the "small fry" when the grown-ups dig into their plum pudding. That's much too rich for the younger set.



**FREE**—samples of Gerber's 3 Cereals. Write Dept. 412-0, Fremont, Mich. In Canada, write Gerber-Ogilvie, Ltd., Niagara Falls, Canada.



*F*ather and child doing fine...  
(with Baby's Favorite Foods)

**Watch Pop's proud grin** when occasionally you let him take over at Baby's feeding time. When Baby starts on cereal, for instance, set out a small spoon, a big bib and some Gerber's Cereal. See how smoothly things go. For babies take to the extra-smoothness and mild-mild flavor of Gerber's Cereal Food, Strained Oatmeal and Barley Cereal.

**Ask that other important man** (your doctor) when to start feeding Baby Gerber's True-Flavor Meats, Fruits,

Vegetables and Desserts. Variety helps increase Baby's appetite. And Gerber's offer more of the foods babies like and need—from Starting Cereals through Junior Foods. For we spend *all* our time preparing Baby Foods!

**Always something new, too!** Have Daddy or you had the fun of feeding your tot Gerber's new Orange Pudding? Such a tasty and nutritious dessert or between-meal snack. Get some soon.



Babies are our business...our only business!

**Gerber's**

BABY FOODS





Dental Research Indicates You Can Help

# Prevent Tooth Decay

With **COLGATE**  
Ammoniated  
Tooth Powder

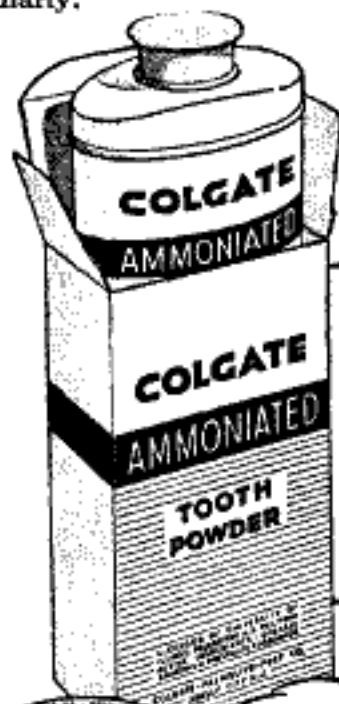


DENTISTS THEMSELVES USE and recommend ammoniated dentifrices as an aid in controlling tooth decay, especially for growing youngsters. For cavities already formed, and to safeguard mouth health, visit your dentist regularly.

### Colgate's Scientific Dentifrice Does Remarkable Job of Removing Film and Cleaning Teeth . . . And Tastes Delightful!

Even "small fry" like Colgate Ammoniated Tooth Powder. It tastes so minty, refreshes the mouth and breath. And, you'll like its foamy action. It removes clinging film, gets teeth so clean you can *feel* the difference! Most important, laboratory tests indicate that using it regularly, as directed, may help you avoid pain, worry, and expense of needless tooth decay.

Colgate Ammoniated Tooth Powder, a product of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet research laboratories, is based on a formula developed by University of Illinois scientists. Contains the wonder-ingredients: Dibasic Ammonium Phosphate and Carbamide. Large-scale clinical tests are now being conducted to confirm its full benefits in preventing new cavities. Buy it now, at any toilet goods counter.



### 3 Definite Benefits

#### TO HELP PREVENT TOOTH DECAY

1. Using Colgate Ammoniated Tooth Powder after meals and before retiring helps neutralize destructive mouth acids considered by many dental authorities a leading cause of tooth decay.
2. It inhibits growth of acid-producing bacteria, *Lactobacillus Acidophilus*.
3. It helps dissolve and remove from teeth gluey film in which acid-producing bacteria thrive.

#### GUARANTEED BY COLGATE:

Try Colgate Ammoniated Tooth Powder. If you don't agree it's the finest ammoniated dentifrice you ever used, we guarantee to refund your purchase price in full, plus postage. Just return the unused portion to Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Jersey City 2, N. J.

# COLGATE

## Ammoniated Tooth Powder

*With a Flavor the Whole Family Will Enjoy*

4oz. 43¢  
2oz. 25¢

# the Question-

*Please list the foods that will stimulate the growth of hair and improve its health.* Mrs. R. R.

We wish we could! No specific food or food component has been proved to affect the hair's growth and health. This depends on the health of the entire body. A well-planned diet (ample amounts of the essential nutrients, vitamins, and minerals), plus good care (frequent shampooing, daily brisk brushing and combing), should insure healthy hair in the normal person. If you are sure your diet is adequate and your hair is cared for properly, and you are still not satisfied with its condition, consult your doctor. He may be able to find some specific cause of the difficulty.

*Does the size of canned peas indicate the degree of tenderness?* Mrs. A. W.

No. Within limits, the size of peas has little relation to their tenderness. Progressive canners determine the tenderness of peas by testing the farm receipts with a tenderometer, which accurately measures the tenderness before canning. A brine-separating process used by canners sorts out the tougher grade of peas and aids in packing a uniform quality of canned peas. The quality of peas in a can is stated on the label.

*Is freezing butter a recommended method of storing it for several months?* Mrs. J. C.

Yes. Butter depreciates as a result of the action of lactic bacteria naturally present and the oxidation of the fat in contact with air. Temperatures below freezing stop bacterial action and reduce the oxidation of the fat. Therefore, freezing is an excellent way to prevent deterioration of flavor during storage.

*Does taking Epsom-salts baths help a person reduce?* Miss L. K.

No. Any weight reduction that might occur after Epsom-salts baths results from a temporary water loss rather than a true loss of fatty tissue. We believe that the only sound reducing program is a carefully planned, well-balanced, low-calorie diet.

*According to government-inspection standards, what is the difference between veal and calf?* Miss E. M.

Veal usually comes from young beef animals less than fourteen weeks old, fed largely on milk or milk products. The flesh is fine-textured, delicately flavored, and pinkish brown in color.



# Beef

by Good Housekeeping Bureau

ALBERT A. SCHAAL, B.S., M.S., DIRECTOR

Calf is from older animals that have passed the veal stage but have not yet acquired beef characteristics. The meat is coarser, firmer, more fatty, and a deeper red. Calf also has a more pronounced beef flavor than veal.

**Is it harmful to drink two or three glasses of water with a meal?**

Miss E. M. C.

Not unless you drink it to wash down food that was not thoroughly chewed. Otherwise, there is no objection to drinking plenty of water at mealtime.

**How do seedless raisins differ from seeded ones?**

Mrs. H. E.

Seedless raisins are dried grapes of the Thompson seedless variety. Seeded raisins are made from the Muscat grape variety, which contains seeds (usually two). These are removed by machine after the grapes are dried. Muscat raisins are richer in sugar and darker; seedless raisins are smaller, less sticky, and lighter.

**In a child's diet, can nonfat dry milk be substituted for whole fluid milk?**

Mrs. R. K.

Yes, with one simple adjustment. As nonfat dry milk does not provide butterfat, an important source of vitamin A, the diet should include extra amounts of foods rich in this vitamin: butter or fortified margarine, liver, kidneys, and leafy green and yellow vegetables.

**Is home-canned tomato juice as rich in vitamin C as commercially canned tomato juice?**

Miss R. L.

It is not likely to be. Vitamin C is easily destroyed when it is exposed to air (oxygen). This destruction is even more rapid at high temperatures. In home canning, such exposure is necessary in blanching, peeling, cooking, straining, reheating, and processing the tomatoes. Commercial canners have developed special machinery and methods to exclude all possible contact of the tomatoes with the oxygen in the air during the processing operation.

Questions must be accompanied by a stamped envelope. Prescriptive advice cannot be given, nor can food or drug samples be analyzed. Address questions to Good Housekeeping Bureau, 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York 19, N. Y.

## Three ways to fight TUBERCULOSIS

The mortality rate for tuberculosis has declined steadily over the years. According to the National Office of Vital Statistics, the death rate in 1900 was 194 per 100,000 population. Today, it is less than 28—the lowest on record.

Despite the decline in the death rate, tuberculosis has by no means been conquered. Nearly 40,000 people in the

United States lost their lives last year from this disease, and over 130,000 new cases were reported.

Doctors urge continued efforts to advance the fight against tuberculosis. They suggest three ways to do this—*detect the disease early, treat it promptly, and prevent new cases.*



### 1 Detect the disease early

The surest way to find tuberculosis early is through an X-ray examination at the doctor's office or at a chest clinic. It is especially important to take this step if a persistent cough, fever, a "tired feeling" or loss of weight occur—for these may indicate early tuberculosis.

The disease may, however, be a "silent sickness" and show no signs at the beginning. That is why it is wise to have X-ray pictures made during an annual health examination, or whenever a chest X-ray program is sponsored in the community.



### 2 Treat it promptly

If tuberculosis should be detected in an active stage, prompt and thorough treatment is essential—preferably in a tuberculosis hospital. This usually calls for complete bed rest which helps the body heal the infection.

Other measures may be used including surgery and drug therapy. New drugs, used as an adjunct to rest or surgery, have been especially beneficial in certain types of tuberculosis. There is hope that more effective ones may become available in the future.

Under proper hospital treatment, authorities say practically all persons with early tuberculosis have an excellent chance to get well.



### 3 Prevent new cases

To help prevent new cases of tuberculosis, specialists urge that those who have the disease remain in the hospital until their condition is under control.

In this way, families, friends, and associates are saved from the danger of infection, for tuberculosis is a "catching" disease spread through contact.

The likelihood of developing it may also be reduced if everyone guards against the disease by getting plenty of sleep, rest, proper exercise, and nourishing food.

Regular health examinations, including a chest X-ray, can usually detect tuberculosis before symptoms become apparent—and often before it becomes contagious.

COPYRIGHT 1950—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

**Metropolitan Life Insurance Company**

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

1 Madison Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your booklet, 120-G, "Tuberculosis."

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_





### Sally got tinsel...

Sally told her husband to get her "just anything" for Christmas. So—instead of the new carpet sweeper she needed, she got some gew-gaws she had to pretend she liked. Silly Sally!



### Sue got a time-saver...

Susy came right out and said, "What I need this year is a new Bissell Carpet Sweeper. Then I won't have to plug in my vacuum cleaner every time you folks spill a few crumbs!" Smart Sue—who knew it paid to have *both*!

### Only BISSELL has "BISCO-MATIC"\* brush action

This miracle-action brush adjusts itself automatically to thick rugs or thin, without any pressure on the handle whatsoever! It even gets the dirt under beds, where you can't press down.

New Bissell Sweepers with "Bisco-matic" Brush Action as low as \$6.95. Illustrated: The "Flight" at \$9.95. Prices a little more in the West.



# BISSELL SWEEPERS

Bissell Carpet  
Sweeper Company  
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan



\*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Bissell's full spring controlled brush.

## EMILY TAYLOR'S CORNER SHE CLEANS THINGS



My yearly list of "things to do" before Christmas has all the usual notes about gifts, cards, holly, etc. But getting organized in a family like mine is strain enough without having Christmas dinner turned into a hustle-and-bustle affair. This is why my list has reminders concerning the Christmas table. I strongly believe it should be nothing less than perfection in linen, silver, china, and glassware.

### THOSE STOWED-AWAY NAPKINS

We're so devoted to the use of generous-sized, soft paper napkins in my house that I'll frankly admit the monogrammed linen ones come out only on rare occasions. About a week before Christmas I get them out, look them over, and usually find them a little dog-eared and ruffled. More often than not, I find a few stains. They're so lovely I rather enjoy re- laundering them and fussing over the ironing and folding. All the napkins need is a quick wash in sudsy water. Then, if they are stained, I follow the wash with a ten-minute soak in bleach water. One tablespoonful of bleach to every quart of water does wonders with stains. I like my good napkins too much to take chances, so I carefully rinse them after bleaching.

When I iron the embroidered monograms, I use a folded Turkish towel over the ironing board to give extra thickness and to raise the pattern. Folding the napkins so the monogram shows is a matter of putting them to hem in thirds lengthwise. The cross-wise fold goes first from the right, then left, with the hem at right and fold at left.

### MY SILVER TREASURES

There's no long siege of silver polishing of my candelabra, candy and nut dishes, etc., because I don't let them get badly tarnished. It's so easy to keep them bright in a special silver cloth, or to coat them with a tarnish preventive. But I like the added gleam

they have when I give them a going over with creamy silver polish and dry them well with clean, dry dish towels. The table silver comes out of the antitarnish chest so bright you wouldn't think it could be any shinier. But I've found that a few minutes in detergent suds, followed by a good hot rinse and a polish as each piece is dried, bring out the beauty of the pattern more than ever.

I have an individual note that says "salt and pepper shakers." It reminds me to get them out and to wash, dry, and fill them before Christmas morning.

### THE BACKBONE OF MY TABLE

My company china is stored in the dining room, but even a fairly tight cupboard doesn't keep out all dust and film, so I always look over my china to see whether or not it actually needs washing. But I know before I look at the footed tumblers and sherbet glasses that I'm going to wash and polish them.

Lots of women might think I waste time washing glasses that look clean, but I've discovered that last-minute washing of fine crystal brings out hidden sparkle. All it takes is a quick swish through very hot dishwashing-detergent suds in the dishpan. Yes, I said "hot," because I wear lined household gloves, which enable me to put my hands in almost scalding water. Then I rinse, of course, and polish each one with a lintless dish towel. By next Christmas, I hope to have a dishwasher to wash and dry the glasses and china, instead of doing them myself.

When these things finally are crossed off my list, I get a pleasant, relaxed feeling and look forward to Christmas Day as a happy ending to a few hectic weeks.

Emily Taylor

"All my lingerie gets Lux care"

## BARBARA HALE

Fairy-tale colors stay enchantingly  
lovely 3 times as long

Barbara studied portrait painting, loves fashion designing . . . displays her exquisite color sense in her personal taste.

"I love clear, fresh colors in lingerie," says Barbara, "so I insist on Lux Flakes to keep them that way. I know it's wonderfully safe and gentle for colors."

Delicate colors stay lovely 3 times as long with gentle Lux Flakes care. Why take chances with wrong washing methods? They soon fade soft colors, spoil fabrics.

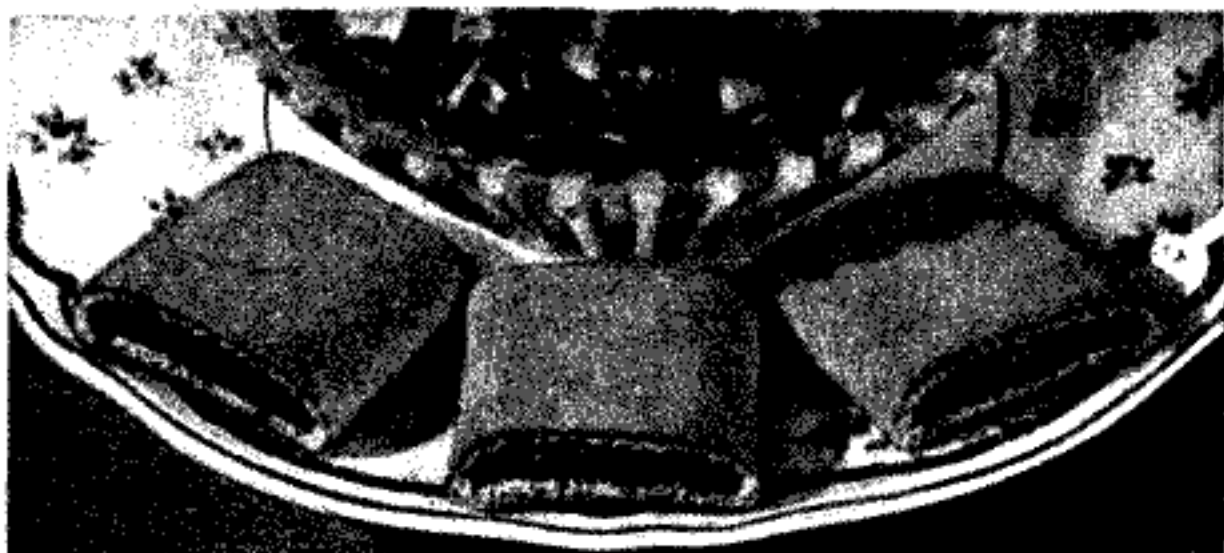
It's no wonder so many Hollywood stars insist on gentle Lux care. Play safe! Give your lingerie, all your pretty washables that lovely Lux look.

BARBARA HALE  
lovely star of  
"EMERGENCY  
WEDDING"  
A Columbia Picture

**LUX**  
FLAKES

**LUX FLAKES**  
for that lovely LUX look

Lingerie ensemble of Pacific blue French batiste was especially designed for Barbara's fresh beauty. It Luxes like a hankie!



*There's nothing like this tender golden cake, this yummy fig jam filling to tempt your taste! Baked only by NABISCO, FIG NEWTONS CAKES will be your dessert-time and between-time favorites!*

*Nabisco loves cookies! That's why they make 'em so good!*

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY®



*So light, so right whenever you yearn for a "sweet"! The crisply delicious wafers—the whipped fondant filling make NABISCO SUGAR WAFERS unlike any other cookies in the world!*

*Dessert's a sweet dream with fondant-filled*  
**NABISCO SUGAR WAFERS**



## HENRY TAYLOR'S CORNER

HE FIXES THINGS



You've probably found, as I have, that not only are the right tools needed for household repairs, but they must be kept in good condition. Oiling infrequently used tools is one of the best ways to prevent rust and corrosion. Tools used often should receive special attention.

I use the standard screw driver more than any other tool. A screw driver consists of a tip (or blade), a shank (the round, or shaft, part), and a handle. It should not be used for prying, or on an electrical circuit, unless the fuse has been removed. If the tip is nicked or chipped, it needs to be repaired. This can be done in the following simple steps:

Using a grindstone, grind the tip straight, at right angles to the shank. Then grind the faces, or sides, of the tip, either parallel or tapered slightly toward the shank, for a short distance from the tip, as shown in the illustration (above, right). Never grind the faces so that the tip is brought to a sharp edge. A square edge will fit into the slot on a screw so that the screw driver will not slip out and damage the piece on which you are working.

Another tool I use a great deal is the claw-type hammer, the head of which has a curved section for pulling out nails, as well as a section for hammering or driving in nails. It is almost impossible to use a hammer without eventually having to replace the handle. The body of the head should always be firmly secured to the hammer handle.

To be certain that the hammer head will not fly off the handle when in use, insert a wedge into the open end of the handle, which fits into the hammer head, so that the end of the



handle is pressed against the outer, tapered part of the hammer head. These wedges, as well as new handles, are obtainable at hardware stores.

My wood chisels and planes frequently need repair. The cutting edges become dull and, even with the best of care, nicked. Putting them in good working condition is not difficult. The tool illustrated (above, left) is made for this job. The chisel or blade to be sharpened or honed is clamped in this tool so that it can be moved back and forth over a sharpening or honing stone. It must be clamped tightly, to maintain the proper angle on the cutting edge. This angle can be determined by observing the contact made between the edge and the sharpening or honing stone. After the blade is properly adjusted, simply roll the tool back and forth over the stone.

Another tool I use a great deal is a saw, which can be sharpened and "set" at home. For example, a triangular-shaped file, called a rat-tail file, can be used for sharpening each individual tooth. It is important to maintain the proper angle on each tooth, so that it remains the same as when new. After each tooth has been sharpened, it must be set. To set a tooth means bending it slightly away from the blade, with each tooth bent in the opposite direction from the adjoining tooth. The amount of set is dependent on the type of saw. For most home work very little set is needed; that is, the teeth are bent only slightly away from the blade.

*Henry Taylor*

• These women tried some of those no-rinse chemicals.

Here's what they say—

**FOR WHITE  
WHITE  
WASHES**



"I like to see the white things on my line really gleaming white—and I like to see my hands soft and white, too!" says Mrs. J. D. Gover of Chicago, Ill. "Believe me, I soon gave up the no-rinse chemicals I tried and went back to Duz!"

**WITHOUT**



**RED HANDS**

"When you wash as many clothes as I do," says Mrs. Violet Cammack of Portland, Oreg., "you want a soap that gives you wonderfully clean washes without making your hands rough and red. That's why I've gone back to Duz!"

**"I'VE GONE BACK TO  
DUZ!"**



**ONLY DUZ**—of all leading washday products—gives you this great combination of rich, real soap and two scientifically tested detergents for dazzling clean, white washes!

**ONLY DUZ**—of all leading washday package soaps or "suds"—is so kind to your hands, so safe for colors! Yet no soap known gives you a cleaner, sweeter-smelling wash!

**DUZ**  
DOES EVERYTHING

*Works Wonders Even in Hardest Water!*

# Staunch Friends

A FINE gun, a smart dog, a boon companion or two, and the sportsman needs but one thing more to assure a fun-filled day afield—a stout car with Body by Fisher to transport him to and from his hunting area.

Such a car will carry him over the rough roads of the game country with comforting freedom from weave and rattle. On the uneven footing of open fields, its doors will still slam shut with the solid, sure thud that tells of a stout understructure and steel-welded-to-steel construction.

At day's end it will carry him home

in carefully contrived comfort, surrounded even to its safety plate glass windows and windshield with protection provided by the nation's most highly experienced body builders.

Yes, the Body by Fisher on your car proves to be a staunch friend in every use you make of a car. Just compare it with any other body built today—compare it for style, for room, for comfort, for protective strength—and you will see why most motorists today feel there is no body like Body by Fisher.



## FEEL THE DIFFERENCE!

*You can judge for yourself how Body by Fisher leads in comfort and luxury. Just try those deep, roomy seats—note the finish of appointments and fittings—feel the richness of Fisher fabrics. Here is 42 years of experience and craftsmanship embodied in fine materials.*

Body by Fisher  — BETTER THAN EVER!

Only on General Motors cars : CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC

KEEP UP WITH

# Medicine

**Each month Good Housekeeping records practical progress made in medical science. If you want to know more about any item below, consult your physician**

In Copenhagen, neurologists have studied diagnostic tests for different forms of headache, based on the injection of small amounts of histamine and nitroglycerin. These studies were made on more than 170 people, some of whom did not have headaches and others with headaches classified as migraine, vasomotor, neurasthenic, psychogenic, and myogenic. People often have difficulty describing their headaches, such as throbbing, thumping, knocking, pressing, tense. Good effects were achieved in allergic types of headache with antihistaminic drugs.

Continuous research has shown that cortisone, an active substance from the cortex of the adrenal gland, can improve leukemia, but patients inevitably relapse. Recent research indicates that a combination treatment of cortisone and one of the folic-acid antagonists, such as aminopterin or teropterin, is more successful than use of either of the drugs separately.

In Los Angeles, seventy-five infantile-paralysis victims were studied to determine the amount of protein (serum albumin) in their blood. In all cases, the serum-albumin level consistently decreased for about ten days, and to a greater extent in the more severe cases. When blood plasma was injected into these patients' blood, about half of the cases improved—in some instances dramatically. The investigators believe that part of the damage in infantile paralysis is due to an accumulation of fluid in the nervous system, and that improvement resulted from elimination of this fluid rather than from any specific effect on the virus of the disease or the damaged nerve cells. The investigators also believe that in some cases improvement after injection of convalescent serum has resulted from a similar action. They believe the beneficial effects are in no way related to a specific action against the virus.

A study of 1,031 coronary-thrombosis cases by a special committee of the

American Heart Association revealed the following facts. While gout is not significantly related to coronary thrombosis, diabetes definitely increases susceptibility to this condition. Women develop coronary thrombosis approximately six years later than men. The use of the anticoagulant drugs is a decided step forward in the control of this frequent cause of sudden death. New anticoagulant drugs, called Paritol and Tromexan, are now being studied.

Research in a large hospital in Newark, New Jersey, indicates that less cortisone may be required in treating rheumatoid arthritis if insulin is given simultaneously, both drugs being used in less than ordinary dosage.

A device has been developed that measures the skin's electrical resistance. Dutch physicians found increased skin resistance in asthma, sometimes in peptic ulcer and ulcerative colitis, and especially in Raynaud's disease, a blood-circulation disturbance producing so-called "dead fingers" or "dead toes." Old people with cold, dry skin have a higher resistance than people with moist, warm skin. The investigators found that resistance rises when people try to inhibit or control their emotions. This confirms the belief that peptic ulcer, ulcerative colitis, and high blood pressure mostly occur in tense people who habitually keep their emotions strictly under control.

Investigators have found that the antihistaminic drugs prevent the lungs' flooding with fluid (called pulmonary edema) after the inhalation of phosgene. Phosgene is a poisonous gas first used in World War I, where it caused most of the poison-gas deaths.

Scandinavian investigators have confirmed work done in the United States indicating that the morning change in body temperature is a means of determining when the ovary is releasing an ovum, or female egg cell. Thus, accurate temperature readings reveal the "safe period," when pregnancy is unlikely.

Since 1949, when penicillin was introduced in the infectious-disease hospital in Prague, complications have dropped from 17.9 to one percent. The penicillin technique gave the best results ever secured in scarlet fever: a short isolation period, practically no complications, and a reduction in the expense of treatment to less than a fourth of previous costs.

Severely burned patients sometimes die within two weeks from exhaustion of the adrenal gland. In Great Britain, research on mice showed that cortisone saves lives in such cases. ACTH cannot be substituted for cortisone, as ACTH's function is to stimulate the adrenal cortex to produce cortisone. The toxic effect of the burn exhausts the adrenal-gland cortex so that stimulation would be impossible.

Research at the Mayo Clinic has shown that nausea or vomiting caused by aureomycin is considerably reduced when the drug is taken with half a pint of milk. Aluminum-hydroxide gels also control this nausea, but apparently there is less aureomycin in the blood when taken with gels than when taken with milk.

Horse-trading experts claim they can tell a horse's age from his teeth. Now the head of the state dental department of Malmo, Sweden, has developed a mathematical formula for detecting a person's age, within three and a half years, by his teeth. The Swedish expert's formula is based on the extent of wearing down as the result of chewing, the secondary dentine or tissue that has grown around the tooth, and the transparency of the root.

Skin-disease specialists at Duke University have found that at least half of the children admitted with kidney inflammations during the past four years got the condition after a severe skin infection. Such ordinary skin disturbances as impetigo, scabies, and chicken pox were followed by secondary infections, which went from the skin to the kidneys.

SMALL HOUSE

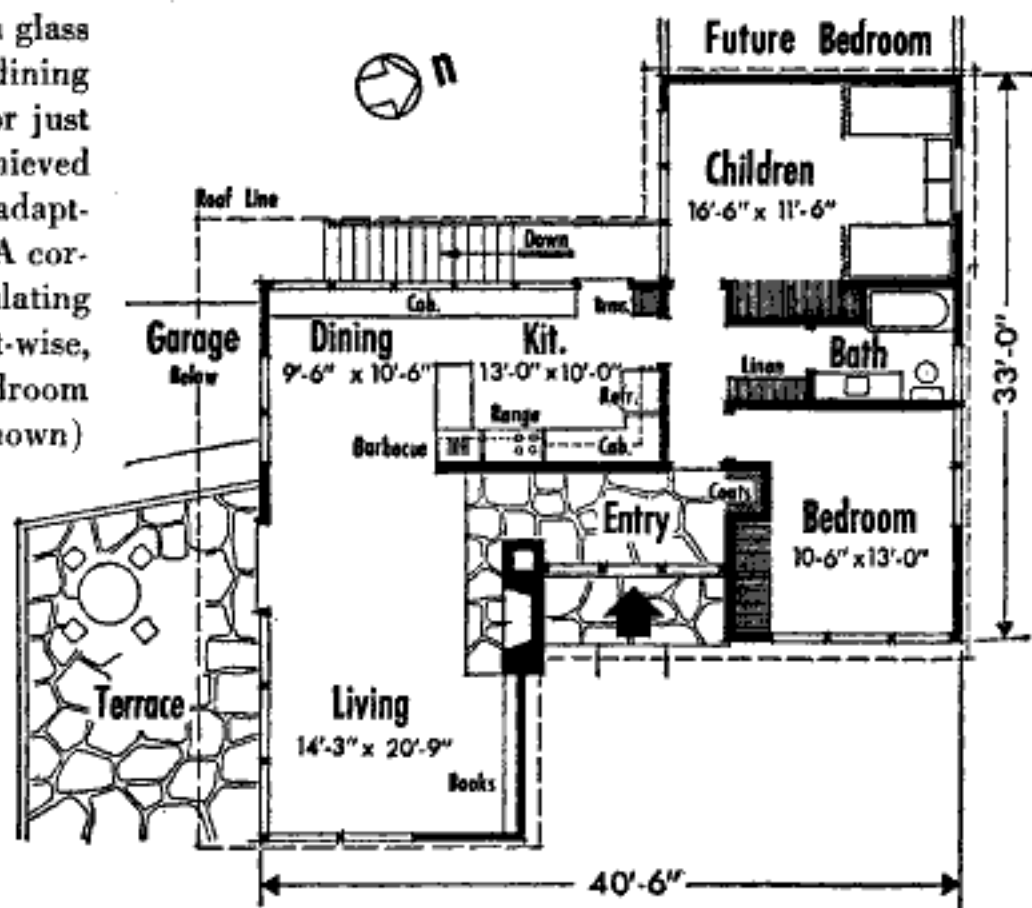
*of the Month*



DRAWING BY GEORGE COOPER RUDOLPH

Views are where you make them

This is a house for a view—a view to be captured in glass by a 26'-long window wall flanking the living-dining room. It can be a stupendous, overpowering view, or just a tiny private patch of grass and fragment of sky, achieved with a packet of seeds and a length of fence. It's an adaptable house; build it anywhere—even in the North. A correctly sized heating system, storm sash, and insulating glass will protect against winter's worst. And budget-wise, you'll find it most obliging. Begin with only one bedroom if family and means are limited. Add a second (as shown) or a third by extending the rear wing. You'll like, too, the 6' x 13' entrance hall. Total living area (with 2 bedrooms), 1,221 sq. ft. (More on page 40)



SKETCH PLAN of our "Private View" house, showing  $\frac{1}{8}$ "-scale drawings of elevations and plans, may be obtained by sending 25¢ to Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York 19. 38



yours to live with . . .

yours to love . . .



... for keeps

Is this your Christmas for

*Community*—

THE FINEST SILVERPLATE

Is this *your* Christmas to invest in sparkling hospitality, good taste for your table, for life?

Is this your Christmas to win the envy of your friends, your guests' warm approval, to make every meal an occasion?

Then see your jeweler's Christmas showing of Community's five distinguished patterns. Feel their important weight and balance. Let him tell you about the solid silver "Overlay" . . . Community's lifetime wear-protection.

Price Community\*—you won't believe how much luxury you can buy for so little—dinner services for 8 start as low as \$49.75. (No Federal Tax)

Note to husbands (and other males). This Christmas—you might make somebody love you—with Community!

**PATTERNS TO LIVE WITH . . . PATTERNS TO LOVE**



1

### *Gentler* bleaching action.....

**added protection for linens!** Restoring a stained blouse to bright new beauty is just one of the many miracles you can perform with Clorox. For besides removing stains from white and color-fast cottons and linens, Clorox whitens and brightens, deodorizes, makes linens sanitary, too. In addition to all this, Clorox *conserves* fabrics... it's free from caustic, *extra gentle!*



2

### *Greater* disinfecting efficiency...

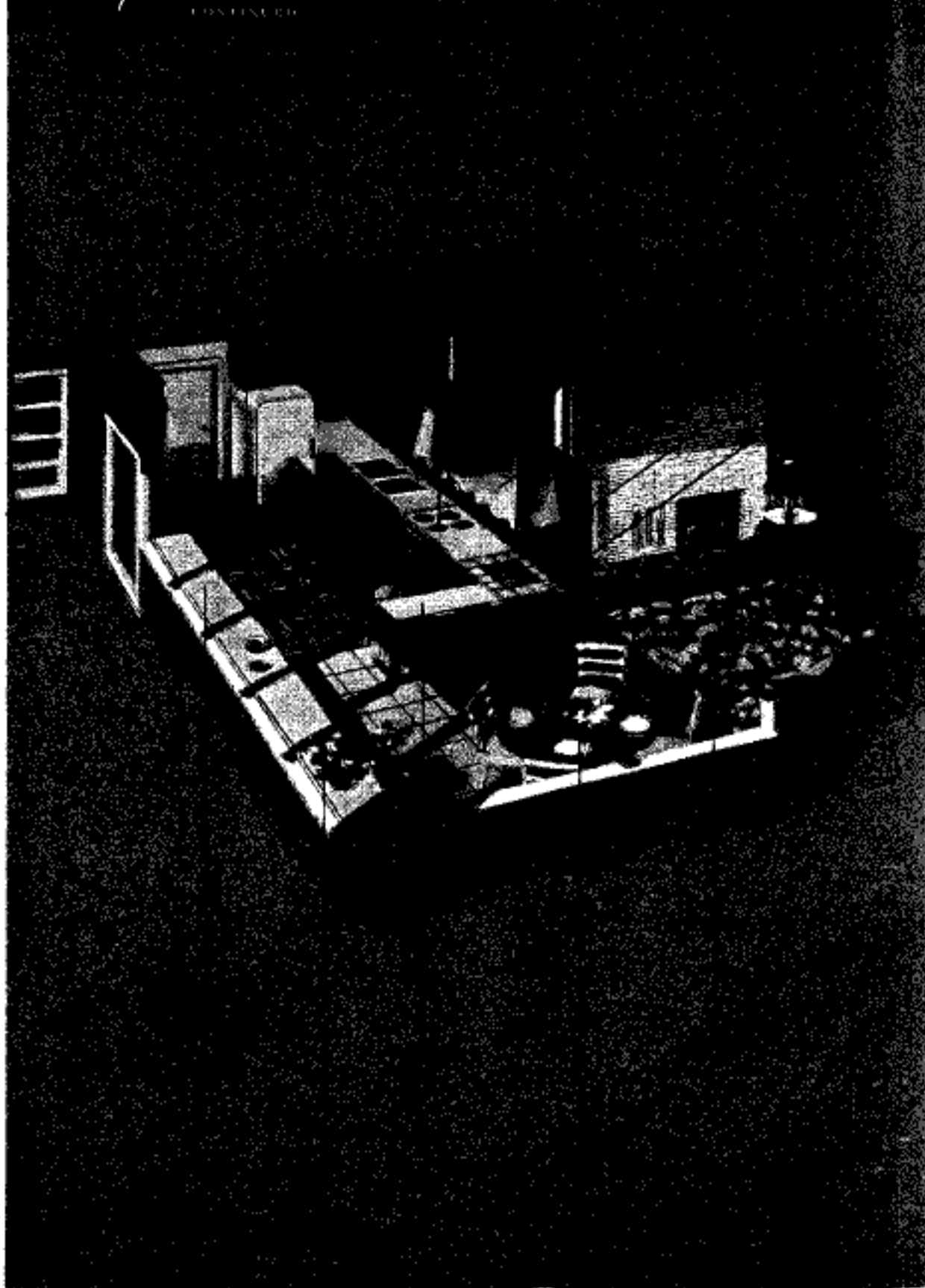
**added protection for health!** The same bottle of Clorox that gives added protection to laundry also gives added protection to family health. For Clorox is one of the safest, most economical and efficient household disinfectants known... *more efficient* than any other product of its kind! Let this miracle germ-killer combat bathroom and kitchen germ centers in *your* home. See directions on label.

Clorox, 1936, Clorox Chemical Co.

**CLOROX** AMERICA'S FAVORITE BLEACH AND HOUSEHOLD DISINFECTANT

## SMALL HOUSE

*of the Month*



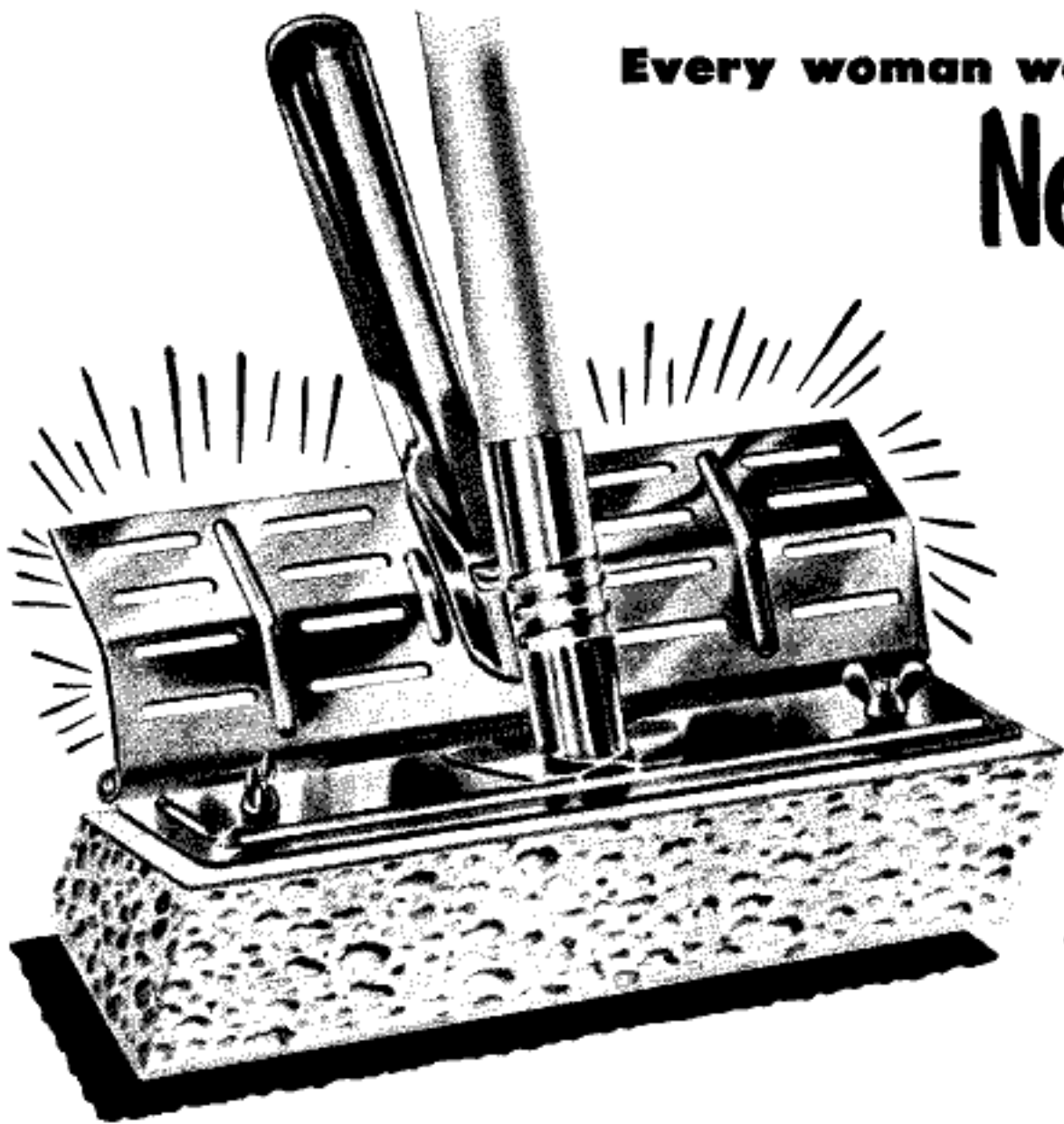
## Bring the family together

Gone is the parlor hermetically preserved for favored company. Gone are the separate dining room and the white and prophylactic kitchen hidden from all eyes (except Mother's) by solid walls and a swinging door. In their places is one grand and glorious living room that brings the whole family together: Mother in the kitchen, Dad and the children in living or dining areas. The 14' x 21' living end, with glass-wall view of terrace and

garden, has fireplace, built-in bookshelves and game lockers. Awning-type windows ventilate it. The dining area economically combines breakfast corner and traditional dining room. It has a full view of the kitchen, with its batteries of blond-wood cabinets (to harmonize with furniture). A tile barbecue is paired with the range under a gleaming copper hood. Abutting them is a kitchen work top. Architect, George Cooper Rudolph, New York. (The End)

Every woman wants the

# New wet mop that keeps hands dry!



**No more wringing!** No more rough, red hands with the new O-Cedar Sponge Mop. You simply *press* the water out with the handy built-in squeezer!



**Cleans floors fast!** O-Cedar's exclusive "wonder working angle" makes mopping easier, speedier. Sponge head *grips* the surface, *floods* the floor, *scrubs out* stubborn dirt—*fast!*



**Keeps hands lovelier looking!** Hot, soapy scrub water can't harm your hands or ruin your manicure. With an O-Cedar Sponge Mop your hands stay out of the scrub water!



**Speeds housecleaning a dozen ways!** Cleans any floor • Shampoos rugs • Spreads wax evenly • Soaks up spills • Washes walls, ceilings, stairs • Soaks off old wallpaper • Scrubs tubs, tile, porcelain.

**WRITTEN 5 YEAR GUARANTEE**

with every O-Cedar Sponge Mop. (Covers everything but replaceable sponge head.) See your O-Cedar dealer this week for full details.

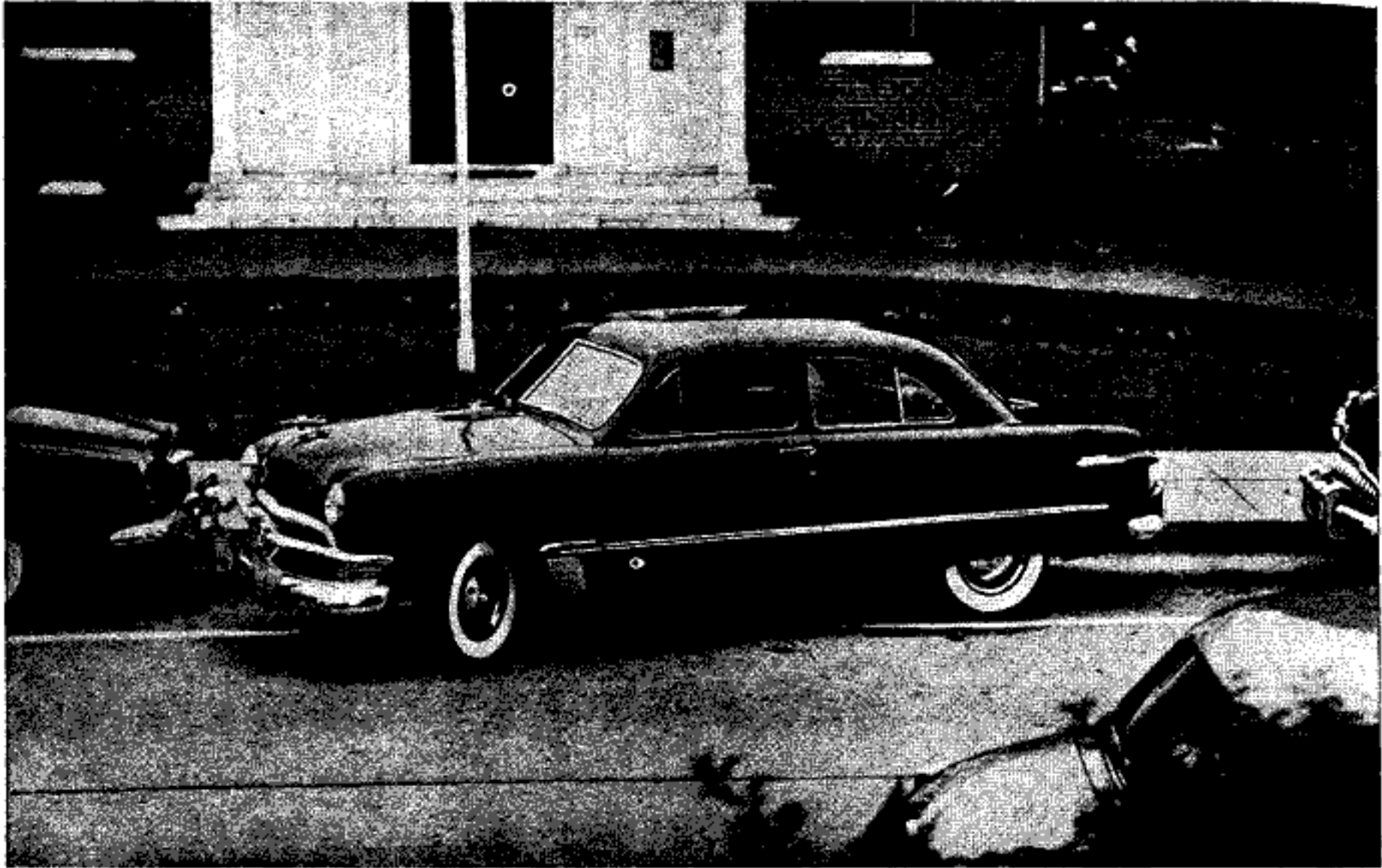
# O-Cedar Sponge Mop \$3<sup>95</sup> complete

At better dealers near you now! Extra Sponge Refills—\$1.49

O-Cedar Corp  
Chicago, Illinois

O-Cedar of Canada, Ltd.  
Toronto, Canada





PHOTOGRAPH BY ABBE

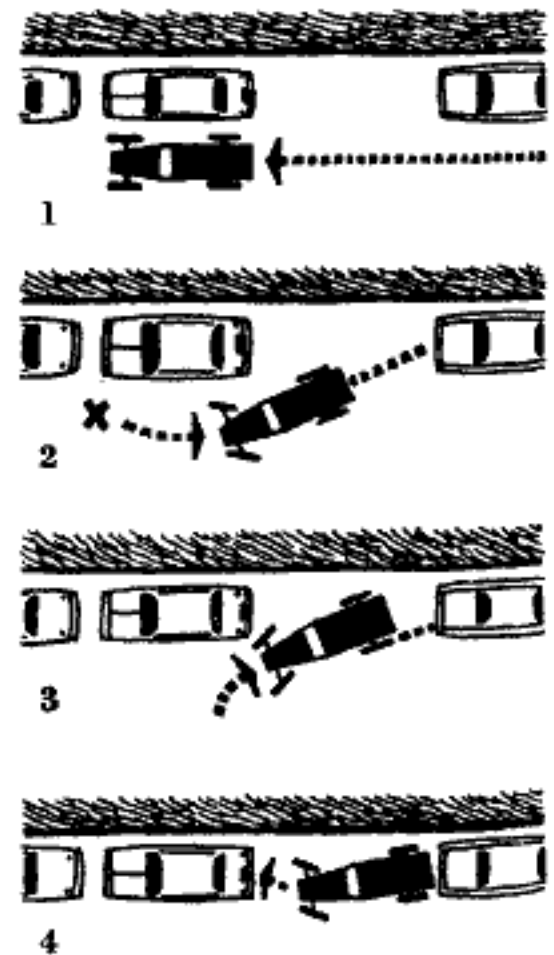
# All around the town

BY CHARLOTTE MONTGOMERY

Now, in December, with holiday festivities afoot and extra shopping to be done, the tempo of your busy life increases. More than ever your driving is of the start-and-stop variety: endless errands, visits to the hairdresser's, a tree to trim at the hospital, a trip to the florist to select the shiniest greens, the children's dancing-school party, a Christmas meeting of your club. How could you possibly accomplish all you have to do without a car, which has become a necessary ingredient of full-scale living for many women today? If you are statistically minded, you'll be interested to know that the average wife

To make stop-and-go driving less tiring and more convenient, there are several things you should know. For example, when you consider how often you park during an average week, you'll realize how important this simple act is. Tire bruises, the cause of future trouble, and fender dents, which mar your car's good looks and are expensive to repair, may occur when you park or pull out of a parking place. A dozen times a day you may switch off your engine and hurry away, never thinking that the way you have parked may be a risk to the safety of your car and others.

First, park near, but not too near, the next car, and a reasonable distance from the curb (in most cities you are allowed six inches). If you use the emergency (or hand) brake, pull it on all the way—hard. If it is only partially on, you may unthinkingly drive away without releasing it, thus damaging your brake lining. Many women believe that leaving their car in "low" when they park prevents it from (Continued on page 132)



Proper way to back into parking space (for details, see page 132)



Safety positions for hill parking

uses the family car at least seventy-five percent of the time and that three quarters of her driving is in short, around-town runs.

# What do I want for Xmas?



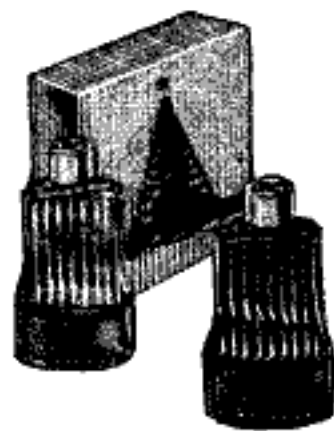
**"SANTA TWEED."** Gay roly-poly Santa hides a drawer holding 1/2 oz. Tweed Perfume. Makes a spirited Christmas tree decoration, \$5.50



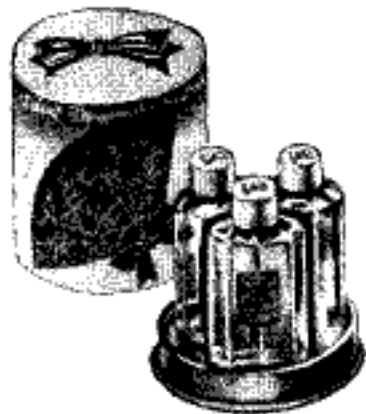
**REPLICA CHRISTMAS TREE.** A one-dram perfume Replica in gift box with unfolding tree. Tweed, \$2.00; Miracle, \$2.25; Repartee, \$2.50



**PURSE FLACON CHRISTMAS TREE.** Lovely gift box holds a perfume purse flacon of Tweed, \$2.25; Miracle, \$1.50; Repartee, \$2.75



**CHRISTMAS FLORAL DUB.** 2-oz. flacons of Bouquet Muguet (Lily of the Valley) and Bouquet Red Rose. In attractive Christmas box, \$1.00



**THREE SILENT MESSENGERS.** Three 2-oz. flacons of Bouquet Lenthéric. Tweed, Confetti and Shanghai or Miracle. Attractively gift wrapped, \$2.50



**DE LUXE 3-PIECE BATH SET.**... 2-oz. flacon of Bouquet Lenthéric, Bath Powder and Sachet. Tweed or Miracle, \$3.50. Repartee, \$4.15



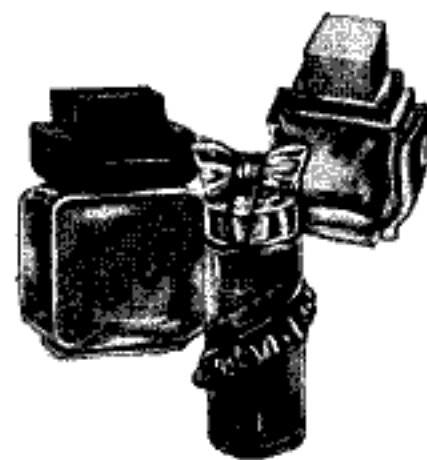
**BOUQUET FLACON** 3 1/2 oz.—Confetti, Tweed, Miracle, or Shanghai, \$1.25; Dark Brilliance, \$2.50; Anticipation or Repartee, \$1.50. *Gift wrapped.* **BATH DUB**... 3 1/2 oz. Bouquet flacon and talcum powder. Tweed, Miracle or Shanghai, \$2.50; Repartee, \$3.00



**REPARTEE PERFUME** (made in France), \$2.50, \$4.50, \$8.50, \$15.00, \$25.00  
**BOUQUET REPARTEE DECANTER.** 4-oz. decanter, \$3.50



**DARK BRILLIANCE PERFUME,** a rich, haunting fragrance. Made in Paris. \$3.25, \$5.00, \$5.75, \$15.00, \$30.00.



**TWEED PERFUME or CONFETTI PERFUME,** \$1.75, \$2.00, \$3.25, \$5.50, \$10.00, \$18.00  
**ANTICIPATION PERFUME,** \$2.50, \$15.00, \$35.00



**SHANGHAI PERFUME,** \$2.00, \$2.25, \$4.00, \$7.00, \$12.50, \$22.00  
**MIRACLE PERFUME,** \$2.00, \$2.25, \$4.00, \$7.00, \$12.50, \$22.00



**TWEED DE LUXE COMPACT** in goldtone-case. Powder is pressed in to guard against spilling. \$3.00. **"BACKGAMMON" GOLDTONE COMPACT** (single), \$3.95

All Prices Plus Taxes





PHOTOGRAPH BY LAMBERT FROM LEWIS

# THE WORLD OF CHILDREN

BY PETER CARDOZO

## School for Santa

Playing Santa Claus involves more than wearing a white beard and stuffing a pillow under a red coat. Albion, New York (not quite at the North Pole!), is the home of the oddest school in the world—the Santa Claus School, where men are trained to portray the jolly old elf. The students (good-natured family men preferred) are enrolled by department-store executives, who know that Christmas sales often depend on whether or not children enjoy their visits to Santa. The curriculum for would-be Saint Nicholases includes courses in How To Laugh, How To Wear Whiskers, Christmas Legends, and Child Psychology. Graduates of the school, well-practised in chuckling jovially and twinkling gaily at visiting small fry, are awarded a Bachelor of Santa Claus degree.

## What Do Children Think About?

A new technique for studying children has been developed by the University of Georgia. Carefully posed photographs dramatically show twelve problems of child discipline and guidance in the home: jealousy, showing off, selfishness, disobedience, etc. Children are asked to "tell a story about each picture." They babble on enlighteningly, projecting themselves into the photographs of typical family situations. Their reactions and responses are recorded; then helpful interviews are held with the mothers, who know nothing of the children's answers. Through these photographs, psychologists are learning what children really think about and are helping to solve many family problems.

## Enter a New Prime Minister

This year, Santa Claus' parade of toys will reflect the ever-popular attraction of the wild West (Roy Rogers and Hopalong Cassidy), an increasing stress on realism (atomic-energy sets, parking meters that operate on a penny, dolls with heartbeats), and a new trend toward colorful circus toys (plastic animals and performers that actually perform). Influence behind the production

of better toys is the Toy Guidance Council, whose president has been dubbed the Prime Minister of Toyland. His philosophy: A toy should teach as well as entertain. The Toy Guidance Council devotes much time to educating mothers and dads (aunts and uncles, too) to the age suitability of playthings. They believe many toys are wasted because children are too young or too old to use them intelligently. The Council's motto is "There's a right time for the right toy."

## Make-Believe Come True

Most boys and girls like to play at being grown-up. In Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, the Smith Memorial Playgrounds help moppets make their dream come true. In a unique playground arrangement, a make-believe village, complete with houses, stores, and banks, has been erected. As part of the day's play, the "mother" in each home draws money from the bank; shops at the grocery, fruit, toy, hardware, and dry-goods stores; even takes her "children" to the barbershop. The stores are run by boys, who sell items that are cleverly designed to look like the real thing. The make-believe village has its own school, where the youngsters are never late for classes—as long as they get a chance to play teacher.

## Good Reading

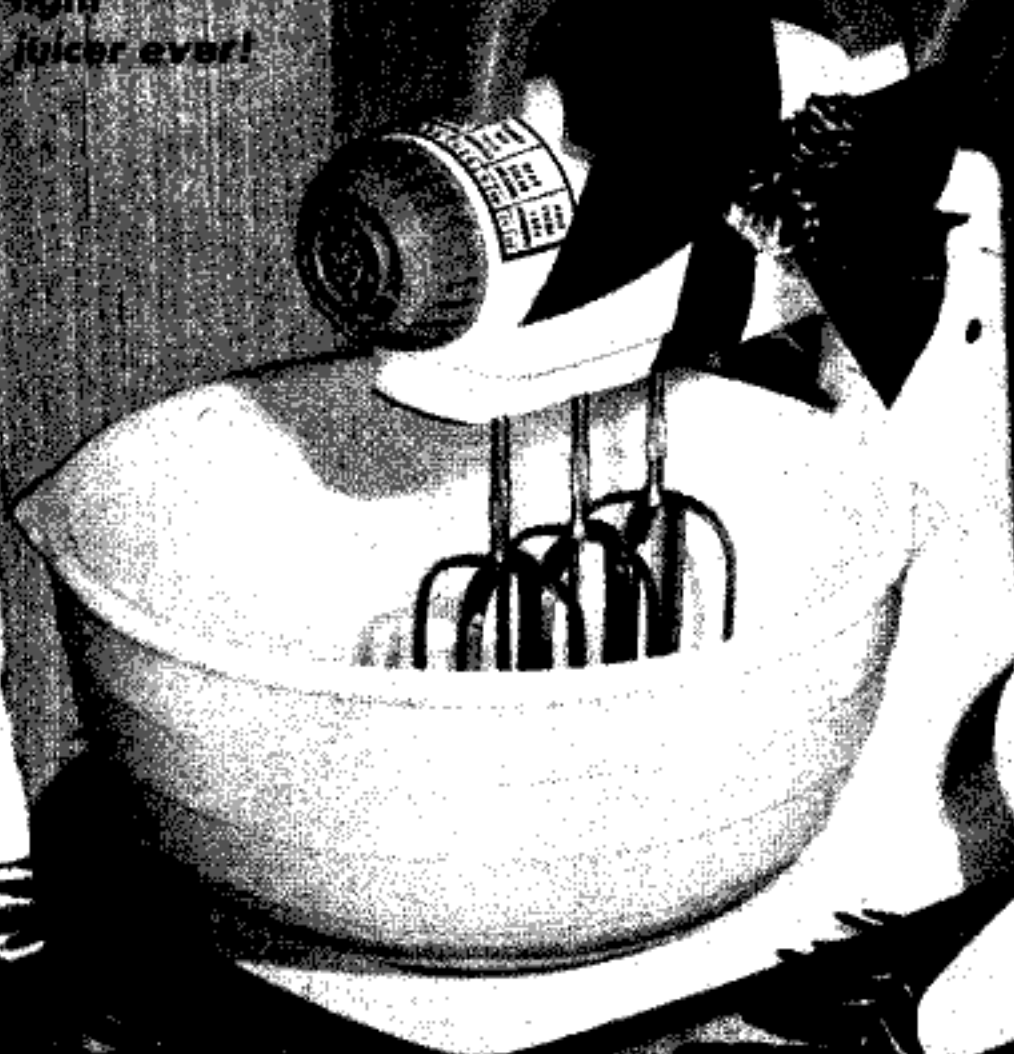
Ages 3 to 5: *Miss Flora McFlimsey's Christmas Eve*, by Mariana (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard)  
 Ages 6 to 9: *Mr. Upstairs and Mr. Downstairs*, by Charles Norman (Harper & Brothers)  
 Ages 10 to 12: *Something Old, Something New*, by Dorothy Canfield (William R. Scott, Inc.)

## Good Listening

Ages 3 to 5: *Animal Fair*, by Burl Ives (Columbia)  
 Ages 6 to 9: *Bozo on the Farm*, by Pinto Colvig (Capitol)  
 Ages 10 to 12: Charles Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*, by Lionel Barrymore (M-G-M)

# General Electric Triple-Whip Mixer

Get 3 powerful beaters...  
 a built-in light  
 and the best juicer ever!



### Built-in light!

You'll just love the special light that's built right in the General Electric Triple-Whip Mixer. It shines directly down into bowl so you can clearly see what you're mixing. (A four-quart and a two-quart bowl come with each mixer.)



### 3 beaters...and so easy to clean!

To give you faster, more thorough mixing, you get three powerful beaters. Easy to clean, too. No center shaft, no hard-to-reach corners get in your way. And beaters are designed to beat completely from center to sides of bowls.



### New, nonclogging juicer!

You'll bless the wonderful new juicer that comes with the new Triple-Whip Mixer. Even when you juice over a dozen oranges, there's no clogging—thanks to the automatic strainer! General Electric Co., Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.



### New, improved speed selector!

It's out in front where it's so easy to read and to set to the right speed. You get constant power—and lots of it, even at low speeds, even when mixing the heaviest batters. And as a portable, it weighs a mere 4 pounds!



**NOW!** Betty Crocker's **STIR-N-ROLL** Biscuits

*The One Great New*

**GUARANTEED\*** to give you richer, flakier biscuits with a wonderful tender crispy crust...top and bottom!

**THE REASON?** Wesson Oil with Gold Medal Flour in this amazing new easy **STIR-N-ROLL** Biscuit Recipe

**RICHER!** These wonderful delicate golden-crustured biscuits are richer and flakier than we ever baked before. You make them with a revolutionary new recipe developed by the Betty Crocker Staff of General Mills. And they're so easy to make that even a beginner can bake perfect biscuits the very first time.

**EASIER!** Far quicker than other home mixed recipes. Here's why. There's no cutting in shortening. You simply pour Wesson Oil with milk into dry ingredients and stir. No floury mess to clean up. Roll or pat out the dough on waxed paper.

**SURER!** Here's why. First—this amazing new, easy Betty Crocker **STIR-N-ROLL** Biscuit Recipe has been tested and retested to perfection. Second—you use fine, dependable Gold Medal Flour and light, pure Wesson Oil. This great team makes **STIR-N-ROLL** Biscuits more tender—gives them a delicate crispy crust, top and bottom.

Gold Medal's splendid all-purpose baking qualities help assure you of success in all your bakings every time. Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Enriched Flour is uniform from sack to sack... month to month. You can count on every cupful—every time!

Mild, light Wesson Oil is so easy to measure accurately! Pure vegetable Wesson Oil stands up under highest baking heat—your biscuits are readily digestible every time. Wesson Oil is famous, too, for Chiffon Cakes, **STIR-N-ROLL** Pastry, delicious salad dressings and for frying.

"Betty Crocker" and "Kitchen-tested" are reg. trade marks of General Mills, Inc. Copyright 1950, General Mills.



**\*GUARANTEE:** Full cost of ingredients refunded if biscuits made with Betty Crocker's new **STIR-N-ROLL** recipe, Gold Medal Flour and Wesson Oil, are not the most delicious you ever tasted. Simply itemize cost of ingredients used and send with your letter to General Mills, Dept. 262, 623 Marquette Avenue, Minneapolis 2, Minnesota.



**Gold Medal Flour**

*America's No. 1 All-Purpose Flour*



# Biscuit Recipe

OF ALL TIME!



START WITH GOLD MEDAL FLOUR... WESSON OIL... COLD MILK



**Sensational Recipe!** Here's all you need. Just these simple ingredients; Gold Medal Flour, milk, salt, baking powder, and Wesson Oil.

- Sift dry ingredients into bowl!



NO CUTTING IN SHORTENING... JUST MEASURE WESSON OIL WITH MILK



**No guessing!** Wesson Oil is so easy to measure. Simply measure Wesson Oil and milk together in cup.

- Pour all at once into the flour mixture! Stir with fork!



## Betty Crocker's STIR-N-ROLL BISCUITS

Make rolled, patted or dropped biscuits with this recipe!

Preheat oven to 475 degrees.

Sift together...  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 2 \text{ cups sifted GOLD MEDAL Flour} \\ *3 \text{ tsp. double-action baking powder} \\ *1 \text{ tsp. salt} \end{array} \right.$

Pour into a measuring cup (but don't stir)  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \frac{1}{2} \text{ cup Wesson Oil} \\ \frac{2}{3} \text{ cup milk} \end{array} \right.$

Then pour all at once into flour.

Stir with a fork until mixture cleans sides of bowl and rounds up into a ball. Smooth up by kneading about ten times, without additional flour. With the dough on waxed paper, press out  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch thick with hands or roll

out between waxed papers. Cut with unfloured biscuit cutter. Bake 10 to 12 minutes on ungreased cookie sheet in very hot oven (475 degrees). Makes about 20 medium-sized biscuits.

**NOTE:** If doubling or tripling recipe, measure oil and milk into bowl, then pour all at once into flour.

### SUCCESS SECRETS

1. For a thicker biscuit, roll dough  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch thick.
2. For nice straight sides, use sharp edged cutter and cut straight down into dough without twisting.
3. For biscuits with smooth tops, roll out dough between two sheets of waxed paper.

\*If you use GOLD MEDAL Self-Rising Flour, omit baking powder and salt.

**IMPORTANT:** This sensational new Betty Crocker recipe developed exclusively for GOLD MEDAL FLOUR and WESSON OIL

"Wesson Oil" is a reg. trade mark of Wesson Oil & Snowdrift Co., Inc.

# AND Wesson Oil

America's No. 1 Salad Oil



# *That Ivory Look*

**Young America has it...  
you can have it, too!**

*Nursery beauties have it...  
so can you!*

Let little Rebecca's lovely skin show you why you should use Ivory for *your* complexion. Ivory is so pure and mild that it pampers even a baby's tender skin. And more doctors advise Ivory for baby's skin—and yours—than all other brands of soap put together.

*Famous beauties have it...  
so can you!*

Ask Alice Wallace, one of the prettiest magazine cover girls you'll see, for her beauty secret. She'll tell you . . . "Pure, mild Ivory Soap!" Like millions of lovely girls, she knows your skin never outgrows Ivory!



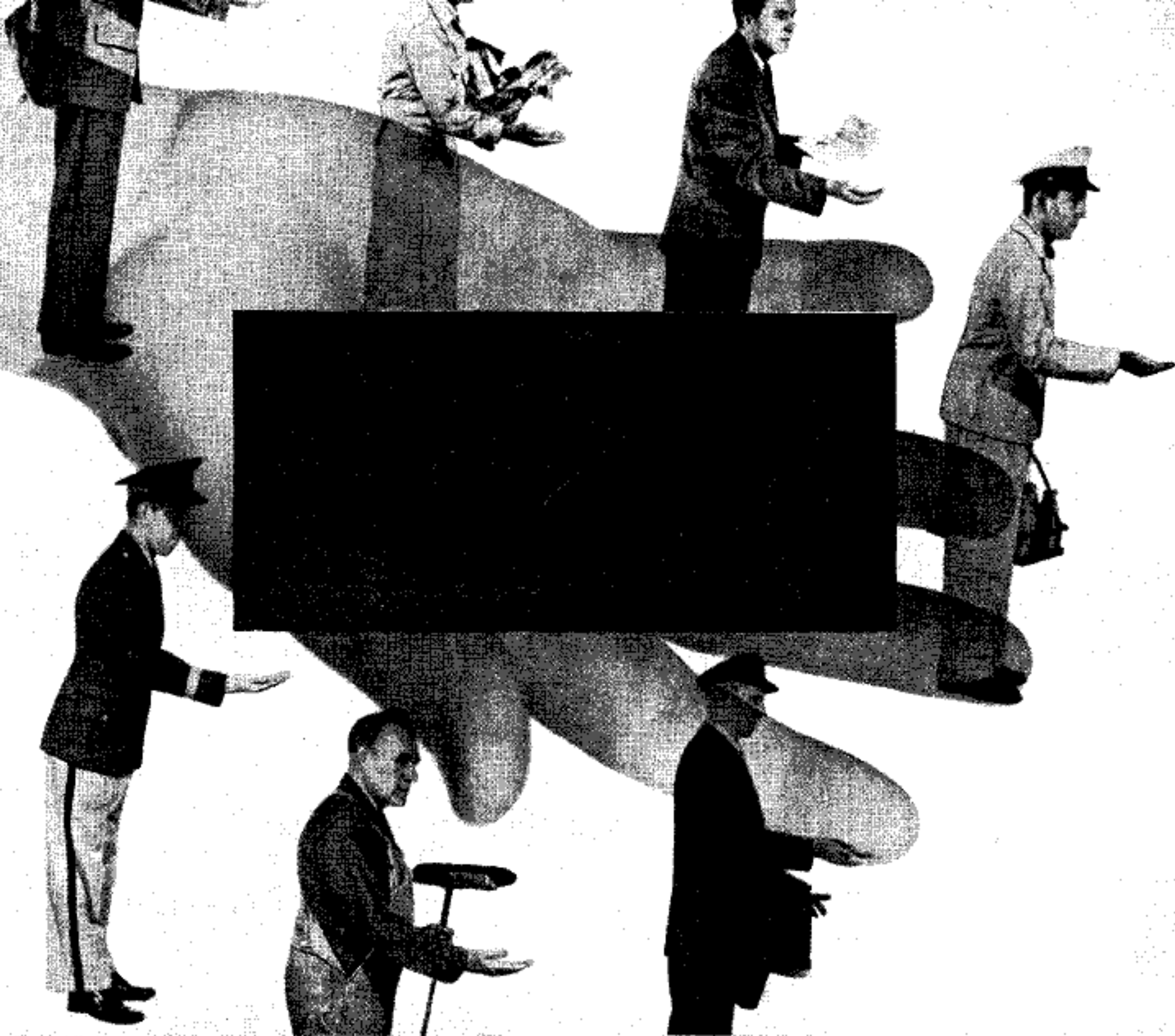
*It can be yours in one week!*

Here's all you do to make *That Ivory Look* your own: change to regular care and use pure, mild Ivory. Then, in just seven days, your complexion will look softer, smoother, younger! You'll have *That Ivory Look!*



*99<sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> % Pure...it floats*

***More doctors advise Ivory  
than any other soap***



PHOTOGRAPH BY PINTO

**Here are suggestions, in dollars and cents, about how much to give delivery boys, garbage collectors, policemen, letter carriers, bus drivers, etc. BY JENNIFER COLTON**

Christmas is that moment when our urge to give really breaks loose. Christmas spirit, we call it, an emotional reflection of the Greater Goodness, which we channel into presents, greetings, Christmas hugs, invitations to dinner, and tips.

Whether you live in a big city, a little town, or a tiny community, there are people you want to tip at Christmastime. People you like, but don't know well enough to be on "present" terms with. People who, in crossing and recrossing your own personal calendar year, have been kind and willing and nice. People to whom you have a happy sense of obligation—for a service, an attitude. Christmas gives you a chance to acknowledge your appreciation of their kindness. A Christmas tip is a friendly gesture; it only happens to express itself in money. And that's how you'll want to think of it, too—not as a tip (a

horrid word, smacking of patronage and Lady Bountiful).

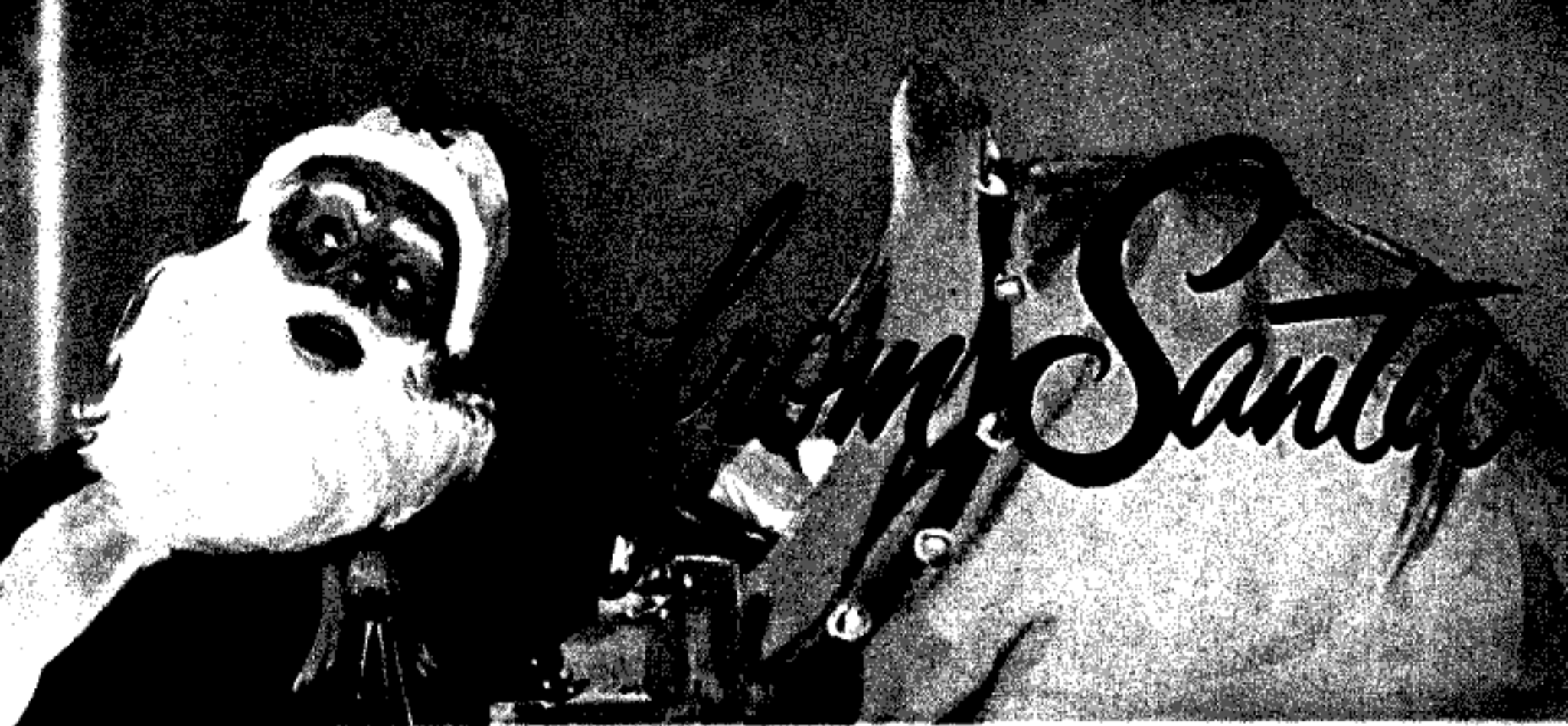
The only small cloud hovering over this pleasant act of giving is the recurring dilemma of How much? There seems to be no accepted table of tips, no established ratio of ten percent or fifteen percent of this or that. Ask among your friends, and you'll find that your indecision will simply shake hands and exchange amenities with their indecision. The discussion usually eddies around these questions: To whom, with a heart of good wishes, can we give a dollar, two dollars, and occasionally five dollars? Is fifty cents ever acceptable? And is there any prescribed sum that is exactly right for elevator men?

To the last question, no. In some of the magnificent apartment houses on Park Avenue, Lake Shore Drive, and Nob Hill, where (Continued on page 123)

# William

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
LIBRARY





*The more wonderful the thing a woman wants, the more likely it is she'll get it, on Christmas Day*

ILLUSTRATED BY GWEN FREMLIN

**T**hat year, Christmas fell on a Sunday, no snow fell on the city, and Sara Hammond fell into a trap.

Sara was a spinster, twenty-six years old; and as the festive season approached, she felt every day of twenty-seven. That she looked as if she had just reached her majority was due to a combination of delightful features, facial and otherwise. In her soul, she grew gray and grim at the approach of the holidays. The lighting of the towering tree at Radio City, the burgeoning of the long line of trees on Park Avenue, brought her no lift, no sense of expectancy. The corner Santa Clauses ringing their little bells opened her purse but not her heart. Intent on her daily duties, she disinterestedly hurried past glittering shopwindows. She saw to it that her radio remained mute except for newscasts. She wished no part of this extraordinary interlude during which everyone was assumed to be happy and friendly.

Sara had innumerable friends, some of whom she liked enormously. All year long she felt companioned, interested, and content. Only at Christmastime did she descend into a dark depth and feel alone in this city of eight million people.

She was by no means forgotten during Christmas week. Her apartment bloomed with bright poinsettia, fragile orchids, wishbones tied with holly, North Pole scenes under glass bells, and garlands, all sent by friends and admirers. Gay packages were stacked on the living-room table. And she had received holiday invitations to eggnog parties, house parties in the country, city turkey dinners, evenings at the Stork. These she had declined. It was useless to force herself to make merry. She wasn't merry. She was glum. Why be the skeleton at anyone's feast?

During her residence in New York, Sara had come to the sorry conclusion that the greater part of the population had transformed a gentle, religious celebration into a commercial mockery. The wreaths and toys, the heaped baskets, the bright trappings, the tinsel and colored globes, the shining lights, were all part of a holly-heaped trap, into which the unwary stumbled, losing their purses. From Thanksgiving on, everyone baited the trap: the waiter and bus boy, the doorman and elevator operator, the cabdriver, the hairdresser, the office force.

In her childhood, which she had spent in a small town, this had (Continued on page 136)



# 5 parties for children

*They're easy to arrange, and they've been tried and proved fun*

**Hobo Hike.** For an all-boy party, you can't beat this one. Don't worry, though, if there are girls on the invitation list, for they love this active kind of party, too. Ask each guest to come as patched and tattered as he can be.

Post a sign (crayon on a piece of shirt cardboard) on the front door, stating "Tramps—back door, please." When everyone has arrived, present each child with his stock in trade: a long stick with a gay bandanna "nose bag," filled with lunch, tied on the end. Lunch can include Hobo Sandwiches, cookies, raisins, and peanuts. As soon as the hikers set off (don't make their trek too long or arduous), chauffeur a large pot of Mulligan (beef or lamb) Stew, lots of chilled milk, and the necessary utensils to the spot you have chosen. Make it a place where a fire can be built, of course, and have the fire blazing merrily when the hikers arrive.

When they reach Hobo Haven, let the children investigate their surroundings for a while. Then serve the stew and open the nose bags. Serve milk in paper cups or battered old metal cups. Appetites will be fabulous.

Afterward, in front of the fire, ask each child to (Continued on page 129)

TOYS FROM F. A. O. SCHWARZ, NEW YORK

PHOTOGRAPH BY WOODWARD



**BY OCTAVIA**

**"Going steady" is the way the young learn about life, and love. Here is what one parent learned in bringing up her own**

### **BY PATRICIA MATTHEWS**

Our daughter Mary, aged sixteen, having recovered speedily from her last broken heart, recently announced that she and Ted (a new boy in the class) were "going steady." We took the news calmly, with full awareness of the tact and self-control we should need for the duration. There was a time, though, not long ago, when my husband and I would have flown into a panic when confronted with this announcement. For we recognize going steady as a crisis of a prolonged nature, requiring the most delicate handling. And at last we know how to handle it. We learned slowly and painfully, and at great cost to us all, but now we know. That is why I am writing this article.

I have three children. Our eldest, Patty, now married and the mother of a baby girl, is twenty-four. Roger is eighteen, a freshman at an Eastern college. Mary, who, if I do say so myself, is pretty as a picture, is a high-school junior and has what in my youth was called "It."

My husband and I have often discussed the nature of going steady, especially in the days when our children's romantic affairs used to confuse us and we did all the wrong things. Nevertheless, we have always agreed that going steady is a good thing, a forward step in the freedom of children to develop and learn about life in their own way, and as much a product of the twentieth century as plastics and jet propulsion. Gone with the antimacassar and the warming pan are chaperoned dates and betrothals arranged by families. Today's children make their own romantic decisions, mostly because they have learned to distinguish the false feelings from the real ones through going steady, which serves as an invaluable period of experiment.

I know only too well how difficult it is for a mother and father to acknowledge that Junior or Jane is old enough to have the first romance. One minute the child is in diapers. The next minute he is having long, impassioned telephone conversations with his heart's desire, not only tying up the line but also nearly killing his parents with a sense of the utter futility, not to mention absurdity, of the whole performance.

I remember Roger's first affair. He had always been shy with girls—far more interested in frogs and worms than in people—but suddenly, at fourteen, he fell violently in love with an enchanting little redhead in his class. My husband and I were frightfully upset that Roger was making such a fool of himself over a girl who obviously cared nothing at all for him. Finally we decided that we should try to open Roger's eyes in order to spare him the anguish bound to be born of eventual disillusion.

I'll never forget that conversation. Roger resented every syllable we uttered. He passionately defended his beloved, to whom he swore fealty till death, and openly declared his anger (Continued on page 255)



# WHAT'S TOMORROW?

BY JACQUES BERNARD

ILLUSTRATED BY LARRY HARRIS

At six-thirty she opened her eyes and saw that the sun was shining. She gave a tiny shiver because it was the start of a new day. The children were already awake; she could hear her son, Jonny, riding up and down the stairs on his faithful steed, Silver, and Cathy singing a French song completely out of tune. With a sigh, she began to get out of bed. As she pushed aside the blanket, her husband rolled over in his sleep and clasped her tightly in his arms. He said lovingly, "Doris"; and she did not answer him, because her name was Jill.

She got out of bed and sat in front of her dressing table for a minute or so, brushing her hair, unable to look at herself. Then, after putting on her robe, she bathed her face with cold water and put on lipstick. She thought, Perhaps one day I'll grow into a beautiful woman. But it no longer seemed likely; she had thought the same thing for the past fifteen years. She shrugged her shoulders and went downstairs, prepared for anything to happen. She was thirty-five, of medium height, a hundred and seventeen pounds, with hazel eyes and brown hair.

Jonny was waiting for her. "Mother," he said, "what makes a jet plane go?"

He was eight years old, blond, and adorable. She said, "Come here and give me a kiss."

He obeyed her with a bright smile. Then he flapped the sleeves of his pajamas and asked, "Mother, what makes worms?"

"Huh?" she said in bewilderment. It sounded like a reasonable question, and she was surprised that she could not think of the answer. She led him into the kitchen and said, "Now, honey, let me take a look at your eye."

When she had examined it, he inquired solemnly, "Is it black?"

"It sure is. It's gruesome."

He pursed his lips with pride. His first black eye, the result of his first fight at school. Now that the shock and the pain were over, he felt very pleased with himself. "How long will it be black?" he asked happily. (Continued on page 110)






*Life is a succession of days filled with perils of every conceivable kind. Is it like this for all women? How is it with you, sister?*

*Larry Harris*

*God has so many ways*

*of teaching humility*

*to man*



When they woke, their boy was gone. "Don't worry about me," the note said. Don't worry, indeed!



# The Christmas Letter

BY ROBERT E. JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT PATTERSON

The letter that gave Gordon Nelson such a bad time was one he wrote in his office on the Monday before Christmas. It was addressed to Mr. Augustus D'Aquino, a man of whom Gordon had never heard until that day. It was written in longhand, on a sheet of plain paper, and the envelope bore the imprint of Dunn & Smith, the advertising agency in which Gordon worked. However, it was neither the note nor the envelope that bothered him; the trouble was that a five-dollar bill was enclosed.

Gordon's acquaintance with the D'Aquinos was an accident of the season, a piece of Christmas mischief stirred up by the newspapers. He always bought a paper at lunchtime and read it at his desk for a little while afterward, but not very thoroughly. He would read as much of the main story as appeared on the first page, then light out for his favorite columnist and the sports section. If he got sidetracked, it was usually by a photograph, and this was the case with the D'Aquinos. Their picture appeared on page one, three columns wide. He glanced at the headline: "Family of 13 Facing Hard-Luck Christmas."

The picture showed Augustus D'Aquino, aged forty-six, according to the caption, slumped in a shapeless Morris chair, surrounded by his wife

Maria, and their eleven children. D'Aquino was a slight, balding man with small, grim eyes. The only remarkable thing about him was that both his legs were propped up on a footstool, each swathed in a cast. It was an unusually clear photograph for a newspaper, sparkling with detail—gaping cracks in the plaster on the wall, cotton hanging out of torn places in the chair, and even the stitching around the patches on the children's clothes. The story explained that D'Aquino, a building superintendent, flustered over the sudden loss of his job, had blundered into the path of a truck and broken both legs, and that the family was about to be evicted from its home, a modest little place, heated by a stove. The eleven children ranged in age from six months to thirteen years.

Gordon was not immediately touched, principally because he knew he was supposed to be. He went on to the columnist, reflecting that somewhere at home he and Christina had little lapel buttons, or a sticker for the window, testifying to their charitable intentions toward people like the D'Aquinos. Each year they decided how much to budget for the purpose, mailed their check early in the campaign, and never gave it another thought. It was a system, and it worked. (Continued on page 242)

# "My wife's about your

**When a man goes out to shop for black lace bras and housecoats with French legends on the lapels, he ought to know fairly well the woman they are for**

**BY VIRGINIA TAYLOR KLOSE**

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES ABBÉ, JR.

Christmas used to be a time of great joy to me, of giving and receiving, and singing carols, and kissing under the mistletoe, and oozing good will. But I haven't really enjoyed the commercial side of Christmas since I met my husband, some fifteen years ago. Not that he treats me poorly or neglects me. Would that he did! Even at this moment he is probably on some secret mission in my honor, and on the morning of December 25 he will point with pride to a large package under the tree, marked "V from W." The sad part is that when I open it, whatever's inside won't fit me. I know this from long and bitter experience.

My husband's the type of man who goes into the lingerie department of any store, makes a beeline for the first salesgirl he sees, and says to her, "My wife's about your size, Miss." From then on, she's got him eating out of her hand. But not me. There's hardly a woman anywhere who gets as burned up as I do on Christmas morning. The gossamer confections my husband puts under the tree range from black lace bras to housecoats with French legends on the lapels. The sizes range from twelve to forty-two. With one exception. He never buys a sixteen. Probably because he's never met a salesgirl that size. But that's the size I wear.

He worked his way into this mess gradually. When I became engaged to him, he had the natural reticence of any young man of the era. But that was fifteen years ago, before the wired bra and the French bathing suit became fashionable. In those days his eyes were on the better things, of which my figure was not one, so he gave me symphony tickets, magazine subscriptions, and books. We both pretended we didn't know what lingerie was. He still doesn't.

That first Christmas I knew him was the premiere of my yuletide disappointments. We had become engaged some weeks before, and I was expectantly waiting for the solitaire that would clinch the deal. Naturally, it was going to do double duty and be a Christmas gift, too, but I was willing to be large about it.

Christmas morning came, and my fiancé arrived with a wide smile and joined the family group as we opened

our presents. I skipped over the stationery from my brother and the umbrella from my great-aunt, searching diligently for the package marked "V from W." I almost knocked over the tree in my frenzy, but nothing showed up. My father and mother began to look quizzically at the young man about to snatch me from their bosom, and an ominous silence descended on the once merry group.

The bell rang and broke the tension. I dashed madly to the door and opened it to find a smiling young Western Union man with a square package in his hands. I grabbed it from him, slammed the door, and was half-way back to the family group before I realized that this rather large package could not be my solitaire. My trot slowed to a walk, and I drooped into the living room to face a circle of inquiring faces. Listlessly, I took off the handsome wrappings and came up with Hemingway's *Green Hills of Africa* and a card with sentiments of undying affection from my betrothed. If he'd given me Hemingway himself, I couldn't have been more disappointed. Everybody murmured something appropriate, but Christmas was ruined. I didn't extract my ring from him for another three weeks, and when I did, the band was so small it wouldn't even fit on my pinkie.

From engagement to wedding to lingerie is a natural progression, which my husband followed with strict adherence to protocol. He refrained from invading the sacred precincts of the lingerie department until we arrived in New York on our honeymoon. Then he sallied forth one afternoon on the first of many disastrous adventures in buying me intimate apparel.

After a five-hour absence, during which I wrung my hands and thought of calling the FBI, he returned to our room with a look of triumph, tossed a large and wonderful box on the bed, and said, "Try this for size." It was a gag line, but we didn't know it until I'd retired with bridal blushes into the closet and emerged looking as though I'd made a jump in a parachute that had failed to open. Several other brides could have got in that nightie with me. Stumbling over folds of pale-pink chiffon, I attempted a pretty (Continued on page 224)

size, Miss<sup>™</sup>





ILLUSTRATED BY *Joe Al Meser*

# LOLLY

*A love story with a sort of a lilt*

Miss Lolly Pearsons was her name, and that was mostly the trouble, I reckon—that she was named Pearsons. Because there had been Pearsons in this county long as anybody could recollect, so that it got to the point where just to be named Pearsons was more important than to be somebody. A Pearsons didn't have to be anybody at all for folks just to automatically dip their hats and bow respectful to him.

Pearsonses didn't even die like other people. They all died out in a hurry. Finally, only Miss Lolly was left, and I guess that was another reason she began to act so peculiar, even young as she was.

The last of them to die, except for Miss Lolly, was Miss Lolly's father, Mr. Justin Alexander Pearsons. I recollect it like it was yesterday. Clancy John come in my store that day to tell me about Mr. Justin's dying, and he said, "Well, I don't reckon there'd be any way for Saint Peter to persuade Mr. Justin Pearsons to enter the pearly gates."

I looked at him where he had leaned his heavy self against the soft-drink box, and I said, "What you talking about, Clancy? Justin's been the leading deacon of the New Hope Church as long as I can remember."

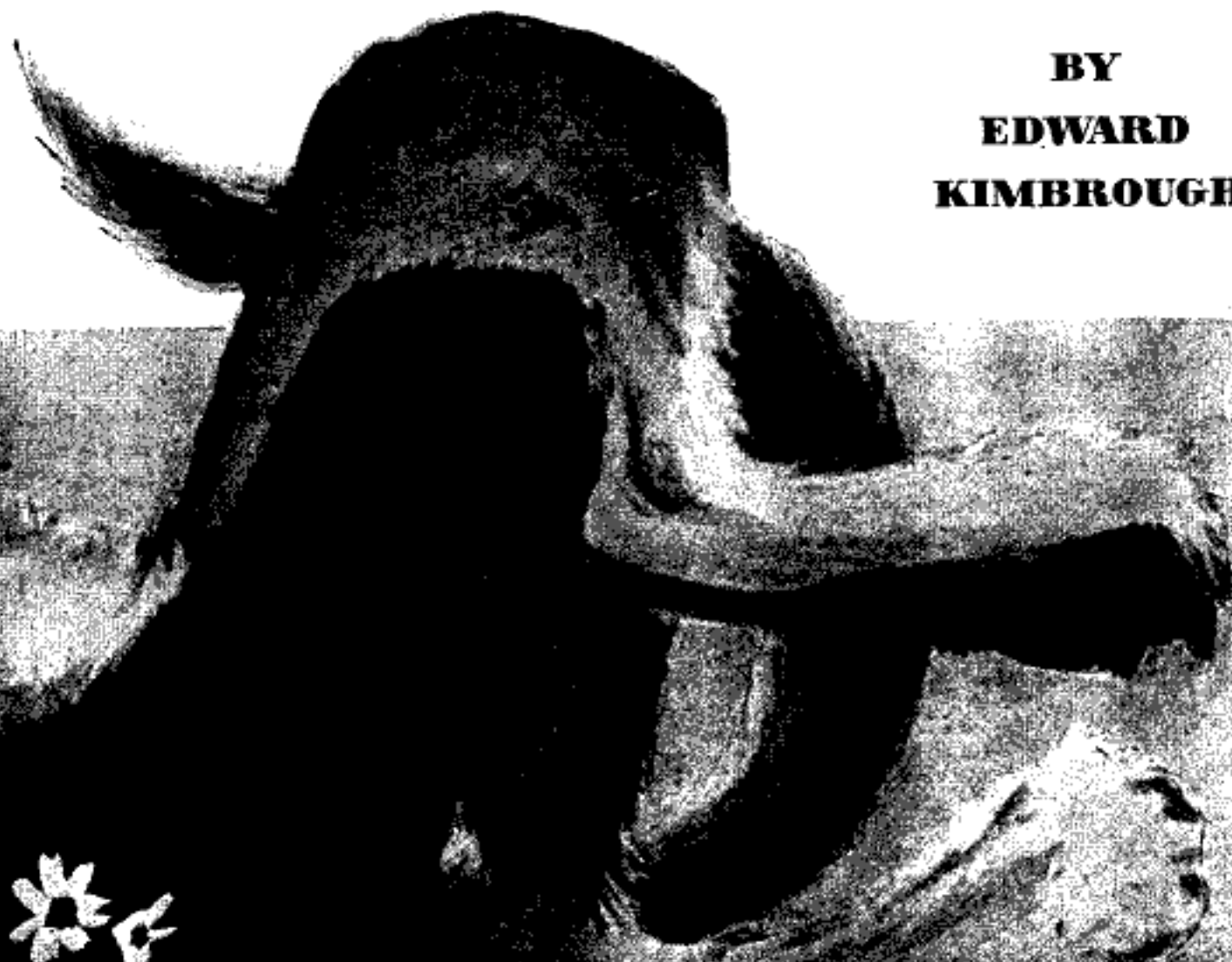
"Exactly," Clancy said. "The leading deacon.

Not the second deacon or the third. But the first. The Pearsons have always been first. And I just reckon if Mr. Justin Pearsons has got any choice about the matter, he ain't gonna consent to go anyplace, even heaven, where he's got to be second to somebody. I think a Pearsons would rather be first in purgatory than next to the Lord in heaven. There just ain't room in heaven for the Lord and a Pearsons, too."

Well, I never argued with him, because the Pearsonses were that way, highhanded all of them, and I heard my own papa say, comparing them to an overproud horse, "There never was a Pearsons born that didn't have his tail over the dashboard."

Oh, they were highhanded all right. And maybe Miss Lolly Pearsons was bound to be that way. But I kind of hated it, because she was as pretty a youngster as ever I saw, blue-eyed and light-haired, and Clancy John, who grew up with her, was plumb foolish about her until he knew it wasn't any use to try to court her. It was after Mr. Justin died that she told Clancy what the whole county knew about her afterward: that now she was the last of the family, and she didn't aim to let the Pearsons name die, and any man who married her would just have to take that name. (Continued on page 225)

BY  
EDWARD  
KIMBROUGH



## BY DR. LEON J. WARSHAW

Author of *Malaria, the Biography of a Killer*



When her husband becomes ill, the average wife uses her instinctive common sense and usually contributes greatly to his recovery. However, the difficulties she must face and overcome should not be underestimated. Her most difficult task is adjusting herself to her husband's illness and all its possible implications: He may remain an invalid; he may die; he may lose some of his earning power; he may lose his sexual potency; she may be called on to give up social activities important to her. With the exception of the threat of sudden death, these problems are continuous, and resolving them may require months or even years.

A wife also must help her husband adjust to the illness. She must provide sympathy and comfort, reassurance and encouragement. Many men worry more about the effects of their illness on their wives than about its effects on themselves. A wife has to eliminate this worry by making him believe she can cope with the situation.

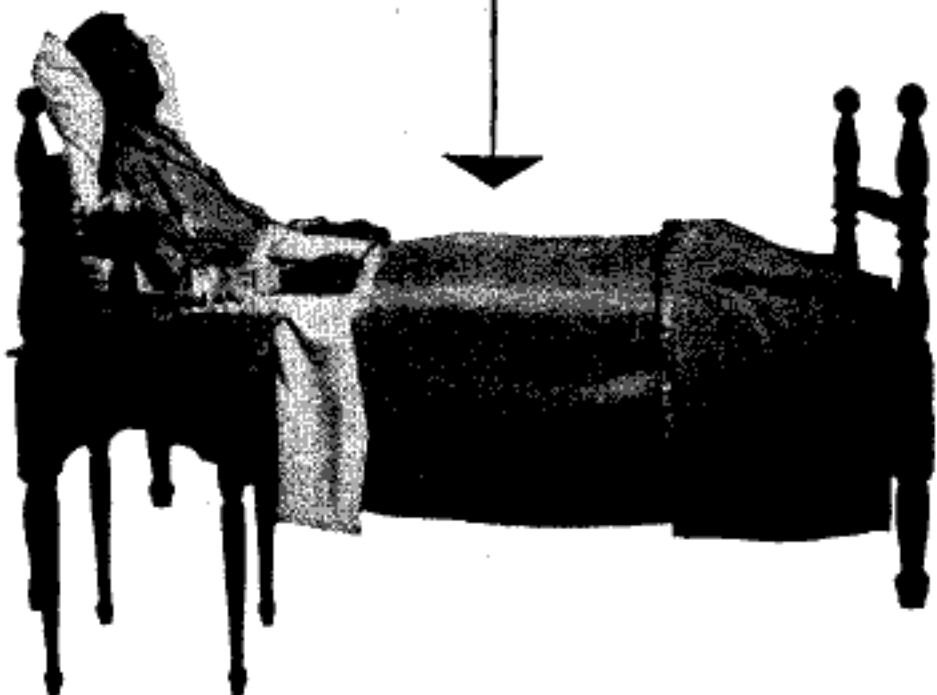
Often she has to act as a buffer between her husband and the many business details that might plague him. At the same time, she must let him maintain enough contact with his business affairs to allay his fears that everything is "going to pot" in his absence. She has to keep relatives and friends informed of his progress, and tactfully see that they do not tire him by prolonged visits. She has to disregard the well-intentioned but often conflicting advice that comes from all sides.

In addition, she often has to assume the duties of a nurse, administering medicines, taking temperatures, and even carrying bedpans. Or she may double as a dietitian, counting grams of carbohydrate, fat, and protein, or worrying about milligrams of sodium.

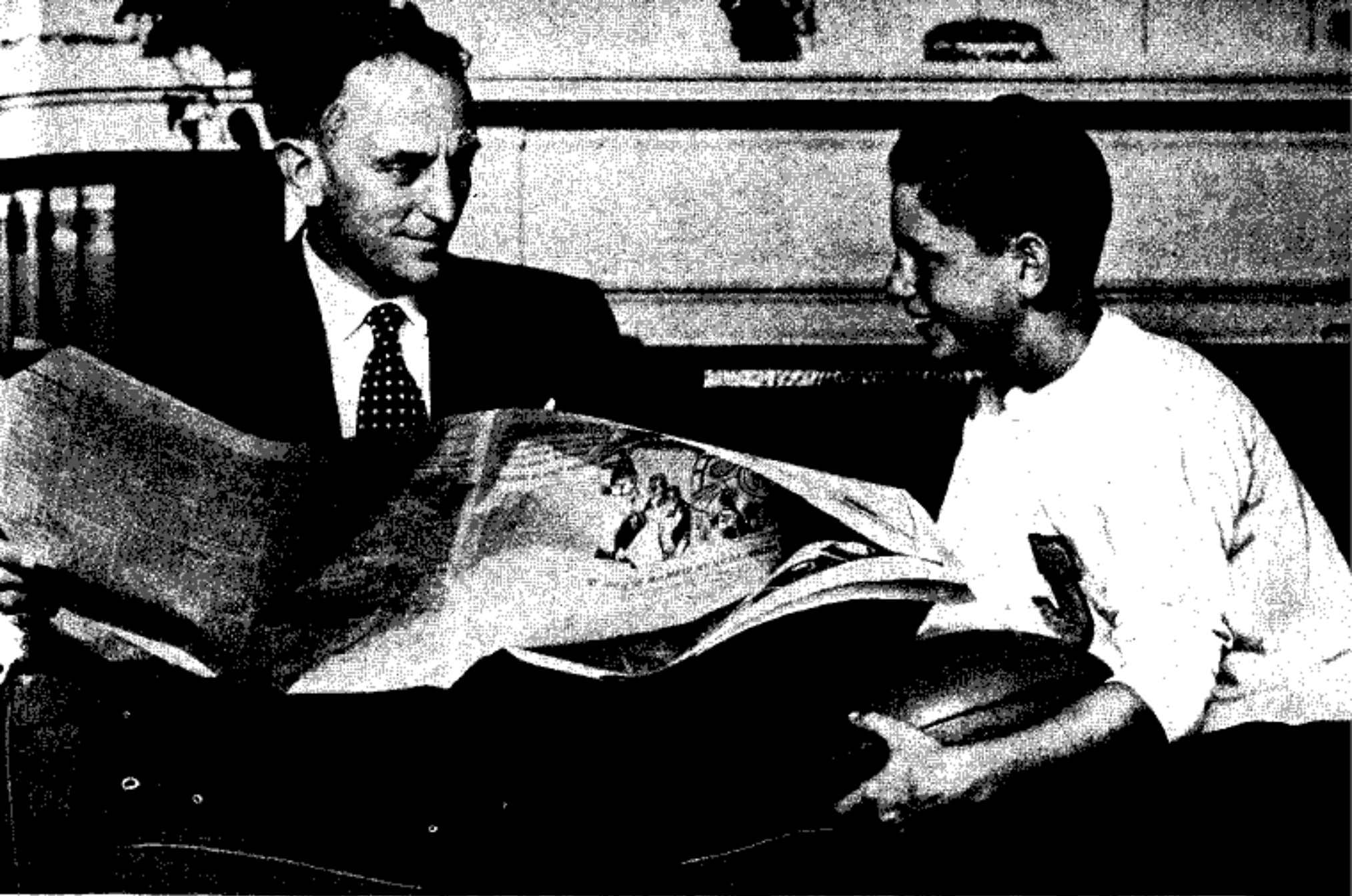
All this—and often much more—the average woman does, and does well. And her contributions often determine the outcome of her husband's illness. For example, here's the case of Mr. and Mrs. Max P.

Max, a husky fellow in his early forties, was rushing to the hospital to visit his wife, who had had a minor operation, when he experienced a severe pain in his chest and collapsed. He recovered in a few minutes and was able to continue, but by the time he arrived at the hospital, the severe pain had returned. His appearance was so ghastly that a passing intern rushed him to the emergency ward. After several hours the pain eased; he felt well again (Continued on page 104)

**Husband becomes ill. His earning power may be reduced. He may remain an invalid, and there is the possibility of death. Then what to do?**







ARRÉ

BE

THAN A PAL

Early in my ministry, I gratuitously offered advice to parents who were perplexed by their children's behavior. Many of these parishioners could not understand why their offspring were "so thoughtless and cruel." Novice that I was, my head crammed with brilliant ideas drawn from child-psychology books, I was astonished that parents should be so lacking in self-knowledge. They themselves, I thought, undoubtedly were to blame for having loved wisely but not too well. In my youthful exuberance, I was eager to acquaint them with their grievous mistakes.

That was a number of years ago. Now I have my own children, one of whom is an adolescent, and my attitude has changed appreciably. With a truly penitent spirit, I atone each day for having been so brash as to give advice to others about bringing up their children without first having exposed myself to the fiery furnace.

Today I am a sadder but wiser man. When parents seek my advice, I unashamedly hedge, or I reply in a genuinely apologetic manner. There are, however, a few lessons I have learned, and I now share them with those who share with me the very bewildering

business of fatherhood, and all that it involves.

The idea of being a pal to your son has serious limitations. New and enthusiastic fathers with whom I have talked expectantly look ahead to the years when they will be able to romp on the floor with their children, go on long hikes in the Canadian woods with their sons, recapture their youth by playing in family baseball games. I once cherished those illusions, too. Of course, some fathers do go fishing or hunting with their sons, or have in common with them a love of carpentry, nature, or miniature railroads. Such fathers are, however, rare. For good or ill, most of us fathers have been endowed with other characteristics, which have little appeal to our growing sons.

Among my friends are lawyers, doctors, clergymen, teachers, businessmen. What do we have to offer our children? We are not in condition to join them successfully in their sports, and they seem allergic to anything smacking of mental effort. Our time is absorbed in writing briefs, sermons, lectures, or prescriptions, and in keeping our books in the black. No wonder our children look askance at us, unqualified as we are for the manly (Continued on page 134)

*This man learned the hard way about how to know and get along with his son*

**BY REV. JOHN SCHOTT**

*Fairmount Presbyterian Church, Cleveland Heights, Ohio*



# JOY STREET



# Part Two of a Two-Part Novel

BY FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

## The Situation:

When beautiful Emily Thorpe, of Beacon Hill, married Roger Field, there were doubts in the minds of some as to the wisdom of the match. Roger wasn't the type to set the world on fire. Emily's family, headed by her outspoken, domineering grandmother, old Mrs. Forbes, had expressed itself forcefully, and then had accepted Emily's resolute stand to abide by her decision, regardless of their objections.

From all outward appearances, their marriage was successful. Roger was doing well at the law firm of Cutter, Mills, and Swan; they had Emily's trust fund to supplement Roger's income; they had a lovely home on Joy Street—a wedding present from old Mrs. Forbes. Despite all this good fortune, Emily had misgivings about her marriage. Ever since she had first seen David Salomont, at her wedding, she found herself being more and more attracted to him. At one of her parties for Roger's business colleagues—David, Brian Collins, and Pellegrino de Lucca—she had paired off David with her young cousin, Priscilla, who was as charmed by David's manner as Emily had been. Weeks later, when she informed David of Priscilla's interest, he accused her of being jealous. And she knew in her heart that she was.

Cleophas Mills was a man who always referred to himself as a worker, with the implication that he bore the burden in the firm of Cutter, Mills, and Swan. He saw no reason why Roscoe Cutter should spend a month in Bar Harbor every summer, or why three of his juniors should go rushing away to camps every year for two weeks' duty in the field—David to Camp Smith, Pell and Roger to Camp Edwards—especially as there was not the slightest reason for preparedness.

One very warm day in August he sat thinking of all this when David came in with a letter.

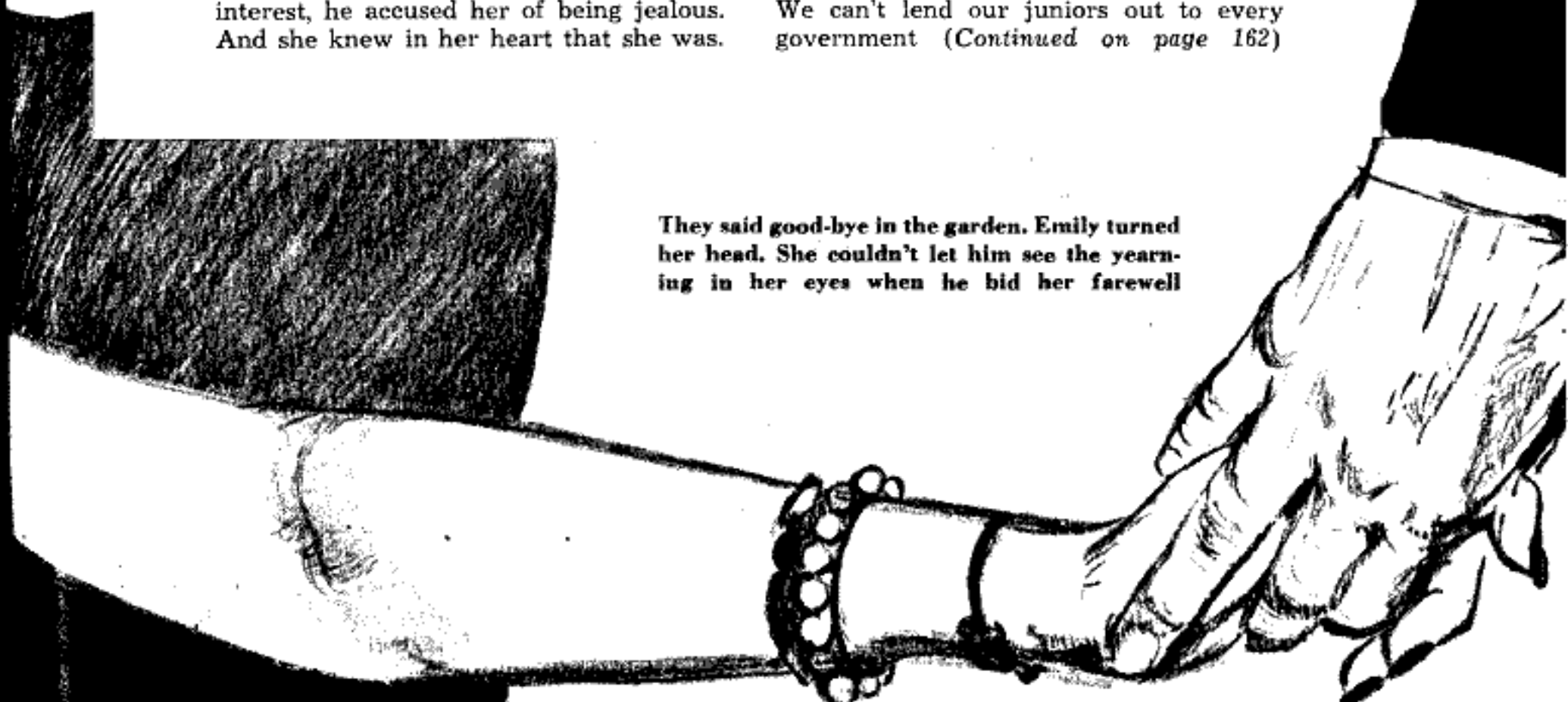
"David, I'm in no condition for further conversation tonight," said Mr. Mills. "I'm starting for home immediately."

"Just as you say, Mr. Mills. But I got a letter from the Advocate General of the Army this afternoon, and I thought—"

"Why on earth should the Advocate General of the Army be writing to you?" demanded Mr. Mills angrily.

"His department needs young lawyers who have had Reserve Officer training. I'm not sure what my duties will be, but I'll know as soon as I get to Washington."

"You'll have to say you can't go, David," Mr. Mills said. "You're needed right here. We can't lend our juniors out to every government (Continued on page 162)



They said good-bye in the garden. Emily turned her head. She couldn't let him see the yearning in her eyes when he bid her farewell

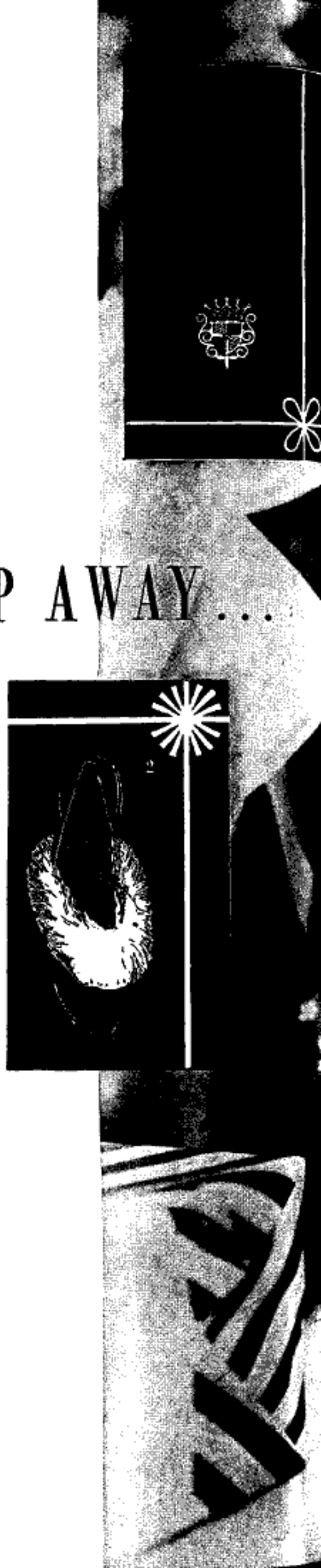
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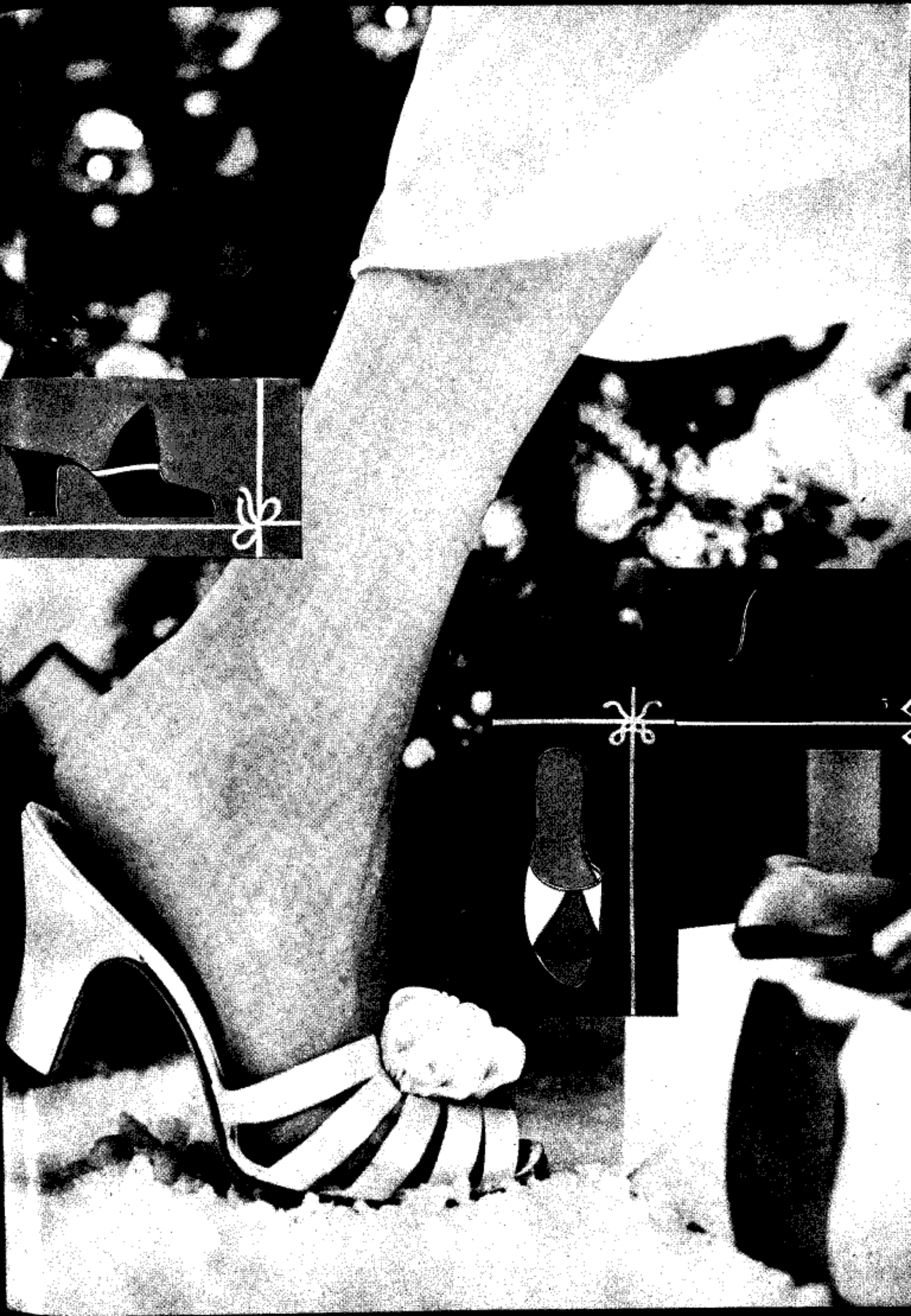
## CHRISTMAS IS A STEP AWAY...

But no more than a step. You cannot delay with your list and still have a gay, unharried Christmas. We've this suggestion about the ladies who get packages from you: Give them—every one—lingerie. Robes, pajamas, slips, nighties, and camisoles have never been prettier. And (what is more the point) they have never been so welcome. For this reason we've devoted our Christmas fashion pages to lingerie (and to the slippers that go with it). You will see nylon, cotton, and rayon, because there is much that's marvelous in each fabric. Nylon, for instance, has flowered into a sheer, breathing thing—a real delight to the skin. Rayon now appears in (among other things) an irresistible washable challis. And cotton—especially flannelette—has never seemed such an enchanting gift. Robes? Of course we've a collection—and may we add that it's been a long while since we've seen a more fetching group? Many are true housecoats, eager and proper to receive company. You will see wonderful, jewel-color wools, printed flannelette, rayon taffeta. And delicious, bright linings under pale, quilted exteriors. All in all, our Christmas lingerie is a most tempting package. Covertly we choose it for you as well as for yours.

### THE FACTS ABOUT OUR STEP-AWAY SLIPPERS ON THE RIGHT

1. Flat scuff of velvet, with a gay crest embroidered over the toe. Black with bright, regal crest. About \$5. Joyce. It's at Z.C.M.I., Salt Lake City, Utah.
  2. A scuff of plush, with a sling back, an open toe. Comes with white bunny fur over the collar. About \$3. Honeybugs. Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn.
  3. Middling-heeled mule of velvet bound with gold kid. Comes in black or flame. The tongue is high-standing. About \$5. Clix. At Arnold Constable, N. Y.
  4. The sabot idea, done in a flat, open-toe slipper. Pink and white triangles are set on the straps. About \$5. Cobblers. J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles.
  5. A suede bootlet piped in gold and fitted with a shearling innersole. Comes in Christmas green, too. About \$4. Clix. At John Wanamaker, Philadelphia.
- THE MULE OUR CAMERA CAUGHT STEPPING AWAY (opposite) is all satin, with a crepe rosette over the toe. It's the most romantic approach of all to the slipper—bare, steeple-heeled, infinitely becoming to the ankle. About \$7.50. Daniel Green. Marshall Field, Chicago. The stocking is sheerest nylon, done with no toe or heel reinforcement. A Sandal Foot nylon from Beautiful Bryans.





# CHRISTMAS IS A GOWN AND SLIPPER

SO GAY have our slippers become that it seems a pity not to tuck in a pair with the nightie. Facts about the five slippers on the right go like this. 1. Satin scuff; about \$5. Daniel Green, Marshall Field, Chicago. 2. Fur-collared velvet scuff; about \$4. OOmphies. Loveman, Joseph & Loeb, Birmingham. 3. Square-toed felt shoe; about \$6.50. Renee Montague, Ltd. Lord & Taylor, N. Y. 4. Sabot-strapped brocade sandal; about \$5. OOmphies. Stone & Thomas, Wheeling, W. Va. 5. Embroidered satin scuff; about \$5. Gustinettes. The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland.

SO PRETTY you'd hardly guess all the things this robe does. It's washable cotton, looks pretty after skiing, too. And it's a practical brunch length. Sizes 10 to 18; about \$13. It's from Lounges.

SO OF COURSE she'd like this night-dress—who could resist this print-and-plain Sanforized flannelette? Pockets and collar are eyelet edged. Sizes 32 to 40; about \$4. M. C. Schrank. Joyce slippers.

I THOUGHT of someone young and special, and sent her this night-dress. The flounce was that beguiling. Sanforized flannelette. Sizes 32 to 38; about \$6. Slumber-togs.

OF YOU we'd say nice things, and send this flannel-finish nightdress. Fetching en route to your stocking. Rayon and cotton. Sizes small, medium, large; about \$6. From Paula. Honeybugs slippers.



B. ALTMAN, NEW YORK  
MARSHALL FIELD, CHICAGO

THE J. L. HUDSON CO., DETROIT  
BULLOCK'S, LOS ANGELES

STERN'S, NEW YORK  
TITCHE-DOETTINGER, DALLAS

*No of course*

JULIUS GARVINCKEL, WASHINGTON  
FREDERICK & NELSON, SEATTLE

*Thought*

*of you*



PHOTOGRAPHS ON PAGES 68 THROUGH 71 BY MILTON GREENE



Merry

Christmas

with all

my love





# CHRISTMAS

## IS ONE

### HEAVENLY ROBE

**MERRY** smiles from the girl who gets a housecoat (preferably this one) that's *all* worthy-of-company brocade. Front buttons all the way. Rayon. Sizes 10 to 18; about \$20. Robert Rosenfeld.

**CHRISTMAS** is (let's face it) cold as well as cheery. So the warmth of this frosting-pink dressing gown will be welcome. It's quilted rayon with rayon lining. Sizes 12 to 44; about \$23. Flobert.

**WITH ALL** this yule spirit around, a hostess coat should get into the act, too. It should be red, of course—flaming-red flannel. Also in green, royal. Sizes 10 to 20; about \$23. Dorian Macksoud.

**MY LOVE** is challis—and yours, too, no doubt. Hence a challis housecoat of rayon, with a zipper closing down front. Also navy, white. Washable, of course. Sizes 10 to 20; about \$13. Raymodes.

**FROM ME** you'll get a brunch coat, quilted and bulked like a peignoir—and I'll bet you'll be pleased. Celanese rayon taffeta. Also white, red. Sizes 10 to 18; about \$25. Dorian Macksoud.

**TO YOU** a double-breasted coach coat made up in flowered quilt will seem as gay as it does to me. Wait till you discover how warm it is. Also navy. Rayon. Sizes 10 to 18; about \$16. Raymodes.

to you

from me

THESE ROBES ARE AT LORD & TAYLOR, NEW YORK

# CHRISTMAS IS HER HEART'S DESIRE

THE FASHIONS SHOWN IN THIS ISSUE ON PAGES 69 THROUGH 71, 73 THROUGH 75, AND 78 ARE AVAILABLE AT THE FOLLOWING STORES:

**M. C. SCHRANK, PAGE 69**  
 Boston, Mass. .... Jordan Marsh Co.  
 Newark, N. J. .... Bamberger's

**SLUMBERTOCS, PAGE 69**  
 Akron, Ohio. .... M. O'Neil

**PAULA, PAGE 69**  
 Baltimore, Md. .... Hutzler Brothers Company  
 Seattle, Wash. .... Frederick & Nelson

**ROBERT ROSENFELD, PAGE 70**  
 Chicago, Ill. .... Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co.  
 Cleveland, Ohio. .... The Higbee Co.  
 Dallas, Texas. .... A. Harris & Co.  
 Kansas City, Mo. .... Harsfeld's  
 Philadelphia, Pa. .... Bonwit Teller  
 Pittsburgh, Pa. .... Joseph Horne Company

**FLOBERT, PAGE 70**  
 Chicago, Ill. .... Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co.  
 Cincinnati, Ohio. .... H. & S. Pogue Co.  
 Houston, Texas. .... Meyer Bros.  
 New Orleans, La. .... D. H. Holmes Co.  
 Newport News, Va. .... Nachmann's

**DORIAN MACKSOU (HOSTESS COAT), PAGE 70**  
 Boston, Mass. .... Jays  
 Los Angeles, Calif. .... Bullock's  
 Minneapolis, Minn. .... Power's  
 Pittsburgh, Pa. .... Joseph Horne Company  
 Washington, D. C. .... Julius Garfunkel & Co.

**DORIAN MACKSOU (BRUNCH COAT), PAGE 71**  
 Atlanta, Ga. .... J. P. Allen & Co.  
 Boston, Mass. .... C. Crawford Hollidge  
 Detroit, Mich. .... The J. L. Hudson Co.  
 Los Angeles, Calif. .... Bullock's  
 Louisville, Ky. .... Stewart's  
 St. Louis, Mo. .... Lockhart's  
 Washington, D. C. .... Julius Garfunkel & Co.

**COLIIRA, PAGE 73**  
 Buffalo, N. Y. .... L. L. Berger  
 Detroit, Mich. .... The J. L. Hudson Co.  
 Jackson, Miss. .... R. E. Kennington Co.  
 Miami, Fla. .... Hartley's  
 Philadelphia, Pa. .... Bonwit Teller  
 Pittsburgh, Pa. .... Joseph Horne Company

**KICKERNICK, PAGE 73**  
 Cincinnati, Ohio. .... H. & S. Pogue Co.  
 New Orleans, La. .... D. H. Holmes Co.  
 Portland, Ore. .... Meier & Frank

**BARBIZON, PAGE 74**  
 Seattle, Wash. .... Bon Marche

**CARTER, PAGE 74**  
 St. Louis, Mo. .... Famous-Barr

**TEWI, PAGE 74**  
 New York, N. Y. .... Saks Fifth Avenue

**STRUTWEAR, PAGE 75**  
 Minneapolis, Minn. .... Power's

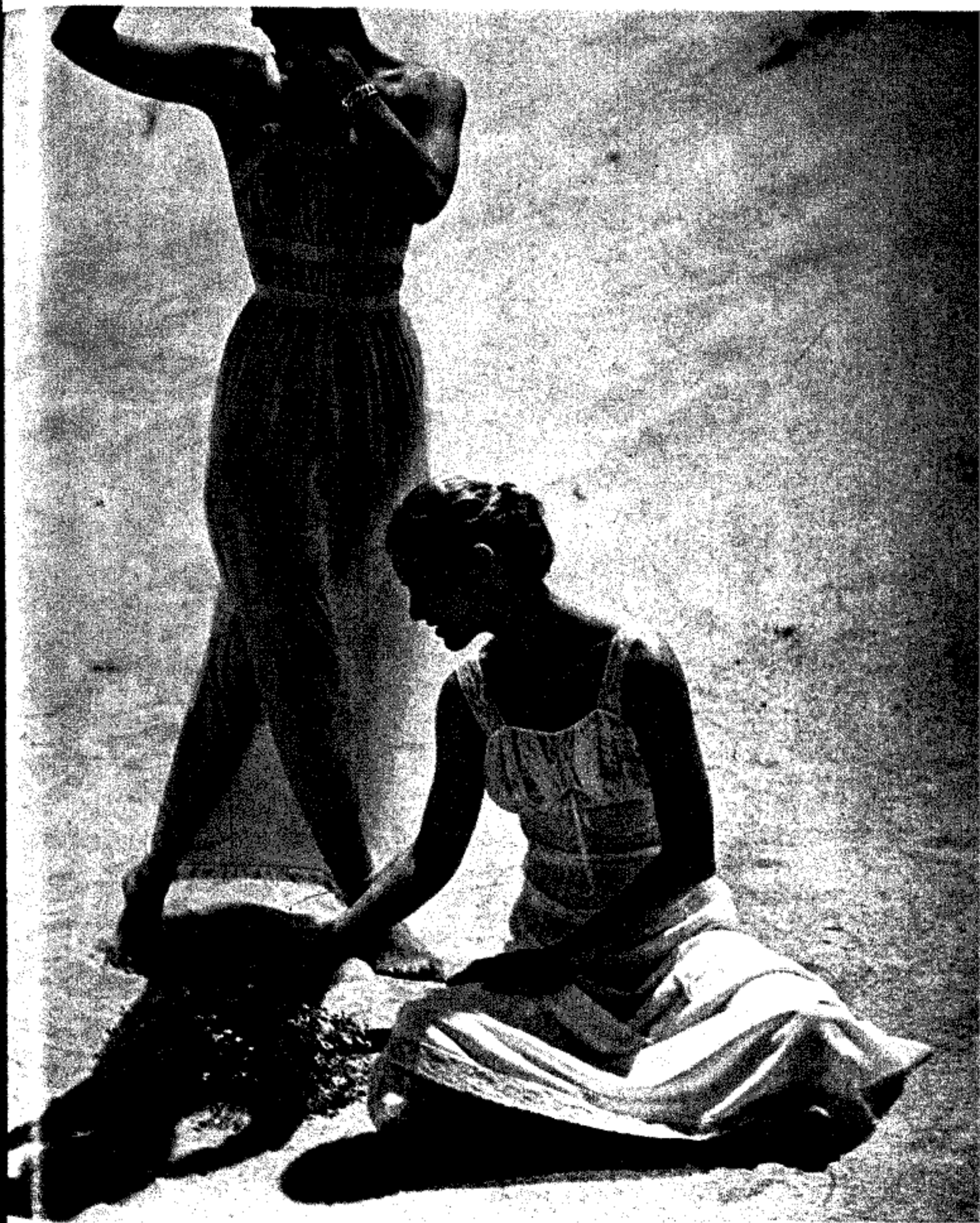
**TULA, PAGE 75**  
 Brooklyn, N. Y. .... Abraham & Straus  
 Buffalo, N. Y. .... L. L. Berger  
 Houston, Texas. .... Foley's

**VAN RAALTE (CAMISOLE SLIP), PAGE 75**  
 Cleveland, Ohio. .... The Halle Bros. Co.  
 Dallas, Texas. .... Neiman-Marcus  
 Pittsburgh, Pa. .... Joseph Horne Company

**VAN RAALTE (SCOOP GOWN), PAGE 75**  
 Chicago, Ill. .... Marshall Field & Co.  
 Detroit, Mich. .... The J. L. Hudson Co.  
 Los Angeles, Calif. .... Bullock's  
 New Orleans, La. .... Maison Blanche  
 New York, N. Y. .... Lord & Taylor  
 Pittsburgh, Pa. .... Joseph Horne Company  
 Seattle, Wash. .... Frederick & Nelson

**MISS COLLEGIATE, PAGE 78**  
 Detroit, Mich. .... The J. L. Hudson Co.

OUR HEART'S-DESIRE NYLON GOWNS (right); about \$13 each. The pink: Sizes 32 to 38. Colura. Bonwit Teller, N. Y.; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles. The white: Sizes 32 to 40. Kickernick. Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia; Dayton, Minneapolis; Broadway Dept. Store, Los Angeles.





# CHRISTMAS IS PRETTY PRIVATE

1. HALF SLIP banded with lace. Rayon tricot, nylon lace. Sizes 26 to 32. Also pink, white. About \$2.50. Blue Swan.

2. LACE-STRAPPED nightdress, pleasant against the skin. Rayon satin, nylon lace. Sizes 10 to 20; about \$6. From Barbizon.

3. THE GREEK-WAIST idea—two ribbons of elastic do it for a nightie. Nylon tricot. Sizes 32 to 40; about \$11. Carter.

4. PANTALETS of rayon crepe, lace at the knee. Gay double for a half slip. Small, medium, large; about \$10. Tewi.

5. MANDARIN MANNER of pajamas—slim, two color. Rayon tricot. Green, too. Sizes 32 to 40; about \$5. Strutwear.

6. PLISSÉ PETTICOAT of nylon and silk. It's practically lighter than air. Small, medium, and large; about \$11. From Tula.

7. CAMISOLE SLIP born for sheer blouses. Nylon tricot, nylon lace. White only. Sizes 32 to 38; about \$9. From Van Raalte.

8. SCOOP COWN that makes a pretty oval of your neck and shoulders. Nylon tricot. Sizes 32 to 42; about \$9. Van Raalte.





1  
GOOD  
HOUSEKEEPING  
*Footloose*  
FASHIONS





# CHRISTMAS IS A BIT OF PERFECTION

← LACE AND PLEATING (opposite, left) combined in the sheerest of nightgowns. Also yellow, pink. Nylon tricot. Sizes 32 to 38; about \$15. STOMACHER SLIP (opposite, right) fitted in to the waist with lace. Nylon tricot, nylon lace. Also in pink, black. Sizes 32 to 38; about \$11. Both, Vanity Fair. Blum's, Philadelphia; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington; Halle's, Cleveland; Younker's, Des Moines; Sakowitz, Houston; Haggerty's, Los Angeles. Each has earned our Facts-First tag.



A  
GOOD  
HOUSEKEEPING  
Facts-First  
FASHION



↑ CAMISOLE BLACK SLIP—long needed for black sheers. It's rayon with nylon-and-lace trim. Also white, pink. Sizes 32 to 40; about \$4. Her Majesty. At John Wanamaker, New York; Halle's, Cleveland.

← LACE-CUFFED BODICE for this pretty slip. It's cut low enough for V-neck dresses. Bur-Mil rayon. White. Sizes 32 to 44; about \$5. Wonder Maid. Sanger's, Dallas. It's earned the Facts-First tag.



SHEER AND CHALLIS peignoir gown, yoked with three tiers of lace. The sleeves fit tight to the wrist, froth out in lace. Washable rayon challis. Pink, blue, cream. Sizes 32 to 40; about \$8. Miss Collegiate. B. Altman, New York. This nightdress and all lingerie on pages 68 through 81 have been investigated by our textile laboratory, and have earned Good Housekeeping's Facts-First tag. Look for it when shopping.



THIS LINGERIE IS ALSO AT STORES LISTED ON PAGE 72



# CHRISTMAS IS A SLEEPING BEAUTY

IS SHE DREAMING OF HERSELF IN A COVERED GOWN OF THE NINETIES? OR IS IT A SHEER BIT OF NYLON AND LACE SHE HOPES FOR? FIND OUT—FOR THERE'S NO GIFT SO MEMORABLE OR SO EASY TO FIND AS PRECISELY THE RIGHT NIGHTDRESS

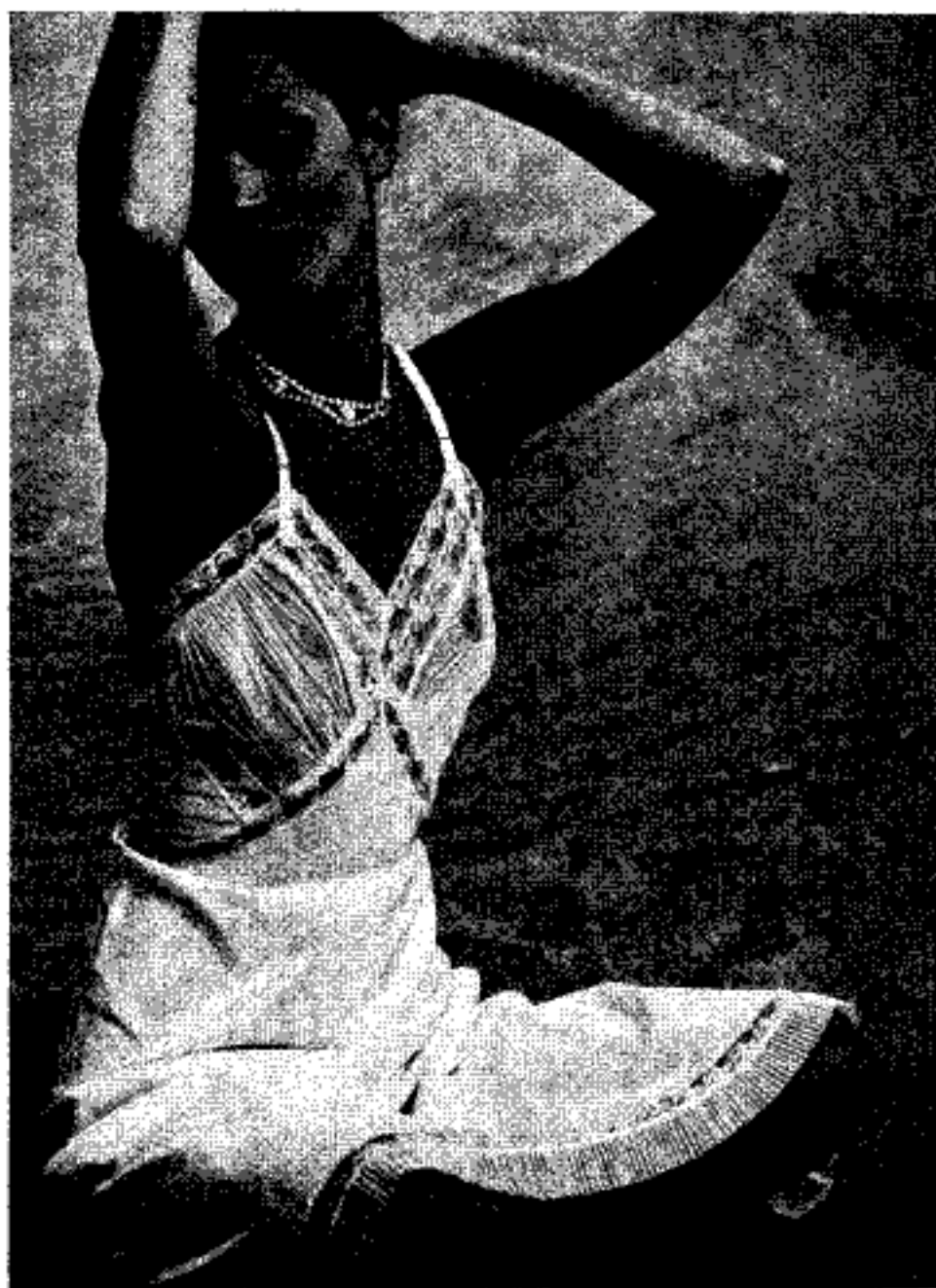


PILGRIM GOWN, young and soft, of cotton and rayon. Pink, rose. Sizes 14 to 20; about \$5.50. Munsingwear. Dayton's, Minneapolis. PALE NYLON (right) in pastel shades (pink or sand) makes a heavenly gown like this. The waist is shirred slim. Sizes 32 to 38; about \$13. Artemis. It's at Stewart's, Baltimore, Maryland.



# CHRISTMAS IS A SLENDER SLIP

IT'S A LOVELY INTERLINING BETWEEN SKIN AND SHEATH DRESS—UNSEEN, UNFELT, INDISPENSABLE. IT'S SUCH A WELCOME GIFT, TOO. REMEMBER, THE SHEATH SILHOUETTE IS NEW THIS FALL, AND VERY POSSIBLY SHE HASN'T THE PROPER LINGERIE FOR IT



THE VAL-LACE TOUCH (above) added over the bodice. Rayon crepe with nylon inserts. Sizes 32 to 40, 31½ to 39½; about \$3. Mary Barron. Mandel Bros., Chicago.

GREEK PLEATING (above) very fine and edgy. Rayon and nylon, lace insets. White, pink. Sizes 32 to 38; about \$6. Miss Elaine. Coro rhinestone necklace.

BONED AND STRAPLESS (opposite) slip of Soap 'n' Water "Everglaze" cotton. Black or white. Sizes 32 to 36 (A cup) and 32 to 38 (B cup). About \$7. United Mills. Best & Co., N. Y. All these slips have earned the Facts-First tag.



A  
GOOD  
HOUSEKEEPING  
*Favorite*  
FASHION

# CHRISTMAS IS A STEP AHEAD

PROGRESS FOR THE PARTY PUMP! NOW IT COMES IN GOLD CLOTH AND VELVET, OR IN IMPORTED BROCADE, OR SPANGLED WITH RHINESTONES. WE PREDICT THAT DANCING FEET WILL BE MUCH GAYER FOR THE CHANGE—AND MUCH MORE FUN TO WATCH

PHOTOGRAPH BY LESLIE GILL



Top shoe, center: Glistening gold-cloth party pump with a velvet heel, velvet outlines. About \$14. De Liso Deb.

Left: Imported-brocade pump that comes in pastels. Very sumptuous afoot. About \$13. Barefoot Originals.

Right: Velvet pump lighted with rhinestones. Comes in black velvet. About \$16. Mademoiselle by Carlisle.

WRITE TO GOOD HOUSEKEEPING FOR WHERE TO BUY. MORE FASHIONS ON PAGE 215.

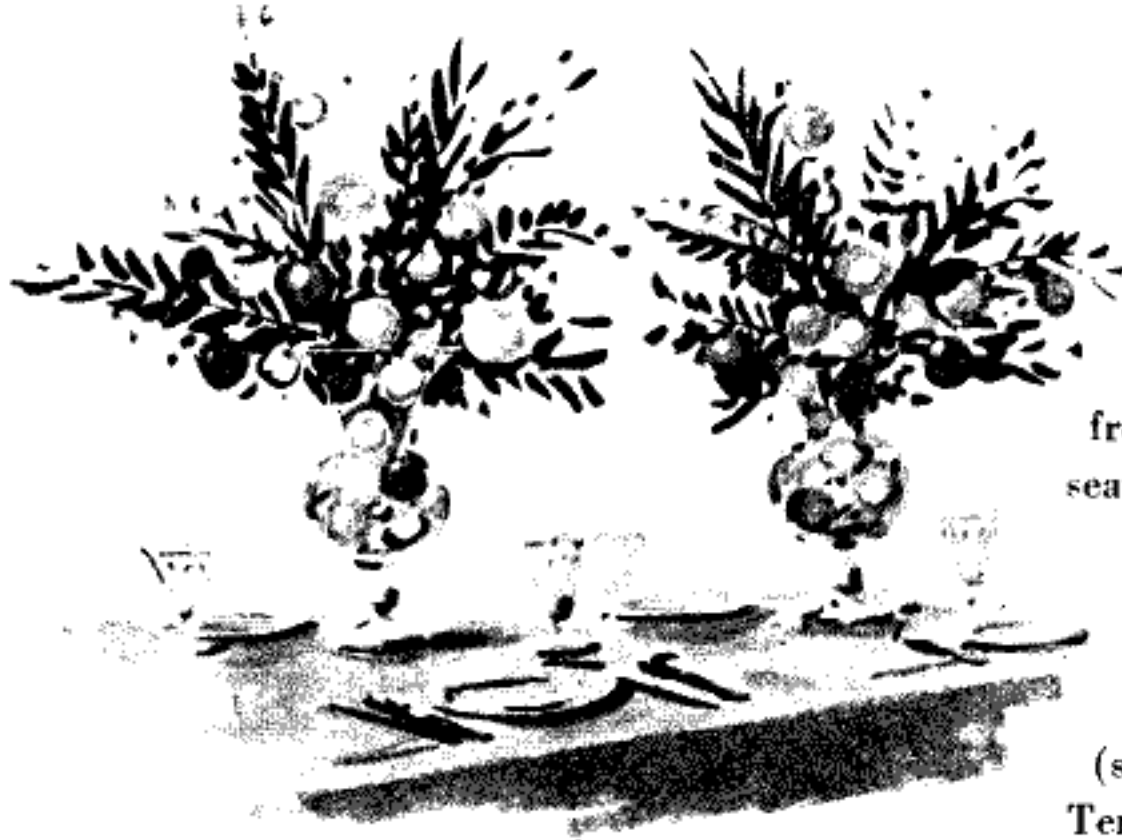


PHOTOGRAPH BY HANS VAN NES

## HOLIDAY HEARTH

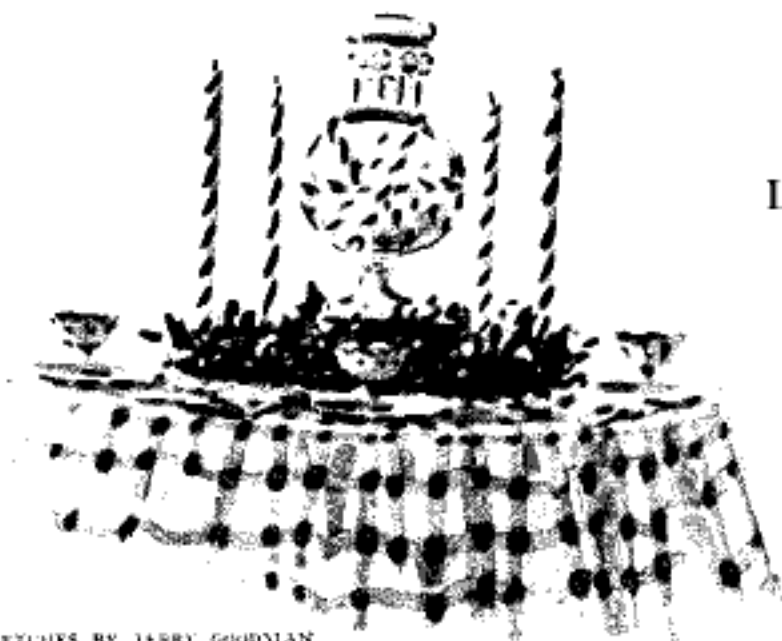
Every child knows the fireplace is Santa's front door, but *all* ages will gather round one that is as blithe a magnet as the hearth above. Strung on ribbons, the family's Christmas cards are a splash of color against the wall. The glowing garnet punch bowl on the holly-patterned cloth is a merry invitation to good cheer.

**THE DECORATING STUDIO · Helen Sells, Director**



Christmas is the season of high hospitality, the time to gather family and friends together in an atmosphere of warm affection and care-free gaiety. Instead of the traditional seated dinner, you can arrange a buffet and make it so exciting that children and grownups alike will be thoroughly beguiled. Intriguing innovation is use of a pair of tables (shown opposite) instead of a big one. Tempting dishes are arrayed on the tops, and tall candles are offset by colored ribbons sweeping down from an old mandolin.

Brightly wrapped favors and gifts fill the shelves beneath. Above, left: Christmas-tree balls in frivolous arrangement glitter inside glass vases and bloom blithely on branches of greens. Left: On the small table, red-and-white peppermint sticks crisscrossed inside an apothecary jar match long white candles spiraled in bright-red tape. This combination stands on a bed of red-berried holly, on a red-and-white checked cloth. Below: Top of epergne is filled with greens; bottom is piled with fruit wrapped in colored foil. The brass horns sing out a "Merry Christmas!"



SKETCHES BY JERRY GROSSMAN

# Holiday Parties







## HEART-WARMING HOUSE



The simple charm of old American ways and the laborsaving comfort of modern ones miraculously merge in a remodeled farmhouse in Woodstock, Illinois. Mr. and Mrs. Hartley C. Laycock, Jr., have put a lot of love and knowledge into every detail, and the kitchen is the heart of this house, just as it was in olden days. The kitchen door is the family favorite, and the pine hutch table is popular for meals, roomy and convenient for homework. An efficient sink and dishwasher at one end of the kitchen (left) keep honest, good company with roomy pine cupboards and tiny-patterned wallpaper. The same quality of livability, intimacy, and unpretentiousness flows through the entire house, which expresses, above all, its American heritage.







PHOTOGRAPHS BY NOWELL WARD

Irresistibly inviting, two wooden rockers are drawn up close to wide hearth of kitchen fireplace. Efficient raised ovens are set into one side of the pine-boarded wall, and surface burners are flush with counter above pine cupboards along left wall. Such touches as copper molds above stove, old spice box, quaint fixture over table, turn kitchen into a homey, personal room.



## HEART-WARMING HOUSE

Not only every room but every corner of this house is appealing and charming. At one end of the living room (left), close to the piano, an old bench, comfortably cushioned, is the center of a friendly little grouping. The simple, painted board wall meets one papered in a quaint, small pattern above a painted dado. Calico-covered cushions and braided rug add more color and design.

It's an easy matter to move the drop-leaf dining table (right) from the center of room, under "wool winder" fixture, into the sunny bay. Note old chairs, scenic paper.





PHOTOGRAPHS BY NOWELL WARD

A quality of unaffected comfort makes this big living room cozy and welcoming. Roomy chairs, covered in red-and-yellow calico, face a huge sofa and an old-fashioned wing chair snuggled close to the brick hearth. Dark-green lining of bookshelves and cupboard contrasts with white board wall, rosy fireplace bricks. Sunlight pours freely through the tied-back organdy curtains and splashes across an oval braided rug, which combines the red, green, and yellow of the over-all color scheme. Here, a rare contentment is simply and eloquently expressed.





# BURSTING WITH CHEER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANS VAN NYS

IN THE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. B. W. JONES, BULLY STEAD, N. J.



Once a year, everyone becomes a child again, receiving sudden pleasure from glittering balls and tinsel. You fill your house with the scent and beauty of fir and pine, the color of holly berries. You place a little church, such as the one at left, on a chest, surrounded by greens and apples. It magically lights up inside, and the mirror behind it doubles its delights! You might hang a cluster of ornaments and fir branches from a curtain valance (above) and combine old brass horns with green boughs and red ribbons over a fireplace (right). There are no rules but those of the heart. Once again, you bring the overflowing spirit of Christmas into your home.



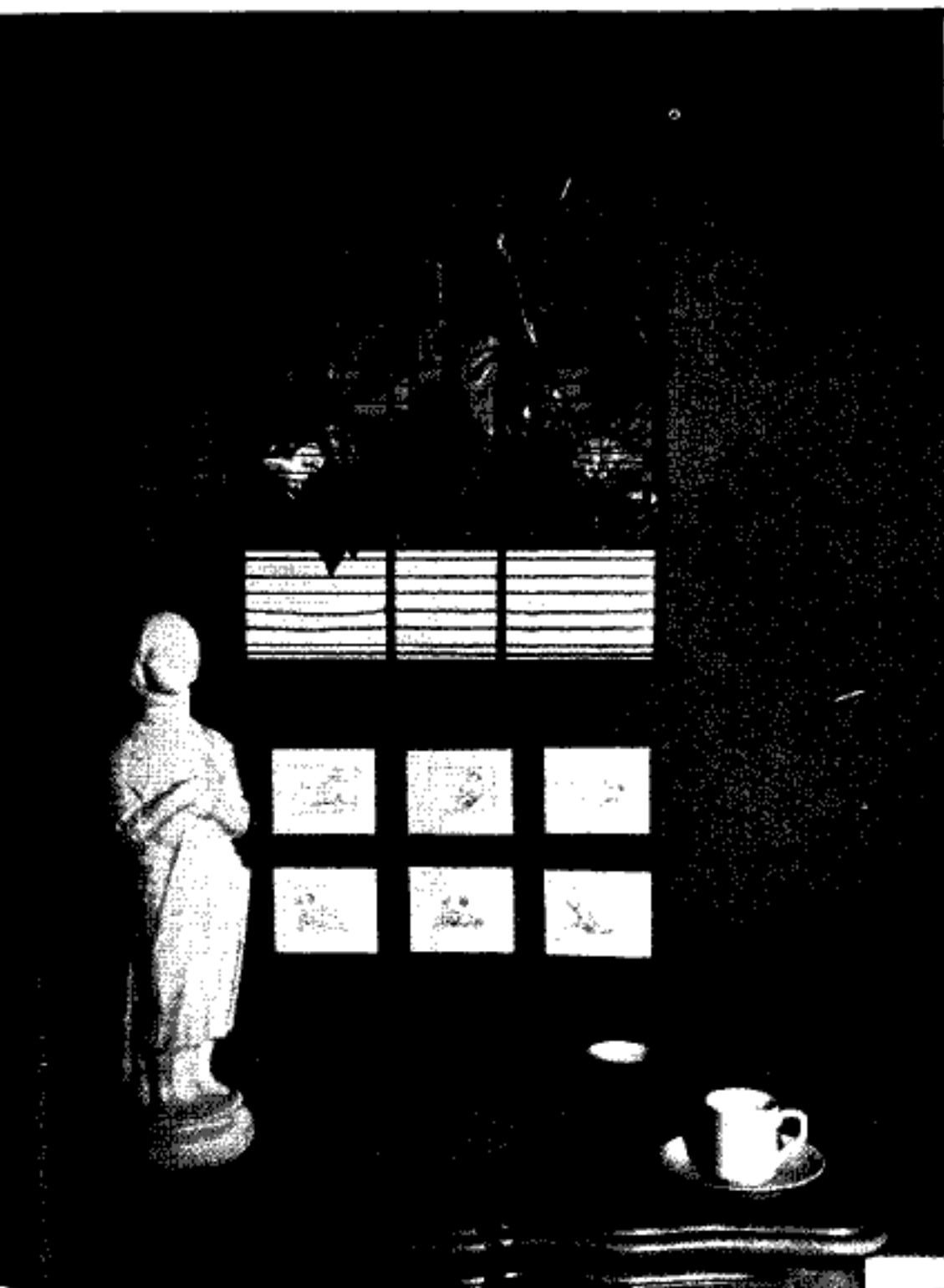


**WITH A HINT OF CHRISTMAS**

Decorating with glitter and sparkle is not the only way to spread the Christmas spirit through your home. You can do it in subtler, more dignified ways, with artistic arrangements that have a finished beauty about them. Such a grouping is the one shown opposite, combining a charming old bird cage, a porcelain dove of peace, and a candle rising from one side of a cluster of shiny green leaves. Right: Two low, lighted candles, joined by a semicircle of tiny potted green plants, illuminate an old tureen and amusing provincial clock with a warm glow. Below, left: A statuette of Jeanne d'Arc or the Madonna hints of Christmas holiness, with holly or greens hanging gracefully from a bird cage above it. Below, right: Simple and effective are the squat, square candle and a spray of holly on the piano, tempting everyone to sing the old, familiar carols on Christmas Eve.

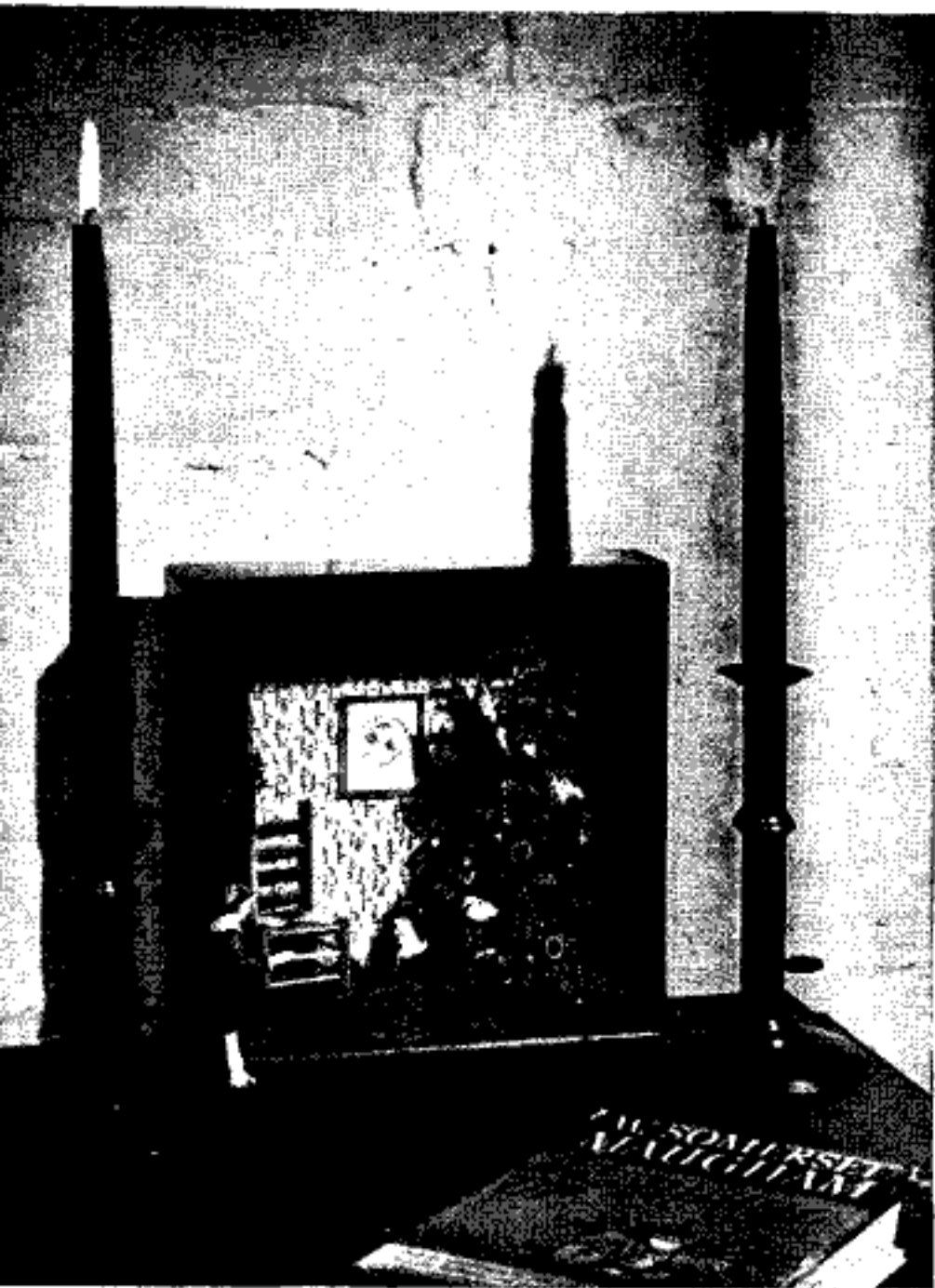


PHOTOGRAPHS BY NOWELL WARD

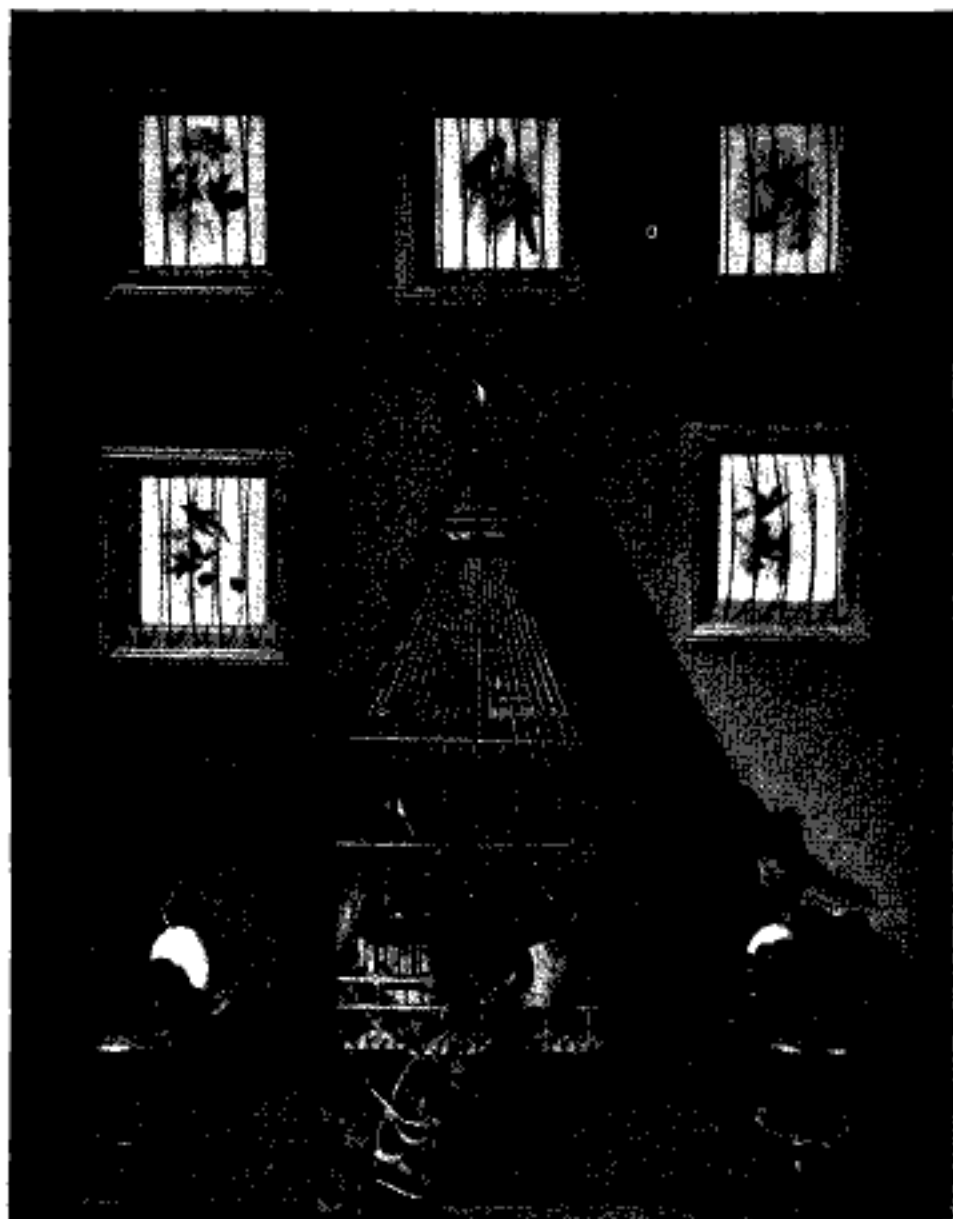
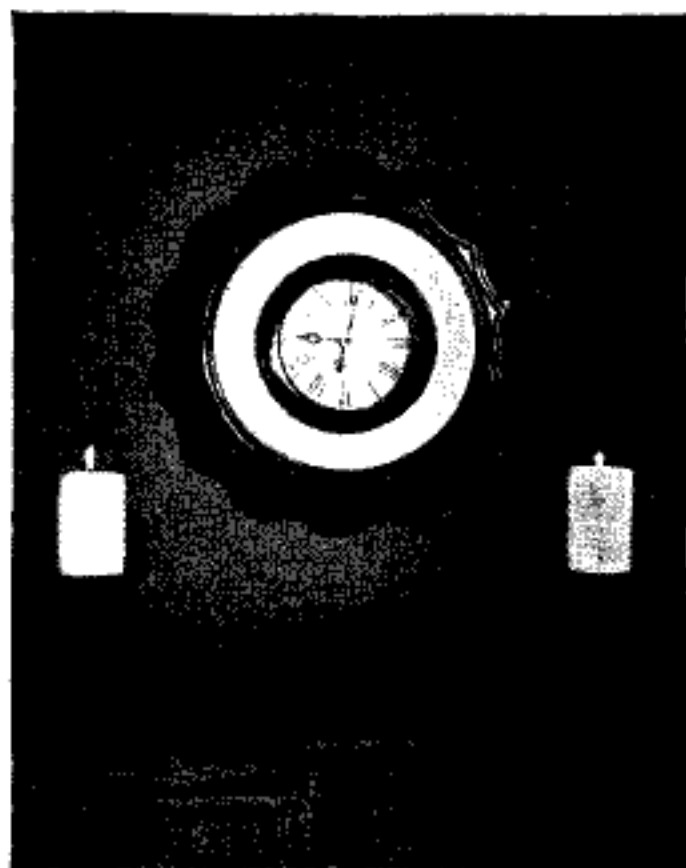


## WITH A HINT OF CHRISTMAS

On a console table, on a mantel, in your front hall, bedroom, or any corner of the house, you can add something that is just a little bit festive, a little bit unusual, to express the universal warmth and loveliness of Christmas. Left: A tiny shadow box on the table frames a model interior and a miniature Christmas tree. On either side, a tall red candle is silhouetted against a white brick wall. Below, left: The stark simplicity of two stocky candles combined with an important, big clock gives the mantel a special dignity. Below, right: Bright-scarlet fruits in a pair of compotes are ranged on both sides of a bird cage full of greens, to quietly convey that extra holiday good will. By such small and graceful touches, you can give your house or apartment "warm greetings of the season."



PHOTOGRAPHS BY NOWELL WARD

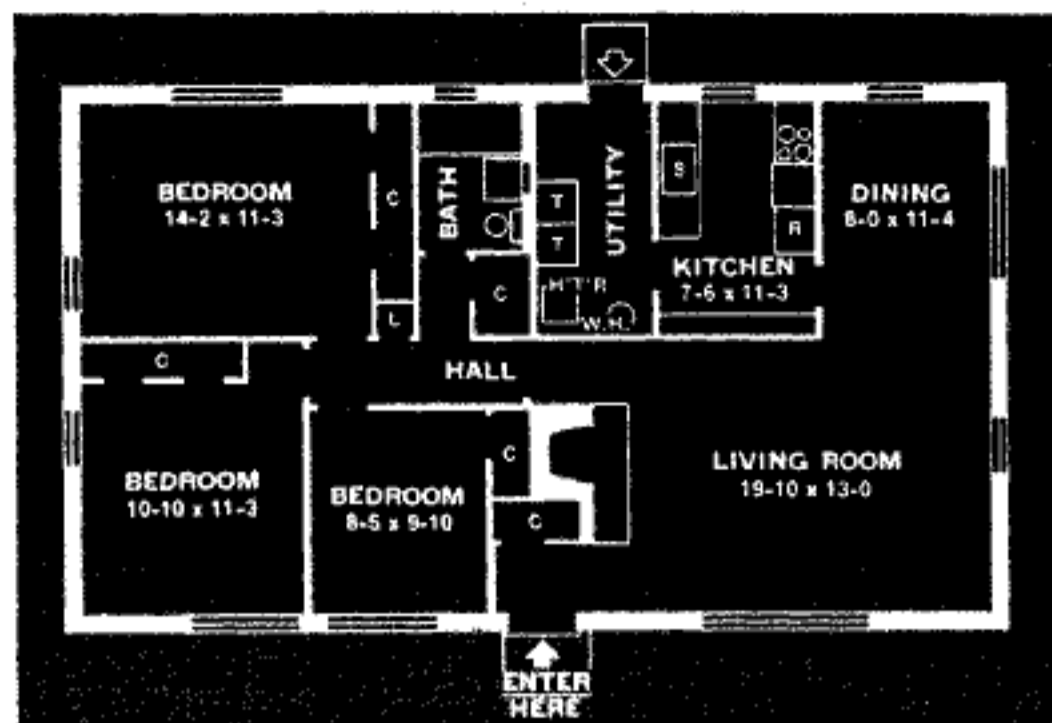




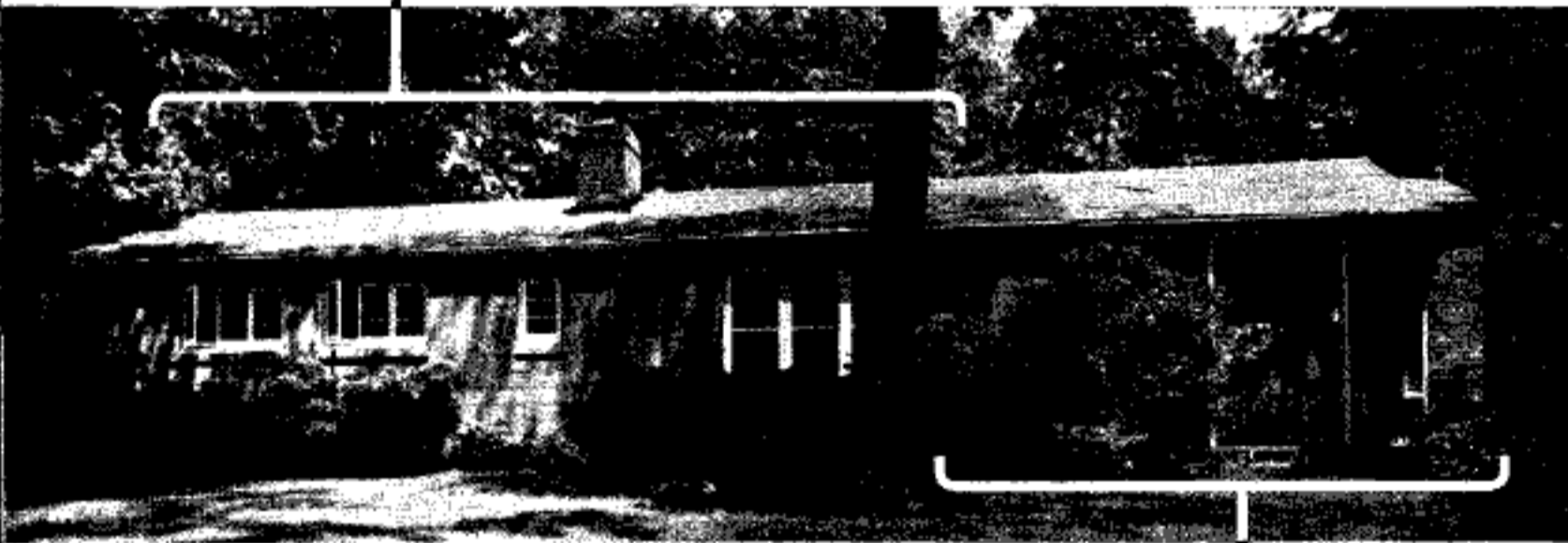


**THE BUILDING FORUM**  
JOSEPH B. MASON, DIRECTOR

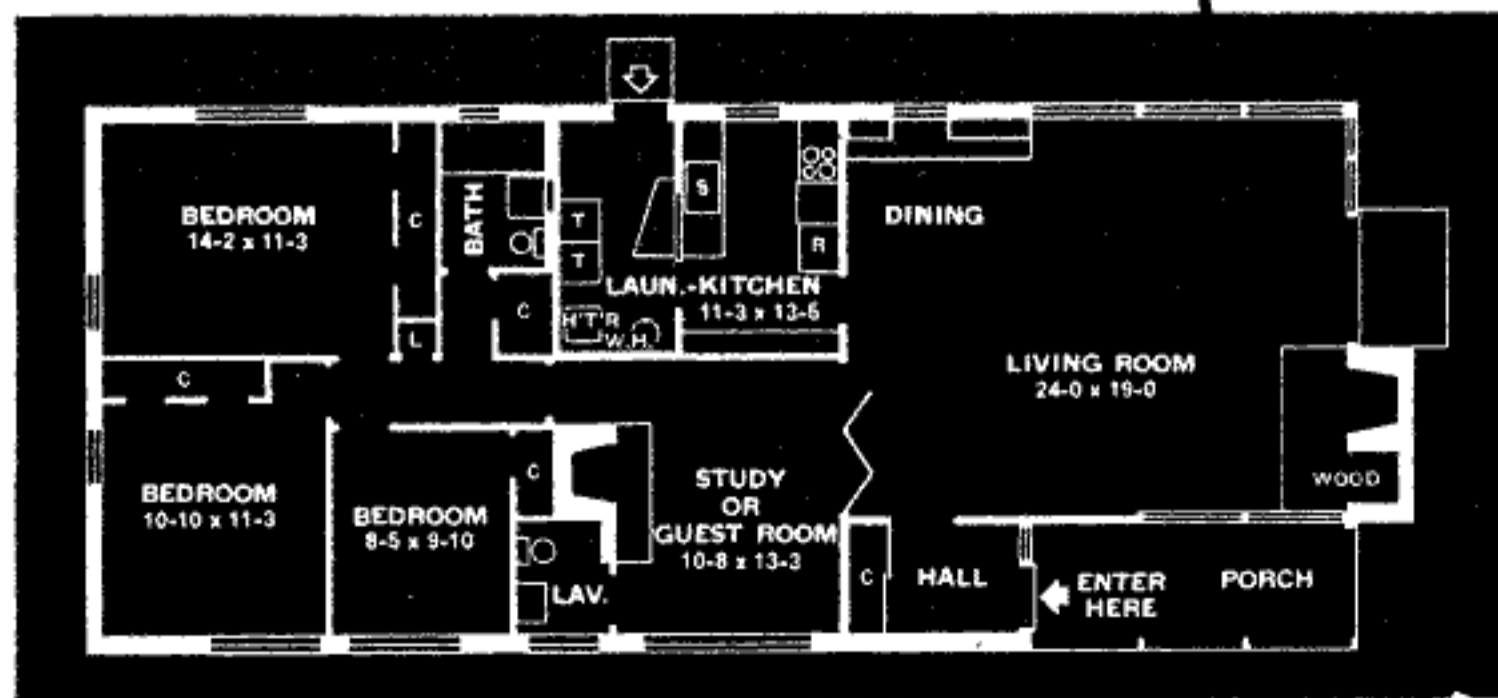
They started with this—



Living room too small; no garden view; no spare room for guests



They ended up with THIS



Living room and kitchen now doubled in size; folding wall converts new study into guest bedroom



PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDWARD GARDISON

It was a tiny, prewar-built house in Alexandria, Virginia—far too cramped for the Howard Feddersens and their three youngsters. The solution? They removed one end wall and built the 15½' living-room-and-porch addition shown above. Walls are of plate-glass panels secured in white wood framing; fireplace and chimney are of rough, unpainted brick. The old living room was converted into a study-guest room, with lavatory, and the too-small kitchen was merged with the laundry to make one generous household workroom. (*More on next page*)



## Their living room — now a glorious 19' x 24'

The new living-dining room (above) is formed by dining ell of original house and exciting fixed-glass walls of extension. Ceiling is of cedar boards, lightly pickled, then waxed. Floor is of slate flags set in concrete. Ceiling registers supply forced warm air from old house-heating plant, which proved large enough to heat both house and addition. Garden windows get winter sun.



**REMODELING GUIDE.** Our new 24-page booklet, "How To Remodel Your Home," tells how to plan and budget alterations; check heating, plumbing, wiring, foundations; judge an old house. Order from Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York 19, N. Y. Price, 50¢.



**P**aired glass doors beside chimney give access from living room to garden and rear terrace. help ventilate, too. Huge fireplace, near corner, encourages good off-traffic furniture arranging.

ARCHITECT FOR ALTERATION: CHARLES M. GIBBMAN, WASHINGTON, D. C.





PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD AVERILL SMITH

## Live on one floor— with an attic to spare

The Page Wodells, of Hartford, Connecticut, wanted a one-floor house, but they also wanted extra space to draw on for future rooms. Their answer was this 1½-story modern New England homestead with an attic spacious enough to hold bath, storeroom, and 2 future bedrooms. Below it is a complete 6-room first floor with a versatile office-study-guest room off the front entry, separate living and dining rooms, 16½'-long kitchen. First-floor living area, 997 sq. ft. Architect, Walter Crabtree, Jr., Hartford. (The End)

FOR A SKETCH PLAN of this house, giving areas, elevations, and additional building details, send 25¢ to the Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York 19, N. Y. Ask for "Story-and-a-Half Colonial."





# Let *Soup* give you more Christmas - *Time*



ANNE MARSHALL  
Director Home Economics  
Campbell Soup Company

BY *Anne Marshall*



**GREEN PEA** is a grand choice. The tempting taste of green peas-- in a soup enriched with butter.

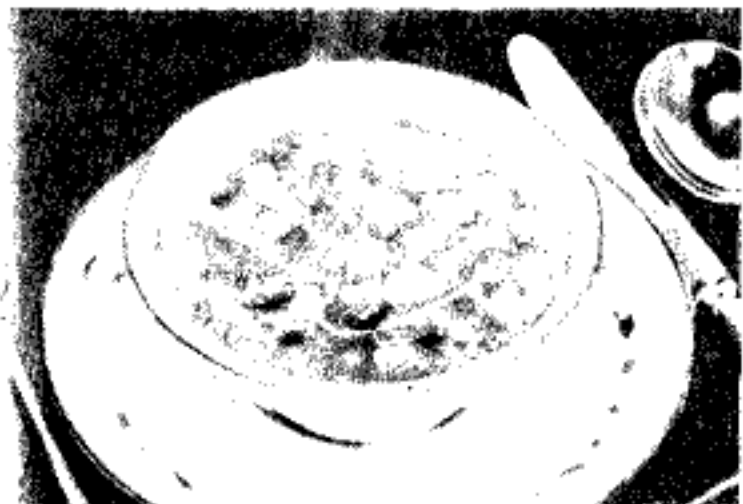
**LUNCHES OR SUPPERS BUILT AROUND GREEN PEA SOUP**

- Tuna Fish Sandwich
- Puffy Omelet, Ginger Cakes
- Chicken Salad, Bran Muffins
- Hot Apple Pie, Cheese
- Codfish Cakes and Spinach
- Scrambled Eggs, Hot Biscuits

**VEGETABLE** is a favorite with both Dad and the children--lots of bright garden vegetables in a honey beef stock.

**LUNCHES OR SUPPERS BUILT AROUND VEGETABLE SOUP**

- Pork and Beans, Green Salad
- Salmon Salad Sandwich
- Waldorf Salad, Cheese Toast
- Cold Roast, Lettuce Wedges
- Hot Coffee Cake, Grapefruit
- Baked Corned Beef Hash



So much to do; so little time to do it--with Christmas 'round the corner! There's all that shopping to do--and the house to clean and a fruit cake to bake and the youngsters' clothes to freshen and Christmas cards to address and the silver to clean and--*meals to get!*

Yes, meals to get, and that's where maybe I can help--with some practical ideas. Soup can be your salvation, truly. It's so nourishing and so appealing to winter-sharp appetites. It's quick

on the table, too, and very easy on the budget.

**Biggest Soup-eating Month**

Many of you already know how good hot soup helps "save the day" during December. That's why you've made December the biggest soup-eating month of the year. Here on this page are three fine soups to build meals around these Christmas-rushed days. You'll find suggestions, too, for what to serve with each one, to round out a lunch or a supper. So Merry Christmas!



**TOMATO** is "the soup most folks like best" --luscious tomatoes blended with fine butter to velvet smoothness.

**LUNCHES OR SUPPERS BUILT AROUND TOMATO SOUP**

- Ham-Biscuits, Pear Salad
- Hot Potato Salad, Apricots
- Sardine Sandwich, Cole Slaw
- Cheese Souffle, Relish Tray
- Sausage Cakes, Apple Rings
- Nut Waffles and Jam





*Scotties*  
**are softies !**

*Scotties* **are thrifties too !**

Here is a cleansing tissue the whole family will enjoy. Scotties are soft and snowy white yet they have the 2-way strength you want for practical family use. You can sneeze and "blow" into Scotties—and they don't go to pieces. Scotties don't crumble when you remove make-up. And you'll see how thrifty they are for children and grownups when you compare their value with all other

another tissue by ~~Scott~~ that's "soft as old linen"

"Scotties," "Soft as old linen," U. S. Pat. ®





WOODWARD

# THE COLD FIREBIRD

BY GEORGE MAREK

Music Editor, Good Housekeeping

This is the third in a series of articles discussing the composers who have most influenced twentieth-century music. The other two were Claude Debussy and Richard Strauss

★

When Igor Stravinsky was twenty-six years old, he composed an orchestral piece that ran only four and a half minutes, yet employed a huge orchestra, including six horns and a battery of extra brass instruments. Stravinsky titled the composition *Fireworks* and sent the manuscript to his teacher, Rimsky-Korsakoff. A few days later the registered package was returned to him, with a note saying, "Undelivered because of death of addressee."

This was in 1908. After the death of his teacher, Stravinsky set out on his own path—an unmarked path of hills and valleys. Looking back over the road he traversed, we may say today, when Stravinsky is sixty-eight years old, that he is in some ways the most exciting, the most daring, and the most irritating composer of our century.

The *Fireworks* piece was duly performed. In the audience was Diaghileff, the wealthy and intuitive impresario of the Russian ballet. He was impressed by what he heard and commissioned Stravinsky to write a ballet based on an old French fairy tale, for his star, Pavlova. Stravinsky produced *The Firebird*. When

Pavlova heard the music, she refused to dance to it. Nevertheless, Diaghileff presented it during his first season in Paris, and it was an unqualified success. Stravinsky had inherited from Rimsky-Korsakoff a palette of rich orchestral tones. In *The Firebird* he heaped on it such new, violent colors that the older man's colors became, by comparison, timid daubs. Even today, listening to *The Firebird* is as intriguing as looking through a kaleidoscope.

Another commission from Diaghileff followed, for which Stravinsky wrote the ballet *Pétrouchka*. The hero is a poor little puppet, *Pétrouchka*, who is madly in love with a ballerina. After various lamentable adventures, he is struck down by the sword of a villainous Moor. The part of *Pétrouchka* was danced by Nijinsky, of whom Sarah Bernhardt said, "I am afraid, I am afraid, for he is the greatest actor of them all." *Pétrouchka*, with Nijinsky, was an enormous success—as this witty, enchanting work deserved to be—and Stravinsky found himself the hero of the Parisian season, the man of the intellectual hour.

He now conceived a great new plan—a huge fantasy that was to celebrate the rebirth of nature after the quietude of winter, and the regeneration of society through the sacrifice of the individual. This cosmic scheme was to be expressed in terms of primeval pagan rites. In *The Rite of Spring* (Continued on page 211)

# The Patient's Wife

(Continued from page 62)

and was anxious to move along. With great difficulty, the doctors persuaded him to remain until the next morning. However, he refused to stay any longer. Although he was told he probably had had a coronary thrombosis and needed a complete rest, Max insisted on returning to work.

It was not until her discharge from the hospital, a few days later, that Mrs. P. learned what had actually happened to her husband. He had led her to believe that he had had a fainting spell due to the heat of the subway. When she confronted him with her new knowledge, he bluffed and blustered, insisting that he felt fine. By observing him carefully, however, she discerned that he was not really well. Finally she persuaded him to go to a cardiologist, who proved beyond doubt that he actually had had a heart attack. Furthermore, the doctor drew from the reluctant husband the fact that he had had several minor attacks of pain prior to the subway episode. Max also admitted grudgingly that he was not able to do some of the things at work that he had done previously.

At this point Mrs. P. took charge. Max was made to understand the seriousness of his condition, and she made sure he followed the doctor's orders.

This illness was a bitter pill for Max to swallow. All his life he had worked at one trade: installing electrical equipment. The job necessitated working on ladders, pulling wires, and installing fixtures. Because he usually worked in new buildings, where the elevators were not yet in operation, he often had to climb ten or more flights of stairs. It was clear that he should give up this strenuous work, but he felt he had no other skills and therefore could not earn a living any other way. He might get odd jobs that would be less arduous, but they would not pay enough money to cover current expenses.

In her quiet way, his wife continued her fine job of re-educating him. By careful management, she reduced their expenses significantly. During the period of his enforced idleness, she interested him in a variety of sedentary tasks, which kept his hands and mind occupied. With his friends' help, she found him a job preparing fixtures for installation. It did not pay as well as his old work, but it did not endanger his health.

A few months later Max had made a complete adjustment. He was no longer in fear of a bleak future. Instead, he was relaxed and actually enjoying life. At the same time, his condition improved. He was quick to acknowledge—the doctor concurring wholeheartedly—that it was all his wife's doing. Without her intervention, he would have ignored his heart condition and continued his strenuous activities, which probably would have had disastrous consequences.

**A**NOTHER wife who played a decisive role in her husband's illness was Mrs. Arthur K. Mr. K. had many relatives, most of whom were tense, worrisome, and argumentative. When he got sick, they descended on his hospital room, each determined to make sure he was receiving the proper treatment and following the doctor's orders. Because each had definite ideas about the care he

needed, the sickroom became a forum for loud and lengthy arguments. Mr. K. had full confidence in his doctor's ability, but each relative had a favorite doctor whom he wished to bring into the case "just to make sure."

Mrs. K. realized the harmful effects these relatives could have on her husband's condition. With the aid of the doctor, she had their visits curtailed. For a time, at least, this displeased her in-laws, but she willingly took their abuse in order to protect her husband.

These are not extraordinary problems, and many wives have handled them in the same manner. Often, however, a patient's wife is a hindrance instead of a help. Either by failing to do what is expected of her or by creating obstacles to his proper treatment she may delay or even prevent her husband's recovery.

Of course, when the wife is ill, the husband sometimes is guilty of equally obstructive conduct. This is much less common, however, probably because a man usually has a job that makes demands on him and serves as a distraction. A woman, on the other hand, is free to focus her entire attention on her husband's illness. And because she is often very dependent on him, she is a more ready victim of fear and insecurity. Also, she has the traditional responsibility of the management of the household and the care of its members. When she is sick, the husband usually delegates that responsibility to a trained nurse or to another woman in the family.

**S**OME wives don't realize how important it is to follow the details of the treatment prescribed by the doctor. For example, in some kinds of heart disease, the basis for treatment is elimination of salt from the diet. Many a doctor has been dismayed by the lack of improvement in a patient with such a condition. The man insists that he has been faithfully following the routine. Only after careful questioning of his wife does the reason for the failure become apparent. In a few cases she has not bothered to prepare special food for him. In most cases she has added salt to the food because "The meals are so tasteless. How could anyone eat them?" That little bit of salt may mean the difference between recovery and persistence of symptoms.

A wife who is overzealous may cause complications. Her concern leads her to interpret the doctor's suggestions so rigidly that she far exceeds his intentions. In the case of Mr. and Mrs. Donald G., this almost resulted in a catastrophe.

Mr. G. was a prominent businessman. Unfortunately, the circulation of his blood was so poor that even slight exertion or excitement gave him the typical pain of angina pectoris. From time to time he was confined to bed to avert the possibility of a coronary thrombosis. Each time he was soon permitted to return to work, because the hours spent in his office, though rather strenuous, enabled him to escape from his wife.

Mrs. G., genuinely concerned about her husband's health, had decided that he required constant supervision. She felt that the doctors were too liberal and that her husband often overstepped their restrictions. So she became a strict disciplinarian. When her husband spoke on

the telephone, his speech sometimes became loud and emotional, and she often snatched the phone out of his hand for fear of his becoming too excited. When he was alone in his room, she popped in many times to make sure he was quiet. Sometimes her intrusion awakened him from a nap. She wouldn't let him play cards, a pastime he really enjoyed.

Everyone who visited him was given a lecture on the seriousness of his condition and warned against exciting him. The visitors were clocked, and even though her husband was relaxed and enjoying their conversation, they were coldly told to leave after a certain time. Mr. G. found these attentions not only embarrassing but extremely irritating. Instead of calming him, they often infuriated him to the point where he began to have pain.

He wasn't completely safe even in his office: she telephoned him many times a day, interrupting his work with admonitions to take it easy, or to remember to take his nap, or simply to ask him how he felt.

This constant hounding was intolerable to Mr. G., and he began to adopt subterfuges to avoid it. Many "unavoidable, important business conferences" were actually sessions of gin rummy. His wife's friends were asked to keep her busy and distracted with invitations to lunch, shopping tours, and bridge parties. None of his ruses was very successful, for, as he put it, "My wife is a tough policeman. Nothing escapes her."

Fortunately, after many months, Mrs. G. was made to see the damage she was doing, and she grudgingly relaxed her authority. Since then he has felt much better and their relationship has been more harmonious.

Sometimes doctors have to contend with a selfish wife. One example is the case of Mrs. John F., who made a great fuss about taking her husband to Saratoga Spa for a period of rest and relaxation. "I'm going only because he won't go without me, and he really needs it so badly," she said. All of their friends heard about the "sacrifices" she was making to go on this trip. A few days before their scheduled departure, she canceled their reservations because she had caught a cold and therefore would be unable to take the baths.

**O**CCASIONALLY a wife's insecurity and her fear of being accused of not having done everything possible for her husband cause complications. In the case of Mr. Samuel R., who had suffered a severe coronary thrombosis, such an attitude on the part of his wife probably contributed to his death.

Mr. R., a successful editor, whose years of high-pressure work had already given him a troublesome ulcer, had an attack in the middle of a winter night. They recently had moved to a new neighborhood and did not have a family physician, so they had difficulty locating a doctor. As soon as he saw Mr. R., he had him taken to the local hospital, where the proper treatment was promptly given. After several days, during which his condition improved slightly, Mrs. R. began to complain about the hospital, a small suburban institution with somewhat limited facilities but

Merry  
Christmas  
Mrs. St. Nick



"Merry Christmas, my dear," said St. Nick, bouncing in after rewarding his reindeer with an extra forkful of hay for their night's work. "I couldn't think of a thing to bring you except this. It must be good, because I saw it in ever so many homes."

"Thank you, Nick," laughed his wife, "but if that isn't just like a man! You're so busy toy-making that you've never noticed I've used Fels-Naptha for years and years and YEARS."

# Are you in the know?



## When leaving, what to do about the chaperone lineup?

- Run for the farthest exit     Mumble hi and g'bye     Take time out

Do you dodge the snoopers? Would you weasel an exit via fire escape, rather than stop for a word at the door? Be courteous. Chaperones are frequently people! Take time out to thank them for their help. You needn't cringe from watchful eyes . . .

even at calendar time. With Kotex, there are *flat, pressed ends* that prevent telltale outlines. Moreover, your new Kotex Belt gives you added confidence, comfort. Made with soft-stretch elastic . . . non-twisting . . . non-curling. Washable; dries in a wink!



## Will you see the New Year in with —

- Pink elephants  
 Pink lemonade  
 Rose-colored glasses

Don't be the acquaintance who'll be forgot next year. Whoop-dee-doo won't hike a gal's rating. Better a rosy dating future rather than a cold grey dawn. Take *extra* care to spurn crash-happy drivers. And at certain times guard against problem-day "accidents," too. Get the *extra* protection of Kotex and that special *safety center*. Plus heavenly softness that *holds its shape* because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it!



## Which outfit inspires a gift idea?

- The tartan skirt  
 The grey flannel dress  
 The chinchilla coat

Maybe you already know — these three outfits are fashion "firsts." If your best study-buddy owns a tartan skirt, knit her some Argyle Sox to match the colors. A nifty giftie for Christmas. Different girls have different tastes in togs. Their sanitary protection needs, too, are not alike. So . . . Kotex comes in 3 *absorbencies*. (Different sizes, for different days.) Try all 3 to discover which is "definitely for you."



*More women choose KOTEX<sup>®</sup> than all other sanitary napkins*

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

equipped with everything necessary for Mr. R.'s care. She had learned, however, that it wasn't as good as another, larger hospital located a few miles away. To the consternation of the doctor, who felt quite sure Mr. R. was receiving all the care he required and that moving him would be dangerous, she insisted on his transfer. This meant a change of doctor, for the original physician was not affiliated with the new hospital.

It took only two days for Mrs. R. to become dissatisfied with the new doctor. "He's doing the wrong thing," she complained. "He isn't giving my husband that new drug I read about in the newspapers last week."

Because Mr. R. was not making satisfactory progress and because the new doctor felt it might give Mrs. R. some reassurance, he requested that a cardiologist be called in consultation. One of the most prominent in that city was called, and he found no reason to alter the treatment. This failed to satisfy Mrs. R., who by this time had spoken to everyone—friends, relatives, and even casual strangers—about her husband's illness. Her cardiologist, she heard from someone, wasn't very good. Dr. X was better. Someone else said, "If I were you, I would have Dr. Y."

Although their finances were being strained by the costs of this illness, Mrs. R. decided to have them both. Instead of having them meet with the doctors who already had seen her husband and knew his history, she contrived to have them come when only she was present.

Fundamentally, there was no variation in their opinions or recommendations, but they used somewhat different language in attempting to explain her husband's condition. She jumped to the conclusion that there was a wide divergence of opinion as to the proper management of the case. She decided that the doctors at the hospital were incapable of giving her husband proper care and that he ought to be moved to a large urban hospital. Again, despite protests that another move would expose Mr. R. to considerable danger, he was taken to another hospital.

THE changes in doctors, the nuisance of frequent examinations, and the need to adjust to the variations in routine among the hospitals had so disturbed Mr. R. that his ulcer flared up and complicated his heart ailment. His concern about the costs of the many consultations and his fear (not entirely without justification) that his wife's meddling might alienate the doctors' interest in his case kept him in a state of constant agitation. Several days after his admission to the last hospital, shortly after a rather heated discussion with his wife about her interference, he had another severe attack of pain and died. The doctors were unanimous in the opinion that he might have had a chance to survive had he been a bachelor.

These are only some of the ways in which the patient's wife has made his course more difficult. A prominent cardiologist once said, "I never mind taking care of a man, but God deliver me from his wife."

He arranged his schedule so that his rounds were made early in the morning, long before visitors were allowed in the hospital. Thus, he avoided chance encounters with members of his patients' families. Their many questions had to be

# Miss Marion Cleveland

LOVELY GRANDDAUGHTER OF OUR 24<sup>TH</sup> PRESIDENT

Her Face sends out  
the gracious quality of  
her Inner Self

Miss Cleveland's sunny, blonde loveliness makes people happier just for seeing her. Her face has an enchanting individuality that interests and charms you. It's a *giving face*—that lets you see what a delightful-to-be-with person she is.

Your face, too, gives out a picture of *your* Inner Self. It can be such a heart-warming picture—if you will just care enough to make it so.



CHARMING MARION CLEVELAND has an exquisite complexion—she uses Pond's! "I love Pond's Cold Cream dearly because it does my skin so much good," she says.

## Within you is a fascinating unseen self that can work a happy change in you

So many women instead of realizing their own charm, plod along—nondescript.

But—no woman *needs to stay* that way! A wonderful inner power—can work a happy change in You! It is the power that



You hear it everywhere—  
"She's engaged! She's lovely! She uses Pond's!"

grows out of the constant interrelation of your Outer Self and your Inner Self—the way you *look*, the way you *feel*.

This power lights you with confidence when someone says "How lovely you look!" But—when you don't look your best, it fills you with self-doubt. That is why it means so much to be meticulous about every detail that helps you *look lovelier—feel happier*.

"Outside-Inside" Face Treatment. Don't underrate the appeal of lovely skin. This Face Treatment with Pond's Cold Cream cleanses and softens wonderfully, you'll find. And—because it's *cream* cleansing, it's *never drying!* Do it *always* at bedtime

(day face-cleansing too). *This is the way:*

**Hot Stimulation**—a quick splash of hot water.

**Cream Cleanse**—swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream over face and throat to soften, sweep dirt and make-up from pore openings. Tissue off.

**Cream Rinse**—More Pond's now, to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin *immaculate*. Tissue off.

**Cold Stimulation**—a tonic cold water splash.

This treatment works on *both* sides of your skin. *From the Outside*—Pond's Cold Cream cleanses and softens as you massage. *From the Inside*—every step of the treatment stimulates beauty-giving circulation.

It is not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. Look lovely and it frees a happy new belief in yourself—brings others closer to the *real* Inner You.

# THE NEW-FORMULA **JOHNSON'S** **BABY LOTION**

Proved by exhaustive clinical study to be an unusually effective preparation to

- PREVENT IMPETIGO**
- PREVENT RAW BUTTOCKS**
- PREVENT DIAPER RASH**
- PREVENT HEAT RASH**

Now, science brings your baby new freedom from common skin irritations—with new Johnson's Baby Lotion.

One of the most effective preparations ever developed to prevent impetigo, cradle cap, diaper rash and heat rash. And

yet with all its amazing *germ-killing* properties, this new lotion is wonderfully bland to baby's tender skin. Soothing, snow-white, pleasant to use.

Get Johnson's Baby Lotion today—give *your* baby this new-found protection.

**Tested for 10,000 baby days—results amazing!**



**Eight leading hospitals** tested new Johnson's Baby Lotion against generally accepted methods of skin care. With usual methods, skin irritations were found to range as high as 55%. With new Lotion care, skin irritation dropped to an average of less than 2%.

**Stops impetigo epidemic.** Commonly accepted methods failed to halt an epidemic which had been in progress four months in a large hospital nursery. New Lotion treatment stopped further outbreaks and cleared existing cases in ten days!

**Guard your baby's skin—with Johnson's Baby Lotion!**

**Use Lotion every day.** Smooth on after baby's bath and at every diaper change. Keeps skin softer, smoother, doesn't interfere with normal skin function. Provides wonderful protection against dreaded impetigo and rashes that make baby so fretful.

**Ends "ammonia diaper" odor, too.** This new Johnson's Baby Lotion prevents that unpleasant nursery smell. Keeps baby sweet and fresh while it protects his delicate skin. Get a bottle today!



Available in 49¢ and 98¢ sizes...

**JOHNSON'S BABY LOTION**

*Johnson & Johnson*



filtered through the almost impregnable barrier of his formidable office nurse. This was rather hard on the anxious relatives, but he justified his actions by saying that they usually badgered him so much that he became exhausted and was unable to take proper care of his patients. Few doctors have found it necessary to take such an arbitrary position, although there is scarcely one who, on occasion, has not wished he had.

In rare cases the fundamental responsibility for the behavior of the patient's wife must be laid at the doctor's door. The physician who is overpessimistic usually inspires frantic fear and despair. The one who is overoptimistic finds his reassurances futile. They may arouse the suspicion that his attitude in the case is too casual, or that he does not fully appreciate the seriousness of the illness. In either case the family loses confidence in his ability. Fortunately, most doctors have learned the advisability of being completely frank with their patients' relatives, of making sure they understand the nature of the illness and what is being done for it. Most of the difficulties arise because these people are so distracted by their worries that they listen with only "half an ear" and misinterpret what the doctor says.

**H**ERE are a few suggestions that should prove valuable to a woman whose husband is ill.

1. Have a family doctor, one with whom you have become acquainted as a result of minor illnesses or routine checkups and in whose ability you have confidence.

2. Discuss the details of the case with the doctor when he is free to spend enough time with you to answer your questions. Buttonholing him during his hospital rounds or engaging him in long telephone conversations during his office hours is not likely to yield the best information.

3. If the doctor's directions are complicated, write them down. Follow them implicitly. Whenever you feel that changes in the prescribed routine may be advisable, consult him *before* instituting them.

4. Pay no attention to the Calamity Janes who have an inexhaustible supply of stories about people who have had the same ailment with disastrous results. It almost always turns out to have been something else.

5. If you feel that the illness is very serious or that your husband is not responding well, request a consultation with a specialist. The doctor should arrange this, and the consultant should be one whose ability he respects and whose advice he will accept.

6. Keep away from faddists and cultists, whose promised miracles are achieved all too infrequently. Don't be misled by reports of new "miracle" drugs enthusiastically acclaimed in newspapers long before they have been completely investigated.

7. Be willing to accept compromises. Too many restrictions are sometimes worse than none at all.

8. Retain your common sense and good humor. Thanks to modern medical skill, the body's tremendous capacity for repair and recovery, and the inherent human drive for self-preservation, most patients get well.

THE END

# Why risk his health with temporary disinfectants?



## **"Lysol"** germ-fighting action Brand Disinfectant continues between cleanings!



TODAY—"FLU" in your neighborhood. Tomorrow, this dread virus may enter *your* home to live in dust for days or weeks! So guard your family with the disinfectant that spreads an anti-bacterial blanket with *continuing*, not just temporary action.

HAVE "LYSOL" in your cleaning water *every* time you clean—in

baby's room, in your kitchen, bathroom . . . *every* room!

UNLIKE BLEACHES, which call for thorough cleaning, before disinfecting—and which even then act only temporarily, "Lysol" kills germs right while you clean—all in one operation. Its potency is not weakened by dust and dirt. And regular use of "Lysol" leaves

a continuing, anti-germ blanket *between* cleanings!

GIVE YOUR HOME this *fast-acting, continuing* disinfection! Use hospital-proved "Lysol" brand disinfectant. Highly concentrated, economical! Only 2½ tablespoons to each gallon of water. Ask today for this world's-largest-selling germ killer!



*Dorothy Duff*

of the famous  
Duff's Kitchen  
says:

**"I Guarantee\* You'll Make  
GINGERBREAD, DEVIL'S FOOD  
CAKE and WAFFLES  
JUST LIKE MY MOTHER  
USED TO MAKE  
thanks to  
MY DUFF'S MIXES!"**



DUFF'S GINGERBREAD MIX will give you wonderful gingerbread cookies to make the holidays merry. And they're oh so easy to make. You just add water, beat and bake!



DUFF'S DEVIL'S FOOD MIX baked in a fancy mold makes a mighty special treat! Bake your next Devil's Food in a star mold. Top with whipped cream and shredded coconut.



My DUFF'S WAFFLE MIX is perfect when you want to treat the folks to chicken 'n waffles. Chicken, turkey or ANY left-over meat served over these crisp waffles is a joy!



**JUST ADD  
LIQUID—  
MIX  
AND BAKE!**



\*Money back if you're not satisfied. Send box top to Dorothy Duff, Duff's Kitchen, Hamilton, Ohio, and I will refund your purchase price.

## What's Tomorrow?

(Continued from page 54)

"Never you mind. And if you get into another fight, you won't look at television for a whole week. I'm ashamed of you. So is your daddy." Daddy had been tickled pink. "Now go and tell Catherine to hurry in the bathroom. Go on."

She set the table for the children's breakfast and hastily drank a cup of coffee, trying not to listen to the shouts of argument and protest upstairs, wondering how her husband could sleep through such pandemonium. As she put the cereal on the table, she found herself saying aloud, "Doris. Who is Doris?" Was Doris real, and a menace, or was she merely another of John's dream girls, like the Marlene or the Lana of whom he sometimes babbled in the dark night? Was this the beginning of the end of a marriage that had sometimes been excruciatingly exciting, sometimes a bitter battlefield, wonderful and painful and occasionally dull? She found it too early to think about this any more; the kitchen clock said it was time for her husband to be awakened.

John grunted at the touch of her hand and buried his head in the pillow, trying to crawl back into his thicket of dreams; but she persisted until he finally sat up and glared at her. She said, "Don't you remember? You have to get to the airport," and he rubbed his nose and said, "Ugh." Outside the bedroom Jonny called, "Can I come in and see my daddy?" and she called back, "No, not yet," trying to protect her husband at this moment of his greatest vulnerability.

"I want to see my daddy," Jonny screamed. She patted John encouragingly on the shoulder, left the room, took Jonny by the hand, called to the blank bathroom door, "Hurry, Cathy," and went downstairs again.

CATHERINE, eleven years old, entered the kitchen like a princess, her expression cold and disdainful. "Good morning, Mother Jill," she said haughtily, and sat down with a horrible flounce.

Jill, suddenly a million years old, thought, Is this really a child I bore? Is this flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone, delivered from my body? Momentarily, she was blinded with astonishment. This creature—slim, yellow-haired, blue-eyed—how can I say she's mine? Nearly everything she does is incomprehensible to me. This morning she's Princess Margaret; last Wednesday she was Annie Oakley. She's not mine at all. She's something so separate it's terrifying.

The mystery was too overwhelming to contemplate now. For the next hour Jill could do nothing more than act out her role—wife and mother, cook and alarm clock—not really as a human being but as an overworked automaton.

"Mother Jill," Cathy said icily, "will you please ask your son Jonathan not to splash his cereal all over the tablecloth?" "You want to be pumped full of lead?" Jonny growled.

"Be quiet, both of you," Jill said. "And for heaven's sake, Cathy, don't call me Mother Jill. I can't bear it."

Upstairs, her husband had roused himself at last. She could hear the buzz of his electric razor, and she turned up the gas flame under the coffeepot.

"Is Father John going to Detroit today?" Cathy asked sweetly.

"My Lord," Jill cried. "Where did you get this Father John-Mother Jill stuff?"

Cathy began to sulk. "I read it in a book."

"Well, please stop it at once."

Cathy's eyes filled with tears. "I thought it sounded so nice."

"It sounds horrible," Jill said.

"Father John is going to Detroit in a huge jet plane," Jonny whooped. "And Mother Jill is going to stay home."

"You see," Jill said helplessly, "it's catching." And then she laughed and kissed the top of Cathy's sleek head and said, "Oh, bless you. I never know what you'll think up next."

While John ate his breakfast she went upstairs and dressed, getting herself ready to drive him to the station. She was a little jealous of this woman who had possessed her husband's dreams, and she chose her clothes carefully—the black suit he had admired so often, the black shoes he liked so much because they were so simple (she had never dared tell him that they cost an arm and a leg). She brushed her hair and powdered her face with the lightest possible touch. When she was through, she stared at herself defiantly in the mirror and gave a little sigh of relief: she looked quite presentable—slender, piquant, and fairly well groomed. But as she stared, she thought, This isn't too bad, but how did the woman in his dream look? Voluptuous, I bet, and platinum-blond. A little of her happiness faded. She went downstairs feeling glum.

John was spoiling the children, as usual, making them laugh as they ate, so that they acted wild and made a mess of their food. He was indulgent most of the time, and they took fiendish advantage of it. Jonny looked up at her as she entered the kitchen and said, "Hi, Mother Jill," and Cathy giggled.

John laughed. "Father John. Mother Jill. This is something new."

"Quite new," Jill said coldly. "It only started this morning."

He laughed again. "I think it's cute."

She gritted her teeth. "Cute is just the word."

She set about restoring discipline at the table, and her husband and her two children looked at her as if she were a cold-blooded monster. But Jonny had to be dressed; Cathy had to brush her teeth and collect her scattered books; and the process of making them ready for school required inflexible sternness. They were still dashing about wildly when the school bus drove up to the house, and she had to pursue them out of the front door like a tigress. John, at the last moment, gathered them in his arms and was smothered in a flurry of passionate kisses. Jill was rewarded for all her efforts with a hug from her son and a cool peck from her daughter.

John said, "Honey, sometimes you're a little too tough with them. After all, they're only babies."

Jill poured herself a cup of coffee and said nothing.

WHEN she was driving him to the station, she suddenly became frighteningly conscious that he was leaving her and going off on a dangerous journey. She did not want him to go. Her mind clouded over with horrible premonitions.



# Oh, what a dish is cream style!

*—such a value!*

Every budget-minded homemaker will recognize this corn for the value it is. Flavor, quality, dependability—the DEL MONTE name means you get them *all*.

*When it's so sweet—*

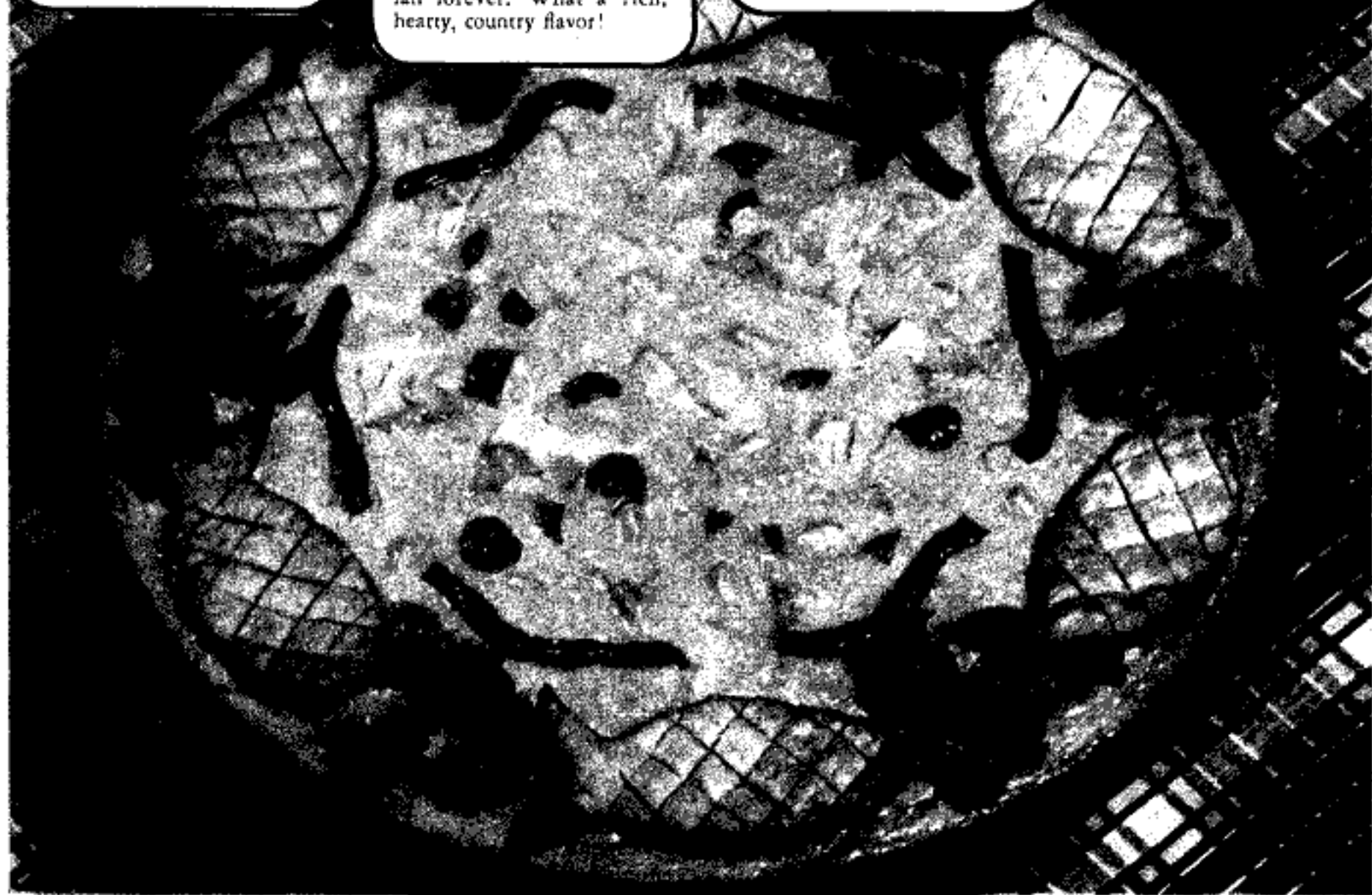
Ever tasted corn that's specially raised for higher natural sugar content? Try it! It's DEL MONTE Brand Corn—and sweet as a memory of summer on the farm.

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No skimping on the kernels for DEL MONTE, not ever. And what plump, very thin-skinned kernels they are! It's pure joy to find a cream style so cramfull of them.



Here's the all-purpose fish recipe you've always wanted!

#### CORN-SEAFOOD BAKE

1 chicken bouillon cube	4 tbsps. chopped green olives
1/2 cup evaporated milk	1 tbsp. grated onion
1 cup shredded or minced canned or cooked fish: as clams, shrimp, salmon, tuna, crab, halibut, etc.	1/2 to 1 tsp. savor salt
2 eggs, beaten	1 No. 303 can DEL MONTE Golden Cream Style Corn

Dissolve bouillon cube in milk; pour into 1-qt. casserole. Stir in remaining ingredients and season to taste with salt and pepper. Bake in moderate oven (325° F.) about 50 to 60 min., or till just set. Garnish with parsley and baked pastry "fish," if desired. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

3 styles to enjoy:

Golden Whole Kernel  
Golden Cream Style  
White Cream Style

# Del Monte CORN

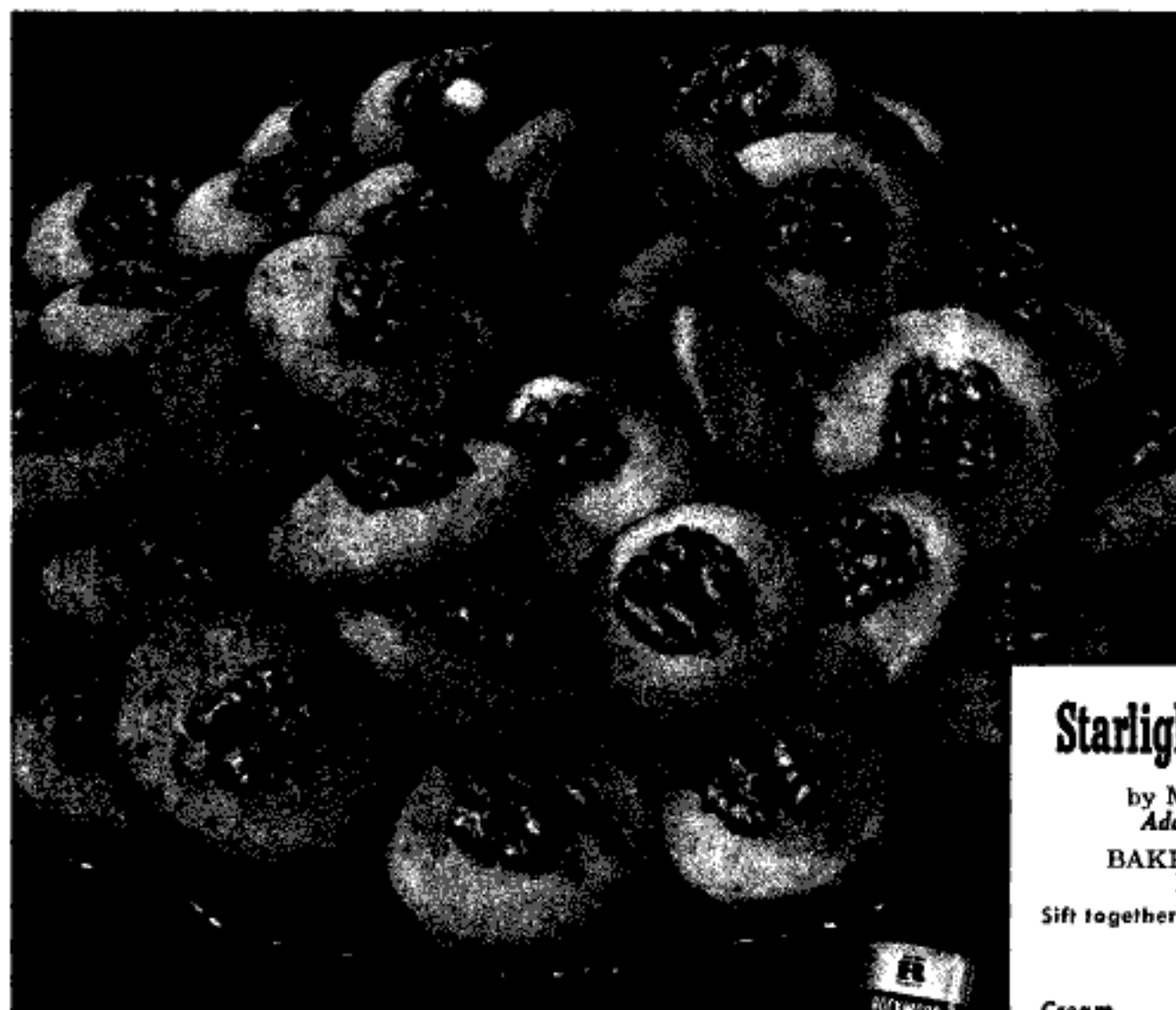
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## STARLIGHT MINT SURPRISE COOKIES

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\$100,000 Recipe and Baking Contest*



They look like plain, rich sugar cookies with a nut on top, but when you taste them, you'll find a surprise in each one. A Rockwood Chocolate Mint Wafer is baked right inside!

You can see from this recipe that these cookies are easy to make. And they turn out beautifully, of course, just as everything does that you make with Pillsbury's Best. Try them—and the other prize recipes in every bag of Pillsbury's Best Flour.

*Ann Pillsbury*

*Director, Pillsbury's Home  
Service Center*

### Starlight Mint Surprise Cookies

by Miss Laura Rott, Naperville, Ill.  
Adapted for your use by Ann Pillsbury

BAKE at 375° F. for 10 to 12 minutes.  
MAKES 4½ dozen cookies.

- Sift together 3 cups sifted Pillsbury's Best Enriched Flour  
1 teaspoon soda  
½ teaspoon salt
- Cream..... 1 cup butter (half shortening may be used); add gradually  
1 cup sugar  
½ cup firmly packed brown sugar, creaming well.
- Blend in... 2 eggs, unbeaten  
2 tablespoons water  
1 teaspoon vanilla; beat well.
- Add..... dry ingredients; mix thoroughly.  
Cover and refrigerate at least 2 hrs.
- Open..... 1 package (9 oz.) Rockwood Chocolate Mint Wafers. Enclose each wafer in about 1 tablespoon of chilled dough, on greased baking sheet about 2 inches apart.
- Place.....
- Top..... each cookie with pecan or walnut half.
- Bake..... in moderate oven (375° F.) 10 to 12 minutes.



**HOLIDAY  
SURPRISE!**

Make up an extra batch of Christmas cookies with Rockwood Milk Chocolate Wafers or Rum-Flavored Wafers instead of Rockwood Chocolate Mint Wafers. Top with walnut or pecan halves.



*Prize-Winning Recipes  
in Every Bag of*

# Pillsbury's BEST

and for the thousandth time she realized that she loved him dearly, with all his faults; that without him her life would be bleak and empty.

She said in a shaky voice, unable to control herself, "Do you really have to fly to Detroit today?"

He glanced at her in surprise. "Why, certainly. It's an important conference. I told you all about it."

"You couldn't go by train?"

"I wouldn't make it in time." He laughed. "Gosh, you're an old-fashioned little thing, aren't you? You still don't trust airplanes."

"They're fine," she said, "except when you're on them. Then I'm scared. Tell the pilot to be careful, darling."

"Sure." He patted her knee affectionately and peered out through the windshield at the morning sky. "Look," he said, "it's a perfect day for flying."

She loved him so much at this particular moment that the thought of his absence until tomorrow night filled her with misery. He made these trips to Detroit three or four times a month, and his going always did the same thing to her: she felt as if holes had been torn in her heart.

She did not speak again until they reached the station. She parked the car clumsily, and he criticized her; then she walked to the newsstand with him, holding onto his arm while he bought a newspaper and some magazines.

He looked down at her with a smile, pleased by her worry about him.

She whispered, "I'll miss you so much tonight."

"Why, honey, I'll miss you, too."

"You still love me a little, don't you?"

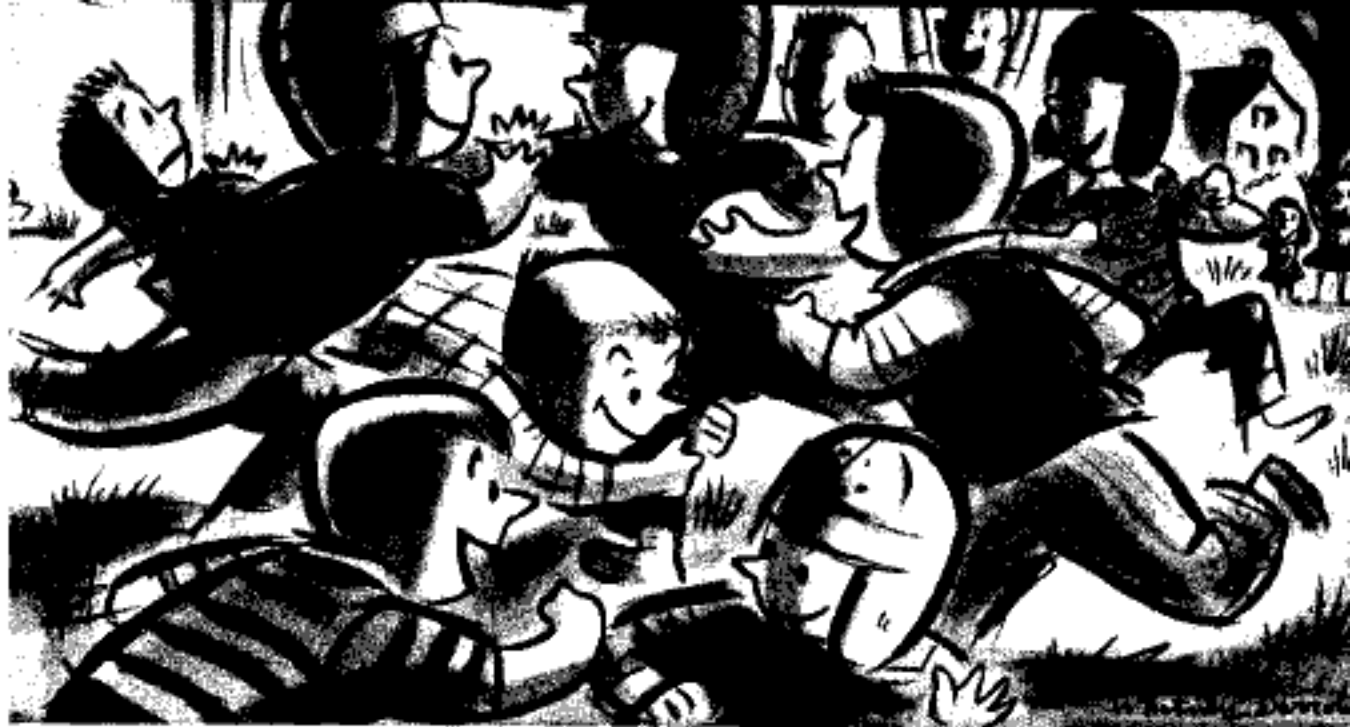
He chuckled and squeezed her hand. "Don't you know I married you for your money?"

**S**HE held on to him tightly until his train came. He kissed her warmly, and when she had seen him aboard, she walked back to the car, wretchedly unhappy. But as she turned the key in the ignition lock, a new thought came into her mind. He went to Detroit so often—was it possible that this other woman waited for him there, that his dreams last night were in anticipation of meeting her?

Of course it was possible! In a little spasm of jealous rage, she pushed her foot down on the accelerator pedal, and the car surged forward, out of the station gates. How could he say he's going to miss me, she thought, when that voluptuous creature will be waiting for him with open arms?

She gave a gasp of fear at the wild screeching of brakes and horns all around her. A truck swerved in front of her, in a wild arc; the driver shouted at her furiously. She watched the back of the truck bouncing away down the road, and she thought incredulously, Good heavens, I was nearly killed then. I was nearly killed. What would John say when he came back from Detroit? What would happen to the children?

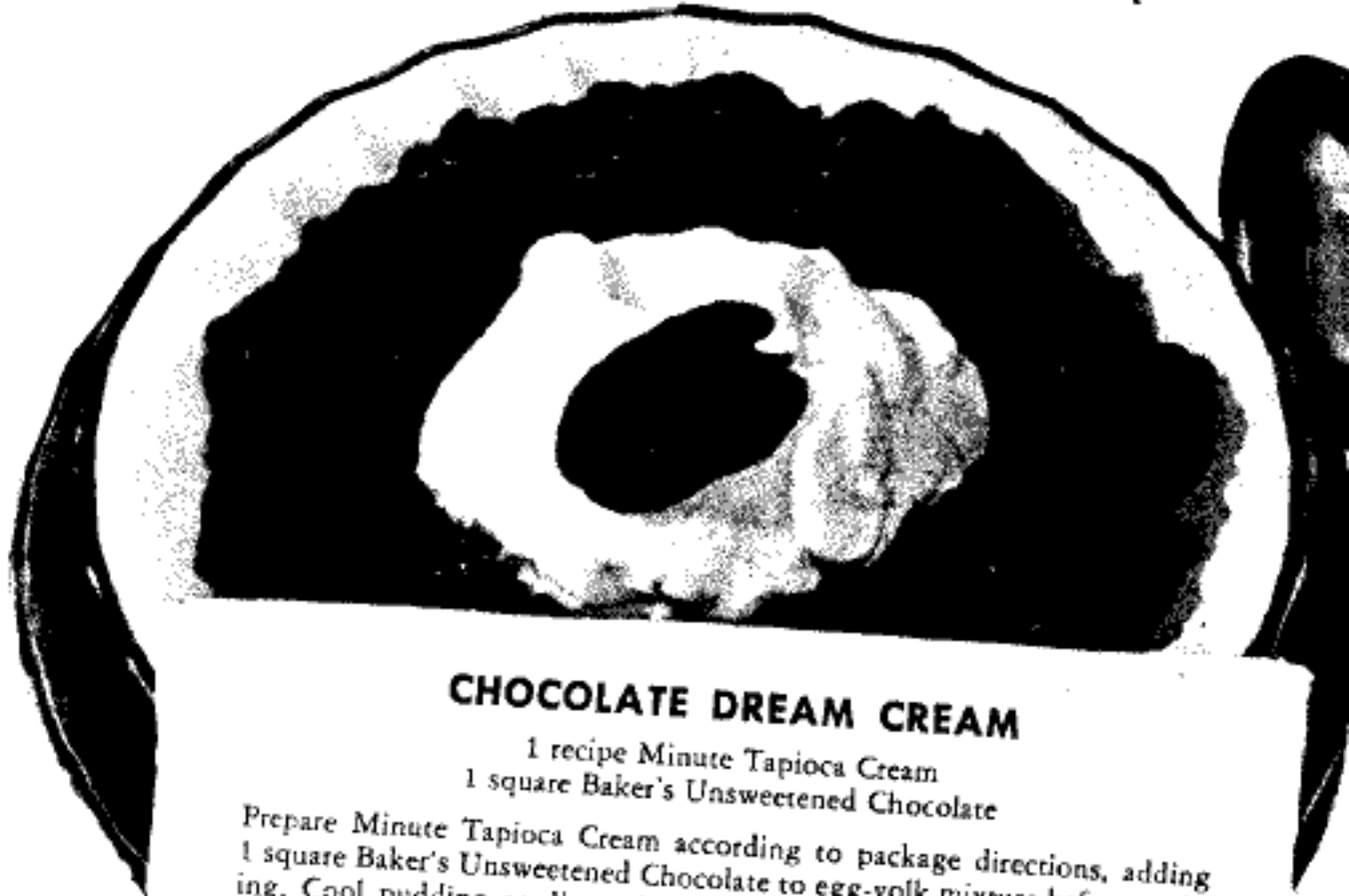
She was badly shaken by the nearness of this catastrophe, and all the way home she drove slowly, her heart pounding. When she entered her house, she breathed with relief. All she wanted to do was crawl into a hot bath and relax for a while. Weakly, she went to the kitchen. Her burden was slightly eased when she saw that her maid had arrived and was washing the breakfast dishes.



**Football's in full swing**—and so are these future gridiron-greats! They'll have All-American appetites when they get home, so give 'em their favorite—real, genuine Minute Tapioca dessert. It's nourishing and they love it!! Serve them this

# Taste-treat

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## CHOCOLATE DREAM CREAM

1 recipe Minute Tapioca Cream  
1 square Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate

Prepare Minute Tapioca Cream according to package directions, adding 1 square Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate to egg-yolk mixture before cooking. Cool pudding as directed. Garnish with whipped cream and pecan halves. Makes 4 or 5 servings of honest-to-goodness lusciousness—smooth, creamy, real tapioca. Budding athletes love it, and so do their dads (what a thrill to watch your family gobble a healthful milk-and-eggs dish . . . and come back for more!) And you'll applaud its quickness and easiness, as well as its thrift. For "country-kitchen" goodness no ready-made dessert can match, get real, genuine Minute Tapioca today!

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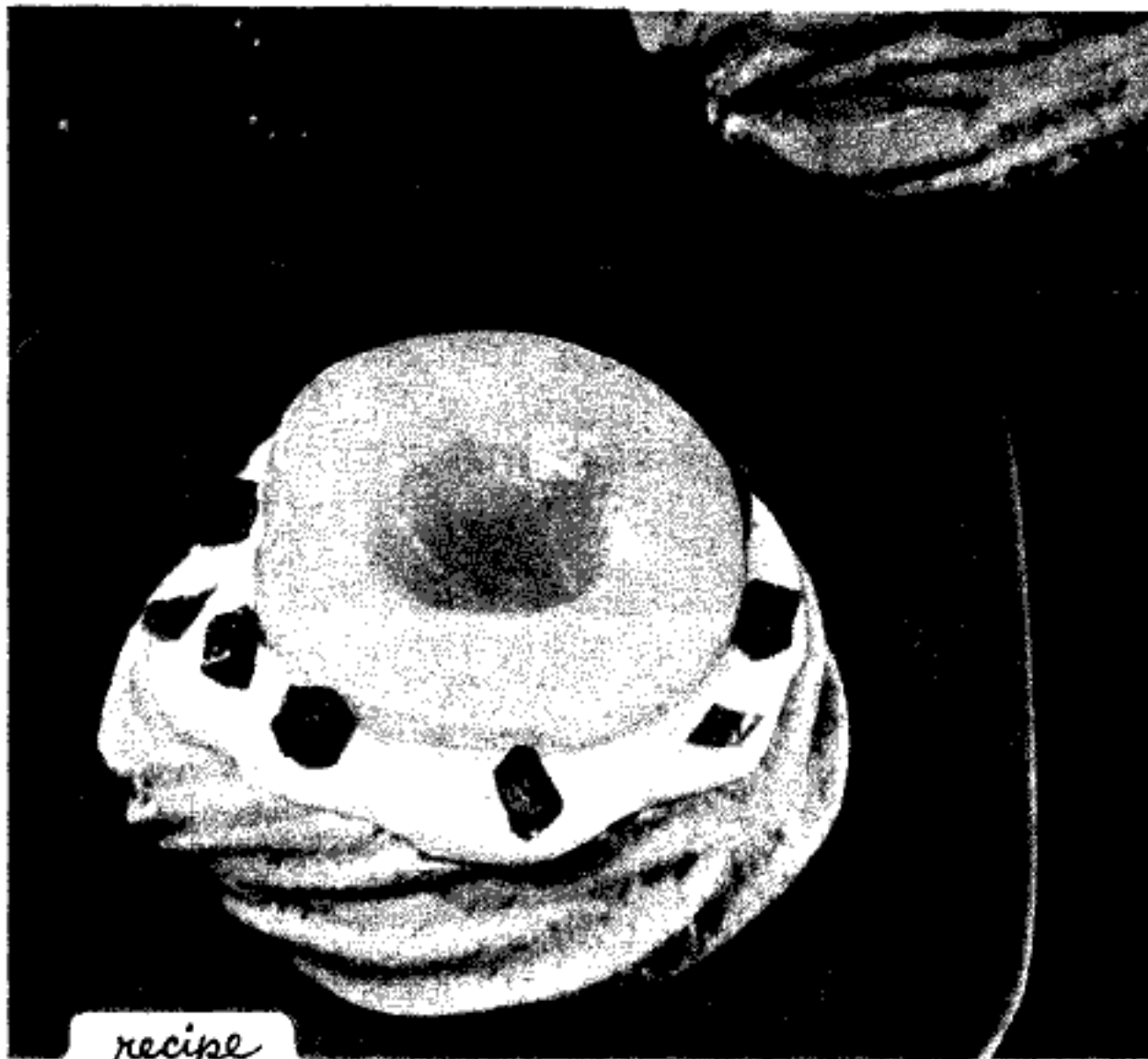
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recipe

## Party Peach Dreams... so stunning! so sunny! so easy with flavor-rich Canned Cling Peaches from California

3 egg whites  
1/8 teaspoon salt  
1/4 teaspoon cream of tartar  
3/4 cup granulated sugar  
1/2 teaspoon vanilla extract  
3/4 cup whipping cream  
6 canned cling peach halves  
Mixed candied fruits

Beat egg whites with salt until foamy. Add cream of tartar and beat until stiff. Beat in sugar a tablespoon at a time. Fold in vanilla. Shape meringue in 6 shells on baking sheet covered with brown paper. Bake in very slow oven (275° F.) 1 hour. Cool. Remove carefully from paper and fill each shell with whipped cream. Top

with a chilled, drained peach half and decorate with candied fruits. Serves 6.

Glamour dessert, family style. Gorgeous, sun-mellow California cling peaches, instantly ready for serving spooned right from the can! Brilliant, deep-yellow clings, with all the juicy sweetness and natural fruit richness of peaches just-now picked. Glamour eating *any way*—plain for dessert, at breakfast, in salads, pies, puddings, cakes, upside-down cakes, as a garnish. So useful, so delicious you'll keep several cans handy! Remember! For finest flavor choose California cling peaches!



The maid beamed at her and said, "Good morning, ma'am." She was a large, good-natured woman of about fifty, with an enormous bosom and wispy gray hair, and she had been working for Jill ever since Jonny was born.

"Oh, it's good to see you, Doris," Jill said. "It's been such a morning—" She stopped talking in astonishment. Doris! This was Doris, of course; this was the woman John had been dreaming about! She felt herself blushing furiously, and Doris looked at her curiously.

"Is there anything the matter?" Doris asked.

Jill said, "No, nothing. I'm just going to take a bath, and I'll be down in a few minutes."

She went upstairs, giggling a little hysterically, saying to herself, My unfaithful husband. Oh, bless him, how was I to know he has a yearning for our Doris? I wonder how long this has been going on? And when she was in her bedroom, she cried softly for a while and told herself she was an idiot.

SHE had a lunch date with her sister Gloria, in New York, and after she had bathed, dressed again, eaten breakfast, and chatted with Doris, she set off once more for the station, to catch the 11:05 express. All the perils of the morning were almost forgotten. She knew that her children were sweet, she was sure John loved her, and she felt happy.

The journey into town took about forty minutes, and most of the time she looked out at the familiar landscape, vaguely planning to visit a few stores. She had to buy some handkerchiefs for John and a new school blouse for Cathy. She herself needed some narrow red ribbon, and Jonny wanted a book about horses. And then, suddenly, when she was still about ten minutes from Grand Central, she was seized by a frantic desire for a new hat. She tried to laugh away the urge. She reasoned with herself and told herself that the hat she was now wearing was perfectly good. But the idea bubbled in her mind until she became intoxicated by it. She had a vision of her sister entering the restaurant where they were to meet in a gorgeous silk gown and a huge picture hat dripping with feathers, and she saw herself entering almost in rags and with a thing like an old cast-iron saucepan on her head. She thought wildly, No, I can't meet her like this. I must have a new hat. I simply must.

When the train entered the terminal, she could hardly wait for it to stop. She hurried to the exit, pushing her way through the crowd as if she were being pursued, and hailed a taxi. She gave the driver the address of Mr. Tovey, from whom she always bought her hats, and said, "Hurry, please. It's very important."

Mr. Tovey was charmed to see her. "My dear madam," he said after he had shaken her hand warmly, "we haven't had the pleasure of serving you for more than a year, have we?"

Jill said, "Oh, yes, Mr. Tovey. I came in for a hat only three months ago."

"No, no, no," he said. "It's *much* longer than that." He smiled at her roguishly. "We've missed you," he said.

They spent the next half hour in profound argument, Mr. Tovey shaking his head lugubriously whenever she tried on a hat she thought suited her. Finally he said, "I have it," and went into his workroom. When he returned, he carried



*Saves Time - Saves Steps - Saves Work*

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● Before you build or modernize a home, ask your Hotpoint dealer to show you how, through the facilities of Hotpoint's Kitchen-Planning Department, he can help you plan your All-Electric Kitchen. Hotpoint Inc. (A General Electric Affiliate), 5600 W. Taylor St., Chicago 44.



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# Candlelight damask



Give with pride . . . to be received with pride! This exquisite new damask has the subdued glow of heirloom silver. Simtex-woven of choice long staple fine-combed cotton and Celanese acetate rayon. Color-fast. Years of wash and wear won't dim its luster, impair its crisp satiny touch. In two beautiful patterns . . . Scroll and Chrysanthemum.

GIFT-BOXED SETS—64" x 86" cloth, eight matching napkins—about \$13. Cloths also in 54" x 54", 54" x 72", and 64" x 108", white and these colors: eggshell (illustrated), peach-glow, Nile green, marigold, silver-grey, Dresden blue.



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something that looked like the original three-cornered hat, only this one had a short diagonal veil that covered one eye.

She put it on, and he said excitedly, "Voila! Just as I thought! Slightly diabolical. My dear, it's perfect."

Her hand was steady as she signed the check, but she was quivering inside.

"You see, madam," Mr. Tovey said as she blotted her signature, "when a lady's features are bold, shall we say, we try to make her innocent. But when a lady gives off an aura of innocence, as you do, of innocence and spiritual chastity, why, we can let ourselves go and be really saucy."

Saucy, she thought. Fifty dollars' worth of sauciness. I'll never be able to tell John.

Outside the shop, she said to herself, I'm utterly crazy. Why did I let myself be talked into it? And do I honestly look spiritually chaste? But she noticed as she walked along the street that women were staring at her—not critically, but with interest. Her spirits grew lighter. She decided that she would economize on lunch.

Gloria was already at the restaurant, sitting at a table and talking vivaciously to a handsome young man. She wore a suede jacket, a loose gray wool sweater, a gray tweed skirt, and no hat. Her hair was slightly wind-swept.

"Jill, darling," Gloria said, and the young man stood up politely. "How wonderful to see you. You look the picture of health and beauty, as always. And such a cute new hat. I want you to meet Tony MacGregor. He's having lunch with us. Isn't it nice?"

MR. MACGREGOR worked in Washington. He was shy, and he tried to pretend he was not infatuated with Gloria. Jill knew at once that Gloria was not the slightest bit in love with him, although she was wearing this Scottish outfit in his honor. Gloria always played up to her young men. She was a fabulously successful businesswoman, hard and smart and knowing, and with no real interests outside personal success. She invariably made Jill, who was four years older, feel like a dowdy little suburban housewife.

"That hat!" Gloria exclaimed when Jill sat down. "It's a knockout. Where did you get it?"

"From Mr. Tovey," Jill answered. It was weighing on her conscience like a bag filled with fifty dollars' worth of solid lead.

"It just goes to show," Gloria said with a sweet smile. "Why, it's really cute. And I thought Tovey was completely passé."

Should I let her get away with that? Jill thought.

"Tell me all about your family," Gloria went on. "How is John?"

"Oh, he's fine. He went to Detroit this morning."

"When will he be back?"

"Tomorrow night, I guess."

"I hope you'll be a good girl." Gloria explained to Mr. MacGregor, "That's Jill's husband. Such a nice guy. And how are Jonny and Catherine?"

"Fine," Jill said. "Oh, fine."

"Jill's babies," Gloria explained. "Babies! Good gracious, listen to me! I keep forgetting how grown-up they are. Cathy is twelve, isn't she? Or is it thirteen?"

"Eleven," Jill said. She felt herself docketed in the young man's mind as

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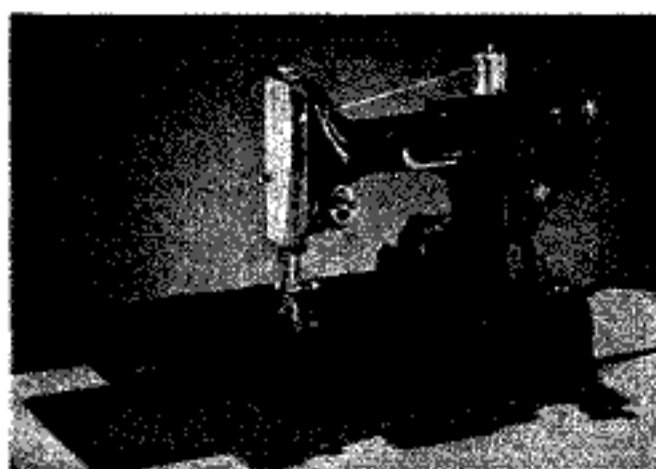
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# MIDNIGHT TUSSY

means romance... for you

A fragrance... evening... morning... We're there both morning, noon and night.

a sere and yellow grandmother. She raised the veil over her left eye and draped it back over the hat: there was little point now in looking even mildly diabolical.

Gloria chattered brightly all through lunch. The young man listened and laughed politely, but Jill became bored and her thoughts wandered. Would Cathy grow up to be like Gloria, hard and clever and successful? Was that a good thing for a woman to be? Did women have more fun that way? Perhaps being a faithful wife and a conscientious mother was overrated. And a woman who was permanently faithful might easily lose the love of her husband. Men liked women to be exciting and unpredictable, not just fixtures. Have I lost the love of my husband? she thought.

She came back to Doris. Doris. He might have been dreaming not of Doris our maid but of some other Doris. A voluptuous Doris, with a beautiful apartment in Detroit. Has he been faithful all these years, as I have? I haven't kissed another man since we were married, thirteen years ago (except at New Year's parties). Have I missed something?

**G**LORIA had an appointment at three, and she suddenly tore off like a comet, leaving a trail of vivid light behind her. Jill, alone with Mr. MacGregor, soon discovered that he was an exceedingly sweet young man. In the heavenly quiet that followed Gloria's departure, she found that he was intelligent and well informed. He was not happy, though, and she felt sorry for him. She guessed that he was lonesome and yearning for some kindness from her sister.

When she, too, said she had to leave, he didn't protest. Outside the restaurant he asked, "Would you like me to call a taxi?"

"No, thank you. I've a little shopping to do before I go home. It's been so nice meeting you like this. Perhaps you'll come out with Gloria some time and pay us a visit?"

"I'd love to do that," he said, and added quietly, "If you're going to walk, would you mind if I walked with you?"

"Why, of course not," she said, smiling. "It's sweet of you. I'm afraid you won't find it very exciting. I'm only shopping for dull things like ribbon and handkerchiefs."

"I'm not looking for excitement," he said somberly.

She glanced up at him and saw that there was a grim and bitter expression in his eyes.

They slowly walked along Fifth Avenue, and she tried to cheer him out of his despondency. She told him stories about Jonny, and about the things that had happened to her when she went fishing with John once, and she managed to make him laugh.

Suddenly he said, "I think you're the first kind woman I've met in New York."

"How can you say that!" she cried, half amused, half embarrassed. "You've only known me an hour."

"Isn't that long enough to judge a person?"

"Certainly not. And besides, people here are very kind when you get to know them."

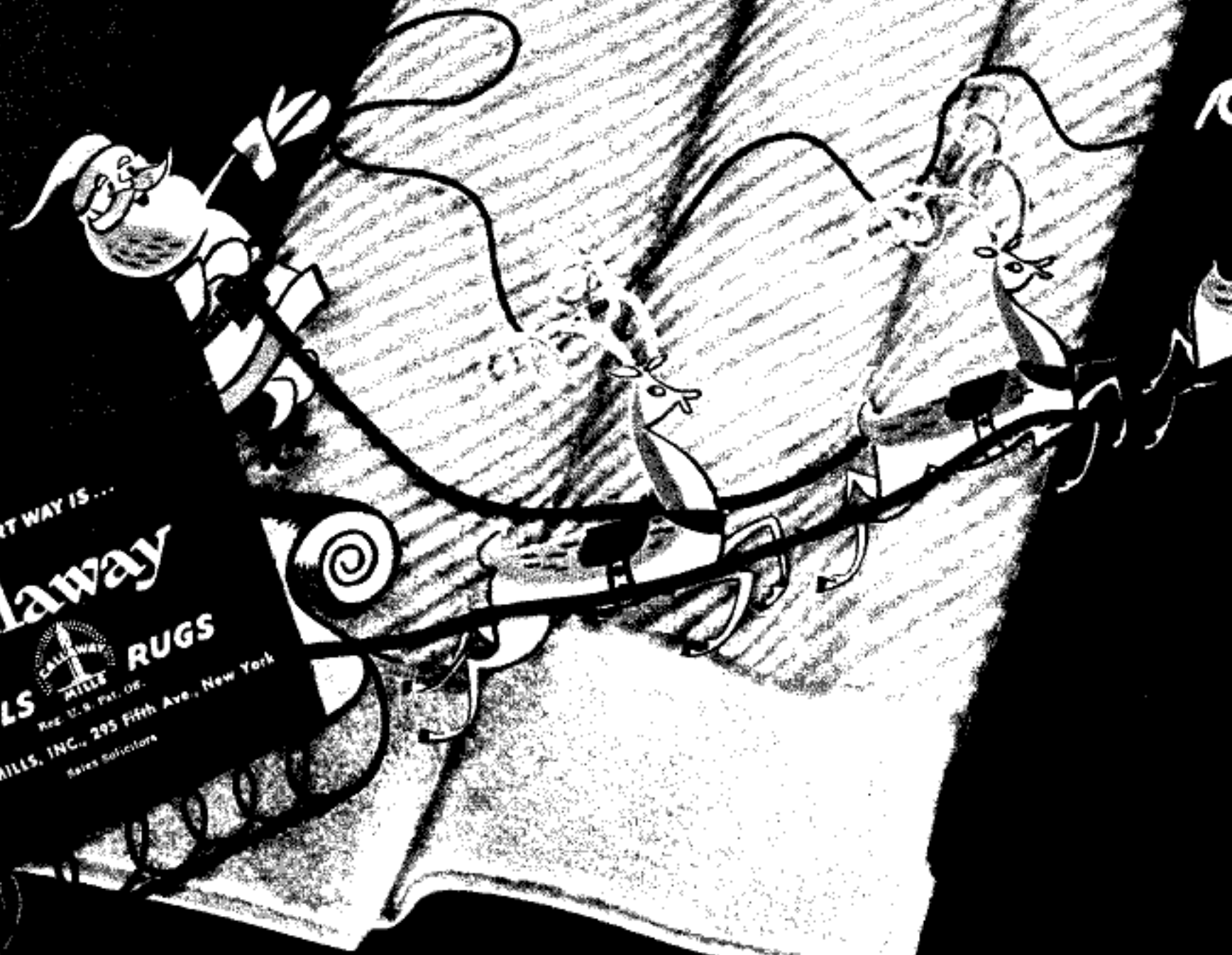
"I suppose I haven't been lucky," he said. "Not until this afternoon. Look," he went on, "please don't think I'm being bold, but must you do your shopping



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This brand new make-up is a tinted foundation and powder magically blended into one make-up! Not a drying cake or a greasy cream. Pat it on with its puff—it clings for hours. Tuck it in your purse—it *can't* spill! 4 dreamy shades.

Woodbury **DREAM STUFF**

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New! Tinted Foundation and Powder in one!



now? It's a lovely day. Why don't we sit in Central Park for a while?"

"Oh, I wish I could," she answered, and her pity for him went deeper. "I'm so sorry, but I must finish my shopping and get home."

"Why?"

"Didn't you hear Gloria talking about my two children?"

"Yes."

"Well, I have to put them to bed."

"And then you'll be alone tonight?"

She looked at him without saying anything.

"After you've put them to bed," he said gently, "couldn't you meet me for dinner? Or is that asking too much? I'd be very happy if you would. And maybe we could see a play together."

"Oh, Mr. MacGregor," she began, and stopped.

He was not a greedy, self-seeking man. He was lost and unhappy, in need of a little warmth and kindness. As she thought about it, she realized it would be pleasant to have dinner with him and listen to his conversation. It would be far nicer to be at a theatre, watching a good play, than to sit dismally at home alone. It might be arranged. She could telephone Doris and ask her to put the children to bed and perhaps stay overnight.

In her mind, she began to visualize the evening spent with this young man. It would be the first time, she thought, that any man except her husband had paid her any close attention for thirteen years. Would it be a very terrible thing if she accepted his invitation? Would John, if the situation were reversed, refuse any part of it?

Mr. MacGregor would hold her arm. He would be exceedingly gallant. He might even try to kiss her in a taxi. It would be very flattering to her ego—the ego of a suburban housewife who was approaching middle age. He might even fall in love with her, and what higher compliment could she receive than that? How many women had John kissed in all these years?

After so long, she thought, it might be very exciting to be kissed in a taxi; and she smiled up at Mr. MacGregor and said, "You're a dear. But it's quite out of the question. It's impossible."

"Impossible?"

"Yes," and she repeated it, although her heart was beating rather fast.

WHEN she arrived home, she was exhausted. The first thing she saw was a telegram on the hall table, and it gave her a fright. Her fingers shook as she opened it, and then she sighed with relief. It was from John, and it read: "Arrived safely miss you very much will telephone at ten tonight all my love John."

She could hear loud shrieking and the splashing of water in the bathroom. She ran upstairs and found Doris bathing her son. He screeched, "Mother Jill, Mother Jill," and as she bent down to kiss him, she noticed that in addition to all the other wounds and bruises on his lovely little wet body he now had a large bandage on his knee.

"What's that?" she asked Doris sharply.

"He cut himself on the lawn mower, ma'am," Doris said matter-of-factly.

"Oh, my Lord," Jill cried, and said to Jonny, "Let Mother Jill look at it, will you, darling?"

He said proudly, "It's a beautiful cut."

She took off the bandage and found that the wound was not very deep and that Doris had already cleaned it carefully. But she thought in despair, What's going to happen to him next? I ought to watch him every moment.

She asked, "Where's Cathy?"

"Oh," Doris said, "she's mooning in her room, as usual."

She went to Cathy's room, and Cathy cried in a loud, dramatic voice, "Mother! Oh, Mother!" The child rushed into her arms and kissed her passionately.

"How are you, honey?" Jill asked.

Cathy looked at her, wide-eyed. "Mother, you've bought a lovely new hat."

"Do you like it?" Jill asked.

"Mother, it's absolutely adorable. Mother—"

"Yes?" What's happened to her? Jill thought.

"I've a secret. I must tell you. It's wonderful."

"What is it, darling?"

"I think I've met the man I'm going to marry!"

"Oh, no!" Jill cried.

"He's just moved into that empty house three doors away. He's fourteen, and gorgeous."

"That's marvelous," Jill said. "Have you done all your homework yet?"

Cathy looked at her in amazement. "Mother! How do you expect me to do homework at a time like this?"

"You'll just have to concentrate, angel."

"Heavens," Cathy moaned and held her clenched fists in the air. "Heavens." She flopped on her bed. She frowned at Jill and said, "Mother, in your considered opinion, is three years' difference in age too much?"

LATER, when the children were asleep, she sat down near the telephone to read a book while she waited for John's call. She was unable to concentrate, and she relived all the hours she had spent since she woke at six-thirty that morning. It seemed to her that nothing outstanding had happened; it was a day not very dissimilar from other days. John had flown to Detroit, and as usual the airplane had delivered him there safely; she had nearly been involved in an auto smash; she had lunched in New York and met a pleasant young man; Jonny had cut his knee; Cathy had met a soul mate.

Yet, when she considered it moment by moment, the day seemed to have been filled with perils—perils that had to be surmounted one by one. Suppose Doris were another Doris, suppose the pilot of the airplane had been careless, suppose the cut on Jonny's knee had been deeper, suppose Mr. MacGregor had been more ardent, suppose she had not avoided the truck?

And these things were not unique to this day only. She could, with an effort of memory, catalogue the perils of yesterday, too; minute by minute, some large or small disaster had threatened her. All had to be faced and overcome. It was the same the day before that, and every day as far back as she could remember. Life was a succession of days filled with perils of every conceivable kind. Was it like this for all women? For men, too? And what perils awaited her tomorrow?

Tomorrow John would be home. She sat waiting for the telephone to ring. Suddenly she began to smile.

THE END



You give faster, easier ironing when you give the new Hoover Iron... and what a welcome gift it is. This is the iron that's designed and made from a woman's point of view by the makers of the famous Hoover Cleaners. This is the iron that gives fast, even heat in every inch of ironing surface. See the new Hoover Iron at your nearest dealer... then **12<sup>75</sup>** tell your own Santa Claus price includes excise tax about it, too.

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*Your tender care means so much to baby's daily comfort*

## His Thinner Skin needs your Devoted Care



You change his little sleeping gowns frequently during the day. Anything that touches his skin must be fresh and free of moisture. You are his only safeguard against discomfort, you know, and your baby's skin really is thinner than yours. Skin studies show it would chafe more quickly, be "injured" more easily.

Your choice of baby's bathroom tissue should be guided by 3 "tender skin" qualities. "Old linen" softness that doesn't chafe . . . high absorbency for clean, clean cleansing . . . and just the right strength to resist tearing or shredding even when wet.



More mothers every day are finding this ideal combination of "tender skin" qualities in Scott's Tissue. You can trust Scott's Tissue's "old linen" softness to give your baby's skin gentlest care. Up to 6 months, try lining baby's diaper with 20 or more sheets of fluffed-up Scott's Tissue. Just flush away the soiled tissue.

"Scott's Tissue," "Soft as old linen," Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

# SCOTTISSUE IS SOFT AS OLD LINEN

## The Answer to Christmas Tipping

(Continued from page 49)

the front-elevator men wear starched ascots and call the children Miss Ann and Master Johnny, the average tip is \$10, though it might nearly as often be \$20. In other apartment houses, where the elevator men look less like Graustarkian generals and the children are called Minnie and Joe, the average is \$5, and \$10 is handsome. In apartments with an even lower rental, the elevator man might get as little as \$3 or \$2. Doormen average about the same as the front-elevator men, but both these figures would vary a little if you are a big family, or if you are a single man or woman. The bigger the family, the more work, obviously, so a sound plan is to add to your basic tip \$1 for every child (or relative).

Even if you live in a hotel, the elevator men are more hotel fixtures than the man who takes you up in an apartment. Also, there are more elevator men. Usually one becomes a special friend of yours (brings you a paper when you forget it, sends you back for an umbrella, and so on). Perhaps you would like to give him \$5, or \$10 if you can afford it. Perhaps you would like to give all of them that much; but if you can't, \$3 or even \$2 will do nicely. You'll want to give \$5 to the doorman if he gets you taxis and helps tuck in your luggage; \$5 to the headwaiter if you eat at the hotel regularly. And if you have a "steady" waiter, you'll want to give him \$5. The chambermaid will get \$5, too, unless she does little extras for you, in which case it would be nice to give her \$10. If you are very fond of the entire staff and wish you could give them more, much more, cheer yourself with the realization that hotel staffs get tipped throughout the year, by transients as well as the permanents.

**T**HERE are certain people whom the apartment or hotel dweller doesn't have to think of tipping. For instance, the garbage man, the mailman, the newsboy, etc., are rendered all but invisible by the guaranteed privacy of hotels and apartments. But to replace them is "the back": the back-elevator man, the furnaceman, the handy man, the electrician, and the superintendent. If the front men get \$10, the back get \$5. If the front get \$5, the back get \$3 or \$2. If the front get \$3, the back get \$2 or \$1. Many people skip the back entirely, because no personal or visible service is rendered by them. Giving Christmas tips to the back is entirely between you and your conscience.

The superintendent is a separate problem. Perhaps you are on "present" terms with him. The superintendent of a big, upper-bracket apartment house is really a manager, in the white-collar class. A \$5 bill is the absolute minimum you can give him in cash; \$10 is ideal. Lots of people only send him a card. For the super of a small, walk-up apartment, \$3 is the stark minimum, and \$5 to \$10 is fine. But if he is also the garbage man, mail deliverer, handy man, stoker, and general factotum, and if he gives you a lot of extra services (takes messages, puts up antennas, changes ceiling light bulbs, etc.), \$10 would be nice, \$20 a pleasure to you both, \$5 just possible.

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**1 SATINIZES PALMS.** Even rough palms are soothed and smoothed. New Hinds' "skin-affinity" ingredients actually help to soften calluses.

**2 BEAUTIFIES SKIN.** New Hinds is enriched with lanolin to make your hands feel softer instantly—protect them longer. Works wonders on rough, dry skin!

**3 SOFTENS CUTICLE.** Nails look neater with New Hinds helping to keep cuticle pliable. No ragged edges to "catch." Your manicures stay lovely longer.

**4 SMOOTHS KNUCKLES.** Dry knuckles yield to the smoothing action of New Hinds. Effective emollients "sink in." Hinds dries fast—never feels sticky!



**NEW "BEAUTY BOTTLE"**! Stunning glass bottle of New Hinds Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream is shaped to fit your hand. In four economical sizes, 10¢ to \$1.

**NEW "SQUEEZE BOTTLE"**! Unbreakable plastic bottle with built-in dispenser—no waste, no mess. Refillable, too! 39¢ and 79¢ sizes.

# Hinds

*Honey & Almond  
Fragrance Cream*

# Seems like everybody's changing to WINDEX SPRAY



**MRS. MARY R. NOVAK, Conshohocken, Pa.** "Window cleaning used to get me down. But Windex Spray changed all that. Now cleaning all kinds of glass is a simple chore! I'm sure glad I changed to Windex Spray!"



**MRS. GEORGE SHERMAN, St. Clair Shores, Mich.** "Since I changed to Windex Spray. I save time *and* money! What's more, my windows and mirrors look brighter without nearly so much work. You just spray it on, wipe it off, and they're done!"



**MRS. DAVID H. MCGHEE, Brentwood, Mo.** "I don't go for those 'new' cleaners at all! The dust they leave behind! And the extra rubbing they take! No thanks! From now on, it's Windex Spray for me. Besides, Windex Spray costs a lot less."

**WINDEX®** *Spray*

AVAILABLE IN CANADA

Costs <sup>you</sup> less than a penny a window

Even thriftier in the  
20-oz. size

Sometimes the minimum amount "plus" is cozier. Perhaps you can afford to give the superintendent \$6 or \$7, but definitely not \$10. Give him a crisp \$5 bill plus a cornucopia of candy for his children, a bottle of cologne for his wife, one or two fine imported cigars. It looks and feels more Christmasy than the additional dollar bills, yet you're giving him what he wants most—money.

If the sum allotted is small (as it is for the super of a small, lower-bracket walk-up), a joint effort is pure magic. The result is satisfactory all around. If one person is willing to collect from each apartment, the super will receive a crisp \$20 bill, or even three or four tens, instead of a spattering of \$1 bills.

The same procedure works very well in suburbs and small towns, on a block basis. If someone canvasses the street for a sum to be divided among the garbage man, the mailman, the grass cutter, the furnaceman, etc., the result is a respectable-looking bill for each of them, enclosed in a card with everybody's signature on it. The collector should find out from the contributors what people are to be included and the percentage of the total collection each is to receive. This varies enormously in different towns. In some, the policeman is included on the tipping list; in others, he isn't. In some, the grocery clerk; in others, not. But throughout, the highest percentages seem to go to the garbage man, the mailman, and the policeman—if he is included.

Block giving shouldn't be competitive. No "amount given" should be written after the names, as it takes the Christmas feeling out of the gift and calls attention to discrepancies in incomes on the block, although there are no discrepancies in good will. If the northeast corner of Willow Lane gives \$10 and the center of Birch gives \$4, what of it? The object is to end up with some nice, clean \$5, \$10, and even \$20 bills and a complete list of signatures.

Of course, a "block party" doesn't always work. Some people have oil burners, some cut their own lawns, and often there are several dairies working in one street. Then you'll want to thank these people separately. If you feel that the amount you can afford to give, say \$2 or \$4, is sadly out of proportion to your annual bill, give a little "extra thought" with your Christmas envelope. If he's married, perhaps you could give him a clip of holly for his wife (25¢), or a chocolate Christmas tree for his child (20¢), or a jar of your own jelly or preserves, tied with a red ribbon. Actually, in most communities, \$3 enclosed in a Christmas card is very acceptable.

**T**HERE may be some people you want to tip, but not with money: the lady in the bakery shop who always puts aside some brioche for you; the man from whom you buy your daily paper; the conductor on the 8:05; the waitress who serves you lunch every day; the beauty-shop operator who sets your hair every other Thursday. What can you give them that costs about 50¢, 75¢, or maybe a dollar? A small engagement book with her initials printed on it. A sprig of mistletoe or holly bound to a pin or clip. One of those little books, usually classics, that come out every Christmas. (And here's something to remember about books. People who don't speak English perfectly—your Austrian bakery woman,

for instance—often read fine English with enormous pleasure.) A snapshot holder. (Have you ever met the grown man or woman who couldn't produce pictures on demand?) A single imported cigar in a metal container. Pencils with their names printed on them (if you know their surnames, and it often happens that though they are a daily part of our lives as "Joe" or "Sally," we don't). And, of course, candy. Chocolates or Jordan almonds, crystallized fruit or nougats. Candy is a kind of flexible transmitter, voicing what the giver wants it to. It can be a token—or a present.

**T**HERE is also the question of tips for the people who do little services for your child throughout the year. Perhaps you'll want to give something to the school bus driver, policeman, or, sometimes, janitor. Often the school cooperates in this, asking the children to bring their 10¢ or 25¢ donations; then the joint offering is presented, with all the children's names on the card. But if the school doesn't organize it, and you want to acknowledge your appreciation of this year-round care of your child, rally some of the parents, or crash through with \$5, or give a little gift. If you decide on the latter, you've got to know your man. Is he young or old, married or a gay blade? Would he like five good imported cigars, or a packet of extra-fine pipe tobacco? Or would he like the latest be-bop record, or ten loge tickets to the local movie house? What about a bag of giant walnuts, a pair of wool-lined gloves, a big ash tray, or an oversized coffee cup? Are you a good enough cook to make Christmas cakes or pies that could be given as presents? Or a crock of very hot chili, or a jar of cranberry sauce or sweet relish, tied with ribbon? Or would he like a year's subscription to an aviation magazine, or some dry flies? There are a lot of \$1, \$2, and \$2.50 items that are not so personal as to be intimate gifts and not so impersonal (like calendars) as to be cold. By all means let your child give it to him and receive his thanks, but include your name and your husband's on the card.

Tips seem to be magnetically attracted by certain digits. The most common are \$1, \$2, \$3, \$5, and \$10. As far as I can find out, nobody ever gives \$4, \$6, \$7, \$8, or \$9. And somehow, except to very small children, one can't give silver. A dollar is a fine, unpretentious tip that can be given to either a headwaiter or a newsboy. Two dollars is rather special: some elevator men, the "back," a young gas-station attendant. Three dollars is nearer the \$5 category, psychologically as well as factually. If, for instance, your neighbors are averaging \$5 and you can't afford that much, \$3 is just as good. A \$5 bill, of course, is universally perfect for almost anyone, from elevator man to garbage collector. A \$10 bill is handsome in everyone's vocabulary, and can be given to a hard-working janitor or the starchiest doorman. In fact, it's a question of to whom you cannot give a tenner. There's many a bank president who could use it—but, alas, his white collar is too high.

For some people the Christmas tip is a bonus, an only half-expected piece of extra money, which might make possible straightening Marcia's teeth, buying a winter overcoat, or going away next summer. To some it means a "free" month on their annuity, a down payment

*I thought my face was clean...*



## **Until** *I took the "tissue test"!*

The "Tissue Test" convinced Rosalind Russell, star of Independent Artists' "Listen—the Night" that *there really is a difference* in cleansing creams.

We asked her to get her face as clean as she could with her regular cleansing cream. Then we invited her to try Woodbury Cold Cream on her "immaculately clean" face and handed her a tissue to take it off.

The tissue told a startling story. Even after a thorough cleansing with her former cream, Woodbury Cold Cream floated out hidden dirt!

Why is Woodbury so different? Because it has Penaten, a new miracle ingredient that actually penetrates deeper in pore openings . . . lets Woodbury's wonderful cleansing oils loosen every trace of grime and make-up.

It's wonder-working Penaten, too, that helps Woodbury to smooth your skin more effectively. Tiny, dry-skin lines, little rough flakes just melt away.

Do you really think *your* face is clean? Try the "Tissue Test"—and be sure! Buy a jar today—20¢ to 97¢, plus tax.



## **Woodbury Cold Cream**

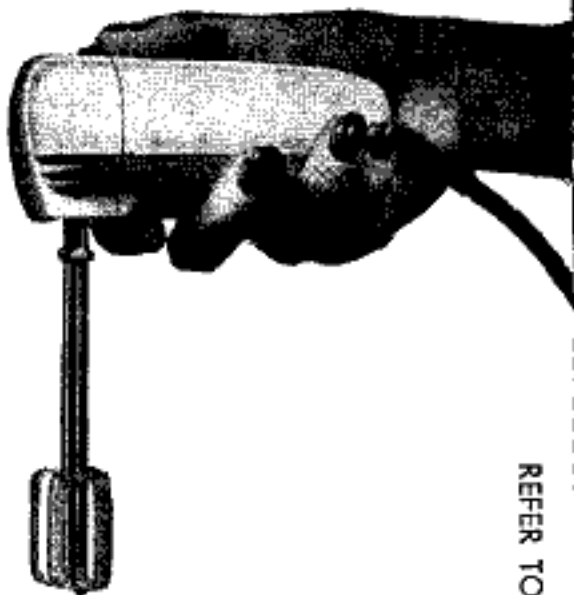
*floats out hidden dirt...*

*penetrates deeper because it contains Penaten*

## gift ideas

### A little giant for usefulness: TWIN NYLON WHIRLBEATER!

Whisk this light, powerful one-hand mixer all 'round the kitchen on its 8-foot cord. Exclusive nylon beaters are sturdy, flexible, safe—whip everything from cream in a cup to a bowlful of heavy batter. Model B-156 (shown), only 12.95\* (with bowl and stand, 15.95\*)



REFER TO

## for

### A really brilliant gift: GILBERT GOLD TONE HAIR DRYER!

A vanity accessory that's extra-handsome, extra-practical, too! Gleaming gold tone dryer pours out torrents of hot or cold air; comes with attractive maroon stand. Model B-99 (shown) beautifully packed in velour gift box, only 15.00\*



THESE AS CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

## Christmas

### Exclusive side-to-side action: GILBERT FOOD FIXER!

Extra-thorough mixing! Control knob flicks to 16 speeds for every mixing job. Lifts from stand for use anywhere. Includes food and meat chopper, juice extractor, built-in power outlet, 2 fluted non-slip bowls. Model B-29½ (shown), 43.75\*. (Other Gilbert mixers from 32.95\*)



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\*All prices approximately 5% higher Denver and West

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on a television set, the beginning of a college fund for Guido, Junior. For some it is like an extra month on the calendar. For twelve months of the year they receive a salary that never quite covers all contingencies. To them the accumulation of Christmas tips is like an additional month's salary; it smooths the rough going and lets them start the new year unfrightened and even hopeful.

Never think of your dollar bill in terms of the long green. The man or woman who receives it isn't thinking of it that way. Not that Mike is going to think of you, years hence, as one of the people who made it possible for Johnny to go through law school. Man is not so meticulous as that in his gratitude. But it may, some evening, occur to him that he is grateful, and he may then thank God for having made his dream for Johnny possible. And how right he will be, for in whose name, and by whose inspiration, did you give that long-ago dollar bill?

THE END

## Why Operations Are Safer Today

(Continued from page 13)

doing tonsillectomies and circumcisions. The surgeon always requires a urinalysis, which is very important. The doctor may have diagnosed a bad appendix, but blood in the urine may indicate that the trouble is in the kidney, not the appendix. Urinalysis may also reveal an unsuspected diabetic condition. As diabetics cannot tolerate certain anesthetics, modern anesthetists insist on seeing the urinalysis report before the operation. Diabetics must either receive special preparation for anesthesia or be given only certain anesthetics, to prevent diabetic coma on the operating table.

The surgeon may request study of the heart and lungs with the fluoroscope. He may have an electrocardiogram made if the patient is old, shows signs of a weak heart, has an abnormally fast or slow pulse, or has had a past sickness, such as rheumatic fever, that might have affected the heart. The doctor must be confident that the heart can withstand the strain of the operation.

Many physicians and hospitals take routine chest X rays; only the cost deters them from insisting on chest X rays in all cases. Many hospitals now take small, inexpensive films of the lungs before all surgery, and all surgeons and hospitals insist on chest X rays for patients with a heart or lung deficiency.

The surgeon also ascertains whether or not his patient suffers any nutritional deficiencies. For instance, proteins are essential in recovery after surgery, yet in diets prescribed for certain ailments, proteins frequently are reduced or eliminated. Therefore, the surgeon takes steps to replace them, if necessary, before he operates. Some vitamins are especially important. Vitamin C, for example, is significant in the healing of wounds. The body's water, and elements called body electrolytes, also must be considered. These consist of salt, sodium, chloride, and potassium, and are intimately concerned with acidity, excretion of body wastes, and the body's ability to utilize nourishment (metabolism). If there is a deficiency, the doctor remedies it as much as possible before surgery



and keeps it in mind during postoperative treatment.

When the doctor has built up the patient as well as he can and has thoroughly acquainted himself with the patient's physical assets and liabilities, he is ready to operate.

There are many miraculous new techniques to meet the needs and problems of the different kinds of operation performed today, but we would not get the full benefits of the surgeon's knowledge, skill, and experience were it not for other safeguards to life and health that have been developed recently. First and foremost is the new knowledge of anesthesia.

Until our grandfathers' time, general anesthetics were the only type known, and they were confined to ether, chloroform, and nitrous oxide. Now we have not only highly developed general anesthetics but also local and regional ones, which render surgery painless even though the patient remains conscious. Every operation and every patient presents special problems, and today medical science is well equipped to cope with them.

**T**HE aim of anesthesia is to completely relax the patient for as long as necessary, at the same time keeping his brain supplied with all the oxygen it requires, to avoid irreparable damage or even death. In the past, the doctor accepted the blame for many operating-room fatalities that actually were caused by improper anesthesia. A good modern hospital has highly trained anesthetists and the most modern equipment.

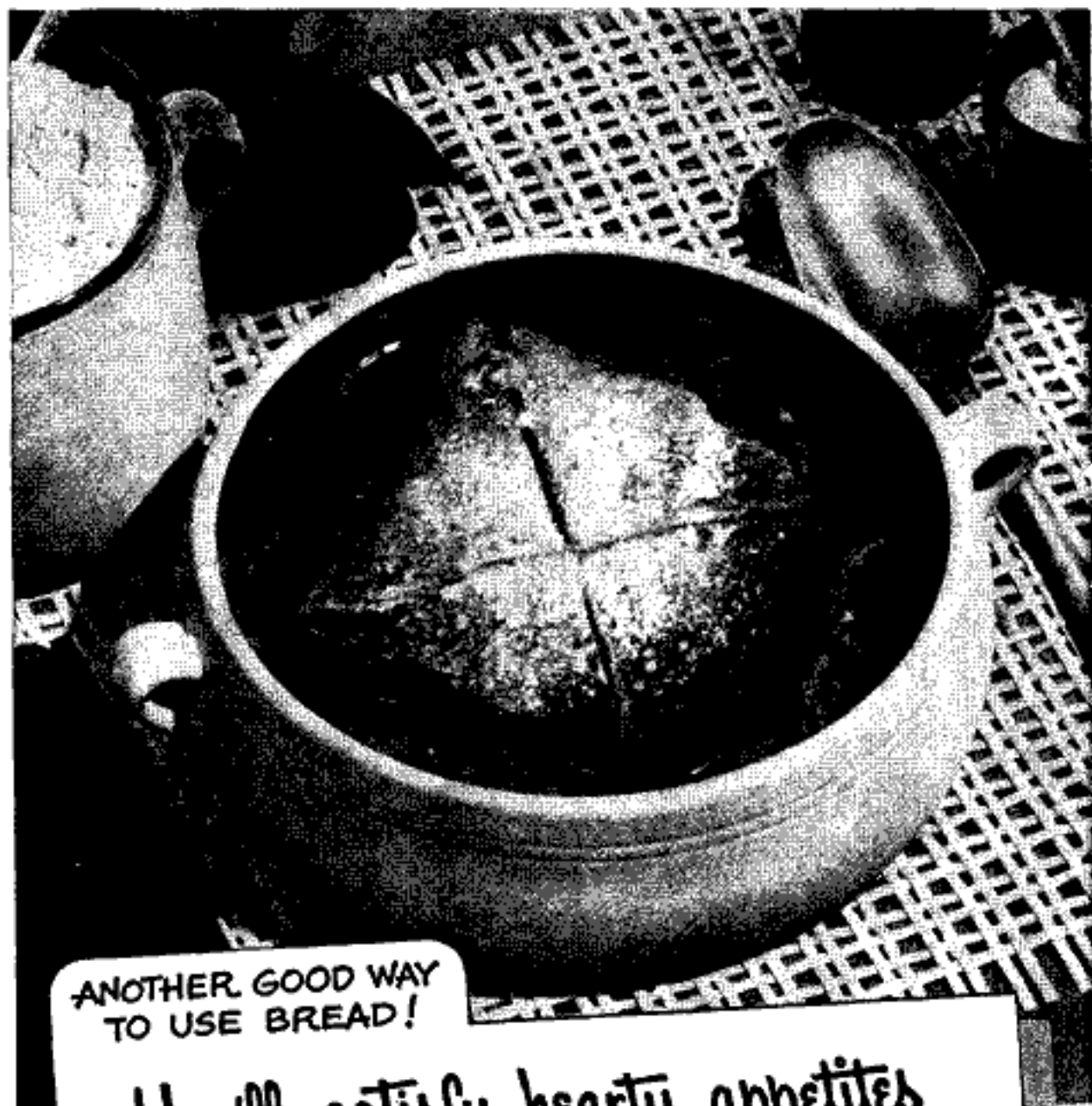
Some cases require local anesthetics. Scientists learned the ABCs of this technique only a few years before the turn of the century. Now the doctor can employ anything from a Novocain injection to simplify a minor finger operation to a spinal anesthetic, the most massive of the local anesthetics, which anesthetizes the whole body below the point of injection.

There are many new and different kinds of general anesthetics. These are of two types: inhalation anesthetics (gas) and drugs. The new inhalation anesthetics are a great improvement over the old ones. The relatively recently evolved drugs, such as sodium pentothal and the barbiturates, are fast in action, stable within the body, convenient to handle; they produce admirable relaxation, possess excellent anesthetic qualities, and leave the patient less nauseated than after ether.

In operations requiring general anesthetics, the anesthetist often uses not one but several kinds. A dose large enough to produce results for a long operation may be toxic; if several are used, the toxicity of each is lessened.

These new materials, as well as the methods of administering them, are so complex that only well-trained people can handle them. Therefore, a new medical specialty has developed: anesthesiology. Today the best anesthetists are doctors specializing in anesthesia. Their professional qualifying body, the American Board of Anesthesiology, was founded in 1937. The importance of its members may be judged by the fact that in the last war the Army commissioned them majors.

Second in importance to anesthesia is the new method for giving blood transfusions. Surgery causes loss of blood. To



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You'll satisfy hearty appetites  
with this soup 'n' bread meal!

It's quick... it's filling... it's soup 'n' bread! (And when it's bread made with "Mycoban" you get something extra.\*) Use your favorite soup recipe or canned soup. Serve in individual casserole. Add slice of toast and generous sprinkle of grated cheese. Slide casserole under broiler for a minute or two to toast cheese and serve sizzling hot! Try it sometime with this flavorful onion soup (serves four):

**ONION SOUP:** 4 large onions, sliced very thin  
¼ cup butter  
5 beef bouillon cubes

5 cups water  
Salt and pepper to taste

Sauté onions in butter until golden brown. Dissolve cubes in water and bring to boil. Add onions; season to taste with salt and pepper. Simmer, covered, for about an hour.



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\*Bakers use "Mycoban" to make  
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And that's good news for you. "Mycoban" gives bread baked-in resistance to mold that can grow at any time from the spores always in the air.

"Mycoban" is Du Pont's trade-mark for sodium or calcium propionate added to retard spoilage. It's a precaution learned from nature. Certain foods create their own propionates. But it's the helpful hand of your baker that adds "Mycoban" to your daily bread. E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Wilmington 98, Del.



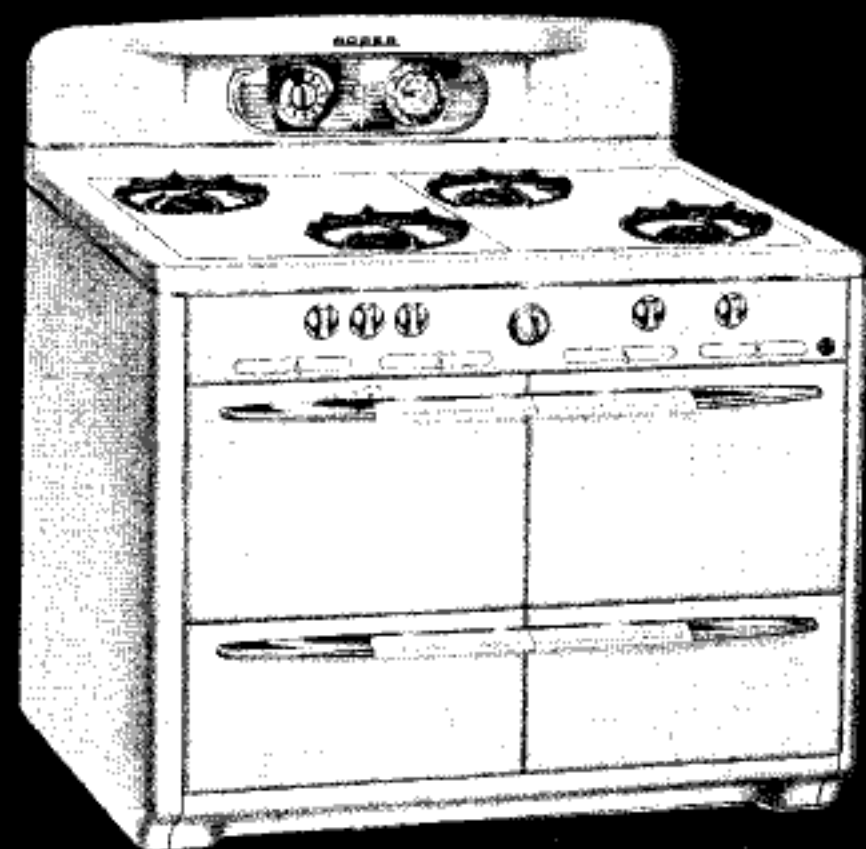
**MYCOBAN**  
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

**MOLD INHIBITOR**

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING... THROUGH CHEMISTRY



# ROPER



combat this, transfusions are given. In the past, however, doctors often underestimated the amount of blood lost and lacked facilities for quickly restoring blood to the body. Consequently, some patients lost so much blood that they were unable to combat the infections always lurking in the human body. During some major operations requiring four, five, or six hours, the patient went into a condition of shock from loss of blood and the surgeon could not complete the operation. Nowadays the doctor is able to estimate the quantity of blood loss and to replace it promptly. In the past, transfusions were given by letting the blood replacements trickle down into the body. That was often not fast enough. Now there is a technique for rapid transfusion.

Today's surgeons can sometimes save lives in formerly hopeless cases. For instance, gallstone sufferers became deeply jaundiced and bled to death during surgery. Medical science discovered that a vitamin-K deficiency is an important factor in this condition. Now doctors administer this vitamin, control the situation, and operate successfully.

The postoperative period is extremely important. One modern safeguard is the "recovery room." In many up-to-date hospitals today, the unconscious patient is first moved not to his assigned bed but to a room where specially trained nurses care for him until he is fully awake. Accidents can happen during this interval, so it is safest for the patient to emerge from anesthesia under the supervision of nurses alert for any unexpected symptoms.

**C**ARE during the days right after the operation also contributes to the success of modern surgery. Postoperative fatalities from pneumonia, peritonitis, hemorrhage, kidney or heart failure, etc., have been largely eliminated. Thanks to the thorough studies before the operation, the doctor does not overstrain a weak heart unless he must, and then he is ready with every means at his disposal to meet the resultant complications. He controls pneumonia, peritonitis, and other infections with such antibodies as penicillin or with chemotherapy, which involves some of the sulfa compounds. He maintains the patient's strength by scientific administration of necessary water, minerals, and calories.

The practice, begun only during the last war, of getting patients out of bed and moving as soon as their condition permits, often within twenty-four hours of the operation, also contributes a great deal to its success. This is especially important for old people, as it controls the blood's tendency to clot. (Clotted blood in the veins causes a serious condition called phlebitis.) In treating fractures today, the surgeon gets his patients out of bed and moving as soon as possible.

All these safeguards spell the difference between sickness and health, often between life and death, for the surgical patient. The competent surgeon calls on his extensive training and his years of experience, but he could not achieve such remarkable results without the facilities, aids, and techniques mentioned above. And they are improving year by year.

We can be hopeful—and thankful—when we enter the hospital for an operation. We have a good chance of recovery.

THE END

# TUMS Help bring NATURAL SLEEP

Don't take sleeping pills or habit-forming drugs when you can't sleep. Take a couple of Tums before retiring. Tums neutralize heartburn, gas of acid indigestion that frequently cause sleepless nights. Soothe, sweeten stomach so you can go to sleep quickly; sleep all night—wake up in the morning feeling wonderfully refreshed. Get Tums from your druggist today. Only 10¢ a roll; 3 roll package a quarter.



## AFTER BREAKFAST

Take one or two Tums. See if you don't feel better fast.

## THE NEW NAME FOR STROLLERS IS

# FOLDA-ROLA

America's Most Beautiful Stroller and Walker... Completely FOLDABLE

Only FOLDA-ROLA is one-hand folding... instantly. Weighs but 10 lbs. Now you can take it with you. At better Departments, Infant, Furniture and Hardware Stores. Free Literature. A. E. PETERSON MFG. CO., 700 E. Allen Ave., Glendale 1, California.

## Five Parties for Children

(Continued from page 52)

imagine aloud the last freight-hopping trip he took. Help his imagination with a candy treat, and reward the biggest "whopper" with a rubber knife or other side arm. If you think the children will be too tired to hike back, plan to have a car at your disposal to take each weary hobo to his own front door.

**Materials for Hobo Hike:** Cardboard for sign; long sticks; bandannas.

### MENU

Mulligan Stew  
Hobo Sandwiches  
(just plain bread 'n' butter)  
Raisins and Salted Peanuts for Nibbling  
Sugar Cookies                      Cups of Milk

### MULLIGAN STEW

1 3/4 lb. boned chuck or round beef, 1 1/2" thick	1/2 teasp. salt 1/2 teasp. Worces- tershire sauce
1/3 cup flour	4-5 peeled medium potatoes
1/4 teasp. pepper	1 doz. peeled small white onions
1/2 teasp. celery salt	1 doz. pared small carrots (whole or halved length- wise)
1/4 cup fat or salad oil	1/2 pkg. frozen peas (about 1 cup)
1/4 cup minced on- ion	
1 minced, peeled clove garlic	
3 3/4 cups boiling water	
4 teasp. meat ex- tract	

Trim meat of most of fat and all gristle; cut meat into 1 1/2" pieces. Combine flour, pepper, and celery salt in large bowl. Drop in meat, few pieces at a time; toss till well coated. Reserve leftover flour. Heat fat in Dutch oven or deep kettle. When hot, slowly sauté floured meat in it—a few pieces at a time—until richly browned on all sides. Remove each piece as it browns. Now add minced onion and garlic to fat in kettle; simmer until just tender; stir in leftover flour until smooth and blended. Slowly stir in boiling water and next 3 ingredients; add meat. Cover; simmer about 2 hr., or until meat cuts easily with fork. About 15 min. before the 2 hr. are up, add quartered potatoes. When stew has simmered 2 hr., add onions and carrots. Cover; simmer 15 min. longer, or till nearly tender. Add peas. Cover; simmer 5 min. longer, or till vegetables are tender. Serves 4 to 6.

### Join Our Artists' Club (Wear your painting smock)

The children can really let loose in this Bohemian-type party. Choose the kitchen or porch floor for the scene of operations.

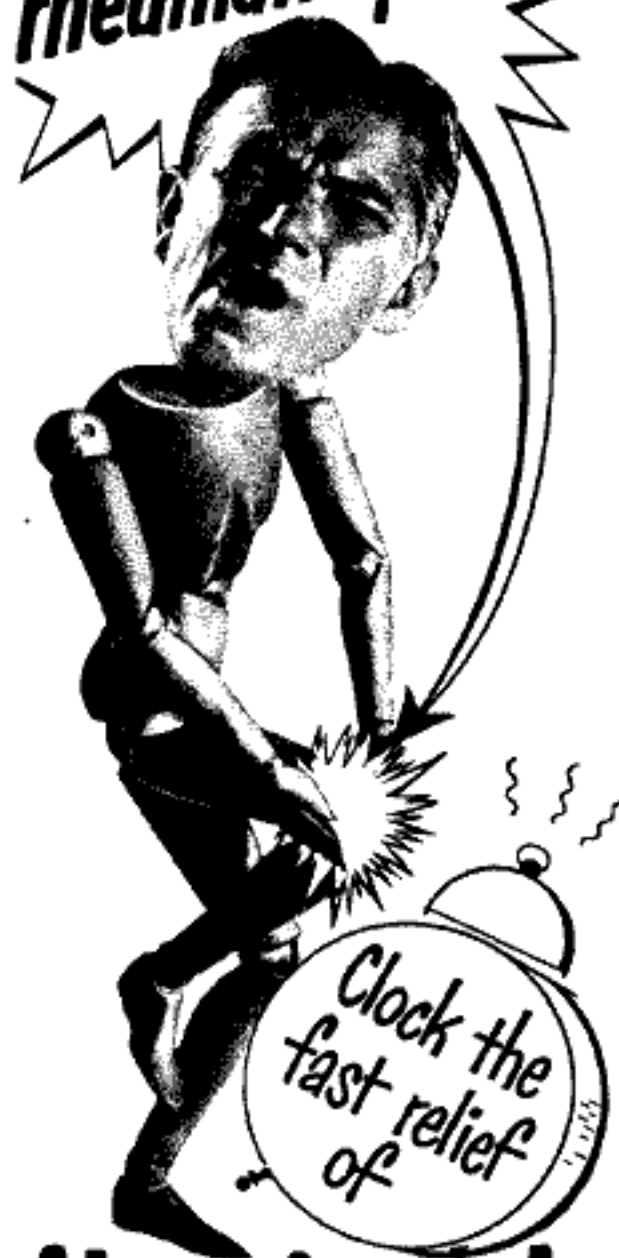
**Materials:** Roll of white shelf paper; crayons or water colors; shoelaces; wooden beads.

### MENU

Sundae Cones  
Palette Cupcakes

Unroll the shelf paper, so that the young artists can draw murals if they wish, and let them go to it. They can sit cross-legged on the floor—artists are disdainful of chairs, anyway. When they tire of their painting or crayon work, they can go to the kitchen or dining room to pick up their ice-cream cones and cupcakes at a "soda fountain." If you have any artistic ability, you may want to use some of the shelf paper to decorate the ice-cream counter.

Oh! that rheumatic pain!



# Absorbine Jr.

● When rheumatic pain has you ready to scream...quick...reach for Absorbine Jr.!

This famous soothing liniment comes to your rescue *fast*—goes to work as soon as you apply it with two wonderful pain-chasing actions:

It soothes those aching sore spots! And it counters the irritation that causes pain with a grand, warming effect!

Keep Absorbine Jr. ready for the next time rheumatic pain strikes. \$1.25 a long-lasting bottle wherever drugs are sold.

W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.



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Pin can't pass thru head!

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**TABCIN**

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**COLD**  
Symptoms

**See How Fast  
You Feel Better!**

At the very first sign of a cold, start taking TABCIN quick. Take TABCIN for two days according to directions. TABCIN is a compound formula designed to check the distress and misery of your cold. If you are not completely satisfied, your druggist will refund your money.

TABCIN is not "just another" Antihistamine Cold Tablet. It's New! It's Different!

TABCIN acts in all these ways to give you more complete Cold Relief:

- (a) Antihistaminic action checks sneezes and sniffles.
- (b) Analgetic action relieves headaches and "all-over" aches and pains of a cold.
- (c) Antipyretic action helps reduce fever of a cold.
- (d) Mildly stimulant to help combat the dull, drowsy feeling.

Remember—at the first sign of a Cold—Take TABCIN Quick!



45c and 75c sizes  
—at all Drug Stores

**Tabcin**

LOOK FOR THE BRIGHT RED TABLETS  
IN THE BRIGHT RED PACKAGE

**SUNDAE CONES**

Fill cones with ice cream; dip ice cream in chocolate or butterscotch sauce, then chopped nuts, toasted coconut, or sprinkles. Wrap in waxed paper; freeze.

**PALETTE CUPCAKES**

Frost cupcakes with 7-minute frosting. Divide remaining frosting in 5 parts; tint each a different color—pink, blue, yellow, green, lavender. Place 3 dabs—any 3 different colors—on each cupcake.

When the last crumb has been ground into the floor, distribute beads and shoelaces. The children can make bracelets and necklaces to wear home.

**Come to a Parade  
(Bring your bike, wagon, or scooter)**

This kind of party appeals to the very young, because it keeps them busy on a project their minds can easily grasp. It's a wonderful party to have on any of the national holidays.

**Materials:** Crepe paper; balloons; horns; whistles; bells.

**MENU**

**Parade Cake**  
Tall Glasses of Milk or Lemonade  
(gaily colored straws for sipping)

Our schedule calls for putting the children to work as soon as they arrive, decorating their vehicles with long streamers of colored crepe paper. It can be threaded through the wheel spokes, streaming from the handle bars. When most of the decorating is done, serve:

**PARADE CAKE**

Frost a 2- or 3-layer cake with white butter frosting into which crushed peppermint candy has been stirred. Put a slender stick of candy in center of cake, Maypole style, and drape narrow ribbons to animal crackers stuck upright in circle at edge of cake.

When the little paraders are full, let them return to their mounts. After the finishing touches have been applied, have the parade. Map out your course in advance, and let your son or daughter lead the way. Undoubtedly you'll want to bring up the rear, on foot.

**Back-Yard Sleep Out  
(From 6 P.M. on through the night)**

This party is definitely a "men only" affair and should be limited as to number of guests. Chances are the young men will get very little sleep at best, so don't add to the excitement by getting together a crowd.

**Materials:** Tent; outdoor grill; mosquito netting; army cots; blankets.

**BARBECUE SUPPER**

Grilled Hamburgers on Toasted Buns  
Tomato Coleslaw  
Apple Pie Lots of Milk

**OUTDOOR BREAKFAST**

Canned Pineapple or Tomato Juice  
Flapjacks Crisp Bacon  
Mugs of Cocoa

The night of fun can be preceded by a back-yard picnic, which the boys themselves can prepare in whole or in part. Provide a salad, like Tomato Coleslaw, and plenty of hamburgers. Finish it off with apple pie alamo, if you want to be fancy.

**NEW MINUTE MOP Hydro-matic**

Model No. 400

**YOU DON'T BEND OVER TO  
WRING THIS SPONGE MOP**

A new and original sensation in cellulose sponge mopping! This mop wrings water from sponge automatically with one easy movement of hand lever located high up on the mop handle—without bending or stooping over the pail.

**CLEANS ITSELF!**

The housewife can clean this mop automatically in the pail without immersing the hands in water.

**Hands Remain  
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No protruding metal successers or mophead to damage furniture or woodwork. Cushion bumpers on mophead protect baseboards and furniture. Versatile two piece handle. Tougher longer lasting sponge. Six Year Guarantee. Any part (except sponge) which proves defective during that period of time will be repaired or replaced without cost. Does better work, lasts longer.



\$3<sup>98</sup>

Other Minute Mop Models: No. 101 Mop with strainer \$1.98. Jumbo size \$2.98.

At hardware and department stores (slightly higher in Canada.) Sent postpaid if you cannot obtain it at your local stores.

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Your  
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Give a lifetime kitchen gift! Razor-sharp knives in seconds. Sharpens every knife every time. Won't chip, burr or scratch knives. Attractively gift-packaged at \$1.98. At cutlery and hardware counters or write



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**Which Doll  
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Toni?**



**Toni Dolls  
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Washable  
Nylon Hair**

Nylon hair actually improves with washing.

Toni dolls in 4 sizes.

\$11.98 • \$13.98  
\$16.98 • \$19.98  
Made by Ideal

Toni play-wave kit with every doll.

**AT BETTER  
DOLL DEPTS.**

### TOMATO COLESLAW

Combine finely shredded cabbage with mayonnaise; then add lemon juice, prepared mustard, salt, and pepper to taste. Just before serving, add minced parsley. Arrange slices of large tomatoes on platter; heap spoonful of coleslaw on each.

Have the boys fix their own beds, or supply bedrolls if possible. Probably they'll provide their own entertainment by telling ghost stories. Some proctoring is advisable to get them to bed and quiet, even if they don't sleep immediately.

Breakfast can be an outdoor affair, too. Or it can be served indoors if you think the boys have had enough of the open spaces. In either case, you can't go wrong serving pancakes and bacon. Fruit juice and cocoa complete the meal. If they eat outdoors, turn the ingredients over to them and let them be chefs. But if they favor soft living, you may wish to do the cooking yourself and spare the kitchen.

### It's a Costume Party (But don't wear a costume)

Six-year-olds (and older) love to dress up, and if you present them with rolls of crepe paper and tell them to make costumes, you have a real party.

**Materials:** Crepe paper, all colors; cardboard; stapler; scissors; paper bags; crayons or water colors; favors; a decorated box.

#### MENU

#### Apple-Pineapple Salad Party Sandwiches

(fancy shapes, tried-and-true fillings)  
Cake                      Ice Cream

It's a good idea to supply a few pictures of witches, pirates, etc., to give the children some ideas for their costumes. And even if they don't create anything memorable, they'll have a good time. Be sure to have cardboard for hats and boots, and a stapler to fasten the pieces together. Paper bags make wonderful masks. Have the children cut out holes for eyes and nose and decorate the masks with crayons or water colors.

Such a gala affair requires decorations, which can be made easily with crepe paper. Dining rooms are a joy to festoon with streamers, because a chandelier makes such a fine mooring. Of course, table decorations will include a decorated box in the middle of the table, with favor streamers leading to each child's plate. The lunch can be simple.

#### APPLE-PINEAPPLE SALAD

Top a nest of lettuce (broken into bite-size pieces) with drained canned pineapple chunks, unpeeled apple cubes, and sliced celery, all tossed together. Pass mayonnaise thinned with pineapple and lemon juice and tinted pink with paprika.

The party sandwiches should be check-board or rolled variety. Jelly, peanut butter, and egg salad are tried-and-true spreads. Make the sandwiches very small, and give every child as many different kinds as you had time to make.

You can be sure everyone will remember this party. After all, look at the loot he has collected—a costume of his own making to wear for days afterward, and a party favor that he found at the end of a streamer!

THE END

# "We sailed 3 oceans ...without leaving port!"

says VIRGINIA MAYO, co-starring with GREGORY PECK in WARNER BROS.  
"CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER." Color by TECHNICOLOR.



Shooting the "3-ocean" voyage for "Captain Horatio Hornblower" kept us in the English Channel for weeks. Day after day, stinging winds bit my skin raw!



The ropes on the bosun's chair rasped my hands...



But soothing Jergens on my hands, arms and face...



Softened and smoothed my skin for romantic close-ups.



Being a liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin.

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To soften, a lotion or cream should be absorbed by upper layers of skin. Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion. It contains quickly-absorbed ingredients that doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat the skin with oily film.



Prove it with this simple test described above...

You'll see why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret.

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world

STILL 10¢ TO \$1.00 (PLUS TAX)

# After 25 BEWARE of Dry Skin

From 25 on, the natural oil that keeps skin soft and pliant, starts decreasing. Skin begins to look dry, feel dry.

But you can help offset this drying out—by giving your skin an oil especially suited to its needs. You can use a dry skin cream that is extra-rich in lanolin, which is very like the oil of the skin itself—this special cream is Pond's Dry Skin Cream.

See its effects on your skin. Work it in thoroughly for night softening. Use very lightly for a smooth look under make-up. The rich cream brings skin a fresher, younger softness immediately.



**By your Nose and Mouth**—skin tenseness, down-lines harden your expression.

**To help Soften**—"Knuckle in" Pond's Dry Skin Cream. Use knuckles of first fingers to knead this lanolin-rich cream in firmly—out and up from nostrils and mouth. See that "dry-skin" tense look soften.



**On your Cheeks**—dryness often shows first, "dry-skin" patches can spoil make-up.

**To Correct**—Work in plenty of Pond's Dry Skin Cream nightly. Swirl it from chin-line up in front of ears. This lanolin-rich cream is homogenized to soak in better. You feel its softening help immediately.

**3 features:** These 3 features make Pond's Dry Skin Cream so effective: 1. It is rich in lanolin, very like the skin's own oil. 2. It is homogenized, to soak in better. 3. It has a softening emulsifier. 89¢, 49¢, 29¢—Trial size 10¢ (plus tax). Get your jar—today.

PRINCESS PHILIPPE DE BOURBON says, "Pond's Dry Skin Cream is a perfect cream to use—rich, soft, smooth."

**Start this truly remarkable correction of Dry Skin today!**

## All Around the Town

(Continued from page 42)

rolling. It does with some models but not with other recent types, as I learned to my horror when I came out of a store recently to see my new car halfway down the block, with astonished people in other cars circling it! Special ways to "lock" cars from rolling are sometimes provided, but to be safe, always pull on the emergency brake—hard.

When you park on a hill, use the front wheels as an added precaution by turning them so that the car can roll only into the curb. If your car is facing uphill, turn the steering wheel sharply to the left, which will bring the right front tire against the curb in such a way as to prevent the car from sliding downhill. If you are facing downhill, turn the front wheels hard to the right. Parking this way is required by law in some hilly cities. Of course, it works only when your car is parallel to the curb and on the right-hand side of the street. (If you are on the left-hand side of a one-way street, reverse the procedure: Facing uphill, turn the steering wheel right; facing downhill, turn it left.)

When parking alongside a curb, you need at least two car lengths to pull forward into position without risk to the fenders. Where there is curb room for only one car, you must back into the space. This particular maneuver is apparently difficult to master and is the one women dislike most. There is a sure-fire way to do it. Though it's a simple trick, you may need a little practice before you are comfortable performing it on Main Street. Try it on a quiet street, with the co-operation of a friend and her car. Use the second automobile as the front car (you won't damage it) and a convenient tree or fire hydrant to represent the rear car.

**H**ERE'S how to do it (see diagrams, page 42): Draw up parallel to car ahead. Look in the rear-view mirror to be sure the way is clear. Turning the steering wheel hard and sharply to the right, back slowly until the front fender is alongside the other car's back fender. At this moment, quickly turn the steering wheel sharply to the left and continue backing slowly until you are near the car behind. Then pull forward to straighten your car. You're in! This backing in should be done slowly and deliberately, to get the full benefit of each hard swing of the wheels. Don't be flustered by the fact that any oncoming traffic is temporarily held up. Take your time. If you go in too fast (or the space is unusually tight) and hit the curb with the back wheels, don't try to correct it by shuttling back and forth. Return to your first position and slowly repeat the process. In the end, you'll save time and bruises to the tires—to say nothing of your aching arms! Always swing steering wheel while car is moving; it's easier on your tires.

Sometimes I wonder whether it's laziness or oversight that's responsible for the little use made of those roomy trunks provided in most cars today. People pack them full for long trips, but after they get home they don't open them for months. If they would use the trunks, in the summer for farm produce bought on the road; in the spring for flats of seedlings and bags of sand and fertilizer; the year round for packages that might



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It converts any present electric refrigerator to fully automatic defrosting... just plug it in and enjoy all the advantages of freedom from that messy job of weekly defrosting.

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it saves food, time and work, electricity and upkeep... pays for itself many times over in savings!

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HEADACHE  
NEURALGIA  
NEURITIS PAIN  
FAST**



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**Don't Neglect Slipping  
FALSE TEETH**

Do false teeth drop, slip or wobble when you talk, eat, laugh or sneeze? Don't be annoyed and embarrassed by such handicaps: PASTEETH, an alkaline (non-acid) powder to sprinkle on your plates, keeps false teeth more firmly set. Gives confident feeling of security and added comfort. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. Get PASTEETH today at any drug store.

(Advt)

leak, golf clubs, and wet, sandy, or muddy overshoes, etc., cars would be less cluttered and easier to keep clean.

For a young mother who has to take a toddler to market, I highly recommend a light, folding gocart that can be put in the trunk. When she gets to town, she can take it out, unfold it, and have a comfortable, convenient place for Baby.

If you're doing a lot of shopping, returning to your car to deposit packages, they can easily be locked in the trunk for safekeeping. If you park in a lot and are asked to leave the ignition key in the car, keep the trunk key. Then you'll have no worry about any possible pilfering. (Most makes of cars provide a different key for ignition and trunk. Buick uses a system in which there is only one key. When the ignition is set at "locked," the car can't be moved; if it's set at "off," a parking-lot attendant can start it, if necessary, but can't open the trunk or glove compartment.) Two other advantages of using your trunk for bundles are that you have only one lock to bother with and that you needn't close your windows, thus making the car hot and uncomfortable on a warm day.

**O**N FAMILIAR streets, there is a tendency to relax good driving habits. The woman who remembers all the rules when she is on the open road may become inconsiderate or foolish when she's near home. I have seen a woman's attention waver because she was holding a baby or talking to someone in the back seat, half turned in that direction. Always keep your thoughts on what you are doing, your eyes on the road. Plan ahead so that you are in the right-hand lane if you are going to turn right. Be ready to stop for a stop street, a red light, a child who darts out after a ball. If there's a car behind you, never fail to signal your intentions to turn or stop. And always be sure your brakes are in top condition.

Because of the start-and-stop nature of around-town driving, brakes are the most important factor in a car. Brake trouble often develops so slowly that we sometimes fail to notice we are no longer getting quick response to our foot pressure. For this reason, brakes should be tested periodically and adjusted if necessary. There also are certain warning signs that every woman should watch for. If your brake pedal can be pushed down to within two inches of the floor, if you have to "pump" the brake pedal, if your car tends to pull to one side when you put on the brake, your brakes need attention, both for dependability and to prevent undue tire wear.

You can save undue wear on yourself, too, by seeing that your driving position is easy and without strain. You'll get less tired if you sit up fairly straight, so that your spine balances your weight and helps absorb the jolts. If the front seat doesn't adjust properly, use a pillow (foam rubber is fine). You can even buy a whole sheet of foam rubber that fits under the front-seat covering and makes it soft and a bit higher. If your legs are so short that you have to stretch, have the brake and clutch pedals built up. Above all, sit so that you can see clearly and don't have to peer over or through the steering wheel! Don't be tense; relax your body and keep your mind alert, and even the shortest of your car-borne trips will be a pleasure.

THE END



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be so firm!

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Cleansing tissue soft...  
yet toilet tissue firm ...because it's double

"Soft-Weve" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

## Be More Than a Pal

(Continued from page 63)

and exciting things of life. Perhaps they are justified in being impatient with us fathers.

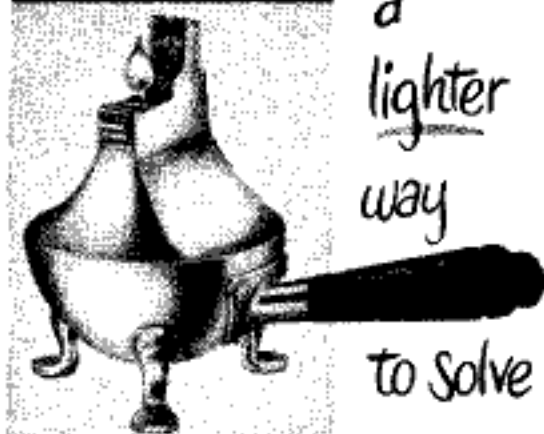
Don't misunderstand me; I have tried valiantly to be a pal to my son. When he was small, I established a basement workshop where he, his younger sister, and I spent hours turning out rather elementary dolls' furniture. But I have no natural aptitude for carpentry, and I had no sense of satisfaction from my creative efforts along this line. While the youngsters were unfamiliar with tools and unskilled in handling them, they were not very critical of my blundering. Now when I start puttering at the bench, my boy smiles amusedly, as if to say, "You better be careful, Dad. Try not to hurt yourself."

My wife, a gifted musician, and I once tried to develop camaraderie in the home by starting a family orchestra. But the musical material and temperament just weren't there, it seemed, and this attempt failed miserably. Then we tried picnics. My feeble efforts as a master woodsman, nowever, proved pathetic. And as my wife sensibly said, "Why bother struggling with a fire when we've a perfectly nice stove at home?" We also discovered that our children were not getting as much fun out of these family outings as the child-psychology books said they should. They could not understand why they had to leave their baseball games or skating parties just to humor the old folks. Family picnics now are few and far between; there's just a suggestion of them in the alfresco meals eaten in our own back yard.

IT IS more and more apparent to me that the twenty or thirty years that usually separate father and son present an almost impassable chasm, and most of us who attempt to bridge it just make fools of ourselves. A couple of illustrations come to mind: the Father and Son Banquets instituted several years ago, which now are sparsely attended; intergenerational baseball games, in which the men threw in the towel at the end of five or six innings, to the accompaniment of expressions of poorly disguised relief, not unmixed with pity, on the faces of their indulgent offspring.

We must remember that we often are as insufferable to our boys as they are to us. One thing they seem to resent strongly is the way we fathers barge into groups of young people gathered in our homes. I am sometimes commandeered as a chauffeur to transport boys and girls to a dance or to a private party at some other home. I used to consider it my responsibility to chat with the young people about themselves and their hopes and ambitions. But not any more. Not after my young son, returning from a social event not long ago, said to his mother, "I wish Dad would be like Nancy's father. All he does is drive when he takes us anywhere in his car. He doesn't try to talk."

Lest any person think my son and I are usually at swords' points, I hasten to say that most of the time we enjoy a cordial relationship. We play table tennis together; we often spend delightful hours fixing things around the house or working in the yard; we occasionally go together to a baseball or hockey game. But I am not deceiving myself. I realize that



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Ascot lighter

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grinds cooked meats  
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mixes pancake batter  
blends salad dressing  
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he would much prefer going to the game with a young friend. But sometimes his funds are rather low and he needs to be slightly subsidized, or else he wants the luxury of driving to the stadium in my car rather than in a bus.

I greet my boy occasionally with a "Hi, pal," but that means nothing. I'm not his pal. He knows it, and so do I. I trust I am more than a pal. I hope I am an understanding father. To be a pal implies an equality of experience, a mutuality of interest, and a certain intimacy that cannot exist between persons so widely separated in years. But to be an understanding father implies that you must earn and keep your son's respect, confidence, and esteem. And that's a big assignment. It means that a man must be not only a good provider for his family but also a person who is motivated by high principles and deep convictions, and who, at the close of his life, can bequeath to his family those things that never go out of date: a good reputation, an honored name.

The understanding father must be extremely patient. Inevitably, there will be conflicts from time to time between him and his son. The process of growing up is difficult for an energetic, ambitious youth. He will resent his father's intrusion in his life; he will complain about the demands made upon him; he will often seem defiant and insolent. Many fathers become unduly alarmed by this domestic tension and feel that their boys have a vicious streak. But such conflicts take place in the best-regulated home, and a father must try to ride out the storm. Certainly he does not want to break his boy's spirit, but he must keep the child disciplined and balanced. Herein lies a big part of a father's job. That man is fortunate who can control his son by being sympathetic and patient, understanding and forgiving, at the same time remaining firm and fair.

For the effective performance of that job he cannot be a pal. He has to be a father.

THE END

### GOOD HOUSEKEEPING BULLETINS

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Forty-six menus, with 79 recipes, for "Hurry Up," "Pantry Shelf," and "Do Ahead" Dinners for families of 2. Some are for company. Includes how-to-manage notes. Charts give amounts of meat, poultry, and vegetables to buy; broiling and roasting timetables. A recipe directory makes this 36-page booklet easy to use.

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MANUAL . . . . . 35¢**  
Over 400 sandwich ideas, with illustrations galore—color, black and white; how-to-make sketches. There's a sandwich for every need—man-sized, pack and carry, picnic, plain or fancy nibblers. Information on freezing them; a chart on sandwich fillings for 50; recipes for fruit and nut breads; and our Susan's Sandwich Loaf, too!

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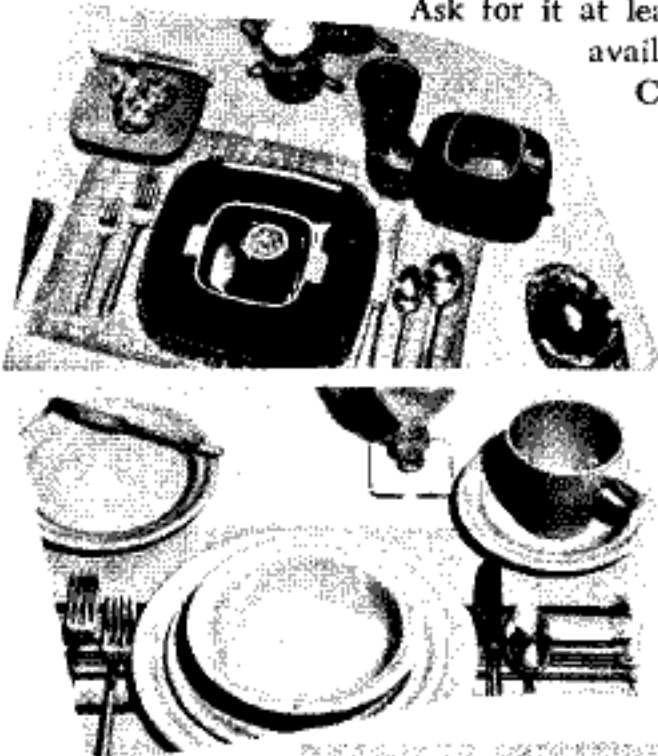
"Darling! let's give truly useful gifts this year!"

Dinnerware molded of **MELMAC**<sup>®</sup>  
stays handsome, helpful and whole

Yes, dinnerware molded of MELMAC is the Christmas present with *everything*...it's beautiful and constantly useful. Just *look* at MELMAC dinnerware! (Such soft, *permanent* colors!) *Feel* it! (Such satiny texture!) Lift a MELMAC-molded plate! (Light? Yes! And quiet, too.) And if you should happen to *drop* one, there's nothing to worry about. It is phenomenally resistant to breakage, chipping and cracking.

So, give dinnerware molded of MELMAC as a lasting gift to others—or to yourself.

Ask for it at leading stores . . . but write us if none is available near you now. American Cyanamid Company, Plastics Dept., 36 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.



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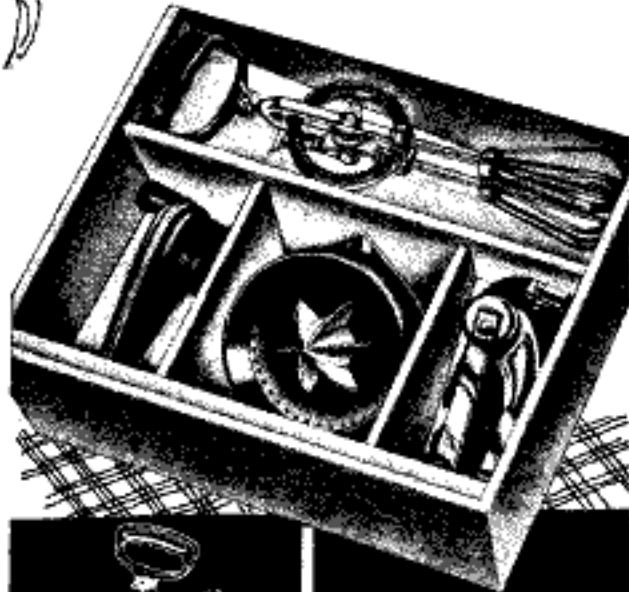
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# A Man from Santa

(Continued from page 51)

as beautiful  
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be sure



**DAZEY**

not been so. Usually, snow covered the surrounding hills; people were gay and happy not because of what they received but because of all they gave, of themselves: the homemade gift; the box of cookies; the present from Slim's drug-store, Norton's hardware, the five and dime. She recalled the church bells on frosty Christmas mornings, and the people's crowding in. She recalled simplicity and beauty; she remembered love.

This had not long endured; she was in her teens when her parents, a hard-working doctor and his equally burdened wife, died, within a year of each other. She left Hanondale, her home town, to attend a scholastically superior, unfashionable, and comparatively inexpensive boarding school. The short holidays were divided between visits to school friends' homes and visits with her sole surviving close relative, a bachelor uncle with a terrible temper, and his arrogant housekeeper, neither of whom had a compelling desire for youthful companionship. But through all these years Sara could not bring herself to return to Hanondale, even for a visit.

The insurance her father left, plus money from the sale of his house and practice, had seen her through preparatory school. In the summers, she worked—as an extra hand in someone's house, as a camp counselor, as a waitress. College was made possible by a scholarship and hard work during the college semesters and summers. When she graduated, she was on her own, except for Uncle Herman's occasional checks.

Now, after adequate training and experience, she was a successful young woman, a free-lance publicity agent with a good business, an attractive apartment, a bank account, an expensive wardrobe, and good looks.

HER appearance, together with her flair for earning a living, interested many members of the opposite sex. Quite a lot of men fell in love with her, but Sara fell in love with no one. She had not been in love since her freshman year at high, her last year at home, when, from afar, she had doted on a young man named Norton, a senior. He was captain of the football team, and totally unaware of her existence.

Sara's New York friends worried about her. It wasn't normal, they said, for a lass with beauty, vitality, and personality to reach the age of twenty-six without having had her heart troubled.

Everyone tried to get her interested in some man. Sara's unmarried but happily hunting friends took her on double dates; her married cronies produced bachelors on weekends and at dinner parties; and bachelors by the gross pursued without urging. But nothing seemed to work.

As for the commercial aspect of Christmas, you'd think that Sara would have taken a realistic view, rejoicing at the spur to spending. For her business was to entice the spender. Her clients were not lilies of the field; they toiled, they spun. Without their insistence—directed by Sara—that kind people purchase their goods during this or any season, Sara would not have had her apartment, her clothes, or her bank account.

Sara's Christmas shopping had been

accomplished before October. Thus, she was spared crowds, markups, novelties, and the sensation of being prodded. She purchased her Christmas tags and wrappings immediately after Christmas, laying them aside for the following year. She kept a notebook of friends' preferences, so that in August, if someone cried, How I long for a sunbonnet, or a dram of "Voodoo," or a coal scuttle, or snake-bite antidote, she could buy it, brightly wrap and tag it, and put it on a special closet shelf until Christmas. And if you asked her why, feeling as she did, she bothered to get Christmas gifts for her friends, she would have replied that it was expected of her.

THIS Christmas week was a succession of office parties. She hated them, of course, but it was to the interest of her clients that she attend. She didn't give a party in her own small office. She gave her staff, as well as the maid, several days off. She distributed personal presents and small bonuses, and washed her hands of the whole thing.

All the parties were alike—same food, same drinks, same clamor, and, it seemed to her, same faces. The last one was on Friday, so she put on a black satin dress, a perky red hat, silver-ball earrings, and the fur jacket that was a present to herself (bought during last August's sale) and sallied forth, her lovely mouth fixed in a bright-red smile, her soul the home of boredom.

At this party, as at the others, she would receive a present. It would be a small vial of perfume called "Dreaming Love." She knew all about it. She had helped to name and package it. She was paid to make all women conscious of "Dreaming Love." It had been generated by Marise, a great name in the cosmetic business. Marise manufactured every known kind of unguent, powder, lotion, rouge. She had already launched four successful fragrances, at forty dollars an ounce. There was nothing she couldn't do for you; she could make you look thirty (and feel twenty) if you were pushing fifty. In her beautiful establishment, there were cubicles in which the flesh melted under steam, wax, electricity, or the skilled hands of strong women. There was a gymnasium, where, to music, the true self was released from the encumbering envelope. Marise employed hair stylists, dressmakers, milliners, and manicurists, and gave courses in the acquisition and retention of beauty.

The building owned by Marise was on the East Side. The office party was held in her large suite of private offices, at six o'clock, when the last customer should have walked out of the front door. Few people not of the office force were bidden to this celebration.

Sara arrived, presented an engraved card, and was whisked upward in the elevator. "Merry Christmas," said the elevator boy brightly. It was what everyone said, and it meant nothing.

Upstairs, Sara fought her way through perfume scents, smoke, and the odor of toasted cheese to shake the capable hand of her client, who shouted that everything was going beautifully. And then, as Sara turned to see if there was anyone else to whom she must be polite, she saw Santa Claus.

CHRISTMAS  
SPECIAL!

# New! Deluxe "Speed Cooking" in time for Christmas!

Santa Claus and General Electric  
team up to bring you the  
brand-new G-E "Astroliner"!

**Greatest buy in ranges** you ever saw—this new General Electric "Astroliner." (Of course it's electric!) Two big de luxe features never before offered on a low-price range—the famous Tripl-Oven and the raisable unit! (Read about them below.)

And all the joys of G-E "Speed Cooking"—wonderful cleanliness, speed, safety, marvelous meals! Plus . . .

**Automatic Oven Timer!** Watches over a meal. Turns the oven ON and OFF, automatically.



**G-E Calrod® Units!** Fast-heating! 5 cooking speeds from low serving-temperature to high heat.

**Thrift Cooker!** Actually has 45 different uses. Turns out low-cost meals that taste so-o-o good.



**No-Stain Oven Vent!** Protects curtains, walls, ceiling from oven vapors, helps keep your kitchen shiny-bright. Easily washed at sink.

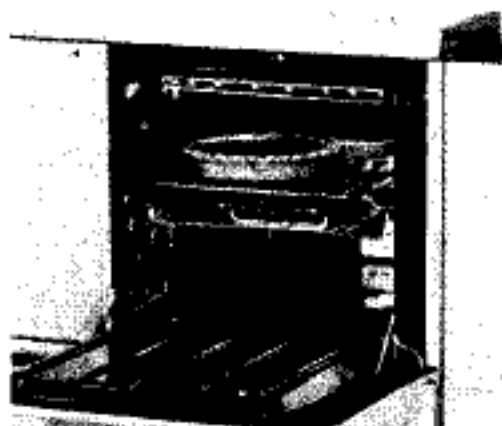
Hurry, hurry to your General Electric retailer. See this great G-E "Astroliner" now. General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.



De luxe G-E features at low cost! 1. Automatic Oven-Timer—watches over a meal, all by itself. 2. Raisable surface unit. 3. Superfast Calrod units. 4. Tripl-Oven—three ovens in one.



**Raisable Surface Unit!** Do you often run out of space on top of the range? This G-E beauty takes care of that! The deep-well unit (which holds the Thrift Cooker) also slides easily to the top! A really de luxe G-E feature!



**Three Ovens in One!** Huge, de luxe G-E Tripl-Oven with Calrod bake unit. Master Oven holds 30-lb turkey. Includes smaller Speed Oven for economy in baking small quantities; waist-high, superfast Broiler.

AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC

"SPEED COOKING"



# RANGES

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



**Chicken Consommé**  
 To fresh or canned chicken consommé—add a generous pinch of French's Celery Flakes and French's Parsley Flakes. Simmer 10-15 minutes.

*Company Dinner with*  
**FRENCH'S FLAVOR**  
*in every course!*



It's wonderful how French's seasonings make even everyday foods taste different, better, *delicious!* French's Spices and Extracts are pure, full-flavored. French's Flakes have the garden-fresh flavor of parsley, mint, celery, onion and peppers—ready for instant use. You can't buy more carefully prepared seasonings than French's!

**Macaroni and Hamburger**

- 4 cups cooked macaroni
  - 2 cups hamburger
  - 1 1/2 cups tomatoes
  - 1 teaspoon salt
  - 1/4 teaspoon French's Pepper
  - 2 tablespoons French's Sweet Pepper Flakes
  - 1/2 teaspoon Colman's Dry Mustard
  - 2 tablespoons French's Onion Flakes
- Cook hamburger in cooking fat until brown. Place alternate layers of macaroni, tomatoes and hamburger in a greased casserole dish, seasoning each layer with salt, pepper, mustard, onion flakes and pepper flakes. Dot with butter and bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 30 minutes. Six servings.



**Fudge Sauce**

Simmer 2 sq. (2 oz.) unsweetened chocolate and 1/2 cup water over direct heat about 2 min. or until chocolate is melted and mixture is thick, stirring constantly. Remove from heat; slowly add 1 1/2 cups white corn syrup, 1/4 tsp. salt and 2 tps. French's Nutmeg. Simmer 10 min. stirring occasionally; add 1 tsp. French's Vanilla. Serve hot or cold on vanilla or coffee ice cream. Makes 1 1/2 cups.

He was standing near an archway he could have amply filled, being a large man. He had rosy cheeks, bright blue eyes, a shock of curly white hair, and, of course, a luxurious white beard. A better-looking member of the fraternity you would not find in all the land.

Santa moved forward, distributing the contents of his pack. He had a resounding voice and laugh. Office staff and outside guests crowded about him. To each male he gave long, golden-wrapped, red-tied packages, containing, Sara knew, Marise's "Wilderness Lotion." For the females he had short, silver-encased, green-ribboned packages, concealing, she knew, tiny bottles of "Dreaming Love."

HAVING regarded the scene and spoken to a few people, she edged her way toward a door, but Santa blocked it. He put his hand on her shoulder and said jovially, "Here's a pretty girl—without a present."

Sara smiled and accepted the gift. She put the package in her purse.

Santa said, "You haven't thanked me, little girl."

Go along with the gag. This is Christmas. She said, "I'm sorry. I do thank you, Santa," and she looked searchingly at his beard.

"It's my own, thank you," he said. "And my feet are tired." He added, "You don't look much like Christmas, despite the hat. Come in here a moment."

He took her arm, propelled her rapidly to a door, opened it, and led her into one of Marise's private offices.

He sat behind a desk and asked, "Where's your Christmas spirit?"

Very unusual. He did not look or talk like a hired Santa. But she replied truthfully, "I have none."

"That's bad," Mr. Claus said. "Well, don't stand there. Sit down. We'll have to do something about it."

Sara sat down. She asked, smiling, "Who are you? A friend of Marise's?"

"Oh, dear me, no," he answered. "Never saw her until just now. Seems that the proxy was taken ill at the last moment—reindeer fever, I dare say—so I filled in." He leaned back, smiling. "You're quite the most interesting person here. That is to say, you, at least, have possibilities. I gave up long ago on most of the others. What can I do for you?"

"Well, nothing, I'm afraid."

"Nonsense," he said, annoyed. "There's very little I can't do, within reason. But, of course, you know that."

Nice, nonsensical man. She said, "I don't know it. You see, I don't believe in you."

"Really?" said Santa. "Why not?"

Sara laughed. She said, "I grew up."

"I know a woman of seventy-five. She lives alone in a very peculiar house, with a bewitched cat. She believes in me. Sits up every Christmas Eve to catch me, leaves presents for me on the hearth. Hand-knit things, very comforting. She's a nice woman. She'll believe in me till she dies."

"Lucky or lunatic?" asked Sara. "I stopped when I was seven."

"What did you believe in after that?" he inquired. "There has to be something."

"In my parents," Sara said.

"Well!" said Santa in triumph. "That doesn't stop."

She said, "They died."

"I see," said Santa. His round face was serious. He asked, "Since then, no one to take their place—and mine?"



# AH-HH-H-Company Pot Roast

WITH THAT

## French's flavor!



**For a savory pot roast that's different:** Brush the entire surface of a 3- or 4-lb. rump roast with 4 tablespoons French's Mustard. Dredge with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup flour. Brown in 2 tablespoons hot fat in heavy kettle. Add 2 teaspoons salt and  $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon pepper. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water. Cover tightly and cook over low heat for about 60 min. per pound (3 to 4 hours).

**Only French's has that special flavor!**

**It's a blend of the finest spices, mustard seed and vinegar money can buy**

For subtle, delicious flavor, there's nothing like French's—the famous golden mustard millions prefer. Its smooth blend of delicate spices, fine mustard seed and vinegar, permeates the meat while cooking—adds the savory richness and zest that make *this* pot roast a royal dish.

Put French's on the table, too, when you serve hot or cold meats—its special flavor always makes a hit!



**TASTY TURNOVERS**—Roll pastry  $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick. Spread with French's Mustard and cut in 4" squares. Place ground leftover beef, lightly moistened with cream or gravy, in center of squares. Fold over to form triangles. Press edges together. Bake in hot oven about 20 min. or until brown.



**FREE! Hot Dan's new recipe book—  
"DINING DELIGHTS"**

Send name, address, to The R. T. French Co.,  
1631 Mustard St., Rochester 9, N. Y.

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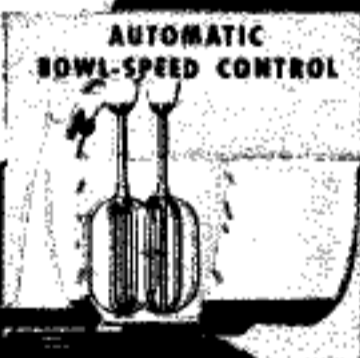
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All the every-day speeds plainly indicated. Easy to set.



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The new juicer that automatically joggles the strainer to shake the juice out of the pulp. Fast. Easy-to-use. Easy-to-clean.



**AUTOMATIC BOWL-SPEED CONTROL**  
A nylon button on one of the beaters turns bowl automatically, keeping beater-speed and bowl-speed UNIFORM. You never need turn bowl or slow it down by hand.



**AUTOMATIC BEATER-EJECTOR**  
Tilt the handle—out drop beaters individually, for easy cleaning. No pulling. No messy fingers.

**POWERFUL MOTOR**  
Patented-governor controlled motor delivers Full Power on all speeds. Beaters never vary their speed as batter thins-out or thickens-up whether set Slow or Fast, for EVEN mixing.



Sunbeam Mixmaster does a perfect mixing job because the bowl revolves automatically, the beaters are in correct relation to the bowl and the mixture goes into and through the beaters for EVEN mixing EVERY time. Your hands are always FREE to add ingredients in correct proportion.

Only the new Sunbeam Mixmaster gives you all the special advantages you want and deserve when you buy a food mixer. So be sure the mixer you get (or the one you receive as a gift) is the original and the ONLY Mixmaster. There's only *one* by that name. Mixmaster puts that EXTRA deliciousness, EXTRA success into every recipe. Over six million enthusiastic owners are its best advertisements. It is also the mixer for which you can obtain such marvelous attachments as the combination Food Chopper-Meat Grinder, Hi-Speed Drink Mixer, Butter Churn and others. On sale wherever good electric appliances are sold. See your dealer.

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She shook her head. "No one at all."  
"But I have so many proxies," he argued. "Especially lovers. Young women with the just-right lovers believe in Santa Claus. After a while, lovers turn into just-right husbands; presently there are babies. Young women with just-right husbands and nice babies believe in Santa Claus, too."  
Sara said, "Could be. I wouldn't know."  
He cried, shocked, "Don't tell me you aren't in love?"  
"I'm not telling you anything," said Sara firmly. "And stop looking so appalled."

HE SAID slowly, "You don't have to tell me. You are such a pretty girl. But, in love, you'd be much prettier. You lack the warmth, the glow—and nothing in all Marise's bags of tricks can give these to you. But I can," said Santa. "Yes, by Donder and Blitzen, that's exactly what I'll do."

"Aren't you a little old for this type of approach, however Christmas-spirited?" asked Sara, disappointed and cool.

"Of course not," said Santa. "And don't jump to conclusions. I'm not in love with you. But I've been in love for a great many years. With, oddly enough, the same woman—Mrs. Claus. However, I know the just-right man for you."

"How nice. Who is he?"  
"You'll discover that when you meet him. Perhaps I can arrange it for tomorrow. There is something very special about Christmas Eve." He fished a notebook from a large red pocket. "Tomorrow," he said, having turned the pages, "will be dandy. You may expect him."  
"How am I to know your candidate?" she inquired, smiling.

"Not candidate. Present. What's your name?"

"Sara Hammond."  
"To Sara from Santa. One just-right young man. Let's see. Qualifications. Good but not spectacular income. I'm inclined to believe it's more fun to earn it together. Ranch house, if you like ranch houses. Failing this, Cape Cod, modern colonial, or old farmhouse. Of course, you might prefer a town apartment, but I find the chimneys, if any, cramped. I think we might include a deep freeze. How about television? Never thought I'd like it myself, but Mrs. C. and I find it pleasant on the long, busy evenings. Of course, we have a coaxial cable to the Northern Lights station. Sometimes the reindeer watch. They enjoy it."

"You're fabulous," said Sara.  
"Quite. Always have been. These are just the wrappings, you understand," said Santa. "The real present is something you'll have to find for yourself. You'll have to give to receive it. Love, tenderness, laughter. And how about the babies—say, two years apart?"

"Hey," Sara protested, "hold on."  
"Why? Planning's the best sort of fun. You don't discard this sort of gift in a few months or give it to a friend next year. Despite statistics, it can go on and on, can be of lasting quality." He twinkled at her. "During the coming weekend," he said, "I promise you the right young man."

She thought, He's crazy but amusing, and asked, "How shall I know he's from you? He might be all wrong, and shoddy. Will he bring me a message from you?"

"Certainly. He'll say 'Merry Christmas.'"

Sara made a face. "How too original," she remarked. "Everyone has said it all week. They'll go on saying it, through Sunday."

"But your young man," said Santa, "will say it as if he meant it. And he will mean it."

She rose, looking at her watch, as she had a dinner engagement. She put out her hand, which he took, and he rose, too. She said, "Thanks awfully. But I won't hold it against you if you let me down."

Santa said, "You're welcome, and I shan't let you down. It's stupid not to put your hope in a star, Sara. Wise men have done just that for thousands of years. It's stupider not to believe in something—even in me—for believing is a step in the right direction. When I see you next year, I hope you'll tell me so."

She nodded and went to the door. Her throat was tight. She heard herself say forlornly, "You don't know how much I want to believe."

"Wanting is a step forward, too," said Santa.

Someone brushed past Sara, came in, and said busily, "Lots of people have just arrived. Do you need more packages?"

Sara made her delayed escape. She thought, He has to be hired, or a friend. He said he didn't know Marise. The beard is real, and the hair. He must be sixty. But his eyes are like a child's.

She kept her dinner engagement with a client, his wife, and some out-of-town friends. They dined, drove around the city to see the lights, and wound up at the Stork. She arrived home late.

As she got into bed, she planned her holiday. She would rise late tomorrow, putter about, deliver the last packages, perhaps go to a movie. In the evening, church. On Christmas morning she would open packages, then take a walk, go to church, write thank-you notes, have afternoon dinner in a quiet restaurant, and go to bed with several new novels. Sane, sensible, restful. She wouldn't be lonely or feel sorry for herself. She wouldn't be exposed to the noise and fatigue of parties.

SHE slept, dreamed of Santa, and woke, smiling, on Christmas Eve morning. She started coffee, bathed, partially dressed, put on a robe, opened her door to fetch the paper, and fell over a young man who sat cross-legged on the hall floor, reading her paper.

"Merry Christmas, Sara," he said, rising.

She answered, clutching the robe about her, "The same to you. But what are you doing here? And who are you? I didn't hear the bell."

He was tall, his hair was fair and untidy, he had an engaging grin. He said, "I came to see you."

"But what do you want?"

"In," he said. "I want breakfast. Someone pushed someone's buzzer when I arrived, so I came on up. I didn't dare ring till I heard you stirring. How are you, Sara? Don't you remember me at all? 'I'm Bill Norton.'"

"Bill Norton!" she said, staring incredulously. "From Hanondale?"

"That's right. Why can't I come in?" he asked plaintively. "I smell coffee."

She said, "By all means. It will be ready soon, and some eggs. I'll go dress. Sit down. Read the paper. I'll be right back."

The gay red dress, the matching lip-

# Sunbeam

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## COFFEEMASTER

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Is your assurance of a Perfect Cup of Coffee

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a few min-  
utes, click  
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**COFFEEMASTER** coffee is ALWAYS delicious—because the secret of delicious coffee-making is correct water temperature, agitation and brewing time. Only the Sunbeam Coffeemaker gives you all these requirements for perfect coffee every time automatically:—The water is always at the same high heat—automatically. Brewing time is always the same—automatically. Coffee is kept piping hot, at the perfect drinking temperature, after it's made—automatically.

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ground nutmeg      stick cinnamon  
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### M-m-m-m! Spices make the holiday meal

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stick, Marise's own "Watch Out," the swish of the comb through dark curls. Sara looked at herself in the mirror. She looked different; there was a warmth, a glow.

She smelled cigarette smoke. Bill shouldn't smoke before breakfast.

Bill Norton on her doorstep, saying "Merry Christmas" as if he meant it.

But she didn't believe in Santa Claus. When she went back to the living room and he rose, he was exactly as she remembered, and she cried, "But how did you find me?"

"Let's eat," said Bill. "I'll help. This is a pretty place. Lonesome, though." He followed her about, from kitchen to gate-leg table. "You're not engaged to be un-lonely, are you?" he asked anxiously.

She said, "No, of course not," and her face grew pink.

WHEN breakfast was ready, he sampled the coffee and said, "You make good coffee, too." He leaned back and watched the toast pop up. "I like mine medium. About finding you," he said; "no one explains things at Christmas-time."

She said dreamily, "Don't bother, then."

"Just for the record, I shall, though it's a waste of time. You remember Christmas in Hanondale? I moved to New York last week, to start a new job. The folks have gone to California to be with Ted and his wife. There's a new baby. They didn't want to leave till after Christmas, so I could go home. But I told them I couldn't get back to Hanondale. Mother isn't well, and the trip will do her good. It's cold as blazes at home now."

"Where are you living?" she asked.

"Hotel. Maybe I'll get rooms in Westchester later. That's where I'll be working. Plastics. I dreamed up a gadget that this company likes. Boy-inventor stuff. I'll have a lab, an office, a secretary. The factory's in White Plains. Meantime, I wondered what to do over Christmas and whether I knew anyone in New York. Folks at home had said, 'Why don't you look up Sara?' I thought of you late yesterday afternoon, found you in the phone book, and called. No answer. So this morning, here I am. What are you doing today and tomorrow?"

"Why, nothing, Bill," she said. "I turned down all my invitations."

"Me, too. New boss, the manager, a couple of others. These are very good scrambled eggs, Sara. Okay, so we spend today and tomorrow together. Today we can window-shop and ride a bus. We'll go to the five and dime for stuff for the stockings and the tree. We'll buy the tree, trim it, and get the makings of dinner. You'll cook that. We'll hang the stockings and go to church. And I'll be over early Sunday."

She said, "It sounds wonderful."

He leaned back and asked, "Will it complicate or simplify things if I say, immediately, that I was crazy about you when we were in school? You were a kid freshman in pigtails. I was a junior."

"You were a senior," she corrected.

"Nope. I walked you home once or twice. Ted kidded me about it."

She looked at him, smiling. She said, "I honestly don't remember Ted. I'm sorry."

"Sure you do. He was your dream boat. My big brother, the school's big wheel, the football captain. I just tagged along. I was sort of stunted in those days. Thin as a match, with asthma, too. I may



say I'm all over it. But you wouldn't give me a tumble then."

Norton, the boy hero. Ted Norton. But this was Bill. She began to laugh helplessly. She hadn't remembered her hero's given name. She said firmly, "The only Norton I remember is you."

"Have it your own way." He raised his cup. "To us," he said. "To Christmas, together."

After they had washed the dishes, she went to her room to put on her jacket and hat. She looked in the mirror, smiled, and looked away. Coming out, she asked, "Do you believe in Santa Claus, Bill?"

"Why, of course," he said. "How else could I have found you today? Let's go." He took her hand, and the whole world changed. He asked, "Could you ever learn to love plastics, and maybe Westchester? Don't answer now. Wait till tomorrow. No. Put your answer in my stocking."

She said, "You're crazy."

"I know. It's wonderful. Come along, Sara," said Bill. "Let's not waste any time."

And they walked out of the room, down the stairs, and into the sunlight of Christmas Eve.

**F**AR uptown, in a large house in Riverdale, Mr. Matthew Adams regarded his wife across the breakfast table. Later, they would spend the evening with their married children and their children's children.

He said, stroking his luxurious white beard, "Playing Santa Claus twice in one day has put me in good shape for tomorrow morning and our own small fry."

"You forgot to tell me about the office party," said his wife.

"Like all others, almost. I don't know why I said yes. But after I'd finished my turn in the Children's Clinic, I was all dressed up and no place to go. Or would have been. I really couldn't refuse Pete Simons when he called yesterday morning. He knew about the clinic, being a director as well as on the board of this Marise outfit."

"It's a delightful shop," said Mrs. Adams, "and I hope you've brought me some of her new perfume."

"There could have been a bottle left in the pack. A big bottle." He grinned at her happily. Mr. Adams was a successful, retired businessman. Under another name he was an uncommonly fine poet. This was a secret shared with few.

He said, "One thing bothers me. At Marise's I met a girl who didn't believe in Santa Claus, so I went overboard. I promised her a special present."

"What, dear?"

"Oh, just the right young man—this weekend."

"Was she pretty?"

"Very. She reminded me of you. But then, all pretty girls remind me of you."

"Thank you, darling," said Mrs. Adams, "and don't worry. If she's really pretty—Was she nice, too?"

"Exceptionally."

"Then," said Mrs. Adams, "it's all settled. For every pretty, exceptionally nice girl there's the right young man. And this is Christmas. On Christmas, anything can happen. Anything wonderful."

Mr. Adams put down his coffee cup. He said, "That's a load off my mind. But I believe you. I've always believed in Mrs. Santa Claus."

THE END



the magic  
spoonful  
for Christmas  
sweets!

### CHRISTMAS FUDGE with flavor that lasts to the last bite!

Checked by Good Housekeeping Kitchens

3 cups granulated sugar	1 tablesp. butter	1/4 cup fine-cut candied cherries
1/4 teasp. cream of tartar*	1 1/2 teasp. pure vanilla*	8 halved candied cherries
1/4 teasp. salt	1/2 cup chopped nuts	
1 cup light cream	1/4 cup fine-cut pitted dates	

Stir first 4 ingredients in large saucepan over low heat until sugar is completely dissolved. When mixture starts to boil, wipe down sides of pan with wet cheesecloth wrapped around tines of fork. Boil, without stirring, to 238° F. on candy thermometer, or until a little mixture forms soft ball in cold water. Remove from heat, drop in butter; do not stir. Cool, without stirring, to 110° F. or

until you can rest hand on bottom of pan. Add pure vanilla\*; heat until mixture loses gloss and small amount dropped from spoon holds its shape. Add nuts and fruits; pour quickly into greased 8" x 8" x 2" pan. When partially "set" mark into 16 2-inch squares and press a cherry half into center of each square. Cool; cut in squares. Makes about 1 1/4 lbs.

\*McCormick or Schilling

### Pure VANILLA with the MAGIC TOUCH!

Whether you're making Christmas Fudge or the other tempting holiday candies pictured here—Christmas cherries, fondants and coco-peanut balls—there's one thing you need in every recipe! That's the richer, fuller-flavored pure vanilla that keeps its taste to the last luscious mouthful and

won't cook, bake or freeze out. It adds the "magic touch" to all your holiday sweets!

To get this "magic touch" vanilla, ask for McCormick pure Vanilla in the East, Schilling pure Vanilla in the West, depending on where you live. At your grocer's now. Start using it today!

**McCORMICK**  
PURE VANILLA

IN THE EAST



**Schilling**  
PURE VANILLA

IN THE WEST



East or West—  
the same pure vanilla  
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**McCORMICK  
& CO., Inc.**

The World's Largest Spice and Extract House

# CANAPES



Your company  
will copy!

Tomato Bouillon    Cream Cheese    Garnishes    RITZ CRACKERS

Happy herald to the holiday dinner — this conversation-making first course. Easy to serve — easy to fix! Soften, season and spread cream cheese on RITZ CRACKERS — then *let yourself go* with designs of parsley, chives, pimiento and olive slices. It's fun to make these canapes ... for RITZ CRACKERS are just the right size — easy to spread — and they keep their crunchy-crispness under spreads! Always ask for RITZ CRACKERS ... their tangy flavor can't be copied!

"NOTHING TASTES AS GOOD AS RITZ—BUT RITZ!"



You buy the best when it's  
baked by Nabisco



National  
Biscuit  
Company



## FOR THE

BY CAROL BROCK,

### SHE TRIMS THE TREE

An up-and-coming hostess of a Christmas party asked the guests to gather round a table-size tree at refreshment time. They helped themselves to the tree's edibles while she presided at the festive bowl—a tree-untrimming party.

#### SWISH TREE—FOR YOUNG MARRIEDS

Dip raw green beans and small red apples in melted paraffin, then in powdered tinsel. Pierce bean with nail; run fine wire through apple from stem to core; fasten; tie to tree with red string. Frost round, scallop-edge sugar cookies a shocking pink. Loop with ribbon; hang on tree. Add bright bows of pink, and if you're daring, red ones, too. Around base of tree, crumple aluminum foil; cover with red gumdrops.

Hot Apple Juice or Apple Cider  
(with twisted lemon peel, rum perhaps)  
Cookies from Tree  
Red Gumdrops

#### OLD-FASHIONED TREE—FOR ANY AGE

Tie popcorn balls to branches with red and green ribbons. Hang small candied apples from twisted red-green cord tied to their sticks (notched). Add short strings of cranberries.

Popcorn Balls and Candied Apples  
(from tree)  
Hot Mocholate  
(hot chocolate + instant or soluble  
coffee)





## HOSTESS

INSTITUTE HOSTESS EDITOR

### GRANDMOTHER-GRANDDAUGHTER TREE

Two weeks ahead, cover surface of small red apples with whole cloves; at tree-trimming time, hang on tree with green satin ribbons. Make cookies shaped like candy canes; write recipient's name on each with cake decorator; hang up.

Biscuit Tortoni  
Black Coffee for Grownups  
Loot from Tree To Take Home

### ANGELIC TREE—TEEN-AGE MISS

Make angel-shape sugar cookies, 6" high. (Nightgown with sleeves, connecting circle for head.) With mixture of confectioners' sugar and water, paste on semi-sweet-chocolate-pieces eyes, cinnamon-drop mouth, and gold notary seal behind head, for halo. With gold ribbon around waist, tie to tree. Add silver tinsel rope. Scatter kisses around base.

Angelic Cookies from Tree  
Eggnog from Milkman  
Chocolate Kisses

### AN ANIMAL TREE—FOR YOUNGSTERS

Make animal-shape gingerbread cookies, 3" x 2" (cut patterns from child's coloring book). Add distinguishing features of frosting: stripes on zebra, spots on leopard, etc. Tie polished small red apples (see above), gilded nuts, to tree ("cement" string to nuts). Set boxes animal crackers, candies added, around base.

Polished Apples from Tree  
Bottled Soft Drinks  
Animal Gingerbread Cookies



# New "Merry Christmas" cookies!

## GAY 'N LUSCIOUS WITH BAKER'S COCONUT!

What's the cookie-est time of year? Christmas time, of course. And what's more Christmasy than a luscious, snow-capped cookie—topped or filled with Baker's Coconut?

That's why this new Baker's Coconut recipe is such exciting holiday news!

For now you can make many different kinds of coconut cookies—even little cakes—from one quick n' easy batter!

So festive, so delicious with tender, moist Baker's Coconut—these gay gift cookies stay lusciously chewy and fresh to the last wonderful crumb!

## Cookies to give! Cookies to keep! Variations galore with one NEW BASIC COOKIE BATTER!

### Basic Recipe

1½ cups sifted flour • 1½ teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder • ¼ teaspoon salt • 1 cup sugar • ½ cup butter or other shortening (room temperature) • 2 eggs, unbeaten • ¼ cup milk • 1 teaspoon vanilla • 1½ cups Baker's Coconut, cut up small.

Sift flour once; measure; add baking powder, salt, sugar; and sift again into mixing bowl. Add shortening, eggs, 2 tablespoons of milk, vanilla. Beat 2 minutes. Add coconut and remaining milk. Beat ½ minute longer, vigorously by hand or at low speed of electric mixer.

Chill 2 hours. Drop from teaspoon on ungreased baking sheet. Bake in hot oven (400°F.) 10 minutes, or until lightly browned. Remove from baking sheet at once. Makes 6 dozen cookies.

For cake squares, bake chilled batter in 2 greased 8x8x2-inch pans 20 to 25 minutes. Use moderate oven (375°F.)

To frost, spread with confectioner's sugar icing and sprinkle immediately with snowy luscious Baker's Coconut. For red or green icing use vegetable coloring. For Santa Claus Cookie, use red icing for cap, raisins for eyes, candied cherries for nose and mouth.

### VARIATIONS

1. **Chocolate.** Prepare basic batter, decreasing flour 2 tablespoons and adding 2 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted with the coconut. Bake as drop cookies.

2. **Spice.** Prepare basic batter, sifting 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon each cloves, allspice, nutmeg and ginger with dry ingredients. Bake as drop cookies.

3. **Half n' Half.** Prepare *Spice* batter, adding 1 square Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted, to half of batter. Drop

teaspoon chocolate mixture and teaspoon plain mixture side by side on ungreased baking sheet.

4. **Marble.** Swirl Half n' Half cookies with tip of teaspoon.

5. **Fruit.** Prepare basic batter, adding ½ cup each raisins, chopped pecans, chopped dates with the coconut. Bake as drop cookies.

Products of  
General Foods



# Quick, quick fixin'! Grand feastin'!

**BUDGET PLEASER . . . IN 30 MINUTES!**

Minute Rice with Meat Balls. Sauté meat balls (¼ lb. beef) in 2 tablespoons fat with 2 tablespoons each chopped green pepper and onion. Add 8-oz. can tomato sauce, 1½ cups water, 1½ cups Minute Rice, ½ teaspoon salt. Bring to full boil, cover, remove from heat, and let stand 10 minutes. Minute Rice absorbs *all* the liquid and flavor. . . packs a taste-thrill no other rice can boast. Serves 6.



**HEARTY MAN-SIZE MEAL . . . IN 15 MINUTES!**

Minute Rice Dinner Plate. Here's a delicious dish that would take *twice* the time and *three* times the effort with oldtime rice! See how quick and easy it is with amazing new Minute Rice! Just start a pre-cooked ham steak frying; dump Minute Rice into water, bring to a boil and remove from heat. While it sits 10 minutes, cook Birds Eye Green Peas. An appetizing, perfect meal!



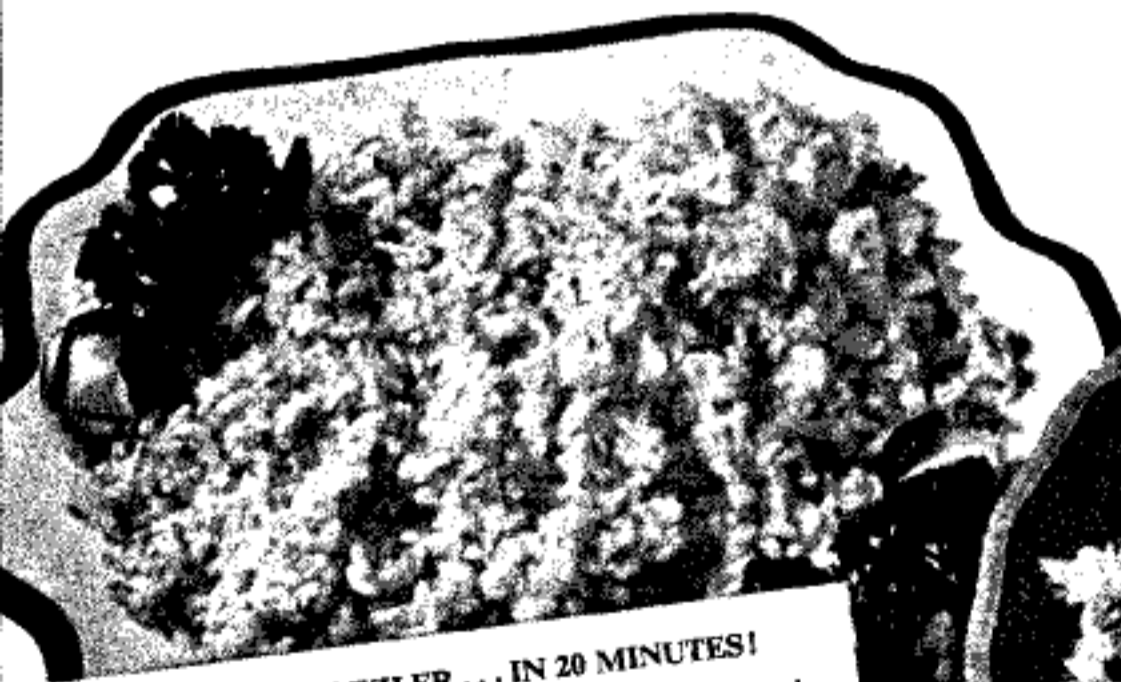
**PRE-COOKED RICE IN A PACKAGE—**

It's new! It's quick!  
It's heaven!

- ★ NO WASHING!
- ★ NO RINSING!
- ★ NO DRAINING!
- ★ NO STEAMING!
- ★ PERFECT RICE EVERY TIME!

Something sensational has happened! Now you can serve fluffy, perfect, *snow-white* rice with *NONE* of the tiresome preparation.

Minute Rice is fancy long-grained rice, *pre-cooked* by a patented process. You dump it in water, bring to a boil! No more cooking needed! With this amazing Minute Brand product, you can fix a feast in jig-time!



**COMPANY DAZZLER . . . IN 20 MINUTES!**

Tangy Orange Rice. Wonderful with duck, ham, chicken! Cook 1 cup diced celery and 3 tablespoons diced onion in ¼ cup butter till tender. Add 1½ cups Minute Rice, 1½ teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon sugar, 1 cup water, ¼ cup orange juice. Bring to full boil, cover, remove from heat, and let stand 10 minutes. Add 2 teaspoons grated orange rind and fluff. Now *all* the orange flavor is in the rice! Now—taste lusciousness that *only* Minute Rice can give you! Serves 4 or 5.

**SUNDAY NIGHT SNACK . . . IN 15 MINUTES!**

Olive Rice with Tomato Rarebit. And only Minute Rice can make it so *fast* and good! Dump 1½ cups Minute Rice in 1½ cups water, add ¼ teaspoon salt, and bring to full boil. Remove from heat, let stand, covered, 10 minutes. Heat a can tomato soup, add 2 cups grated sharp cheese, ½ teaspoon mustard, cook and stir till cheese is melted. To rice, add ¼ cup chopped stuffed olives, 2 tablespoons butter. Serve with sauce. Serves 4.



For perfect rice  
without the work  
\*\*\* pre-cooked

# MINUTE RICE

BRAND

A Product of General Foods





## For Christmas giving

BY PHYLLIS MACDONALD

Everybody loves the whiff of cookies baking in the oven, the excitement of making and wrapping candy.

Here are some easy-to-make, extra-special treats you can prepare ahead, to have on hand at home or to wrap and give away. Everyone will say thank you, too, if the recipe's typed on the gift card.

For made-in-a-jiffy candy that would keep for a long time if it weren't so good, try:

### FRUIT-MALLOW SLICES

1 cup seedless raisins	top milk
1 cup semi-sweet chocolate pieces	1 cup chopped walnuts
16 marshmallows	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup toasted shredded coconut
2 tablesp. cream or	

Rinse raisins; drain and dry thoroughly. Place choco-

late, marshmallows, and cream in top of double boiler; place over boiling water; cook, stirring often, until chocolate and marshmallows are melted and mixture is smooth and creamy. Remove from heat; stir in raisins, nuts; mix well. Pour onto waxed paper or aluminum foil; form into roll about 2" in diameter. Roll in coconut. Let stand overnight. With sharp knife, slice into  $\frac{1}{8}$ " slices. Makes 30 to 40 slices.

For the youngsters, here's something different.

### PEPPERMINT LOLLIPOPS

1 lb. marshmallows	1 pkg. (about 4 cups) ready-to-eat puffed cereal
$\frac{1}{3}$ cup butter or margarine	1 lb. peppermint-stick candy
1 teasp. vanilla flavoring	

Heat marshmallows, butter, over hot water till melted and smooth. Add vanilla and cereal; blend thoroughly.

# For Christmas giving (Continued from preceding page)

Let stand few minutes to thicken and cool slightly. (Mixture remains quite sticky.) With buttered hands, form into balls about 2" in diameter, and press firmly. Roll in crushed peppermint candy. Place each ball on end of peppermint stick or wooden skewer; press gently all around, to form lollipop. Let stand ½ hr. for easy eating. Makes about 2½ doz. Store in cool, dry place.

You'll vote these a year-round favorite.

## PEANUT-BUTTER RIBBONS

1 cup sifted enriched all-purpose flour	packed
½ teasp. baking soda	½ cup peanut butter
½ teasp. salt	¼ cup water
½ cup shortening	1 cup uncooked rolled oats
¾ cup brown sugar, firmly	1 pkg. semi-sweet chocolate pieces, melted

Heat oven to 350° F. (moderate). Into bowl, sift together flour, soda, salt. Add shortening, sugar, peanut butter, water. Beat with spoon until smooth. Blend in oats. Spread half of dough in greased 11" x 7" baking pan. Cover with melted chocolate pieces. Roll remaining dough between 2 sheets waxed paper to fit pan. Remove top paper; turn dough over chocolate. Bake in 350° F. oven 30 to 35 min. Cool; cut into 24 bars.

If desired, frost tops of bars with another package semi-sweet chocolate pieces, melted over low heat.

And here's a cookie to make any assortment look gayer and more Christmasy.

## THUMBPRINT COOKIES

½ cup shortening	purpose flour
¼ cup brown sugar, firmly packed	¼ teasp. salt
1 egg yolk	1 egg white
½ teasp. vanilla flavoring	¾ cup finely chopped pecans
1 cup sifted enriched all-	Red jelly

Mix shortening thoroughly with next 3 ingredients. Sift flour with salt and stir it in shortening mixture. Heat oven to 375° F. (moderately hot). Roll dough between palms of hands into 1" balls. Beat egg white slightly. Dip balls into egg white; roll in pecans; then place 1" apart on ungreased baking sheet. Bake at 375° F. 5 min. Remove from oven. Quickly press thumb gently on top of each cookie. Return to oven; bake 10 min. longer. Cool on wire cake rack. Place a bit of melted red jelly in thumbprint. Makes about 2 doz.

It's nice to have a cookie dough you can drop or roll, particularly when the results are so good.

## PEANUT-BUTTER COOKIES

½ cup shortening	⅛ teasp. baking soda
3 tablesp. peanut butter	2 cups sifted enriched all-
1½ cups granulated sugar	purpose flour
2 eggs, well beaten	¼ teasp. salt
⅓ cup chopped peanuts	

Work shortening and peanut butter with back of spoon until fluffy and creamy. Add sugar gradually, continuing to work with spoon until light. Add eggs; stir well. Combine peanuts with soda, flour, and salt, which have been sifted together; add. Mix well, and shape into balls about ¾" in diameter. Arrange on greased

cookie sheets; press flat with bottom of small water glass covered with piece of damp cheesecloth. Or press with tines of 4-tined fork. Bake at 400° F. 10 to 12 min. Makes about 5 doz.

If you prefer, roll dough ¼" thick between 2 sheets of waxed paper; cut out with floured star, Santa, tree, or other Christmas cookie cutter. For an extra touch, sprinkle with colored sugar (page 253) before baking.

Here's a cookie we're repeating by request. It's been a Christmas favorite of our readers for years.

## DUTCH COOKIES

6 tablesp. shortening	1½ teasp. cinnamon
¼ cup granulated sugar	1 cup chopped walnuts
3½ cups sifted enriched all-purpose flour	2 cups seedless raisins
3 teasp. baking soda	½ cup preserved citron, cut up
½ teasp. salt	1 cup molasses
½ teasp. ground cloves	¼ cup sour milk
½ teasp. ground nutmeg	

Cream shortening with spoon until fluffy and creamy. Add sugar gradually, continuing to work with spoon until light. Sift together flour, soda, salt, and spices. Into this, mix nuts, raisins, and citron. Add to sugar mixture alternately with combined molasses and milk. Shape dough into 2 rolls about 7" long. Wrap each roll in waxed paper; chill in refrigerator several hours, or until firm enough to cut. Cut into slices ⅜" thick; place on greased cookie sheets. Bake in moderate oven of 350° F. about 15 to 18 min. Makes 3 doz. Stored in covered cookie jar, they stay fresh for several weeks.

For something that's a little more work but worth every minute of it, make these.

## BLACK-AND-WHITE MERINGUES

3 egg whites	1 cup chopped blanched almonds (½ lb.)
1 tablesp. vinegar	4 sq. (4 oz.) coarsely
¼ teasp. salt	grated unsweetened chocolate
1 cup sifted granulated sugar	1 pkg. semi-sweet chocolate pieces
1 teasp. vanilla flavoring	
½ teasp. almond flavoring	

About 1 hr. before making meringues, separate eggs; leave whites in bowl at room temperature, so they beat to good volume. Heat oven to 250° F. (slow). Grease cookie sheets well. Beat egg whites, vinegar, and salt with hand or electric beater until stiff enough to stand in moist (not dry) peaks when beater is raised. Slowly beat in sugar, about 1 tablesp. at a time. Fold in vanilla, almond flavoring, almonds, and grated chocolate. Drop from teasp., 2" apart, on greased cookie sheet. Bake at 250° F. (slow) 30 min., or till done. Remove at once with broad spatula; cool on cake rack. Makes about 60 cookies.

**Chocolate Topping.** Melt 1 pkg. semi-sweet chocolate pieces in top of double boiler. Cool slightly; then spread on half of each cookie in (Continued on page 253)

→  
The promise of licking the bowl, of patting, rolling, and cutting out Christmas cookies, means just as much to today's little folks as it did in Great-Grandmother's time

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL DUMFRIES



# Susan's scalloped oysters



## WHAT SUSAN USES

2 doz. (about 1 qt.) raw oysters	¼ teasp. pepper
4 slices enriched white bread	2 tablesp. light cream
¼ cup "butter"	1 teasp. Worcester- shire sauce
½ teasp. salt	Dash cayenne
2 tablesp. sherry or light cream	

**1.** First, Susan starts heating oven to 425° F. (hot). Then she turns 2 doz. raw oysters (or thawed, packaged frozen fresh ones) into strainer set over bowl. She goes over them one by one, taking each oyster between her fingers to remove any bits of shell. Then she puts them into a bowl.



**3.** Now she's ready to melt ¼ cup butter or margarine in medium saucepan. Then she adds toast pieces, tossing them until well coated with butter. Next, in bottom of greased shallow baking dish, 10" x 6" x 2" (there'll be only 2 layers of oysters), Susan arranges a third of buttered toast pieces.



**4.** Next, with spoon, Susan arranges half of oysters over toast pieces. Then, in measuring cup, she combines the ¼ cup oyster liquid, ½ teasp. salt, ¼ teasp. pepper, and 2 tablesp. light cream or top milk with 1 teasp. Worcestershire sauce, dash cayenne, and 2 tablesp. sherry or light cream.





**2.** Now Susan sets aside  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup liquid strained from oysters. Then, in her electric toaster, or under broiler, she toasts 4 bread slices (regular or thin) until golden. With kitchen scissors, she snips these—crusts and all—into measuring cup. There are 2 cups of toast pieces in all.

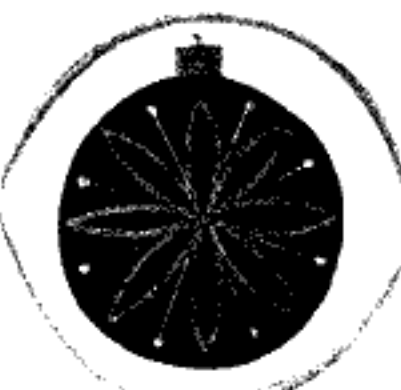
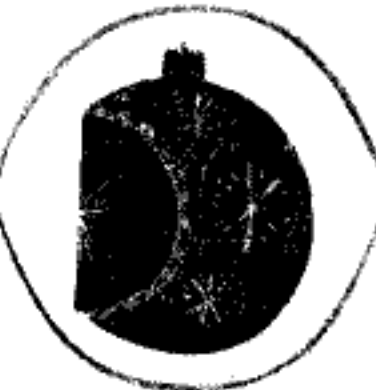
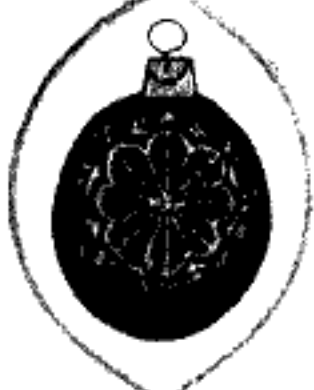
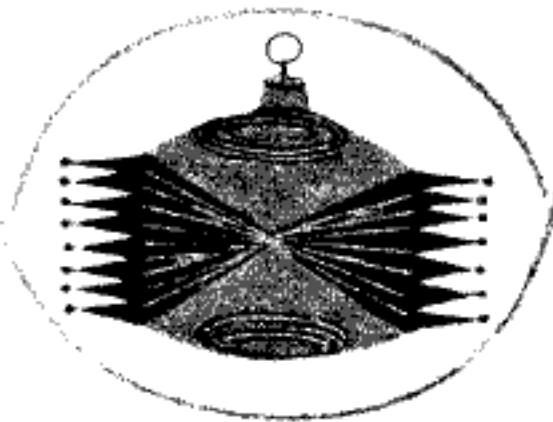
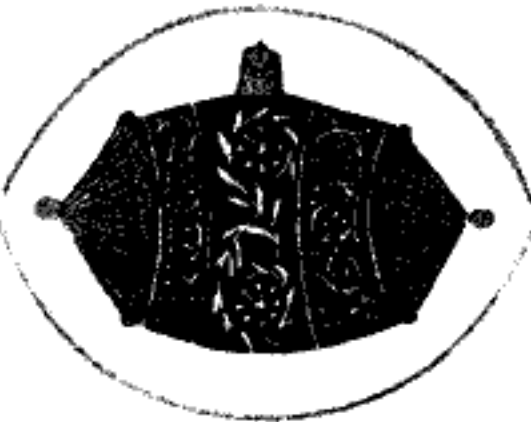


**5.** Susan pours half of this luscious sauce over oysters. Next comes a third more of toast pieces. Then, after arranging rest of oysters as next layer, Susan pours remaining sauce over all. For top layer, she sprinkles the last third of toast pieces over oysters—some oysters peek through.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. WILLIAMS

**6.** Susan's scalloped oysters need only 30 min. baking at 425° F. However, sometimes she serves baked potatoes with them. Then she scrubs white potatoes, rubs them with salad oil, and starts baking them 30 min. before oysters go in oven. A crisp bacon curl tops each potato just before serving.



# A MERRIER CHRISTMAS WITH HER DISHWASHER



*After four years of everyday use of an automatic dishwasher, I've almost forgotten what it would be like to go through Christmas or any day without it*

BY HELEN W. KENDALL

No matter how clever a hostess she is, a woman will have a merrier Christmas if there's a dishwasher in the house. The hostess whose kitchen is shown on the opposite page is leisurely saying good night to her guests, without a thought to the kitchen cleanup. She knows that most of the dishes are clean, sparkling, and in the cupboard. The last big lot is in the dishwasher, ready to be put away—or left, depending on her energy. About all that remains is the punch bowl, a cake plate, and a few glasses, and these don't bother her a bit. She can either set the dishwasher going again or leave them to be done with the breakfast dishes. Care-free entertaining like this is possible only with good management of a de-luxe, automatic dishwasher.

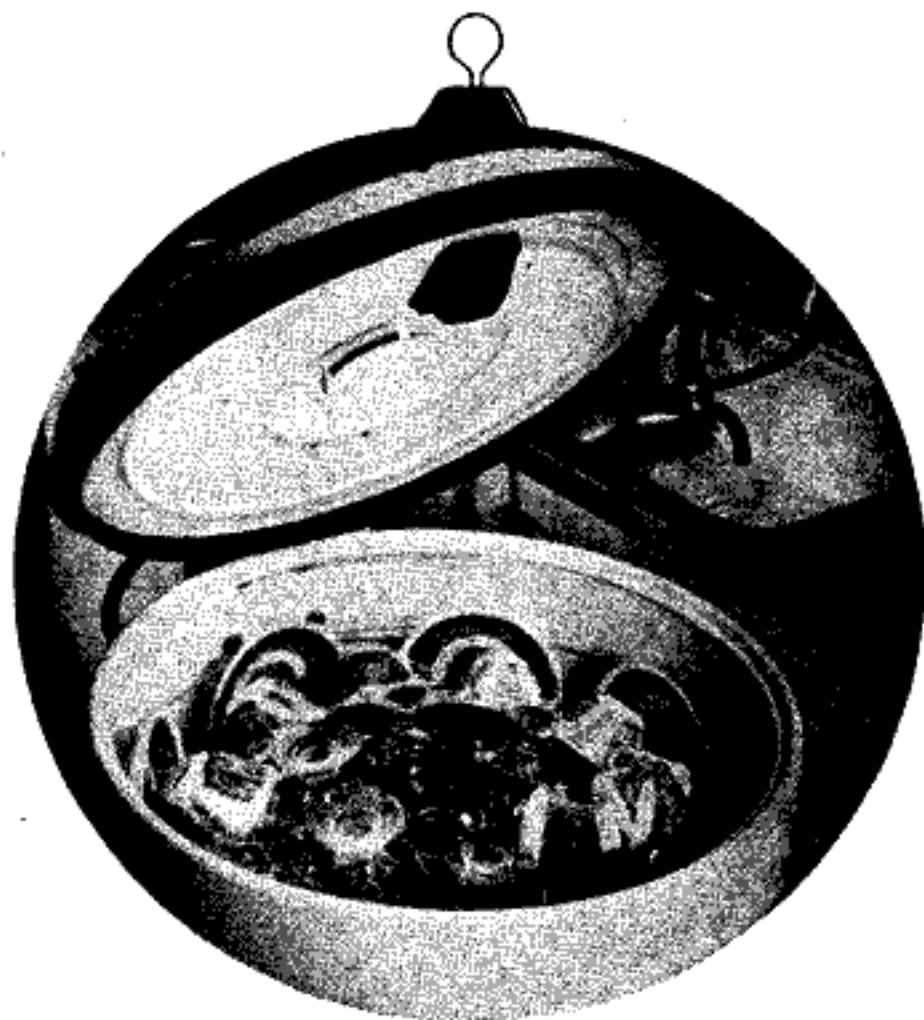
Party use of a dishwasher is different from everyday, family use, because there are many more dishes and many different kinds. Salad bowls, odd-shaped relish dishes, and trays must be fitted into any available space in the dishwasher when it is not filled with more conventionally shaped pieces, such as plates, cups, and saucers. The best method is to immediately put into the dishwasher every glass or dish you or your guests take to the kitchen. You can do this so quickly and noiselessly that your absence will hardly be noticed. Start the dishwasher when it is full. By the time another load of dishes has accumulated, the first set will be clean and dry. If you follow this procedure, the dishes will be clean and the kitchen in order when the party is over.

The automatic dishwasher for you is the one that best fits into your kitchen layout and has the features you prefer. As there are only about half a dozen leading makes, you can easily look the whole field over. But be sure to make your final choice from the dishwashers sold by nearby and dependable dealers. Then you are sure of good service.

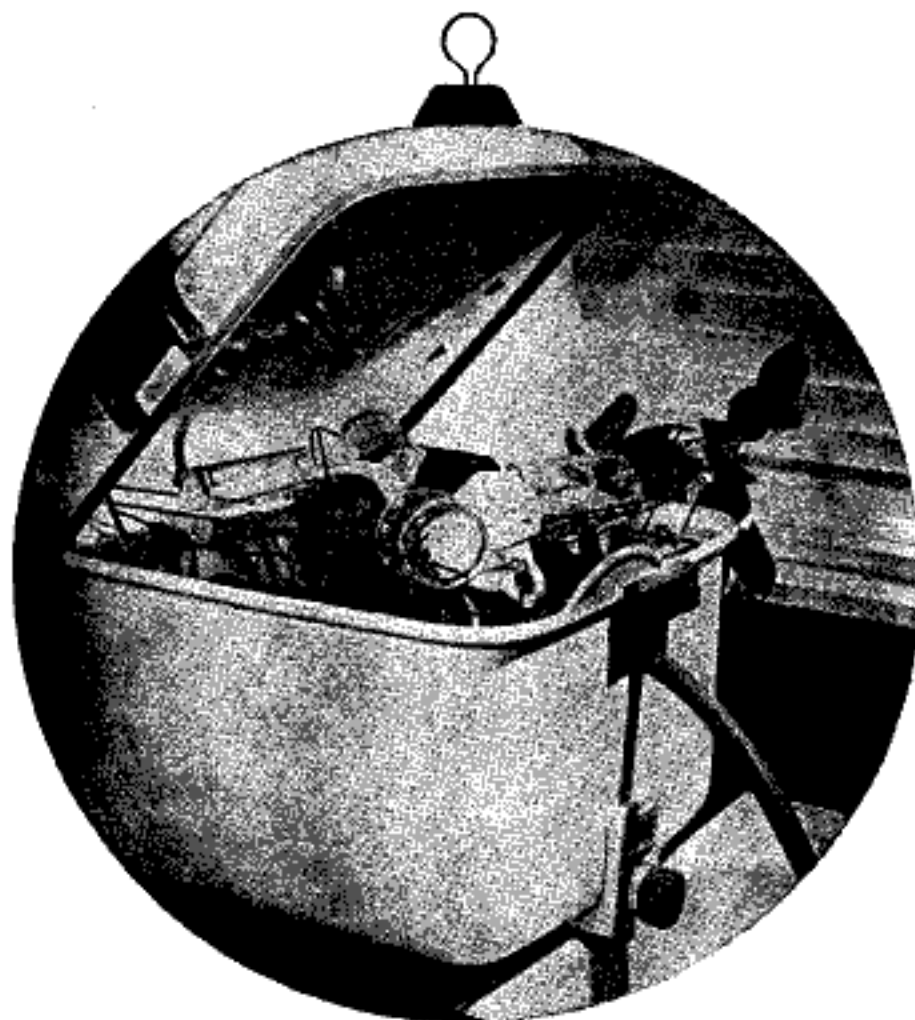
If you need a new sink, consider a model that combines dishwasher, sink, and perhaps a garbage disposer. There are also self-standing dishwashing units and those installed under a counter top.

As hot water is such an important part of machine dishwashing, a model that heats its own water or boosts the temperature of your regular hot-water supply should be considered—especially if you have any doubts about the adequacy of your household water supply. The amount of hot water is not so important as its temperature. Dishwashers actually need relatively little water compared with automatic clothes washers, for example—rarely more than six gallons for both washing and rinsing. But the water *must be hot*. Our experience has shown that tap water of less than 150° F. is so reduced in temperature by the time washing actually starts that it does not do an entirely satisfactory job.

Dishwashers differ in their drying principle, too. In some, dishes dry merely by the water's evaporation after the cover automatically pops open, which works fine when the water is very hot. In others, heated air is blown over the dishes.



LARGE-SIZED PORTABLES



A PORTABLE FOR FOUR

Families who live in rented homes or who are not ready to invest in a large, permanently installed dishwasher can enjoy freedom from dishwashing with a portable, large-capacity dishwasher. A portable dishwasher can be kept in any convenient place in the kitchen; for use, roll it in front of the sink, attach the fill hose to the hot-water faucet, and hang the drain hose over the sink. This type of dishwasher is comparatively low in cost and is adaptable to small quarters.

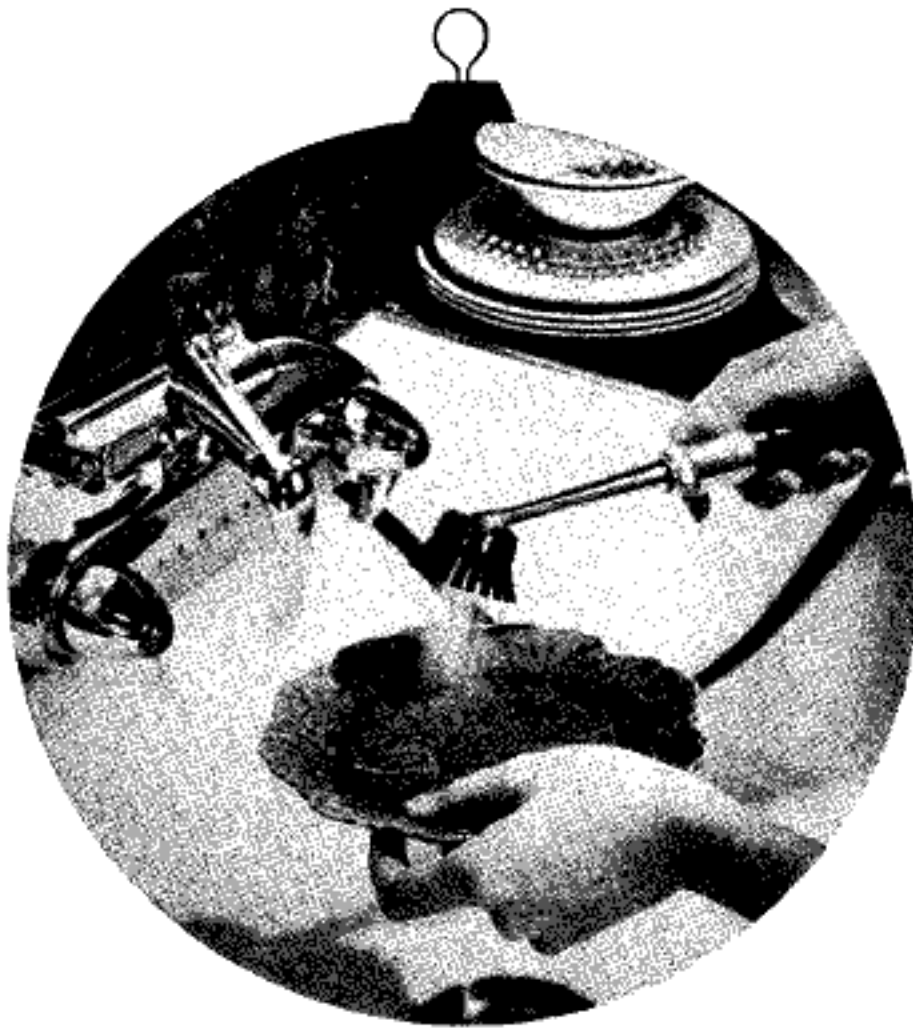
We have investigated three of these portable dishwashers. The one shown above will wash all the dishes from a typical meal for six people. It offers complete flexibility in use, for you decide how long you want each washing and rinsing operation to be. However, it does automatically measure the right amount of water for each step. Another dishwasher (not shown here) doubles as clothes washer merely by interchanging the inner tub. Its operation is similar to the dishwasher just described, though it is not portable in the sense it can be moved from one side of the room to the other. The third large portable has some unusual features. First, it is rectangular, so it fits well in a corner. Second, it is automatic and goes through the wash and rinses without any timing or attention. It stops automatically, too.

With these portable dishwashers, as with all dishwashing machines, food remaining on dishes, particularly when it has dried or hardened, should be removed before the dishwashing operation begins. Careful scraping helps a lot, of course, but we see no reason for complaining about holding the dishes, silverware, etc., under the faucet for just a second or two. It's a simple way to be sure the dishes will be clean.

A couple or a small family living in quarters with no floor space for a dishwasher don't need to be tied down to hand washing, which for even a few people can become monotonous. The portable dishwasher for four (shown above) has its own motor; racks designed for holding plates, saucers, cups, silverware, etc.; and a rubber hose for filling from the faucet. As the dishwasher water has to drain into the sink, this machine must be used on a drainboard or table next to the sink. For complete convenience, this portable dishwasher should have a permanent place on the drainboard or table; otherwise, the job of lifting it up and down may become irksome. Also, there must be an electric outlet nearby. With careful attention to such details, you'll soon wonder why you put up with washing dishes by hand.

Small portable dishwashers that operate by water power also are available. The one we worked with was light and easy to handle; while smaller in capacity than other models, it is a real help in washing dishes. Unlike other dishwashers discussed here, this one does not require a special dishwashing detergent. It operates best with a sudsy detergent—the dishpan kind.

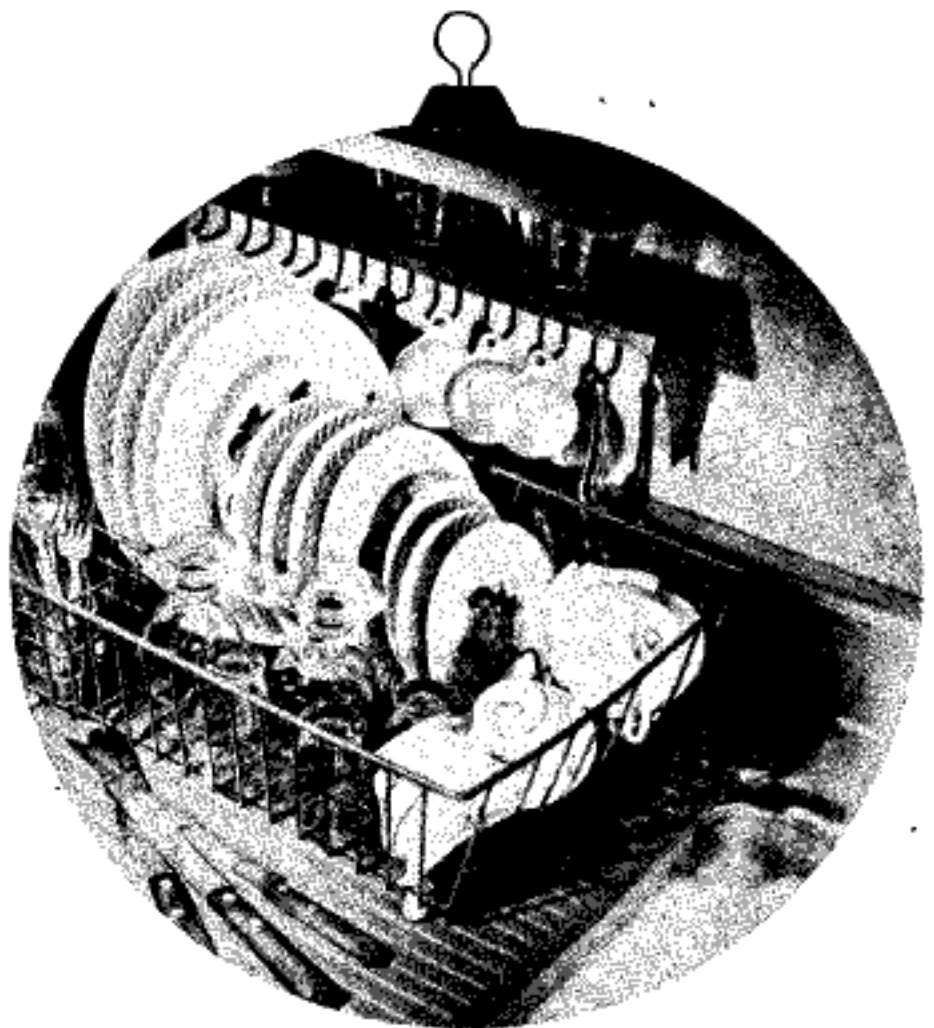
With portable dishwashers that drain into the sink, pots and pans can be cleaned with the hot wash water as it runs from the dishwasher. Our use and observation of small drainboard dishwashers convince us that they have just as important a place in the small household as large, permanently installed ones have in larger kitchens. With very hot water and the right detergent, dishes and glassware are washed so thoroughly that no matter how fine a housekeeper you are, we'll wager you'll grant the dishwasher outdoes you.



**FAUCET DISHWASHER**

Every once in a while we hear comments from housewives that the only sanitary way to wash dishes is under running tap water. This method does have the advantage of fresh, clean water for every dish, but a brush or sponge rubbed on a cake of soap is the only way to get suds. This principle has been applied to faucet-dishwashing devices by many manufacturers, but until the one shown above came along, we never found one that was completely satisfactory. This sturdy, beautifully tooled dishwashing device is designed to replace the faucets on your sink. It has a tank for holding the detergent supply and a hose of convenient length and flexibility. A nylon brush for dishes or a wire brush for pots and pans is attached to the hose. Merely pressing a button produces suds for cleaning china and glassware; releasing it lets hot, clear water flow through the hose, for rinsing. To save yourself as much work as possible, you must have a roomy dish drainer, so that the clean, well-rinsed dishes can drain dry and be put away without toweling. A dishwashing device like this makes fast work of all the hard dishwashing jobs—cleaning broiler pans and roasters, etc. It has several other advantages: There is no splashing, because of the aerated suds; there's no soaking of hands in dishwater; and you can run water from the faucets at any time.

This addition to the kitchen sink is more than a dishwasher. It does a fine job of flushing the sink, particularly when it contains leafy bits, sand, coffee grounds, or grease. You can direct the spray into any corner and use water as hot as you like. The spray is an excellent vegetable washer, too, for with clear, cold water you can scrub and spray the vegetables until clean.



**BETTER DISHWASHING**

There is no budget so limited that dishes can't be washed by some method that isn't out-and-out drudgery. An inexpensive but gay dish-draining rack with its own tray is a good start. If you look closely at the one above, you'll see how roomy the tray is. When the rack is filled, the tray can be used for extra pieces. As we see it, this combination has just about everything. The tray catches water and directs it into the sink, so you don't have to worry about its dripping onto the floor; and the neoprene coating won't peel or soften from grease, soap, or dishwashing cleansers. The coating deadens sounds, too, and can't chip dishes.

For super sparkle and speedy dishwashing, use one of the new dishwashing products. The liquid ones, in attractive bottles, are a new adventure in dishwashing, and modern packaged soaps and detergents quickly suds and cut grease. And when you clear the table, put order into your cleanup job. Make use of a serving cart or tray to save trekking back and forth from table to sink, and use a rubber plate scraper to clear the dishes before stacking them. Use paper towels generously to remove grease and clean the sink. If you use the sink as a dishpan, never get your dishwater ready until you have cleared the table, put away the food, and stacked the dishes.

Washing pots and pans is no harder than washing dishes if you use two tricks beforehand. One is to fill pans with warm water and a little detergent the moment they are emptied of food, so they can soak during meal-time. The second is to make use of up-to-date pot-and-pan cleaners. Steel-wool pads with soap scour, clean away crusty food, and at the same time brighten.

# This year give

**We present a few gifts to fire your imagination and inspire the really perfect gift—the one she wants**

**BY LEE CHAPMAN**

1. An exciting new brand of tableware that never tarnishes or has to be polished, because it's made of stainless steel. It comes in several patterns, is smart-looking and in good taste for simple or festive occasions. An entire service for six in the compartment tray shown here costs in the neighborhood of \$30.

2. One of these utensils may be just the thing to fill that gap in her kitchenware. The pressure cooker is smaller than average—three-quart capacity—and maybe she's been wanting just such an extra cooker for vegetables. The skillet is unusual, too. It's made of so-easy-to-clean stainless steel, with a heavy aluminum bottom for even browning. The glass teakettle doubles as a teakettle. As for the little copper pipkin, it's almost too pretty to use, but nothing is nicer for drawn butter.

3. Here's a baker that makes a whopping big waffle—enough to serve four people nicely. The waffles it bakes are crisp and golden brown. You can make waffles the moment the package is opened, for grids are preseasoned.

4. What's the condition of her toaster? If it isn't a modern, automatic one that turns out perfect toast, she'll be thrilled with one like this, in a set for entertaining.

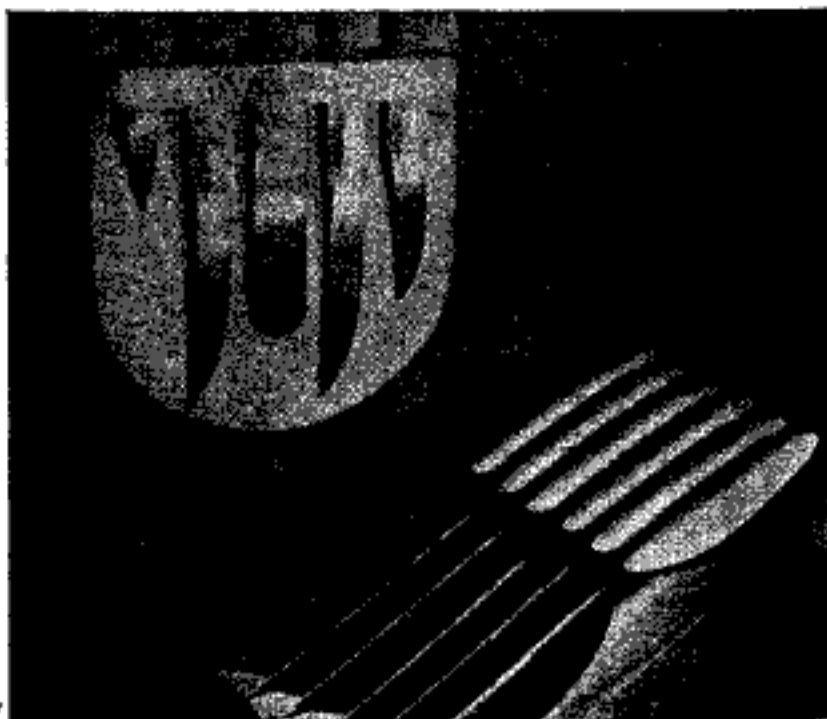
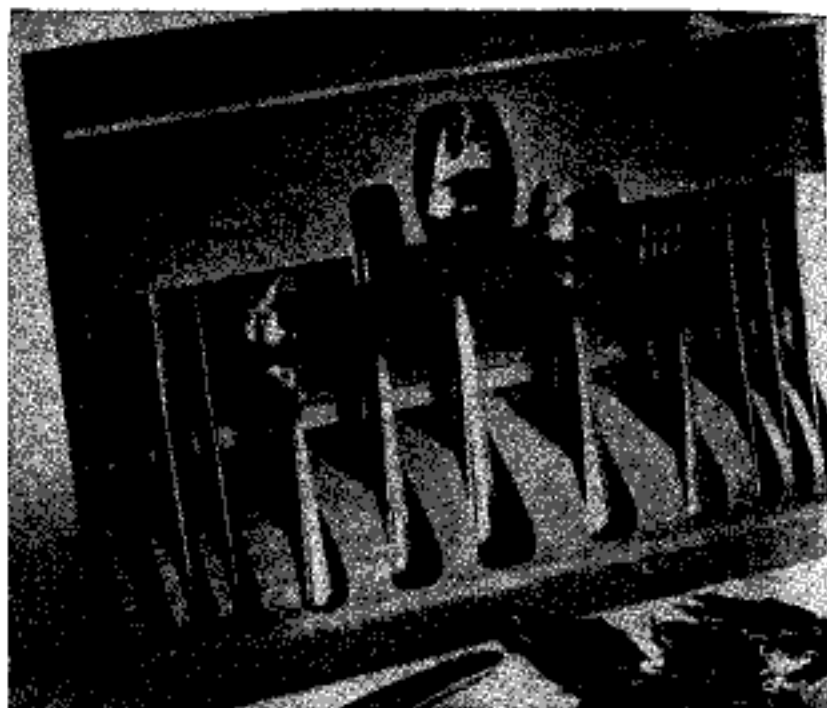
5. A fancy cookie press has recently become a pastry press, too. The direction booklet is filled with recipes for interesting cookies and dessert treats. One we've used again and again is Cheese Straws. We like to draw the dough over an ungreased cookie sheet in a serpentine effect and cut after baking.

6. For a gracious hostess, two newly designed gifts in beautiful sterling. The large server is for pie and cake, the smaller one for cheese. Each piece has a sharp, well-defined cutting edge. The silver pattern is lovely enough to harmonize with traditional or modern table settings.

7. Two rather unusual selections in the cutlery line. Six steak knives with very sharp blades and nylon handles, snuggled in a case for protection. The fine assortment of knives for kitchen use comes in a handy wall rack.

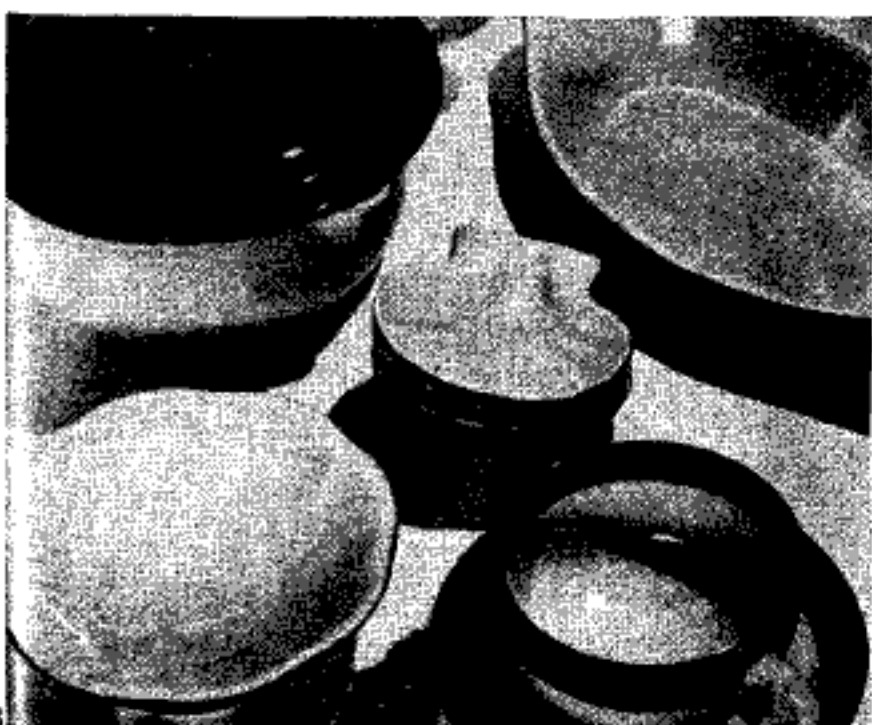
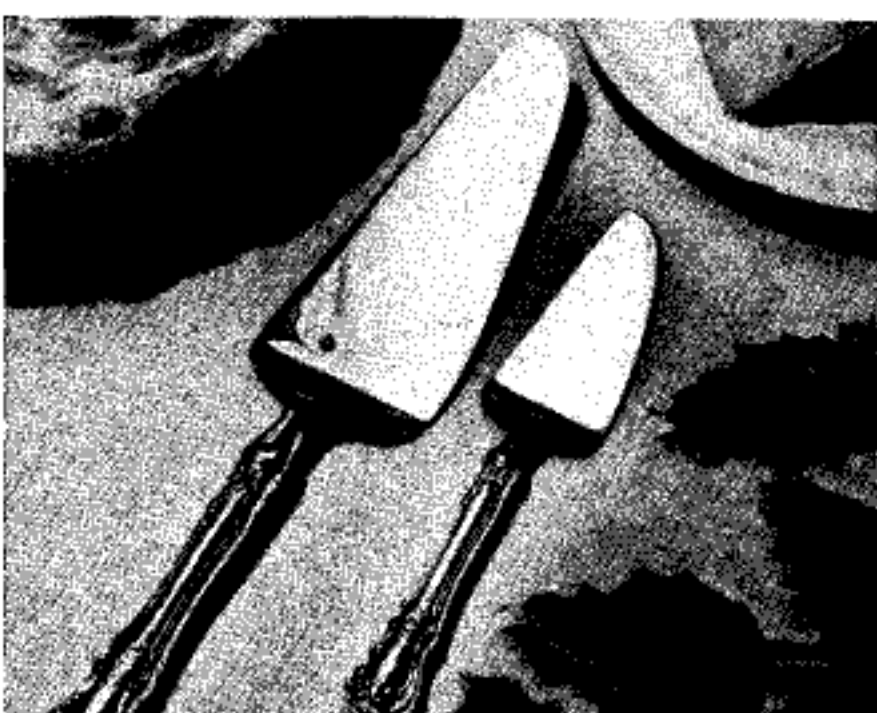
8. These pieces are unique, because it is unusual to find ovenware china, glazed both inside and out, in homespun shapes. The rich beige-and-brown color combination adds charm, too, to a complete line of cooking- and serving-ware. Typical pieces shown here are peasant-style casserole, shells, oval platter, chop-suey dish, and mammoth coffee cup.

9. In our home visits, we find too many women using outmoded irons. So, while a new iron doesn't seem like a very Christmasy gift, there's many a hard-working mother whose energy would be spared by a well-designed, lightweight, automatic iron. An extra-large soleplate is an outstanding feature of the convenient iron shown here.



# her just what she wants

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TREMONT



# Holiday get - togethers

**These menus—fancy enough to be  
festive, yet simple enough to work well  
even in the midst of confusion—  
have been planned for easy cooking, so  
you'll enjoy Christmas with the family**

**BY GENEVIEVE CALLAHAN**

## **S**ATURDAY DINNER *(In the Oven)*

Roast Loin of Pork or Baked-Ham Slice  
Spinach Casserole\*  
Rye Bread  
Peanut-Butter Coleslaw\*  
Lucky-Almond Rice Pudding\*  
Coffee

## **S**UNDAY BREAKFAST *(Late and Hearty)*

Sliced Oranges or Frozen Concentrated Orange Juice  
Waffles Sausages or Little Hamburgers  
Honey Heated Table Syrup Jam  
Milk Coffee

## **C**HRISTMAS-EVE SUPPER *(Easy To Prepare and Serve)*

Best Potato Soup\*  
(Served in good-sized bowls)  
Big Sea-Food Salads Pickles  
Strips of Cheese Toast Buttered Toast  
Coconut-Stuffed Baked Apples\*  
Coffee

## **C**HRISTMAS BREAKFAST *(With Dad Taking Over)*

Tomato Juice  
Favorite Cereal with Milk  
Dad's Special Eggs in Cups\*  
Toast Jam  
Milk Coffee

## **C**HRISTMAS DINNER *(As Most Families Seem To Want)*

Individual Grapefruit-and-Green-Pepper Salads  
French Dressing  
Celery Paprika Crackers  
Roast Turkey\* Stuffing Giblet Gravy  
Riced or Mashed Potatoes  
Golden Onions\* Buttered Green Beans  
Whole-Cranberry Sauce  
Mrs. Peterson's Meringues with Ice Cream and  
Crushed Fruit\*  
Coffee

## **A**FTER-CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON OR SUPPER *(Either Buffet or Table Service)*

Holiday Turketti\* Heated Crisp Rolls  
Alma's Lime-and-Horse-Radish Salad Molds\*  
Celery Carrot Sticks  
Fruitcake Slices and Holiday Cookies  
Coffee

*\*Recipes for starred dishes appear in this article*





## RELIMINARIES

Make out your grocery list, and market for non-perishables early in the week. Clear out the refrigerator as much as possible. Have perishables delivered Friday afternoon or early Saturday. Plan table decorations, etc., in detail.

### SATURDAY MORNING

*(Enlist help for intensive kitchen campaign)*

1. Make rice pudding, using egg yolks; save whites for meringues. Put Spinach Casserole together, ready to bake, while rice cooks. Also make Golden Onions, ready to reheat and add carrots. Chill all.

2. Make meringues. Meanwhile, get fruits, vegetables, celery, salad greens, etc., washed and tucked away in refrigerator, along with canned tuna and shrimp for Sunday's salads, and frozen green beans and berries for Christmas dinner. Start cranberry sauce, or use canned sauce.

3. Start turkey preparation. Cube or crumble bread for stuffing. Cook giblets, neck; chill.

### SATURDAY DINNER

1. At proper time, roast pork at 350° F., allowing 2 to 3 hr. for 3- to 5-lb. pork-loin roast, or about 1 to 1½ hr. for a 1"- to 1½"-thick slice of uncooked mild-cure smoked ham.

2. About 50 min. before serving, put Spinach Casserole in with pork. Set table.

3. Just before serving, make Peanut-Butter Cole-slaw. Get coffee ready.

### CHRISTMAS-EVE SUPPER

1. About 1½ hr. before supper, prepare Coconut-Stuffed Baked Apples and start baking them. Then pare and dice potatoes; peel and mince onions; start cooking them for Best Potato Soup.

2. Arrange salads of canned tuna and shrimp with celery and onion on lettuce. Set table, making it as gay and attractive as possible.

3. Finish soup. Make and "butter" toast in kitchen, or make right at table. Start coffee.



## RECIPES

Meringues look so glamorous and taste so good (that is, when they are good) that they appeal to both hostess and guests. I had been pretty well satisfied with the ones I had made until I ate some made by a wonderfully good cook, who, as a child, learned to make them in Sweden. They were tender and delicate, firm but not hard or tough outside, and soft inside.

Though these meringues take almost 45 min. to mix, it's easy going because it's done in an electric mixer. Here's the recipe, complete with "secrets." Long (but not too long) beating, so every sugar granule is dissolved, yet meringues are not broken down; long, slow baking, to dry them out to just right degree; light, not airtight, covering during storage.

### MRS. PETERSON'S MERINGUES

¼ teasp. salt	1 teasp. vinegar
6 egg whites	1 teasp. vanilla
2 cups granulated sugar	flavoring

Saturday morning, add salt to egg whites. Beat with electric beater at low to medium speed until mound dropped from beater is stiff enough to hold shape. Begin

### CHRISTMAS DINNER

1. Right after breakfast, remove turkey from refrigerator. Make stuffing; stuff and truss bird. Start roasting (see chart, page 252), or put back in refrigerator till ready to roast. (This will depend on time you are planning to serve dinner.) Chop giblets and neck meat, ready for gravy; refrigerate.

2. Set table. Take frozen berries out of refrigerator to thaw slowly.

3. About 1 hr. before dinner is served, enlist a helper. Pare potatoes; start cooking. Start heating onions in sauce; grate carrots for them. Arrange salads, ready to add dressing. Start cooking frozen beans.

4. Place turkey on platter and let it stand on top of oven (this makes carving easier). Start gravy. Mash or rice potatoes; season; place in hot casserole; store in oven. Season beans. Pour dressing over salads. Bear everything proudly to table.

### AFTER-CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON OR DINNER

1. Day before serving, make salad molds. Also put together Turketti; refrigerate.

2. After breakfast on day of luncheon, make carrot sticks; clean celery; chill both. Set table attractively (if more convenient, serve meal from buffet table).

3. About 1 hr. before serving, start baking casserole. Arrange fruitcake and holiday cookies on pretty plate; cover with waxed paper or aluminum foil.

4. For buffet service, unmold salads on big platter; refrigerate until ready to put on table with hot casserole. For sit-down service, unmold salads on cookie sheet; refrigerate. Just before calling guests to table, transfer to dinner plates and have in place on table when luncheon is served.

5. Heat rolls in oven, bun warmer, or top of double boiler. Start coffee.

6. With everything ready, bear all to buffet table. Or have a helper pass the casserole of bubbling-hot Turketti, for each to spoon onto plate beside salad. When first course is removed, bring on dessert plates and plate of fruitcake and cookies to nibble with coffee.

adding sugar, about 2 tablesp. at a time, beating about 2 min. after each addition. (This takes about 30 min.) Start heating oven to 275° F. (slow). Add vinegar and vanilla to meringue; beat about 10 min. longer, at high speed. Drop by fat spoonfuls on buttered baking sheet; bake at 275° F. 45 min. Turn heat down to 250° F.; bake 15 min. longer, or until creamy white, delicately firm to the touch. Remove to rack; cool. Cover lightly with waxed paper or aluminum foil; store until needed.

To serve, break each meringue apart as you would a biscuit; fill lower shell with ice cream; top with spoonful of fruit or chocolate sauce; replace top. Makes 18 to 24 meringues.

In Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, the traditional dessert to be served on Christmas Eve or on Twelfth-night (January 6), or for Christmas breakfast, is a rice pudding containing one almond. The lucky finder of the almond is to be the next one married, or if too young for that, to receive some special good fortune. Such bits of family fun are well worth carrying on or reviving. This Lucky-Almond Rice Pudding, adapted from Scandinavian recipes, is a good one to serve at holiday time or any festive occasion. (Continued on next page)



**LUCKY-ALMOND RICE PUDDING**

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 3 cups milk                               | ½ teasp. powdered cardamom (or nutmeg) |
| ¾ cup raw regular or processed white rice | 1 teasp. grated lemon rind             |
| 2 tablesp. butter or margarine            | 2 eggs or 4 egg yolks, well beaten     |
| ¼ to ½ cup granulated sugar               | 1 unblanched almond                    |

Saturday morning: Heat milk in double boiler. Wash rice; add to milk. Cover; cook 1 hr., or until tender, stirring several times with fork. Then add butter, sugar, cardamom, rind; carefully stir in eggs; cook, stirring, 1 min. Remove from heat; add almond; pour into serving bowl; chill. Serve with cream or crushed fruit (frozen raspberries or strawberries). Makes 6 servings.

These little salads are as good to eat as they are to look at—and that's saying a lot! The combination of emerald crowns on fluffy pale-green mounds, with the gold and green of pineapple and lettuce, makes a lovely picture. What is more, the jellied salads are delicately flavored, tender, and "quivery," as good gelatin molds are supposed to be. A star on your holiday menu.

**ALMA'S LIME-HORSE-RADISH SALAD MOLDS**

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1 pkg. lime-flavored gelatin dessert                               | radish                                   |
| 2 cups hot liquid (syrup drained from canned pineapple plus water) | ½ cup mayonnaise                         |
| 1 tablesp. bottled horse-  | 6 slices canned pineapple from No. 2 can |
|  | Lettuce                                  |

Day before serving, dissolve gelatin dessert in hot liquid. Rinse 6 individual molds (stars are nice) and fill a third full with lime gelatin; chill until firm. Chill remaining until it is partially thickened; beat with rotary beater until fluffy. Add horse-radish and mayonnaise; beat just enough to blend. Spoon over firm gelatin; chill. Unmold and serve on pineapple slices on lettuce. Pass mayonnaise or French dressing separately. Makes 6 servings. Nice for a party.

Though the holiday spirit continues after Christmas Day, there may be a letdown feeling. But you're sure to make a hit with this tasty casserole, which looks so Christmasy. You'll be pleased when you see how easy it is to put together.

**HOLIDAY TURKETTI**

- |                                   |  |
|-----------------------------------|--|
| 2½ cups 2" pieces spaghetti       | 2 cans condensed cream-of-mushroom soup, undiluted |
| 3 to 4 cups diced cooked turkey   | 1 cup turkey broth                                 |
| 1 cup diced cooked ham (optional) | ¼ teasp. celery salt                               |
| ½ cup minced pimento              | ¼ teasp. pepper                                    |
| ½ cup minced green pepper         | 1 grated, peeled small onion                       |
|                                   | ¾ lb. grated aged Cheddar cheese                   |

Day before serving, cook spaghetti in boiling salted water until barely tender; drain; rinse with hot water; drain well. Combine with remaining ingredients, saving 1 cup grated cheese to sprinkle over top of mixture. Taste; add more seasonings if needed. Pour into 3-qt. casserole or 2 smaller ones. Sprinkle remaining cheese on top. Chill.

About 1 hr. and 25 min. before serving, heat oven to 350° F. (moderate). Bake casserole, covered, at 350° F. about 1 hr., or until heated through. Makes 8 to 12 servings. (About right for 12 girls or 8 boys.)

**SPINACH CASSEROLE**

- |                                 |                               |
|---------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 2 pkg. frozen chopped spinach   | 2 eggs, beaten                |
| ¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese    | 2 tablesp. minced onion       |
| ½ cup undiluted evaporated milk | ½ teasp. monosodium glutamate |
|                                 | ½ teasp. salt                 |
|                                 | Dash pepper                   |

Saturday morning, cook frozen spinach as directed on package. Drain; cool slightly; add remaining ingredients; mix well. Pour into greased 1½-qt. casserole. Chill. About 1 hr. before dinner, heat oven to 350° F. (moderate). Bake spinach casserole, uncovered, at 350° F. 45 to 50 min. Makes 6 servings. (Continued on page 250)

**THERE'S MORE TO EATING THAN FOOD**

During the holiday season the efforts of all are bent toward good cheer, happy thoughts, and enlivened activities. Even those with heavy hearts in these days strive to find a break in the clouds. Hearty meals for whetted appetites are enjoyed with gayer spirits than usual. Yes, the zest of the season enhances still further the good food of millions of families.

But what about the rest of the year? Too often we make breakfast a hurried "duty meal," or let the burden and troubles of the day encroach upon the dinner-table atmosphere. A little planning can easily make available the extra five or ten minutes to transform breakfast into a more cheerful start for the day. And a conscious putting aside of the day's problems during the evening meal can make it a most pleasant hour—in fact, one of the best of the day for the mental and physical rejuvenation of all members of the family.

Though we eat primarily to fulfill the need for body nourishment, the atmosphere of enjoyment, good will, and lively conversation will always be a vital part of every meal. It is an essential mental accompaniment to good physical nutrition. Don't we remember dinners by the happy time we had while the roast was being carved?

So let us practise, throughout the coming year, the maxim "Happy meals make for good digestion." There is nothing to be lost and much to be gained in recognizing that man truly does not live by bread alone. Too many learn this too late.

Merry Christmas!

*Albert A. Schaal*



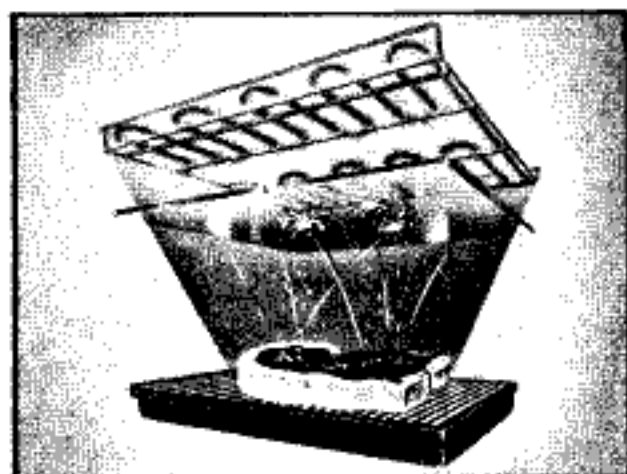
## No More of This!

No Smoke, No Soot  
 No Stain with this  
 amazing new  
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**PHILCO ELECTRIC RANGE!**



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**DIONE LUCAS** of the world-renowned Cordon Bleu Cooking School says: "It's wonderful how *clean* your kitchen keeps!"



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You've never known another range that offered you so much—because there's never been another like it! With this wonder Philco you actually *broil under glass*—without smoke, soot or stain in your kitchen or on your range.

And results! Prepare yourself for the thrill of a lifetime! Because everything you broil—steaks, chops, chicken, fish—will have a succulent, full-bodied flavor as never before!

Tested and acclaimed by experts! Makes any woman a better cook! Even makes *good* cooks better!

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And imagine! These new Philco Electric Ranges give you a *double* oven at the price you'd expect to pay for only a single one. Just think of the convenience of being able to roast in one oven and bake in the other at the same time!

Now, whether you play Santa to someone else or to yourself—don't delay! See these wonderful new Philco "Broil-Under-Glass" Electric Ranges *now!*

9 Beautiful Models — for any size kitchen — any size purse

**PHILCO** *Broil under glass* **ELECTRIC RANGES**



# LOOK! LEWYT VACUUM CLEANER A CARPET SWEEPER TOO!



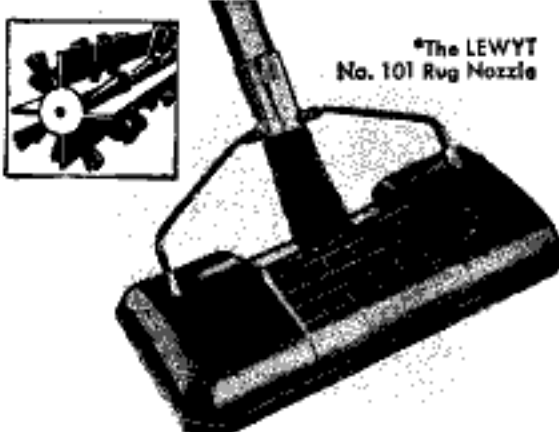
**WITH THE LEWYT**, it's the world's first high-suction Rug Nozzle with a revolving brush! Its pick-up of embedded dirt, threads, even dog hairs will astound you! So much lighter, quieter, easier rolling, too! Self-cleaning; self-adjusting—perfect for "highs-and-lows" in sculptured carpets!

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 CITY \_\_\_\_\_  
 COUNTY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

## Joy Street

(Continued from page 65)

official who decides to enlarge his department."  
 "I'm sorry, Mr. Mills," David said. "I don't want to leave without your approval."  
 "It isn't a question of approval. It's a question of my consent. I won't give it."  
 "Then I'll have to go without it."  
 "If you do that, you'll leave for good."  
 "Do you really mean that, Mr. Mills?"  
 For a moment Mr. Mills hesitated. He was aware that he had perhaps gone too far; David Salomont was a great asset to the firm. But having taken a stand, Mr. Mills could not retreat from it. "Yes, I really mean that," he said.  
 "Very well, sir. I'll try to leave everything in good order. Good night, sir."  
 "Good night," muttered Mr. Mills.

**BY THE** next afternoon, everybody at Cutter, Mills, and Swan had learned that David Salomont was leaving the firm. All the members of the staff, with the exception of Roger, had come to express their regret. David was dwelling on this omission, wondering whether it had any significance, when Roger appeared on the threshold.

"I've been trying to get in here all afternoon," he said, "but I've been going around in circles. And I've got a devilish headache, so I'm starting for home. But I did want to tell you that the news about your leaving was a shock, David. No one can take your place."

"Oh, nuts!" David answered.  
 "I mean it. I wanted to tell you how much you'll be missed," Roger said.

"Well, thanks a lot," David said. Roger Field really was a well-meaning guy; it was a pity his good intentions did not prevent him from being a blunderer and a bore.

"Also," Roger persisted, "I wanted to ask you to come to the house some evening before you leave. Perhaps we could have a little farewell party."

"It's nice of you to think of it, but I expect to work late every evening this week. Besides, have you consulted your wife about the party?" David asked. "Don't you think it would be a good idea to find out whether she'd like it?"

"I can telephone, but it isn't necessary. We've seen hardly anything of you lately, and I know Emily'd be sorry not to see you before you go." Roger reached for the telephone on the desk as he spoke.

David put out a restraining hand. "Don't think I'm not appreciative," he said, "but I have got a lot to do here. I'd like to drop in on you some evening after I have finished."

"All right. I'll tell Emily to expect you. We're nearly always home. Good night, Dave. And best of luck."

"Good night. Thanks again."  
 Roger went out, and David could hear his footsteps. The footsteps were slow; they suggested extreme weariness.

In his mind, David followed those slow footsteps across the Common. It would not occur to Roger to take a taxi home, no matter how tired he was; like most Bostonians, he would walk, just out of habit. And when he reached home, the house would be darkened, to keep it cool; the furniture would be slipcovered, in conformity with Boston custom.

David's thoughts went ahead of Roger, to the garden Emily had made of her back yard. And to Emily. He had been



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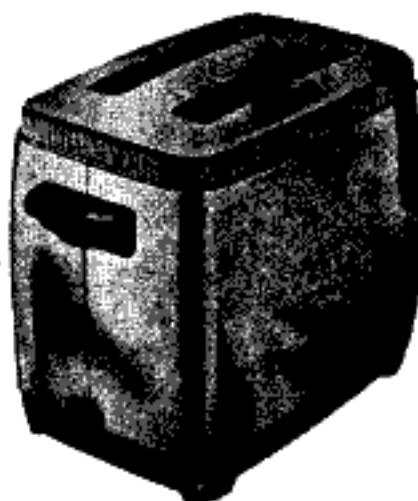
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attracted to her from the first; and that she had been attracted to him flattered him, considering her upbringing. Her indignation at the first advances he had made to her, and her refusal to compromise with her conscience by seeing him afterward, impressed him.

He had tried many times to explain to himself why he had not seized his chance to conquer when circumstances had flung her into his arms. They had all been spending the winter holidays at Emily's aunt's home, in Vermont. David and Brian's bedroom adjoined Emily and Roger's. But on New Year's Eve, Emily was alone in her room. Roger had had to return to Boston on business, and because Emily had sprained her ankle, she could not accompany him. David, too, was alone that night. Brian had driven Roger to the station and had been caught in a blizzard when he reached town.

During the storm, the wind blew open the door connecting Emily's and David's rooms. Almost at the same moment, each of them got up to close it. They met at the threshold. But David's actions had been simple enough then. He had merely put his arms around her. If he had not, she would have fallen: her sprained ankle could not support her.

"Let me get my arms under you," he said. "Put your arms around my neck."

"The door—" she began.

"Don't worry about that. I'll close it as soon as I get you back to bed."

Obediently, she put her arms about his neck, and as he picked her up, he could feel the trembling of her whole body. The room was bitterly cold; she must have been half frozen in her lacy nightgown and robe, for her teeth were chattering. Somehow he resented her quivering; it robbed the situation of allure.

When he put her on her bed, he kissed her. But the kiss was only a light caress. For him, it was an anticlimax.

"You were told to stay in bed for three or four days and give that ankle of yours a chance to get well," he said, looking down at her as he might have at a child. "You are not to get up again until the doctor gives you permission. If you need anything, ring that cowbell Liz left with you. The door won't blow open again."

**N**EARLY eight months after this episode, David still could not resolve the reasons for his behavior. Emily's trembling could not in itself have been responsible, nor could her crippled condition, which was vaguely distasteful to him. The conquest he had visualized had been one of a proud and glowing woman, not a shivering, broken one.

He did not like to use forcefulness as such; he saw it only as a means to an end. He would never have wished to take advantage of illness or fright or the violence of a storm. The woman he had pictured must become his because her desire for him was as uncontrollable as his for her. Such overwhelming mutual desire and its splendid fulfillment would have needed no artificial *raison d'être*.

There was, perhaps, still another explanation. Although he might dismiss the thought of Roger most of the time, he could not do so all of the time. He knew that Roger did not like him, and why; but this dislike had not kept Roger from telling David that he would be missed, and wishing him Godspeed. There was something so essentially fine about Roger Field that it illumined his otherwise



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unprovocative person; it also innumed his attitude toward his wife. If David undermined this relationship, the consciousness that he had done so might be persistently disturbing.

Even if there had been no question of Roger, there remained the question of Emily herself. There was no doubt whatsoever that if she were unfaithful to her husband her sense of guilt would be almost unbearable. This, communicated to David, would destroy all pagan delight in possessing her. Emily could never be a light of love; though she might be sinful, she could not be casual. Perhaps some submerged instinct had warned him of this and kept him from kindling flames he could not extinguish.

Yet, as he sat thinking of all these things, he suddenly knew it would be very hard to say good-bye to Emily. The image that rose before him in the gathering twilight was lovely. He saw the portrait of a lady, highly bred, intelligent, and sensitive. He saw also a woman ready for love and ripe for motherhood, whose capacity for great emotional experience had never yet been fully tested and whose barrenness was a reproach and a waste.

"Good Lord!" David exclaimed, unaware that he was speaking aloud. "Am I falling in love? Really in love? Have I fallen in love with her already? Is that the reason I couldn't—"

It was unbelievable but true. The feeling that swept through him now bore no resemblance to any he had previously experienced. It was compounded of elements that had hitherto been alien to him: tenderness, admiration, understanding, a longing to protect as well as possess, an awareness that integrity must be the cornerstone of any enduring relationship, a consciousness that physical communion was incomplete unless it was beatified with spiritual communion.

When he finally left the office, it was with the conviction that before he left the city he must see Emily and tell her what was in his heart.

WHEN, a few days later, he stopped at Joy Street, he found Emily alone in the little garden.

"Why, David!" she said. "How are you? Won't you sit down? What can I offer you?"

"I'm very well, and I'd like very much to sit down," he said. "Didn't Roger tell you that I might drop in?"

"Yes, he did. But I think he forgot to tell you that this is his drill night."

"I see. Yes, I suppose he thought I knew his drill night. I should have, but I didn't." He wanted her to know he was telling the truth. "You believe me, don't you, Emily?" he said.

"Yes, I believe you didn't make a point of coming when you knew Roger wouldn't be here, because if that had been what you wanted, you'd have done it long ago."

"I see. And I think your reasoning's very logical, Emily."

As if she felt that nothing further needed to be said, she relapsed into silence. David, however, felt she had provided him with an opening to approach the subjects he wanted to discuss.

"I can be completely sincere, too, Emily. And I'm going to be. I don't want to leave Boston feeling there's any misunderstanding between us."

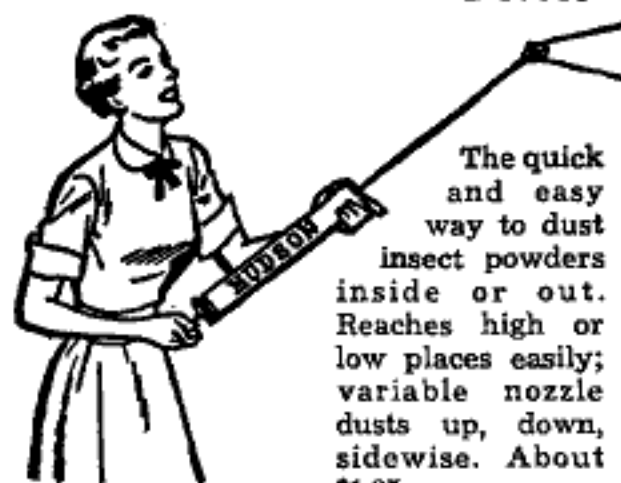
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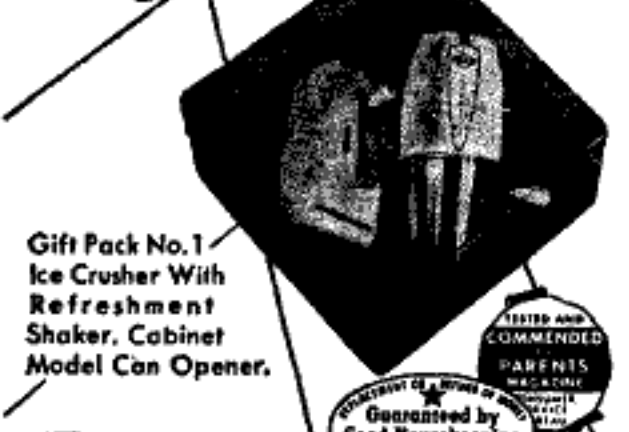
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Emily, that sometime I was going to make love to you again—really make love to you.”

“I’m sorry,” Emily said, rising, “but if you talk that way, David, I can’t stay here and listen to you.”

“Please stay. I’m not going to make love to you. I want to explain certain things to you.”

Something in his tone impelled Emily to sit down again.

“It’s like this,” he said. “I did mean it when I told you that someday I’d make love to you. I thought then that I could. But I was mistaken in what I said. I found I couldn’t.”

“You mean you found you didn’t want to.” She spoke scornfully and started to get up again. But the sincerity with which he spoke stopped her.

“Get this absolutely straight, Emily. The night of the storm, I didn’t want to. I didn’t want to take advantage of your accident and Roger’s departure and a banging door to set the stage for an adventure. Can’t you see that?” He leaned forward and took her hand. “Can’t you?” he persisted. “Don’t say yes, if you can’t; but don’t say no, either, if you don’t mean it.”

He had to wait for an answer, but when it came, it was the one he wanted.

“Yes,” she said at last. “Yes, I see that. I feel better now. I suppose my pride was hurt when you left me. You’d told me you wanted me and made me believe you; then when I realized you didn’t, that you didn’t want me *enough*, I couldn’t help thinking— However, you still haven’t explained—”

“I’m going to. After that night in Vermont, I began to think things through. I wanted to find out what—well, what the *whole* score was. It’s been a long, slow process and a hard one. Because I didn’t *stop* loving you, Emily. I began to love you for the first time.”

She looked up at him and drew a quick breath. But she did not try to free her hand.

“IT WASN’T love before,” he said. “It was something much more powerful and passionate than that. Something that’s a normal and vital part of love between a man and a woman. But only a part. By itself, it isn’t really love.”

“No,” Emily said in a low voice.

“When I really began to love you, that part of my feeling for you didn’t weaken. But it took its place among the other elements that make up love. And then I realized we mustn’t let things get out of hand. I couldn’t bring shame and suffering to you, Emily. And you would have been ashamed. You would have suffered.”

“Yes,” Emily said, almost in a whisper.

“So—I take back what I told you. I’m not going to make love to you. But I can’t go away without saying I love you. I don’t think I have a right not to tell you. If things had been different, if they ever could be different— But they can’t be. Probably it’s better that they shouldn’t be. Roger’s a good guy. He’s your kind. He’s worth ten of me. And that’s what I wanted to tell you before I went away. Good-bye, Emily.”

He raised her hand to his lips and then got up and walked toward the garden gate. As he was lifting the latch, he turned, and Emily knew that if she held out her arms he would have come back. But instead, she bowed her head. She could not let him see the yearning in her face. She heard him say “Good-bye,

Emily” again, and this time she thought he added “darling.” Then he was gone. . . .

In her living room, Priscilla listened to David without interrupting him. It was the Sunday following David’s last meeting with Emily. He had gone to Cape Cod to say good-bye to Priscilla before leaving for Washington. The girl was silent for so long that David finally said, “A penny for your thoughts, Pris.” He tossed a penny into her lap.

She picked it up and turned it over several times, still without speaking.

“Look here, no cheating. Give!”

“All right, you asked for it. Couldn’t I go, too?”

“Go, too! Go where?”

“Washington, of course.”

“Why?”

“Because you’re going to be there, of course. What makes you ask such a silly question?”

“I didn’t think you were such a silly girl. And where would you live in Washington?” he asked.

“You seem to forget that I have an uncle in Washington. If I went to live with Uncle Russell, I could be his hostess.”

David was fast becoming appalled. Priscilla had this thing far too well mapped out.

“You don’t seem to like that idea,” Priscilla said calmly. “But I’ve got another one. You and I could get married.”

“Why, you little baggage!” he exclaimed. “The idea of making advances to me like that!”

“They’re not improper. I’m not asking you to have an affair with me. I wouldn’t be interested. But I’d like to marry you. And it isn’t a new idea. I’ve had it quite a while.”

David was terrified and took refuge in being sincere. “Priscilla, you’re mistaken. I’m very fond of you, but I’m not in love with you. And there’s no chance I ever will be.”

“I don’t see why you’re so sure.”

“There are quite a number of reasons. But even if there weren’t, I wouldn’t ask you to marry me. Remember, I’m a Jew.”

“I’m not interested in your religion.”

“It isn’t a question of my religion. It’s not fair to subject you to the kind of treatment you’d get if you were married to a Jew. You don’t know what it’s like to be told there isn’t any room in a half-empty hotel. But I do. You don’t know what it’s like to be automatically barred from membership in a club. But I do. You don’t know—”

Priscilla interrupted him. “Maybe I don’t know, but I don’t care, either. What difference would it make?”

“You’ve never been face to face with such conditions. If you had, you would see the difference.”

“David, I had no idea you felt this way.”

“HOW else would you expect me to feel?” he asked savagely. “I said you wouldn’t understand, because you’ve never been in my place. But you’d understand all right if you were married to me.”

“I’m not stupid. Honestly I’m not. I suppose I seem stupid to you, because you’re about the brightest person who ever lived. But I’m as bright as the average. I know I’m ignorant, but I can learn. I’d learn to be a good housekeeper. I’d make you comfortable.”





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David was silent for a moment and then said, "I don't know why I told you all this. I ought not to have done it."

"Of course you should. People don't talk about things like that to just anybody. They only talk about them to people they like." She looked up at him, her whole being awake with love.

In spite of himself, David was deeply moved. It had not occurred to him that she had really fallen in love with him. Only one trump card remained in his possession, and at last, unwillingly, he decided to play it. He must undo the unwitting wrong he had done her.

"Priscilla, I've told you why I couldn't marry you. There's another reason. I didn't want to mention it, but you force me. I'm in love with someone else."

"You can't be!" she cried. "If you were, you'd marry her."

"I can't."

"Why can't you? Is she married?"

Unbelievably, he was the one to turn away from the searching question.

Priscilla went on relentlessly. "Then why don't you have an affair with her?"

"Because I am in love with her."

"What about divorce?"

"There isn't any excuse for one."

"I suppose you expect me to pretend I haven't the slightest idea who this mysterious lady is. If you won't have an affair with her and there's no chance of a divorce, what are you waiting for? A dead man's shoes?"

The ugly question came as a shock, the greater because it revealed a secret truth. David's denial lacked weight because it lacked candor.

Priscilla looked at him for a few moments. Then she said, "If that's the way things are, I think you'd better leave here. You can say you've been suddenly called back to Boston. No one will care."

She ran quickly out of the room. He did not follow her, and he did not try to see her alone again. Back in Boston, he put everything for which he was responsible in perfect order, and he immediately departed for Washington.

EMILY seldom went to bed before Roger came home; he generally found her in the library. Therefore, he was surprised one evening, returning from the armory, to find that the library was empty. Upstairs, Emily opened the door leading from one of the unfurnished rear rooms behind their own room.

"Hello!" he said. "What are you doing?"

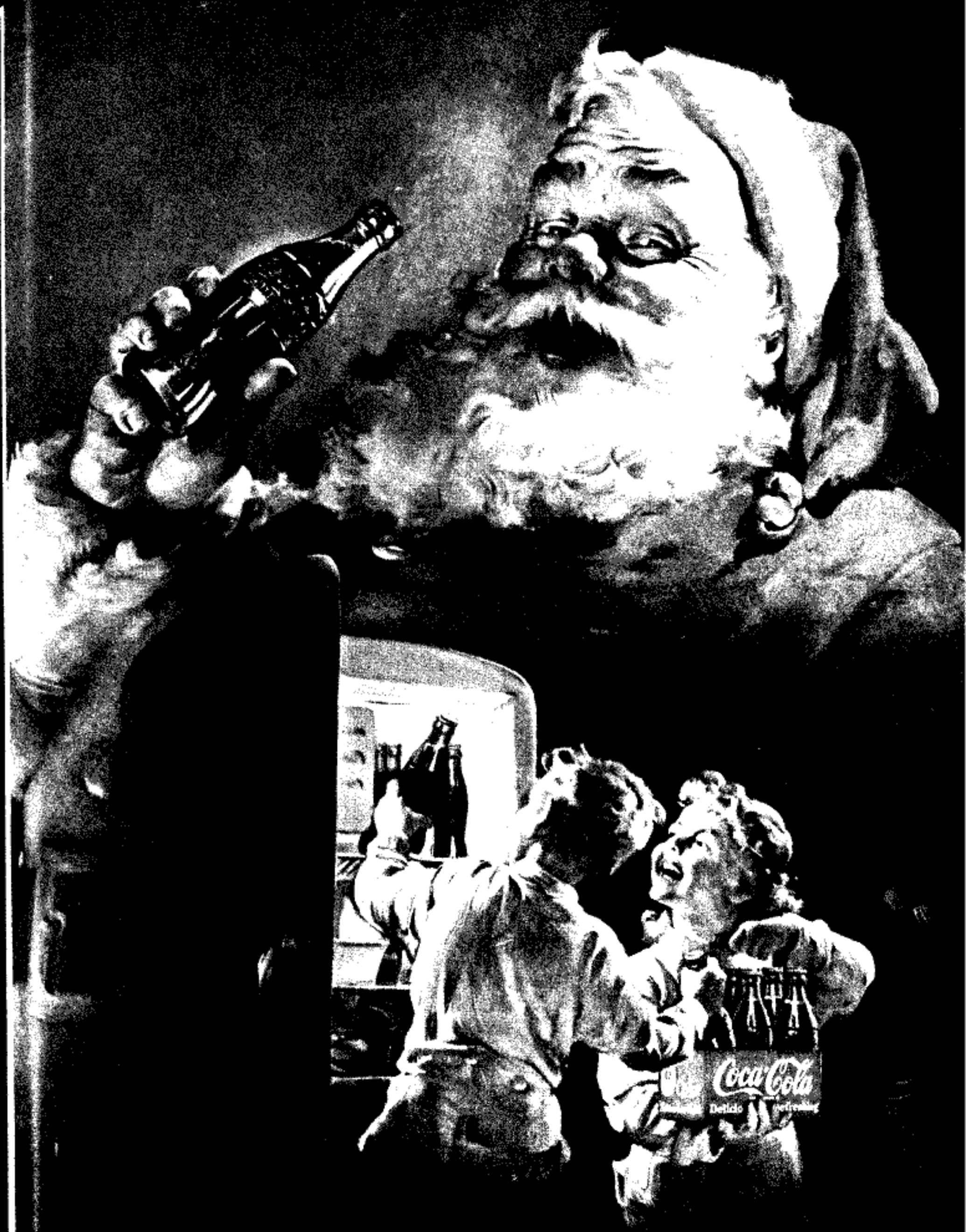
"I've been looking over those back rooms and wondering about fixing up one of them as a sort of boudoir."

For a moment he did not answer. He had had the impression that Emily was saving the rear rooms for nursery purposes. Now he caught the implication that they were never going to need a nursery. He tried to suppress his pang of disappointment.

"Why, of course! I think the idea's amusing. I don't believe there are many boudoirs on Beacon Hill."

"Perhaps I should have said an upstairs sitting room."

"Well, what's in a name? I think you should have a room that's yours and not ours, just as I have. I don't see why neither of us thought of it before. But now there's something I want to talk to you about. We were told at drill tonight that the National Guard's to be inducted into the Army. Married men may withdraw, if they want to, before the others go to Camp Edwards."



“For Santa”

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"That's what you wanted to talk to me about?"

"Yes, darling. I want to know how you feel about my not withdrawing."

"How do you feel?"

"Well, it isn't as if you were dependent on me. And it isn't as if we had a family. I think when there are children—"

Suddenly he saw those empty rear rooms as Emily had seen them; suddenly he realized her need for making them less vacant.

"You know I'm going to tell you to go," Emily said. "I'd be ashamed, too, if you didn't. It might be different if you had to support me or if we had a family. But since you don't, since we haven't—" Her voice broke.

He put his arms around her, comforting her as he had done so many times before, telling her, as he had told her so many times before, that it was too soon to give up hope—and knowing that his words carried no conviction, because he had given up hope himself.

**T**HE ARMY doctor laid down his stethoscope and scribbled a few lines on a card labeled "Field, Roger."

"You say you've been subject to bronchitis, sergeant?"

"Well, I've had it several times—a number of times."

"I was afraid so. You quite obviously have chronic bronchiectasis. There's also a slight murmur. I can't pass you."

"You mean I can't go to Camp Edwards with the others?"

"I'm sorry," the doctor said. But he was already glancing at the next man.

Roger had put in a very hard day. He had been working on a difficult case. He knew he would put in still harder days, continuing to work on it. No one would suggest that he was not well enough to do that. And he would not be able to talk the case over with Pell, as he had done in the past. Because Pell would be at Camp Edwards. Pell had already been examined and passed without question.

Brian had, of course, registered for the draft. It was ten to one, he told Roger, that his number would never come up and that if it did, this would mean only a few weeks of pleasant outdoor life.

Brian had been preoccupied with politics since early fall, when he had been nominated in the primaries. His registration for the draft had not affected his campaign, and he had won, hands down. In January he took his seat in the General Court, and from then on, his presence in the office was necessarily subject to the interruptions caused by his attendance at the legislative sessions of the House. The partners could not object; in spite of his absences, he continued to handle his cases. Also, no one was available to take his place.

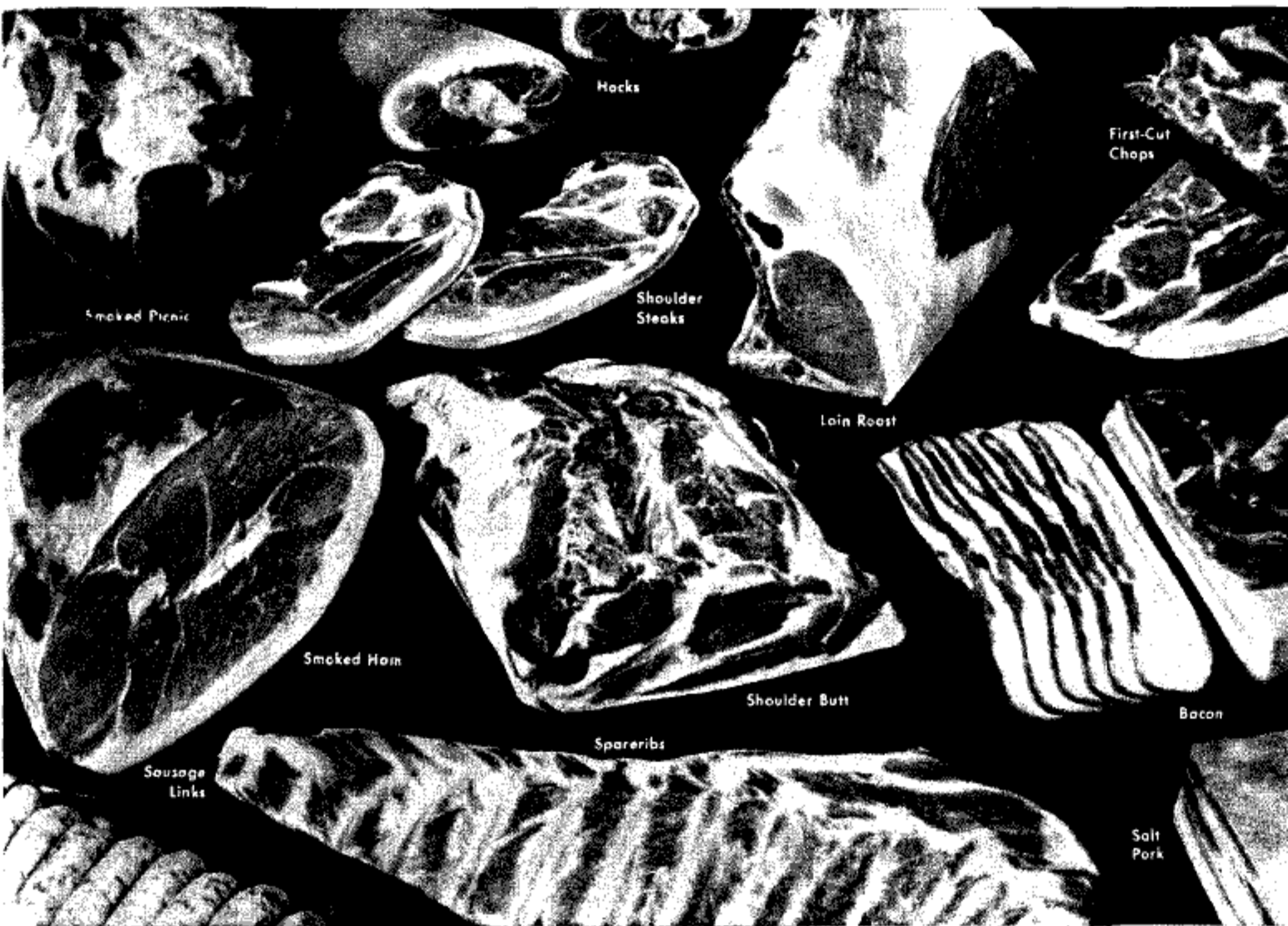
Sometimes Mr. Cutter admitted that Roger Field was turning out to be a good deal more capable than they had expected. He had brought in the Sears account as well as the Forbes account. He was successfully handling any number of minor cases without asking for help or advice from anyone; and he was not doing at all badly with some major ones. Besides, no one could say that Field was not a worker; it was generally he who closed shop at night.

When Emily went into her grandmother's library the day following Roger's rejection by the Army, the old lady realized that Emily's visit had a definite purpose.

Nourishing **MEAT** *Yardstick of Protein Foods*

# Good Picks in Pork

that help you make the most of America's vital meat supply



Here's timely news about meat—Pork is more plentiful. And when you take full advantage of this season's fine pork crop now reaching your market, you help to make the most of America's vital meat supply.

Now's a good time to get acquainted with the wide variety of cuts your meat-man has to offer—especially those that help make your food budget go its furthest.

Discover the thrifty shoulder butt roast—almost solid meat—for a lot of servings. Pick meaty pork hocks, spare-ribs, pork steaks or first-cut chops for homey midweek meals.

Then there's the smoky fragrance of a half ham, or a picnic, the lean-streaked goodness of bacon, crisply fried salt pork, sizzling sausage links or patties.

And remember, pork is highly digestible food—one of the finest sources of essential B vitamins, *complete* body-building protein and food iron.

Ask your meat-man to recommend his best buys in pork each time you shop.



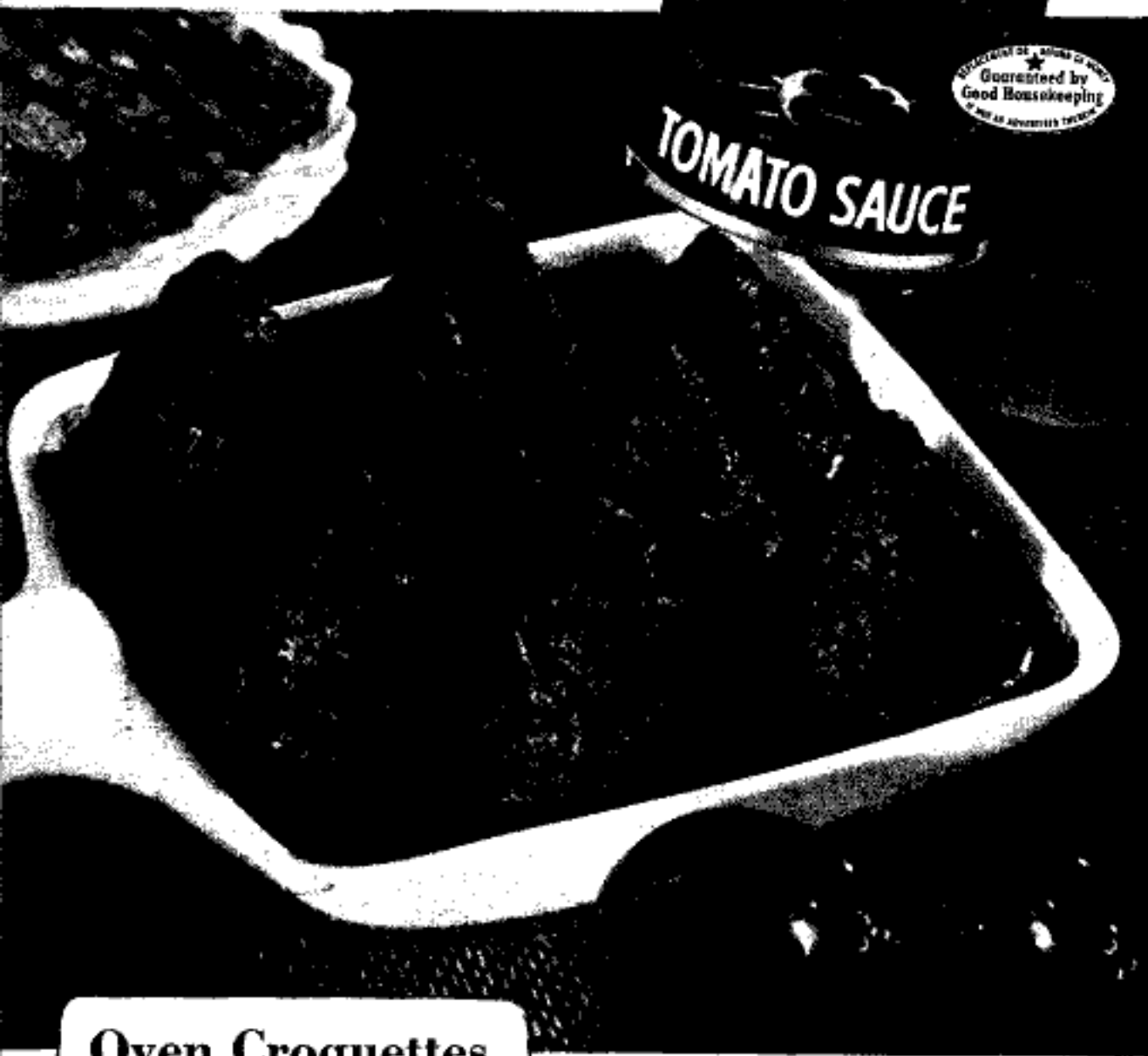
This Seal means that all nutritional statements made in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.



# DELICIOUS *OVER* CROQUETTES!



Use leftovers—bake 'em with—



## Oven Croquettes *Hunt Style*

It's true! The tastiest croquettes ever. Without the bother of deep-fat frying!

You use leftovers. And you add wonderful flavor with the best tomato sauce you ever tasted—Hunt's. It's the Kettle-simmered cooking sauce—for just a few cents a can.

- 2 cups diced, leftover lean beef, lamb, veal, chicken or turkey
- 1 medium onion
- 1 small green pepper

Grind above ingredients together. Then add:

- ¾ cup fine dry bread crumbs
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 1 can Hunt's Tomato Sauce

Mix well and form into 8 cakes or cro-

quettes. Then mix the following sauce:

- 1 can Hunt's Tomato Sauce
- ½ cup water
- ½ cup leftover gravy
- 1 teaspoon horseradish

Pour this sauce into shallow, greased baking dish. Brush the croquettes with melted fat and set them in the sauce. Bake in hot oven (400°) 20 to 25 minutes, basting with sauce after 15 minutes.

Four people will rave about this dish! Tell them the wonderful flavor comes from Hunt's Tomato Sauce. Then try Hunt's in your soups, spaghetti, meat loaf, rice, fish, casseroles.

You can't buy a more delicious tomato sauce than Hunt's. Get several cans at your grocer's!

"Apparently a good many changes have been taking place at Cutter, Mills while I've been away," she said. "Roger wrote me about the Collins boy. I dare say that bold-faced young Irishman, who has plenty of bounce, is doing very well for himself. He's ambitious—he wants to climb. Roger also wrote me that David Salomont has gone to Washington."

"Yes, and the latest news is that Roger was turned down when he took his physical examination. So now Pellegrino de Lucca is starting off for Camp Edwards and Roger is left holding the bag at Cutter, Mills. And I'm worried about him. He hasn't had a real vacation since we went to Europe."

"Why don't you and he go to Hollyhock Hill for a little while? You and Roger have always liked it there."

"Yes, we used to, very much. But it had changed, somehow, the last time we went there. I think of it now in connection with Mark as well as Elizabeth. They may be intending to go there for some weekends during the fall. I don't like to ask for it. And I made a lot of trouble when I was there over New Year's." As she spoke, Emily walked over to the bay window.

Old Mrs. Forbes did not pretend to have psychic powers; but she had felt certain that there was something about the house party that had never been explained to her. She would have given a good deal to solve the mystery. However, she sat twisting her signet ring around on her finger and asking no questions, and finally Emily turned and went to the fireplace.

"Besides, I couldn't persuade Roger to take a vacation right now," she said, quite as if there had been no break in the conversation. "He knows he's needed at the office, and that's all there is to it."

"Well, don't worry about Roger any more than you can help," Mrs. Forbes said. "He'll be safe at home anyway, and what's more, you can be thankful you won't have anyone else to worry about if we do get into this war. No one you care about will be in danger—"

She stopped suddenly. Emily had turned swiftly and gone back to the window again. But not before her grandmother had caught a glimpse of her face.

The signet ring slipped from old Mrs. Forbes' finger and fell to the floor. Emily turned and saw her grandmother stooping over, trying to retrieve it, and failing because of her lameness. She crossed the room, picked it up, and returned it to her grandmother, who drew the girl down beside her.

"There, there, my dear," she said. "Tell me all about it. You'll feel better. You needn't be afraid I won't understand."

**B**RIAN'S draft call had come through and he had already departed when Roger returned to the office after a short holiday with Emily at Hollyhock Hill. The confusion in which he had left his desk was a striking contrast to the order David had achieved under similar circumstances. For the next few days Roger was occupied with this chaos. But Brian's brief and breezy letters somehow seemed to lighten Roger's labors.

"DEAR ROG,

Have you heard the great news? The Army, in its infinite wisdom, has now ruled that all draftees who are twenty-eight years and over shall be sent home. I was twenty-eight on Michaelmas, and

**Hunt-for the best**

Hunt Foods, Inc., Fullerton, Calif.



**Hunt's Heavenly Peaches**

for breakfast or dessert

# Upside down... but the downside's tops!

Those swirls of fresh goodness are  
the world's most famous cream  
cheese... Philadelphia Brand



2 POPULAR SIZES  
3 OZ. famous since 1880  
1/4 LB. saves you as much as 12%



## JUST LUSCIOUS—

That upside-down cake you're so proud of... whether you make it by grandmother's time-tested "receipt" or with one of the handy modern prepared cakemixes, here's a simple, final touch that will make it taste richer and better than ever. Top it with fresh Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese!

Soften "Philadelphia," ever so slightly by working in a wee bit of milk; whip till light and fluffy. Fill your pastry tube and garnish the cake with a scallop of this delicate, creamy-white cheese. Put

a rosette in each apricot around the edge. And be sure to cut big slices or you'll be smothered with requests for seconds.

**WATCH OUT—** Don't take just any cream cheese when what you want is Philadelphia Brand. Other cream cheeses are in similar wrappers but they can't bear this brand name or bring you this quality famous since 1880. Philadelphia Brand is so superior it outsells all other brands of cream cheese combined. So always look for and insist on genuine Philadelphia Brand.



FINE SNACK FOR SMALL FRY. Fresh, crisp graham crackers, nutritious Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese, jam or jelly, and a glass of milk. That will hold those hungry youngsters over till dinnertime!

There's only one "Philadelphia" Cream Cheese...the brand that's made by **KRAFT** and guaranteed fresh!

# Starlight Mint Surprise Cookies

## MADE WITH BUTTER!

### TRY THIS \$10,000 PRIZE COOKIE RECIPE!

Mm-m-m-m... Christmas Cookies that melt in your mouth! They're yours by just following this \$10,000 prize-winning recipe... that "Bake-off at the Waldorf" cookie sensation. You'll have cookies that please

everybody with that *buttery goodness* and *mint surprise* delight. They'll be a holiday favorite with the whole family! Make them now — *serve them often!* No cookies are like BUTTER cookies!

**STARLIGHT MINT SURPRISE COOKIES MADE WITH BUTTER**  
**Bake at 375° F. for 10 to 12 minutes. Makes 4½ dozen cookies**

**SIFT TOGETHER**... 3 cups Enriched Flour  
 — 1 teaspoon soda—½ teaspoon salt.

**CREAM**... 1 cup butter. Add gradually—  
 1 cup sugar—½ cup brown sugar, firmly  
 packed. Cream well.

**BLEND IN**... 2 eggs, unbeaten—2 table-  
 spoons water—1 teaspoon vanilla. Beat.

**ADD**... dry ingredients. Mix thoroughly.  
 Divide dough. Cover and refrigerate at  
 least two hours.

**OPEN**... 1 package (9 oz.) thin choco-  
 late mint wafers.

**ROLL**... Part of dough to ¼ inch thick-  
 ness on floured board. Cut with cookie  
 cutters. (Keep rest of dough chilled.)

**PLACE**... half the cookies on greased bak-

ing sheet about 2 inches apart. Lay mint  
 wafer on each and top with second cookie  
 of same pattern.

**TOP**... some with walnuthalf; decorate others  
 with colored sugars, dragees, candies.

**BAKE**... in moderate oven (375° F.)  
 10-12 minutes. Some may  
 be baked undecorated  
 and trimmed when cool  
 with colored icing.



**AMERICAN DAIRY ASSOCIATION**

"Voice of the Dairy Farmer"

20 N. Wacker Drive Bldg.  
 Chicago 6, Illinois



THE MATCHLESS FLAVOR OF BUTTER MAKES ALL COOKIES TASTE BETTER

if that isn't the luck of the Irish, then I'd like to know what is!

However, there's one catch to this. I am still subject to immediate recall as an infantry corporal of the United States Army. Therefore, though you may expect to see me at the office next Monday, I cannot assure you that you will have the pleasure of my company long, for my first act will be to apply for a commission in the Navy. The rule is that an enlisted man shall be released to accept a commission from any other branch.

But we shall see what we shall see."

**B**RIAN went back to work; for the next six weeks he toiled late every night. Even on Sundays he was at his desk before eight o'clock and worked all day. But finally the Sunday came when the radios announced the destruction at Pearl Harbor.

Brian's naval commission reached him the following morning. He called out to Roger that he was on his way to be sworn in and to get his orders. When he returned, he found that the second mail contained the call to serve as an Army corporal.

"A miss is as good as a mile," he said to Roger, "but it was a close shave—too close for comfort, if you ask me. But my orders give me a little leeway. For this next week we'll go right on with the work. Come on now. Let's get going."

The day after Brian left, Roger went to the Joy Street headquarters in response to a notice asking for volunteer air-raid wardens. He was made responsible for Joy Street between Beacon and Mount Vernon. He also responded to the appeal for volunteer workers at the Boston Information Center.

In spite of conscientious application to these duties, Roger could not escape the feeling, as time went on, that everyone was contributing more to the war effort than he was. Brian was now assigned to the naval station in Algiers. David was still in Washington, but he had written old Mrs. Forbes that he might not be there much longer. Pell had been sent to Camp Haan, at Riverside, to undergo desert training in the Mojave. He wrote infrequently and briefly, but it was obvious that he was preparing intensively for combat duty. Roger envied him far more than he did Brian, in New Orleans, and David, in Washington.

His feeling of failure was intensified because almost every girl and woman of his acquaintance seemed to be doing so much more than he. Emily had resumed her work as nurse's aide. Elizabeth had gone back to teaching. Eleanor Thayer, Emily's mother, was spending practically all her time at the Officer's Club and reported that Caroline Field was one of her ablest assistants. But it was Priscilla who gave the family its first devastating surprise.

She appeared at her grandmother's house late one afternoon for tea with old Mrs. Forbes and Emily.

"I'm going overseas," she announced.

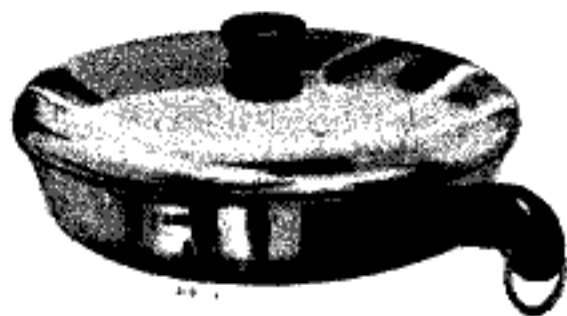
"Overseas?" they exclaimed.

"Yes. I asked my taxi-driver—"

"What taxi-driver?"

"One I happened to have in New York. I always talk to taxi-drivers. I told this one that I wanted to go overseas, and he said, 'You do? All right.' He drove me to a building on Madison Avenue and told me to go up and sign my name. When I came down he said, 'Kid, you're





No  
finer  
gift

P.S. Like all, fine things, Revere Ware is imitated. So always look for the trade mark in the copper bottom.

REVERE COPPER AND BRASS INCORPORATED  
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# Isn't it time you bought a Bendix Washer?



Look at all the exciting no-work features Bendix gives you for unmatched washing, rinsing, damp-drying.

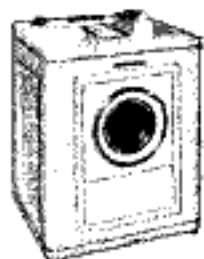
**Water-Rationer or Rins-Saver:** Each keeps an eagle eye on your hot water supply. Each saves you gallons every wash! **Dyna-Surge tumble-action, or agitator washing:** Choose your favorite washing action—know that you've chosen the best of its kind.

**Enduring porcelain tops:** for extra work space.

**Why be a "Wringer Washer"?** For 13 years, Bendix automatic washers have been giving actual home service to millions. They wash better, damp-dry better, save you work, time, and money.

**See a free demonstration.** Marvel at thorough Bendix washing, repeated rinsings, efficient damp-drying. Then remember that right now your new Bendix costs less than many old-fashioned washers!

*Knowing all these facts . . . isn't it time you bought a Bendix?*



BENDIX GYRAMATIC WASHER

SEE THE  
WONDERFUL  
ALL-NEW  
BENDIX WASHERS  
Suggested retail prices  
begin at only  
**\$179<sup>95</sup>**



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See the exciting "Chance of a Lifetime" over ABC-TV every Wednesday night at 7:30 NYT

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automatic  
**Washers**  
DRYERS IRONERS

in the Army now. You're a Wac.' He was right. I got a letter telling me to go for a physical examination, and now I have another, telling me to report for duty. I'm being sent to Fort Oglethorpe for basic training. That's just a preliminary to overseas."

Emily said, "Why do you want to go overseas?"

"Think I want to pick cranberries for the duration? Or pour tea for British officers every afternoon?"

"Did you visit David's family while you were in New York, Priscilla?" old Mrs. Forbes asked inconsequentially.

"Yes, I did. Any reason why I shouldn't?"

"Not the slightest. Shall we be seeing you again, Priscilla, before you leave for Fort Oglethorpe?"

"No. I'm going home tonight. I just came in to say good-bye."

WHEN Emily reached home, Roger had returned from the office to tell her that Pell was in Boston. He wanted to see Roger on an urgent matter and was coming to the house that evening.

When Pell arrived, Roger and Emily were in the upstairs sitting room. As Pell had said nothing about wishing to see Emily, too, she and Roger agreed that unless he asked for her she would not go downstairs.

Ellie, the maid, answered Pell's ring, ushered him into the library, and announced his presence. When Roger entered the room, he was conscious of the change in Pell. He had always been slender, but now he was spare; he had always carried himself well, but now he was conspicuously erect.

"Hello, Pell! I am glad to see you!" Roger said. "It's been a long time."

"Too long. But, Roger, I'm going to ask you to help me. This is my last chance. I've got my overseas orders."

"If there's anything I can do— Shall we sit down?"

Pell seated himself opposite Roger. At last he spoke, hesitantly. "Do you remember hearing about the first time Emily and I ever saw each other?"

"It was in front of Emily's grandmother's house. You were leading a group of carolers—you and a very beautiful girl. Emily told me about it."

"Yes. And it's about that girl that I want to speak. It's rather a long story. I hope it won't bore you."

"Of course it won't. I'm interested."

"The story goes back to my grandfather, Antonio Pacetti. He and his bride, Bianca, with some cousins named Barrata, left Naples and settled in New Bedford. The Barratas moved away before I came along. Antonio and Bianca had three children—Carmela, Adelina, and Nazareno. Adelina was my mother. She married a man named Felipe de Lucca. And they were both killed in an accident when I was a baby. My Aunt Carmela brought me up. She wasn't married when my parents were killed, but later she did marry. Her husband, Edmondo de Lucca, died in the flu epidemic after the last war."

"The two husbands were related?"

"No, it was a coincidence that their surnames were the same."

"So your aunt, Carmela de Lucca, was widowed. You'd lived with her after she was married?"

"Yes. There wasn't anyone else to take care of me, and she brought me with her when she married and came to Boston."

Lo and behold! She's a Champion Chef  
with **AMAZING**  
**REYNOLDS WRAP**  
(the pure aluminum foil)



Your Turkey will have  
More White Meat —  
More Dark Meat —

**BURSTING WITH FLAVOR!**

Don't let that plump bird shrink! To be sure of turning out a holiday turkey full of all its natural juices...roast it the modern way, in a flavor-sealing jacket of Reynolds Wrap. Not only will your family rave about this "sealed-in" flavor...but you'll be free from turkey-tending! No basting necessary, no oven-watching. Easier to carve. And after dinner, you won't have the hard, tedious job of scouring that roasting pan. Illustrated folder containing full instructions with every roll. Sold in leading Grocery, Drug, Department and Housewares stores. Buy a roll today!

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Home Economists throughout America

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**FOIL-ROASTED TURKEY**

(recipe developed for use with Reynolds Wrap only)

Clean, stuff and truss turkey, rub with seasoning, salt and fat.

To wrap: Place turkey on a long sheet of Reynolds Wrap, more than twice as long as the bird. Fold foil over turkey, join edges firmly. For a large bird, join two long pieces with a tight double fold in center. (Turkey may be wrapped the night before and stored in refrigerator. Before roasting, open foil and bring bird to room temperature, then reseal foil for roasting.)

To roast: Place wrapped turkey on rack in pan, breast side up, in moderately hot oven at 400° F. Allow the following approximate times for stuffed bird. (Stuffed weight is about the same as undrawn weight; or allow 3 lbs. for stuffing.)

10-14 lbs.—18 minutes per pound—3 -4 hours

15-18 lbs.—16 minutes per pound—4 -4½ hours

19-24 lbs.—14 minutes per pound—4½-5 hours

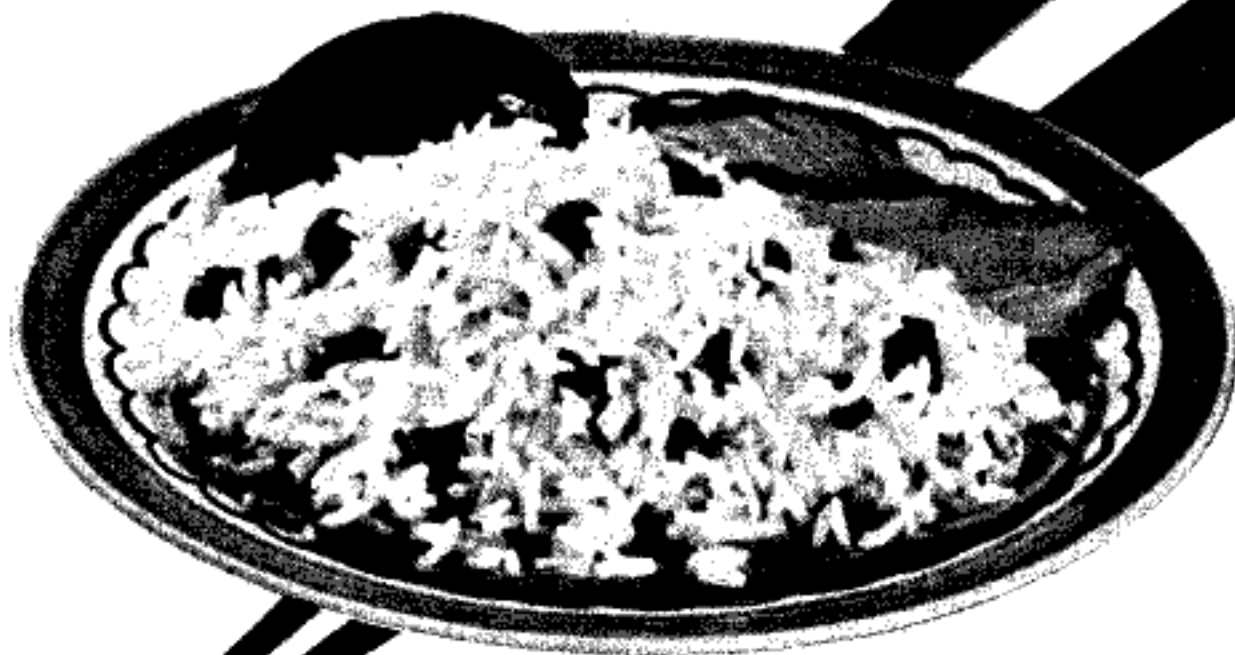
To brown: During last 45 minutes, open and slip foil from around turkey, letting juices run into pan. Brush well with melted fat once or twice during browning. Turkey and juices will brown evenly without burning. Make gravy in your usual way.



Pure aluminum foil in handy kitchen rolls.  
For keeping foods fresh...for cooking...for baking

# "2 in 1" Rice Dish

Fluffy turkey dressing—or colorful vegetable dish from one easy basic recipe



3 Famous Brands of Rice —  
Yours for less than 3¢ a serving!

## Water Maid—Mahatma—F.A.G.

You'll be so proud to serve this rice! Fluffy stand-apart grains... wonderfully white... and good-good-good to eat. That's the kind you can serve, even if you've never cooked rice before.

Just follow simple streamlined directions on the packages of Water Maid, Mahatma, F.A.G. Rice. For years, good cooks have depended on these 3 names. They assure you of rice developed for excellent cooking-quality, every time.

Extra Large  
Long Grain Rice

Supreme Quality  
Long Grain Rice



Supreme Quality  
Short Grain Rice

### RECIPE

#### "TWO-IN-ONE" RICE

Colorful vegetable dish... or fluffy stuffing for poultry, fish, or meat... from 1 easy recipe!

#### Basic Recipe

- 3 tablespoons fat
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- ½ cup sliced mushrooms (or 3½-oz. can, drained)
- 1 No. 2 can tomatoes, drained (2½ cups)
- 2 cups liquid—from mushrooms and tomatoes, plus necessary water
- 1 cup uncooked rice
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper

Melt fat in skillet having close-fitting lid. Lightly brown onion, garlic, mush-

rooms. Stir in remaining ingredients. Cover; simmer over low heat 20-30 minutes or until rice is tender (or bake in moderate oven, 350°).

**For Vegetable Dish:** Toss with hot rice mixture ½ cup each cooked green peas and carrots, 1 diced pimiento, and (optional) 2 tablespoons raisins. 8 servings.

**For Stuffing:** When rice is nearly tender, add ¼ teaspoon poultry seasoning and 2 dozen chopped raw oysters OR 2 pounds minced cooked sausage. Stuffs 10-12 lb. turkey. Use ½ recipe for chicken, large fish, meats.

Look for other Good Housekeeping-tested recipes on packages of Water Maid, Mahatma, F. A. G.

If you prefer natural brown rice, ask for Mahatma Brown Rice.

LOUISIANA STATE RICE MILLING COMPANY, INC., ABBEVILLE, LA. AMERICA'S LARGEST RICE MILLERS

Then, after Aunt Carmela's husband died, she had a baby of her own—Simonetta."

Pell stopped, as if he were lingering over the name.

"I was seven. But my recollection of it is vivid. My aunt had very little money. My grandfather had disapproved of her marriage, so she says, and had never shown her the same affection that he had shown my mother and my Uncle Nazareno, whom she hates and who evidently hates her."

"Why should they hate?"

"Uncle Nazareno's an agnostic, like Antonio Pacetti, and Aunt Carmela's very religious. She thinks my uncle influenced their father against her. At all events, there was very little money from that source. Carmela withdrew more and more from her friends and grew silent and morose. But she never failed in kindness to me. And finally spring came. And with the spring, the beautiful baby. Of course, we couldn't let it go cold and hungry," he said. "I didn't feel the same way about our Italian friends that my aunt did. I went to them when we had to have more money than I could earn."

"Couldn't your aunt even do that?"

"No. She felt she'd been singled out for poverty and sorrow. She began by being bitter against her father and her brother, and now she's bitter against everyone except Simonetta and me."

"You've always loved Simonetta, haven't you?"

"YES, I've loved her from the day she was born," Pell answered. "I always thought of her as my sister. But I suppose it was natural that eventually I should stop thinking of her as my sister. I suppose it was inevitable that I should fall in love with her."

"I suppose so, too. And I don't see—"

"We're cousins. We're within the forbidden bonds of consanguinity. Unless we defy canon law, there's nothing we can do."

"Are you sure? I've heard of cases where there were dispensations," Roger said.

"There have been. We've tried to get one. We've been refused."

"You say 'we.' That means Simonetta wants—"

"Yes. She's in love with me, too. Sometimes I think it wouldn't be quite so hard if she weren't. She'd never even heard the word incest before. But she's heard it now, and we can't change the laws of the church."

"Can't you appeal to a higher clerical authority?"

"We have appealed. And got the same answer. The very fact that we were brought up together, that lots of people have always thought we really were brother and sister—that's against us, you see. And Aunt Carmela is against us. She sides with the church."

"I see," Roger said. "Well, sooner or later you're bound to find an authority with understanding."

"We might, if we had time. But I'm leaving Boston next week."

"And you wouldn't consider marrying out of the church? I've known of cousins marrying."

"Yes, I know. But we couldn't be happy if we were married without the blessing of the church. We wouldn't even feel we were married. We'd never be happy if we did."

Add health, taste, economy  
and texture smooth as silk  
to favorite HOLIDAY DISHES with...

## EVAPORATED MILK

In the rich, smooth, satisfying flavor of EVAPORATED MILK there lies the secret to extra meal-making goodness for so many favorite dishes. Whole milk — concentrated to double richness — to add new enjoyment to holiday (and everyday) treats such as asparagus soup, cranberry sherbet, or eggnog pie. Look to EVAPORATED MILK for truly helpful, healthful meal-planning.

EVAPORATED  
MILK

### EGGNOG PIE with Chocolate Crumb Shell

1 envelope unflavored gelatin  
1/4 cup cold water  
3 eggs  
1/4 cup sugar

Soften gelatin in cold water. Beat eggs slightly in top of double boiler. Add sugar and the 1/4 cup evaporated milk and cook over hot water until thickened, stirring constantly. Dissolve gelatin in the hot custard. Remove from heat, add flavoring, and set aside to cool. When custard is slightly set, whip the 1/2 cup evaporated milk until very stiff. Fold whipped milk carefully into custard mixture. Turn into chocolate crumb shell. Chill thoroughly, from 2 to 3 hours. Decorate top with maraschino cherries and citron before serving, if desired. Makes (1 9-inch pie) 6 to 8 servings.

#### CHOCOLATE CRUMB SHELL

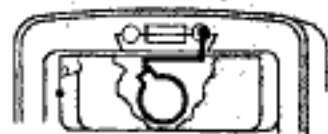
1 1/4 cups fine chocolate wafer crumbs  
5 tablespoons melted butter  
Mix crumbs with butter thoroughly. Press crumb mixture evenly in 9-inch pie pan to form crumb shell. Chill. Fill with eggnog filling.





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through coils of Freeze Chest.  
Frost quickly melts away.  
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Defrost water  
drains to unit  
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Evaporated  
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THE WORLD'S FIRST AND ONLY  
FULLY AUTOMATIC REFRIGERATOR

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thanks to my new

# WESTINGHOUSE FROST-FREE\* REFRIGERATOR"

Yes, she's free forever from the nuisance of disposing of defrost water. Free of floors to mop and mess to clean up after defrosting. Every part of her new Westinghouse Refrigerator is entirely FROST-FREE, even the Freeze Chest.

Another grand thing about it is that you never need to remove frozen foods before defrosting. You never have to worry that they'll thaw while defrosting is going on. This revolutionary new FROST-FREE Refrigerator automatically defrosts itself so fast that frozen foods . . . even easy-to-melt ice cream and frozen fruits . . . stay hard all the time, right in the Freeze Chest.

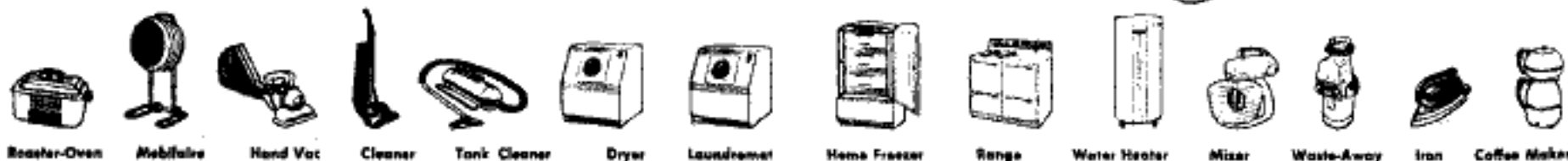
Nor is there ever any frost to scrape or melt. The Frost-FREE is the first and only Refrigerator that automatically defrosts itself when . . . and only when . . . defrosting is needed. There's nothing for you to touch . . . nothing for you to do. You just plug it in and use it.

But that's only half the story of this great new Frost-FREE. Wait until you see the full-width Freeze Chest, the new Butter Keeper, roast-deep Meat Keeper . . . and a dozen more special features. See this marvelous new Frost-FREE at your retailer's today. Westinghouse Electric Corporation, Appliance Division, Mansfield, Ohio.

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"So you're leaving without trying to do anything more?"

"What more can I do?"

Silence fell on the room. Pell finally broke it.

"Well, you see now. I hope and believe you see why I've come to you. Now that I'm going away, I want you and Emily to watch over Simonetta for me."

"Pell, I don't know how I can ever tell you—"

"YOU don't need to. But there's something else I want to tell you. A while ago my grandfather died. I hadn't seen him in years. But a letter came from a law firm in New Bedford, saying he'd left me a legacy. I want you to be the executor of my will. I'll leave everything to Simonetta. And I want Simonetta to have advantages, the kind girls you grew up with take for granted. You'd know how to arrange for something like that."

"Emily would. Emily would do that better than I could."

"All right, have Emily do it. I'd like to provide a better place for Simonetta to live in, too. But there is a hitch. Aunt Carmela was very resentful because my legacy was so much larger than hers. And she doesn't want Simonetta to have advantages. She thinks they'll alienate her, by putting her on a different level. When she found out that my grandfather had also left a flourishing restaurant and quite a little money to his son, Nazareno—her brother and my uncle—she saw red."

"How did she find out about all this? Has the will been allowed yet?"

"No, it hasn't. Uncle Nazareno had it filed in the Bristol Probate Court. Just today a lawyer named Fopiano persuaded her to contest it."

"Will you get more or less if your aunt can knock out the will?"

"Probably more. But I don't want money that way. I'd be grateful if you'd represent me and agree to any kind of compromise that will still take care of Simonetta."

"Maybe it won't be too hard if your uncle will play ball with me. I'll go to see your uncle's lawyer right away. May I see the will?"

"Yes. I brought along a copy. Can you carry on from there?"

"I'll do the best I can."

It was very late when Pell finally left. Roger found Emily still waiting for him when he went upstairs.

"It's a long story," he said. "Pell told me to tell you everything he said to me. Are you too tired to listen to all the details now?"

"Of course not. I sat up on purpose."

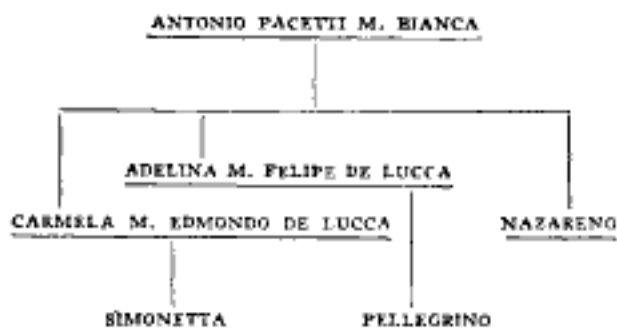
For the next half hour Emily listened to the story. When Roger mentioned the impediment to marriage between Pell and Simonetta, she gave an exclamation of sympathy.

"Didn't you say Pell had almost a week? Couldn't he get to the cardinal in that length of time?"

"The cardinal's away, on his vacation, and by the time he returns, Pell will be on his way." Roger shook his head. "It seems ironic that Pell and Simonetta should be penalized because they're trying to do right. And it doesn't seem to have occurred to them to live together without marriage. Well, to go on with the story—"

Emily interrupted again a little later to say that she needed a chart of the

Pacetti relationships. She went to her desk and drew one:



Roger handed her the copy of Antonio Pacetti's will, which she compared with her chart. "The wording of this will strikes me as strange," she said. "Antonio refers to Nazareno as his beloved son and acknowledges that Pell has worked hard and done well. But he says nothing nice about Carmela."

"I explained that there were hard feelings between them."

"Still, he was her father. It wasn't fair to leave her so little if religion was the only thing he had against her. There must have been other things, too. Pell didn't say anything more about his cousins, did he? The Barratas?"

"No. From the way he spoke of them, I don't know that he ever even saw them. He said they moved away before he came along."

"Well, I think it would be a good idea to ask him if his failure to say anything was accidental."

"All right, I will. But I can't do it tonight. It's nearly two o'clock."

"Pell said he'd like to have Simonetta and her mother live in a better place. Have you any ideas?" Emily asked.

"Yes. Have you ever noticed a little old house wedged in among the tenements on the far side of Joy Street?"

"Of course. I've often wished I could see the inside of it."

"Well, you might have a chance to satisfy your curiosity. The owner died recently. It's on the market. I've been meaning to ask whether you'd like to buy it, as an investment. It might be a pretty good one. Then, after Pell said what he did tonight—"

"You will find out about it right away, won't you? Because it would be perfect."

Roger agreed that he thought so, too, and they went to bed.

PELL telephoned the next morning. He had already drafted a will, he said, and he wanted Roger to approve it.

Roger assured him all was in order. Then he said, "You mentioned some cousins named Barrata. Where are they now?"

"Perhaps in Lynn. But I'm not sure. I went to visit them once or twice with Aunt Carmela. I think that was in Lynn, and they came to my Uncle Edmondo's funeral. I haven't seen them since the funeral. I don't think Aunt Carmela has, either."

"How many of them were there? Would your Aunt Carmela know?"

"I suppose she must. However, if I asked her, she'd suspect me of some new trick."

"Could Simonetta ask her mother without rousing suspicion?"

"I can speak to Simonetta about it, and let you know."

"Good. Meanwhile, here's something else. If you want Simonetta to move into better quarters—"

Pell's enthusiasm over the little house

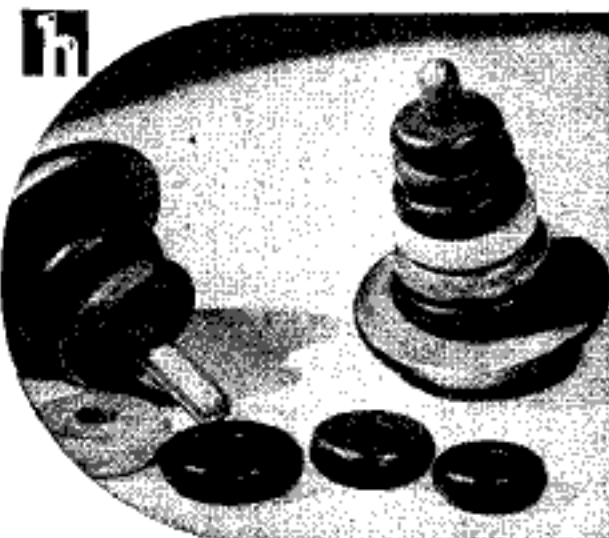
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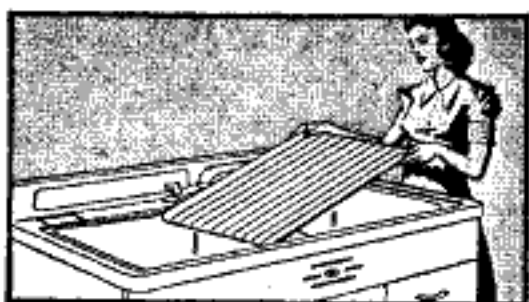




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was immediate. Roger had found the present owners anxious to sell. He secured the keys for Pell, who went through the house with Simonetta. They were enchanted with it. They wanted Roger to get it for them before anyone else could buy it.

"Easy there. I've got to make sure your grandfather's will has been allowed. You haven't enough money to buy the house at present, unless you've been holding out on me. But now that you and Simonetta like the house, Emily and I'll go see it. I think it's a wise investment for her, and I'm almost sure she'll buy it. She'll rent it to your aunt, and as soon as your grandfather's estate is settled, she'll sell it to you."

"Well, we'll let it go at that. Here are the keys. You and Emily can go to see the house before tomorrow night, can't you? Because Simonetta and I want to take you to dinner. Let's meet at the Old Venice around seven-thirty."

"Quite convenient and very pleasant. Thank you. We'll be there."

Pell and Simonetta were waiting for them when they reached the restaurant, and went forward to welcome them. Simonetta was dressed simply but effectively, in white.

"We thought we would sit here," she said. Her low-pitched voice was very pleasant. "We have ordered an Italian dinner for you."

"Sounds heavenly. And I'm very hungry," said Emily. She smiled. "Roger and I went to see your house last night, Simonetta."

"My house! Is it really—"

"Well, it's going to be. I thought perhaps we could plan improvements and decorations for it together."

While Emily and Simonetta were engrossed in a discussion of improvements for the little house, Roger spoke to Pell in an undertone.

"I'm curious to know whether you succeeded in getting any information about those cousins of yours," he said.

"I haven't found out a thing. Simonetta managed to ask her mother, but Aunt Carmela shut up like a clam."

"Then I guess your Uncle Nazareno's my best bet."

"I guess he is."

**TWO** nights later, Pell and Simonetta had a garden supper with Roger and Emily. They talked mostly about Simonetta's future education. Pell wanted Emily's advice about a new music teacher.

"How would you like to go to the New England Conservatory of Music instead of taking lessons at home, Simonetta?" Emily asked.

Simonetta turned toward Pell, and he answered for her. "I think that's a grand idea, Emily," he said.

"Perhaps Mother will not permit me to go to the Conservatory."

"She can't stop you, Simonetta. You mustn't let your mother interfere with your life any longer." Roger spoke kindly but firmly. "She may take the stand that if you can go to the Conservatory, you can get a job. Don't let her hound you into doing it. The Conservatory should come first, because you and Pell both love music so much. When he comes home, when you and he are married, just think what it will mean to him."

"You said when we are married," Simonetta said.

"Yes, I did. I didn't say if. You and he

# HOLIDAY COOKIES



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3 tablespoons confectioners' sugar	1 cup Funsten's Vacuum-packed Shelled Pecans, finely chopped
1/2 teaspoon vanilla	

Cream butter or margarine. Add sugar and vanilla and blend well. Add flour, mixing thoroughly. Mix in pecans. Shape into crescents and place on baking sheet. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for 20 min. Roll in confectioners' sugar while warm.

(From Pecan Recipe Book Offered Below)



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are going to be married someday. Please believe me, Simonetta. If I can make you believe me, Pell will, too."

"I do believe him, Simonetta," Pell said. "I'm sure of it. If I weren't, I couldn't have been so happy this week." He put his arm around her. "Tomorrow we'll go and choose your engagement ring. Even if I can't have you for my wife before I leave, I can have you for my betrothed. We'll plight our troth to each other, in the presence of witnesses—Roger and Emily—just as our people used to do in olden times. After that, no one should come between us."

Late the next afternoon Pell brought her to the house again. Once more she was clad entirely in white, a dress of filmy lace over tiers of chiffon. She had pearls around her neck and in her ears. When she and Pell had taken their places opposite Roger and Emily in the candle-lighted drawing room, Pell drew a diamond ring from his pocket.

"I, Pellegrino, take thee, Simonetta, for my betrothed wife," Pell said. "And with this ring, I plight thee my troth. Now you must say, 'I, Simonetta, take thee, Pellegrino, for my betrothed husband. And I will wear thy ring as a sign that I have plighted thee my troth.'"

She repeated the words after him, and then he put the ring on her finger and kissed her. He smiled at Roger and Emily. "I'm not sure that's exactly the way our people used to do it," he said, "but it must be near enough. Anyhow, it's a good way."

They did not see him again. This would be his last evening at home, he said, and he and Simonetta would spend it by themselves. He wrung Roger's hand and told him again how grateful he was to him. He kissed Emily and said he knew Simonetta would be safe in her keeping. Then he was gone, taking Simonetta with him.

Late the next evening, Roger and Emily, in the sitting room, suddenly heard someone knocking at the garden gate. Then they heard a cry above the knocking—a cry of desperation.

"Someone must be in trouble," Roger exclaimed, jumping up. "Stay where you are, Emily, until I find out."

"No, I'm coming, too."

She hastened after him, catching up with him as he reached the garden gate. He unlatched it and threw it open to reveal Simonetta standing on the threshold.

She was no longer clad in white and adorned with pearls. She had thrown a shawl around her shoulders and tied a scarf under her chin. She was weeping bitterly.

"He has gone," she sobbed. "He has gone, and I know he is not coming back. I shall never be his wife, for he will be killed. And my mother has turned against me, cursing me. She has driven me away from her. I had to come here. There was nowhere else that I could go."

THE courtroom in New Bedford bore a striking resemblance to the one in Salem, where he had tried his first case, Roger told himself. He seated himself at one of the counsel tables, unstrapped his brief case, spread out his papers, and opened his loose-leaf notebook.

For nearly a week Roger had not been feeling well, and the past two days he had been coughing and running a low fever. Emily had begged him to go to bed and send for a doctor. He had declined, with annoyance.

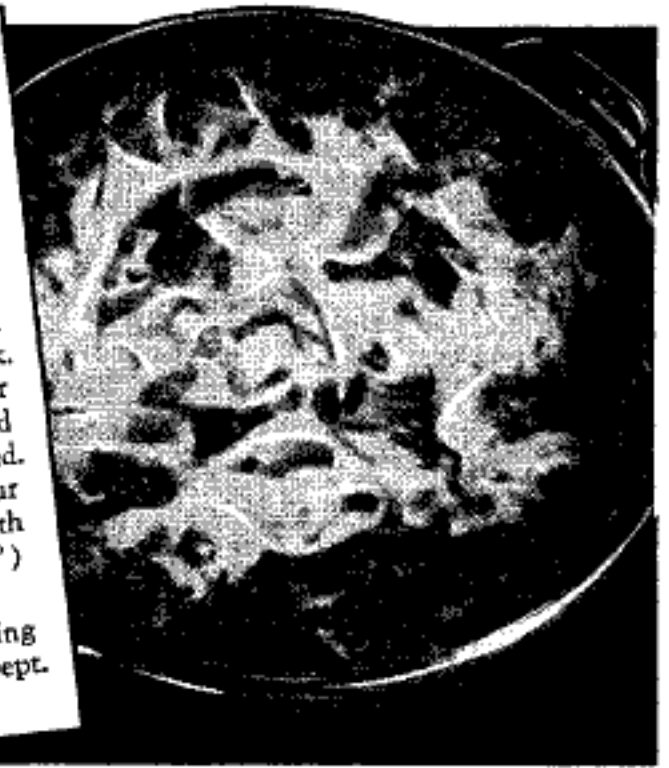
# from Casseroles

## Ham and Noodle Casserole

1 6-oz. pkg. noodles, cooked  
¾ cup Carnation Evaporated Milk  
¾ cup water  
3 tablespoons each butter and flour  
1 teaspoon each salt and paprika  
¼ teaspoon dry mustard  
1½ cups cooked ham, diced  
Buttered bread crumbs

Drain noodles. Combine Carnation and water to make 1½ cups rich whole milk. Melt butter in saucepan; blend in flour and seasonings; stir in ½ cup milk; add rest of milk; blend. Cook until thickened. Combine noodles, sauce and ham. Pour into buttered 2 qt. casserole. Top with crumbs. Bake in moderate oven (350°) 20 minutes. Serves 6 to 8.

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## Carnation Velvet Fudge

3 squares (3 oz.) unsweetened chocolate  
3 cups sugar  
2 tablespoons corn syrup  
1 cup Carnation Evaporated Milk, undiluted  
3 tablespoons butter  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
¾ cup chopped nut meats

Cut chocolate over sugar into 2 qt. saucepan. Add syrup and Carnation. Stir over medium heat until sugar dissolves. Bring to a boil; cover and cook 2 minutes. Uncover and cook stirring occasionally, to 324° F. or until soft ball forms when a small amount of candy is dropped into cold water. Remove from heat. Add butter; let cool without stirring until candy is 110° F. or pan is cool to palm of hand. Add vanilla. Beat until thick and no longer glossy. Add nut meats and spread in buttered pan. Makes 1¾ pounds.

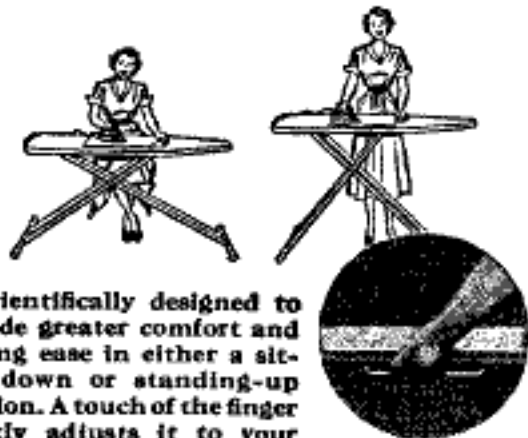


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"That would mean a postponement. And I don't propose to have this trial postponed. I've been to court many times when I've felt sicker than I do now."

"Let me go to New Bedford with you. I hate to have you go alone. I've always wanted to hear you try a case."

"Darling, you ought to know by this time that it upsets men to have their families looking on while they're doing their stuff. It does me, anyway."

"All right, have it your own way. I'll stay here and keep the home fires burning—and I might even have some news of my own for you when you get back."

As he drove through the cold rain of a dismal March dawn, he regretted his refusal to let Emily go with him. He was not able to convince himself that his increasing dizziness and nausea were due only to normal nervousness before a trial. He would take some more aspirin, he would stop and get some hot coffee, and presently he would feel fine. He had taken the aspirin, he had drunk the coffee, and still he did not feel fine.

Autori came into the enclosure with Nazareno and shook hands with Roger; Fopiano appeared with Carmela. She was dressed in black, so unrelieved and enveloping as to suggest deep mourning.

Everything followed the familiar pattern: the lawyers shook hands formally, the court officer and stenographer appeared, and all rose as the judge entered and the crier spoke his piece. The judge gathered his black robe about him and seated himself in his chair.

"We are today hearing the motion of Pellegrino de Lucca to strike from the petition for probate the name of Carmela de Lucca as an heir of the deceased Antonio Pacetti," he announced. "This motion also asks that the court strike her appearance in opposition to the will of the deceased. You may proceed, Mr. Field," he concluded.

AS HE started back to Boston, Roger's first thoughts centered on the hope that he had not hurt Nazareno's feelings. It was obvious that Nazareno had expected Roger to sit for a long time with him in the little private dining room, to linger while they exultantly discussed the trial and its outcome. But Roger had been obliged to excuse himself. He felt very ill. He must get home quickly.

Also, it was hard to remember the details of the trial after the judge had directed him to proceed. But now that he had left Nazareno and was driving home, everything became clearer. This was a day of triumph; it would mark a revolutionary change in the life of the friend who had trusted him and whose battle he had fought and won. Antonio Pacetti's estate would be distributed as Pell had wanted it; no further impediment could be placed in the way of providing for Simonetta.

But that was unimportant compared with the fact that nothing stood in the way of his marriage to her. She was not his own cousin; she was only very distantly related to him. Because Roger had been able to prove this, they did not need a dispensation. No one could prevent the sacramental fulfillment of their love.

It had been a tough day. Pell would understand that, not only as a friend and a man but as a lawyer. Pell would feel that his trust had been justified. Roger would write to him and explain the trial step by step. It was tremendously important that he should do this. Or was it?

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Did it matter? Did anything really matter except that his head was bursting and his heart pounding?

He was in no condition to drive a car. He should have let Emily come with him. Emily would have driven properly; she would have seen clearly. Emily always saw clearly. It was she who had maintained that once he had located Pell's long-lost cousins he would begin to solve the mysteries of the case. It was she who had questioned the wording of the will and grasped the significance of the missing words.

Roger's thoughts returned to the day when, at her suggestion, he had gone to the State House and patiently waited until the clerk gave him the documents he sought. After his name had been called, he returned to the bench in the corridor and spread out the papers. The dates attached to the dry, statistical entries of names leaped out at him:

Name	Date of Birth
Maria Carmela Pacetti	May 23, 1891

Name	Date of Birth
Adelina Pacetti	Sept. 29, 1891

In those two telltale dates lay the long-sought clue. Carmela and Adelina could not possibly be sisters, as only four months separated the dates of their births. The next move was to find out their relationship to each other and the reason it had been falsified.

The pieces of the pattern had fallen into place. Ernesto Baratta explained a great deal: The Pacettis and the Barattas had lived together when they first went to New Bedford, and Luisa Baratta had been married there to Leopoldo Mafalda, who had fallen in love with her at first sight. He had left her, just as impetuously, as soon as he discovered she was already pregnant. Antonio had felt sorry for her, had let her remain under his roof, and had quietly registered her child, Carmela, as his own. He had used his agnosticism as a pretext for not having a public baptism. As Luisa's behavior continued to be scandalous, he told her she could no longer remain in his house, though he would be glad to keep her child. She agreed to this arrangement, and soon after, the three Barattas moved away to Lynn. Carmela remained with the Pacettis and was accepted as their daughter. Adelina and Nazareno never knew that their cousin was not their sister.

Roger would not have been able to piece together the pattern without Emily's initiative. He would try to relate every detail of the trial to her when he reached home. Also, he must not forget to ask her what she had meant when she told him she might have some news for him, too. Or would he? Could he? Could he do anything except tumble into his bed and sink down into its warmth?

HE NEVER knew how he reached Joy Street. He had no recollection, later, of drawing up to the curb in front of his house and mounting the steps and unlocking the door. He had a dim impression that he called to Emily and that she answered him; but when she reached his side, he was lying on the floor, unconscious.

After that, there were moments of awareness. He knew that he was in the big bed and that Emily was standing near it. He heard the doctor say, "There's

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no cause for uneasiness, Mrs. Field. Pneumonia isn't what it used to be, you know. Why, with penicillin, we'll have his temperature down inside of twenty-four hours." Roger was meant to overhear that, he knew, but not to hear what the doctor said the next time: "Well, of course, occasionally there is a case—I think I'd better arrange for oxygen."

Roger did not care what they arranged for, because in the meanwhile, Emily had told him her news and he was supremely happy. She had not wanted to say anything until she was sure; she had been disappointed so many times. The morning Roger went to New Bedford, her obstetrician had told her she would have a baby in September.

A few days after the trial, Emily read Roger a letter from Roscoe Cutter, congratulating him on his success in New Bedford. Mr. Cutter was sorry to learn that Roger was having one of his bouts with bronchitis. Roger was not to hurry back to the office before he was really able, though they would all be glad to see him there for both personal and professional reasons. As a matter of fact, Mr. Cutter and Mr. Mills wished to discuss with Roger the possibility of his being interested in a partnership.

He was not supposed to see anyone except Emily and the doctor and the nurses. But he promised he would not talk if they would let him see Simonetta; he would just lie and listen while Emily told her everything.

Simonetta came and stood quietly by his bed, and Emily told her that she must write to Pell and say they could be married as soon as he got home. Simonetta tried to tell Roger how happy she was and said she knew this happiness was all due to him. Roger was very glad to have her there, but the day nurse came in and said that Simonetta must leave. Roger thought he heard Emily say, "What difference does it make now? Why don't you let him do what will make him happy?" So he tried to tell her again that he was completely happy.

DEIRDRE, the maid, came into the room, too. Roger had known her longer than he had known anyone else in the world, longer even than he had known Emily. She leaned over and kissed him and spoke just a few words in her quick, kind way.

"You must offer it up, Mr. Roger. Remember what I've always said. You must offer it up."

Emily must have been in the room when Deirdre entered, because if the nurse on duty went out, even for a minute, Emily always stayed with him. She did not seem to get tired, and she understood, better than the nurses, what he wanted and needed. But she had always been understanding—understanding and loyal and loving. She had made him very happy.

The doctor had looked grave; Roger didn't understand why. There was nothing to be grave about. He had won his case. He was going to be a member of the firm. Simonetta and Pell were going to be married. And after all these years, Emily was going to have a baby.

"There isn't anything to offer up, Deirdre. You offer up misery, don't you? Or can you offer up happiness, too? Of course, if you can, I'd be glad to."

Deirdre did not answer him; she was gone. Roger had not realized she had left. Only Emily was in the room with him

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now. Well, he did not need anyone else. Just Emily, so they could share his final victory. . . .

After Roger died, Emily did not argue when old Mrs. Forbes said that it would be much more sensible to close the Joy Street house, that Emily would be much better off in her third-story bedroom on Louisburg Square.

So the shutters were closed and the shades were drawn. Emily went through the house the night before she left. She wanted to say good-bye to it. This was the first thing she had wanted to do since Roger's death.

In the morning, Clark, Mrs. Forbes' elderly chauffeur, came, and Emily was driven to Louisburg Square.

For the next month nearly all her days seemed aimless and empty. She had a number of callers, but she would have been more content to remain alone.

On pleasant days she walked to the Joy Street house and sat in her garden. She had not told anyone about going there, so she was startled when, one evening, someone knocked at the gate. She walked over and opened it, and, to her surprise, saw her father.

"I'm glad to see you, Papa. Won't you come in?"

He went in and sat down, looking around the little garden. "I'd forgotten how pleasant you'd made this," he said. "It's a long while since I've been here."

They sat together for some time. They did not talk much; they had never been particularly close to each other, and there did not seem to be much to say. But the silence was companionable. When it began to grow dark, Emily said she must go back to Louisburg Square.

As they went out into the street, her father said, "I've enjoyed this very much, Emily. I go to the Somerset Club quite often in the afternoon. It's just a step away. I could walk over any time."

"I hope you will," she said sincerely.

**A**FTER that they sat together almost every pleasant afternoon. And they found they had more and more to say to each other as time went on.

One day he asked her what had become of the young men who had been with Roger at Cutter, Mills.

"David is in England, and Brian's in the South Pacific. They wrote me when they heard about Roger." Emily did not mind speaking about Roger now; in fact, she was quite willing to do so. "I got a note from Pell, filled with gratitude and affection. Roger and Brian were good friends, but he and Pell were really devoted to each other. Roger's death is a great personal loss to Pell. It would be easy enough to find out more about him, if you're interested. Simonetta hears from him regularly."

"I would be interested, Emily."

The next afternoon Emily told her father she had been talking to Simonetta. "I'm glad you asked after Pell, Papa," she said. "Simonetta's been worried about him. She didn't like to tell me, because I'd been in trouble myself. Pell was wounded in North Africa—not seriously, but badly enough to be hospitalized. Now he's been transferred to A.M.G., much to his disgust—and, of course, greatly to Simonetta's relief. He's a captain now."

"Did you buy the little house for her?"

"Yes. One of the last things Roger did was to clear the title and get the deed for me. It's mine, but it'll be Simonetta

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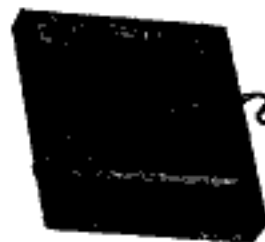


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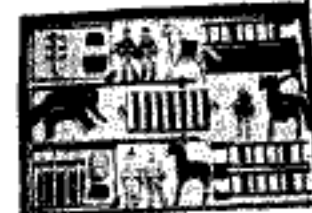


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and Pell's whenever they want it."

"I should think you and she would like to go down there someday and look it over. I'd enjoy walking down there, too."

"The next time I see Simonetta, I'll ask her."

Emily did not have much interest in the old house, but Simonetta's response was eager. Emily discussed with her father the propriety of making a start on remodeling the house.

"I don't see why you shouldn't. I'll make inquiries. I'd be glad to."

They were still talking about what should be done when they became aware of someone's jiggling the knocker.

Emily leaped up. "That's the way Brian always knocked. Why, it can't be—"

But it was. Brian stood on the threshold, grinning broadly.

Emily threw her arms around his neck and hugged him hard. "Briny, Briny, are you real? Wherever did you drop from?"

"I'm as right as rain and as real as the sun. And I didn't drop from anywhere. I alighted, with my usual dignity, from a plane. I got your grandmother on the telephone, and she said you were in your garden."

"Grandmamma's always tattling. She told Papa, too." Emily laughed musically.

Sumner Thayer realized it was the first time he had heard his daughter laugh in months.

"Give us details, Briny," she begged.

"Well, you knew that I'd been in Manus for nearly a year."

"I knew you were there, but I don't know much about Manus itself."

"Manus, my dear girl," he announced, "was one of the five finest harbors in the world until the U. S. Navy and the Seabees got hold of it and turned it into the finest and probably the busiest port on any of the seven seas. Your humble servant has been occupied with the prosecution of malingers and others who had acquired cigarettes and trade goods and were trying to pyramid these into fortunes by swapping them with the natives for gold, pearls, and other trifles."

Emily laughed again. "And what's happened to the malingers now that you've left them to their own devices?"

"That's somebody else's headache. By luck, I cut my foot on a piece of coral, while swimming, and got an infection."

"A fine piece of luck!"

"NORMALLY, I wouldn't have got home for six months more. The medicos took on about that infection as if I'd cut my head instead of my foot. I don't know what's going to happen to me next. While that fine technical point's being decided, I'm spending a little time in Boston. Incidentally, I've got a whole pocketful of gasoline coupons. What about a drive?"

"You mean now? When you came, Papa and I were talking about Simonetta's house and wondering how we should go about getting materials and labor for its restoration."

"Simonetta's house? Go back to the beginning on that one, will you?"

Briefly, Emily explained.

"Why didn't you ask my old man to help you out?" Brian asked. "Is your telephone still connected?"

"Yes, I—I think so."

Brian disappeared into the kitchen. Presently he returned, grinning more broadly than ever. "My luck's holding," he said. "I got both my old man and Simonetta on the telephone. He's going to bring her over here. Then we'll go and

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look over the premises. Then, after we've seen the house, why not come back to my house for supper?"

"Briny, I haven't been anywhere yet, and—"

"I haven't asked you to go anywhere. I've asked you to come to South Boston. You, too, of course, Mr. Thayer."

Sumner Thayer looked from Brian to Emily and then back to Brian. "I don't think that's a bad idea at all. I'm sorry I can't go, too, but my wife and I—well, we have another engagement. I hope I'll see you again, Commander Collins, while you're in Boston. Perhaps you'd dine with me one of these nights."

**S**HAWN COLLINS, Brian's father, was sanguine about what could be done to the house. When they finally closed the door behind them, Shawn suggested that Simonetta ride over to South Boston with him, as Brian's car was only a roadster.

"You're pretty highhanded, Briny," Emily said as they got into the car. "But as I tried to explain to you, I'm not going anywhere just now."

"Why aren't you going anywhere?"

"Please don't pretend to be dense."

"Because you're going to have a baby and are beginning to show it?" Briny laughed. "That's not convincing to the eldest of eight! Aren't you glad you're going to have a baby, Emily?"

"Of course I'm glad. But—"

"Well, then, don't hide as if you were ashamed of it."

Emily flushed and bit her lip. "You know there's another reason. It's less than three months since Roger died. I haven't wanted to see anyone or do anything."

"That's perfectly normal—for two or three weeks. But you don't feel now as you did when you first began to go to your garden and talk with your father, do you?"

"No. But I don't want to see anyone else."

"You were glad to see me—or you put on a good act."

"I didn't put on an act," Emily retorted. "But—"

"If you aren't careful, I'm going to start counting the number of times you say 'but.' You shouldn't be in a state of apathy any longer. You ought to be in a state of expectancy."

"Expectancy of what?"

"Well, of motherhood first, naturally. And after that, of whatever else is in store for you."

"I don't feel sure there is much in store for me that's worth while. I've been such a failure so far. I failed in everything I meant to do on Joy Street."

"We're almost to my house, and I'd like to go into that," he said. "Suppose we drive around City Point? That first dinner party of yours wasn't a conspicuous success." Brian grinned in spite of his growing gravity. "But that was my fault. The way to create good fellowship among aliens isn't through Social Contacts, with capital letters, any more—if it ever was. I think it was a good thing you found that out right away, instead of waiting until you'd made a whole series of mistakes along the same lines."

"My grandmother never made that kind of mistake. People have always thought it was a compliment and a privilege to be asked to her house."

"Yes, of course. But your grandmother didn't entertain with a Noble Purpose."

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And she wasn't condescending, either."  
"And you think I am?"  
"I think you were, a little. Don't you?"  
He reached for her hand. "I'm not trying to hurt you, Emily. I'm just trying to help you see things straight. You don't have to answer me. Just think over what I've said."

"I don't mind answering. I'm afraid you're right. I was condescending, even rather presumptuous."

"Everything you did was to help Roger in every—"

"But I didn't help him!"

"But you did! Why, Emily, you made him happy! Do you call that failing? No wife could have been more loyal and devoted than you were! You were an inspiration and a help to him. Suppose your house wasn't the sort of center you'd planned. Don't get the idea it wasn't the sort that meant most to him, in every way. It meant a lot to me, too. It meant a lot to Pell. You haven't thought of it in terms of those poker parties, which did bring about good fellowship among alien groups. You haven't thought of it in terms of a medieval betrothal service, which had all the solemnity of a marriage and transfigured two persons' lives. Why don't you?"

"I—I don't know, Briny."

"Well, won't you try? If I know you're trying, it'll help me try, too, to make up for my mistake—which was worse than any you ever made or ever could make. I went around talking about 'England's war.' I didn't apply for a commission in the Navy until I was faced with the probability that I'd be recalled as an infantry corporal in the United States Army. How do you think I've felt about that ever since Pearl Harbor? How do you think I feel about never getting combat duty? I've tried and tried for it. David tried and got it—at least he's going to have it. He's in England already. Pell's won the Silver Star already. A lot of citations I'll get! It serves me right!"

"Briny, I had no idea you felt that way."

"How do you expect me to feel? As far as that goes, how do you think I felt when Roger died? He was a war casualty, all right—doing the work of four men by himself. I'd have done more for the war effort if I'd stayed in the office. Roger might be alive if I had!"

"Briny, you're not being fair to yourself."

"All right. Don't let me hear you talk the way you have been, then. As a matter of fact, neither of us can talk much longer right now. I've got to take you to the house before the hungry horde eats up all the dinner."

SEVERAL hours later, when Brian took Emily back to Louisburg Square, she confessed to him that she was glad he had made her go out, that she had really enjoyed the evening with his big, cheerful family.

The next week, Brian persuaded her to go with him on several all-day trips in his car, and he sat in the Joy Street garden with her and her father and dined with her and old Mrs. Forbes. When his leave was almost up, he suggested driving Emily and Deirdre to Hollyhock Hill, Elizabeth's home in Vermont.

"I can manage to stay here until June first, if I cut out New York, and I don't mind doing that," he said. "In fact, I'd much rather go to Hollyhock Hill."

"If you're sure—"

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"Philanthropy isn't one of my strong points. If I wanted to be night clubbing instead of driving you around, you can be sure that's what I'd be doing."

Mark and Elizabeth Merriweather and their son, Archie, were not going to Hollyhock Hill until after college closed; but the house had been aired and cleaned and stocked with food. Brian stayed overnight, but he had to be up and away at dawn. He left a note behind him, which Deirdre brought upstairs on Emily's breakfast tray. It had no heading and no closing: "Remember you're not numb any more. You're just waiting. And you've got lots ahead of you to wait for."

As one tranquil day succeeded another, Emily began to understand what Brian had meant and to believe he was right. With the quickening of the child came a general quickening throughout her whole being, and she began to marvel that she had been so long insensible to those great forces that destroy only to rebuild. Roger would live again in his child and hers, and her task now was one of preparation for this resurrection. After the child was born, she would recognize the next task and prepare to meet it. Life would never be the same as before, but it might still be full and abundant. She was very grateful to Brian for his encouragement.

WHEN the Merriweathers arrived from Hanover, Hollyhock Hill became less quiet, but pleasantly so. Archie was a precocious child, unusually active for his age. He tore from one end of the house to the other, and unless he was carefully watched, he darted across the road. He was supposed to confine his activities to the rear gallery, which had only one gate, carefully latched. Emily enjoyed watching over Archie.

One day, when Emily was sitting on the gallery, she heard a little click. She knew at once that Archie had unfastened the latch and was running down the terrace toward the little pond.

She caught up with him just as he slid over the edge. She plunged in after him, drawing him back to safety. Then, unexpectedly, she stepped off into deeper water. She tried to hold her footing, failed, and sank. It was merely a matter of seconds before she had regained the surface and had struggled back to shore. She took Archie up in her arms and carried him back to the house.

Elizabeth and Deirdre were worried, and urged her to go to bed and let them send for a doctor. The same kindly man who had taken care of her when she sprained her ankle came to see her; he looked sober when she told him how she had slipped and struggled for a footing.

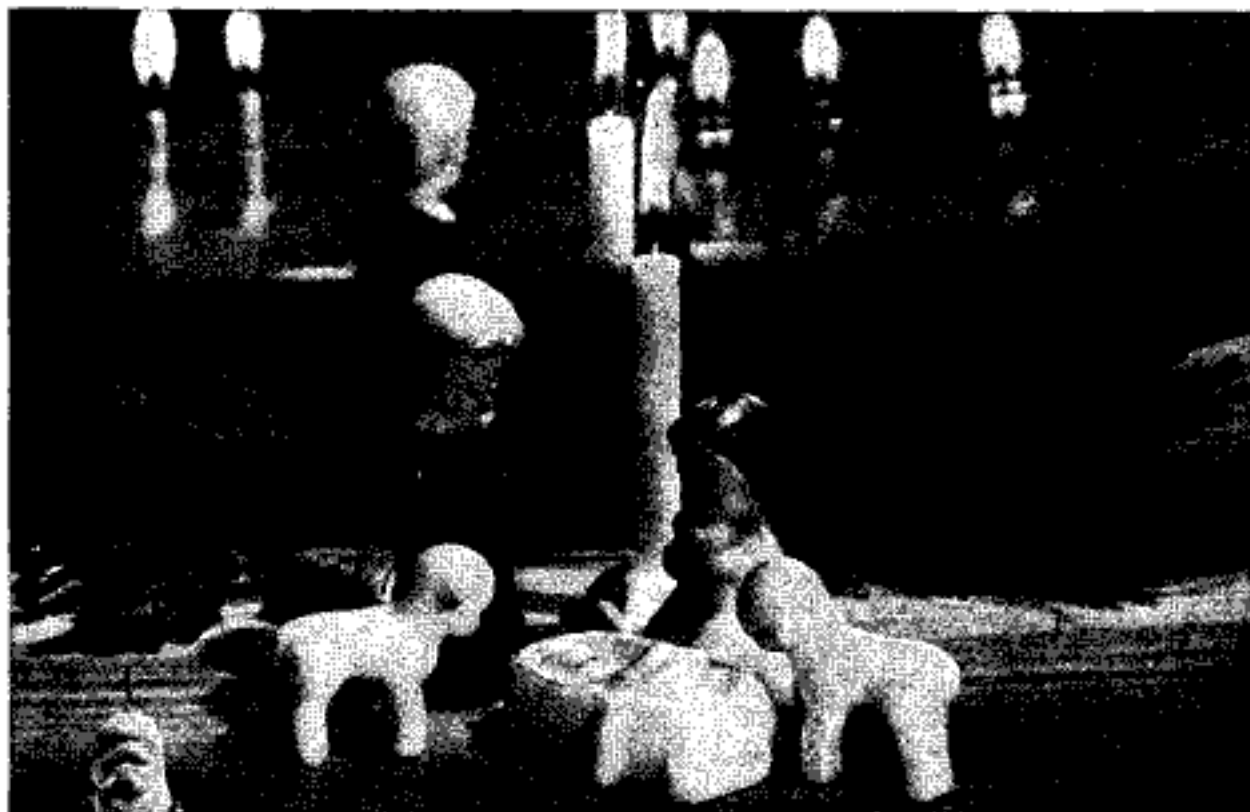
"You weren't aware of any wrench when that happened, were you?"

"Why yes, I think I was, but I was much more aware of what Archie might do while I couldn't see him."

"I'm very sorry, Mrs. Field, you're not where your own physician can see you. Perhaps we ought to send you back to Boston in an ambulance. We'll see how you are in the morning. Meanwhile, I'm going to give you a sedative. I want you to get a good night's sleep."

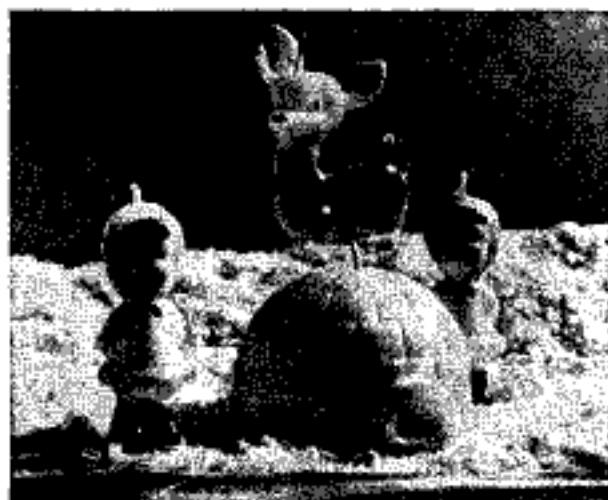
They did not send her back to Boston in an ambulance, and she did not get a good night's sleep. Shortly before midnight, she was seized with violent pain; and in the dark, dreadful hour just before dawn, she was delivered of a premature baby. It was a little girl, and it

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breathed for a few minutes before the doctor laid it down, sorrowfully, knowing there was nothing more he could do for it. And there was a great deal he must do for its mother if she was not to die, too.

Emily was very ill for a long while. Her recovery was retarded by her belief that she no longer had much to live for. Brian, who had been assigned to Norfolk, tried to convince her that she was wrong, but he did not make much headway. He realized that she was still very weak and completely disheartened, and he did not try to argue with her. He decided that time probably would do more for her than anything else, and that he should not harass her into assuming false hope and false cheerfulness. But one day she realized that she was waiting again, and her expectancy was not only hopeful but glad. She was waiting for David's return.

**MEANWHILE**, a great many other things had happened. The most important of these, of course, was that the war had ended. With the cessation of hostilities, a new era had begun for Emily, as it had for everyone else.

Simonetta was radiant with joy, and Emily caught the reflection of it. Pell's military achievements had been both glamorous and meteoric; and Emily had shared with Simonetta the mingled excitement and pride with which his beloved had followed his progress. His return to the United States and his marriage to Simonetta were now only a matter of months.

The little house was ready for them. She and Pell were to be married at St. Leonard's, and Emily and Brian were to stand up with them. They were not going to take a wedding journey; they preferred to go to their house. Pell was going back to work immediately.

Brian was able to get to Boston reasonably often these days, and the question of his return to the office had already been raised, too; but he had been noncommittal. He made no secret of the fact that if he was free in time to enter the campaign, he intended to run against Russell Forbes for the United States Senate. If he won, he would be going to Washington in January of '47; he did not propose to commit himself to anything that would keep him in Boston beyond that date.

This decision might easily have caused a coolness between him and old Mrs. Forbes. However, Brian made it evident that he would rather see Emily in his mother's house than on Louisburg Square, and Emily made it equally evident that she really enjoyed going to South Boston. Her grandmother wisely decided not to make too much of an issue that might serve to separate her from her favorite granddaughter.

Mrs. Forbes seemed to feel strongly that someone should supervise every nook and corner of the house on Louisburg Square, so Emily did this meticulously. One day when Brian was there, she asked if he would care to go to the attic with her. They climbed the steep flight of stairs, and at the top he noticed that she carried two small glasses.

"What are those for? To catch rain water when the roof leaks?"

"You don't suppose Grandmamma permits leaks in her roof, do you, Brian? Have patience. You'll see what these are for."

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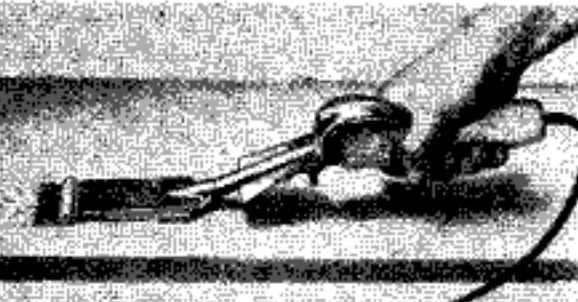
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He opened the door. Directly in front of him stood rows of hand-blown bottles, the neck of each encircled by a chain and tag. He bent over the nearest one. "This rum was taken in this container around the Horn—eighteen thirty-eight," he read. "Why, it's more than a hundred years old!"

"Now you know what the two glasses are for. We'll draw up a couple of those old tavern chairs and have a taste of Great-Grandfather's special brand."

"Why didn't you bring me up here before?" he asked. "This is the most interesting place in the house. I'd say it has everything you need: seclusion, comfort, and unlimited refreshment."

"I didn't intend to have the amount of refreshment unlimited, Briny."

Suddenly grave, he set down his glass. "That's not worrying you, is it, Emily? That I might drink too much?"

"No. But that's really none of my affair, is it?"

"It might be. So I'd really like to set your mind at rest on that score. I used to drink too much, now and again. But I've never once done it since that historic dinner party at your house. I've never wanted to run the risk of being so ashamed of myself as I was after that night. I never shall do it again, either. You can count on it, Emily."

"You deserve all kinds of credit, Briny, for sticking to it the way you have. I think—"

"I'm not trying to take any credit for it. I just want you to tell me you're not afraid I'll ever disgrace you."

"Briny, I just said it really wasn't any of my affair."

"And I just said that it might be. Now I'll say that I hope more than anything in the world it will be."

"I'm not sure I know just what you mean, Briny," she said.

**Y**OU must! You must know I've been in love with you for years! That I've waited for the time to come when I thought it was decent to ask you to marry me. I fell in love with you at first sight, but you were married to my best friend."

"It never occurred to me," Emily said. "You didn't act as if you were in love with me!"

"How did you expect me to act? Come into the house when Roger was out and throw you down on a bed?"

"No, of course not! Don't say such—such dreadful things, Briny!"

"Well, we might as well have a showdown."

"No!" Emily exclaimed again. "I didn't expect you to tell me just now that you wanted to marry me. When Roger died and—and the baby, I thought you were sorry for me."

"I was. I was damn' sorry for you."

"And you made me realize there was still something ahead of me. Something worth waiting for."

"You can't live all the rest of your life with only a memory. You're too young! You're too lovely! You're bound to fall in love again. You ought to be married right now. You're going to marry me, no matter what I have to do to make you!"

Pulling her to her feet, he threw his arms around her and kissed her as she had never been kissed before. It was useless for her to struggle; as she could not escape the embrace, she had no choice but to accept it. When Brian released his grip and held her at arms'



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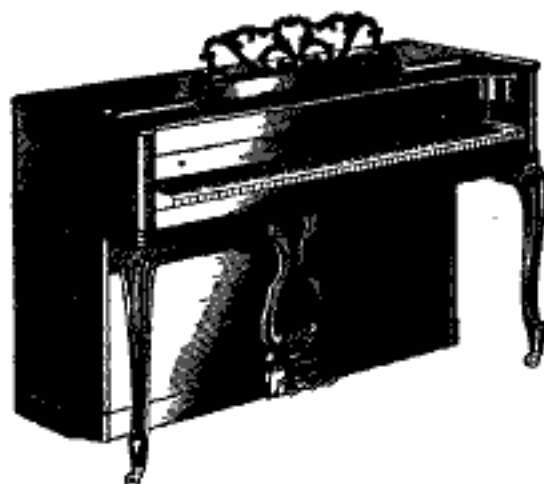
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length, he looked down at her with savage joy.

"Now kiss me back, darling, and then we'll really get someplace," he said, drawing her toward him again.

"No, we won't. Let me go, Brian. You haven't any right—"

"I've every right. I'm a free man and you're a free woman, and I'm so much in love with you that I'm not going to wait for you another day."

"You'll have to."

"And what'll make me?"

"I will make you. I won't marry you. I can't. I'm in love with someone else."

"You're not! You're just saying that to put me off temporarily."

"I've told you the truth, Brian. If you don't let me go now, I'll never see you again. I mean it."

Her voice was very quiet again, as it had been a little earlier, when she told him she was not sure she understood what he meant. But now it had a more compelling quality.

"You say you're in love with someone else. How long has this been going on?"

"In a way, it's been going on for years."

"You mean, before Roger died?"

"Don't look at me that way, Brian. It wasn't—I didn't—I was loyal to Roger. I was devoted to him. I loved Roger, I loved him dearly, but I didn't love him—well, that way. My grandmother tried to tell me so, and I wouldn't listen. I was bound and determined to marry Roger. And then later I found out what it really meant to yearn unspeakably for a man, what it was to live for years and years with yearning like that unfulfilled. But Roger never knew. I'm sure of that. I'm sure I made him happy. He said so, over and over again. He couldn't have said it the way he did, he couldn't have acted the way he did, if he'd had the least doubt of my loyalty."

"No, I don't suppose he could have," Brian muttered. "I—well, I know he couldn't have." He let her go and stood facing her. "This other man—does he know how you feel?"

"I think he must. Of course, I've never told him so. But before he went away—"

"Before he went away *where*?"

"Why, he's been in the service, too, Briny. And before he left Boston—"

"Then he had made love to you? It didn't matter to him that you were married, the way it did to me?"

"PLEASE let me finish, Brian. He'd tried a little love-making—the sort of thing that used to be called flirtation, I believe. I don't think I was the only woman he kissed casually and talked to that way. But before he went away, he did tell me that he loved me. He did say that if things had been different—He thought he had a right to say that much. I'm not sure whether he did or not, but I know he thought so. I know he wouldn't have said it otherwise."

"And you didn't hear from him again before Roger died?"

"Never directly. Not once. And when people told me how lucky I was not to have anyone I cared about in danger, I felt like a hypocrite. Because I was half sick with worry; I read the casualty lists and lay awake every night, wondering—"

"But you've heard from him since?"

"Yes. He wrote me a letter of condolence. Then he didn't write me again until he'd heard I'd lost the baby."

(Continued on page 198)



PHOTOGRAPH BY D'EVIA

# Perfume's for enchantment

Perfume is your secret ally, creating a pleasant impression, a vivid recollection. It's a subtle interpreter that speaks softly about you, emphasizing your femininity, for perfume has a gentle voice, a woman's voice. It's a power in your life, never to be neglected, for perfume is the sorcery in everyday living. What scent? That's up to you. No rules dictate. What you yourself like is all-important. So sniff and experiment. Try new odors, fine old ones, familiar ones in brand-new ways. A rose is a rose to you, maybe; to a perfumer its variety is limitless.

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**THE BEAUTY CLINIC** RUTH MURRIN · DIRECTOR



PHOTOGRAPHS BY D'EVIA

## Perfume's for enchantment



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Don't be falsely thrifty. A row of untouched bottles indicates nothing but wasting sweetness; once opened, perfume slowly evaporates, and light and heat may spoil the perfect balance.

Perfume was made to use. Stroke it on your wrists, your palms, at the bend of your elbows. But don't use it on your clothing; instead, pour it on cotton and tuck the cotton in your bra.

If you rebel at paying for beautiful bottles when you are really buying the contents, purchase the dram sizes. Or smell pretty because you specialize in toilet waters and colognes and use them lavishly.

Now you can buy a high concentration—almost, but not quite, perfume—at a painless price. There are also some fine scents to be had in plain bottles; they cost little and smell wonderful.

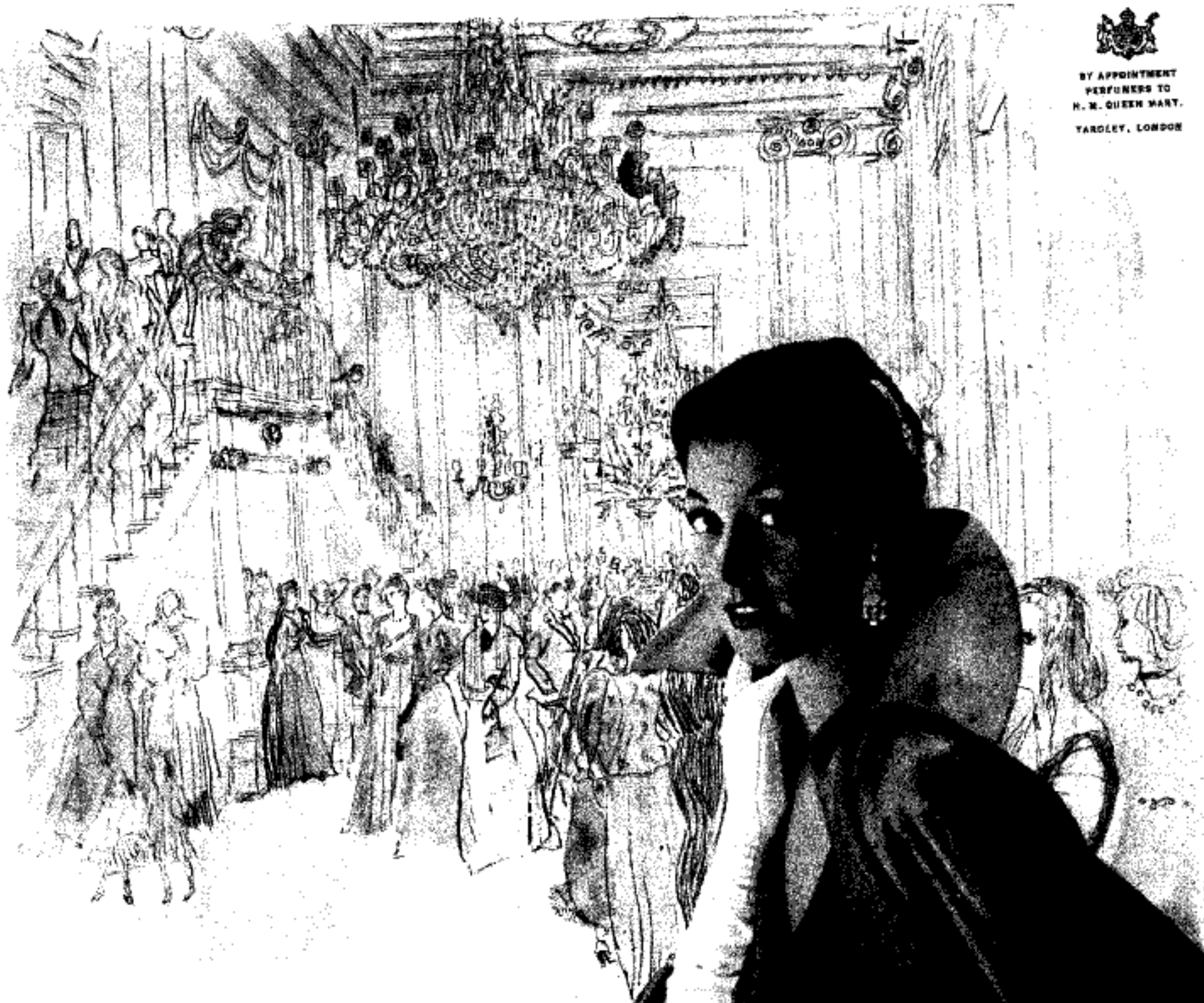
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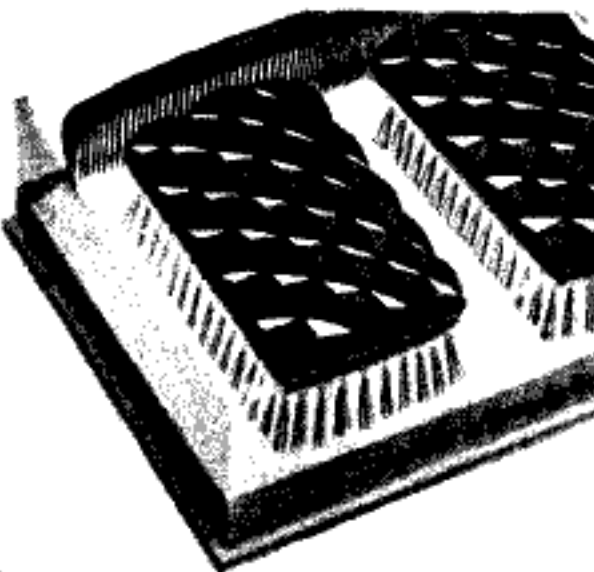
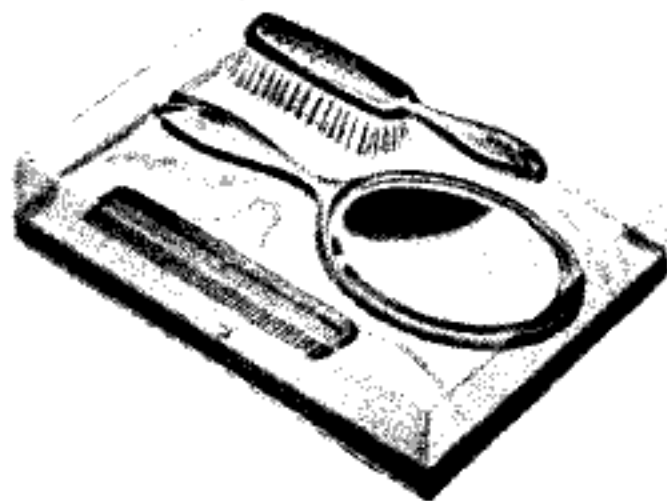
"BOND STREET" Perfume, \$2.50 to \$15;  
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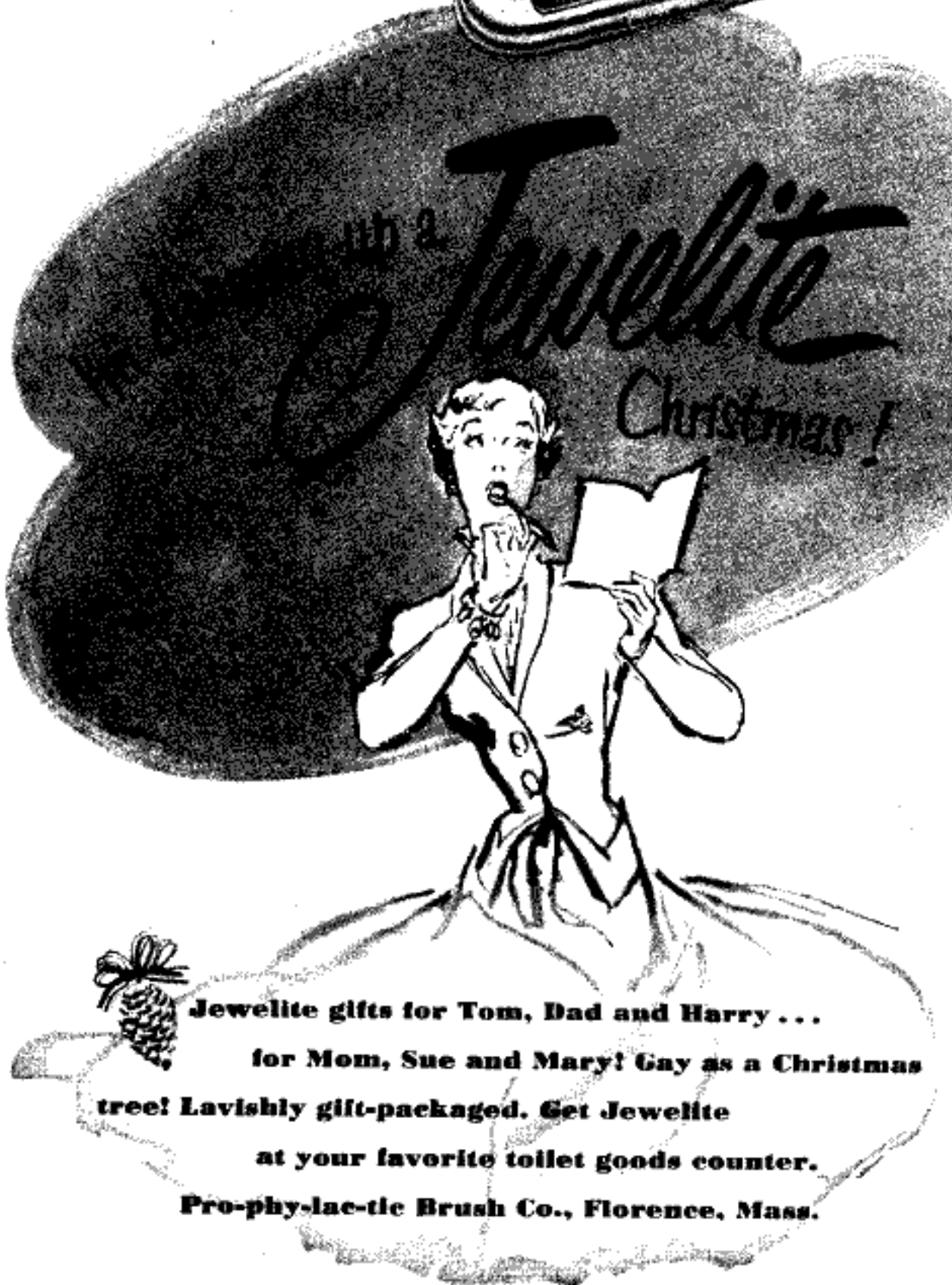


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## Joy Street

(Continued from page 194)

"Well, after all, the best time to make love to a woman isn't when she's carrying another man's child."

"Brian, unless you'll be fair there's no use going on."

"All right. I'll try to be fair. At least I'll try to be what you call fair. So after you lost your baby, this man, who is cloaked in mystery, started writing to you regularly?"

"No, just intermittently. The letters have been wonderful. They've given me something to live for again."

"And now you've heard that this man's coming home?"

"Yes. I had a letter this morning. And, Briny, he said he had something very important to tell me, something that couldn't wait any longer!"

She looked up at Brian with shining eyes.

"I meant to tell you about this today, anyhow," she said. "I was all ready to, when—when you interrupted me. I didn't bring you to the attic accidentally or casually. I brought you because I knew no one would break in on us while I was telling you something so important. I didn't dream, you see, that you felt the way you did—the way you do. I'm terribly sorry, Brian. But I'm not in love with you. I couldn't be. You understand that now, don't you?"

"Yes, I understand that now."

He leaned over and picked up the two glasses that had been set down on the floor. Then he lifted one of the old hand-blown bottles and poured the fragrant old rum. "Let's drink," he said, "to your married happiness—with a husband who loves you better than anyone else in the world!"

AFTER Brian left, Emily went to her room and burst into tears. When the storm was spent, she told herself she had acted like a Victorian female long enough. She washed her face and, taking David's letter, went to her grandmother's room.

Old Mrs. Forbes was engrossed in a letter. She gave a slight start when Emily walked up beside her.

"Why, Emily, I didn't know you were there! Here's a letter from Elizabeth. She seems to be making up for lost time. I'd have sent for you to talk it over—or at least to find out whether you'd gone streaking off to South Boston with Brian."

"Brian left an hour ago, and I haven't the slightest intention of streaking off anywhere."

"You sound as if you'd been quarreling. You look that way, too."

"Grandmamma, you notice altogether too much. I'll tell you about it later. Give me your news first. Elizabeth's going to have another baby?"

"Yes, but that's only part of it. Mark's been offered and has accepted a professorship at Harvard."

"Good for Mark! He and Elizabeth will both enjoy Cambridge."

"They'd like to live in Boston. And of course I'd like to have them."

"You'd like to have them live with you?"

"I was thinking it over when you came in. It would simplify matters for Elizabeth while she's looking for a house of her own. I don't suppose you'd care to let her have yours? I don't believe you want to go back to Joy Street."





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"I haven't wanted to. I've been very glad to stay here with you. It's pleased me to think that you've been less lonely than you would have been without me. And I've always enjoyed every moment I've spent with you."

Emily's thoughts were racing in a new direction. If Elizabeth and Mark and their increasing family were in the house, there would no longer be any sound reason for Emily to postpone her return to Joy Street. Yet she did not want to live there alone. Perhaps she should lend it to Elizabeth and Mark. Yes, she would offer them her house and stay where she was until—

"Offhand, I like your second suggestion," Emily said. "I think I ought to lend them my house. They'd have more space and independence there."

"There's plenty of space here. And I haven't interfered with your independence, have I?"

"Of course there's lots of room," Emily said. She realized that old Mrs. Forbes was in a defensive mood. "And you've always been kind to all my friends."

"I'm glad you think so, but my greatest concern is for my own family. Someday this house will be Archie's. I think it would be fitting to have him grow up here."

"You'd rather have Elizabeth and Mark come here than go to my house, Grandmamma?"

"Well, yes. I just made my second suggestion casually. I didn't think you'd take it seriously, since you've been so long making up your mind about anything."

"You're right. I have been a long while making up my mind about anything. You'll write and ask Elizabeth to come here? If she says yes, we'll consider that settled. Meanwhile, I had a letter from David Salomont this morning. He's coming home, probably this week. He's got something very important to tell me. I'll show you the letter."

Emily's voice rang with joy. The expression on Mrs. Forbes' face became one of sympathy and understanding.

"No," old Mrs. Forbes said, "I don't want to see the letter. But I'm glad you've got it—at last. And I'll be glad to see David when he gets here."

**T**HE telegram came the following morning: "Catching first train to Boston expect me late afternoon David."

Emily went downstairs to tell her grandmother that David would be there that afternoon. Old Mrs. Forbes appeared to be in a generally mellow mood. She had wired Elizabeth the day before, and Elizabeth had immediately telephoned her mother, saying she and Mark would be happy to accept her plan.

"Did she tell you when she expected the new baby?" Emily asked.

"Yes. Early in August."

"It's really very soon," Emily said. "I'll tell Deirdre we're moving back to Joy Street."

"Have you told Brian that David's coming back?" Mrs. Forbes asked.

"I didn't mention David by name, but I said—"

"He knew, even if you didn't mention David. I never thought those two liked each other particularly."

"No, I'm afraid they didn't. But Pell always liked them both. I'm sure he'll want David to be in the wedding party, too, if that's possible."

"Perhaps Brian will stay more steadily in Norfolk when he knows David's back," Mrs. Forbes said.

"Perhaps. But I'm sure he'll want to stand up with Pell. And Brian hopes to be separated from the Navy before that. If he's going to run for the Senate, he has to have his nomination papers signed and filed on July thirtieth."

Old Mrs. Forbes snorted slightly. "I don't believe it will do him much good. He'll find it's pretty hard to dislodge a Forbes from the Senate."

Emily had nothing to do except wait for David; she filled in the remainder of the morning with trivial tasks. Immediately after lunch she fixed her hair and manicured her nails and changed her dress. In spite of the current trend away from mourning, she had worn black for some time after Roger's death. But now she was wearing bright colors again, and she chose a green dress that she felt David would like. Ordinarily, she did not wear many ornaments; but now she unlocked her jewel box and studied its contents. Everything in it was related to her life with Roger, she realized sadly. She closed the box slowly and went back to her grandmother's room.

OLD Mrs. Forbes was seated in front of her dressing table. Her jewel box was open, as it usually was at such a time. She looked up at Emily with one of her splendid smiles.

"Well, my dear, this must be mental telepathy. I was just on the point of sending for you. I've been thinking that as you're not going to have this house, you should have other things. I haven't been sure diamonds would ever suit you, but I'm beginning to change my mind. This jewel box is already open, as you can see. Tell me if there's anything you'd like to wear."

"I guess it was mental telepathy, Grandmamma. I came down to ask you if you'd lend me something. I couldn't seem to find anything I wanted to put on." She bent over the box, afraid to trust herself to speak, and picked up a necklace of graduated diamonds. Then she looked questioningly at old Mrs. Forbes.

"An excellent selection," her grandmother said. "But of course, you need these eardrops with it. And for a brooch and bracelets—"

"Oh, Grandmamma, I don't need a brooch and bracelets, too!"

"Don't tell me what you need. Run along now! I've told Pearson to show David Salomont in as soon as he arrives. I don't imagine you'll have very long to wait."

It seemed long to Emily. It had begun to seem both endless and unendurable when Pearson at last opened the folding doors.

"Major Salomont, Mrs. Field."

Emily hastened forward, both hands outstretched. She had expected him to take her in his arms as soon as the doors closed, but instead, David clasped her outstretched hands in his and regarded her with approval.

"Emily, how lovely you look!"

"You look wonderful to me, David. But naturally you would, anyhow."

"And naturally you would, anyhow. But you really are a great deal more beautiful than when I left. And what a charming dress! It's worth crossing the Atlantic to look at you. Incidentally, isn't that necklace new?"



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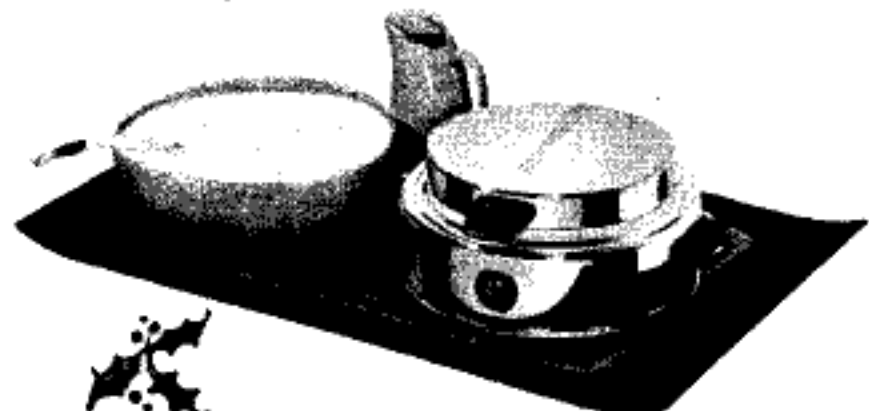
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## TOASTMASTER

"Yes. Grandmamma gave it to me today in honor of your home-coming. She's eager to see you."

"No more than I am to see her. But we're going to have a talk first, aren't we? You haven't asked me to sit down yet."

All the time they had been standing with clasped hands, she had been waiting for him to embrace her and to tell her how much he loved her. She felt bewildered and frustrated as he settled himself at one end of the sofa, with the obvious expectation that she would sit at the other end. But she had to start the conversation.

"Start at the beginning, and tell me all!"

"That's a large order, isn't it?" he said. "You know a good deal already from my letters."

"Not nearly as much as I'd like to. There are lots of things it's easier to say than to write."

"YOU realized, of course, it was a blow to me when I found I wasn't going into Normandy over the beaches," he began. "But as it turned out, I can't be thankful enough I went in with Patton instead. I'm glad I'll be able to tell my grandchildren I was part of it."

"I understand how you feel, David." "But when we got to Wiesbaden, there was a letdown. We'd done such a thorough job, we had to stop for a while. We were glad to relax. We were very glad to see some women again."

Emily drew a deep breath. So all this had been leading up to a confession such as almost any man was obliged to make sooner or later to the woman he wanted for his wife. She could forgive whatever David had done in those weeks of letdown. No woman of the streets, no such outlawed, unfortunate creature, had any real connection with her, the beloved woman, with her feeling for David or David's for her. Because this was so, there was really nothing to confess.

"You must have been. But you don't have to tell me about that."

"Yes I do. That's what I came here for."

"Why, of course it isn't! You've come here because—" She must not be the one to say it first. She could not say "You've come here because you love me and I love you." She waited for him to say this, and instead, he said something else.

"I saw Priscilla in Wiesbaden." "Why, of course, you must have! You didn't mention it in your letters, and Priscilla didn't mention it in hers. But I remember now that she was sent to Wiesbaden."

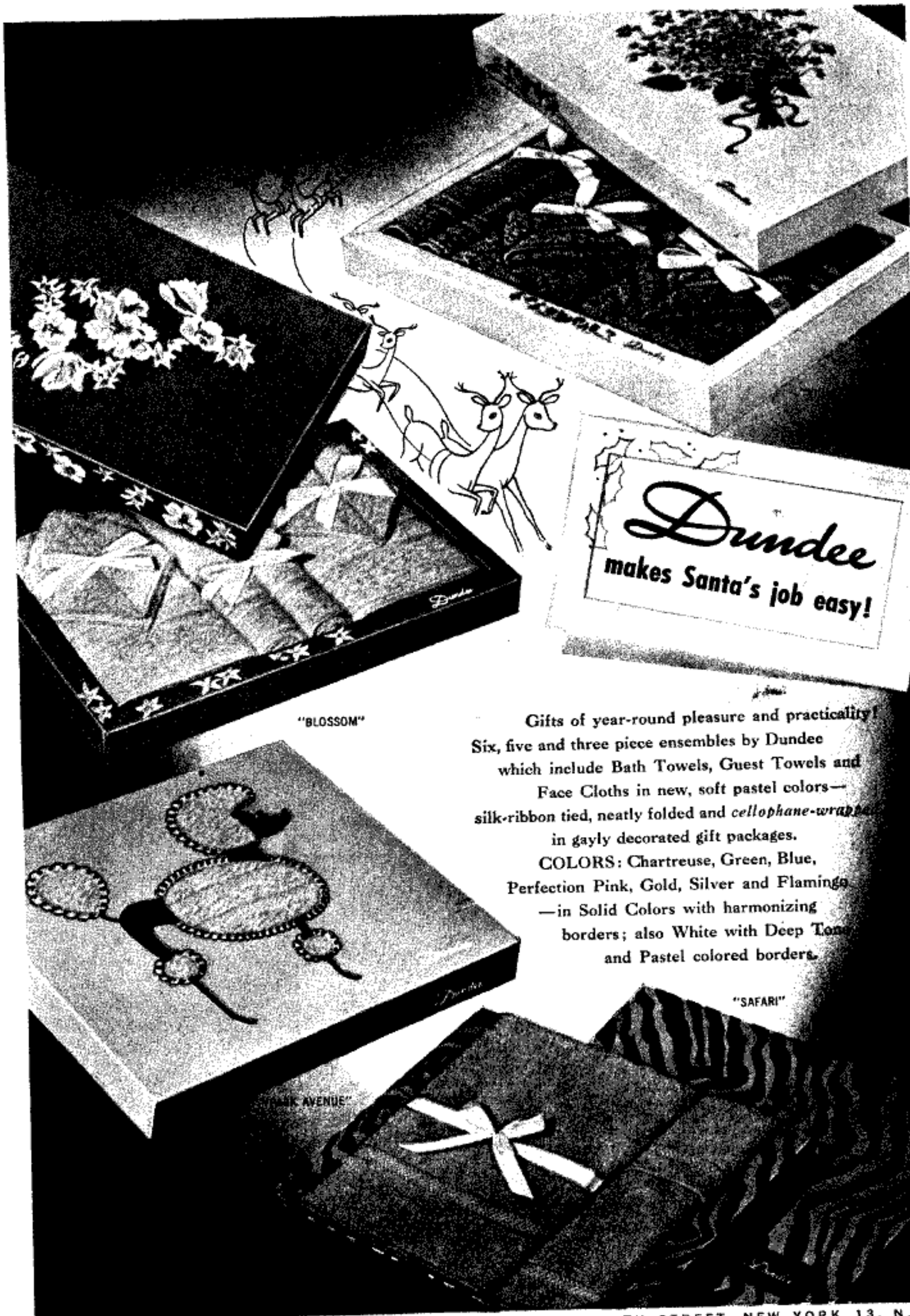
"I saw a good deal of Priscilla there, Emily."

"Well, I'm very glad. Priscilla's quite amusing."

"Emily, don't make this harder for me. I came here to tell you that I fell in love with Priscilla."

Emily was staring at David in horrible unbelief. She did not resist when he took her hand. The gesture was meant to be kindly, almost compassionate, but it failed in its purpose. An hour earlier she would have said that the slightest touch from David's fingers would kindle her ardor. Now she did not feel anything at all.

"I've got to ask you to believe I never lied to you," David said. "When I told



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"BLOSSOM"

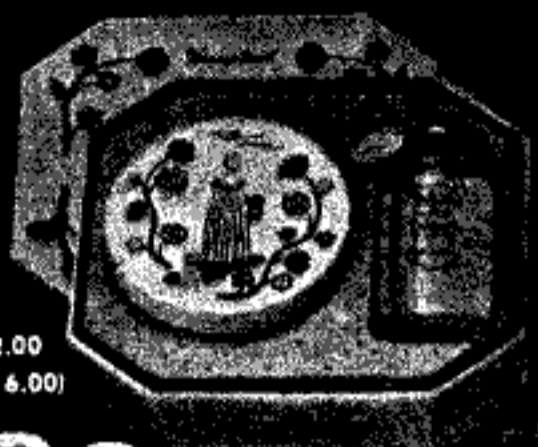
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you I loved you, it was true. I had to tell you, even though you were married to someone else. I went overseas still loving you. I still loved you when Roger died. My God, I don't know why I keep saying I still loved you as if it were in the past. I love you now. As much as I ever did, in one way. But not the way I did before. Not the way I did when I first saw Priscilla again, in Paris."

"In Paris?"

"Yes, I'd seen her there before I saw her in Wiesbaden. And I'd seen a good deal of her before I left Boston. I used to go down to the Cape and stay at her house. The last time I went to the Cape she asked me to marry her."

"She asked you to marry her?"

"Yes. Girls do take the initiative sometimes these days."

"Not—not girls like—"

"No, not girls like you. But girls like Priscilla. I tried to laugh her off," he said. "But when I saw I wasn't making any headway, I told her she couldn't stand being married to a Jew, that she couldn't take it. So she set out to show me what she could take."

"And that was why she joined the WAC?"

"Partly, perhaps. And she's certainly taken plenty since then. Her wallet was rifled at Fort Oglethorpe. Priscilla didn't care about the money, but there was a snapshot of me. That was left in the wallet, torn to shreds. Evidently, she took that pretty hard. By the time we'd seen each other in Wiesbaden, Priscilla didn't have to tell me again that she wouldn't be upset by a few examples of so-called discrimination if she married me. And this time I proposed to her. Then she asked me about you."

"But how could she ask you about me? Had you told her—"

"Never by name. But the day she proposed to me, I'd said I was in love with someone else, someone I couldn't ask to marry me because she wasn't free. Priscilla guessed whom I meant. In Wiesbaden she asked me if you didn't have the right of way."

"And what did you tell her?"

"That you did. Even though I'd never asked you to marry me, I'd wanted to marry you for a long time and it was implicit in what I'd said to you. It wasn't your fault, either, that I didn't want to any longer. But when two people have been through a war together—well, somehow there's a bond between them that's different from other bonds. It has more meaning. From now on, if you release me, Priscilla will be the only woman in my life."

AS EMILY knocked once more at her grandmother's door, it was with the sensation that she was completing a cycle. That morning she had come joyously to say that David at last was on his way home. Now she was coming to say that he had gone out of her life forever.

Emily opened the door. The old lady was sitting in one of her throne-like chairs, arrayed in her most elegant brocade and literally ablaze with diamonds. Her smile lent her face a vestige of her once matchless beauty. But the smile faded when she saw that Emily was alone.

"Where is David?" she asked.

"He's gone. He didn't come to propose to me. He's already asked Priscilla."

"Emily, he couldn't! He told you that

he loved you! Honorable persons don't act that way."

"They've been honorable, Grandmamma. They both felt he was obligated to me because he had been in love with me once and would have asked me to marry him then if—if things had been different. But he never did ask me to marry him. I told him he must cable Priscilla and tell her he was free of me."

Emily drew up a stool and sat close to her grandmother.

"You mustn't blame them," she said. "I don't. I did when David first started talking to me about—about what had happened. I felt Priscilla had gone after him because she wanted to take him away from me. But I thought she'd failed."

"So did I," said old Mrs. Forbes, "but it seems she didn't fail. She trailed him to Europe! Any man's an easy prey in a war!"

"But we've got to be fair. I think now she loved him so much that she was determined to get him, at any cost. I—I understand how she felt. Only I couldn't go after him. I'm not her kind."

"NO, YOU'RE not," Mrs. Forbes said. "But I don't want you to give in to this. I want you to fight, to tell David you won't release him. If he could change as far as you're concerned, he could change about Priscilla, too. And she's young. She'll get over it."

"I won't get over loving David, and Priscilla won't, either. But I don't believe David will change again, so I'm not going to fight for him," Emily said quietly. "I'll probably love him as long as I live. But I don't want him for my husband any more." Her words rang with finality as she rose. She was silent for a few moments.

"David is going back to Germany. He wants to go, for he's had a chance to serve on Major Wallis' staff at the Nuremberg trial. He's had offers from several New York law offices, too. But he says those can wait. And Priscilla's about to come home, too—before his leave is up. He's gone to the Cape to tell Aunt Sue and Uncle Sherman to get ready for a wedding. And you'd better make up your mind that you're going to the Cape, too, at last, whether you want to or not. Because I'll never forgive you, Grandmamma, if you don't go with me to that wedding."

The next morning Emily told her grandmother that she had decided to move back into her own house. Old Mrs. Forbes did not attempt to dissuade her, and Emily returned to Joy Street after some small renovations were made. When her father dropped in to see her, he expressed his pleasure in finding her where she was.

"It's good to have you back here, Emily. I've always enjoyed the garden, of course. But I enjoy it much more now that the house is open, too. It never seemed natural to me to see it closed."

"Well, when I closed this house, that seemed the best thing. Now it seems best to have it open again."

She knew that he wanted to ask her certain questions and that he refrained because he did not want to risk hurting her. She took advantage of his consideration, but when Brian burst in on her, unceremoniously, she discovered that he had no inhibitions. He meant to ask questions and get answers.

"I had a wedding invitation, Emily.

'Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Endicott Forbes request the honor of your presence at the marriage of their daughter, Priscilla Anne, to Major David Salomont.' What's the meaning of this? Did you know that David and Priscilla were going to be married?"

"Yes."

"How long have you known it?"

"About a fortnight."

"You didn't know it that day we were in the attic, did you?"

"No, I didn't. Have you been back to Cutter, Mills yet, Briny? Do they know you're already separated from the Navy?"

"I haven't been back there, and they don't know it yet. I've got other things on my mind. When you told me you wouldn't marry me because you were in love with someone else, you were talking about David. Yes or no?"

"Briny, you ask too many questions, and some are presumptuous. I'm pretty busy right now, and I know they're still shorthanded at Cutter, Mills. I think it would be a wonderful idea if you'd go down and say you're ready to start work."

"That's what you think. Do you want to know what I think? I think David Salomont is a—"

"Don't say it, Brian."

"Give me a good reason why I shouldn't."

Emily spoke very gravely. "I'm sorry you won't take my word for it that there is a good reason. If you ask me to take your word for something, I do. But since you insist—"

He did not try to interrupt her simple and straightforward recital. When she finished, he looked at her with admiration. "You'd have made a good lawyer, Emily. You've almost convinced me—not quite, but almost. Now I'll take your advice and get on down to the office."

EVERYTHING connected with the wedding went off beautifully. It took place on a perfect summer afternoon, in the garden of the big, weather-beaten house surmounting the cliffs and the dunes.

Priscilla was a charming bride. She had never been a beauty, and she never would be, but there was something about her. Perhaps it was partly her expression. When she raised her head to receive David's kiss, after the ceremony, the look in her eyes had a dazzling quality.

Old Mrs. Forbes turned away to hide her tears. But there were no tears in Emily's eyes. Whenever her grandmother glanced in her direction, she seemed to be the central figure in a group, which usually included Brian Collins. The girl's striking, old Mrs. Forbes said to herself. She stands out, and she never used to. And what she's done today hasn't been easy.

The day had not been easy for old Mrs. Forbes, either. She was proud of Emily, but she was sick at heart on her account, too. She managed to withdraw from the crowd, and Emily came across the lawn with Brian Collins. The gold roses on her hat, the gold threads in her brocade dress, glittered in the sunlight. She leaned over and put her arms around her grandmother.

"Brian has to get back to town," she said. "Why don't you go with him? It's been a long day for you. You can quietly slip out of the side entrance. Brian's car



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"On the contrary," Mrs. Claus insisted, "there are ordinary bob pins and then there are Glamour Guards."

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is there. He'd enjoy your company."

Old Mrs. Forbes accepted Emily's suggestion with alacrity. "That's very kind of him," she said. "It's an excellent idea. But you'll come in and see me on your way home, won't you?"

"Of course. If you're already asleep, I won't disturb you. In that case, I'll come over in the morning."

Old Mrs. Forbes was not asleep when Emily tiptoed into her room. She cut short Emily's description of the rest of the wedding.

"Did David speak to you at all? Did he speak to you alone?"

"Of course he didn't. What are you thinking of, Grandmamma? A bridegroom, on his wedding day!"

"I'm thinking that I hope you'll never be sorry that David was never your lover."

"I'll have moments of being sorry. But they won't last. I never could have been happy if I'd betrayed Roger's faith in me. David knew it, too. He told me so himself."

"Well, you're right. And he was, too. You and I cannot take adultery in our stride, or call it fancy names. I found that out a long, long time ago."

Her voice trailed away into silence, and she seemed to be getting drowsy. The light in the room was dim, but Emily could see that she was fumbling with her ring. She spoke again, almost fretfully. "I can't get this off. I want to take it off."

"Why, Grandmamma?"

"Because I want you to have it. I want you to wear it always. Help me take it off, Emily. I don't want it found on my hand after I'm dead."

"But, Grandmamma, you're not going to die!"

"I'm not going to die just yet. But I'm eighty years old, Emily, and I can't expect to live much longer. I might die in my sleep some night. I hope I do. And if I did, you wouldn't have the right to take this ring off and keep it unless you knew it was yours. I don't want it found on my hand after I'm dead, the way it was found on Feodor Romanoff's. I've always been thankful that this ring came into Morris Brucker's possession. Tell him so, for me, if you have a chance."

"I will, Grandmamma."

"Morris knew I gave it to Feodor. He had it made for me to give the man I really—the man I really—" Again her voice trailed off into silence.

"I didn't have as much strength of character as you, Emily," she said at last. "But I was a great woman just the same. Everyone thought so. Most of all, your grandfather."

Three nights later, old Mrs. Forbes died in her sleep.

**WHEN** Emily was leaving her grandmother's house after the funeral, she remembered that the chapel at St. Margaret's was always open. She walked slowly across the Square and went up to the little chapel and knelt. She did not try to pray; it was so long since she had really prayed that she knew she could not do so now. But gradually the sense of peace and the awareness of divinity permeated her being. She raised her eyes to the crucifix on the altar. "I have to go along alone," she murmured. "There isn't anyone left to go with me now. Unless You will."

The loneliness that had engulfed Emily

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after David's marriage and old Mrs. Forbes' death lasted a surprisingly short while. This was partly because she had no leisure for introspection and very little for reflection. The periods she gave to deliberation were apart from her varied activities. Sometimes she went to St. Margaret's chapel, and every night, before she went to bed, she devoted a few minutes to quiet meditation.

She was conscious of no great resurgence of faith, no special leaning toward religion. But after her desperate avowal the night of her grandmother's funeral, the conviction that she was wholly alone began to lose its terrors. There were, after all, a number of persons to whom she mattered and who mattered to her; she had underestimated the importance of these other persons in her life. By asking for divine sustenance, she had been granted the power to find human sustenance, too.

**ELIZABETH** was now near her time for her second child. She was easily upset; the details of her mother's estate and the management of her household fatigued and troubled her.

"If you'd just take charge of everything, Emily," she said. "I've never had to handle a big household staff, and I don't like it. But I'm worried about Archie. With all these servants falling over one another, there isn't a capable nursemaid among them."

"Deirdre is a very capable nurse. She took care of Caroline and Roger when they were little."

"But Deirdre can't take care of Archie and do the cooking, too!"

"You said you wanted to leave details to me, Liz. The solution doesn't seem difficult. We can't turn any of Grand-mamma's people out in the world. They'd be lost. I'm willing to take over those you don't want."

The revision of a design for family living was accomplished with smoothness. Emily installed Archie in her house, and Deirdre made short work of his tantrums. He was soon playing contentedly in the adjacent garden, where Deirdre could keep a watchful eye on him.

The other problems were solved, too. Doris went to Emily and said it was all too evident that Mrs. Merriweather did not want a personal maid. But perhaps Mrs. Field herself—Emily did not want a personal maid, either, but she thought she would know what to do with one if such a maid were willing to undertake chamber work also. Clark and Pearson were next. Emily had no special use for a butler and a chauffeur, but again she rose to the occasion.

"Talk about Victorian relics," she said to Brian one day, when he had come to confer with her about the will, "I'm probably the only woman left in Boston who's living all by herself in a big house, except for five servants."

"No you're not. We've still got several others among our clients—but you are the only one who's still young and good-looking."

"Well, time will take care of that. Twenty years from now—"

"Twenty years from now, all the others will be in just the right lots at the cemetery. And you'll be doing something quite different."

"Such as?"

"We'll go into that later. May I remind you that you're also living with dear

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little Archie? Why don't you park him in South Boston once in a while? Mother'd be tickled to have him."

"All right. I'll take him with me the next time I go over to supper."

"Would that be tonight?"

"Why, it could be, I suppose."

"Fine. I'll telephone Mother in a few minutes. Now, as for this memorandum about that Russian stuff—"

The provisions of old Mrs. Forbes' will were very definite. Besides the main legacies, her jewelry was divided among her daughters and granddaughters, and each of the old servants was to receive a substantial cash sum. Charitable institutions were suitably remembered; and a legacy to Caroline Field provided Roger's sister against want, or even straitened circumstances, for the rest of her life, "since Roger Field himself, because of his lamented and untimely death, had been unable to make such provision." A final memorandum was dated only a few days before old Mrs. Forbes' death: "And I desire that my granddaughter Emily Thayer Field shall have, in addition to the emerald ring that I have already given her, all the jeweled icons, enameled Easter eggs, and other furniture typical of Russia that I collected while in that country, the same to be over and above her logical share. And if there be any objection to this among my other rightful heirs, then I desire and direct that stocks and bonds to the equivalent value be deducted from those that the said Emily Thayer Field would normally inherit and be divided among my other rightful heirs."

"There hasn't been any objection, has there?" Brian inquired.

"No. But I don't think any of us realized how much there was of 'that Russian stuff,' as you call it. There was even an extra jewel case that we didn't know existed—and it was full of the most gorgeous things!"

"If they're as valuable as you seem to think, it might mean you wouldn't get much of anything else."

"It wouldn't matter. Don't forget the famous trust fund. I'll never be poor, Brian."

"No, I don't suppose you ever will. But is there any reason you can think of why she should wish all this junk off on you?"

"Paul Pry! Yes, there is."

She would not tell him anything more that afternoon; and the next day everything was thrust aside by the sudden appearance of Pell. Preparations for an immediate wedding were the order of the day.

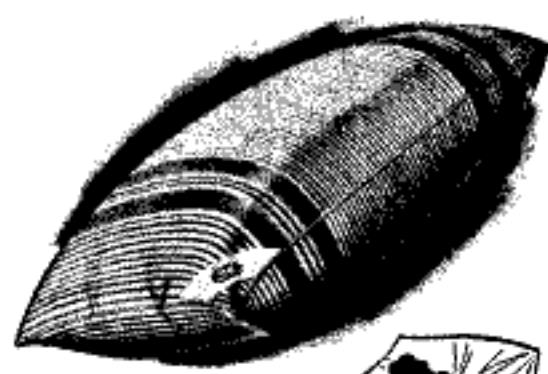
IT WAS not until after the wedding breakfast that Emily spoke again to Brian of her grandmother's final memorandum. She had been greatly moved by the marriage service, and it had been impossible to escape the contagion of the conviviality. When Pell and Simonetta had finally gone over the crest of the hill to their own little house, Emily was ready to answer Brian's question.

"Do you want to sit in the garden and listen while I tell sad stories of the death of kings?" she asked.

He gave her a quick look. "You mean about that Russian stuff? Was that really given to your grandmother by a king?"

"No, only a grand duke. But I'm sure Grandmamma always thought of him as a royal lover."

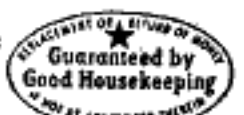
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"A royal— Good Lord, of course I want to hear it!"

It was very late when Brian finally left the garden. After Emily finished telling him the story of Feodor, it seemed natural to talk of other things. Eventually he spoke to her about his political campaign.

"It isn't going to create any awkwardness for you, is it, Emily?"

"No, of course not. Except that I think Uncle Russell may be here a good deal. He's taking it more or less as a personal insult that he can't use Grandmamma's house for his unofficial headquarters. I suppose his official headquarters will be in some hotel."

"Yes, inevitably. But he wants to sleep and eat here, and he wants you to do his entertaining for him. Is that it?"

"More or less, I think. And I don't like to refuse him."

"More power to you! Well, when you begin your role as official hostess, I'll fade out, with my usual tact and grace. You'll come over to South Boston once in a while?"

"I'd feel sorry if I thought I couldn't." "And what about the love nest on the other side of the hill?"

Emily laughed. "I imagine the bridal couple would like that to themselves, don't you?"

"Yes. But we can sit in the garden and they can go to bed."

Emily laughed again. "Brian, you're in-irrigible!"

"Would you like me any better if I were different?"

"No, I like you the way you are."

"How much?"

"Very much."

"Enough to marry me?"

"Certainly not. Go home, Brian, and stop talking nonsense."

"Enough to kiss me good night?"

"No. I can't take your kind of kissing."

"You might learn to, with practice."

"I said no, Briny. Good night."

THE next time he came, she told him something quite different. She could not have said why she wanted to, but she did. She told him she had gone to St. Margaret's the day of her grandmother's funeral because she felt entirely alone in the world and could think of no other place to go.

"Briny, before I left there, I realized I wasn't alone. I don't mean—just on account of God. It was as if He had shown me that I'd kept more than I'd lost, that there were places I could still go, if I only would. Earthly places. Pleasant places. Places where I was wanted and needed, places where I wanted and needed to be, all of them with people in them who loved me and whom I loved. Do you understand?"

"I think so. Yes, I'm almost sure I do."

"It doesn't trouble you that I've found peace and comfort in a faith that's different from yours?"

"It's not so very different. But if it were different—no, that wouldn't trouble me."

They sat in silence for a few moments. Then Emily realized that Brian was not grave any longer.

"Remember when I asked you if you were troubled about my drinking? You said it wasn't any affair of yours."

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, then, why should I be troubled about your religion—unless it is some affair of mine? Why should you think



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I would be unless you're ready to admit that it is?"

She rose, aware that she was blushing. He put his arms around her. "Sure and it's all right, mavournin," he said. "And I'm a low dog to trip you up like that. But this time I'm going to have a kiss, and nothing you'll say will stop me!"

She did not see him alone again for some time, because her Uncle Russell moved in on her and practically took over the house. Then the pre-election campaign began in earnest, and both candidates were swept into the whirlpool of slogans and speeches, rallies and parades. While Russell established headquarters at the Copley Plaza, Brian was busy at his headquarters at the Ritz. As election day approached, it became more and more evident that the contest would be close. And Russell Forbes, who had been content to have Emily remain in the background, urged her to appear with him in public.

"I'm sorry, Uncle Russell. I don't feel that I can."

"May I ask why not?"

"Because I'm not sure I believe in the principles you stand for."

"You'd sit back and see that Irishman take my seat away from me?"

"I'm sorry, Uncle Russell, but Briny's a friend of mine."

"I'm disappointed in you, Emily, and the company you keep. So are all your other relatives. So is Homer Lathrop."

"I'm sorry about you and Uncle Homer. But I don't think the others are disappointed. I know Papa isn't."

AS SOON as she could, she left her uncle and walked over the crest of the hill to see Pell and Simonetta. They had made Emily welcome from the beginning, and as the campaign advanced she formed the habit of going there whenever she could slip away, to listen with them to the political news as it came over the radio. Pell had told Brian of this, and often he put in an appearance, too. It had not entered Emily's head that Brian would come there on election night; she had felt it the most comfortable place to follow the count. However, when the returns began to come in, he called her and said the contest was "too close to be comfortable." An hour or so later he telephoned again and said he wanted to see her at once.

"You can't leave headquarters now, can you?" she asked.

"Nobody's put a harness on me yet."

"But—"

"Stop saying 'but'! As I've told you before, I wish it weren't such a favorite word of yours. I'm going to Pell's, but you're right, I haven't got much time to spare, and the longer we talk over the telephone, the less time we'll have there. Good-bye."

Within five minutes, he appeared. Pell and Simonetta, murmuring something about another radio upstairs, disappeared after the briefest of greetings. Brian was quite oblivious of them, anyway. He went over to Emily.

"Listen," he said, "this thing is getting closer and closer. I think I'm going to win. I meant to ask you again to marry me, after I was sure I had. But I'd rather ask you before I am sure. I've got to know whether you have enough faith in me to believe that even if I lose now I'll win some other time."

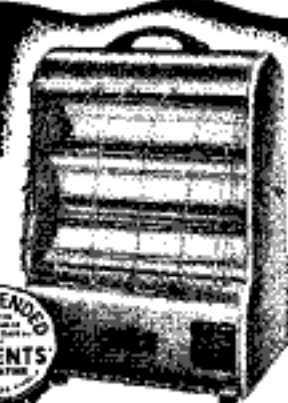
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"Don't you dare add 'but' to that! Have you enough faith in me to tell me that if I lose you'll come and live with me in South Boston? I could never come and live in your house. You've got to let me provide the place for you. I don't belong on Joy Street. I never have. I won't pretend to that, and I don't want you to pretend. I know you don't care for me the way you did for Roger, much less the way you cared for David. But you care in another way, and it's a good way. You know I love you with all my heart and soul. Will you marry me whether I win or lose?"

"Yes!" Emily said.

It was two o'clock in the morning when he came back for her. They did not say much to each other in the course of their drive to South Boston. When he opened the door of his father's house, the family rushed forward to meet him. He waved his free hand and shouted a greeting. "Emily and I are on our way to Washington!" he cried. "But we thought we'd stop in here first to let you know we're going together!"

THE END

## The Cold Firebird

(Continued from page 103)

Stravinsky severed his connection with previous Russian music and, indeed, with all notions of what was musically allowable and reasonable. He created panic in the orchestra. The entire work, from the opening wail of a bassoon to the final slithering glide of an exhausted piccolo, lacks conventional melody. Also indiscernible in the continuously shifting images is classic harmony, the fixed frame of a musical structure. The music is built on a morass, above which dance the themes of the work; dark shapes embrace and then fly apart. *The Rite of Spring* is primarily a work of rhythm—a rhythm that changes continually and pulses with an irregular beat. It gets on your nerves. Yet the total impression is one of tremendous exaltation, and you know that you have listened to a great artist, not a madman. *The Rite of Spring* is probably the most original work of any twentieth-century composer. It represents the limit of musical development along the lines that Wagner and Strauss inaugurated.

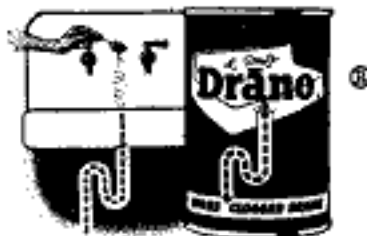
Nijinsky created a ballet for *The Rite of Spring*—a very bad ballet, which he stubbornly refused to change in any way. The first performance was a debacle. Pierre Monteux conducted the orchestra. He still remembers the embarrassment of that evening. As the Maid danced the ritual dance, a movement expressed by a paroxysm of trembling, the spectators shouted, "Call a doctor. Call a dentist. Call two doctors." One old countess, famous in Parisian society, rose and declared in a loud voice that this was the first time in sixty years that anybody had tried to make fun of her. Carl Van Vechten, the writer, was in the audience, and recalls that a man seated behind him rhythmically beat the top of Van Vechten's head with his fists. Van Vechten's emotion was so great that he "did not feel the blows for some time."

Only a year later Monteux presented the music again, this time without a ballet, and Stravinsky's work was vindicated, its success assured. Time has by no means dulled its nervous sharpness



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*writes Rebecca West  
about Arturo Toscanini*

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or shrunk the size of its imagination. But at least the music has become sufficiently safe for Disney to have used parts of it in *Fantasia*.

After *The Rite of Spring* the public could hardly wait for Stravinsky's next work. They expected daring new achievements from him. Instead, he turned away from great subjects; he abjured bold imagination. From then until now he has devoted himself to small experiments, a few successful but the majority quite unprofitable. He believes there is little place for emotion in music. Now interested in abstract intellectuality, he complains that the public "cannot and will not follow me in the progress of my musical thought. What moves and delights me leaves them indifferent, and what still continues to interest them holds no further attraction to me."

His experiments have led him to imitations of eighteenth-century composers. Sometimes he adopts the language of Bach; at other times, that of Handel or Pergolesi. He clothes his music in a false simplicity. He is still fascinated by strange combinations of instruments, but what he has to say seems trivial, as in his ballet *Card Party*; or arid, as in *The Symphony of Psalms*; or strained, as in the *Capriccio*. Some admire it, but most of us are waiting for the composer to again move, shock, or overwhelm us.

Stravinsky now lives in Hollywood. He is still working, still experimenting. His latest project is an opera to a libretto by the poet Auden, to be called *The Rake's Progress*. He told me it is going to be a melodious little opera, "like Mozart"; that it will use an orchestra of only thirty-five players; that Billy Rose, for whom he played some of the music, liked it but did not accept the work for production; that he has no idea when it will be finished or who will produce it.

**P**ERSONALLY, Stravinsky is urbane, polite, and very likable. He is short and nimble, and a voluble and incisive talker. He is a man with decided opinions of his own. He is not a great admirer of Beethoven's, who means less to him than Haydn, Mozart, and the very early Italian church composers. Of Mozart he says, "When you mention him, that covers everything." He prefers Verdi's early works to the later, more famous operas. He combines an inclination toward hypochondria with a huge capacity for enjoying himself. He does gymnastic exercises before an open window; but when he gets dressed, he bundles up in wool scarves, even in warm weather. He thinks *The Cocktail Party* is a great play and would make a fine opera. Religion is one of his deep interests. He works methodically, and his scores are as neat as the chiseled manuscripts Haydn used to pen.

He has been quoted as saying that there are only three people in the world who understand his music. Who these three are he has not revealed.

THE END

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<input type="checkbox"/> 1900 Cadillac	\$2.50	
<input type="checkbox"/> 1900 Packard	\$2.50	
<input type="checkbox"/> 1914 Stutz Bearcat	\$3.95	

OLD TIMERS SCRANTON HOBBY CENTER Dept. 48, Service 10 Pk.

*For every woman who leads a double life...*



**BUSY YOU!** Holiday goodies to make—extra dishes to wash! But no chapped, red hands for you—if you use Trushay, the “beforehand” lotion. Different, oil-rich Trushay guards hands *even* in hot, soapy water—helps stop damage before it starts! Use Trushay *BEFORE* every washing task. Then at party-time, it's . . .

**BEWITCHING YOU**—the lovely holiday hostess—your hands so soft and feminine—beauty-insured with Trushay! And remember—Trushay's “beforehand” protection is only *part* of its magic. It's a luxurious, quick softener, too—a finishing touch you'll want to use *any time!* Begin today to use Trushay!

**TRUSHAY** . . . *the “beforehand” lotion . . . guards your hands even in hot, soapy water!*



**A fabulous skin softener, too!** Trushay's liquid velvet smooths away roughness on elbows, heels and knees—keeps them baby-soft.



**A delightful powder base!** Just stroke on Trushay—see how your powder clings for *hours* without that streaky, made-up look!



**Wonderful for chapped hands!** What soothing relief! Oil-rich Trushay rescues hands from roughness and redness. Keeps them comfortable!



A PRODUCT OF  
BRISTOL-MYERS



GOOD HOUSEKEEPING FASHIONS

patterns



3386

PATTERN PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES ABBÉ, JR.

## MERRY CHRISTMAS MORNING

How nice on Christmas morning to have breakfast in bed in a new bed jacket. The one you see above is easy to make. It's based on Simplicity Printed Pattern 3386. Small, medium, large. 35¢. The medium size takes  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 39" fabric, and  $7\frac{3}{8}$  yards of  $\frac{3}{4}$ "-wide lace. We used Robbins Mills blue "Crepe Dijon" (rayon and nylon). The pattern also includes instructions for making a baby's jacket-and-bootee set. The sheets and pillow slip on the bed are Wamsutta's Supercalc Candy Stripes pattern—white with peppermint-pink striping.

Order Simplicity Printed Patterns from your local dealer or direct from Good Housekeeping Pattern Department, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York 19. Be sure to stipulate the number and size of pattern desired

# TO MAKE FOR SIX SPECIAL PEOPLE

HANDMADE LINGERIE USED TO APPEAR ONLY IN THE TROUSSEAUX OF PRINCESSES. TODAY ANYONE CAN MAKE IT—AND GIVE IT—AT A FEW WEEKS' NOTICE

Below, left: Simplicity Printed Pattern 3390. Sizes 12 to 46. 35¢. Size 16: 4½ yards 35" fabric. Pink-and-blue Cone Velvelette flannelette.

Below, center: Simplicity Printed Pattern 3376. Sizes 1 to 6. 25¢. Size 6: 2⅝ yards 35" fabric. Pink-and-blue Cone Velvelette flannelette.

Below, right: Simplicity Designer's Pattern 8325. Sizes 7 to 14. 50¢. Size 8: 2¾ yards, plus ¼ yard trim for pockets, slippers (54" fabric).

Order Simplicity Printed Patterns from local dealer or direct from Good Housekeeping Pattern Department,



3390

3376

8325

Below, left: Simplicity Printed Pattern 3388. Sizes 12 to 48. 25¢. Size 14:  $4\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 35" fabric. Pattern for nightie, bed jacket, too.

Below, center: Simplicity Printed Pattern 3401. Sizes 12 to 20. 35¢. Size 14:  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards 39" fabric. Pattern for peignoir (right), too.

Below, right: Simplicity Printed Pattern 3401. This is the peignoir to match the nightie. Size 14:  $5\frac{1}{8}$  yards,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard lace (39" fabric).

57th Street at 8th Avenue New York 19, N. Y. Be sure to stipulate the number and size of pattern you desire



3388

3401

3401

# TWO CHRISTMAS SLIPS



3391

3387

Above, left: Simplicity Printed Pattern 3391. Sizes 10 to 16. 25¢. Size 12: 2 yards 39" fabric. Hem flounce: 3 yards 2½" embroidered edging. Top: 1⅜ yards 1½" edging.

Above, right: Simplicity Printed Pattern 3387. Sizes 12 to 46. 25¢. Size 16: 2⅜ yards of 39" fabric. Lace insertion: 4⅜ yards of 2⅝" width for top and hem.

Order Simplicity Printed Patterns from your local dealer or direct from Good Housekeeping Pattern Department, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York 19. Be sure to stipulate the number and size of the pattern you want



*Polly looked*  
(AND PROFITED!)

*Molly hoped*  
(AND LOST!)

*Only LOOKING can tell  
you it's so!*

"Is that a 'Sanforized' cotton? Is it really safe from shrinkage?"  
Ask, if you like. But get your answer by *LOOKING* at the label of the cotton you want to buy.

Any cotton with a right to be called "Sanforized" will *tell* you so—in nice big letters on the label!

So when you shop for cottons, ask for the "Sanforized" trademark. Be sure you see it on every kind of cotton fabric, every kind of cotton garment *every single time!*

Dresses • Housecoats • Pajamas • Slips  
Slacks • Children's Clothes • Yard Goods



**•SANFORIZED•**  
TRADE MARK

*Make even your favorite salesgirl show you "SANFORIZED" on the label!*

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. permits use of its trade-mark "Sanforized," adopted in 1930, only on fabrics which meet this company's rigid shrinkage requirements. Fabrics bearing the trade-mark "Sanforized" will not shrink more than 1% by the Government's standard test.

# Christmas in the sewing room

BY ELIZABETH C. RAMSAY

## SEWING FOR CHRISTMAS

Activities in the home sewing room reach a feverish pitch when Christmas gifts are in the making. There is something so heart-warming and personal in a gift made specially for a certain person. Lovely gifts usually can be made for a fraction of the cost of ready-made articles. You'll find many ideas in your favorite pattern books.

## GIFTS TO MAKE

Velvet is high on the list of favorites this year. You can make an elegant weskit trimmed with glittering buttons and braid. A little velvet hat, handbag, or set of collar and cuffs is a welcome gift. So is a stole or tiny cape made of fur-like fabric. Sport jackets or rain-coats made of water-repellent fabric are not difficult to make and are needed by most people.

Add a special touch to a tailored slip with a lace inset or lace edging; apply lace insets to lovely sheer evening handkerchiefs. Appliqué flowers, initials, or designs on towels, place mats, kitchen curtains, little girls' dresses. To make these decorative touches quickly, use your sewing machine, with suitable attachments.

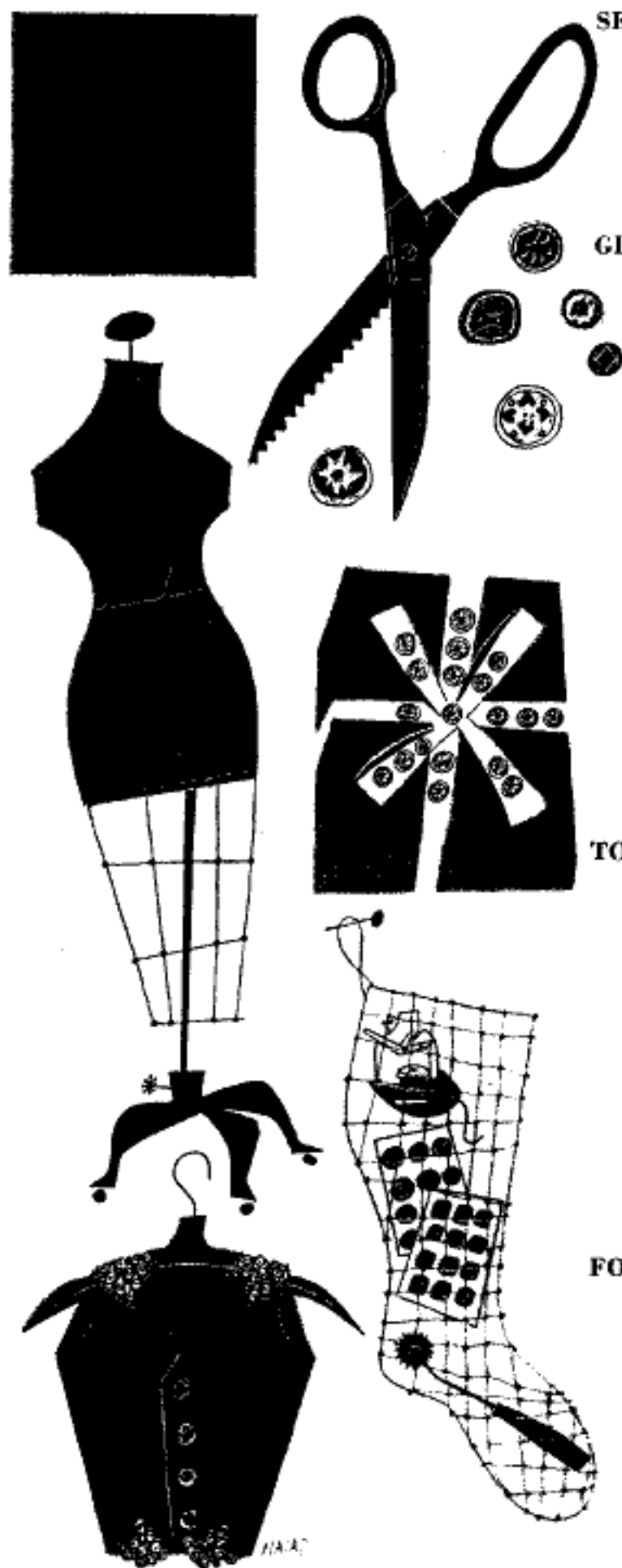
Any man is sure to be pleased with a warm wool robe, which he can start wearing Christmas night. Twilled flannelette or terry cloth is suitable for a robe, too. Pajamas or gay beach shirts and swim shorts for next summer (vivid colors make it easy to keep track of young fry on the beach) are sure to please. And what man or boy wouldn't be delighted with a plaid sport shirt?

## TO ONE WHO SEWS

Any woman who sews will welcome a gift to help her sew more easily, quickly, and efficiently. Here are a few suggestions. A really handsome present is a modern electric sewing machine with attachments. Instructions and demonstrations on the use of the machine are included, of course. A dress form is an unusual gift. Another welcome gift is a length of dress fabric complete with matching hem binding and zipper. Tie it up in bright gift paper, with sparkling buttons for the dress fastened to the ribbon. Someone on your list is sure to be pleased with a special attachment for her sewing machine, a sleeveboard and tailor cushion to make good pressing easier, a roomy sewing basket, or one of the handy devices for measuring skirt lengths.

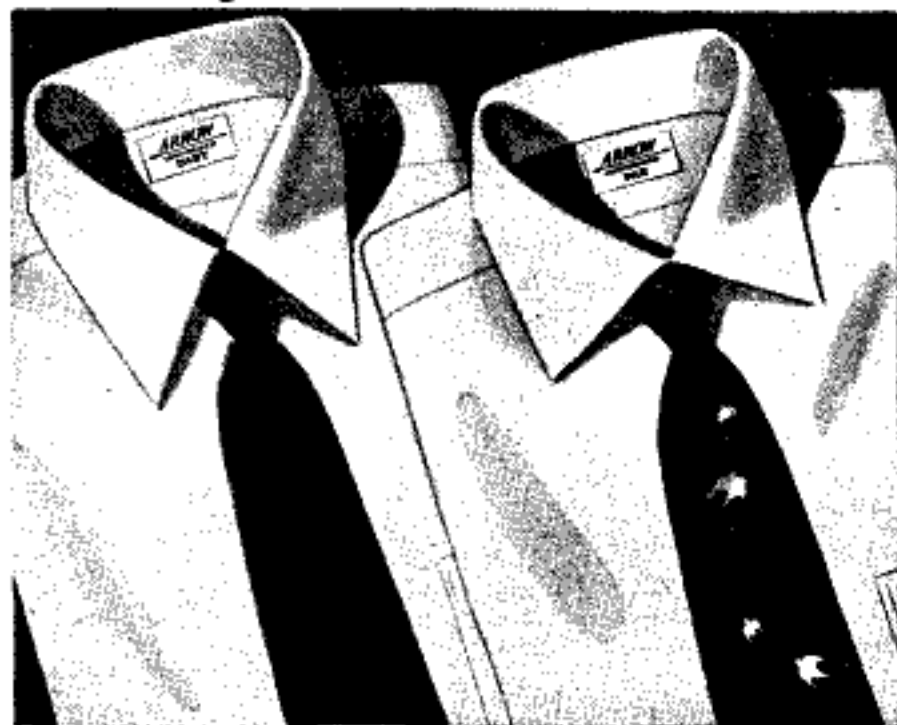
## FOR THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING

Stocking stuffers from notion counters and sewing centers are fun and useful. Among these are dressmaker pins, button-making kit, needle book, buttonhole scissors, needle threader, tracing wheel, tape measure, dot-snapper kit, all kinds of darning equipment, pattern perforator, tailor tacker, purse-size sewing kit, hand- or machine-seam ripper, monogrammed thimble, bobbin box, set of handsome buttons, hem gauge, beltmaking kit, packages of bias and seam bindings in various colors. Wrap your gifts in gay paper and tuck them in the stocking. Merry Christmas from our sewing room to yours!





Kisses under the Mistletoe  
follow Arrows under the tree!



HERE ARE two Arrow white shirts that head the "Want Lists" of most men, Christmas after Christmas! *Left:* the famous *Dart*, whose trim collar is non-wilt! \$3.65. *Right:* Arrow *Par*—smart, wide-spread, soft collar! Of snowy broadcloth. Regular or French cuffs. \$3.65.

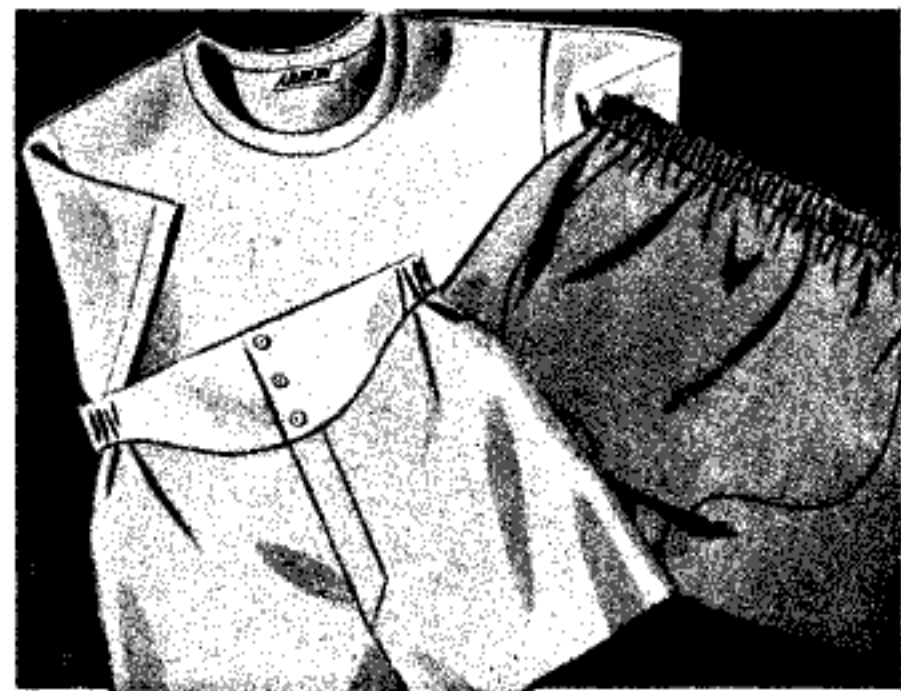


MANY MEN want Arrows in solid colors and candy stripes. *Left:* Arrow candy-striped shirt with the non-wilt *Belmont* collar. *Right:* Arrow *Kent*—non-wilt collar with neat short points and a spread effect. \$3.65.

ARROW TIES make wonderful gifts, too. \$1 to \$3.50.



SPORTS SHIRTS stand ace-high as gifts for men! *Left:* *Gabano*—rich, rugged gabardine for year-round wear. WASHABLE! \$5.95. *Right:* Alpine Flannel, 100% virgin wool. Soft, luxurious, washable! ("Sanforlan"-labeled, won't shrink out of fit.) \$10.



WIVES KNOW that underwear is always a welcome gift. Arrow shorts are tops in comfort—no center seam to chafe! Shown: (*Left*) elastic sides with GRIPPERS; (*right*) a boxer-type with all-elastic waistband. "Sanforized"-labeled. \$1.25. Arrow white cotton "T" shirt. \$1.

**ARROW SHIRTS**  
for CHRISTMAS!  
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.  
Shirts • Ties • Handkerchiefs • Sports Shirts • Underwear



MERRY CHRISTMAS, LADIES!

Trust the Arrow trade-mark to bring you shirts of "Sanforized" fabrics (shrinkage less than 1%)... neat, easy-to-iron Arrow collars... anchor-stitched buttons—won't chip or break!

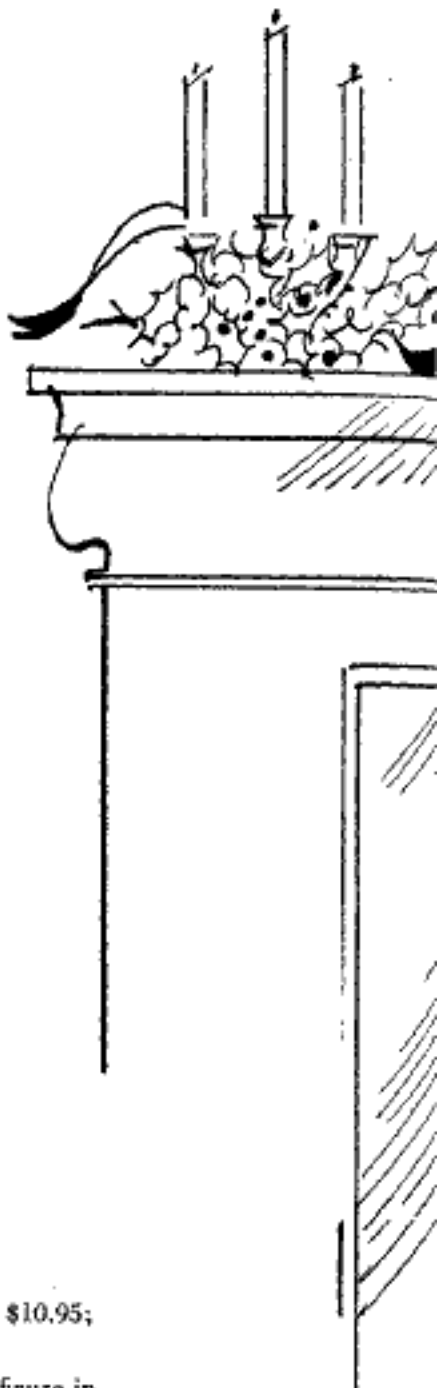


# Twilight Timers

by Munsingwear in Celanese\* Tricot

**For Fireside Leisure, Sleeping, too**

... inseparable separates bring you  
 a whole new idea in lingerie! Lots of fun  
 to mix or match in an endless  
 variety of costumes and colors. Made  
 in Celanese Tricot of acetate rayon,  
 they're shadow-proof, easy-to-care-for—  
 wonderful to wear and wonderful to give  
 in their special gay Christmas boxes.



*Illustrated in color:* Standing figure in quilted overskirt, red, royal, coral, \$10.95; quilted weskit in red, royal, coral, \$3.95; long sleeve blouse, white, chartreuse, coral, \$3.95; gown skirt, chartreuse and coral, \$4.95. Seated figure in poncho blouse, chartreuse, coral, \$3.95; trousers, green, royal, black, \$3.95. *Column at left:* quilted coat, red, royal, coral, \$12.95. Other figures show variations of same styles. All in sizes 34-40.

*You will find Twilight Timers by Munsingwear at the following stores:*

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| Atlanta.....Rich's                       | New York.....B. Altman & Co.            |
| Des Moines.....Yunker Bros.              | Portland.....Meier & Frank              |
| Detroit.....The J. L. Hudson Company     | San Francisco.....The Emporium          |
| Los Angeles.....The Broadway Dept. Store | Toledo.....Lanson Brothers Co.          |
| Minneapolis.....The Dayton Co.           | Washington, D. C.....Woodward & Lothrop |

For other stores see page 225. Celanese Corporation of America, 180 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16.

# Celanese\*

**Tricot of Acetate Rayon**

\*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.





**WOOL with NYLON**

*by*

**Inter  
woven**

*80% New Wool  
AND  
20% Dupont Nylon*

**Soft,  
Long-Wearing  
Easy on the  
feet...6x3 Ribs  
or the popular  
Diamonds in  
a variety of  
colorings**

**"My Wife's About Your  
Size, Miss"**

*(Continued from page 58)*

little speech about how lovely it was, but the words stuck in my throat. What I really wanted to do was call him a big dope and go home to Mother.

"That's funny," said my groom, looking at me in bafflement. "I bought it from a salesgirl who's just your size."

After this humiliating excursion, he retired from shopping and licked his wounds for a while. Then, some months later, he branched into millinery. Every man has a dream hat. It may be large and picturesque; it may be a beret, or a slick sailor, or a beanie. Whatever it is, he's as devoted to it as he is to his mother's biscuits, and let no wife try to tell him that on her it doesn't look good. It is my bad fortune to be married to a man devoted to the porkpie hat.

One evening, while I was burning the round steak, he came into the kitchen with a fancy hatbox, which he deposited on the table and began to unwrap.

"Wait'll you see yourself in this, baby!" he said, pulling forth his gift.

The hat in question was a burgundy corduroy porkpie and had evidently been chosen for me by a salesgirl with plenty of skull and a mane like a lion's. When I put it on, I was a mouse peeking out of a hole. The hat needed things I couldn't give it. It cried out for a large tweedy Englishwoman grousing about the Scottish moors with a shooting stick. And all it got was me, who couldn't play hopscotch.

"Well, I'll be darned!" said my husband. "The girl I bought it from looked wonderful in it."

"She must have had a face like a horse," I said with wifely bitterness. The honeymoon was over.

**T**HIS defeat sent my husband back to his first love, the lingerie department, where he came to be known affectionately among the salesgirls as "Wrong-Size Klose." I learned to accept the fact that my size was doomed to vary with the heights and weights of the ladies who sold unmentionables to my mixed-up mate. I came to know more about these females from what lay under the Christmas wrappings than they ever knew about me. Some of them were obviously dark and sultry, like Hedy Lamarr, and went in for the naughty nightie; others were pure and simple, like Pollyanna, with a yen for eyelet batiste and ribbons.

Just when I was getting used to celebrating December 26 as the day I took everything back and got the right size, we moved to Canada. That took my husband's mind off little pink things and put it on Spode, Wedgwood, and old silver, which were always a perfect fit for everything except our budget. This happy interlude continued some two years, at which time he made a trip to the States and I asked him to bring me back a pair of white saddle oxfords. I gave him the size, which made him whistle ungallantly, and kissed him good-bye.

A week later, in a raging blizzard, I took our two older sons to the Toronto Union Station to meet him. As he came toward us, in a gray suit and camel's-hair coat, I saw people staring at him in an odd way, but I couldn't figure out why. The children began to laugh and point and make such a scene that all

Where to buy

Twilight  
Timers

by Munsingwear in  
Celanese Tricot



Albuquerque, N. M., Kistler, Collister & Co.  
Altoona, Pa., Wm. F. Gable Co.  
Birmingham, Ala., Loveman, Joseph & Loeb  
Boston, Mass., Wm. Filene's Sons Co.  
Bridgeport, Conn., D. M. Read Co.  
Brooklyn, N. Y., Abraham & Straus  
Brooklyn, N. Y., Frederick Loew & Co.  
Charlotte, N. C., J. B. Ivey & Co.  
Cincinnati, Ohio, H. & S. Pogue Co.  
Cleveland, Ohio, Higbee Co.  
Columbus, Ohio, F. & R. Lazarus Co.  
Dallas, Texas, Fuchs-Goettinger Co.  
Dayton, Ohio, Elder & Johnston Co.  
Denver, Colo., Denver D. G. Co.  
Denver, Colo., May Company  
Duluth, Minn., Duluth Glass Block Store  
El Paso, Texas, Popular D. G. Co.  
Flint, Mich., Smith-Bridgman Co.  
Fort Wayne, Ind., Wolf & Dessauer  
Fort Worth, Texas, W. C. Stripling Co.  
Grand Rapids, Mich., Wurzburg Co.  
Harrisburg, Pa., Bowman's Dept. Store  
Houston, Texas, Ballestein's, Inc.  
Houston, Texas, Foley Bros. D. G. Co.  
Indianapolis, Ind., Wm. H. Block Co.  
Indianapolis, Ind., L. S. Ayres & Co.  
Jamaica, L.I.N.Y., B. Gertz, Inc.  
Kalamazoo, Mich., Gilmore Bros.  
Kansas City, Mo., Emery Bird Thayer D. G. Co.  
Lancaster, Pa., Watt & Shaul  
Lansing, Mich., J. W. Knapp Co.  
Las Vegas, Nev., Romzone's of Las Vegas, Inc.  
Lincoln, Neb., Miller & Peiser, Inc.  
Little Rock, Ark., Pfeifers of Arkansas  
Long Beach, Calif., Buffums, Inc.  
Los Angeles, Calif., J. W. Robinson Co.  
Louisville, Ky., Stewart D. G. Co.  
Lubbock, Texas, Hemphill Wells Co.  
Memphis, Tenn., J. Goldsmith & Sons Co.  
Miami, Fla., Burdine's, Inc.  
Milwaukee, Wis., Ed. Schuster & Co., Inc.  
Minneapolis, Minn., Powers D. G. Co., Inc.  
Mobile, Ala., C. J. Gayfer & Co., Inc.  
Newark, N. J., L. Baumbarger & Co.  
New Haven, Conn., Shortenberg's  
New Orleans, La., D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd.  
New York, N. Y., B. Altman & Co.  
New York, N. Y., Bloomingdale Bros., Inc.  
Oakland, Calif., Kahn's  
Oklahoma City, Okla., Halliburton's  
Oklahoma City, Okla., Kerr's, Inc.  
Omaha, Neb., J. I. Brandeis & Sons  
Pasadena, Calif., Lieberg's, Inc.  
Paterson, N. J., Meyer Bros.  
Peoria, Ill., P. A. Berger & Co., Inc.  
Philadelphia, Pa., Strausbridge & Clothier, Inc.  
Phoenix, Ariz., Diamond D. G. Co.  
Portland, Me., Porteous, Mitchell & Brown Co.  
Portsmouth, Ohio, Marting Bros. Co.  
Providence, R. I., Cherry & Webb Co.  
Richmond, Va., Miller & Rhoads, Inc.  
Roanoke, Va., S. Heironimus Co.  
Rochester, N. Y., McCurdy & Co., Inc.  
St. Louis, Mo., Famous & Burr Co.  
St. Louis, Mo., Scruggs-Vanderwaert-Barney, Inc.  
St. Louis, Mo., Stix, Beer & Fuller Co.  
St. Paul, Minn., Seluneman's, Inc.  
St. Petersburg, Fla., Moas Brothers  
Sacramento, Calif., Hale Bros.  
Salt Lake City, Utah, Auerbach Co.  
San Antonio, Texas, Joshe's of Texas  
Seattle, Wash., Rhodes Dept. Store  
Shreveport, La., Rubenstein Bros., Inc.  
Sioux City, Iowa, Yonker-Davidsons  
Spokane, Wash., The Crescent  
Springfield, Mass., Albert Steiger, Inc.  
Tacoma, Wash., Rhodes Bros.  
Tampa, Fla., Moss Bros.  
Toledo, Ohio, Lamson Bros. Co.  
Tulsa, Okla., Vandever D. G. Co.  
Waltham, Mass., Grover Cronin, Inc.  
Washington, D. C., The Hecht Co.  
Waterloo, Iowa, Black's  
Wichita, Kans., Geo. Innes Co., Inc.

the passengers gathered round to have a close-up of this strange fellow. And then I looked down. My returning mate was wearing my white saddle oxfords.

After the crowd dispersed, we got in our car and drove home. When I simmered down enough to ask him why he'd done this, he answered sensibly that he saw no reason to pay a whopping duty on the shoes when he could wear them over the border and pay nothing. The only complaint he made was that he had a blister on his left heel because my shoes were a size too big for him.

Eventually we went back to the States and bought a farm, and this seemed to revive my husband's interest in the female form divine. The flow of filmy stuff started coming my way again as he began to renew his acquaintance with salesgirls up and down Fifth Avenue. They hadn't changed much in the years we'd been away, and unfortunately, there still wasn't a sixteen in the lot.

One night he came home with a fine surprise. It was my birthday, and to cheer me up he'd really extended himself. When I opened this box, I thought I'd got hold of something Frank Buck might have brought back dead. It turned out to be what was called a Teddy-bear coat.

"Where did you shoot this?" I inquired, backing away from it.

"Put it on. It looks swell."

"On a bear," I conceded.

"Listen," said my husband, "the best-looking model in New York had this coat on at lunch at the Waldorf today. She looked terrific."

"How do you know?"

"Why, I was sitting right across from her."

"Who was she having luncheon with?"

"Me."

I thawed out about Christmas that year, just in time to join the family as they opened their packages. While the children's gleeful shouts mingled with the old Bing Crosby recording of "White Christmas," I tried on the gift from my spouse—a velvet bed jacket. I got one arm in, but was afraid to try the other because it was only size twelve. As I resignedly put it back into its glamorous box, I heard that other old yuletide refrain ringing in my ears: "But, darling, I don't understand it. I distinctly said, 'My wife's about your size, Miss.'"

THE END

## Lolly

(Continued from page 61)

"I couldn't be a Pearsons if I tried," Clancy John said. "And I don't know as I'd even like to try. Look what being a Pearsons has done to her."

Well, it had done something, all right. Time she was twenty-five, she was living all by herself in that big white house, and she never come out except to go to church or an important burial. She had a colored woman to cook and clean and market for her. When the colored woman turned up once a week at my store, she never volunteered any information about Miss Lolly, and I never asked. Outside of the colored woman, Miss Lolly didn't talk to anybody that I knew of, unless maybe to that mean dog of hers, Dodo.

He was a kind of dog nobody in the county ever saw before. He was bigger than a feist, but he wasn't a hound and he sure wasn't a bird dog. And after



Martha Manning  
endorses Checks

Design-slim half-size dress featuring hip-slimming peplum... flattery of a fly-front effect. Black, Town Navy, Rhone Wine, Green Agate 100-denier rayon crepe. Sizes 16½ to 24½.

Under \$11

Martha Manning's are in Women's and "Illusion" Half Sizes

For the name of your nearest dealer, write DEPT. GH-12

MARTHA MANNING GARMENT COMPANY  
Saint Louis 3, Missouri

# "What about NYLON... and moths?"

THIS IS ONLY ONE OF THE  
QUESTIONS ANSWERED IN  
THIS ISSUE OF THE

**DU PONT  
NYLON INFORMATION  
SERVICE**



**"Do I need to iron  
my nylon lingerie?"**

Lady, you're lucky! Many nylon lingerie fabrics don't need to be ironed at all. But if you do decide that pressing will give an extra spruceness, you'll find that nylon's easy to iron. Use a cool iron—275° or the "rayon" or "nylon" setting. And here's a hint for hurriers: Don't wring out your nylon pretties; hang them wet, and smooth out wrinkles with your hands. You'll find that nylon things dry fast—and are usually ready to wear without ironing.

**"Does Du Pont make nylon stockings?"**

No! Nylon stockings are made by hundreds of manufacturers. Some mark their stockings "Made of Du Pont Nylon" because they have used the raw material, nylon, made by Du Pont, but Du Pont does not make the stockings.



### "What affects the wear of nylon stockings?"

The life of your lovely nylon stockings depends on many things—fabric construction, proper fit and length, care in handling, whether you fasten your garters in the heavier, welt part of the stockings, and, of course, denier.



### "What is denier?"

Denier is the weight and thickness of each thread in nylon stockings. You can buy stockings in 15, 20, 30, 40, 50, and 70 denier. The larger the denier number, the stronger the thread. A 15 denier thread is only half as heavy and half as strong as a 30 denier thread. Before 1948 most stockings were of the heavier 30 or 40 denier. Today, however, because of their sheer, leg-flattering beauty, many women prefer the 15 denier stockings. You can have your choice.

### "What about nylon . . . and moths?"

One reason for the long life of your spun nylon sweaters and socks is that moths don't bother them. You see, moths find no food value in nylon. And you'll be glad to know that mildew doesn't weaken nylon either. Just make sure that your nylon things are thoroughly clean when you put them away, and storage worries are over.



### "Do nylon pleats stay in?"

Pleats to marvel at, pleats that fall knife-sharp after washing, are yours when the pleats in your nylon gown have been properly heat-set by the manufacturer. When nylon pleats go through the right heat-setting process, you can wash them again and again without a single worry about the pleats coming out.



### "Do I need to use stretchers when I wash my nylon curtains?"

The time-consuming job of curtain stretching can be eliminated when your nylon curtains are made of properly heat-set fabric. For heat setting—a process used by manufacturers to stabilize nylon fabrics—ends shrinkage worries. Ironing? It's quick and easy . . . just a light pressing with an iron set at the "rayon" or "nylon" control.

### "Nylon lingerie can be cool and comfortable.



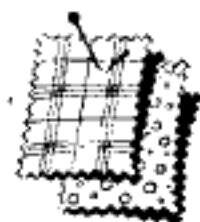
### But spun nylon socks are snug and warm. Can you explain this?"

Easily—nylon lingerie fabrics that are thin and porous permit air to circulate and remove body heat. Spun nylon socks contain millions of tiny "air pockets" that insulate, keep warmth in and cold out. Warmth or coolness in nylon fabrics is—as in fabrics made of other fibers—largely a matter of the construction of the yarn and the fabric.



### "Will spun nylon socks wash without shrinking?"

Here's one more way easy-living nylon saves you effort and expense. When spun nylon has been properly heat-set, even the heaviest nylon socks won't shrink or stretch out of size or shape. Forget about sock stretchers—just wash, dry and wear.



### "In part-nylon fabrics what does the nylon contribute?"

Strength and wear-life! Nylon fibers are so strong and durable that even a little adds a lot of wear to familiar fabrics in lingerie, suitings, socks, etc. And beyond that, nylon's strength and light weight make possible exciting new fabrics that feel like a feather yet wear like iron. Caution: unless the manufacturer provides special care instructions with the blended fabric you buy, handle part-nylon garments as if made entirely of the other fiber.

### "WHY DO YOU HAVE A NYLON INFORMATION SERVICE?"

As a service to you who buy and use nylon, we are running this series of advertisements aimed at answering some of the eager questions you've been asking about nylon.

Du Pont does not make nylon sweaters, socks, curtains, stockings, dresses—or any finished nylon product. Du Pont does, however, make the basic nylon fiber, from which all these things—and many more—are made. It takes hundreds of manufacturers to supply you at your retail stores with the extra-value nylon merchandise you have come to appreciate so much.



**FREE!** Learn more about nylon! Send for new leaflet "Care of Nylon." Write to E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Nylon Division, Dept. G-1, Wilmington 98, Delaware.



REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

For nylon . . . for rayon . . . for fibers to come . . . look to Du Pont



*Kate Greenaway's*  
"little ballerina"

PRESENT PERFECT FOR  
A CHRISTMAS WHIRL...

Party-pretty dress of  
stand-out organdie and  
fine Dan River  
miniature pastel gingham.  
There's an attached  
harmonizing underskirt for  
little girls who like to  
whirl. It even has a  
kitten's ear velvet bow,  
and—like *all* Kate  
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she got him from up North, folks coming up the road by her place always walked as far away from the house as they could, because you got near to Miss Lolly's land and that dog was after you. And he didn't open his mouth just to yowl.

Oh, it took a stranger, all right, to walk on Miss Lolly's side of the road. And when I looked up that May day and saw a man coming down the road right in front of Miss Lolly's place, I was so surprised for a minute I never said anything to Clancy John. We were just setting there on the store porch, in that good May sun, and talking about plowing, and all of a sudden I could see, above the hedgerow of my barn lot, this fellow walking down the road. At first I didn't see Miss Lolly at all. I just saw the fellow, and I couldn't recall his face. He didn't favor anybody I knew in the county. He was tall, and he had kind of dark rumpled hair, and he seemed to be holding a lot of quiet laughing behind his young face.

I didn't see Miss Lolly, and I didn't think about her dog. I just said to Clancy John, "Who is that?" and Clancy John looked to where the fellow was walking and he said, "Jeremy, if the Lord don't know who that fellow is any better than I do, that son of a gun is lost."

I would have laughed at Clancy John then, only I didn't have time. Because by then I saw Miss Lolly; she was standing on the gallery of her house. I know she was wearing one of those white dresses she always wore come warm weather. Beyond that, I didn't notice much, because just then that dog jumped up and away from her and set out after the stranger. We were close enough to hear even the beginning of a growl in his throat, and Clancy John, fat as he is, jumped up quicker than I and said, "That fellow better lift his heels fast."

But the fellow didn't. He never even changed pace. Miss Lolly's dog disappeared from sight behind the hedgerow. But we could still see the fellow's face and shoulders, and he just come straight on down the road. Then he ambled into full view—and there was Miss Lolly's dog, tame as you please, trotting happy alongside him, and on the other side of him there was a little yellow-haired boy that I reckoned to be about five.

"I'll be dogged," Clancy John whispered. "And would you look at Lolly Pearsons' face now?"

WELL, I did, for a minute, and her jaw was so hard-set and her mouth so tight-drawn that she didn't appear like a woman at all. She appeared, at that moment, like old Mr. Justin Alexander Pearsons himself on the days when I was a kid and thought the Lord and Mr. Pearsons looked alike. I was scared of him then, the way I was scared of the Lord, and for just a second, watching her, I was scared of her. There was a special kind of Pearsons outrage on her face, and it made me uneasy just to see it, even if I hadn't done a thing to outrage her and even though I knew it was the stranger who had outraged her by not running from her dog and not getting himself bit, either. That was the only time I ever saw Miss Lolly Pearsons slam a door. The stranger stopped a minute and remarked her up there on the gallery, and then he bowed to her, with a kind of grave smile on his face. She turned quick then, and the glass of the door seemed



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still to be shaking when there, before me, was the stranger and the tow-headed chap and Miss Lolly's dog.

The stranger set down his valise and put out his hand. It was lean and dry, and you could tell it had held a plow handle. "Up in Tennessee," he said, "they call me Easy Smith. And my chap here is named Early." He put his hand on the head of Miss Lolly's dog. "Don't know what this critter is called," he said, "so you'll excuse me for not introducing him."

"He goes by the name of Dodo," I said. "That's what she calls him."

"I thought dodoes was extinct," he said and grinned, and I said I never knew anything about dodoes except Miss Lolly's dog. "German police," Easy Smith said, nodding toward Dodo, "and as good bred a one as ever I saw."

"THAT dog," Clancy John said—and I could tell he was almost as outraged as Miss Lolly—"has bit at everybody in this county, including preachers. How come he didn't bite you?"

Easy Smith smiled at Clancy John. "Why, I reckon maybe it's the Easter spirit in him," he said. "It's still in me. You ever see a prettier springtime than this has been? Me and my chap come all the way from Tennessee, and all the way it seemed like I could still smell Easter in the air."

"Easter's a long time gone," Clancy John said. "And no Easter and no springtime ever changed that dog before. You done something to him."

Easy Smith didn't even seem to notice that Clancy John was scowling at him. He just smiled again. "I didn't do a thing but think about Easter and feel full of love for everything because every year has got a Easter in it."

Clancy John left then. He left without saying a word, and Easy Smith said, "Now that's a good enough young fellow. But something must have made him mighty mad when he was young."

"Somebody," I said, and I ought to have shut up right that minute. And I might have shut up, except that he never asked me who it was that had made Clancy John mad. He just set himself down and didn't talk at all. He wasn't one to pry or meddle where he was a stranger, and so he began not to seem a stranger at all, and I talked to him like he had been born in our county. I told him all I knew about Miss Lolly, and he listened while his chap tottered around the porch.

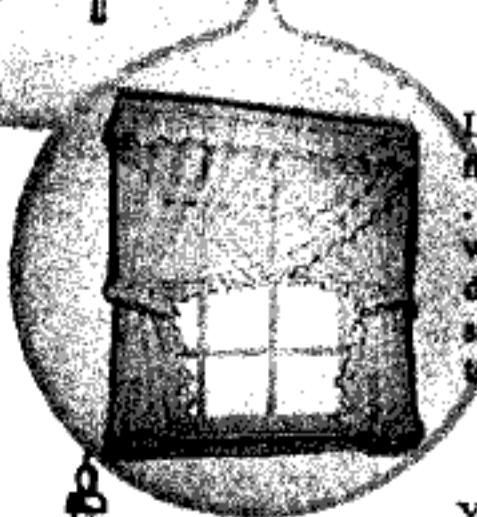
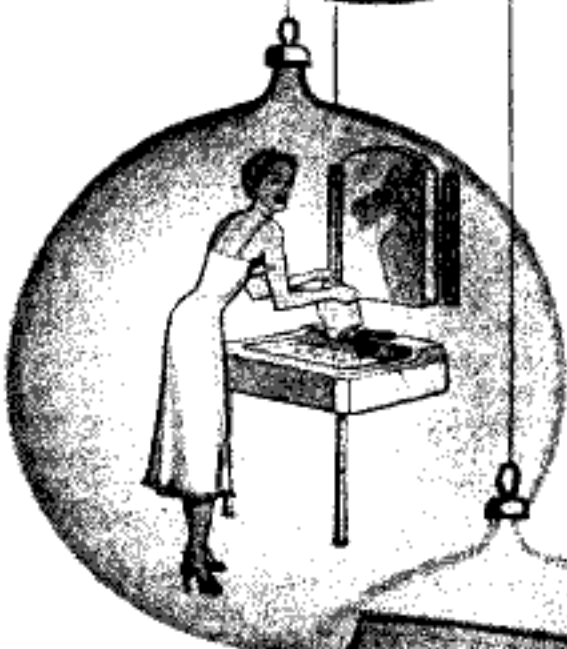
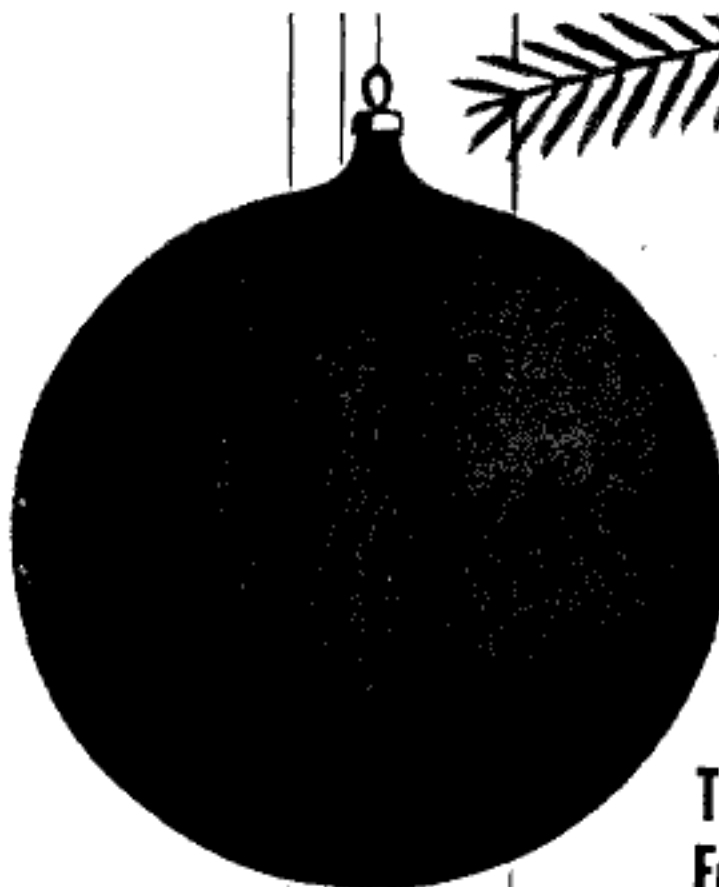
Easy Smith was very quiet as he listened to me, and his face began to seem even younger than it first had: he appeared like a little boy listening to a tale about some strange and far and magic place. Now and then he nodded, and a kind of wonderment widened his eyes. But even when I saw that look of a far dream in his brown eyes, I never shut up. I just went on telling him about Miss Lolly, and when I finished, Easy Smith sat like a man bewitched.

He wasn't seeing me at all. It was her door his eyes were on, and he was slow to move and slow to speak. And then he rubbed one of those lean, strong hands of his across his jaw and whispered, "Well, now, I couldn't help but notice her when I came by her place. And she's a fine figure of a woman."

I stared at him, amazed.

"What ails you?" he said.

"Nothing," I said. "Only ain't I been



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wasting an hour's good breath telling you she ain't a woman, she's a Pearsons? Ain't nobody in this community even thought of her as a woman since Mr. Justin died."

"Well, sir," he said, "I apologize. I ought not to have thought about her as a woman. It was just that when I saw her there, she looked so much like"—it seemed like the words were wrenched out of him—"my wife."

"She's a Pearsons," I said again.

He nodded. "And I reckon she'll stay a Pearsons. No real man would go back on his own name." But he looked like a youngster again, and this time like one puzzling over an arithmetic problem he couldn't hope to solve.

"I don't reckon so," I said, but I don't know whether Easy heard me or not, because he was watching the towheaded chap. Early was digging in the hard dirt by the store porch, but he was far enough away never to hear us, especially the soft way Easy talked.

"I hope Early never saw her," he said. "Sometimes he sees a woman who looks like his mother, and he cries like a chap will when his mother's gone and nobody but a man to do for him."

"You seem to be doing all right for him by yourself."

EASY SMITH moved a hand toward the chap, and it seemed like the hand moved soft and gentle over the yellow hair, even as far apart as he and the boy were. "I do my best," he said. "Only I can't seem to quit moving since his mother died. And he's too little to be moving all the time. I got to stop one of these days and find him a place where he can belong to. I got to."

"Only you got to find yourself a place to belong to first," I said. "Or do you belong just anywhere you find yourself?"

He never answered me. He said, in a faraway voice, "I used to think it was land would stop me. I used to think I'd find a piece of land and it would look like home to me and I'd buy it and settle down again."

"And now you know better," I said. "What do you know now that you didn't before?"

His eyes were straight on mine then. "Home is where somebody is. A man don't stop and settle down because the land is red or black, or hilly or flat. The only land a man ever loves is the land that belongs with somebody he loves."

"I never thought of it that way," I said, "but I reckon you're right."

He leaned toward me then, and I wondered why I felt like I'd known him all his life, like I was blood kin to him. "I must have walked too far today. Or breathed too deep of the spring. I feel like an Easter fool."

He was making himself laugh quiet then, but his eyes weren't laughing at all. They were following Miss Lolly's dog, who was trotting toward home.

"Oh, no," I said. "Spring or no, her name is still Pearsons. Over in the county courthouse—writ down plain, for any man to see." I was trying to get ahold of myself, but I was feeling like an Easter fool, too, and thinking fool ideas. "You don't even know her."

"Of course," he said. The arithmetic frown was on his brow. "Maybe it ought not to be like this—slow folks in a land quick with spring. It gets you all mixed up. The spring drunkens a man till he

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thinks he knows what he can't really know until a lot of seasons have gone."

"Yes," I said. "Surely."

He said softly, "Is it just the spring, Jeremy? Is it just the spring makes me feel like I know you and I know her?"

"There ain't but a few people a body ever knows," I said. "And the few he does know, he knows all the way, and with his heart." I was shaking my head all the time I talked, trying to show him I knew I was saying foolishness. "But not Lolly Pearsons," I said. "It's just hard for me to get it into my head how you could feel—"

"No harder for you than for her," he said. "Because she'll be trying to get something in her head, too. And you just said it was with the heart anybody had to know somebody else."

Then he stood up quick and shook himself, and he called to Early. When the chap came, Easy patted his head. He was like a man shaking himself out of a dream by doing a usual thing, and he was still trying to laugh. "Now, ain't I the April fool in May?" he said. He couldn't take his eyes off the big white Pearsons house; but I reckon he was seeing inside the walls of that house, to the lonely woman that I hadn't thought of, and still couldn't think of, as anything but a proud Pearsons. "I must be just plumb addled," he said. "Me and Early will go on now."

"On?" I said, and I wondered why I felt like I was losing something. "On where? It'll be dark soon, and you with that chap on a dark road somewhere—I got a room back of the store I'd be proud for you to stay in tonight."

"Jeremy," he said, "that's handsome of you. But I got some kind of spring ailment that might be catching, and I better get on." He couldn't help but turn his head back toward Miss Lolly's house, but he didn't say her name.

I was fixing to make my good-byes, and I was somehow sorry about it. But I figured Easy Smith would be gone as quick as he had come. And so did he, I reckon, until he looked down at Early.

"I'm sleepy," Early said. Even drowsy as he was, he talked real clear. "I'm mighty sleepy."

So that was why they stayed—at least, Easy Smith said that was why they stayed. And he was a man who seemed most usually to believe what he said, though by that time I don't guess he knew what to believe about himself. Anyhow, I was glad enough for them to use the room behind the store that night, and I figured that the fever that had got hold of Easy Smith would go away in his sleep. I never thought about Miss Lolly.

**B**UT I did the next morning. I had to. I hadn't any sooner opened the store than there she was, standing where she hadn't stood since she was a kid and used to come down to buy licorice sticks. I was glad Easy hadn't showed himself. She didn't need to talk for me to suspicion what she had come about.

"That man," she said. She talked like judgment; she looked like judgment. She had those blue eyes, all right, and that fine-spun light hair; and she wasn't wearing one of those white dresses that always looked to me like a corpse's dress. She had on a yellow dress, and I don't recollect her ever having worn one before; she must have got it all the way from Memphis. But still, a man just couldn't hardly see her for hearing the

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sound of Pearsons in her. "He did something to my dog. I do not intend to tell you how to run your business, but when you take in a strange man who makes my dog—"

"Makes him what?" I said.

"Come here," she said.

I followed her the way folks always have followed the Pearsons, but I was cold doing it. I followed her to the store porch, and I looked toward where she frowned. I saw what I never thought to see: There, on her front lawn, was the chap Early, and he was playing with Dodo. He would hug Dodo, and then Dodo would break loose from him, bark like an overgrown puppy, and come close to be hugged again. I didn't know what to say to her.

It was Easy who spoke to her. I hadn't heard his footsteps, but he was there beside us, and he said, "Now, ain't that a thing to see? A dog that all his life has been growling. It just goes to show that the Lord put laughter in everything He made. Only sometimes it takes love for the laughter to show. And Early—well, Early always has wanted a dog."

He didn't turn his eyes toward Miss Lolly. He just stood very close to her, his body loose-jointed in its rumpled suit, his eyes smiling. She moved away from him like he was a patent medicine she not only didn't aim to take but didn't even want to read the label.

"I would appreciate your calling your child off my lawn," she said. "And leaving my dog alone. And for that matter, I would be grateful if you would leave this community as quickly as you came, and with less trouble."

It was like book talk, and she never waited for him to answer. She wheeled and marched proudly up the road, and for a minute he acted like he hadn't heard what she said.

"Ain't she little?" he said. "I always did fancy a little woman."

For just a second she was a little woman to me, too, and a pretty woman, going up the road alone to a lonesome house. And then I remembered and I said, sharper than I meant to, "I ain't known you long enough to call you a fool. But if I had, I would."

He lowered his eyes and stood there like something heavy was on his back.

"And you'd be right, I reckon." But he waited until she had disappeared into her house before he called Early.

An hour later, after he and Early had breakfasted on some cheese and crackers he bought from me, I watched them set out down the road, going the opposite way from Miss Lolly Pearsons' place. I stood there a long time after they had gone from sight, and there was a sorrow in me I couldn't name. I began not to like the very way spring smelled.

FOR two or three days, spring was like grief in the air. Then Clancy John waddled in one day and said, "What kind of name is Easy Smith, anyhow, to put on a deed? Easy. That's how he signed it. I seen it myself in the courthouse. Easy Smith. And six tax stamps on it, so that he must have paid every cent Spriner asked without even trying to mule-trade him down."

It was too hot for Clancy that day—or else he was too fat for the day. His face was red and wet. He didn't even try to make much sense in what he was saying until I give him a cold drink. Then he said, "He bought himself a

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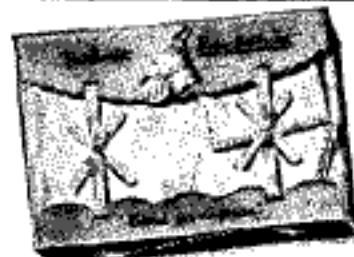
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place. The Spriner place, down the New Hope Road. Paid cash for it, they say in town. Cash. And coming in here like a tramp from nowhere and making eyes at Lolly Pearsons—"

"Well," I said. "And does Miss Lolly know yet?"

Clancy John was sheepish; he never was one to hold his tongue still. "She knows," he said. "She just a minute ago talked to me about it. That fellow does make her mad. She said, 'I don't see why he needed to settle down in New Hope. The only thing he has got more of than hope is brass.' What you reckon she meant by that?"

"I don't reckon," I said, but I was telling a tale. I was reckoning a lot in my mind. I had myself a cold drink, and I let Clancy John talk on; but it was to myself that I wondered why Easy had settled there and what he aimed to do next, outside of farming. I never doubted he could plow; all I asked myself was how he aimed to handle a Pearsons, if he did aim to.

**B**UT he wouldn't tell me. For over a year I saw him at least once a week, and he never said her name to me and I never said it to him. All that long time I was curious. But the next May came and went before Easy put the whole county in an uproar. Including me.

I was in the courtroom along with everybody else. I just plain locked up the store and left. I wouldn't have sold anybody a nickel's worth of thread, anyhow. So there I was in the courtroom, and Easy Smith was sitting up there next to the jury bench. His hair was combed neat for a change, and he had himself a new dark-blue suit, but he was still the same. Nobody but Easy Smith could have sat up there and made out like what he was fixing to do wasn't any more than taking a drink of spring water. He hardly moved, except every now and then to shush Early, who was sitting in his lap.

Everybody was waiting for the judge, but nobody but me saw him come in—me and maybe Easy Smith. He was Lester Thomas' boy, who had learned law at the university, but he never looked like a judge to me, because nobody had since the last Judge Pearsons died.

The judge sat down in the middle of the biggest fuss I ever heard in a courtroom, because there come Miss Lolly Pearsons down the aisle, and behind her was a foreign, hatchet-faced lawyer she had got from Meridian. Easy Smith didn't glance at her. I watched him, and he never turned his face from the judge.

She and her lawyer sat down on the other side of the room from where Easy was. Then Easy let Early down on the floor and stood up when the judge called for the first petition. He told the judge he was acting as his own lawyer, and then he commenced to read.

"Whereas," he read, while I asked myself where he had learned that law talk, "the petitioner finds himself burdened with a name so common as to cause confusion and discomfort, and whereas he may, being young and single, want to marry again in order to give his son a mother, he does hereby petition this court that he be allowed legally to change his name to Easy William Pearsons."

Miss Lolly had herself a fast lawyer. He moved fast and talked fast. He said Easy didn't have any right to the name

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SALLY STYLE SLIPS, N.Y. C. 16

of Pearsons, and he said how valuable that name was in the community, and he said it would likely bring dishonor on the name and on his client if Easy was to marry and beget children who bore the name of Pearsons without actually being of Pearsons blood. Oh, he was as smooth a talker as ever that courtroom heard, only almost nobody but the judge could hear him for all the ruckus folks was making. And the judge kept rapping, and I could see him looking from Miss Lolly to Easy and back to Miss Lolly.

Then I heard the judge say, "Before the court reaches any decision in this case, we think the petitioner and the respondent should confer before an impartial witness in the jury room. Court temporarily recessed."

So I was it: I was the witness Easy picked, and for once Miss Lolly agreed with him.

But I never said anything at all. I just stood there and watched the two of them in the jury room—or, rather, the three of them, because Early was there, too, holding Easy's hand. It was only then that I noticed Miss Lolly had that yellow dress on again; but it didn't keep her face from being drawn tight and angry when she looked at Easy. Outside, the late wisteria smelled sweet enough to drunken a man. Inside, it was cool, almost as cool as Miss Lolly's voice.

"For a year," she said, "I've turned you away from my door. I haven't said anything to you except when we met at church, and then I only spoke to you the way any Christian would. What gave you the right to involve me in this kind of ridiculous public display?"

"Why," Easy said, "I never thought to involve you. There was a girl I know over at New Hope, and she didn't favor Smith as a name, and I set out to get a fancier name for her. Why, I never even thought of you."

"Indeed," she said.  
"Did you think I thought of you?"

SHE didn't answer. She was biting her lip. She was trembling, too. Miss Lolly Pearsons. Finally she found her tongue, but her voice was small, like a woman's, though what she said sounded like a Pearsons: "I won't have just anybody going around this county being named Pearsons. I won't have it."

"I don't blame you," Easy said. "I know how it is to be proud of a name. I was always proud of mine until this girl—"

"What girl?" she said. "What girl?" If she had stamped her foot, I wouldn't have been surprised.

It took Easy Smith a long time to say it. And when he did say it, I could hardly hear.

"What girl?" she said again, and any woman but Lolly Pearsons would have stamped her foot.

"You," Easy Smith said.

"Me?" she said, and I thought she was mad, because she was crying; but I ought to know that women cry sometimes when they ain't mad at all, for pure joy. And anyhow, she laughed and cried both when Easy held her in his arms, and the last I heard before I shut the door on her and him and Early was that she didn't care at all what name they hit on finally, that a name didn't matter at all.

And that was how Miss Lolly Pearsons come to be named Smith.

THE END

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## JOLLY TIME

FOR YOUR HOLIDAY FUN ALWAYS POPS

## JOLLY TIME POP CORN

## The Town of the Month

(Continued from page 4)

touching highlights of the town's history—and by any standards New Harmony has had a wow of a past. In 1814 the Rappites, a group of religious fanatics from Germany, chose this bit of American wilderness to pursue their peculiar experiments in communal living. They built with solid beauty: fort, meetinghouse, church; their clean-lined, austere homes had cross-shaped doorways and side yards big enough to halt the uncontrollable fires of the era. They laid out wide, inviting streets. Then, in 1825, they sold the whole thing to a British philanthropist and reformer, Robert Owen, for \$10,000.

New Harmony has let the Rappite architecture mellow without frippery. The people have carried on the intellectual and cultural legacies of Mr. Owen, whose followers established in New Harmony America's first kindergarten, first public school, first woman's club, first trade school, first free library.

New Harmony has had almost too rich a heritage. As one present-day citizen puts it, "The enamored eyes of the historian often fail to detect in the New Harmony of today a community equally interesting." That's the historian's loss. Twentieth-century New Harmony offers its fortunate citizens the recreational and cultural advantages of a city twenty times its size. The Workingman's Institute, founded by the Owenites, has grown through subsequent endowments; today its quadruple benefits consist of an art gallery; an auditorium seating 800 people; a 30,000-volume library (no rental fees, no fine over 25¢), visited not only by contented local citizens but by students, sociologists, historians, and researchers from all over the world; and a museum that holds millions of local relics—Indian skulls, century-old waffle irons, the oldest (1804) fire engine in the United States.

IT'S EASY to locate New Harmony's museum-library. Almost every day three or four school busses, from out of county and out of state, are parked in front of its bustling doorway. "You can't see the dust for the kids," the librarian, Mrs. Margie Immenga, said recently. It has become a village habit to remember the museum and the library in local wills. Not that New Harmonites wait to die to remember their beloved and spectacularly versatile institution. They are, simply, nonbelievers in the superfluous antique, the private collection. All through the year New Harmonites present to the museum such things as a file of rare *Edinburgh Reviews* for the library, a stalactite from a Cuban cave, a left-handed Rappite sickle, an 1840 ballot box.

New Harmony's parks, too, would prompt a big city to write boastful editorials about itself. Maclure Park is filled with golden-rain trees. Murphy Park, scene of the Rain Tree Pageant, consists of seven well-manicured acres dramatically canopied by ancient chestnuts. June Bennet Park, on the riverbank, is the popular meeting place of New Harmony's businessmen, who see nothing unconventional in transacting their affairs at picnic tables. And the Labyrinth, one of the more fascinating holdovers from Rappite days, is a two-mile maze of lush hedge, which twists and curls over a



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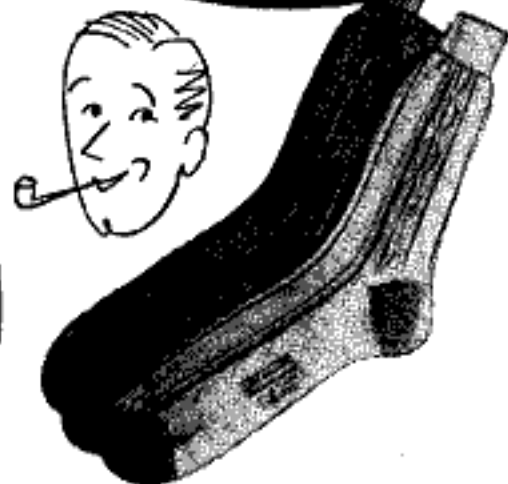


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BLAZERS AND ARGYLES

GENUINE LINK AND LINKS

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couple of acres of greensward. To the Rappites it represented the devious and prolonged approach to true harmony; to the younger New Harmonites of today it is a hide-and-seek headquarters.

Probably the most interesting of all New Harmony's present-day institutions is Charlie Chaffin's Notions and Novelties Shop. Sixty-nine-year-old Charlie is known locally as New Harmony's "chief administrator of civic medicine." He presides over village doings from a three-pillowed armchair in the rear of the store, and writes a weekly column, innocently called "Commercial Club Notes," for Lester Reynolds' New Harmony Times. It is a folksy, audacious collection of witticisms about the townfolk. Chaffin is always surrounded by citizen cronies, chuckling and chatting about community problems.

Chaffin writes on a pad with thin rods ruling it at inch intervals. These rods are necessary to keep his pencil in line, because three years ago he became blind. No doctor knows what happened—his eyes just snuffed out. "For a long time," said Charlie, "I was lower than a dead dachshund." Friends say he never let on. Certainly his column never lost its sense of humor or civic crusade. He went right on urging books for the library, gravel for Sylvester Street, trash cans for downtown street corners, a weekly cutting of the Labyrinth hedge, restoration of old Rappite buildings, the prompt payment of club dues. Items from recent columns show his technique:

"Bill Ford was what appeared to be an interested spectator at the last meeting. Three times he reached in his pocket for his dues only to pull out a cigarette."

"William Strickland, C. L. Chaffin, John Fox, and Gladys Alsop have finally paid their dues. You would have thought there was a prize for late-comers."

"No, it's not against the law to pay your dues."

So, on those rare days when nothing seems to be happening on the streets of New Harmony, there inevitably is plenty happening in the back of Charlie Chaffin's Notions and Novelties Shop. "I have to open this store at five-thirty in the morning," he says, "else folks would bang the door in."

THE END

**Christmas Is for Children**

(Continued from page 28)

*Is an upset stomach or vomiting cause for worry?*

Usually an upset stomach indicates that the child has become overexcited or has eaten too much. He should be put to bed for a while. However, if there is fever, coughing, abdominal pain, or diarrhea, a doctor should be called.

*What is the best method of getting a child to sleep after such a festive day?*

It is difficult for a child to make the transition from unusual activity to sleep. The tempo of the day should be slackened before supper; perhaps the parents could help him put his new playthings "to bed." After a simple supper, he might enjoy having his father or mother read to him or tell him a story. When he feels relaxed and comfortable, he may sleep. If he begins to cry at bedtime, he should be permitted to stay up a while longer, until he feels sleepy. This need not set a precedent. It is sad to have him cry after such a happy day.

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### Is it advisable to take a young child visiting at Christmastime?

Unless exceedingly well planned, long motor or train trips are likely to tire a child. Overfatigue lowers his resistance to illness, and contact with sick children along the way exposes him to communicable diseases. Spoiled or unfamiliar food also can make him ill. Impure water may cause diarrhea. No child or adult should drink unpasteurized milk; a can of evaporated milk should be taken along to open on the way if necessary.

If a young child must be taken on a trip, he should get plenty of rest and sleep. Parents sometimes like to show him off when they are visiting, but too much should not be expected of him. He probably will be tired after the trip.

### How should Christmas be celebrated when a child is ill?

If he is too sick to enjoy any celebration, the unwrapping of gifts should be postponed until he feels better. Other children in the family should be kept relatively quiet and away from the sickroom. If the illness is chronic and the doctor thinks it wise, the sick child might be allowed to open his gifts in bed.

### Should a child be given fruits, candy, and nuts at Christmas?

Fruits, hard candies, and lollipops can be given to children and the richer fare saved for the grownups. A certain amount of candy after or between meals is often recommended to give a tired child extra energy, provided it does not spoil his appetite for the next meal. Nuts should not be given to a child until he is old enough to chew them well.

### How can parents select the right toys for their child?

Many books on child care include lists of appropriate toys for various age groups. Toy stores also have guides for parents. Simple toys are best; the elaborate ones often are more fun for adults than for children. A child under eighteen months should receive toys that do not have any dangling parts, which might be pulled off and swallowed. The eyes of dolls and stuffed animals should be so constructed that they cannot be pulled out, for they, too, often are put into the mouth and might be swallowed. Toys with sharp edges, which may scratch, or moving parts, which may squeeze little fingers, also are dangerous. Some manufacturers are making toys safer by using nontoxic paints.

### What precautions should be taken to prevent a Christmas tree's igniting?

This danger is not so prevalent as in the days of lighted candles, but parents should take great care to avoid accidents. Candles never should be used. Electric lights used on the tree should be carefully constructed and electric connections and base plugs checked. If there is a fireplace, it should have a screen in front of it. Matches should not be lighted near the tree, because dry pine needles burn easily. As on every other day of the year, matches should be kept out of a child's reach.

### Might a child be spoiled by too much attention at Christmas?

Parents won't spoil a child by giving him a happy Christmas. It need not include lavish gifts or undue attention. What every child needs is a home in which he is loved, feels secure, and can develop mentally and emotionally. This will assure him of a merry Christmas as well as a happy year ahead.

THE END

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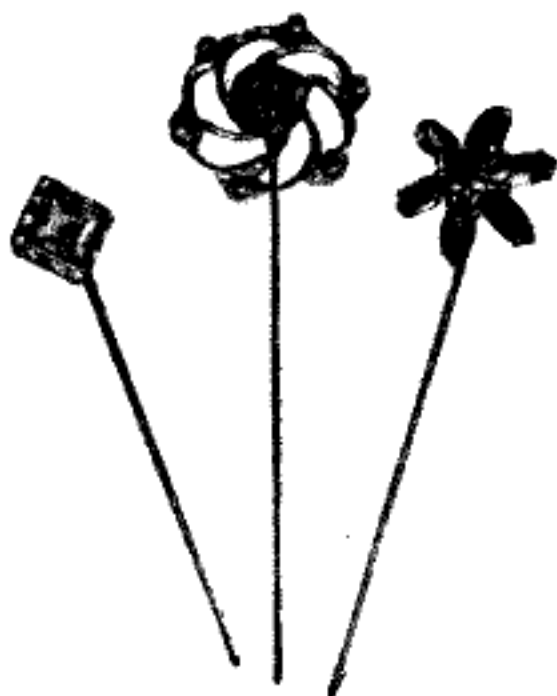
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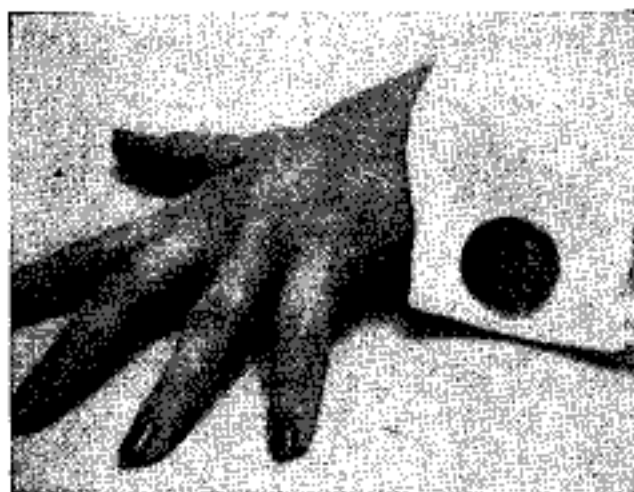
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THE NEEDLEWORK ROOM



Jiffy Glamour



For the gayest touch to your Christmas workbasket, try making our newest ideas in glittery trinkets for holiday wearing and giving. The latest forms and colors in bright buttons are shown on this page. Choose yours in garnet stars, diamond studs, and a circlet of pearls around an emerald-hued stone. For cuff links, we suggest a tailored mother-of-pearl button. *Stickpin*: Wire button to head of an ordinary hatpin, and cement. Let stand until dry. *Cuff link*: Attach button to a metal cuff link. *Earring*: Cement center of back of button to stud. *Ring*: Wire button to an old or inexpensive ring, and cement. Let stand until it is thoroughly dry.

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Smooth operator!  
Buccaneer Flight Jacket  
with Conmar  
zipper

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B. O. & H. Buttons

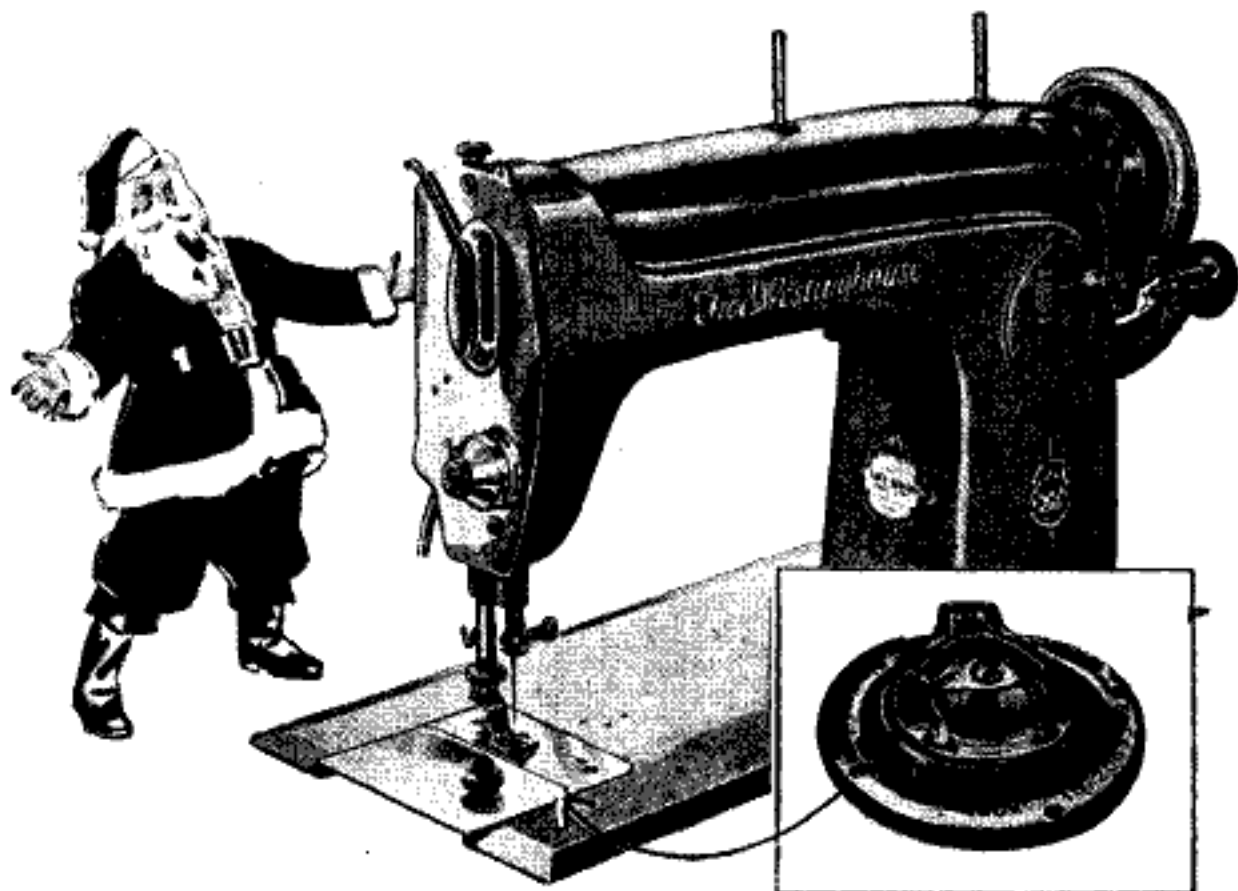
## Button Jewelry



Simple to make, these gems may be put together in less time than you think possible. **Earring:** Cement center of back of button to the stud. Let stand until dry. **Choker:** Sew your favorite rhinestone buttons, in graduated sizes, to a velvet ribbon. **Pin:** Tie buttons together with wire to form design, and cement to pin. **Ring:** Wire button to an old ring; cement. *Or make a ring:* String 3 strands of glass beads on wire; cement button to triple strand. **Necklace:** String 10 glass beads and 1 medium pearl bead on very fine bead wire. Repeat 2½ times. To form drop effect: On same wire, string 1 small pearl bead, 2 glass beads, 1 tiny pearl bead, 2 glass beads, 1 jeweled button. Bring wire through all these beads in reverse order. Then repeat entire design. Attach catch at ends.



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## THE NEEDLEWORK ROOM

# Decorate Your Gloves

We have a new twist to our needlework story this month—one that deals with sequins and beads rather than with the usual needles and thread or yarn. All you need is a sprinkle of sequins, beads, needle, thread, and an old pair of gloves that until this reading were of little use. Photographed on this page are 3 pairs of ready-knit gloves spruced up with adroit arrangements of hearts, flowers, and stars. Although the treatment of each design is simple, the



*Beads and Sequins from Sol Kahner*

composite picture is interesting enough to warrant many an admiring glance. Of course, if you let the designer in you get the upper hand, you may, with a few slight variations, create your own designs. The simplicity, yet smartness, of these motifs allows you to use your ingenuity. The glove in the photograph above sports gay red hearts suspended at the ends of single strands of tiny bugle beads. Shown above, right, is a glove with a pretty posy and a colorful butterfly in flight. The flower may appear intricate in design, but you will find this entire project wonderfully easy. The chic dark glove, right, is garnished with falling stars and streaks of lightning (lines of the longer type of bugle beads). You don't have to be an expert to make these designs. To



attach the long strands of beading, merely knot a double thread; pass it through the inside of the glove to the spot where you wish to place your design. String bead, and anchor it by pulling the needle through to the wrong side. Secure the thread there. Do not break it if you wish to continue the motif. To fasten a single bead and sequin, again pull needle from inside of glove to outside at the point where bead and sequin are to be attached; put needle through hole of sequin, then hole of bead, and again through sequin and glove, to insure a secure fastening.

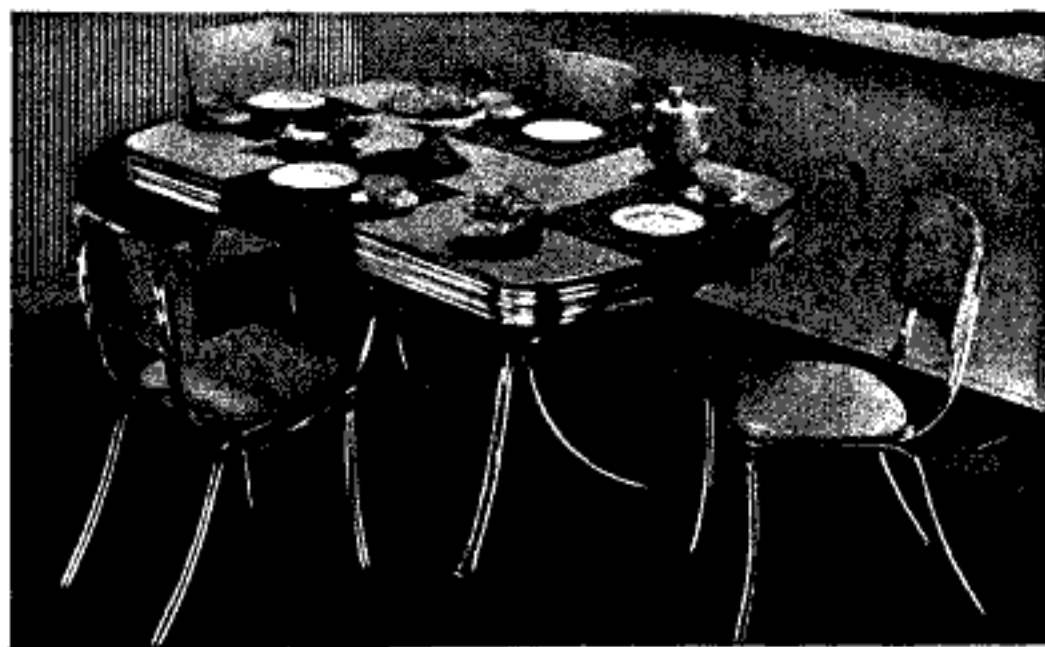




*Coloramic in Hollywood style, about \$99.95\* with four chairs. Bronze or silver gray legs. Limed oak, chartreuse, gray or green wood-grain Daystromite top. Chairs in red, green, yellow, chartreuse or gray Stardust.*

**And ask for Coloramic**—a Christmas gift for the whole family—to keep them dining merrily every day! Sleek-lined sturdy steel legs and frames are sheathed with colorful, satin-smooth plastic that resists cracking, fading and peeling. The Wonder Top shrugs off

scratches, stains, scars, heat—yes, even lighted cigarettes! And every bright inch is washable—the rich upholstery, the Wonder Top, the legs and frames! Best of all, Coloramic makes itself at home even in formal décor—yet is priced for modest purses!



**Put Playdine on your list!**

Everyone will love this table with a triple personality! For meals it's a graceful dining table with a handsome Wonder Top. But that's not all! The durable top slides smoothly aside in a jiffy—and you have a versatile game table with two convenient playing levels, both covered with rich, green felt. Safe, secure places for glasses, chips and ash trays, too!

\* Prices slightly higher in West, South and Canada. Subject to change without notice.



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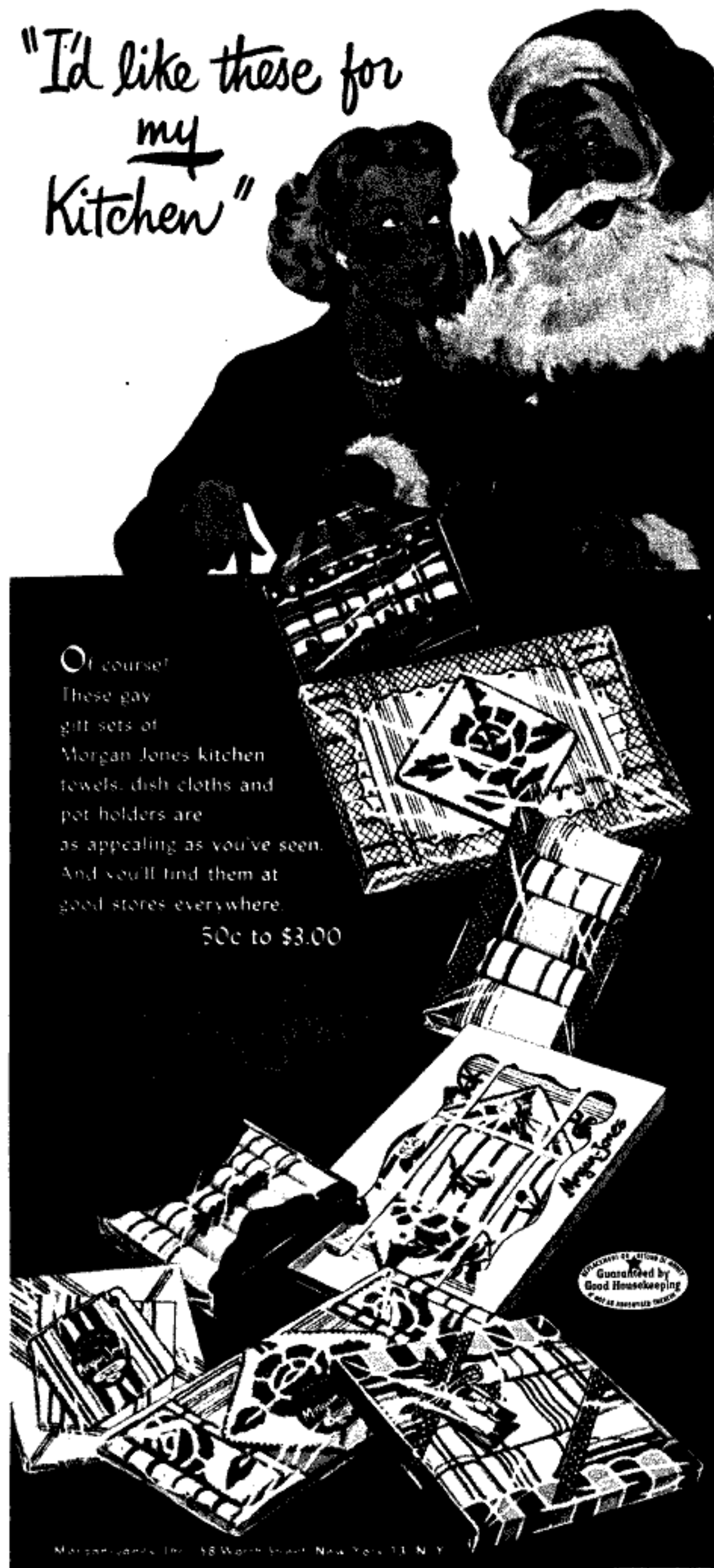
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Kitchen"



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These gay  
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Morgan Jones kitchen  
towels, dish cloths and  
pot holders are  
as appealing as you've seen.  
And you'll find them at  
good stores everywhere.

50c to \$3.00

## The Christmas Letter

(Continued from page 57)

The columnist was having an off day that Monday, and as Gordon stared at the words, he found himself thinking about the D'Aquino children and what they had told the reporter they wanted for Christmas. Joseph, the eldest, wanted a clarinet; Marguerita, twelve, a manicure set; John, eleven, a basketball; and so on down to Augustus, Jr., three, who just wanted to see "Sanny Claus." It did not take much imagination to picture the kind of Christmas the D'Aquinos would have unless a number of people came to their aid. The poor devils, Gordon thought. He turned back to page one and looked at the picture again. They were a neat, clean-looking family.

As Gordon studied the children in the photograph, he thought of his own plans for Christmas. There were to be special gifts this year, or at least one special gift, for Dicky. Gordon had wanted to give him a bicycle for years, and at last he was able to afford it. It stood in a department store six blocks from the office, with a tag stating: "G. Nelson, bal. due, \$36.25." And John D'Aquino, who was Dicky's age, eleven, was looking a little desperate, in the photograph, about his basketball.

Gordon laid aside the newspaper and took out his wallet. He copied D'Aquino's address from the newspaper, writing it on an envelope, and clipped a five-dollar bill to a sheet of paper, with a stapler. Below it he wrote the date and a brief note, saying the money was from the Nelson family, who wished it spent in any way the D'Aquinos saw fit. He hesitated for a moment over how to sign it, and finally decided that "Christmas wishes, Gordon Nelson" was more appropriate than "Merry Christmas, Gordon Nelson." He had just sealed and stamped the envelope, and propped it against the lamp on his desk, where he would not fail to see it when he left the office, when Miss Newton stuck her head in the door.

"Mr. Dunn wants to see you," she said.  
"I'll be right in," Gordon answered.

HE MIGHT have been better prepared for what followed, he thought later, if he had not had his mind on the letter as he walked down the hall to Mr. Dunn's office. It had just occurred to him that he had not stopped to think what Christina might say about his extravagance, and he began to puzzle over whether to tell her about the D'Aquinos. Then he hit on an obvious idea. He would not tell Christina about the five dollars until they worked out their budget for next year. Then he would suggest that they deduct it, if she wished, from whatever they put aside for charity. He was still congratulating himself on this strategy when he entered Mr. Dunn's office.

Then a sudden feeling of apprehension gripped him, and he forgot all about the letter. Something was up. Dunn had come into the agency during the war; Gordon, who had been in the service, returned to find Smith steadily losing control of the business to Dunn. As a Smith man, Gordon's few visits to Dunn's office in the past had meant disaster. In October he had been taken off a shoe-company account that he had finally got going successfully and been assigned to another headache, the account of a

work-clothes manufacturer whose shirts cost thirty-five cents too much. The shirts were now selling, however, and now cost forty-five cents too much. Gordon studied Mr. Dunn, who was talking on the phone, and decided that the shirt account must have become successful enough to be taken away from him.

At last Mr. Dunn hung up and asked Gordon to sit down. "Have you got Spartan Shirts in shape where we could take it over?" he asked.

"More or less," Gordon said, "depending on who takes it over."

Mr. Dunn laughed hurriedly. "I thought I'd put Collins on it," he said. "He's coming right along, that boy. As a matter of fact, Gordon, I'm clearing the decks for the first of the year, and I've decided to let you go. I hate to do it, naturally. I'm grateful to you for everything you've done—that's a wonderful record on Spartan Shirts—and I'll do anything I can for you around town. But we're going to have to get along here with cheaper men, less experienced. I hope you understand. Miss Newton has your check ready."

IT WAS the white envelope leaning against the lamp that brought Gordon out of his daze. He picked it up and read the address: "Mr. Augustus D'Aquino, 2864 Gage Ave., City." He struggled to recall its significance, if any. Then a loud-speaker in the street began to blare a stormy carol, and he remembered the story in the paper about the unemployed building superintendent who was facing a hard-luck Christmas. Well, so much for that, he thought. It's foolish to think of mailing the letter now.

Miss Newton knocked on his office door and came in with a discreetly folded check. She said tactfully, "I suppose this means you've found something better, Mr. Nelson?"

"In a way," Gordon said. "Merry Christmas, Grace!"

He put down the envelope he had been fingering and looked at the check. It was a final payment to Gordon R. Nelson: two hundred and eleven dollars and a few odd cents. The balance in his bank account was less than that. The rent was due on the first; thirty-six dollars was due on Dicky's bike; not all the bills were in on gifts they had charged. So a good half of the four hundred on hand was already spent, before he even started to look for a job. He had heard some rumors lately about the difficulty in getting copywriting jobs. They came back to him now as he set about methodically to clear his desk.

Finally he stood up, closing the disordered drawers, and his eyes fell on the letter. He began to wish he had never written the thing. It lay there accusing him, challenging him to mail it, tempting him to be reckless. It was incredible that the last hour had turned him into a man who could no longer afford a generous impulse. It was like losing one of his faculties. It was worse than losing a job.

But sending a stranger five dollars when he was not sure how he was going to make out himself—that was the sort of sentimental gesture he abhorred. The thing to do was to take back his five and throw away the letter.

He picked it up and stuck his fingernail under the gummed flap. Then he paused a minute. Why spoil everything? Tomorrow he might get another job. He



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and **MURRAY** that!

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I know about those new Murray ranges. Extra-large ovens, appliance outlet (for coffee makers, mixers, and so on), and the Deep Well—all can be timed *automatically*.

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THE MURRAY CORPORATION OF AMERICA, Home Appliance Division, SCRANTON, PA.

hated undoing something he had started. It was bad luck. Besides, he could not help recalling the confidence with which he had written the note, such a short time ago, and the warm feeling of satisfaction it had given him. He had been rich then. He stood there holding Christmas in his hands. He withdrew his nail and put the letter in his pocket.

AS USUAL, Christina understood. Not about the letter—he did not tell her about that. The loss of his job was a crisis they shared, but the letter was his alone, something far more personal than he had dreamed when he had written it. It was a matter of honor. He could not expect it to be important to Christina.

They held council at the kitchen table, after Dicky had gone to bed, and assured each other that everything would work out all right.

"Do you think we should cut down on Christmas?" Christina asked.

From where Gordon sat, he could see, beyond the dining room, the tree at the living-room window, dripping with tinsel and studded with light. He squinted, to blur the effect, and wondered whether the D'Aquinos would be able to have a tree this year, and whether the heat from their stove would make the needles fall off.

"I don't think we should," he said finally. "I think it should be Christmas with all the trimmings."

As he spoke, he wondered whether he would have felt that way if he had not written the letter. The moment he clipped the money to the paper, something had happened to him. It seemed far more important now than what had happened five minutes later, in Dunn's office. It committed him to Christmas.

"What do you think?" he asked.

"Well," Christina said thoughtfully, "it would be a shame to disappoint Dicky."

Dicky, yes, Gordon thought. He had not been thinking about Dicky; he had been thinking about disappointing the D'Aquinos. Christmas seemed to begin with them, and not at home; and the traditional peace on earth, good will toward men, to be sealed in an envelope in the pocket of his jacket. He wondered if he could explain that to Christina, but he knew what she would say—that he was making too much of the letter. It would not be important to him if he had not lost his job. It was a defense of his pride. Well, he thought, that was one way of looking at it.

"I'll go downtown and make the rounds tomorrow," he said. "I'll pay off the mortgage on Dicky's bike." To himself he added, But first I'll mail that letter.

The next day was discouraging. He saw everyone he wanted to see, but they all listened with a distracted air. He could only put it down to the season. It was the worst possible time to be looking for work; everyone was wrapped up in Christmas and preoccupied with the uncertainties of the coming year. None of his successes—they all seemed to know about Spartan Shirts—appeared to make much difference.

At four o'clock he stood beside a mailbox outside a department store. He took out the letter and looked at it. Well, he thought, either mail it or forget it. Make up your mind. It was time to face facts. Committed or not, he could not afford to be his brother's keeper this year. The

day of hopeless interviews had shown him that. In fact, there was very little he could afford. And he suddenly realized the bicycle was out of the question. A man who could not spare a few dollars to help somebody in trouble had no business laying out forty-six twenty-five for a toy. He put the letter back in his pocket.

There was a little trouble over the bike, but the manager finally agreed to let Gordon spend the down payment on some other purchase in the same department. Gordon decided on a basketball. It was a fine gift, he told himself, one that would please any boy. At least it was not hard to imagine how happy John D'Aquino would be with it.

Again, Christina understood.

"You're being very sensible," she said when he returned to the house late in the afternoon. "Especially if things are as tough as you say downtown. This is no year for a bike."

"I know," Gordon said. "But I'd rather take a beating than tell Dicky. I've had him looking forward to a bicycle since he was six years old."

"Don't underestimate him," Christina said.

Dicky had been out skating, and when he came into the house, he announced that he was hungry. He was a boy of rugged build, with a reluctantly athletic look and a habit of chewing his lower lip.

"I think your father has something to tell you, Richard," Christina said. "Then wash up and come to dinner. It's nearly ready."

Dicky picked up the paper from the coffee table and sat on the sofa.

"Let the paper go a minute," Gordon said. "I'm afraid I've got some explaining to do."

Dicky smoothed the paper across his lap but made it plain that he was not reading it by looking at a point on the floor between them. Then his eyes brightened, and he looked up. "You mean about the bike?" he asked.

Gordon met his eyes. "As a matter of fact," he said, "I'm out of work, and it's just going to be out of the question this year."

"Mom told me you lost your job," Dicky said. "I thought I probably wouldn't get it."

Well, anyway, Gordon thought, the worst was over. "I must say, you don't seem too disappointed," he said.

"What I'd rather do," Dicky said, "is get a job and buy my own, anyway."

CHRISTINA, standing beside the bed in her dressing gown, woke Gordon roughly. It was about seven o'clock in the morning.

"Gordon, Dicky's gone!" she said. "I just found a note in the kitchen!"

Gordon got up and struggled into his robe. "You mean he's run away?"

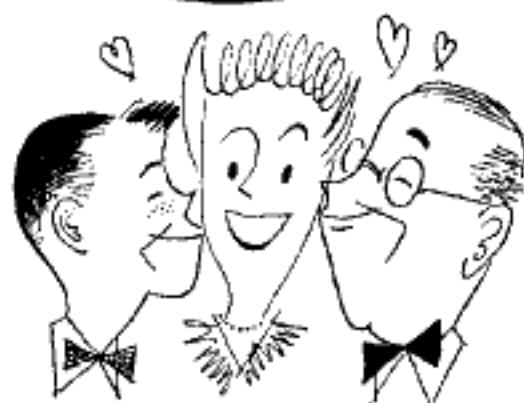
"Well, come and see what you think!" Christina said.

The penciled note read simply, "Don't worry about me. I'll be all Right." It was stuck between a clouded milk glass and a soiled oatmeal bowl on the table.

Gordon glanced out of the window involuntarily, as if to catch sight of the boy. It was a sunny morning and looked warm. "Well, he sure picked a nice day for it," Gordon said.

Christina phoned the people they knew with boys Dicky's age, on the chance he had gone to visit one of them. But the calls were fruitless. After breakfast, they

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went through his room. At least he had packed no bag. Christina decided that he was wearing blue pants, crepe-soled shoes, a ski sweater, a storm coat, and a white jockey cap with fur ear muffs. He had also taken along about three dollars that he had saved.

"Well, he's not left town. That's pretty sure," Gordon said. "He said something last night about getting a job and buying his own bicycle, and I imagine that's about the size of it. He'll be back."

He had planned to go downtown himself that day, but he decided to stay with Christina. It was more to reassure her than because he was actually alarmed. There was no use taking it too seriously as long as Dicky was back by evening.

Gordon left the house during the morning to see what he could find out around the neighborhood. The man at the tree lot down the street remembered the boy who was in with Gordon on Saturday afternoon, when they got the tree, but had not seen him since. The druggist and the filling-station attendant both said they had not seen Dicky for several days. Gordon returned home about noon to find the telephone ringing constantly. The people Christina had called were calling back to ask if there was any news.

THAT afternoon they thought of more people to call, and they spent most of the day on the telephone. Before they realized it, it had grown quite dark. It was half-past eight.

Christina was worried now. "You'd better go to the police," she said. "I've got some snapshots together."

The officer who accepted Gordon's report looked him over with practised suspicion. "What did you do?" he asked. "Give him a hiding?"

"No," Gordon said. "He's no delinquent."

The officer laughed. "It doesn't look that way, does it? You leave this information here and call in if he's not home by eight or so in the morning. You can't file a Missing Persons until the person has been missing twenty-four hours."

"I didn't know that," Gordon said.

"You're welcome." It had just the right degree of sarcasm in it.

Gordon bristled. "Listen—"

The man dropped his pen and interrupted Gordon. "You listen, mister," he said. "You treat him right and he'll stay home. Don't tell me. You just go on home, like I said, and we'll try to find him for you. Just call in."

On the way home he saw a mailbox and thought for the first time that day of the letter to D'Aquino. It was still in his inside pocket, where he had put it the day before. He stopped before the box. If he had gone ahead and mailed the letter in the first place, he thought, none of this would have happened. If he could have gone through with that, he could have gone through with the bicycle and Dicky would still be at home. But no, something had happened to Gordon the moment he had written that letter, so confidently, at his desk in the office. Now he could not even put a sarcastic cop in his place. He had left the police station meekly, like a criminal. But mailing the letter now would change none of that, he decided. He went on home.

The next day, Thursday, the local-newspaper office called shortly after he



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had phoned the police, at eight o'clock.

"I'm checking on a police report," the reporter said. "Have you found your little boy yet?"

"No," Gordon said.

"What's behind it? Do you mind telling me?"

"There isn't anything behind it," Gordon said. "He's just at an age when boys get ideas like that. That's all."

Christina had come into the hall. Gordon covered the mouthpiece and whispered, "Newspaper."

Christina's face brightened. "Will they want pictures of him?" she asked.

"I hope not," Gordon said. "They're not going to get them."

"Oh, please!" Christina said. "Ask them to print something, Gordon. Whoever has seen him is bound to read it or hear about it."

Gordon could not resist the plea in her eyes. He uncovered the phone and let the reporter pump him dry.

"Let's see. You promised the kid a bike, then lost your job. You couldn't buy him one, so he ran away. That sounds pretty good, Mr. Nelson."

"Yes, doesn't it?" Gordon said flatly.

Of course, he thought as he hung up, there's always the chance it won't get in the paper.

At noon, he went to the newsstand around the corner and bought a paper. There was the story, toward the bottom of the first page. He recognized the picture of Dicky as one of the snapshots he had given the police. It was a photograph Gordon particularly disliked. It mocked him from beneath the headline: "Dad Loses Job, Boy Loses Bike, Santa Loses Fan."

Beautiful! Gordon thought. Just like the D'Aquinos!

It was a terrible afternoon, an impossible evening, an endless night. The phone had stopped ringing. They had promised everyone a call as soon as they had any news. Gordon could imagine their friends wondering whether to call them up, dialing part of the number, and then deciding that he and Christina might think it was word of Dicky. They were thoughtful not to call, he decided, but he felt abandoned.

THE next time the phone rang was nine o'clock Friday morning. Gordon took the call. It was Allis Campbell, one of the advertising men he had seen on Tuesday. Campbell had listened to Gordon with undisguised impatience, and had even cut him short, saying there was nothing, absolutely nothing.

"Gordon? Allis Campbell. How are you feeling?" His voice was warm and friendly.

"Well, I could stand some sleep," Gordon admitted, puzzled.

"Have you found that boy yet?"

"No," Gordon said.

"No? I'm sorry, Gordon. Listen, maybe this will make you feel a little better. I've got a job for you. What do you say?"

"Oh, now, just a minute," Gordon said. "It's pretty sudden, isn't it? You didn't have anything when I was in there Tuesday."

To Christina, standing by, he said, "It's Campbell-Allen."

"Oh, wonderful!" Christina said.

"Wonderful, nothing!" Gordon said. "It's a job, but it's that darn' newspaper story. It's because of Dicky, not me."

"Oh, Gordon, take it! Please!"

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He looked at her. Tears brightened her eyes. He could not believe it. She actually wanted him to take it.

"Chris, I can't," he said helplessly. "How can I?"

"Because you need it, darling."

He uncovered the mouthpiece. Campbell was still talking. "The truth is, Gordon," he said, "we've always got a place for a good man."

"I didn't mean to take your head off," Gordon said. "It's just the strain. I'm sorry. When do you want me?"

"Oh, no hurry. The first of the year. You come in. It'll be waiting for you."

Gordon hung up and looked at Christina.

"You can always say no later," she said hopefully. "I know how you feel."

"I did still think I could get a job on my own," he said.

Christina smiled. "I know," she said. "That's the trouble, darling. You thought you could do everything on your own."

"I don't know about that," he said.

But as he walked around the living room, waiting for the phone to ring, he realized she was right. He had not wanted to go to the police. It had seemed unnatural. It was the police who needed Gordon Nelson, the taxpayer, the supporter, the critic, not Gordon Nelson who needed the police. The same applied to the newspapers. What did he need of their cheap publicity, their sentimental exploitation of misfortunes? It was the other way around. It was the newspapers that needed him, the reader, just as it was the advertising agencies that needed him, the specialist, who knew the secret combination of public words. What did Gordon Nelson need of Campbell-Allen, Dunn & Smith, or any of the others? He was one of those who gave in life, not one who received. He was not a D'Aquino.

AT THE closet he stopped pacing. That was his trouble. That letter. He saw now why it was so important to him, how all his troubles of the past few days had stemmed from it. The policeman had been partly right. There was obviously something wrong between him and Dicky. Others liked to give, too—even young boys. If you were always giving, they got fed up and went off on their own. And Dunn. He had to admit that Dunn knew what he was doing, even if he had fired him. At least he was getting results that poor old Smith never got. And it was just possible that he was getting them by weeding out of the agency all the men who thought they had more on the ball than it had. It made sense.

It made terrifying sense. He opened the closet door and fumbled through the papers in his jacket. The letter was still there. He took it out once more. That was his trouble, all right, or at least it stood for his trouble, and he had not been able to read the signs. The D'Aquinos. A lot he cared for the D'Aquinos the day he wrote that thing. He had cared for Gordon Nelson, and no one else. The general idea seemed to be that it was more blessed for Gordon Nelson to give than for others to receive.

He slowly turned the letter over in his hand. Nothing but a little piece of paper. But it was stamped and addressed; he might as well go ahead and mail it. He had a job now, just as he had when he had written it. So it really made no difference. He could still be the giver. If he mailed it this morning, D'Aquino

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would get it tomorrow, in time for Christmas.

Then he remembered. Everything was not the same. Dicky was still gone. And here he was making the same old mistake, or about to—buying a basketball for John D'Aquino again!

He opened the envelope quickly, unfolded the note, glanced at it hurriedly, and removed the five-dollar bill. Then he returned the note to the envelope and slowly tore both into little squares. They made a neat mound in the palm of his hand.

The phone rang. He closed his fingers over the puffy mound of white paper. This one had to be it. He heard Christina running to answer it.

"Oh, Gordon, he's all right!" she called out jubilantly. "It's the police! Dicky's working in a tree lot at the edge of town, and they're bringing him right home!"

He heard her talking excitedly into the phone. He walked to the wastebasket in the corner of the room. He slowly tipped his palm and watched the white flakes drift into the basket.

It was close to one o'clock, long after Dicky had returned, when they finally got around to opening their mail. The box was crammed with it, and the postman had stuck a handful of letters between the milk bottles on the porch. They were from all parts of town; they all said nearly the same thing, for they all contained money in some amount: quarters, dollars, one five-dollar bill, and even a ten. Christina collected it and added it up—it came to almost thirty dollars—while Gordon went through the letters one by one. He was halfway into the stack when he came across one that read:

"DEAR MR. NELSON:

So many have been so kind to me, I have the job in warehouse when the legs are well, and are sending money for my little ones for Christmas, and all the gifts, and I am so happy for these friends, that saw the paper, and am sending you \$5 to spend the way you like, but I hope for Christmas, maybe for the little ones bike, so he will come home.

AUGUSTUS D'AQUINO"  
THE END

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## Holiday Get-Togethers

(Continued from page 160)

### PEANUT-BUTTER COLESLAW

Toss 4 cups shredded crisp cabbage with ½ teasp. salt, dash pepper. Add 1 tablesp. granulated sugar to ½ cup chunk-style peanut butter; gradually stir in 7 tablesp. light cream, then 7 tablesp. vinegar. Add to cabbage; toss well. Taste; add seasonings if needed. Diced, unpared red apple or diced banana makes good addition. Or use on apple-and-celery or banana salad. Makes 6 servings.

### BEST POTATO SOUP

6 to 7 finely diced, parmed medium potatoes	2 qt. milk 1 cup canned cream-style corn (optional)
2 small onions, peeled and minced	1 teasp. savory salt
3 cups boiling water	¼ teasp. pepper
1 tablesp. salt	Minced parsley

Place first 4 ingredients in large saucepan or kettle. Cover; cook 15 to 20 min., or until potatoes are very soft. Do not drain. Add milk, corn, savory salt, and pepper. Heat over low heat until very hot. Serve in heated bowls, topped with parsley. Makes enough for 6 to 8 persons for main-course servings.

### COCONUT-STUFFED BAKED APPLES

¼ cup butter or margarine	½ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
¾ cup brown sugar, firmly packed	1 cup water
¼ cup shredded coconut	6 medium baking apples

About 1½ hr. before supper, heat oven to 350° F. (moderate). Cream together butter and ¾ cup brown sugar; stir in coconut. Heat ½ cup brown sugar with water; boil 5 min. Wash and core apples; pare off 1" of skin around opening at stem end. Place in casserole. Fill with coconut mixture, heaping remainder on tops. Pour syrup around apples; cover; bake at 350° F. 30 to 50 min., or until apples are tender but not broken. Uncover; spoon syrup around apples. Turn heat up to 400° F.; sprinkle with a little coconut; bake 5 min. longer to lightly glaze tops. Serve warm, with cream. Makes 6 servings.

### DAD'S SPECIAL EGGS IN CUPS

Heat oven to 350° F. (moderate). Line individual pie plates, custard cups, or shallow muffin pans with thin slices of boiled ham, edges overlapping. Break 1 or 2 eggs into each; pour 1 tablesp. cream around each egg; sprinkle with salt and pepper. Set individual cups into shallow pan; place sheet of heavy paper or aluminum foil over all. Bake at 350° F. 15 to 20 min., or until they reach the doneness liked by each breakfaster.

### ROAST TURKEY

#### Buying

If family is large, buy large tom turkey, 13 to 20 lb. drawn weight (minus head, feet, and organs). If the family is small,





## For Christmas Giving

(Continued from page 148)

half-moon shape. Frosts 60 cookies.

For a cookie that's easy to cut out, try this, using your Christmas cutters.

### SUGAR CUTOUTS

2¼ cups sifted	sugar
enriched all-purpose flour	½ cup shortening
1 teasp. cream of tartar	2 eggs
1 teasp. baking soda	1 teasp. rum flavoring
½ teasp. salt	2 tablesp. grated orange rind
¾ cup granulated	Colored sugar (optional)

Measure flour, cream of tartar, soda, and salt into flour sifter set in bowl; sift. In large bowl, blend sugar with shortening. Add eggs; blend. Gradually add flour mixture, beating after each addition. Add rum flavoring and orange rind. Blend; chill thoroughly for several hours.

Heat oven to 375° F. (moderately hot). Turn part of dough onto lightly floured pastry board, and roll ¼" thick. Dip cutter in flour; then cut out cookies as close together as possible, to avoid too many trimmings. Lift cookies with broad spatula onto greased cookie sheets. Place 2" apart, and sprinkle with colored sugar (see below) or sprinkles if desired. Bake at 375° F. 10 to 15 min., or until done. Makes about 2½ doz. cutouts, depending on size of cutters.

To make colored sugars for Christmas cookies, spread granulated sugar over bottom of pie plate. Sprinkle with few drops red or green food coloring; blend. Add coloring till you've the right degree of redness or greenness. Let stand in warm, dry place overnight to dry. If you need it in a hurry, place in slow oven, 250° F., stirring occasionally till dry.

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**Assignment in Hollywood**  
 (Continued from page 17)

are considerably more melodramatic. Brian is an infantry captain, whose tough hide envelopes a soft heart. It's the leathery exterior that makes his men disdainful of him, for he is constantly beating down his second-in-command, John Agar. Their private campaign is almost as big as St. Lo, but it works out, in the end, with the expected camaraderie of battle-worn buddies.

**THE MAGNIFICENT YANKEE.** Louis Calhern repeats his fine stage performance as Oliver Wendell Holmes in Emmet Lavery's faithful adaptation of his own play, with Ann Harding doing handsomely by Mrs. Holmes. The period is from 1902 to 1933 or thereabouts, or from the appointment of Holmes as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court to shortly after his official retirement. Unofficially, however, he is still going strong at the fade-out. He is waiting to receive Franklin Roosevelt, who has come to pay him a visit. When we first saw him, he was refusing to support Theodore Roosevelt in his trust-busting activities. Between Roosevelts there is an intimate portrait of Holmes—the man, the husband, and the judge—between the ages of sixty and eighty.

Lavery has been a little too faithful in his adaptation to furnish us with anything very stimulating in the line of motion-picture drama, and we hate to think what his photographed stage play would have been like without the amiable charm Calhern brings to it and the quiet skill of Miss Harding. To be sure, Justice Holmes fumes and frets a good deal—after all, he and his friend Justice Louis Brandeis weren't called "the great dissenters" for nothing—but this is just the natural grumpiness of a Yankee fighter in rebellion against a lot of things that appear to him unjust, and none more so than old age.

It is his pleasure to climb the White House fence and make off with a crocus for Mrs. Holmes at the first sign of spring; but toward the end he can no longer negotiate it and must reach through the pickets instead. Naturally, this irks him. Each year it is his wont to hire a new young male secretary. Each secretary helps to compensate for the son he never had. A touching scene occurs toward the close, when, on his eightieth birthday, all his "sons" honor him at a surprise party arranged by his wife. This, and his farewell to her—it is even more her farewell to him—will be remembered as the sweetest parts of the film.

There are a good many scenes in the Supreme Court, but the cases are usually disposed of by Holmes or the others in a few well-chosen words, and that is that. Like the play, the motion picture is composed of a series of vignettes rather than a connected or cumulative theme; and the surrounding characters are treated in the same sketchy fashion. The narrator is Phillip Ober, as Owen Wister, whom oldsters will recall chiefly as the author of *The Virginian*, a novel Hollywood has used as the model for a thousand movies.

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on that serviceable plot, don't miss the forthcoming *For Heaven's Sake*. Harry Segall, who invented "Mr. Jordan," one of the earliest and most amusing of the angels, has again plucked at celestial harp strings to bring forth as engaging a trio of shadowless visitors to this planet as you'll ever see—Clifton Webb, Edmund Gwenn, and little Gigi Perreau.

Gigi's the cause of her two aging conferees' mission to earth. She's waiting to be born, and getting mighty impatient about it. Her prospective parents are so self-centered and so busy in the world of the theatre they have no time to think about having children. Angels Webb and Gwenn assume responsibility for the case.

Robert Cummings and Joan Bennett are the peripatetic Broadwayites, assisted by Joan Blondell (back on the screen after a four-year absence), as a lady—that's perhaps questionable—playwright. While the ex-Mr. Belvedere is attempting to solve the problem of ingratiating himself with the couple, he overhears Cummings tell his wife he needs an "angel" for his next play. That gives Webb an appropriate idea, and he materializes as a rich Montana cattleman. To prepare himself for his new role, Angel Webb sees Gary Cooper in *The Westerner*. So he comes to earth in a riotous imitation of the screen cowhand—as funny a gag as Hollywood has thought up in a long time.

Somewhere in the ensuing razzle-dazzle, internal-revenue agents, suspicious of his wealth—naturally, he's never paid taxes—land on his trail, and he finds himself in jail and a psychiatric ward. Neither is any problem for an angel, of course, nor is Gigi's birth. Not too many months later, as the two angels, seated on a hospital bench, eye the shapely ankles of a passing nurse, a baby's cry is heard. They can stamp their papers: "Mission Accomplished."  
**THE END**

## If Your Son or Daughter Is "Going Steady"

(Continued from page 53)

at our interference. For two weeks he scarcely spoke to us, and his school grades plunged downward. Goodness knows what would have happened if the girl's family hadn't moved away, leaving Roger and half a dozen other boys heart-broken. It took months for Roger to be his natural, sunny self with us again. The next time he went steady, although again we disapproved of the girl, we had the sense to keep quiet until the romance had ended. We had learned one of the axioms of parental behavior at this time of crisis: The voluntary expression of disapproval drives your child away from you.

On the other hand, we made an entirely different mistake with Patty. Of course, the eldest is the longest-suffering, and it's a wonder our eldest ever forgave us for all our well-intentioned errors. Patty was a bright child, always at or near the top of her class. Although she was pretty enough, she never was especially attractive to boys, a fact we attributed to eyeglasses and bands on her teeth, neither of which was a permanent handicap. But even when the bands were off and the glasses shed for class

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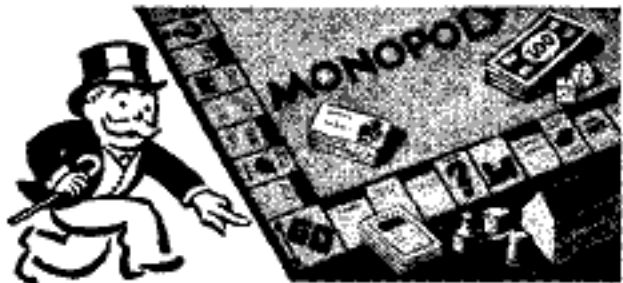
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parties, she was far from a social success. She often came home from a dance and cried in bed. Naturally, we tried to build her up by providing her with the prettiest clothes we could afford and encouraging her to invite boys and girls to our home; but nothing worked.

You can understand our joy when, at sixteen, she developed a steady. And what a steady! He was captain of the football team. In addition, he had exquisite, eighteenth-century manners and came from one of the nicest families in town. All sorts of ideas began to form in our parental brains. There could be lots worse sons-in-law than Pete.

So we rushed things. We included Pete in all our family functions, though such invitations were unsolicited by Patty. We asked his family to tea. We made far too much of him (I realize now) every time he appeared in our midst. And finally we frightened him away. Oh, undoubtedly the romance would have ended short of marriage anyway, for Peter is still somewhat of a Casanova and Patty is very happy with her nice young husband and her baby. But just the same, we behaved stupidly about Pete, and I utterly sympathize with Patty's outburst the night it all ended in a devastating explosion. "If only you had left us alone," she wailed. It took a long time for her to forgive us.

When she began to go steady in college, we let the romance progress at its own pace. We let her invite him home when she, not we, wanted. We decided not to cultivate his family until she gave us the green light, which she never did. And although she didn't marry him, either, at least the end of the affair was comparatively peaceful and by mutual consent, with no blame attached to us. Another axiom for parents: Don't be an eager beaver when your child is going steady.

SO HERE we are with Mary, and far wiser in coping with her than with the others. She herself has given us plenty of practice. No "brain" is Mary. Her school grades are only middling. But she is chairman of dances, a cheerleader, and a very happy kid, with steadies since kindergarten. They last, nowadays, anywhere from two weeks to two months. Some we approve, some we disapprove. But we realize that it's Mary's business, and she realizes she has our co-operation and regard, and will receive no opinion from us unless she asks for it. Our relationship is mutually affectionate and respectful, except when we heckle her about doing homework. She knows we trust her judgment and her ability to act according to the family standards.

You see, we have learned. My husband, being an engineer with an orderly mind, is a great one for lists, and he helped me tabulate a list of rules, from our own experiences, for parents whose sons and daughters are going steady. Here it is:

No age is too young to be taken seriously and handled with tact. Thirteen is as much in love, in his fashion, as twenty-three. Act accordingly.

Encourage your child to bring the object of his affection into the family circle—but don't overdo it. This will give you, as well as your child, a chance to see how the Beloved fits in with the folks. And thank your stars that we live in an age where boys invite girls to their homes, instead of the lopsided way it used to be.

Make as many opportunities as possible

to discuss with your child the meaning and responsibilities of marriage, in terms of your own family life. He will be flattered by your confidence, and no doubt he'll do some mighty constructive thinking in private.

Never let your child doubt that you know the choice of a steady is his alone and that you are prepared to stand by him. The most important thing you can give him at this time is self-confidence.

If you approve your child's choice, especially if son or daughter is of marriageable age, first ask yourself whether you are thinking of your child's tastes and happiness or your own. If that choice has good social connections or wealth, be sure you are not influenced by these factors instead of less material considerations—character, ideals, and mutual interests.

Be wary about giving too much encouragement. This may prove embarrassing to all if things do not turn out well. By the same token, it is wise to avoid rushing into social relations with the other family. Time enough for that if and when.

If you do not approve, ask yourself questions like these: Is my child being realistic, or is he deluding himself? Does the boy or girl of his choice seem willing to assume a fair share of responsibility in a relationship? Does he or she appreciate the true quality of my child? Are there differences in background, nationality, religion, economic status, temperament, that I honestly believe, without prejudice, would be stumbling blocks to happiness? Has the girl of his choice personal qualities and standards so at variance with those of my family that I see trouble ahead? Only when you have carefully answered these questions can you decide whether to risk trying to steer your child from his course with the least damage to him and your parental relationship.

FIRST and foremost, avoid an open quarrel. Your outspoken disapproval may anger your child and cause a negative attitude, creating a breach never to be healed. It may produce open defiance, in the form of an elopement or some other irrevocable step, to your child's and your own everlasting regret.

Avoid broadside criticism. Give your opinion only when asked. A great deal more can be accomplished by what you do not say than by what you do say.

If your opinion should be sought, be as honest as you can without hurting your child's pride or implying that you question his judgment or sincerity. Give concrete reasons for your views, and present them as a matter of opinion, subject to revision. For in time you yourself may have to learn to change.

Most important of all, make it clear that no matter what happens, you will continue to love him for the rest of your life and your door will always be open to him. For if you close it, it may stay closed forever.

This looks like a formidable set of rules, but actually it's not too hard to follow, especially if one considers that the alternatives may wound, estrange, or antagonize your children forever.

All of us parents have the same ideal: to retain our children's friendship and love as long as we live. And the way we behave during their crisis of going steady is one method of achieving it.

THE END