

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

APRIL, 1934

VOLUME LI, NO. 4

10 CENTS

CANADA 15 CENTS
(INCLUDING TAX)



BOOTH TARKINGTON

PAUL DE KRUIF

THE HOME OF THE PRESIDENT'S MOTHER

AGNES BURKE HALE

Cellophane

TRADE MARK

**KEEPS
FOOD CLEAN**

MR. SCHULTZ, I'M AWFULLY FUSSY
ABOUT GETTING CLEAN FOOD.
THAT'S WHY I LIKE THOSE
"CELLOPHANE"
PACKAGES

LOTS OF MY CUSTOMERS SAY
THE SAME THING, MRS. HARVEY.



Miss Laura Kittredge Kennedy,
nationally known cooking
school lecturer, says:

“ONE of the first rules of good cooking is absolute cleanliness—for nothing will destroy appetite quite as quickly as the knowledge that food is not as clean as it should be. This is more than a kitchen rule. It begins with the selection of food in the store. For my part, I avoid buying unprotected foods. When, for instance, I see fine meat products

sealed in Cellophane, I know they haven't been exposed to handling and other contamination. Cellophane appeals to me as a great safeguard of health as well as appetite.”

Here, indeed, is a voice of authority speaking for all fastidious housewives. Your own personal desire for delicious, tasty, *clean* food can be satisfied by choosing products protected by Cellophane. Clearly visible to your searching eye, they will suggest attractive menu ideas—and you can be sure the original quality is kept safe for your enjoyment. It pays to remember how Cellophane protects.

“Cellophane” transparent wrapping for home use is available at leading stores. Du Pont Cellophane Company, Inc., Empire State Building, New York City.

SEE WHILE YOU BUY



REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

“Cellophane” is the registered trade-mark of the Du Pont Cellophane Co., Inc.

"Me? Have 'Pink Tooth Brush'?" Not while they make Ipana!"



BARBARA GRANT: I'm licked, Bob! I get all dressed up in the smartest outfit I own—and look into the mirror to admire myself—and what do I see! Teeth that look the way grandma's silver looked the year she left it out while she wandered all over Europe.

BOB GRANT: You certainly clean them enough!

BARBARA: Brushing my teeth doesn't take away that tarnished look.

BOB: Do your tooth brush bristles ever look "pink" when you clean your teeth?

BARBARA: Ye-es. My gums *do* bleed a little. You don't suppose some of my teeth will casually drop out some day, do you?

BOB: You can look around for another mate when they do! But listen, honey—*what's* really wrong is that you have "pink tooth brush."

BARBARA: Did you ever have it, Bob?

BOB: Me? Have "pink tooth brush"? Not while they make Ipana! All I do is just massage a little Ipana into my gums after I clean my teeth. My gums stay firm, I can tell you. There's hardly a chance that I'll ever have gingivitis or Vincent's disease, either. You start using Ipana, with massage—and get rid of that "pink tooth brush."

* * *

For the reason that practically everybody nowadays



prefers soft foods to coarse, crunchy foods, your gums tend to be flabby and to become tender. If they bleed, you have "pink tooth brush." This condition, while not alarming in itself, is likely to rob your teeth of their brightness. It may even be the first step toward gum troubles as annoying and serious as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or possibly even pyorrhea. It may even endanger sound teeth.

To prevent "pink tooth brush"—clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste. Then put a little more Ipana on your brush, and massage it into your inactive gums. Ipana's scientific formula includes ziratal, which helps speed circulation through the gums and aids in firming them.

By using Ipana regularly, you will insure yourself bright teeth—sound gums—and a minimum of danger from "pink tooth brush."

THE "IPANA TROUBADOURS" ARE BACK! EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING
—9:00 P. M., E. S. Y., WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. S-44
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....



IPANA TOOTH PASTE



"My! How I used to hate scrubbing clothes!" says Mrs. Edens. "But I haven't done that for years now. Not what I call rubbing. P AND G seems to soak the worst dirt loose easily.

"Give me a white soap every time. P AND G is so nice and firm it lasts a good long while. You'd never catch me going back to those old soft brown soaps—not for love nor money. P AND G washes clothes cleaner and whiter. And it rinses out easier.

"P AND G is so easy on my hands I know it's safe for anything—even for my nice hand-embroidered linens. P AND G takes out spots and stains, but it never harms colors a bit. This certainly proves how good P AND G is for washing nice colored things."

No sense killing yourself with housework when P AND G costs so little. Do as Mrs. Edens does. Order 10 or 12 cakes of P AND G Naphtha from your grocer today and put this fine, firm, white soap to work right away, on your washing, cleaning and dishwashing!



P AND G

THE WHITE NAPHTHA SOAP



NEW HATS—NEW THOUGHTS FOR SPRING: Easter means a new hat, so take your choice from the cover, from this page, from the back of the book . . . Spring means gardens and fixing up the house and new things to eat—they're all here . . . Spring means laughter and gaiety—read the stories . . . Here's April:

COVER DESIGN BY ROY SPRETER

FICTION AND FEATURES

BOOTH TARKINGTON: Oh, Button Your Coat!	Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins	Page 5
ANNE O'HARE MCCORMICK: Russia Now Laughs	Photographs	8
AGNES BURKE HALE: No Hope, Gentlemen!	Illustrated by Walter Diggs	10
EMMA LOU MINSTER: The Home of The President's Mother	Photographs	12
GRAEME AND SARAH LORIMER: The Pants of the Family	Illustrated by Iring Nurick	14
GEORGE WESTON: The Old Correspondent	Illustrated by William Meade Prince	16, 17
ANONYMOUS: Impersonation of a Lady (Part III)	Illustrated by Pruett Carter	18
ALICE DUER MILLER: Hit and Run (Part II)	Illustrated by Henry Raleigh	22
ALICE ROOSEVELT LONGWORTH: A Glance at the Senate	Photograph	24
PAUL DE KRUIF: Young Doctor Heat	Photographs	25
FRANCES NOYES HART: The Crooked Lane (Part IV)	Illustrated by Roy Spreter	26
CATHARINE OGLESBY: The Challenge of the New Frontier		31
HENRI CHARPENTIER: Adventures With a Market Basket	Decorations by Baldrige	34
EDITH WHARTON: A Backward Glance	Photographs	49

SPECIAL ARTICLES

FASHIONS AND BEAUTY

News for Knitters—Julia Coburn	Page 20, 21
Sure to Please in One of These	32
Certainly—Some Sort of Suit—Julia Coburn	33
The Upturn—Dorothy Cocks	86

ALL AROUND THE HOME

This Gay Little House is Very Blue—Mrs. Howard Linn	Page 28
Spring Songs—Margaret Fishback	40
Screens (New Ideas for Make-it-Yourself)	83
Little Liars—Marion L. Fæegre	96

IN THE GARDEN

Flower Markets—Elsie Jenkins Symington	Page 112
The New Annuals—F. F. Rockwell	116
The Gay and Gorgeous Poppies—Louise Bush-Brown 118	

FOOD AND ENTERTAINING

Midnight Snacks—Caroline B. King	Page 36
Brown is the Flavor of Chocolate—Phyllis Carr (The Hostess)	37
Delicious Dropped Cookies—Jean Simpson	38
Fun Tied to Apron Strings!—Marian Hagen	71

AND ALSO—

Editorials—Loring A. Schuler	Page 30
The Sub-Deb—Edited by Elizabeth Woodward	59
15 New Books—Virginia Kirkus	93
Poetry	95, 101, 112
Journal Reference Library	151

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL (The Home Journal) is published on the second Friday of the month preceding its date by **THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY**, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, Founder and President from 1883 to 1932.

GEORGE H. LORIMER, President.

WALTER D. FULLER, First Vice-President and Secretary.

PHILIP S. COLLINS, Vice-President and Treasurer.

JOHN B. WILLIAMS, Vice-President.

FRED A. HEALY, Vice-President and Advertising Director.

LORING A. SCHULER, Editor.

Stuart O. Blythe, Lila Bane, J. Harold Hawkins, Elizabeth Woodward, Catharine Oglesby, Frank Eltonhead, Julia Coburn—Associate Editors.

THE TITLE of the Ladies' Home Journal is registered in the United States Patent Office and in Foreign Countries. The entire contents are copyright, 1934 (Trade-Mark Registered), by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and in Great Britain. London offices, 6, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W. C. All rights reserved. Entered as second-class matter May 6, 1911, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, under Act of March 3, 1879.

THE PRICE of the Ladies' Home Journal is ten cents the copy. By subscription: To the United States and Possessions, \$1.00 the year; \$1.50 for two years; \$2.00 for three years. . . . To Canada (including present tax), to Newfoundland and Labrador, \$1.50 the year; \$2.75 for two years; \$3.75 for three years. . . . Remit by Post Office or Express Money Order. Check, or by Draft payable in United States or Canadian Funds. . . . To Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain, Uruguay and Venezuela, \$1.50 the year. To other countries, \$3.00 the year. . . . Remittance to be by Postal or Express

Money Order or by Draft payable in United States Funds. . . . All subscription prices are subject to change without notice.

THE NAMES of all characters that are used in short stories, serials, and semi-fiction articles that deal with types are purely fictitious. If the name of any living person is used, it is simply a coincidence.

A SPECIAL WORD TO SUBSCRIBERS: When you receive notice that your subscription has expired renew it at once, using the blank inclosed in your final copy. Please sign your name exactly as it appears on your present address label. . . . Report any change of address direct to us rather than to the Post Office. A request for change of address must reach us at least 5 weeks before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect—6 weeks before, if you live on the Pacific Coast. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send this advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy. . . . The Post Office will not forward copies to your new address unless extra postage is provided by you. . . . Subscribers should always use Postal or Express Money Orders or Bank Drafts in remitting. All Rural Free Delivery carriers can supply Postal Money Orders. . . . Persons canceling their subscriptions will receive a proportionate refund.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY also publishes *The Saturday Evening Post*, in the U. S. 5c the copy, 3 years, \$5.00; 2 years, \$3.50; 1 year, \$2.50 (52 weekly issues), and the *Country Gentleman* (monthly), in the U. S. 10c the copy, 3 years, \$2.00; 2 years, \$1.50; 1 year, \$1.00. Canadian and foreign prices on page 2 or 3, or quoted on request.

ADVERTISING BRANCH OFFICES—for advertising business only; subscriptions not received—are as follows: Philadelphia, Independence Square; New York, 60 East 43rd Street; Chicago, 33 N. Michigan Avenue; Detroit, 3044 W. Grand Boulevard; Cleveland, 925 Euclid Avenue; Boston, Statter Office Building, 20 Providence Street; San Francisco, 1 Montgomery Street.



YOU are in a Beauty Contest every day, and this daily test, which every woman must endure, is a challenge to look—and to keep looking—your best.

So get yourself a Camay Complexion. You'll be much too lovely, then, to be overlooked! And how you'll bless the day that brought you Camay—the beauty soap that does such flattering things to the feminine skin. For Camay is not only pure and creamy-white, as a fine beauty soap should be. It's unusually mild—delicate on your skin. And its lather is luxuriant.

"It may not be modest for me to say it, but my skin is really lovely and soft," said an undergraduate at an Eastern college, who uses Camay faithfully twice a day.

Get Yourself a Camay Complexion . . . Outshine Other Girls in Life's *Beauty Contest!*

"For lather and mildness, Camay certainly has it all over other soaps I've used," said the smart young daughter of a newspaper editor.

THE "GOOD TASTE TREND" IS ALL TO CAMAY

Try Camay! Convince yourself! It's changing the soap habits of the nation! With every passing day thousands and thousands of lovely women—

forsaking all other soaps—are taking up Camay.

Perfumed as if it came from Paris—smooth of texture—smart as the newest fashion—Camay smells, feels and looks high-priced. Yet, with all its exquisite quality, Camay really costs you amazingly little. Ask your dealer—a surprise is in store for you! And get a supply of Camay today!



Another Beauty Contest WON! In whatever setting you may find her, you can always pick out the girl who wins her daily Beauty Contest. Probably she's surrounded by admiring friends. Surely she has that alluring charm—a beautiful, clear, fresh skin.

Copyright 1934, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY the Soap of
Beautiful Women

Camay is the new vogue in skin care. A modern beauty soap of profuse lather, gentle enough for even the most delicate skin. It's smartly wrapped in green and yellow—fresh in Cellophane. For your face and hands, and for your beauty bath.



O, Button Your Coat!

By Booth Tarkington

JOHNNIE OR NED? RHODA KNEW THIS WAS THE NIGHT SHE'D HAVE TO DECIDE; TO LACY SHE GRANTED THE BOON OF WITNESSING THE CRISIS OF THE CRISIS

Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins

LACY THOMAS, eight months out of a girls' college, wondered more and more why she had done all that work for a sheepskin. After commencement she had merely come home to the middle-sized town where she'd always lived and had settled down to a renewed comfortable life with her comfortable father and mother in the comfortable house wherein she had been born. Lately, however, there had been intrusions upon the comfortable-ness; they were inward, consisting of disquieting questions she addressed to herself, and sometimes, too, of qualms that she feared might be symptoms of a personal jealousy. Not having gone to work, as had some of her more spirited girl classmates, she rather shamefacedly supposed herself engaged in the business of being marriageable; but during these eight months her position in life seemed to have grown more and more actually into that of a satellite or lady in waiting to her dashing friend, Rhoda Wye.

Rhoda Wye hadn't wasted any time on college; apparently she had spent the budding years not otherwise than in the development of herself into a full-blooming belle. Hence, since that seemed to be what Lacy now ought to have been but wasn't, where was the good of having learned what she was already half forgetting about the Achæans and brutulid fishes? Johnnie Ensmith, whom Lacy liked best, certainly didn't care to hear anything of either.

Lacy wasn't sure about Rhoda's looks, and sometimes doubted that they were any better than her own, but when the two girls were together Rhoda always had so

emphatically the air of being the noticeable one of the two that Lacy perceived it wouldn't have helped herself much to have been actually the prettier. She danced as well, was as piquantly graceful as Rhoda, laughed more readily and genuinely at other people's jokes than Rhoda did; yet Rhoda was always the whole show, and what glow of "popularity" was left over for Lacy appeared to be the reflected kind that falls upon an attendant confidante. They wanted to find out from her what Rhoda really thought about them.

Thus a wintry twilight, misplaced in earliest spring, found the girl graduate dubious, even a trifle sulky, as she walked through a snow flurry to Rhoda's house to keep an engagement markedly characteristic of her subordinate position. Johnnie Ensmith and Ned Baring, a new suitor of Rhoda's from out of town, were to call later at Miss Wye's for the two girls and take them upon a motoring, dining and dancing excursion. The young gentlemen hadn't in person asked Lacy; the invitation had been conveyed by Rhoda.

"Duenna!" Lacy thought, as the snowflakes fluttered coldly into her face. "Both of 'em in love with her. I should think I'd get tired enough of it to stay at home. Always the same thing! Why do I do it?" Then she uttered a morose, faint sound of laughter, a bit of self-mockery for knowing too well that the answer was Johnnie Ensmith.

At her friend's house, in the hallway, she responded to a whoop from upstairs, and, ascending, found Rhoda less

than half dressed before a full-length mirror, with Mrs. Wye in attendance.

"Your Hudson seal," Rhoda said, alluding to Lacy's outer covering. "That's right, because I'm going to wear my beaver. What you got on under it?" Lacy removed her fur coat, and again evoked approval. "Your gray chiffon. That's all right, too, because I'm going to wear a new pale blue satin thing I've just got. Hop with it, will you, mother?"

"It's just here," Mrs. Wye said anxiously, and hurried to Rhoda's delicately painted bed, where, across the white coverlet, the long satin strip gleamed like a placid brook running between snow fields and reflecting the evening sky. "I have it out. It's all ready, darling." She brought the dress to Rhoda and began to get her into it, murmuring, "Exquisite! Perfectly exquisite, darling!" Then, when the pretty task was completed, she turned radiantly to Lacy. "Did you ever see anything more marvelous? Isn't she a superb sight, Lacy?" With a somewhat delayed afterthought the mother added, smiling absently as she gazed again at Rhoda, "Of course you look lovely, too, Lacy."

Rhoda's eyes were fixed unwaveringly upon the mirror as she went through the process of finishing touches, adjusting the dress slightly here and there, patting her hair, using powder and bits of color from a table beside the mirror. "Lacy always looks all right," she said. "I like this dress. I like to feel outlined. I like to feel glimmering. I like to make gleaming movements that reveal me. This sort of dress makes me feel daring, and when I'm daring I feel that I'm living!"

The dozing Mrs. Wye laughed happily. "Rhoda!" She turned to Lacy. "You mustn't let her be too daring, Lacy. I always feel safe about her, though, when she's with you, you're such a good little chaperon."

Rhoda continued to observe the mirror. "I don't need you now any more, mother. Hop along, will you?"

The obedient mother went to the door, but paused there, fondly reluctant to stop looking at the dazzling shape before the mirror. "It's still snowing, so don't forget your galoshes. Won't you want me to put them on for you?"

"No. Lacy'll do that. Hop along, old soul!"

Mrs. Wye withdrew, laughing delightedly, but her daughter, gazing with dramatic tenseness at the mirror, was not mirthful. "Mother gets at my nerves sometimes," she said, not turning to look at Lacy. "I tire of so much yessing. I like variety. I like unmasking myself to you, Lacy. My nature's always needed novelty. The truth is, about men, I've never been interested except in new ones."

"No?" Lacy said. "But Johnnie Ensmith isn't?"

"Oh, yes, he is! He's new in this posture of being excited about me," Rhoda assured her. "That only began about three weeks ago, at that dinner at your house. Something about him all at once rather fascinated me, and I let him see he was having an effect upon me. That started him."

"Yes," Lacy said. "I saw something did. Is that the way it's done, Rhoda—letting them see they have an effect upon you?"

Rhoda, absorbed in a minute operation with an eyebrow pencil, didn't catch her friend's meaning. "What?"

Lacy substituted another question. "What was it about him that fascinated you?"

"I can tell you exactly, because I've analyzed it. I get a big kick out of analyzing everything. For instance, this is going to be the night of a huge thrill for me, Lacy—all simply because of what I've been analyzing in myself." At that, she turned, showed glowing eyes and spoke with emotion. "Listen, Lacy! I've found out I'm having a deep adventure. Both of these men I'm to be with tonight affect me, and I've a premonition that one of them's going to be the one. I'm sure that either Johnnie or Ned Baring is going to be the one, Lacy!"

"EITHER?" Lacy repeated. "You said you were going to tell me what kind of an effect Johnnie has upon you. You said —"

"Yes!" Rhoda interrupted eagerly. "I am telling you. You see, I'd never noticed him; but when I found myself sitting next to him, that night at your dinner —"

"Found yourself?" Lacy interposed, with some emphasis. "You told me to put you there, Rhoda!"

"Did I?" Rhoda said vaguely. "I'd forgotten; perhaps I did. Probably I had a little curiosity, wondered what you saw in him." Then the eagerness of her manner returned; she went on quickly, "What fascinated me about him—I felt it come over me suddenly—was a masculinity that all at once seemed to be the complement to my own special femininity. Of course he's not good-looking —"

"You don't think so?"

"Johnnie Ensmith!" Rhoda cried. "Gosh, no! He looks like the black dwarf in the children's —"

"He's five-feet-eight," Lacy said. "He doesn't look like —"

"He does, Lacy! That's exactly how I think of him—my pet black dwarf. What's more, that's exactly how he affected me that night—something swarthy and rugged, with twinkling eyes, yet would pick you up and carry you off to his crag in the mountains and —"

"He wouldn't!" Lacy protested faintly. "He's as respectable as anybody."

"Outwardly, yes, and toward you and the other girls, Lacy. What affected me was an intuition that's how he would treat me, and that's what gave me the kick I let him see I was getting from him. Johnnie Ensmith affects my emotional nature, my physical nature. When I dance with him I know! He stirs me so powerfully that all that part of me is in love with him. It's enormous, Lacy!" Rhoda said, "It's enormous, Lacy!" with a kind of passion, then, glancing over her shoulder at the mirror to see how she looked in this intensity, she became calmer, turned back to the glass and spoke in a cooler voice. "Intellectually, on the other hand, of course, I'm in love with Ned Baring."

"Intellectually?" Lacy uttered this word in a curious tone, almost a strangled whisper, which was partially misinterpreted by her friend who failed to perceive that Lacy's feeling was caused by a thought concerning more than one person.

"Oh, but he is!" Rhoda exclaimed. "Ned Baring's the most intellectual man I've ever met, Lacy. Probably you think he isn't because he has that tall, sleek, blond kind of handsomeness people that don't analyze things think mentality doesn't go with. Intellectually he affects me as deeply as Johnnie does emotionally. Mentally, Ned Baring and I have exactly the same love of analysis, we analyze each other unsparingly whenever we're together—I've never felt myself so probed or so deliciously and terrifyingly revealed. So you see what's happened, Lacy!"

"No—not exactly."

"WHY, yes!" Rhoda cried, turning again and extending her pretty arms in a gesture that asked the visitor to behold her. "I'm in love with two men!"

"Are you?"

"Don't you see?" Rhoda cried. "I'm a field of war between this modern call of sex to sex and the call of mind to mind, spirit to spirit. I'm torn! How do I know which will win?" She spoke with vehemence, looking beautiful in her bright excitement and making plain to the visitor that being thus torn and becoming a field of war involved anything but hardship. "Body and heart," Rhoda went on, with vehemence not relaxed, "I belong to Johnnie. Mentally and spiritually I belong to Ned Baring. Sometimes I feel one winning me, sometimes the other, and I know, Lacy—I know now, Lacy—one of these two will be my husband. That's a tremendous word—'husband'! It's on the cards, but I can't read the deck. Absolutely, gusts come over me, there are moments when I could throw myself into Johnnie's arms, and there are others when I feel great surges toward Ned. There are whole days when I don't know —"

Lacy interrupted again. "Have they—have they both proposed to you, Rhoda?"

"Oh, that," Rhoda said. "I've held them off from that formality. When I know which one it's going to be with me, I'll let him, but I want to know first, myself. I never thought it would be like this with me, Lacy. I always thought when the right man came, I'd know it. I always met a new one without asking myself, 'Is that the man?' and always until now I've seen before very long that it wasn't. Tonight, though, at last, I know I'm standing point-blank face to face with my destiny. Tonight, Lacy, tonight! This is the first time I'll be out with the two of them together. You see what that means?"

"I suppose perhaps —"

Rhoda couldn't wait. "It means that anything may happen—anything. Some crisis, great or small—even some little thing, maybe—and there'll be a breaking of the dam that'll sweep me toward one or the other. You'll be watching and you may see it, Lacy—you may actually see it happening to me!" Not pausing, however, for the privilege to be acknowledged, Rhoda went on, "Do you know the sensation it gives me? It's like some great actress just going to see the first showing of a film she's the star of—or else like being some thrilling figure in history, like Joan of Arc or Mary Queen of Scots. The first time I ever felt this way, only of course absolutely nothing in comparison, I was sixteen, and it was about Horace McNutt and didn't last over a month. After that, Tommy Hall —"

"Did you, really?" Lacy exclaimed. "I didn't know. I'm afraid when I was sixteen I had a case on Tommy Hall too. I —"

"The next one after Tommy Hall," Rhoda said, "was a man you never knew—at White Beach in the summer. He was frightfully passionate, and it satisfied something primitive in me to see how wild I could get him about me."

She went to a closet, brought forth a pair of galoshes, sat, dropped the galoshes on the floor and extended a silver-slipped foot.

"Then there was George Pfalk," she said.

Lacy knelt before her and began the process of incasing silver slippers and fine ankles in the galoshes, while Rhoda talked on, describing eagerly the effect of George Pfalk and a few subsequent others upon herself. Lacy Thomas, with her face shadowed as she bent over her tirewoman's



task, had ears to hear her under the ripples of soft brown hair that half covered them, but she was not listening. "A fine night ahead of me!" she thought. "Why do I do it? Imagine her putting on my galoshes for me! Imagine her listening while I talk to her about how a lot of saps like Johnnie Ensmith 'affect' me. Of course it's going to be Johnnie. 'Body and heart' will attend to that! So he'll have a chance to learn the meaning of that tremendous word, 'husband'! He'll have a nice long life of valeting her and listening to how men 'affect' her and hearing about analyzed kicks she gets. Think she's going to stop all that just because she's married, Johnnie? No, son, and serve you darned well right too!"

The thoughts of girl confidantes in this deadly competitive period are sometimes such as might blanch the cheek of a Byzantine empress. The vivid Rhoda, shining-eyed, chattered on of her love life, and Lacy, inscrutable, completed her kneeling task, then rose. There came from downstairs the sound of a peremptory little bell. Rhoda sprang up, electrified, her expression brilliant.

"There they are!" she cried, and seized Lacy by the shoulders. "I know it'll be tonight—some crisis, something—and a great pulsation'll sweep me into one pair of outstretched arms or the other! Why don't you look more excited? Don't you realize it's practically certain to be tonight, Lacy? Don't you understand what a terrific experience we're facing?"

"Yes, yes, indeed," Lacy muttered obediently, as she turned away to put on her fur coat. "Terrific."

Bits of the learning that has been acquired by girl graduates sometimes afflict them mischievously. The visible fixity of gaze with which two stirred young gentlemen in the hall below beheld the lovely figure of Rhoda descending the stairway, the dramatic reticence of their greeting of her, their both centering fragmentary rallying talk upon her, as the party of four went out through half an inch of snow to the closed car at the curbstone, and the continued centering of this talk upon Rhoda within the inclosure, when the automobile began its movement and during its subsequent glidings through lamp-speckled streets and along a stormy country road, were all exactly what Lacy Thomas had expected, yet her mind was preoccupied with the classical interpretation of two unpleasant words.

"SYCOPHANT"—the Athenians had applied that word to political spies and talebearers, hadn't they? In that ancient sense it didn't describe her. But how about the antique meaning of that other word, "parasite"? The parasite had his place beside the rich man's table and was allowed a share of the food in return for fawning, flattery and a servile performance of various humble little offices. No doubt the rich man, talking busily of himself, often extended his feet for a kneeling parasite to put sandals upon them. Lacy denied to herself that she fawned or flattered; but what in heaven's name was she doing tonight if she wasn't performing a parasite's duties? She'd been brought along because Rhoda didn't want to talk continuously to Johnnie Ensmith and Ned Baring at the same time, wanted to give each of them moments of private hearing and couldn't dance with them simultaneously.

"Yes, parasite," Lacy thought, increasingly bitter. "Parasite 'em all!"

At the glittering Green Tree Inn, fifty miles from home and suburban to a larger city, Rhoda made everybody look at her as the four were led expensively to the table Johnnie Ensmith had reserved. She converged upon herself the

glances of the other diners by the utterance of a musical laughter just as she entered the room, which she then traversed with a magnetic grace and a sudden haughtiness, the air of being a personage, that held the general attention until after she had been seated. She took note quickly of the great pale green room, its long lemon-colored window curtains, the white damask-covered round tables upon which were crystal candelabra with lemon-colored silk shades; and she found all this a proper enough background for the champagne tints of her hair and the gleaming contours of the new dress.

"Just what I wanted tonight!" she said to the two young men, who were already sitting obliquely toward her. "Not a soul in the place I know." Then she laughed a little poutingly, "I must say, though—rather a staring lot, aren't they?"

Lacy, across the table and dismally aware of the gentlemen's obliquity, desired to say, "Great hoovey, they *knew* that, Rhoda! They saw you got everybody to staring at you; you don't have to *tell* 'em!"

In Lacy's interior, moreover, this censure was accompanied by a perception that just here she was finding the most vital

part of a girl's "college education" detrimental to her. Four years of mulling among a horde of other girls, all more or less students of one another and not often tactfully reserved or sparing of humor in announcing the results of this study, tend to make the graduate unfeminine in one particular, at least. In the field of the smaller and more obvious feminine egoistic devices, she's likely to become too self-conscious—too aware of the simple mechanics of what she is doing—to be able to operate successfully. Of course Lacy knew college girls who were exceptions to the rule; but, fortunately or unfortunately, she wasn't one of them.

It was physically possible, so to speak, for Lacy Thomas to collect the attention of a big roomful of people as Rhoda did; and to talk and look as Rhoda talked and looked—yes, to do anything else that Rhoda did—yet Lacy couldn't, for the idiotic reason that she knew too much. Thus, here she was, finding fault with Rhoda's "work," criticizing Rhoda's line of girlhood tricks, mentally jeering at Rhoda for overdoing one of them—and all the while envying her and despising her for being ignorant enough to make them effective. Lacy's inward laughter at herself couldn't well have been more sour.

Rhoda seemed to take possession of the table as thoroughly as of the gentlemen. She put her elbows upon the white cloth, ate with the aid of a drooped wrist, and gestured also from that joint. "Caviar!" she said. "It's one of the reasons I ought to've been born a Russian. Sometimes I feel intensely Russian. That song of the Volga Fisherman —" She swallowed caviar and sang, a little too audibly, "Ta-ta-tee-tum! Da-da-dee-dum! I never tire of it. I always feel myself singing it barelegged, with the water foaming round my knees as I drag the nets out upon the sand. Ta-ta-tee-tum! Da-da-dee-dum —"

"Rhoda!" Both gentlemen laughed; but both leaned the more toward her. "Rhoda, you're beyond words!" young Mr. Baring exclaimed. "Beyond words absolutely!"

She gave him what is known as a deep look. "Am I? Why?"

Instantly he became serious. "Shall I give you another item of the great diagnosis I'm making of you, Rhoda?"

"Yes, do!"

"YOU'RE inconsistent—divinely!" he said with almost startling earnestness. "One moment you're disgusted with people for staring at you, and the next, because a thought of music moves you, you sing loud enough to make a lot of 'em turn round and stare again, and you don't care. That's why I say you're inconsistent."

"Yes, I admit it. I am. Go on."

He frowned darkly. "I will—even if it hurts you, Rhoda. Intellectually you're careless when emotion gets hold of you. That song isn't about a fisherman on the seashore; it's about boatmen on a river. But you don't care for accuracy. When you hear the song, when you sing it, all you care for is to feel the sea rushing against you. What I mean, you get your kick, and you don't care how you get it. That's what I meant the other night when we were talking about your sacrificing everything for the present moment. Now, I suppose, you're furious?"

"I don't know," she said. "It depends. Go on."

"You always live in the present moment. You always —" young Baring began; but Johnnie Ensmith made it plain that a duet was not to his taste.

"She doesn't, either, always live in the present moment," he said testily. "You can tell she takes hours at her dressing, and that shows she must be planning ahead for —"

"You're wrong!" Ned Baring interrupted, not taking his eyes from Rhoda's. "She lives more in the present when she's dressing than at almost any other time. When you're dressing, Rhoda, you love the feel of your clothes as you put them on; a beautiful dress brings you an ecstasy. You would dress even if you knew no one would see you afterward. You —"

"Blub!" Johnnie said rudely. "Nobody'd do that. I don't mean you wouldn't wear clothes, but —"

"I wouldn't," Rhoda murmured dreamily. "There are times when I'd rather have been a Greek statue than anything else. I mean that freedom." She addressed young Baring. "Tell me what you feel about that. Don't you feel I need a spiritual freedom that's greater than any bodily freedom could be? Isn't that part of your diagnosis of me?"

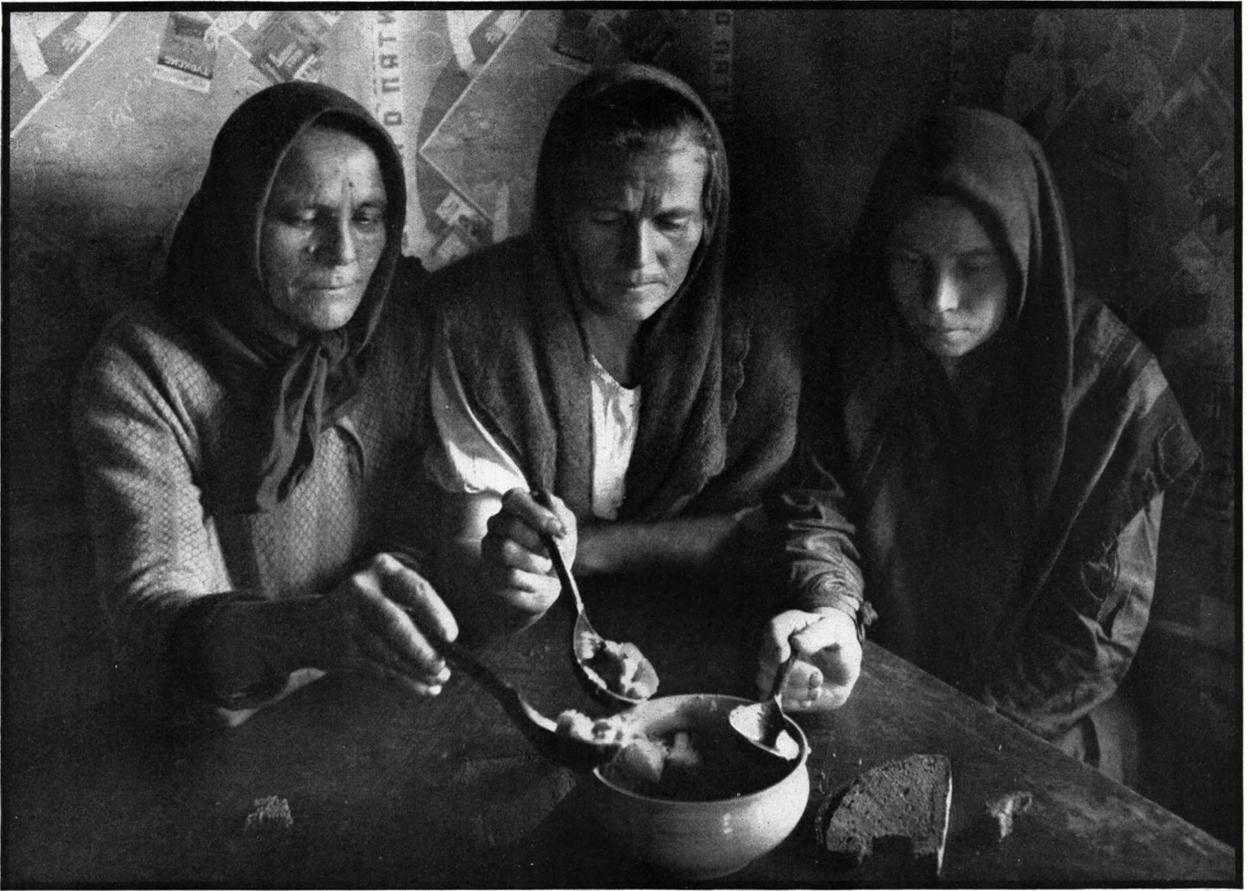
He replied; but a sudden outbreak of an orchestra in the next room, beyond a columned open archway, made his words inaudible, except to Rhoda, toward whom he leaned close, continuing to speak rapidly and ardently. Lacy perceived that he was going on with his "diagnosis," and she understood also what Rhoda had really meant when she had spoken of the mental and spiritual feeling roused within her when she and Mr. Baring ruthlessly analyzed each other; the ruthlessness seemed to be missing and so did any analysis of Mr. Baring.

"Is this your crisis?" Lacy asked, yearning to make the question vocal. "Going to throw yourself into one pair or the other of outstretched arms pretty soon? Baring's? Trot out your old crisis, why don't you!"

Rhoda seemed to be fascinated, just then, by her analyst; and Johnnie Ensmith. (Continued on Page 72)



JOHNNIE BENT OVER HER, SHAKING. "LACY!" HE SAID. "TELL ME YOU'RE NOT HURT!"



AN OLD RUSSIAN CUSTOM: MOTHER, DAUGHTER AND GRANDDAUGHTER ENJOY THEIR STEW EN FAMILLE

Russia Now Laughs

BUT COMMUNISM BECOMES LESS FORMIDABLE AS OTHER REVOLUTIONS HOLD THE STAGE

By Anne O'Hare McCormick

OF course there were no taxis at the station—and not because it was Sunday. Since my last arrival in Moscow, the first Five Year Plan had run its course. Now a second *piataleika* was getting under way. Overcrowded as ever, the capital of the Soviet Union had become in the meantime the fourth biggest city in the world. It had welcomed an American ambassador who was an old friend and established him in the same rooms in the National Hotel he had occupied when he first came to Russia with his mother back in 1914. And with that victory, and the harder-won victory in the cruel struggle to collectivize the land, Russia had somehow relaxed. It was entering a new phase. I guessed it as soon as I met the smiling chambermaids in perky caps and aprons instead of the solemn comrades I remembered, incorruptibly proletarian. I knew it when I began to see what American recognition meant to the people at large: Victory, yes, but more—hope, friends, easier times, more things that everybody wanted. Something touching and troubling as a child's anticipation of Santa Claus in a land where there is no Santa Claus.

Still the few decrepit taxis rattling along the streets belonged to the Czarist régime, and at that were unattainable as oranges or gold rubles. Automobiles there were, certainly,

many more than there had been, but as yet only about 70,000 for the whole Union, and all these what we would call "official," for the use of government officers, state trusts, organizations, rural tractor stations—and tourists, when they were expected. We got one finally, a good American car; we never saw but one that was not American.

As for Sunday, nobody remembered it. Where five work days and one free day make a week, even the names of days are quickly forgotten. "Thursday? When's that?" asked an official in the Foreign Office, arranging an appointment. "We know only dates here. Thursday means nothing." On hearsay you might not believe it, but in Russia you see that it is easy to abolish Sunday, easier to abolish anything, indeed, than to keep up to a schedule for turning out motors.

All the way in I had been pondering that point. While the snowy steppe unrolled before us like a sheet, immense and innocent, and nothing intervened between the train and the flat sky but little humps where houses were, I wondered how much time and force and shouting it takes to shunt a whole people on a new track. What was the effect on everyday life of the first tremendous push in the drive for industrialization? In the seventeenth year of the revolution, how did the lot of the masses in the new world

compare with the lot of the masses in the tired old world I was leaving behind? Would the division between one world and the other be as sharp and deep as ever?

I was coming from a scene incredibly altered in five years. For months I had been watching the struggle of the nations of Europe to go forward by going back, to narrower and safer systems of national economy. I had lived through a period of stagnation and confusion at home. No one alive today is unshaken by the bruising whirl of change. No one but has seen or experienced disposessions, uprootings, on a scale comparable to the sweep of revolution. No one this side of fifty but has thrilled as well as shivered in the storm of great upheavals. We have accepted transformations in ideas, methods, systems of government, concepts of ownership, ways and standards of life, with a calmness that makes the violent revolutionary technic of the Bolsheviks seem old-fashioned, melodramatic.

These changes I had been observing where at last they all register: In the living level, the domestic budget. And there, all along the way, I thought I saw a streak of light, thin but clear. One fact at least seemed definite in a fog of doubt: The general movement of mankind, unsteady, ill-directed, planless as it is, wavers toward some sort of

equalization. Peaks crumble, great plateaus give a little—give too much—but the deep valleys are slowly rising up. Run-of-the-mine people everywhere feel the prick and goad of the new social conscience stirring and hurting the world. These people are not simply forced to change. Their minds incline to change.

I wondered if Russia had changed as much. Let's grant, to begin with, that this vast frontier country cannot be compared with anything but itself, or at best with the borderlands that used to be part of it. I have long wanted to contrast progress in the Soviet republics with the development of seventeen years under a different system in countries like Finland, Lithuania, Poland, Bessarabia. But no comparison can be made with nations farther west, least of all with America.

It may or may not be true, as foreign analysts assert, that the first Five Year Plan was only half accomplished; that its total construction amounted to less than that of a normal year in the United States; that the second plan sets over again some of the goals of the first, that after ten years there will be fewer automobiles in the entire U. S. S. R. than now clog the highways of Los Angeles.

All that is beside the point. Soviet Russia had to begin from scratch and produce not only the machinery of production but human tools, armies of trained workers. In building up a backward country the rulers were also building socialism, imposing a new system of life and a military machine to defend that system, and in their view the second aim takes precedence over the first. This is no soft, Utopian scheme, the humanitarian dream of the old Socialist. It is a new sort of empire building, hard-boiled and ruthless, fatal to protestants and passive resisters, and not to be appraised by standards of judgment and measures of value that never cross the border.

But at least the Russia of 1934 can be compared with the Russia of 1928. And how it has changed! Six years ago Moscow was a swarming, straggling, low-walled, cobble-paved or unpaved Oriental town. It bubbled with colored cupolas, but light bulbs were dim, windows that were not

broken were thick with dust, the shops looked like rummage sales. The streets were filled with peddlers, with homeless waifs, and with people who moved in crowds without speaking, as if each walked by himself. You could count the number of new buildings. Clothes were strictly proletarian, so were manners and morals. The fashions, amenities, tastes and diversions of the outer world were despised as "bourgeois." Food was plentiful enough and travel wide and free. Through a long summer we wandered unsupervised from one end of the country to the other. Great spaces outside the cities were still old Russia, only superficially touched by the revolution, but stirred, nevertheless, excited, vaguely expectant.

Some of these characteristics remain. Moscow still swarms. The broken plate glass has been pieced together but not replaced. The queues in the streets are nothing to what they used to be, but crowds are always waiting for something. On the street corners, all hours of the day and night, they wait for the overloaded trams and buses, watch them go by and wait on. At 25 degrees below zero, they wait in the icy wind for kerosene, or some other short commodity, or collect in back streets to trade bread for milk and eggs with women from the country. In a factory store one evening at six o'clock I watched hundreds of women waiting their turn to buy sunflower-seed oil, the popular substitute for lard and butter where fat is scarce. They had been lined up for an hour after a hard day's work in the factory. Only the Soviet citizen could hold out like this, in all the world no citizen is so patient and orderly as he. If he has achieved much—and he has—think what he might have accomplished if half his time and energy were not spent in waiting!

As it is, the Moscow sky line changes faster than New York's in boom times. The central streets are paved and brightly lighted. Even in midwinter, in the frosty haze that is not fog but cold, a fog ensanguined by a dim, red sun, building goes on in every quarter, and in enormous units—1000-room hotels, student dormitories of 1800 rooms, factories covering I don't know how many acres, vast gray

blocks of apartments, a tower higher than the Empire State to hold a chromium Lenin bigger than the Statue of Liberty.

The Communists share the megalomania of the American booster. Everything must be the biggest and best, even when it isn't! The city of Butte, Montana, has a larger department store, but when the "Mostorg" was reopened last December, the long-empty shelves once more stocked with goods, it was described as "the biggest and finest store in the world." Who in Moscow could know better? The best patronized store I am quite sure it is. At least half an hour before the doors open any day the streets on all sides are blocked with people fighting to get in. The hunger for goods—any kind, any quality, at any price in paper rubles—is a phenomenon to turn the bluest Main Street merchant red, as a void it is in its way more colossal than any "Soviet giant" so far constructed.

Most of the old cupolas are swept from the new horizon. Not a church bell sounds of the clanging chorus that even six years ago was like the voice of Moscow, hoarse and vibrant. Nobody seems to know how many churches remain open—dozens, probably, including one Protestant, two Catholic and a synagogue—in any case, enough to supply the needs of the dwindling number of churchgoers. I made a round, on a Sunday morning that was not a free day, and found shivering but big congregations, mainly of the old, yet not lacking young people, indubitably devout. The choirs were composed mostly of the young, and one heard in the deep music of that melancholy chant, the most moving in the world, the echo of a Russia dying, practically dead, but perhaps to be born again, who knows?

That was New Year's Eve, and that night in the hotel restaurants you might have thought that the funny little cupolas that used to hang in the sky like toy balloons had all been gathered up and turned into lanterns to light a festival. Champagne popped and gypsies played while the best Bolsheviks, in paper caps and homemade copies of fairly recent bourgeois fashions, danced the once-despised fox trot, or tried to dance on floors so jammed that nobody could move. Their enjoyment (Continued on Page 130)

RUSSIAN YOUNGSTERS ARE A HAPPY LOT, UNAWARE OF THE CLASS WAR TO WHICH THEY ARE BORN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARGARET BOURNE-WHITE



No Hope, Gentlemen!

BY AGNES BURKE HALE



IN LATE March, when Spring is painting the New Jersey scene with its first touches of green, a girl in Montclair, New Jersey, named Barbara broke her engagement to a young man named Bill Hartfield. The inevitability of this cruel act would have been apparent to any sensible person from the moment when

Barbara and William first began to discuss wedding plans, but sensible people are rarely hovering in the mad *milieu* of a big wedding. They flee to the wide spaces and the open country, where love is a simple, pure outburst and bridesmaids are anathema. Mr. Hartfield was one of these disciples of Rousseau; he believed in simplicity, he hated crowds, and he did not want forty-eight ushers.

Barbara, you see, was one of those terribly popular girls, and at one time, during the wedding conferences, she named forty-eight perfectly darling friends of hers whom she just could not bear not to have as ushers. Mr. Hartfield always went trout fishing in the spring, and wanted a honeymoon in Canadian brooks; Barbara wanted to go to Europe. Mr. Hartfield wanted a small wedding in good amateur standing, Barbara wanted a big show with thousands in the bleachers. She had hordes of relatives, all of whom wanted to push into the wedding, thousands of friends, thousands of acquaintances whom she could not bear to hurt. Barbara's mummy was a society leader, a bridge player and a clubwoman; her father was a big business man, an ex-mayor and an old Yale man. Make way, ushers, for a thousand more! Barbara's home became a list maker's dream; the air was papered with lists of everything, even with lists of those who were not on any list. Mr. Hartfield, whose ancestors had fought to save the Colonies from a tyrant king, braced himself and went into opposition.

So one night, when Barbara's tongue was turning from "How many ushers shall we have, dear?" to "What shall we have for the supper, dear?" the betrothed couple began fighting, and Mr. Hartfield said he was leaving the wedding forever.

"Good-by, dear," said Barbara, as casually as if her fiancé had just dropped in to borrow some butter and was now toddling on. "I hope you enjoy your dreary life without me."

"It isn't a question of enjoyment," retorted he. "It's a matter of principle. You think two thousand people make a wedding. The number is two. You and me."

"You and I together, love."

"Fine if you meant it. But you don't. These pagan trappings mean more to you than I do. So I'm out." He walked to the door.

"You certainly are out," she said, opening it. "I see that I should have to kotow to you all my life, and the mere thought gives me a headache. Nice ride home through Jersey City!"

THESE twain were articulate, which helps a debate, but not a peace conference. Bill did not like Jersey City, and neither did he like New York during the next fortnight. The charms of New York in the spring are obvious to the happy; he could have done without those lengthening spring twilights, those pastel-tinted sunsets fading into the pale evening sky. He was never going anywhere to meet anyone, or going on with someone to do something else. He

crept to the office, gloomed through the day, and slunk home at night.

After two weeks of this, with no word from the cross-patch of Montclair, he went to his boss and asked for three weeks off to take a short trip to France.

"Say," said the boss, "you wanted a honeymoon in May. Who do you think you are, Admiral Byrd?"

Bill explained that "honeymoon" was now the wrong word; "vacation" would do well enough. The time the boss had promised for marriage to La Belle Montclair was to be utilized in drinking the wines of La Belle France.

The boss had been at the Great War, and somewhere in the shuffle since had lost two wives in the courts. So he cheered:

"Go to it, my boy, and get back your sanity. Every time you lift a glass, remember the man who is paying your way." He was a very fine boss.

So Bill packed his bag and sailed on the S. S. Tremendous. In the morning he woke up, and thought, "Where am I?" Then he remembered; not being able to bear the thought, he went to sleep again. At three o'clock, when he awoke, life on an ocean liner with no Barbara still seemed no gayer than life on a ferryboat.

"Listen, stupid," he said to himself, "do not hang your happiness on the whim of one chit. This boat is a monster of the sea, nine hundred and fifty-three feet long; its propellers make so many revolutions to the second; it carries thousands of gallons of fresh water, and enough pounds of butter, dozens of eggs, grapefruit, squab, pheasant, caviar and hearts of celery to feed crew and passengers. This microcosm oozes adventure and stimulation; seek out those interesting fellow passengers. Forget that snooty virago in Montclair, and go forward into adventurous, surprising life."

He listened to himself, and went above. On deck, one saw the ocean, and knew one was crossing the Atlantic; inside one relaxed in the world's most luxurious hotel. However, the people sadly resembled all other people. There were middle-aged quartets seated at bridge tables, young marrieds seated at bridge tables, elderly spinsters and widows at bridge tables, business men at bridge tables with the other business men. On deck, the usual peculiars paced around, either couples who talked with unnatural animation or solitary looking superlatively dumb. In steamer chairs lay those who cross the ocean without even opening their eyes. One did not blame them; there was not much to see.

The lounge was a lovely room, all glass and chromium, but where was the smart world, as advertised in the papers, which extracts the core of delightful living while crossing the Atlantic in the S. S. Tremendous? Bill ordered a drink, and asked the steward:

"Doesn't it ever get gay here on this boat? Am I never to feel the pulse of urbane living? You know," Bill prompted him, "the ship *mondain*."

"It's three trips since we had a good brawl here, sir. That was when the Honorable Alastair Blixton got a little playful, and some of the passengers got nervous. His Lordship's family made it good with the company; he's one of them fine old noble families, he is," he ended proudly.

Bill ordered another drink to show that the gallants of East Fifty-fourth Street could live adventurously. But the steward, not regarding him as a worthy torchbearer, moved away and began dolorously to polish glass. Four middle-aged ladies came in and ordered lemonade. His face did not brighten. Two elderly gentlemen arrived and ordered two sherrys, and he did not perk up. Was this to be the voyage funeral? Was the fun never to start?

Steps sounded on the tile floor, the steward's eyes gleamed. They said, "Spring has come, the engine has started, the books will now show a profit." Turning to see what face had wrought this miracle, Bill yelled aloud, to the surprise of the old ladies and gentlemen. It was Harper Salisbury, in the flesh. Bill ran to him and clutched his hand.

"Man alive, I'm glad to see you. Step right up to the stimulation department. Let us get gay together, and quickly."

The two friends sat down, and one realized that Mr. Salisbury was spiritually in heavy mourning. Black was not Salisbury's color. Bill had known him at college, had met him annually at football games, to which he came East from his far Western home as a blizzard sweeps over the plains. Velocity, vitality and violence had been his watchwords, and wherever he went, some one of the fifty thousand members of the Harper Salisbury Association rushed up, like Bill. All around the world men are saying, this minute, "Good old Harp. What place is he wrecking tonight?" Girls are lamenting, "Remember Harper Salisbury? Wasn't he too divine!"

FATE had brought him to Bill now, and he didn't look so good. Bill told him where he was going, how big the boat was and how calm the sea. And there sat Harper Salisbury dumbly, his chin clutched in his hands, his eyes pale slits of fatigue, his once-debonair countenance about as frothy as a wet army blanket.

"Hey," Bill said, "what's the matter? Are you ill?"

"No, I'm not ill."

"You have been poisoned!"

"Nope."

"You're bankrupt."

"Nope."

"You're fleeing your country because of a woman."

He lifted his face from his hands. "'Because' is wrong. Use 'with.'"

"What! Come, come! Are you featuring yourself in a scandal?"

"Nope. I'm featuring myself in a wedding. God forgive me, I'm a bridegroom." He pressed his hands against his temples. "It hurts here. I shake whenever anyone comes near me. I've been this way for a week. I've got weddingitis. Don't ever get married, Bill. Keep away from the organized forces of decent society."

"Harp, old pal, don't you love the girl?"

"Love her," he shouted, so that the old ladies and the two old gentlemen stared across the room, very askance; "I'll say I love her. It was my love for her that permitted me to survive, to swim through the breakers, to reach the shore, where I now lie, underweight, under par and under suspicion. My wife's family think I'm crazy," he went on. "My wife thinks I'm peculiar. I think I'm the only sane man since Adam, who had no wedding guests. Unless you count the snake as an usher."

Bill began to grow excited. He sat up at that table. "Go on," he begged, "tell me the whole story. You'll feel better." He looked nervously around the room. "Where is your bride? Don't tell me you've sailed without her."

"My wife," Harper said, "is in the writing room, writing thank-you letters. She is twenty-four, strong and beautiful, and as soon as she gets through with the thank-you letters, she will begin writing letters to all her bridesmaids about her wedding trip, and Europe, and what she will buy there. Women are wonderful." He scowled. "You're not thinking of marrying, are you?"

"I should say not," Bill said, with complete truth. "The fact is —"

(Continued on Page 61)

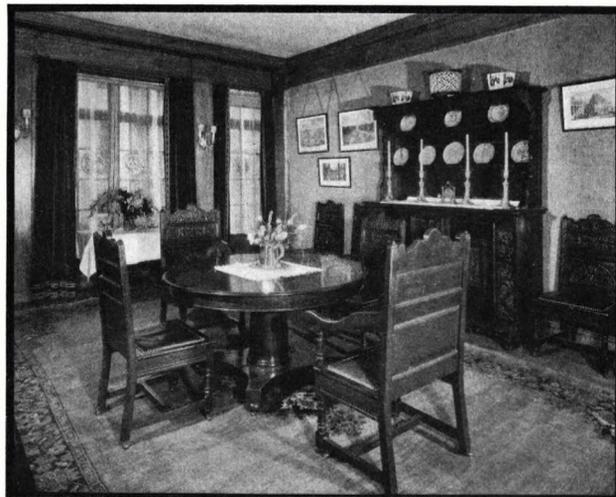




ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER BIGGS

AS SOON AS I SAW LOIS I STOPPED SHAKING, AND
MANAGED TO REACH HER SIDE. AS THE MINISTER
ADVANCED ON US HER ARM TOUCHED MINE, AND I
HEARD HER MUTTER, "DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, STU-
PID." AFTER THAT EVERYTHING BECAME CELESTIAL

MRS. ROOSEVELT FOUND SHE COULD HAVE AIR CONDITIONING IN HER HOME AND NEVER KNOW IT WAS THERE—EXCEPT FOR BREATHING BETTER AIR. NOTICE THE DECORATIVE AIR GRILLE UNDER THE STAIRS



THE COMFORTABLE DINING ROOM IS RICHLY FURNISHED. DECORATED CERAMICS GRACE THE SIDEBOARD. ON THE TABLE IS AN OLD SILVER TANKARD FILLED WITH ROSEBUDS



A CAST OF THE SUPERB STATUE OF THE PRESIDENT, AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-EIGHT, ADORNS THE MAIN ENTRANCE HALL

The Home of The President's Mother

BY EMMA LOU MINSTER

FOR those afflicted with that perennial malady frequently called modern madness, as well as for those who fear they cannot be of today without losing yesterday's graces, Mrs. James Roosevelt, mother of the President of the United States, sets a noble example.

Possessed of intellect and vigor, youthful spirits and ageless dignity, Sara Delano Roosevelt could not seem to stand behind in another era, harassed by the present; nor could she be of the stamp we think of as uncomfortably advanced. She is of the present.

The widow of James Roosevelt does not, as she herself has smilingly admitted, "recondition her mind perpetually only to have to change it again"—but she progresses. Along the path of progression she gathers those ideas and things which, in whatever era they might be new, would yet be wise, useful, lovely, or all three. One feels that this quality is a wellspring of her character and vitality. Her mind leaps unerringly to essentials. It discards quickly that which is merely showy, the equivocal and untrustworthy. Mrs. Roosevelt could have made a very superior statesman of herself.

In short, the First Mother of the Land is at once resolute and reasonable. She is not confused by sentimentality, but strong in her love of the genuine and unfeigned. So busy is she with today, it is very much to be doubted that she spends much time regretting yesterdays or wanting tomorrow to arrive ahead of time.

Reasonable it is to assume that much of the President's strength in facing incredible obstacles and world changes has its background planted in a childhood presided over by a mother whose broad viewpoint encompasses the art of living. This mother lives a full life, gracefully and vigorously, expressing suitable respect for others and their opinions as she has gently demanded the right to her own reasonable opinions.

Sigmund Freud, "grandfather" of modern psychiatry, has suggested that the "super-ego," or our mental "advocate of the impulse toward perfection," takes its tone and force from early parental influences. Our activities of self-observation, conscience and the holding up of ideals are, he believes, the reflections of these qualities in our parents. They develop and become part and parcel of our capacity for self-guidance as the period of parental control wanes. So when fathers and mothers—and their parents, and theirs in turn—have practiced vital and disciplined thinking, generations of such men and women may follow. Sara Delano Roosevelt comes of such a line, and has given the world such a son.

Mrs. Roosevelt, however, gives full credit, and more, to her husband for the early influences which were later to prove so important in their boy's life. James Roosevelt was seventy-two years old when he died. Franklin was not yet nineteen, but they had been the most intimate of companions throughout the son's youth. Because of her husband's rich character and distinguished mind, Mrs. Roosevelt naturally places much value in the strong and vital relationship that existed between father and son. One of the very few

backward-looking regrets she has today is that James Roosevelt could not have lived to see his son a man in public life. "He would have been very happy with the developments of the years," she says.

With her famous son, Mrs. Roosevelt is in both intellectual and motherly harmony. Her sympathy for his problems is infused with confidence, not vague, sentimental hopes. She has observed through the years that those ideals and plans upon which Franklin Roosevelt has set his mind and heart, he finds the capacity to attain. Even in the small boy, she saw this quality of genius for following through. Since this is an essential property of her own character, she does not trouble the President with emotional injunctions about "working too hard." She rests assured of his capacities, his strength and wisdom. Amidst all that magnitude of problems resting upon the Chief Executive's shoulders, his mother has observed only one which has seriously worried him—threatened wars on the horizons of the world.

Five minutes with Mrs. Roosevelt, and one knows that here is a woman who has trained her thinking with the tools of philosophy; that she is guided by both discriminating memory and keen foresight.

Physically, too, the mother of the country's President denies the label of any given number of years. A large woman, and one definitely dignified, she walks with somewhere in her step the unconquered gayety of youth. She dresses simply, in black, with a bit of fine lace in evidence. Her clothes are something more than fashionable. They are exquisitely suitable. And she believes that wise people do things like wearing overcoats in bad weather and thinking not alone to fashion dictates, but of common sense and their own personalities.

Mrs. Roosevelt's face is so like her illustrious son's as to be startlingly similar. It is a more deeply chiseled face; that is the difference. But she points to a portrait in oil of her husband, which hangs in the East Sixty-fifth Street library, and says her son always resembled his father and that she always wanted him to do so. That is, perhaps, the wifely and motherly contention of the ages.

Her friends—and they are in all parts of the world—find Mrs. Roosevelt a pleasant personality: comforting and capable of inspiring the human forward march in others as she falls in step with it herself.

Such a character of individual force has naturally not been permitted isolation, although Mrs. Roosevelt has not herself sought public life. But people are quick to sense, if unconsciously, that something in her personality

which means: "Yes, of course, I will believe in you if you believe in yourself; and, yes, I will help you to help yourself." There are a considerable number of people in the world today who know they have gotten on faster because she believed in them. She has been known to write halfway round the world in order to introduce a believed-in acquaintance to a needed job in life. One whole winter she gave little weekly luncheons, followed by a foreign-language-speaking hour. These were for the benefit of an impoverished noblewoman whose only logical means of support was teaching other people how to speak a certain tongue. Mrs. Roosevelt laughingly recalls that she herself had to do most of the leading-in-conversation work, so shy was this linguistic friend.

BUT this is not at all to say that Sara Delano Roosevelt is a person one would be inspired to go to abegging. Her very alertness of eye bespeaks the fact that she expects self-respect and proper ambition in others. One may indeed exclaim: "What qualities for the mother of a statesman!"

No matter her seventy-nine years, Mrs. Roosevelt leads a very active life. She goes to Washington frequently to visit at the White House. From May until December she remains at Hyde Park, her country estate on the Hudson, which was used last year as the summer White House. Sometimes she goes away for a month or two in mid-summer; but she loves the climate of the upper Hudson countryside, which, since birth, has been her own country.

In New York, it is not unusual for her to be off before ten in the morning to attend a recital or to visit friends. Often she brings friends back unexpectedly for luncheon. Her domestic staff does not invariably know what her plans for the day may be. This again would seem typical of the mind which meets each problem with vigorous and gracious attention when it arises, laying such advance plans as may

be necessary, but enjoying the stimulus of sudden decision and spontaneous reaction. However, Mrs. Roosevelt's house moves on the oiled wheels of perfected management. In other words, the unexpected is not unexpected. It has more the quality of variety than abrupt surprise.

The President's mother maintains a keen interest in the big things and small which interest the world. These things are as varied as hospital boards, music, traveling, books. She finds a special pulse in many of the little foibles and trends of the day. For example, she recently remarked with amusement that the amateur obsession to talk in pseudo-psychological terms has lately abated. She observed that a couple of years ago everybody, even those who had had no psychological training, were inclined to speak glibly of "inferiority complexes," "rationalization," and other such presumably impressive but inexact terms. Mrs. Roosevelt was especially amused by the frequent use of the inferiority-complex phrase. She was aware herself that while those who used it loosely and often fancied themselves speaking on a high psychological plane, they were in fact employing a term hardly ever used in psychoanalysis, and not referring to anything simple or elementary enough to be diagnosed, with grand gestures, by the layman.

So the lady has her private smiles—not ironically, but with a genuine sense of "a little knowledge having its pitfalls."

An example of Mrs. Roosevelt's consciousness of today is a recent acquisition in her New York house at 47 East Sixty-fifth Street. Into its atmosphere of the early nineteen hundreds, an air-conditioning and heating system has been introduced. It is of the most modern design and degree of efficiency. Funny in a twenty-four-year-old house? Not at all. It fits the situation as smoothly as if Sara Delano had grown up in Dutchess County with air conditioning. Quietly and skillfully, it brings into the graceful influences of yesterday the scientific potency of today.

When Mrs. Roosevelt, with an engineer, was going over the brief details of operating the upstairs regulators of this system—its thermostat and clock—she expressed

pleasure in the newly silent operation which engineering is developing. She approves thoroughly of the fact that all engines no longer demand the right to the thunderous behavior of a Mars or an Ares. To those who know her well, there is nothing surprising in her appreciation and approval of benefits that can prevail with their mechanisms in the background. Mrs. Roosevelt would cheerfully send to limbo all useless noises, dirt, war and other antagonists of beauty and tranquility. She feels, as a matter of fact, that science will indeed have the right to call itself mighty when it rids the world of ugliness, as it has decreased distance by subjugating speed.

THE story of air conditioning in her early-twentieth-century New York house begins with the fact that its chatelaine has for many winters longed for the invigorating atmosphere of Hyde Park. Without any intention of disturbing the comfortable quiet and repose of her house in East Sixty-fifth Street, it nevertheless occurred to Mrs. Roosevelt one day that there probably was no reason why really fresh air in a five-story city house might not be scientifically possible. She found to her satisfaction that science had worked the miracle. She could have fresh air, and not have the mechanisms thereof turn a Flemish table or a delicately conceived Louis XV chair into a feverish nightmare of debate with modern tubes and pipes and sounds. In fact, she could have air conditioning and never know it was there—except for breathing better air.

However, Mrs. Roosevelt is too good a housekeeper to purchase invisible merits. She sought information at reliable sources regarding the proper qualities of good air, and how much it should be humidified. She inquired into the probable efficacy of conditioned air on her fine old ebony, mahogany and cherry furniture; of its better preservation of oil paintings and fine rugs. These and other practical questions of the practical seeker for truth she put to experts, and when her little research was complete, the old heating equipment at 47 East Sixty-fifth Street was ordered removed. In its place was installed a model air-conditioning and heating system. Now in Mrs. Roosevelt's subcellar stand two sleek and silent representatives of modern household engineering, replete with filters, fans and other fine points developed for washing, distributing and circulating properly warmed air.

The Mrs. James Roosevelt house and the Franklin Delano Roosevelt house stand side by side at respectively 47 and 49 East Sixty-fifth Street. They have separate street entrances, but on the second floor the drawing-rooms of son and daughter-in-law and

(Continued on Page 95)

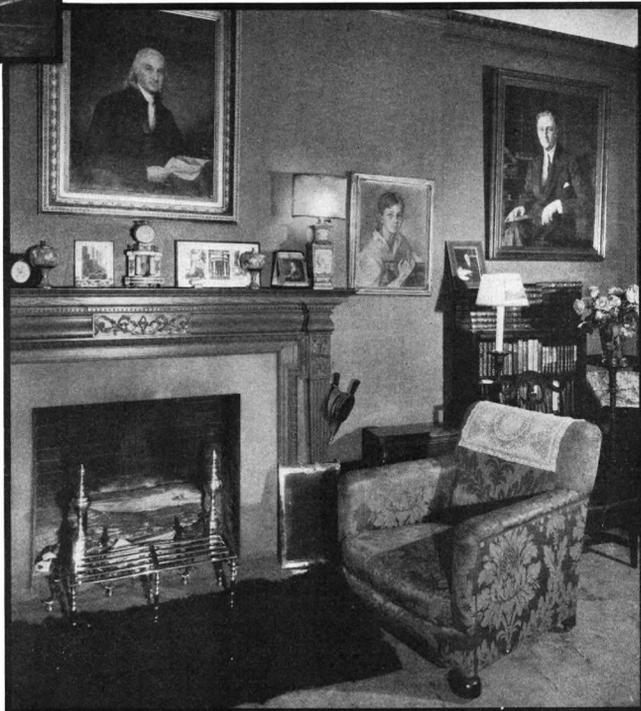
AMIDST ALL THAT MAGNITUDE OF PROBLEMS RESTING UPON THE CHIEF EXECUTIVE'S SHOULDERS, HIS MOTHER HAS OBSERVED ONLY ONE WHICH HAS SERIOUSLY WORRIED HIM—THREATENED WARS ON THE HORIZONS OF THE WORLD



PHOTOGRAPH FROM REPERTOIRE VIEW BOX

HER SON RESEMBLES HIS FATHER, AND MRS. ROOSEVELT ALWAYS WANTED HIM TO. THESE PORTRAITS HANG IN THE UPSTAIRS LIBRARY

PHOTOGRAPH FROM REPERTOIRE VIEW BOX





JERRY LIFTED IT UP WITH A STRICKEN LOOK

The Pants of the Family

BY GRAEME and SARAH LORIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING NURICK

THIS married love is a funny thing—if you've got enough sense of humor to laugh at it instead of cry or get mad, that is. I don't mean the early stages, which are always pretty sickening, like when you'd been around my sister Sylvia and Jerry for a while you wanted to suck a lemon just to get back to normal. But after the baby comes the happy couple seems to feel they know each other well enough to be their true selves, which I wonder if a person ever knows another person of the opposite sex well enough to be their true self even if they're married to each other, because a person's true self is usually so unattractive.

Like for instance even her best friends say Sylvia is frightfully executive, and the difference between being frightfully executive and just plain bossy is very hard to see, specially round the home, as I couldn't help noticing the night Sylvia and Jerry had me there for dinner and to spend the night, as we were all going to the Crawford Dunns' masquerade dance. And Jerry, who used to be a really divine male before he married Sylvia and they became the proud but surprised parents of a nine-pound son, has completely lost that delightfully devil-may-care air of ruthless romance and settled down into just another humdrum husband and father of a family, with a long gray beard and inhibitions.

So try and picture my astonishment, if you can, when I floated downstairs in an absolutely devastating costume that I was a little bit worried what Sylvia and

Jerry would think of it, and met Jerry in the hall without his pants. It was a fancy-dress party, of course, and I was being pretty daring myself as Salome in her seven veils, which I never would have been if I'd realized how every man who danced with me was going to think he was being terribly funny and original by asking when I was going to start taking them off. But when I saw Jerry I got all over worrying about whether he was going to disapprove of my costume, I was so overcome by his. It's perfectly true that you see a man running around a track or playing tennis in shorts and think nothing of it; but below a tux coat and tie and a stiff-bosomed shirt the effect was startling, to say the least, and there was something almost indecently negligee about the look of Jerry's long knobby legs with garters on them.

"Well, as I live and gasp," I said. "What are you supposed to represent?" "Represent?" Jerry laughed bitterly, while looking at me with anguished eyes. "I represent a husband that's just about fed up, that's what," and he vanished into the combined library, living and dining room, where I followed all aquiver and found him pacing up and down like a tiger, and every so often he would look at his bare legs and emit horrible oaths under his breath.

I have never seen anyone so overwrought and I felt very solemn and a little scared as I realized that I was in the midst of what is called a domestic tragedy, and that I must rescue his and Sylvia's happiness.

"Where's Sylvia?" I asked in a small voice.

"Gone," Jerry said, "and the way I feel I don't care if she never comes back."

"You don't mean that," I said firmly, though I couldn't help sympathizing with him. I've often felt that way about Sylvia.

Jerry took a turn around the room. "No," he said, "I suppose I don't." He seemed calmer now. "Listen, Maudie, you know how I feel about Sylvia? Why, I'd go through hell before breakfast for her, but they're limits. I tell you they're limits. That yellow wig and those wings —"

I knew what he meant by "that yellow wig and those wings," and I must say I didn't blame him one bit. After dinner Sylvia had gone upstairs first to put on her costume, and Jerry stayed down to finish his paper and I stayed with him because I am really very fond of Jerry. In fact, the only thing I've ever had against him was his picking out Sylvia instead of waiting for me.

I CHATTERED along in my most naive manner to try and cheer him up into the properly festive mood for a party, which he was far from being in after the depressing time he'd had at dinner, what with getting the worst of several arguments with Sylvia and a tough steak and all. But after a while he began to chuckle when I told him about how I'd thought Davy was neglecting me, until I discovered that he'd sold a half interest in me to each of five different boys so he'd have some money to take me places. And by the time Sylvia called to him to come and get ready he was all pepped up and full of yeast, as we say. Sometimes I think I understand Jerry much better than Sylvia does, even if she is married to him and the mother of his child.

My room was right across the hall from Sylvia and Jerry's, so you couldn't help seeing from one into the other unless the doors were shut—which Jerry forgot to

theirs, so I forgot mine. Sylvia was all dressed and just putting on her wreath and she looked perfectly marvelous. She had on a lot of floating veils in different colors, and two big butterfly wings, and her hair flowing under the wreath. She looked like all the ideals men are supposed to have about women—and most of them haven't—sort of not quite of this earth, if you know what I mean.

Jerry said, "Good golly, you look like a couple of million dollars. Who are you meant to be?"

Sylvia gave him a misty look. "I'm Psyche," she said, swaying to and fro so that her veils swayed too. "Isn't it lovely?" "Sikey?" Jerry said vaguely. "Oh, yes—Sikey."

Sylvia blushed in a way that made me quite envious of her. "It means Desire. Don't you remember the story?"

"No," Jerry said, putting his arms around her intently from behind and kissing her ear. "Good golly, you are beautiful." Oh, to be loved like that!

Sylvia leaned her head back so she could look up at him and laughed sort of low and sweet and very happy—you would never have dreamed that they had been having a really heated bicker less than an hour before.

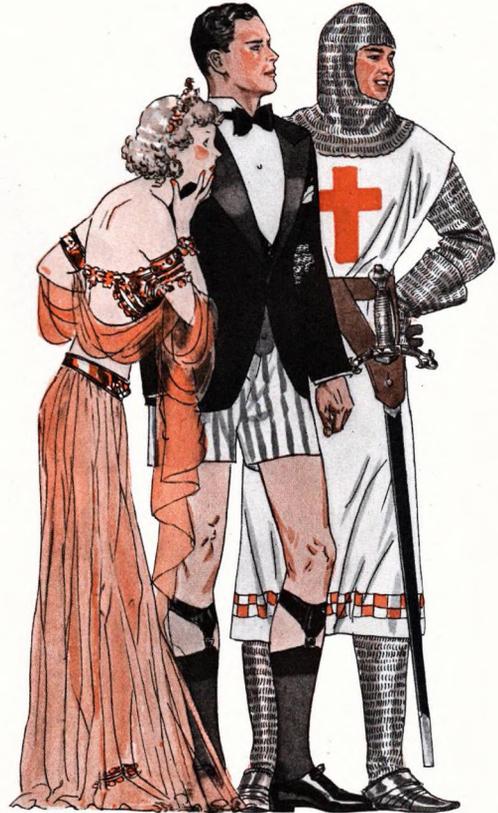
"I wanted something appropriate," Sylvia gurgled, "because we are so much in love."

"Darling," Jerry said. "And so," she said, "I thought of Cupid and Psyche—and you're Cupid."

"I'm what?" Jerry howled, letting go of Sylvia like a hot potato.

Sylvia stiffened. "You're Cupid," she said. "That's your costume. Isn't it supreme?"

Well, even I was appalled when Jerry lifted it up off the bed with a stricken look while shaking his head in a dazed way. There was a union suit dyed pink—if you could imagine Jerry in a pink union suit!—and a pair of wings and a quiver full of



JERRY STOPPED THE PARTY. EVERYBODY

arrows and a wig full of yellow curls. Jerry held the vile things in his hands for a minute without speaking and then dropped them back in a heap on the bed.

Even Sylvia, who is not very quick at catching on, seemed to realize that all was not well, for she tried to persuade him by wailing, "Oh, darling, but you'll look so cute."

It was just the wrong note, as I could have told her.

"I'll bet I would, but don't you think I'd look even cuter in the nude?" Jerry asked witheringly. "Honest, Sylvia, that rig is enough to make a nudist blush."

Here they were, interrupting a passionate love scene to have another bicker. That's marriage, I guess.

Then without a word Jerry went to the closet and got out his tux and evening shoes. He laid the tux out on top of the pink union suit and set the shoes on the yellow wig. Then he went to his bureau and got out all the other things he needed, like socks, shirt, collar and tie and ecteteras and started to tack the studs into the shirt. All the time Sylvia was standing there watching him in an icy silence.

FINALLY Jerry spoke. "I'm perfectly willing to stay home from this party," he said, "but if I go I'm not going to lay myself open to arrest for indecent exposure." He didn't shout or make wild gestures or anything, but somehow you couldn't help feeling that he was terribly in earnest.

Still Sylvia didn't say anything. And no tears. I will admit she's not the crying kind—just one of those squelching silences that's meant to make a person feel like a penny running around looking for change.

"You didn't honestly believe that I could appear in public in that get-up, did you, darling?" Jerry pleaded.

"Dearest," Sylvia said in a voice like the crack of a lion tamer's whip, "I want you to go just the way I have planned."

It didn't work, though. It seemed to just go in one of Jerry's ears and out the other like water off a duck's back.

"Sweetheart," he said, "I love you. I'd gladly go through hell before breakfast for you. But I go to this party in my tux. I'm wearing the pants in this family."

At that point he caught my fascinated gaze and bounded across the room and slammed his door in my face before I had time to casually shut mine, so I didn't know any more that happened until I met him in the hall without his pants and he told me Sylvia was gone and he didn't care if she never came back, and started muttering about that yellow wig and wings.

"Tell me," I said, trying not to let my voice sound hysterical, "tell me all."

"Well—oh, what's the use?" All of the fight seemed to suddenly go out of Jerry and he collapsed into a chair.

"Well, maybe I can help," I said. "I know an awful lot about handling Sylvia. I lived with her a lot longer than you have, remember."

"All right," Jerry heaved a sigh that didn't have much hope in it. "This would never have happened if it hadn't been for Crawford Dunn. You know what I think of the Crawford Dunns?"

"If you tell me again," I said, "I'll be sick right here on your best rug."

Jerry is terribly bitter about the Crawford Dunns. Of course, not being a native Philadelphian himself, he can't understand why just because their ancestors have always lived in Philadelphia being invited to one of the Crawford Dunns' parties is an honor, and going a social duty. Jerry is sort of cynical about society anyhow. He says as near as he can figure it out it is having parties for people you don't like, so you'll be invited to parties you don't want to go to.

But the thing that really brought him to a boil was Crawford Dunn's hospital—I mean, Crawford Dunn's father built it and Crawford is the president of the

board. They were organizing some amateur theatricals for the benefit of this hospital and Sylvia had promised Mrs. Dunn that Jerry would be delighted to act in one, which had just thrown Jerry into one long fit all over our dinner. He pleaded with Sylvia like a worm, but she didn't have any more sympathy on him than a robin, so he said Crawford's face always reminded him of a swallowed yawn and he said he was a runt—which he really shouldn't have blamed him for as I don't see how Mr. Dunn could help his size. Then with a gag he mentioned Mr. Dunn's master-of-ceremonies manner and tendency to sing when tight. You could see Jerry thought every family tree must have its sap and Mr. Dunn was it. And at that Jerry thought Mr. Dunn got the worst of it when he married Mrs. Dunn. Really, it was a pretty terrible meal.

WELL, on top of this hospital racket, the invitation to this cursed party came about a month ago," Jerry was saying morosely, "on one of those rainy nights that make me feel thankful I have a home—or did then, anyhow. We'd had a grand dinner—the first shad of the season—and I'd eaten so much I wanted to curl up and snore and that was just about what I was doing when Sylvia said, 'Darling, the Crawford Dunns are having the most supreme party.'

"Now that I think of it, I must have been nearly asleep, because it didn't register at first that Sylvia's enthusiasm was to cover up bad news. Though knowing the Crawford Dunns I might have—well, I just lay there torpid till I heard her say 'It's fancy dress. Isn't that supreme?' That brought me up standing.

"Sylvia," I said, "you know how I feel about the Crawford Dunns. You can count me out."

"Sylvia just smiled that sweet shaky way she does when she is prepared to stop at nothing. She had on some blue thing,

too, and looked—well, I can't describe it, but she always does when I need all my resistance.

"I thought it would be supreme to go together as something," she said. "There's to be a prize for the cleverest costume, Margot told me. Honestly, I've been simply racking my brain all afternoon."

"But listen," I said, "I feel about fancy dress the same way I feel about the Crawford Dunns."

"You'd look divine as a Spaniard, Jerry," she said, "only so many men will do it. They always do, because it's so easy. I'd like you to be something extra."

"I'm that already," I said. "Extra bored by the whole idea. It's just the kind of a lousy idea the Crawford Dunns would have. Do we have to go?"

"I want to go," Sylvia said very quietly, in that tone that always means: "It is our social duty, and I knew there was no use arguing." He looked at me gloomily. "You saw how far I got when I tried to reason with her tonight at dinner about the hospital show?"

"Yes," I said, "and I've seen father trying to reason with mother. That's one of the mistakes you men seem to make."

"Now look here," Jerry said, all hot and indignant, "I'm not going to act in that show, and that's final. I don't want to hear any more—"

"Listen," I said mildly. "Why didn't you get masterful like that with Sylvia? You can't argue with a woman. Any time Davy starts arguing with me I just relax and think about Chi."

Jerry clawed his hair. "You may be right," he said. "Dog-goned if I can figure— Well, all right. From now on I don't ask her, I tell her. But great snakes," and his voice got a kind of a yell in it. "I meant every word I said about how I suffer with stage fright, and I'm working like the devil now, too. I simply haven't got the time. If Sylvia had any pity—"

(Continued on Page 80)

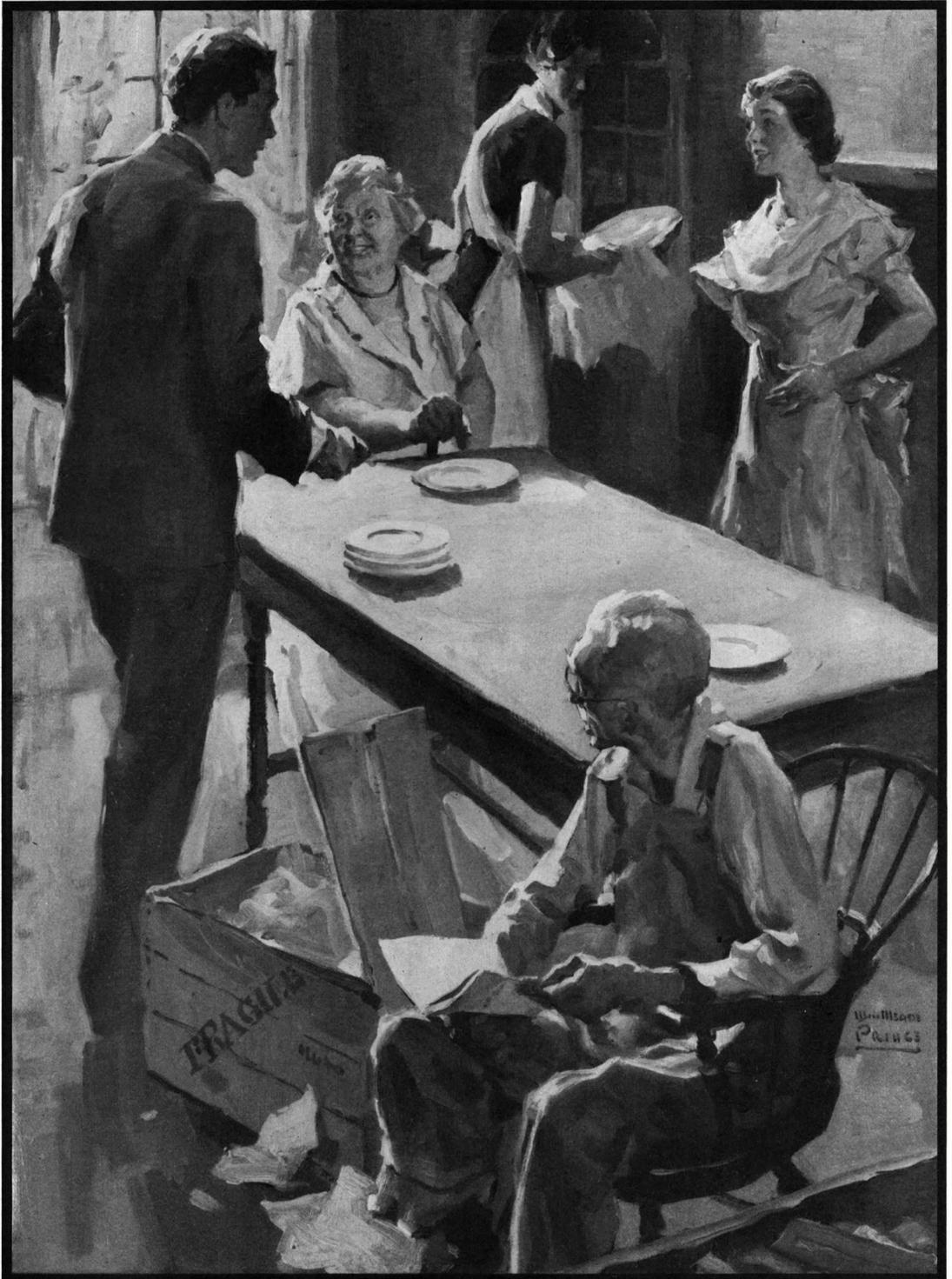


STARTED CROWDING ROUND AND GUESSING WHAT HE WAS

IRVING-NORRICK

The Old Correspondent

SUE ADVANCED SLOWLY AND SHYLY INTO THE ROOM; AND DON LOOKED AT HER AS IF LISTENING TO MUSIC SO SAD AND YET SO SWEET



BY GEORGE WESTON

THE clock on the shelf above the couch pointed to half-past eleven. On top of the stove, a mixed quartet of stewpans was offering fragrant incense to Epicurus. A roast, a pan of beans, a rice-and-raisin pudding were simmering in the oven.

Grandma Wilcox came out of the pantry, where she had been putting away the morning eggs. She came out slowly, majestically—the latter because of her nature, the former because of her knees.

With a practiced hand she slightly shifted the respective positions of the stewpans, as a master organist might change the four notes of a chord from a major to a minor key. Bending to look in the oven was harder work. The beans were browning well, but the roast needed water. This was promptly supplied from the kettle. With a long spoon she next stirred the pudding to give it the caramel flavor which Lem liked. As she straightened her back she nearly fell, but saved herself by grasping the edge of the table with both hands, standing so for a few moments with a look of watchful victory such as is sometimes seen upon a wrestler who has just eluded a dangerous adversary.

"Half-past eleven," she thought, glancing at the clock. "Arthur Cope will be here with the mail before I know it. I must write my piece for the paper."

Moving cautiously, she made her way to the shelf at the back of the stove. There, from behind the salt box, she drew a pad of writing paper. Next, in its secret place in the nutmeg can, she next drew a piece of lead pencil which she kept there hidden from Lem—Lem, who had a passion for ends of pencils which he chewed in periods of meditation, but who couldn't abide any honest spice and hated nutmeg a little more than natural.

Suddenly the telephone started shrilling from its station on the wall by the side of Kane Brothers' hardware calendar: a setter pup at a circus, nervously pointing a grim-faced ostrich.

"Oh, Lizzie!" shouted Grandma Wilcox, looking up at the ceiling as if commanding a spirit. "You'd better come down and answer this phone. I doubt if I could stand up long enough to be civil, the way my knees are letting me down this morning."

Miss Lizzie Reynolds, better known to the readers of the Granby paper as "the lady who lives with Mrs. Lemuel Wilcox," came hurrying down the stairs from making the beds. She had the eyes of a tragic actress, but the pertness of her nose indicated moments made memorable with laughter rather than tears.

"I wouldn't be surprised if it's Gus Albard again," said grandma, naming the only one of her sons-in-law whom she had never taken to her heart. "And if it is, I don't want to speak to him. He phoned this morning about Sue. Don't you give him any satisfaction."

Lizzie eagerly lifted the telephone from its hook. "Yes, Gus," she said, half turning to grandma. "No, Sue isn't here. . . . Yes, we'll let you know if she comes. . . . Oh, grandma's pretty well, thank you for asking. She says she can't get around very fast, but she hopes to get used to it after a while. She says she's had to get used to worse things than that in her time. . . . Good-by, Gus. . . . Yes, we'll let you know."

Replacing the receiver, she almost breathlessly turned to the majestic old lady who had been carefully seating herself at the kitchen table.

"He wanted to know if Sue had been here this morning. He sounded kind of worried."

"DO HIM good," said grandma grimly. "He's brought worry enough to other people. He didn't know how to treat his wife when he had one, and now he doesn't know how to keep his daughter home. I have no patience with such a man."

"You think Sue's all right?"

"Of course she's all right!"—this with the warmth of pride with which grandma always spoke of her favorite grandchild. "She phoned me this morning when you were feeding the chickens. It sounded as if there's been another row. Sue said she'd be over to have dinner with us—that's why we're having the roast today instead of tomorrow. But I wouldn't give Gus the satisfaction of knowing that Sue was coming. All right, Lizzie, you go on with the beds now."

Moistening the end of the pencil, Mrs. Wilcox looked out of the window to the distant chimney of Eben Warren's house. Without need of further inspiration she immediately began her news letter to the Granby paper, a service which she had been rendering for more than fifty years.

Eben Warren is quite a little better of his cold. These warm June days are doing a lot of good.

Ralph Tetley, nephew of Mrs. Lemuel Wilcox, still has a bad cold. He has quite a little work to do, and it makes it hard for him.

Mr. and Mrs. Orren Wilcox had a nice dinner on Decoration Day. There were twenty-one there. For a surprise they hung a bunch of bananas on an apple tree for the children to help themselves.

James Muldoon found his cow at Nathan Burley's. It had been gone nearly a week.

Mrs. Lemuel Wilcox, your old correspondent, has started to piece a log-cabin quilt. It will take her quite a while to piece it, as she can't do but a little at a time. Her knees are bothering her lately. They have no spring in them.

Beecher Bragg, of Beacon Hill —

She was interrupted by the rattle of a car bouncing over the elm-tree roots between the well and the woodshed. Glancing quickly out of the window, she caught sight of her granddaughter Sue, so pale and set that an unconscious sigh of fierce devotion escaped the older woman's breast. You wouldn't have thought then that the spring had gone from her knees. Almost before the car had stopped at the back door, Grandma Wilcox was out in the yard.

"My little lamb—" she said, instinctively bracing herself.

The next moment Sue was out of the car, her arms around her grandmother's willing shoulders. "Oh, granny, granny," was all she could say at first.

II

THE whole trouble, explained Sue a few minutes later in the kitchen, had started because of Don Goodman.

Lem had come in from the tool shed, where he had been grinding the mowing-machine knives preparatory to their approaching campaign in the meadows. He now sat in his easy-chair by the west window, a bent and owl-like figure, looking over his horn-rimmed spectacles. And a quiet figure too. For, having discovered in the early eighties that he had married a wife who could talk for both of them, he had gradually learned to treasure his own speech, so that sometimes there were days when he hardly spent a word from his hidden stores.

"And who's Don Goodman?" asked grandma. "One of the Collinswood Goodmans?"

"No," said Sue. "His folks live over near Rockville Center."

"Are they farmers?"

"Yes, but he's trying to get away from farming. He says there's no money in it."

"He'll never say a truer word," said Lem, speaking for the first time.

"And your father doesn't like him?" continued grandma, after a look of surprise at Lem because he had spoken.

"No. Every time Don comes around, dad acts terrible. I can't—oh, I can't begin to tell you —"

"You don't have to tell me, child. I know your father. But what's he got against young Goodman? Has he ever caught him out of season?"

This cryptic question was based upon the fact that Gus Albard was deputy game warden for Beacon County, a position which not infrequently led to disagreements with the local citizenry.

"No," said Sue. "Don doesn't hunt much—and he doesn't like fishing."

"And he doesn't like farming. . . . What does he like then?"

Sue hesitated and finally said, "I guess he likes to trade better than anything else. He—he sells dishes."

"Sells what?"

"He sells dishes."

"Where? In Granby?"

"No-o. All around the country"—this with a vaguely comprehensive gesture. "He likes to do business with farmers."

"But on farms where there's always extra dishes in the pantry, how does this young man sell more dishes? In times like these?"

"Oh, he's good, grandma," said Sue earnestly, and vaguely sketching him with a swiftly moving finger: "He's tall—and has dark red hair brushed back from his forehead—and he'll never take 'No' for an answer. . . . I mean when he's talking business," she added with shining eyes. "I go out with him sometimes—he calls me part of his window display—and you'd be surprised at the way he can bring people round. Don says that salesmanship is one of the highest forms of art. I think he read that somewhere, but he's trying awfully hard to be an artist."

"But what's his line of argument?" asked Lem, unexpectedly speaking again. "Seems to me he must have one."



"Well, right now he's arguing that everybody ought to buy something, if they expect to sell something. And with one of his sets of dishes, he says a woman can set a beautiful table."

"M'm," said grandma, considering. "I doubt if he could sell me a set of new dishes, just to set a beautiful table."

"I'll bet he could," said Sue.

"I'll bet he couldn't!" said old Lem, shifting uneasily in his chair.

"We'll soon find out," said grandma. "I'd naturally like to see him, so I'll phone him and ask if he sells odd cups to match odd sets. He'll come up then, and we'll see how he works."

But Sue didn't like that. "No, please, granny," she said. "I'd like to stay with you a few days if you don't mind, but I don't want dad to think that I came over here to meet Don. It would only make trouble between you and dad—and between me and dad too—because I know the way he'd twist us both about it. So I've made up my mind not to let Don know I'm here, and please, I wish you wouldn't phone or write him either."

Grandma reflected for a moment, her gaze focused into a certain fixity which Lem generally described as "wall-eyed." "And when she looks wall-eyed," he had more than once confided to himself, "look out for her."

"Then we'll none of us write or phone him," she finally said. And glancing more briskly at the clock: "I declare—a quarter to twelve. Art Cope will be here with the mail 'most any minute, and I haven't done my news yet for the Granby paper. So you go up with Lizzie, Sue, and get your old room ready, and I'll finish my letter."

For the next few minutes she was busy with the lives, travels and maladies of her neighbors on Spring Hill. Then after another wall-eyed interval she more slowly wrote:

Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel Wilcox will soon be celebrating their golden wedding. But Mrs. Wilcox can't help wishing she could have another china wedding. With the country off the gold standard, she doesn't expect any gold presents, but she could certainly use some pretty new dishes.

"There!" she thought, quickly sealing the envelope a few moments later. "If he doesn't read that himself, somebody's pretty sure to show it to him; and if he's half the artist that Sue thinks he is, he'll be up here hotfoot."

Taking her stick from against the kitchen door, she hobbled out to the R. F. D. box and placed her letter inside. Through the open window upstairs she heard Sue and Lizzie talking and laughing together.

"Bless her heart," thought grandma, staggering and catching hold of the hitching post between the maples. "It's good to have her around the house again. I declare, my knees feel better already."

III

THE clock on the shelf above the couch pointed to half-past nine the next morning, when a small truck gave notice of its arrival in the Wilcox yard by bouncing over the elm-tree roots between the well and the woodshed.

"Why, grandma!" exclaimed Sue, glancing out of the west windows. "It's Don Goodman!"

"No!" said grandma from the pantry. "You don't mean that young man who sells the dishes?"

"But it is! Oh, granny!" This last in the voice of trouble. "You must have let him know I was here."

"Indeed, I did not. And evidently looking out of the pantry window, 'Well, I declare, if he isn't taking a sample case out of his truck. He's probably come to see if he can sell me something.'

Sue had been making huckleberry pies. Her sleeves were rolled up and three pies on the table were ready for the oven. "I'm not going to see him," she said in a more hurried and yet more cautious voice. "I'm going upstairs till he's gone; now don't you tell him I'm here."

"Don't worry, I won't," said grandma as a knock sounded on the kitchen door. And in a louder voice as soon as Sue had disappeared, "Come in!"

The door opened, and a tall young man came striding over the threshold, deep purpose engraved all over him. "A good mouth," thought grandma, steadying herself against the table, "and I like his chin." His color, too, was worth a moment's notice: a count warmed by the wind and the sun so that, by contrast, his eyes looked bluer than they were. "But his hair's a lot redder'n I thought it would be. I'll bet that more than one has pretended to warm their hands over it."

"Mrs. Wilcox?" he asked.

"Yes, young man."

(Continued on Page 104)

WHEN, at the peak of my career, after eleven years on the stage, I married Donaldson Carr, I had no thought of retiring. In fact, Joe Gruener greeted me on my return from our European honeymoon with the news that he was going into rehearsal on his newest production very soon, and that he wanted me to play the lead. Don had had an offer of a partnership in a New York law office, so I felt that I could continue my career without being unfair to my new husband.

First, however, we had to return to Don's home town, Wyckton, to settle the estate of Don's aunt. She had raised Don from boyhood, and he was her sole heir. On the night following our arrival in Wyckton, Mrs. Wyckoff, the social dictator of the town—"I am to Wyckton what Mrs. Astor was to New York forty years ago, only I am more careful whom I include," she'd said—deliberately put her stamp of disapproval on me by refusing to invite us to a dinner she was giving, despite the fact that we were her next-door neighbors, and that Don had once paid a good deal of attention to her daughter, Ruth. In fact, Don still admired Ruth almost too much for my happiness.

Don had wanted me to give up the stage and live in Wyckton, where he could go into the office of the town's leading lawyer, Judge Keller, but after Mrs. Wyckoff's snub he urged me to sign a contract with Gruener and return to New York immediately. And because I felt that this was only because he thought that I had failed him as a wife, I resolved to stay in Wyckton until I had replaced Mrs. Wyckoff as the social leader of the town.

I soon made a number of staunch friends, within and without the "inner circle": Francis Wyckoff, the *grande dame's* son; Carl Riessler, between whose father and Mrs. Wyckoff existed a feud of long standing; Marie Keller, the judge's daughter, and through her most of the debutantes; and, best of all, though not really a new friend, Desmond McLean, who was in Wyckton to direct a Little Theater movement.

I had known McLean in New York, but his presence here gave me an idea for a method by which I could establish myself as a leader: I should have a private theater erected on our grounds, and, with Desmond McLean as director, create an amateur theatrical organization. Through The Amateurs, as we called our new company, I met many of the younger married women who were on Mrs. Wyckoff's list of eligibles, and whose husbands were Donaldson's contemporaries.

Then, early in December, shortly before the theater was scheduled to be completed, I awoke one morning to silence, instead of the clang of hammers and all the noises of construction to which I had become accustomed. Mrs. Wyckoff had obtained an injunction against the theater!

VII (Continued)

TOO near tears to speak, I went blindly to the car. When we were again on the road, I told Collins to go to Judge Keller's office.

As I approached the elderly lawyer's door, I recalled the other time I had come here. That visit had been part of a sentimental pilgrimage with Don, to places with which he had happy associations. . . . How terribly different these circumstances were!

In my preoccupation, I collided with a large, majestic woman who was coming out of the entrance. I had apologized before I recognized her as Mrs. Wyckoff.

Impulsively, I turned and followed her back down the hall. "I'd like to speak to you," I said, "about a rumor I've heard but simply can't believe!"

She pressed the bell marked "Down." She regarded me with narrowed, hostile, dark eyes. "If," she said icily, "you cannot believe it, it scarcely seems worth repeating, does it?" She stepped into the elevator. The door clicked behind her.

My knees were unsteady as I returned to the office. The youth presiding over the outer room told me importantly that if I'd write my name on the printed form,

he'd find out if the judge could see me. I inscribed, automatically, "Irene Morrell," and only after I'd sunk into a leather sofa, wondered why I'd reverted to my stage name. Were the psychologists right, in attaching significance to words uttered unconsciously? Did this signature reveal a hidden desire to be again an independent, successful actress?

My glance fell upon the frosted glass pane beyond which Don had once worked. The black letters of his name were still visible.

"No," I thought, "I'm not deceiving myself! The greatest desire I have is to become a successful wife!"

What a ninny I'd been, to be discouraged so easily! I could fight. Had I not fought my way inch by inch up the perilous ladder toward professional eminence? Well, life required an apprenticeship, too. Marriage, in the fullness to which I aspired, could not, any more than Rome, be built in a day!

I followed the boy into a book-lined office, and greeted Judge Keller as if I had no care in the world.

"This," he declared, taking my hand, "is a real pleasure, Mrs. Carr." He pushed forward a comfortable chair, at right angles to his own.

"You're paying the penalty," I told him, in a deliberately light tone, "for being considered, by both my husband and your daughter, as the fount of all wisdom."

HIS kindly eyes twinkled. "You know, I suspected you'd found a path to my door because you'd heard I made the best legal mousetraps!"

"Perhaps you're right. . . . It's true, then, that Mrs. Wyckoff's getting out an injunction to stop our finishing the addition to our house?"

He drummed with short, square-tipped fingers on the dark blotter. "I'm afraid it is true."

"Can she do it?"

"I know of no way to stop her. . . . And I have certainly tried!" He turned his swivel chair to face me directly. "Mrs. Carr, I don't usually discuss cases with the opposition, but I'm as fond of Donaldson as if he were my own son. And if you'll forgive an old man's outspokenness, I have not, in many a year, seen a young woman half so charming as yourself. Marie, in whose judgment I trust implicitly, tells me you are as lovely in every way as you are to look at. So I have many reasons to dislike this situation. I dislike it intensely!"

His lips twisted in a wry smile of self-contempt. "I ought, after all this time, to be accustomed to taking orders! Nothing should go against my grain any more! But I find myself still capable of humiliation, when I am unable to say to any client, 'I refuse to identify myself with such a picayune, shameless procedure!'"

I was too dismayed by this glimpse into the turmoil of spirit with which he had paid for the material benefits of his long subservience to say anything.

"Not," he went on, as if communing with himself, "since I ditched Henry Riessler has anything disturbed me so much!"

I seized this chance to change the subject. "I've asked both Carl and Kitty Riessler tonight with Marie. I hope you don't mind?"

"It wouldn't," he replied with a return of his habitual humor, "probably matter if I did. This younger generation does pretty much what it pleases. But as a matter of fact, I'm grateful to you for ignoring those ugly old feuds. And Marie said just yesterday that she'd never dreamed Wyckton could be so much fun, until she'd met you."

I rose; I spoke sincerely of my affection for her, as if our colloquy had touched on no more unpleasant topic. Then, my pulse racing, I descended to the ground floor, found an empty telephone booth, and called Carl Riessler's number.

VIII

JUDGE KELLER'S reference to the lawsuit which had initiated the famous Riessler-Wyckoff vendetta had given me an idea I was determined to carry out.

Impersonation



MRS. WYCKOFF REGARDED ME WITH HOSTILE EYES. "IF," SHE SAID, "YOU CANNOT BELIEVE IT, IT SCARCELY SEEMS WORTH REPEATING, DOES IT?"

of a Lady

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER



When Carl answered, however, he seemed so delighted at hearing from me, that I hesitated to plunge into the purpose of my call.

"I've got a Sieneese primitive I can't wait to have you see," he began. "I've just unwrapped it. Couldn't you come out for lunch? And Don, too, of course."

"Don's at the club."

"I'll call for you in ten minutes."

"I'm not at home!" I protested. "I want to know the name of your father's lawyer."

"Good Lord, why?"

"It's too involved to go into now."

"Sorry. . . . But, look, he's not only an awfully busy man; he'd probably think it very queer, when Don used to be a member of his chief rival's firm, if you suddenly went to him. The best way to make sure he wouldn't make some excuse not to see you right away would be for me to ask him here to lunch too. How does that strike you?"

"I think it's perfect."

I dropped another nickel in the machine and telephoned Louise Strange, who wrote feature articles for the Evening Standard. Of all my new friends, she was by far the most congenial. It was she who had written the piece satirizing Mrs. Wyckoff's refusal to admit me into the charmed circle; later, when she had come to interview me for the paper, a warm sympathy had sprung up between us, which our subsequent meetings had deepened. It was with genuine regret that I told her I must break our engagement for luncheon.

"That's perfectly all right," she answered. "But I've got something to tell you that you may find interesting. If you're free later, why don't you drop into my place for tea?"

I SAID I would be delighted. In addition to my personal liking for her, she was a mine of valuable information about the town in all its phases. When my metaphors were militaristic, I thought of her as a highly skilled intelligence officer. Moreover, her studio apartment was directly beneath Desmond's, and I might want to break the bad news to him before dinner.

Carl was out of his front door before the car stopped. "It seems much too good to be true," he declared. "To have you actually here—alone!"

"Doesn't your legal friend count?"

"He can't join us until coffee."

I suspected he had not been asked for an earlier hour. I was certain the tête-à-tête had been the result of deliberate intent, when, across the small table in one corner of the green-paneled dining room, Carl told me the attorney was Lincoln Clark.

"But I know him!" I said. "I sat next him the first time I dined here. I've seen his wife a good deal." I did not voice my self-congratulation at having so promptly returned Mrs. Clark's call, and later, at her behest, addressed the Current Events Club, of which she was president.

Carl's smile was enigmatic. "I believe," he said, "that if anyone wishes for anything hard enough, and long enough, he's bound to get it. Don't you?"

"Not if it's a theater!" I replied promptly. I told him the story of Mrs. Wyckoff's maneuver.

I HAD scarcely finished before he ordered the butler to connect a telephone in this room and bring a telephone directory. He talked to Murphy, the contractor, and shot one incisive question after another at him. When he'd replaced the receiver, he said:

"I knew there was something queer about his quitting before any legal action had been taken. Now he practically admits that his brother, who's a foreman at the Wyckoff plant, has scared him off the job. However. . . ." He called another number, and spoke crisply to his father's personal secretary. "Take Lombardi off those cottages in the subdivision, and have him take a picked crew over to Mr. Carr's house, on Heights Road, ready for work tomorrow morning!"

"But what about the injunction?" I asked, when he had finished.

"Lincoln Clark will take care of that."

I tried to thank him. "You're acting like a captain of industry today, not like a dilettante at all."

"Oh, I can be energetic when I find something worth working for! It's taken me, for instance, six years to get that painting I showed you. But I got it!"

"Kitty," I ventured, "has tremendous energy" too. The sets she's doing for us are grand."

"She has a flair for color and design. And it's a godsend for her to have an outlet for her vitality. . . . Speaking of vitality—Desmond says Ruth Wyckoff insists upon staying in The Amateurs, even though she's pathetically incapable of acting. Funny, how colorless and negative she's become. I can still remember seeing her, when I was a child, in a Christmas entertainment at Sunday school—even Mrs. Wyckoff couldn't keep us from all knowing one another there. Ruth wore a long blue robe, with her hair loose down her back, and a sort of halo around her head. I thought she was the loveliest thing I'd ever seen—she looked like a princess in a fairy tale."

"Isn't that the way her mother has always expected her to be regarded?"

BUT I wasn't influenced by her identity. She honestly was exquisite, in a remote, ethereal way.

I thought bitterly, on our way to the other room. "There all under a spell! It's that same illusion that Don has!"

Clark was waiting for us; I forced myself to concentrate on a businesslike exposition of my dilemma.

He looked grave. "I'm afraid Mrs. Wyckoff's within her legal rights. In another case connected with that Heights property—which we bought that land for your sister, Carl—we found that each deed contained a clause binding the purchaser to observe some rather absurd restrictions. To be sure, those restrictions might be set aside, if the case came up before an unprejudiced judge. But try to find one! Aside from their money interests, the votes controlled through the Wyckoff plant are enough to swing any town or county election. What do you suppose her motive is?" he asked me. Unwilling to answer fully, I uttered a half truth. "She's been trying to buy our land ever since Don's great-aunt died. Perhaps she thinks that if she's disagreeable enough, we'll move out and let her have it."

"And will you?"

"Not in a thousand years!"

I WAS outwardly calm when I arrived at the Salon Moderne, where I had agreed to meet Helen Young, the wife of a lifetime friend of Don's, and one of the few young women whom Mrs. Wyckoff regarded with distinct favor. When Helen had rather timidly asked me if I would help her select some clothes, I had agreed, although I considered it sheer charity; today, it seemed torture. I reminded myself, however, that one of my assets lay in my knowledge of the eternally absorbing question of improving one's looks, so I forced my undivided attention. Tactfully I dissuaded her from choosing the pastel shades which I habitually wore, but which required far more vivid coloring of one's own than she possessed. When at last she realized how much more distinguished she appeared in the deep clear reds, the jade greens and the striking black and white which I had substituted, she thanked me in exuberant superlatives.

"And you're an angel to have asked us tonight with Carl Riessler," she went on. "Fred's been wanting to know him better—well, so have I—but we never seemed to meet anywhere before."

Ordinarily, I would have counted this statement as another good augury for my prospective leadership. But even as I mechanically paved the way for her being nice to Kitty, whom I had not previously essayed to mix with any of the Heights group at a small gathering, I thought wearily:

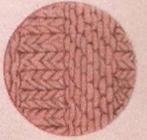
"Oh, this is all so petty! With the theater, I could have made more progress in a week than I can make now in a year!"

(Continued on Page 121)

Just enough gayety to this crocheted scarf and glove set from Olga Rosen. Don't the beige stripes in the brown give it quite a flair? Our directions are made for both woolen and linen yarn. White or natural with any bright color would be smart. So would red with white. No. 1142, 3 cents.



Anny Blatt designed this adorably original sweater, with its draw-string neck, and little V and bow in back. I selected it for you sub-debs and you girls in offices. Make it any color combination, but I doubt if you can improve on Anny Blatt's. Directions are for wool, cotton and linen. No. 1143, 3 cents.



News for Knitters

I found no clothes in Paris so exciting, so new, so original, as the knitted ones. So I visited the creators and picked, one here, one there, until I had a collection to make your fingers itch for needles. Here at home, directions have been made in American yarns. So there's no excuse for you not to knit and purl yourself into a perfect picture of Paris. On your mark, get set, go!

—Julia Coburn.



You ladies who say you can't wear these silly crocheted hats! Here you are! A hat with a shape and a brim. And a quill—but all made of yarn. The original cost plenty of francs at Anny Blatt's—but you can make one just like it with the directions and only three balls of wool. No. 1144, 3 cents.



I scoured Paris for a knitted suit particularly becoming to sizes 40 to 44. Here it is—skirt, jacket-blouse, scarf and belt, designed for slimness by Heller-Rice, who outfit some of the smartest women on the Continent. I'll swear to you it's really slimming. Directions are for woolen yarn. No. 1145, 3 cents.

a jacket

A brilliant young Russian, Winka de Magarouff, designed this two-piece dress in a very interesting stitch. I fell in love with the wooden buttons against that gray-blue. Do it for yourselves, you young things, and be as smart as Paris' smartest. Directions are for wool and for linen yarn. No. 1146, 3 cents.



A touch of the Tyrolean. Roll it to suit your face—poke the pointed top the way you want it—be carefree and dashing in this hat, if you would wear it right. Use dark or brighter colors as you like. We liked it so well that we had the directions made in wool, cotton and linen yarn. No. 1147, 3 cents.



A shape not new in Paris, but so easy to crochet and so becoming to wear that I just couldn't resist including it. Begin on this, if you're a timid yearner after yarn things, and work up to the higher mysteries! It makes pick-up train or lecture work. Directions are for woolen yarn. No. 1149, 3 cents.



Button up those brown buttons if you want—but you'll probably prefer the collar rolling away in casual points, as it is here. A sweater to spend the summer in, so you might as well get busy. Olga Rosen sponsored it, and we had the directions made in both linen and in wool. No. 1150, 3 cents.



Look at these jaunty little gloves—crocheted in an open mesh, with tiny flaring cuffs in a beady stitch. Imagine them with the shortest of short sleeves—delightfully ridiculous. I grabbed them from the window of a little shop on the Rue St-Honoré, and had the directions made for you in wool. No. 1148, 3 cents.



Hit and Run

BY ALICE DUER MILLER

DICK SLATER and his employer, Ben Osmond, are engaged in preparing a report for the stockholders of the latter's company. In order that they may have peace and quiet for the work, they go to Osmond's estate on the Hudson, Rockledge. Mr. Osmond, however, spends most of his time at golf, and Slater's work is interrupted by the clamorings for attention of Osmond's daughter, Letty, who seems, to Slater, a rather nice child of fourteen or so.

Later, Dick discovers that Letty is "dreadfully cynical and grown-up and world-worn," and comes face to face with the realization that he has fallen in love with his employer's daughter—and that would never do. Letty, however, has become engaged to Ralph Semmes, one of a number of guests week-ending at Rockledge.

At six o'clock in the morning Dick goes for a stroll in the garden, where he is joined by Letty, who is concerned by the fact that Ralph has not yet returned from a party of the night before. Dick promises to track Ralph down, and Letty goes in. Dick is about to start telephoning when Ralph, rather the worse for wear, returns with the news that he has dented the fender of a car in the near-by village, and asks Dick to go down and fix it up. Dick takes Ralph's car and starts for the village. The car, but not the driver, has been recognized as one involved in an accident, and when Dick says that he has been driving the car he is arrested, charged with hit-and-run driving, and held to await the outcome of the injuries to the driver of the other car.

II

LETTY, having unloaded her anxieties on Dick's shoulders, went upstairs to bed. She thought what a wonderful quality it was—to be able to make the world seem safe and solid, as he did—and so thinking, she fell asleep and slept soundly until eleven o'clock. She was not surprised to hear from her maid that Mr. Semmes was in. Was she quite sure? Oh, absolutely; his bedroom door was shut and his overcoat in the hall.

Entirely relieved, Letty ate her breakfast and sauntered down about noon. None of the rest of her party had unclosed an eye. Her father was, she supposed, on the links. The Sunday papers lying in heavy sheets on the hall table looked too heavy for consumption.

She turned to the study—it was empty. "Well," she said to herself, "if he isn't working he might as well be amusing me," and she rang the bell and asked the footman if he knew where Mr. Slater was.

The man looked serious. "There's been an accident, I believe, miss."

"An accident?"

"An accident early this morning in the village. I understand that Mr. Slater has been arrested."

Letty, who had had the fraction of a second to imagine that he had been injured, was almost relieved to hear he had only been arrested. "He was driving a car?"

"Mr. Semmes' car, miss. The state trooper has been here twice, asking questions, and trying to get in touch with Mr. Osmond."

"Why didn't you tell me?" said Letty severely, quite forgetting that she always left the strictest orders that she was not to be disturbed in the morning until she rang. "When did the first message come?"

The man looked discreet. "I really could not say, miss. I did not take the message myself." He was too wise to reveal how late the household had been stirring that morning, and that the gardener's boy who had actually taken the message had forgotten to give it to Mr. Osmond before he left the house.

Letty gave orders for her own car to be brought round, and ran upstairs to get her hat. Sergeant King, in charge of the local post of the state police, was a friend of hers. The same sound instinct that had made her attach her father's secretaries had led her not to neglect entirely the police.

She stopped her car before the small frame house that the police had taken over.

Sergeant King, a fine, tall, weather-beaten man, was sitting in the front room, reading, though without apparent amusement, the comic supplement of one of the papers.

"Good morning, sergeant," she said. "What's this I hear about your arresting Mr. Slater?"

"Oh, good morning, Miss Osmond. I've been trying all morning to get in touch with your father, but first he's asleep and then he's out."

"Don't you know the habits of middle-aged business men, sergeant? He's playing golf. What has happened?"

She was obliged to wait while King summoned Meigs and sent him off to the golf club to ask Mr. Osmond to come to them as quickly as possible.

"Well, this secretary of your father's—Slater—was driving through the village this morning—the officer says at seventy-five miles an hour—and he sideswiped an old farmer by the name of Tuttle—turned him clean over in the ditch and made matchwood of his car—and did he stop? Not he—he didn't even turn his head to see if the old fellow was alive or dead, but went tearing on up to your place."

"There must be some mistake," said Letty. "Mr. Slater would never do a thing like that."

"You wouldn't think so, no, but you'd be surprised, Miss Osmond, what decent people will do when they're scared. They think they've killed a man, and they see the street is deserted—they hope no one saw it—and they just keep on going. We see a lot of cases like that. Slater made for home. But fortunately Joe Briggs' boy was delivering papers, and he saw the whole thing, and had sense to call Meigs. Meigs followed him—got to the house almost as soon as he did—met him coming out of the gate again, I understand."

"Oh, you see, he was coming back to give himself up."

"Was he? Well, maybe. Or maybe he was going to make a get-away—you can't tell. Anyway, he doesn't deny what he did. He couldn't, very well, for Meigs saw him the first time he passed; he noticed his hat, thinking he was driving very reckless—though Meigs didn't know then that he had half killed old Tuttle."

"Where is he?" said Letty.

"In the next room there," said the sergeant, pointing over his shoulder. "We're waiting to charge him till the judge gets back from church."

"What will he be charged with?"

"Well, it depends—third-degree assault, or manslaughter if the old man dies."

Letty's eyes opened. "But—but that's very serious," she said.

"You bet it's serious—it will be as serious as I can make it. These hit-and-run artists I have no use for—nor the jury either. But it isn't worrying him any—he's as calm as you please. He won't even send for a lawyer—says he wants to see your father before he takes any action."

"May I see him?"

SURE. I wish you would. Maybe you can get some S sense in his head, make him see that he ought to be worrying—worrying plenty. It isn't outside the possibilities he might get twenty years for this."

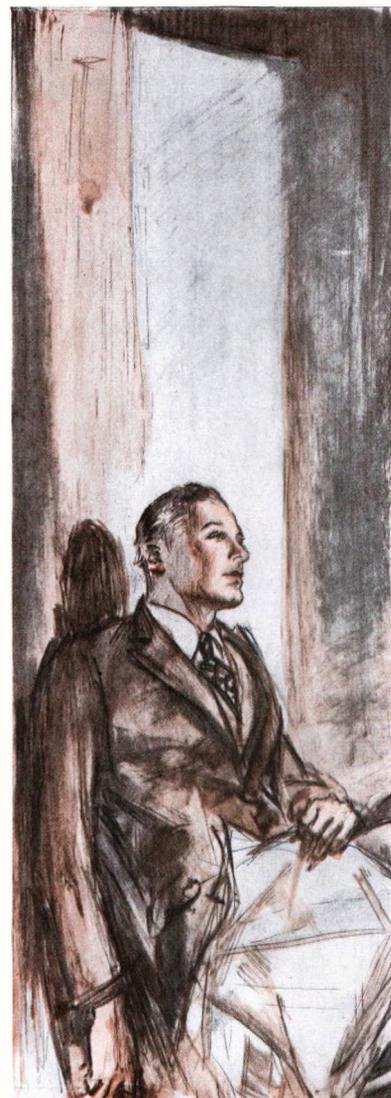
"Oh, don't say that," said Letty, feeling actually sick with horror.

"Well," said the sergeant, who was an eminently reasonable man, "I must say I don't like to see a fellow who has just done a thing like that, sitting there reading the paper, as if everything was lovely. If you ask me, I think he's figuring on your father's pull to keep him out of trouble. But that's all wrong, Miss Osmond. I don't say we wouldn't shade a point for a friend on a little matter of the speed limit—to a lady like you, for instance—but with a hit-and-run driver who has messed up an old man like that—and"

"It would be very unlike Mr. Slater, to be counting on any undue influence. I know that, sergeant," said Letty. The whole picture she was getting of Dick was so unlike her own picture of him that she felt confused and alarmed.

King opened the door of the next room and ushered her in. Dick, with his straight chair tipped back against the wall, was reading. He did look extraordinarily at ease for a man who had just caused serious injury—possibly death—to a fellow creature.

"I've just sent a man over for Mr. Osmond," King said in his loud, firm voice. "He ought to be here any minute."



"Good," said Dick. Then, glancing up, he saw Letty, and his calm decreased. He colored deeply under his blond skin. Letty was the last person he wanted to see, since his conduct had been designed to keep her from knowing the very story he was about to tell to her father. He began at once to try to think of ways of getting her away before Mr. Osmond arrived.

"Oh, Mr. Slater," she said, "I am so sorry. I know how dreadfully you must feel." She emphasized this, with a glance at the sergeant.

"It will be all right if I can see your father, Miss Osmond." From Letty's point of view this was just the wrong answer.

"I'm sure he will come at once when he hears you are in trouble. Father is wonderful to anyone in trouble. He will do everything he can—only—only——" Her voice died down; tears were not far distant.

Her distress touched Dick. He said gently, "Don't worry about me. My situation is not as serious as it seems."

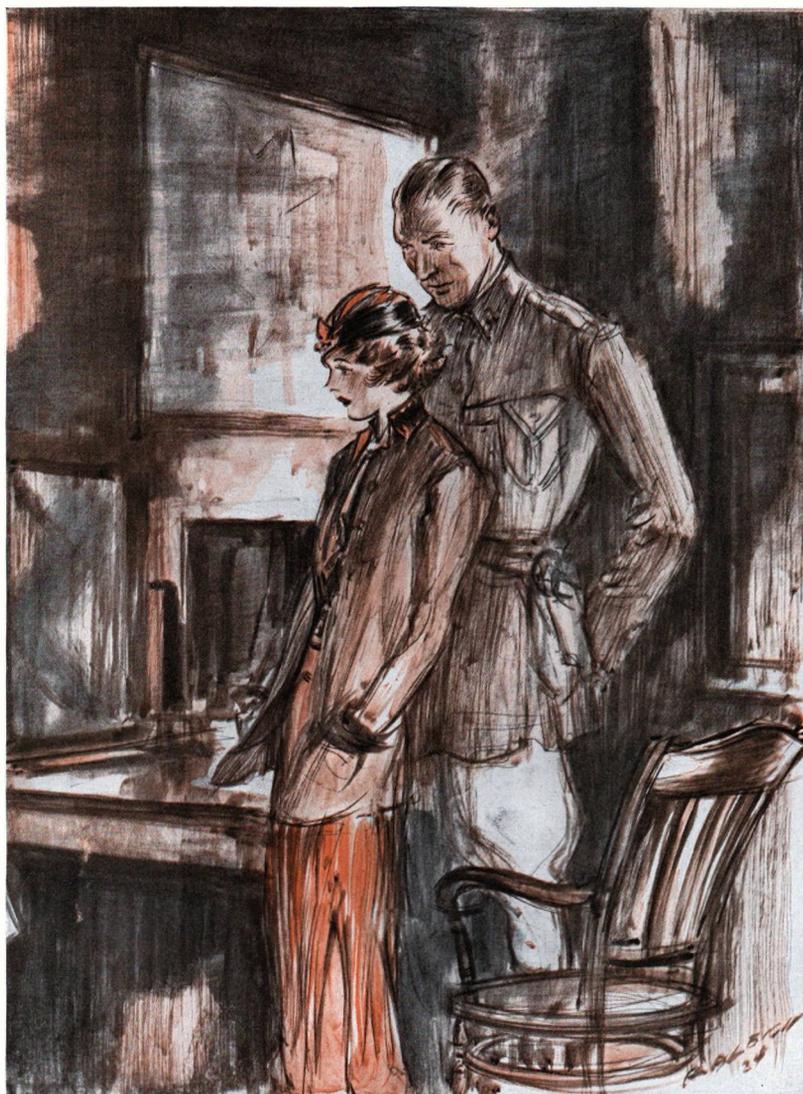
At this the sergeant gave a sort of snarl of contempt, and Letty felt it was her plain duty to try and make the culprit see that his situation was very serious indeed.

"But it is serious, Mr. Slater," she said. "I don't see how you can help seeing that it is—I don't see how you could have done such a thing at all."

"Anyone may meet with an accident."

"But not drive away and leave the victim dying by the roadside. No one I know would do that."

He looked at her coldly. "No?" he said. Something cool and cynical—something almost like amusement—seemed



ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

HER DISTRESS TOUCHED DICK. HE SAID GENTLY, "DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME. MY SITUATION IS NOT SERIOUS"

house built like a Grecian temple—a gable with Corinthian columns supporting it, white with gray trimmings. Exactly the sort of house, she thought, in which Dick Slater ought to have spent his boyhood. There was a little space between the street and the house—a space of lawn and flowers beautifully kept. The front door was open, but Letty pressed the bell. She could see down the hall which ran along one of the walls, and into the open door of a sitting room on the right.

A voice from this room called, "Is that you, Mary? Come in." There was in the *o's* that slight New England flatness, as there was in Dick's. "I'm just getting off my Sunday letter."

"May I come in?" said Letty. "It isn't Mary."

A thin little lady in black sprang up from the desk. She was blond, like Dick, and if there was gray in her smoothly brushed hair, it didn't show. Her eyes were piercing blue, like rays of blue light, and she had the sort of cheerful alertness that comes as a reward to those who make every moment of life interesting.

"Oh," she said, "I'm sorry. I thought you were a young friend of mine who takes my letters to the next town on Sunday. We have no Sunday mail out, and I have an only son who expects a letter."

"I know your son," said Letty.

"No, he's perfectly well. I just left him. But he's had a motor accident in which he injured someone else. He did not want you to read about it in the papers."

"Badly injured?"

"I'm afraid rather — But he told me to tell you that you weren't to worry—that he would be free by this evening."

"Free?"

"Yes, the police are holding him for the moment."

"And he sent you all this way to tell me?"

"No. He just asked me to telephone to you, but as your line was out of order —"

"Yes, of course. I forgot. After a thunderstorm it often is. But how kind of you—how wonderfully kind. But people always do kind things for Dick. Sit down, please. I want to know exactly what happened."

Letty sat down. Rather to her surprise, when she came to tell the story she found there was a great deal she did not know. She did not know the hour at which the accident had occurred—nor why Dick was in the village at all—and though she had recognized Ralph's car standing empty outside the police station, she could not offer any explanation as to why Dick had been driving it, or where he had been going in such a hurry. All her facts and all her ignorance were developed rapidly by Mrs. Slater, who had not lived as the daughter-in-law of a judge and the wife and mother of a lawyer without acquiring something of the legal technic.

"There is evidently something that we don't understand at all," she said crisply; and at that moment a tall figure appeared in the doorway—obviously Mary—tall, dark, handsome and commanding.

"Are your letters ready, Cousin Jane?"

"Miss Osmond, this is my young cousin, Mary Saunders. Mary, this is Miss Osmond. She has been so very kind as to motor a long way—a hundred miles—to bring me a message from Dick."

The two girls shook hands, with a look at each other that, if not suspicious, was alert and appraising. Mary had some ground for suspicion. Letty had all the hall marks of that irritating world of fashion which triumphs through trivialities—she was pretty and she

(Continued on Page 98)

to flicker at the corner of that self-controlled mouth of his. She felt herself completely alienated.

"I came here," she said, "to offer to do anything I could to help you—thinking you would be heartbroken —"

"Heartbroken?" repeated Dick, as if this were a silly word, as perhaps it was.

"I came here to do whatever I could for you, but I must say I am disappointed in your attitude. You don't seem to be a bit sorry or ashamed —"

"Ashamed?" he repeated. They looked at each other sternly. Somehow they had become enemies. There was a silence. Then Dick said, "Well, since you are so kind, there is something you could do for me, if you would. Will you telephone my mother? I shouldn't like her to see anything in tomorrow's papers—not that there will be anything, but still — Will you long-distance her in Center Hadley, Vermont? I'll write the number for you."

"What shall I tell her?"

"Oh, say that there has been a misunderstanding, and that I am being held temporarily, but that there is nothing to worry about."

The sergeant gave another of his terrifying snarls at this, and Letty said, "How can I say that?"

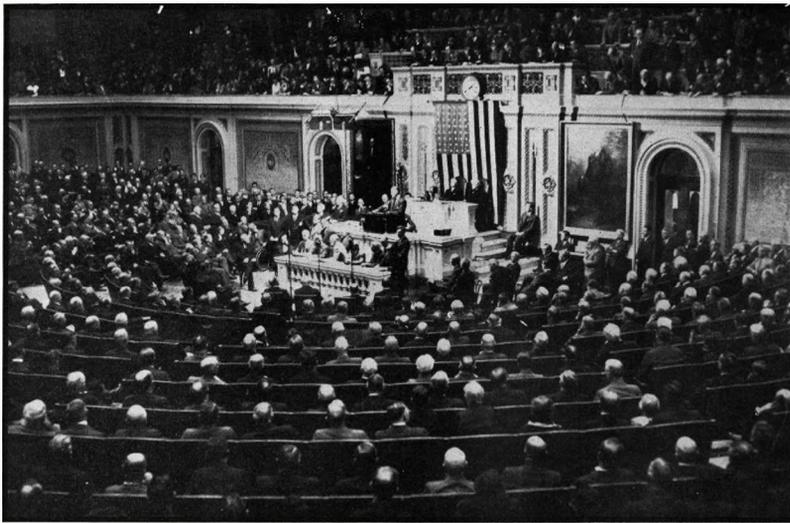
"Say exactly what I tell you, please. Say that she need not worry at all. That I shall be free this evening or tomorrow morning."

Letty couldn't answer. She took the slip of paper on which, in his handsome, clear hand, he had written his mother's name and telephone number, and went away. She felt so heavy-hearted that it was like a sort of faintness.

"This is what comes," she thought, "of putting a person on a pedestal. Ralph, with all his faults, would never be cold and ungrateful like this. He would have been courteous and charming. Everyone would have been on his side—even the sergeant would have wanted to get him off—no matter what he had done." She thought how glad she was she had fallen in love with a man who was kind and gay and civil—and who didn't drive away without turning back.

She drove home and went straight to the study telephone. After a long delay she was told the number didn't answer, and then, pursuing her inquiries further, won the reluctant information that the line was out of order. She sat at Dick's desk, thinking. Somehow, the fact that she disapproved of him made it more necessary that she should follow his directions—she, at least, should behave with perfect propriety. She imagined the horror of the old lady opening the newspaper the next day: Richard Slater Held for Manslaughter. It was not his mother's fault that he was bad-tempered and arrogant. . . . She rose with decision, walked to the bookshelves, pulled out an atlas. It was not far to the Vermont border, and Center Hadley was not much beyond the border—a hundred miles, three hours. She would go herself; she would be generous, magnificent. She left word with her maid that she would be back in time to dress for dinner.

She knew her way perfectly; she swept north along the beautiful road by the river, and before Albany turned east toward the mountains. At three she was entering an elm-lined main street. No trouble about finding the Slater house—the first passer-by directed her. It was a small



PHOTOGRAPH COPYRIGHT UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

... FLOWERY COMPLIMENTS WERE PAID TO THE WISDOM AND PATRIOTISM OF THE LEGISLATIVE BRANCH ON THE OPENING DAY OF CONGRESS. . . . WHEN SENATE AND HOUSE MET IN JOINT SESSION

A Glance at the Senate

BY ALICE ROOSEVELT LONGWORTH

IT HAS become a sort of national habit to speak and write in criticism of the Senate. Through years of editorial denunciation, a feeling has been created in the popular mind of a willful, scatterbrained, pompous body, the prime function of which is to obstruct, and which is dominated by wordy demagogues. It is damned for its garbality, its slowness, the general sluggishness of its mind and for the inadequacy of its rules to prevent its indulging in its reputedly deplorable tendencies. Its rôle does often seem to be that of defier in chief and hinderer of the policies of the Executive.

I suppose there is, of course, bound to be a conflict—on one side the President, who is trying to work out a broadly national policy; on the other the Senate, that aggregation of ninety-six individuals of varying degrees of "ruggedness," each with his state or sectional point of view. Indeed, it is difficult for any senator to be 100 per cent national in his outlook. He can be national when the other fellow's interests are touched, but when it comes to what affects his own state, his vision seems bound to narrow, to contract and to concentrate. And that, of course, is particularly apt to be so with the third of the senators who are facing reelection, as is the case every two years. And very natural it is; the instinct for political self-preservation is a strong one. The wonder is, when one considers the vast difference in the problems that affect the widely separate parts of the country, that they ever do get together and accomplish anything.

Farewell to Filibusters

I THINK that what the Senate is most criticized for is its power to indulge in practically unlimited debate. It is, of course, possible to put on cloture, but that rule is very rarely invoked. So frequently for weeks discussion continues—discussion which, to those who are impatient for results, seems an intolerable waste of time. Man after man presents his side of the argument in voluminous detail—largely, as is often quite obvious, for the benefit of the voter at home. There is, too, the use of the filibuster, though that, I think, will be less frequently employed now that the "Lame Duck" Amendment has become part of the Constitution—the amendment which provided for the meeting of the Congress in January and for sessions with no set date for adjournment.

Filibusters in the past were apt to take place in the closing days or weeks of a final or "lame duck" session of a

Congress. An individual or group would decide to prevent the passage of legislation to which they were opposed, secure in the knowledge that if they could keep it from coming to a vote before the set date of adjournment it would be out of the way indefinitely, as the next Congress, which had been elected the previous November, would not convene until the following December, unless called in extra session—and would probably, anyway, be of a different political complexion. There was also often the trick of holding up the big governmental appropriation bills in order to force the President to call an extra session.

Under the Twentieth Amendment there will be neither the necessity nor the opportunity for these tactics. Yet already in this session, the first under the new dispensation, the familiar readiness to criticize Congress for its alleged habit of procrastination is evident, and one hears the wish expressed—a wish that has become almost stereotyped—that Congress will be brief in its debates and hasten to shut up shop and go home. That, anyway, is the desire that animates the Executive branch of the Government, in spite of the flowery compliments that were paid to the wisdom and patriotism of the legislative branch on the opening day of Congress.

It is a desire that is nothing new in the annals of official Washington, but that nowadays is particularly prevalent in the vast and arbitrary ramifications of the organizations that have been set up to carry out the policies of the New Deal. Those repositories of unprecedented power have no hankering after the supervision and investigation of the Congress of the United States. The checks and balances of representative government seem little to their liking. Legislative scrutiny of their ways and works, and above all of their expenditures, does not appear to fit into their scheme of things—not in the least. Nevertheless, even in face of the delegation of extraordinary powers to the Executive, the responsibility and the right of our representatives in Congress to share in working out the complexities that confront us are still there, notwithstanding some pretty wholesale surrenders on their part.

I, for one, have never joined the parrot chorus that deplores the delay and verbosity of the Senate. It seems to me that any question on which there is violent difference of opinion should as a matter of fairness be discussed and debated inside out, no matter how long it takes. Though some rule might be worked out to expedite the passage of appropriation bills which are bound to pass anyway. I should hate to see the Senate surrender its right to unlimited debate. Particularly in regard to its function as

part of the treaty-making power of the Government, any such limitation would be a calamity. If, for instance, the rules of the Senate had been "tighter" it would not have been possible to thrash out on the floor of the Senate the commitments of the Versailles Treaty and the League of Nations, thereby clarifying the issues for the country.

Indeed, in my opinion, if a measure is worth passing, days, weeks or even months of discussion are not going to keep it from passing, and certainly the people have a right to know the angles that such debate brings out. In line with that thought, I do not believe that many people have even a fragmentary realization of the future implications of the New Deal, of the power that has been given and is being asked for by the Government to interfere in the "life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness" of the individual American citizen. The responsibility of Congress to discuss these implications is very great. Congress alone can prevent our being delivered blindfold to a tyranny of governmental supervision and regulation that would make a mockery of us as a free people.

The abuse of Congress is nothing new. I have always chuckled at what Mr. H. G. Wells said in one of his articles about the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armaments, twelve years ago: "I have heard scarcely a good word for Congress since I landed here, and the Senate, by the unanimous testimony of the conversationalists of the United States, combines the ignoble with the diabolical in a peculiarly revolting mixture. Even individual senators have admitted as much—with sinister pride."

Unfortunately, there are always a few who are legitimate targets for unqualified condemnation. Also, it is inevitable that one type of thought will inveigh against Norris, let us say, for his radicalism; and another type against the conservatives for their standpatism. But it seems to me that the people who follow sheeplike the fashion of indiscriminately damning the Senate show themselves up, demonstrate their irresponsibility as citizens, quite as much as the windiest sectionalist or special pleader who has aroused their natural but wholly unconstructive attitude. Trite though it may be to say it, the remedy is in the hands of the voter, at the primaries or at the nomination conventions, and on election day.

The Hottest Temper in the Senate

MOREOVER, I believe that if those who curse the Senate as a whole, sometimes even as an institution, would take the time to look at the ninety-six members as individuals, they would not feel nearly so outraged and despairing. Anyone who will be honest will have to admit that the great majority stand up well in comparison with any other group of ninety-six men anywhere; that they are a mighty good average.

One should take comfort from that fact; for in spite of the present extraordinary grants of power to the Executive, our representatives in Congress are the individuals upon whom rests the responsibility of what shall or shall not be the law. The whole business is basically in their hands. The power is theirs to rescind the grants they have made; to pass what measures may seem to them wise; even over the Presidential veto, if they can muster the requisite two-thirds. No man can take their power away from them if they do not choose to let it be taken.

So, though they may get small share of the credit if things go well, other than a word of approbation for having "gone along," they will undoubtedly share the burden of blame if they do not.

But instead of a defense of the Senate as an institution, what I really want to do in this article is to say a few words about the worthwhile and interesting personalities in the Senate.

First, of course, is the Democratic floor leader, Senator Joseph T. Robinson, of Arkansas. Senator Robinson has been in the Senate for a long time. He is not a brilliant man, but he has, I think, both character and capacity, and as a party leader he has been both adequate and fair. He has the reputation of possessing the hottest temper in the Senate, a temper that when aroused is savage and ungovernable, and I am inclined to believe that this may be so. When he starts debating he is slow-speaking, moderate; but as he gets under way there is a rumbling undercurrent, like the zooming of a war drum, and a lowering thrust to his head which give the impression that if he did not exercise iron control he might literally charge his opponents, run them down, and trample them. He never has. Yet the possibility that he may always seem to be there, which makes an undercurrent of anticipation in the galleries.

On the other hand, Senator Pat Harrison, of Mississippi, chairman of the Finance Committee, is always good-humored, and nearly always abusive. That is to say, he was abusive when he was in the minority, but those happy, irresponsible days are over for him for the present, and he is now heard as a defender of the policies of the majority. But even in the times when he was attacking, his onslaughts were delivered with such engaging ingenuity and wit that his victims were able to laugh. (Continued on Page 135)

PAUL DE KRUIF

TURNS FROM OLD DOCTOR SUN TO SCIENCE'S LATEST DEVELOPMENT:

Young Doctor Heat

OLD Doctor Sun is the best physician I know, but when he is not on the job I'm beginning to bank on his assistant, Young Doctor Heat.

On the sand by Lake Michigan's shore, from March to October, Old Doctor Sun burns me brown and keeps me strong. He's all the doctor I need.

In November the lake's blue water turns gray under the sunless sky, but I'm still strong from last summer. December comes. Camp is broken. I'm cooped up in New York, and paler.

The engineers have so far failed to bring Lake Michigan's shore to my workroom. So I sniffle, cough, am bronchitic, miserable, and Old Doctor Sun is a thousand miles away. Have I anything to hope for from Young Doctor Heat?

I call him young, though he's really been healing ailing humans for fully as long as Old Doctor Sun. Only humans didn't know it. Till a very short time ago, Doctor Heat had no skilled human hand or brain to help him. Indeed, cold baths, ice packs, antipyretic pills squelched him at the moment he was trying to cure us by getting us hot.

But right now you can have a ringside seat at the beginning of a revolution in medicine. Today a widely scattered international cohort of medical pioneers—they're still unorthodox and gently disapproved of!—are helping to set Young Doctor Heat up in world-wide practice.

To desperately sick people, already feverish, more heat is given. Others, with no fever, are being saved from this or that doom by artificial heat stoked up in them by these new death fighters who are hybrids—part doctor, part engineer. They're finding various maladies that may be helped by the hot prescription of our new young doctor.

If, for example, this bronchitis of mine should get out of hand and flare into pneumonia, it would certainly be Young Doctor Heat I'd shout for, and not for any plaster, pill, vaccine or serum.

He is a hardy fellow, this new hot doctor, and will tackle diseases like general paralysis of the insane, hitherto agreed to be inexorable.

He is kindly. For Young Doctor Heat stands ready now to rob thousands of mothers of lifelong pain and invalidism that is the consequence of infection suffered at the birth of their children. There's hope, too, that he can save them from acute childbed fever when it threatens their lives.

Young Doctor Heat is a bold experimenter. He is shooting his torrid rays at the dreadful nerve sickness, multiple sclerosis. And while it's still too early to say that relief from this fatal malady is permanent, victims not too far advanced in this ailment have been returned to working and walking.

With the rashness of real pioneers, his devotees call for Doctor Heat to try to help them against that dreadful aftermath of encephalitis, or sleeping sickness, known as Parkinsonism.

THIS is not the limit of our young doctor's versatility; it's plain the surface of the new hot healing art has just been scratched. Of course the art is still crude, as all young things are. It's in a state comparable to that of automobiles when they were one-lungers chuffing about and ridiculed as benzine buggies.

And of course heat is no cure-all. There's doubtless many a sickness that would be made worse by it; many a sufferer warmed by the new art is already past saving; and some of Doctor Heat's henchmen are enthusiastic to the verge of quackery.

That's no reason why we all shouldn't be permitted to know heat's solid accomplishments. Their most hopeful angle is this: that Young Doctor Heat is ready to form partnership with your garden variety of general practitioner. What could be better news for us? We've borne the burden of high-priced super-scientific medical care till it's

bled many of us white financially. We don't fancy pauperizing ourselves to get it for nothing. Its sometimes doubtful effects on our health make many of us pretty nearly ready to agree to a recent definition of your scientific super-expert; namely —

He is a gentleman who knows very much about very little and continues to learn more and more about less and less until eventually he knows practically everything about almost nothing at all.

The family doctor is due for a comeback. The great brain surgeon, Harvey Cushing, defends him in his beautiful speech called *Medicine at the Crossroads*. "It will be a great shock," says Specialist Cushing, "to laymen to learn that a great part of what is called scientific medicine is a fetish, and wholly unscientific. We have instruments of precision in increasing numbers with which we . . . at untold expense . . . take observations, the vast majority of which . . . are as nothing compared with the careful study of the patient by a keen observer using his eyes and ears and fingers and a few simple aids."

Who is this observer but your good family doctor? Now comes Young Doctor Heat offering him what is going to be a simple but powerful tool that any general practitioner can learn to use. Against more than one serious ill this weapon will help him fight with a chance to win where his specialist brother has heretofore battled in vain. Plain Doctor Smith will be able to keep many a patient away from clinics he can't afford, from surgeon's knives that he always wants to avoid —

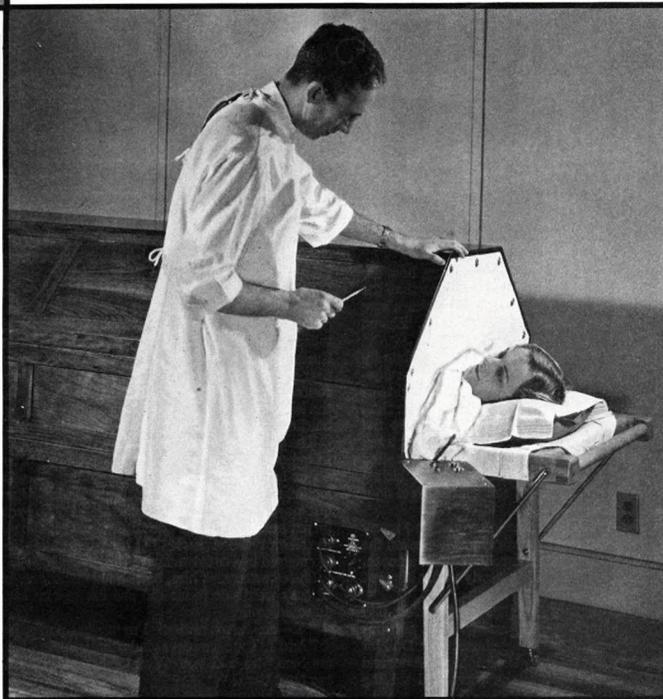


PHOTOGRAPH BY MC MANUS

DR. CHARLES ROBERT ELLIOTT, A NEW SAVER OF MOTHERS FROM THE TERRIBLE CONSEQUENCES OF CHILDBED FEVER

ENGINEER GEORGE SPENCER PREPARES TO TAKE HIS PATIENT'S TEMPERATURE AS SHE SMILINGLY TAKES THE FEVER IN HIS SAFE AND SIMPLE "VAPO-THERM"

PHOTOGRAPH BY STADLER



With Doctor Heat's aid, Doctor Smith has a chance to rob our insane asylums of many a victim, our undertakers of many a prospect —

So I'll ask you to come along for a peep at a few of this strange doctor's adventures. It's a queer country we'll visit. Where once was the clink of bottles and test tubes you'll now hear the hum of high-frequency generators. You'll see simple gadgets of rubber where there used to be operating tables, and there'll be the healing power of hot water where once there was the reek of iodoform and ether.

II

CHARLES ROBERT ELLIOTT is savior of mothers, style 1934. You'll say mothers now don't need one. You'll say Semmelweiss proved you could guard women having babies from childbed fever, as long as eighty years ago. Yes. But in our country childbed fever still kills one out of every four hundred mothers delivered of full-term children. The obstetrician, De Lee, who gives these figures, says that for every mother this fever kills, it leaves as incurable invalids ten times this number.

So while the Semmelweiss science of preventing childbed fever is wonderful, the art of healing it is absolutely demanded. So to take the torch from Semmelweiss comes Elliott. He is the same sad sort of genius, and his death-fighting science is so simple you'll say, "How can it be scientific?" Semmelweiss didn't even know the existence of deadly microbes when in 1850 he taught doctors to keep childbed fever out of mothers by simple cleanliness of hands and instruments —

But when in 1921 Elliott invented his little internal hot-water bottle, there was a formidable and discouraged science to prove to him the impossibility of curing this awful fever.

Let me explain what I mean. You see, fundamentally, this fever is nothing but wound infection, of the naturally and necessarily wounded womb of mothers who've just had their babies. Into these wounds is carried now and again and alas too often the streptococcus, grim chieftain of all mother-murdering bugs. He may do his sinister work alone. He may be aided by the coccus of pneumonia, the gonococcus, or one or another of a dozen different midget assassins. Now, what faced our little practicing physician, Elliott, was this: that once Mr. Streptococcus or his murderous cousins invade a mother in childbed, her fate is not in the hands of science but fundamentally in the hands of God. . . .

Your woman prematurely happy may shoot a quick fever and get rapidly better; or her fever may go on and up till blood-poisoning death puts a period to her brief joy; or, what is worst of all, a terrible

(Continued on Page 88)

IT WAS such a nice dinner party that greeted Karl Sheridan, of the Criminalistic Institute of Vienna, on his return to Washington. One would say that tragedy could not approach such nice people as Tess Stuart, Dion Mallory, Caroline and Brigadier General Temple, Joan and Allan Lindsay, Sir Oliver and Lady Frederika Parrish, Abby Stirling, Vicki Wilde and Doctor Byrd—though the last, K thought, was almost too nice-looking for his own, or anybody else's, good.

And then, after Dion had left the party early because of his duties as second secretary at the British embassy, after Abby Stirling and Vicki Wilde and Doctor Byrd had left, after K had taken Tess home to the apartment she shared with her younger sister, Fay, and he had returned to his hotel, there came that call on the telephone:

"It's Tess, K; come back to the house, and bring the black bag with you!"

The "black bag" contains K's crime-solving equipment—not, K says, very important or necessary.

"I'll make a bargain with you," he'd said, laughing, to Tess earlier that evening. "The next time you find a really good murder I'll leave the black bag home, and still find you the murderer, if you let me have just one party—a nice, lively party such as this, with all the friends of the corpse present."

And here was the call! At Tess' apartment K finds Fay sprawled across a love seat, dead, an empty bottle that had contained hyoscine hydrobromide at her side, an overturned glass on the floor, and a note that indicates that Fay has committed suicide. Tess, however, insists that Fay has been murdered, and that K make good his boast.

Fay, it develops, has been in the employ of a blackmailing columnist called "X," and Tess feels that it is Fay's activities in this direction that have resulted in her murder.

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY SPRETER



The Crooked Lane

BY FRANCES NOYES HART

IV

THE knob turned smoothly and easily under his hand—too easily, thought Karl Sheridan, lingering for a moment at the head of the steps that led up in a shallow curve to the gleaming, expansive façade of the Stuart house.

May in Washington. . . . He had forgotten how enchanted it was—how sweet the honeyed incense that the early locusts lifted gratefully to the faint, starry blue above them. He glanced reluctantly at his wrist watch. Eleven o'clock.

Never in his life had he desired anything so profoundly as the sight of the tall girl waiting for him somewhere behind that classic and ambiguous façade, up three flights of marble steps—but something within him, deeper even than that desire, clung obstinately and apprehensively to the freedom and clear-scented peace of the night that hung about him like a charm. So much more than a girl waited for him at the head of that curving stairway. . . . He set his teeth, straightened his shoulders, and felt the great door swing insidiously inward.

Inside it was dark, but this time he knew just how many steps lay between the door and the stairway. He crossed the space, silent and alert, and in a moment felt the smooth, cold length of the stair rail uncoiling slowly under his taut fingers.

On the fourth-story landing the little light that he had extinguished the night before was burning, clear and impersonal, but all three doors were fast closed. The Do Not Disturb sign that had swung from the knob of the central one had disappeared, and so had the grave and shining

young goddess who had so valiantly stood guardian before it. . . .

He lifted his hand and rapped once, lightly, on the sitting-room door. And immediately, as though it were responding to an incantation in a fairy tale, it swung noiselessly open and once again he was standing before her.

So she really looked like that, did she? That pearly whiteness; the hair, pale and shining as candle flame; the clear, wide-spaced eyes, hardly more deeply tinted than moonstones under the feathery sweep of her lashes—and the faint rose of the brave, generously curved young mouth, that had foresworn its lacquer-red sophistication as her sole concession to the mourning that she should be wearing for the lost Fay. Because, obviously, Tess Stuart was wearing neither her heart nor a crape band on her sleeve.

The shining tea gown of silvered chiffon that floated back from her bare shoulders and that curled and broke in waves about her bare narrow feet in their braided silver sandals looked as though a bride or an angel might have worn it, but never a mourner. The ruby was still gone from her finger, but through the knot of freesias that she wore where the silver ribbons crossed her breast she had thrust a spray of emerald leaves frosted with diamonds.

She came toward him, both hands held out, but not until they were safe in his did she lift to him her lovely undefeated smile.

"K—oh, this is better! I'm so glad you're here."

"And I, Tess, am more glad than I can say that you, too, are here," he told her. "You look rested. The day was not too hard then?"

"Hard enough." She released her long, cool hands gently, her eyes still on his. "But now it's behind me, and that makes me rested. Sit down here and wait just a minute. I have some things for you."

The love seats that had flanked the old nursery fireplace with its tiles that sang of nursery rhymes in water blue and apple green were gone, and a long, deep sofa of creamy satin had taken their place. Tess made a motion toward it, and Sheridan seated himself obediently in the far corner.

The little boy perched on the stile stared back at him with round eyes of forget-me-not blue, guileless and inscrutable.

And after that, where?

Straight down the crooked lane

And all round the square.

How long, how long it seemed since he had knelt on that hearth, turning an empty glass in his hands, and hearing the dancing words jingling through some empty corner of his brain not yet flooded by murder and horror, and lanes that led only deeper into darkness!

Straight down the crooked lane—but by what compass would the luckless traveler move? Was there more than innocence in those round eyes? . . . All round the square. . . . Would he find the three corners of that square at Abby Stirling's, at Joan Lindsay's, at the Happy Landings Club? Had he already found the fourth at Cara Temple's? He had the strangest, the most penetrating conviction that there, all unknowing, all unaware of what lay ahead, he had for a moment held all the threads of Fay Stuart's death in his idle fingers—above all, that scarlet



"SURPRISE! SURPRISE!" SHOUTED DOCTOR BYRD, THE PLEASED CENTER OF AN ENCHANTED UPROAR. "LOOK AT SANTA CLAUS!"

thread that would have led him straight and sure down this tortuous lane. And now it was lost.

Tess's voice said at his side, "Here they are; I found them in the cushions after—afterward. It's the book that she was reading—she must have hidden it—and the backgammon markers. Oh, and here's the note that was on the table. It all happened just the way you thought it would, K. They—the two officers who came with the coroner—let me have it without any trouble. They didn't raise any question at all about its being suicide. Will the note really help, do you think?" She thrust the little packet into his hands, her eyes lifted to his, eager and trustful.

"It will help a great deal—though already, I think, I know just what it has to tell us. This is the actual book that she was reading, then? Now why did she hide it?"

He glanced down at the flimsy yellow-paper covers, the ugly gray-pulp pages, and the line between his slate-gray eyes contracted sharply. He had seen it before. An admirably written little book—an incredibly filthy little book. Distinctly a little book to be hidden behind cushions. . . . He ruffled through the pages, casual and contemptuous—and came to an abrupt halt. Halfway through, a note lay caught in the pages.

He picked it up, staring down at it curiously. Blue-gray paper, thick and exactly right. Miss Faith Stuart, 2213 Massachusetts Avenue, Washington, D. C., very black and concentrated, with small, severely distinguished Greek E's—Washington, D. C., May 27, 10 A. M., clear and sharp-cut in the discreet post-office circle. A scarlet stamp like a flag in the right-hand corner.

"Red?" he asked absently. "I thought that now your stamps were violet."

"But it's sent from Washington to Washington." She drew an explanatory finger under the address. "Local stamps are still red. The hardest thing that I have to remember, K, is that you don't really belong here —"

"No," he said quietly. "That is hard for me to remember, too. . . . Saturday, May twenty-seventh. Today is Sunday. . . . Have you any idea from whom this note comes, Tess?"

"Oh, more than an idea. It's from Dion."

"Mallory? I see. You have read it?"

"I didn't have to read it. I'm perfectly familiar with his handwriting."

"Yes—naturally. You did not read it, then?"

"Of course not. Why should I read it? It's addressed to Fay."

"Still," he said quietly, "it was addressed to her on the day that she died. Will you read it now?"

Tess, looking at him with the cool and disdainful amazement of the princess in the fairy tale confronted with toads instead of princes, said clearly:

"I shouldn't dream of reading it. I don't read other people's letters."

"You leave that to the unworthy police?" He smiled, ironic and imperturbable. "You will permit me, then? That highly regrettable ruling passion —" He did not wait for her permission; the deft brown fingers were already at work, the sleek, dark head bent above its capture in as deep absorption as though the frozen princess were not there. After a moment he put it down, transferring the level concentration of his glance to the quiet girl, deep in the cushions at the other end of the sofa. "It seems, unfortunately, of no importance whatever. Just a few lines to tell her that he had the tickets for some race next Tuesday."

He flipped the note back to its first page, and read it through, his voice deliberately cool and impersonal.

Fay ashore: This will greet you on your return Monday. I have the race tickets for Tuesday—and very nice ones they are, too. The Chevalliers are coming with us, and it sounds like a grand party. What a rotten shame that you can't make the Temples' dance tonight! I hope that the Warrenton excursion will prove successful enough to compensate for its loss. But you will surely be with us at the Lindseys' on Monday night, won't you? Though that seems very far away! I kiss your hand, mademoiselle.

May 27th, 10 A. M.

DION.

He returned it slowly to its envelope, and sat balancing it thoughtfully in his hand.

"Saturday, ten A. M. Now why, I wonder, did he not send it to Warrenton? Evidently she was waiting to hear about the tickets."

TESS, smoothing out a piece of paper on her knee, said absently, "There's no delivery that would have reached her at the Tappans' before Monday. And it doesn't sound particularly important, do you think?"

"Possibly not. . . . No special delivery either?"

"No. You evidently don't know the lack of resources of our country towns, K!"

"Then why not have it delivered here by hand?"

"I haven't the faintest idea. Possibly he was busy. Why don't you ask him?"

"That, too, is an idea. I am looking forward to finally catching up with him at the Stirlings'. So far we have played in bad luck, though he did manage to catch me on the phone at the hotel. I sent my bags over to the house, and we are to return together after the party tonight. You have seen him?"

"Just for a moment. He didn't get into Washington till almost four, and then he came straight over here to find out whether I could tell him how to get in touch with you. He hadn't heard anything about Fay, and when the butler told him, it was naturally a ghastly shock. He came straight up here to me to find out whether there was anything that he could do. But there wasn't. I'd already cabled dad, and Doctor Dole was here, tending to all the arrangements. The funeral is to be Tuesday, and dad can't get here for at least ten days. So I sent Dion home."

"Mallory knew Fay well?"

"He knew her better than anyone else in the world, I think. Better, I know, than I ever did. Last winter there were all kinds of rumors that they were engaged."

"And were they?"

"I doubt it. I was off on that South Seas cruise, and I hadn't even known Dion particularly well until this spring; but when I came back, everyone told me that they had been seeing each other constantly."

"Still, that hardly constitutes an engagement, should you think?"

"Hardly. And of course Jerry Hardy has been desperately in love with Fay for two years, and that made everything wretchedly complicated. Dion really loves Jerry."

"Jerry? Oh, yes, that is the housemate whose place I am taking, is it not? . . . Do you know, I should not have called this the note of one deeply enamored."

"No—it isn't, is it? But perhaps he suspected our diligent and devoted servants. I've had a few quite deeply enamored notes steamed open, and nicely glued back again."

"Do you expect me to believe, Tess, that it was Fay that Dion was interested in, not you? That all that I saw and heard last night was pure mirage and delusion?"

"I don't expect you to believe anything. You seem to have attained an almost professional degree of incredulity."

KARL SHERIDAN said with great distinctness, "On the contrary. I am only too anxious to believe what, for some reason, you are only too anxious to tell me. . . . These are the backgammon markers, you say?"

"Yes; they're a special kind that I have made for presents. A little Frenchman in New York does them for me, out of all kinds of semiprecious stones, and I've given away quite a lot of them."

K twisted off the round leather top of the case with its delicate golden traceries, and sat surveying its contents critically.

"They are quite charming—the recipients must be grateful. Half malachite and half lapis lazuli, are they not? And are all the sets of that same combination?"

"Oh, no—they're all kinds of combinations. Gray agate and rose quartz—onyx and coral—amethyst and crystal—white jade and turquoise—half a dozen others. I gave away eight or ten at Christmas. Freddy Parrish has a set, and Joan Lindsay, and Dion, and Jerry Hardy, and Vicki, and Cara Temple, and probably some others that I've forgotten about. I could check them up if you want me to."

"No, no—that's quite unnecessary. . . . You did not find any pencil that might have been used to write this note?"

"No, and we looked everywhere; I'm sure that it isn't in any of these rooms. I always use a fountain pen, and except for a very hard-leaded little one in the telephone pad by Fay's bed, neither the maids nor I could find a single one. She had a lovely little platinum thing that she used to carry in her bag, but she lost it a week or so ago at the races. She loses every mortal thing that she possesses; the insurance people simply refused to renew her policy this year."

"She was unusually careless, then?"

"She was incredibly careless."

"Yes; I can believe that. She must have been, I think, incredibly reckless, as well. . . . Well, then, so much for our pencil and so much for the note. It is quite clear that it was not written here—and it is entirely possible that, as you suspected, it was not written to you." He slipped the tiny page with its velvet-black printing into the envelope of Dion Mallory's note, and put it into his own pocket, with an inquiring lift of his brows in Tess' direction. "You permit me? And may I borrow these markers for a day or so? It is not at all likely that the case will yield anything whatever in the way of prints, but I do not like to overlook the remotest possibility."

IS THAT why you want Dion's note? You can take any earthly thing that you want, of course. Would you care for the French novel too?"

"Thanks, no. Mallory's envelope protects the writing on that little piece of paper; I don't wish it either blurred or crumpled." Through the half-open door that led to Fay's room the silver chime of her clock rang sharply, once, and he glanced up quickly. "Eleven-thirty already! How late is it possible for me to make an appearance at this party, Tess?"

"Oh, as late as you please. No matter how late you are, you'll be in time for breakfast. It's that kind of party. It's in full swing now, of course; and if you've learned everything here that I can help about, you'll probably find it a great deal more amusing at Abby's. Don't think that you have to bother about me, my dear. I'm perfectly all right now, and I do realize that I'm not a particularly envying companion."

She gave him a small, unhappy smile, and he sat quite still for a moment, trying to decide what it was that the desperate child behind the gray eyes was calling to him. . . . Was she begging him to go or to stay? . . . Well, for a little while, until the

(Continued on Page 138)



DECORATIONS BY MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY

*This Gay Little House is
Very Blue . . .* BY MRS. HOWARD LINN

BUT you will never be blue in it if, as I suspect, this color, so dear to the heart of woman, is your favorite too! You have heard that blue absorbs light and therefore spells gloom. Don't believe it! It is splashed all over these rooms with a gay success whose secret lies in the colors combined with it; and how; and where.

The prevailing use of one basic color increases the feeling of space; provided that for warmth, and to eschew monotony, you play variations on the theme which is the foundation of your symphony.

In the living room one wants space and dignity for the gatherings it will be a background for. Have you ever noticed how people furnish a room? Rooms are too often planned as stage settings—to look well when empty—and when filled with people suddenly look crowded and cluttered. Here there is little furniture, but that little is fine, and plays just the right tunes on our basic keynote of blue.

The first problem was the north exposure. To avoid dark corners each wall is painted a slightly different shade of sky blue—the darkest one made enough lighter to equalize the lightest one. And so on around all four walls.

The north exposure is again the reason for eliminating overdrapes, and introducing a sunny note of yellow in sheer net curtains. This note is repeated, in a mimosa shade, in the panel strips and lamp shades. The Louis XV sofa is covered with a paler shade of yellow in glazed chintz, which by a triumph of ingenuity on the owner's

part has achieved a gay and delicate flowered effect. She first drew the pattern, then outlined it with stitching within which she has painted all the tender shades of rose and green and blue and yellow that bloom in a bed of spring flowers.

On the other side of the room a seascape full of cobalt and turquoise, a bold combination of blues found in old Persian tiles and always spelling brilliancy, lights up the darkest wall. The side chairs are in a pin-striped satin of shaded blues; the Biedermeier coffee table of light fruit wood, the tiny Louis XVI commode of rosewood and walnut reflect the light from lamps and window in their patinaed surfaces.

Notice that nothing in this room, except the cornflower-blue carpet with its double band of white, has a dull surface, and this by design and not accident; for clever forethought has made use of every possible reflection of light, from the glaze on the walls and chintz to the shining satin chair surfaces and the polished wood of the furniture.

Dining rooms can always be filled with fantasy—and should be! First, because they are perforce stereotyped and formal; second, because one uses them for only short periods, and so will not tire of gay invention therein.

A special nook for the tête-à-tête meal, or the solitary snatch of lunch, lends charm and variety. What could rout the humdrum of everyday life more delightfully than a meal beside this cleverly faked aquarium! Its formula is simple—a frosted pane of glass behind which skillful lighting transforms an artificial spray of flowers into the most mysterious and delicate of undersea plants. Gayly colored glass fish, shells and coral branches on glass shelves add to the translucent quality of this niche, whose watery other-element look is such an enchanting surprise on a commonplace wall. If no such nook presents itself in your home, one can be quite easily devised. Merely take the door off of a closet, paint it to match the room and proceed to make your seascape as described.

What seemed a liability in a radiator pipe remorselessly climbing one wall became an asset when home-made ones were added with equal spacing, and painted

white like the baseboard, their silver striping (just chromium curtain rings) repeating the sheen of the clever contemporary metal furniture. Curtain poles painted white and decorated with chromium rings will give the same nautical effect if the steam pipes are missing.

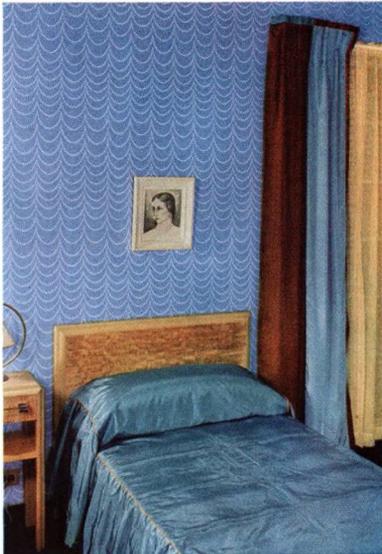
The white note is echoed in the sailcloth upholstery, the china breakfast set and the long straight-hanging curtains which border white Venetian blinds on the window across the room. The use of dark blue glasses is perfect in this periwinkle-blue room.

But the cleverest touch of all, which gives warmth and gayety, is the introduction of a color between a deep apricot and a pale pumpkin, combined with white in the twisted pattern bordering the Yale-blue rubber-tile floor, repeated with variations in two silver-framed pictures on the side walls, and again in darker tones in the copper and walnut of the furniture. It "takes the curve off" too blue an effect, just as yellow does in the living room previously described.

In the bedroom we find this same note of warmth and variety accomplished by the use of brown, white and straw color. The wall paper is of soft Wedgwood blue with a white festooned pattern like a dainty teardrop necklace. The airy effect set off and given character and style by a brown carpet and unusual curtains whose warm brown-silk halves are edged with blue, and the blue halves with brown.

The contemporary furniture is of highly polished, natural, aspen wood with clear glass fixtures. Pleated white lamp shades, rose lined, give a warm light at night, and net curtains a deeper shade than the furniture's straw tone, over white Venetian blinds, make the daylight sunnier on dark days.

So if you're planning a blue house or a blue room, think of all the colors of the outdoor world, from glistening sand beaches to exotic tropical blooms, from gay tiled roofs to spring flowers and foliage. Picture these against blue skies and blue waters, and you will realize the many ways of making merry with blue!



EDITORIALS BY



LORING A. SCHULER

• *The Swing Toward the Left* •

IN THE issues of the past seven months, Anne O'Hare McCormick has taken JOURNAL readers through most of the major countries of Europe. She has told of their experiments in government and in so-called "social justice"; she has taken you into the homes of the people and has described how they live, what they eat, where they play, how much they earn and for what they spend.

Many of the words and phrases that she used to explain their changes in thinking and in living seemed, at the beginning, to come straight from the dictionary of revolutionary radicalism. Today, as the New Deal progresses in America, those same words are becoming a part of our own vocabulary. Does it mean that the United States is following Europe in the swing toward the Left?

Many of our experiments are, of course, old ideas to them, for much of Europe has gone the whole way in state socialism. Only of Denmark did Mrs. McCormick say "life is still normal."

Both Italy and Germany have had the counterpart of NRA, but on a permanent basis and with stricter government regulation of business through limitation of profits, enforced employment, elimination of labor unions and prohibition of strikes.

Nazi Hitler anticipated our CCC by gathering up unemployed young men, putting them into uniforms and supporting them at government expense. Italy and Russia have paralleled PWA by the employment of great bodies of men on public works. England's dole cares for unemployed millions out of public funds, while ours receive a comparable aid through CWA.

England, Germany, Italy, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Russia and the Scandinavian countries have all engaged in slum clearance and government housing on a mammoth scale; we are just approaching that. And every nation Mrs. McCormick visited has social insurance, to provide variously for unemployment, illness, old age, disability and maternity, with costs divided in different ways between employers, employees and the government itself—the dream of social workers here, too, but only just beginning in the United States.

Everywhere, however, in her investigation of European standards of living in comparison with our own, Mrs. McCormick found smaller incomes paying higher taxes, fewer comforts and conveniences in living, less variety in food, less attention to dress, fewer motor cars. Luxuries have been largely eliminated as the leveling-off process of high taxation puts more and more people in the same scale of living.

The New Deal seems to plan a similar leveling off, a similar "social justice" for America—but surely, with the experiences of these other nations laid out before us, our own experiments may and should be guided into ways of greater safety and security for the future.

• *Keeping the Schools Open* •

IN MANY communities there are magnificent school buildings that today must be looked upon as costly monuments to teachers who have lost their jobs. In the face of reduced municipal income and delinquent taxes, instruction has had to go by the board, because those communities can no longer afford to pay both the teachers of their children and the interest on their debts.

The town of Riverton, New Jersey, was wiser than these. It has needed a new grade school, but three years ago, when the authorities proposed to erect a building at a cost of \$300,000, the voters turned it down, and, rising in their might to keep their tax rate within bounds, organized what has now become known as the Riverton Town Meeting—a body of active citizens acting as advisers to the town council.

But the town still needed a modern school—and the Town Meeting has found a way to provide it, at a cost that the community can afford to pay without sacrificing either teachers or pupils. Instead of a new building, it is planned that the old school shall be completely re-modeled, made fireproof, equipped with classrooms for manual training and home economics, with a gymnasium and public auditorium, and all with provision for 25 per cent growth in the future. At a cost not of \$300,000, but of \$85,000, of which the Federal Government, through PWA, will give part and lend more.

Salaries of teachers in Riverton have been reduced, but the number of teachers has not been reduced, nor have the days of instruction. A reasonable economy has kept the school open.

While we are on the subject of schools, here is another story, especially for those communities with unpaid teachers and delinquent

taxpayers. Yonkers, New York, was in that unfortunate dilemma—teachers without pay checks for three months; thousands of dollars in taxes uncollected. It was proposed that they be matched one against the other—if a teacher could bring to city hall a delinquent taxpayer with his check, she should have her pay out of that collection. Women of the Parent-Teachers Association immediately enlisted to help; the plan is in operation, and the teachers are gradually being paid.

It is, of course, hardly fair to ask school-teachers to take on a side line of tax collecting, but it is even more unfair to ask them to work without pay. As an emergency expedient, the Parent-Teachers of other cities might try the Yonkers plan.

• *An Anchor to Windward* •

IN THE years of the depression, almost everyone has had personal acquaintanceship with families that have been kept off the charity rolls by life insurance. The first crash in Wall Street might have swept away all investments; unemployment might have made it impossible to keep the home from foreclosure; bank failures might have taken savings accounts—but the insurance was safe. It still is.

Life-insurance solicitors used to reckon wives as their greatest obstacle. Conscientious husbands, realizing that the little savings or investments they could make out of income would not possibly support their families, often had to buy insurance surreptitiously, because their wives could think of so many other ways of spending the money. Fortunately, most women have a far better appreciation today.

For one thing, the big life-insurance companies have demonstrated their ability to weather the storm. Only seventeen companies out of three hundred have failed during the depression, and these represented only about 2 per cent of the legal reserve insurance in force. Even these will in most cases pay their death claims, and only in loan and surrender values have they failed their policyholders.

For another thing, life insurance as it is sold today is not confined to death benefits. Even the buyer has a chance to win—through the payment of annuities in old age, or through income in case of total disability. In fact, a man looking to the future of his family or of himself, or a business woman with dependents or with a thought for her own old age, may buy life insurance to cover almost any contingency and at the widest possible range of rates. Five times annual income is a rough and ready way of figuring the total amount of insurance that the head of a family should carry.

So far as the safety of the big life-insurance companies is concerned, their record during four years of depression indicates that they will stand up as long as the Government itself shall continue to stand.

Right now, the insurance companies are emphasizing "financial independence." It is a time for every family to look to its future and to be sure that it has the life-insurance protection that will let both husband and wife feel secure. There is today no more safe investment.

• *Giving to the Church* •

THERE are people who refuse to support the church on the grounds that it has outlived its usefulness. Are they right? Leaving aside the religious inheritance of which the church is custodian, or the good which has been accomplished by generations of church people before us, it is only fair that we should ask ourselves the following questions before agreeing with them:

Who set the standards of high moral idealism in your community? The church people.

To whom do you first turn for help in philanthropic projects? To the church people, who are responsible for the bulk of support.

To whom would you turn if you had made a failure of living, and the things that you had cherished had turned to dust? To some churchman who had discovered the finer values of life.

To whom would you turn for help in sorrow? To some churchman who had corrected his own sorrow by a faith in the loving care of God.

Would you like to live in a community that did not have the radiance of such people?

Does not the institution that has inspired them merit your support?

THE CHALLENGE OF THE NEW FRONTIER

ALL over the world there are wars and rumors of wars. Problems of economic and political importance are being fought on battlefields and discussed at round tables.

In Washington, national and international questions affecting this generation and many generations to follow are arising almost hourly. And at state capitols throughout the nation weighty questions are coming up for consideration and decision.

In all such events, international, national and Federal, not more than a few individuals may take an active part. Statesmanship, diplomacy, generalship are for trained minds which the people must choose with hope and follow in faith. *But to every man and to every woman there exists in his or her community an opportunity to make that town a better place to which to live.*

The LADIES' HOME JOURNAL believes that there is no more vital problem facing America today than that of *community betterment*. That now is the time when true community spirit must be made manifest practically. And that the job of making every community in the land afford safety to children, opportunity to youth, security to age, is up to the men and women who comprise it.

The JOURNAL believes that these ideals can best be realized not by individual leadership but by *organized effort*. By men and women working together for the building and betterment of their home town just as they did in the days of the old frontier.

For today the TOWN, not the border, is the real Frontier.

In the old days, when claims were staked and tents set up, there was only a brief period of housing activity when the question of city government arose. Political parties almost immediately sprang into being. And leaders came to the fore, went down and rose again.

Then taxes, municipal laws, regulations were vital subjects. And the men were not the only ones who knew what was happening. Even though equal suffrage was but a distant hope, women took an active part in the township affairs in those days.

The working out of adequate city governments with fair taxes is still incomplete, and American communities now find themselves on the verge of a new epoch in the affairs, with little tradition and history to guide them along the strange new paths they are walking. Now, as in the days of the settlers, practical judgment, clear-visioned thinking and integrity are necessary.

After the establishment of the township came the problem of the

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL COMMUNITY AWARD

\$1000

THE TERMS OF THE CONTEST

The Ladies' Home Journal is offering an award of \$1000 to the organization which during 1933 began and completed a project which accomplished the greatest service to a community.

Any kind of civic project, whether it raises the cultural or citizenship standards, or borders upon social service or philanthropy, may be entered in competition for the award.

Manuscripts setting forth the specific objective and the plan as it progressed step by step, submitted in competition for the award, must be in the offices of the Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, before 4:00 P. M., Eastern Standard Time, June 1, 1934. They should be addressed to

THE COMMUNITY AWARD EDITOR
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

The manuscripts will be submitted on June 15 to a committee of judges consisting of the following:

Grace Morrison Poole, *President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs.*
Geline MacDonald Bowman, *President of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs.*
Minnie Bradford, *President of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers.*
E. A. Hayes, *National Commander, American Legion.*
John A. Lang, *President of the National Student Federation.*

The announcement of the award will be made in the October issue of the Ladies' Home Journal.

In case of a tie, duplicate awards will be given.

ELIGIBILITY

Any organization in the United States whose active membership consists of women, or of men and women, is eligible to submit a manuscript describing a project (such as falls within the terms of the second paragraph above) in competition for the award.

ENTRY REQUIREMENTS

Manuscripts must not exceed 750 words in length. They should be typewritten, double-spaced, on one side of the paper only.

Every manuscript should contain the following information:

1. The object of the project and whether it was achieved.
2. Number of members in the organization and whether all or a group took part in the project.
3. A history of the project, when, why and how it was originated, and when completed.
4. The manner in which the project was organized, the number of committees, names and functions of committees, and so on, which were necessary to carry it through.
5. The amount of money expended and how it was raised. Although this sum or manner of securing it will not be a factor in the decision of the judges, it will serve as a background to indicate the pretentiousness of the project.
6. An estimate of the permanent value of the project and whether it will be continued. If so, how it will be administered; and whether it is to become a part of a larger community plan.
7. If possible the number of people who were assisted or whose lives were affected directly or indirectly by the successful carrying out of the project.

If possible, clippings of news stories, editorials and photographs should accompany the manuscript, also testimonial letters from civic authorities indicating the attitude of the public toward the project.

Every manuscript must have attached to it a letter from the mayor of the city, or some other fully constituted city authority, duly signed before a notary public, declaring that the statements made in the manuscript are true to the best of his knowledge.

Manuscripts will be copied, names and addresses will be removed and they will be designated only by number when presented to the judges. Thus the identity of the writer and the organization represented will be concealed until the announcement in the Journal.

The Ladies' Home Journal reserves the right to purchase (at the usual rates) and to publish any manuscript desired. No manuscripts will be returned.

schools. Where was the money for educational funds to be raised? How should it be spent? These same problems and difficulties are intensely alive today.

Homes, schools, churches—these were the first thoughts of the pioneers, but they soon passed on into the more complex realms of recreation and leisure. How to provide wholesome entertainment and fun for the children of the community?

And in those new communities in the days of the settlers, the houses scarcely needed paint a second time before a little group of women had gathered to study Browning. To read papers on masterpieces of art. To sing duets from operas. The cultural influences were at work!

"The poor you have always with you," it was said a very long time ago. And it was true in those new little towns, as it now is. Funds for the needy, clothes for the ragged, doctors for the sick, what to do for the underprivileged and handicapped children.

These were the problems of the pioneers. And they are duplicated in practically every community today. Schools, churches, homes, wayward youngsters, city government, recreational and cultural needs, the poor, the shiftless—and *no money*. Then, that typical American desire to know a little of the better things of life. The desire for books, art, music. Not being content with mere existence, but longing for wider visions and greater opportunity.

How did the settlers solve these problems? *Together.*

Just as the people of those other days worked together to make their community one to be proud of, so the great opportunity and the most vital need of today is *community betterment*. This was the challenge of the old border; it is also the challenge of the new frontier.

To foster an active and practical interest in organized effort for community betterment in America, the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL will award \$1000 to the organization of women, or of men and women, that has done the greatest service to a community during 1933.

It is hoped that organizations of every type will compete. Therefore a representative jury has been appointed: Mrs. Poole, leader of the largest group of organized women; Mrs. Bowman, of the Business and Professional Women; Mrs. Bradford, representing parents and teachers throughout the land; Mr. Hayes, commander of an organization of men with an active women's auxiliary; Mr. Lang, representing the students of America, who are taking an increasing interest in public affairs. It can be depended upon to give a clear understanding and worthy verdict.



1268. Berry and leaf prints are different for a dress with a frill of fine lawn or organdie. Softly fitted sleeves, slim-fitting hipline, trim belt—a dress to make you prettier! It is designed for 14 to 20 years and 34 to 42 bust.



1269

1270

1271. Here's the newest way to get the two-piece effect with one dress—via a peplum. Organdie bows on an aquamarine crêpe. It is designed for 16 to 20 years and 36 to 42 bust.

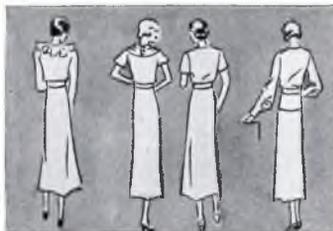


1271

**SURE TO PLEASE
IN ONE OF THESE**

1270. "I'll go where you go" should be the name of this dress—suitable for travel, daytime wear and city streets—in a Mexican-inspired print with crisp vestee and bow. It is designed for 16 to 20 years and 36 to 42 bust.

1269. Plain crêpe in the new dusty pastels makes a simple one-piece dress with drop shoulder and a softly flattering draped collar which buttons in the back. This dress is designed for 14 to 20 years and 34 to 40 bust.



CERTAINLY—SOME SORT OF SUIT

BY JULIA COBURN



Dress and jacket suit of navy wool with shoestring lacings and white pique

SPEND a day in the "market" with me, a day still in midwinter but with the market in full bloom for spring. For that day the buyers from your stores were getting their first glimpse of the new, and placing orders for what you will be wearing for Easter. The "market" in this case is Seventh Avenue in New York, a few blocks between Thirty-fifth and Fortieth streets, where the ready-to-wear business centers. We're going to go from one showroom to another, in search of suits to sketch for this page.

Our artist is along, with her sketch pencil all poised whenever we decide. Oh, let's take that blue suit with white pique. Everyone loves navy and white in the spring. Isn't it cute the way they have used shoestrings as fastenings? Let's tell the artist to draw the top of the dress, to show that this is a dress-and-jacket suit, and the clever way the pique goes on.

Of course we want a swagger suit. Why not this green-tweed one, with its grand tailored blouse of yellow crepe? What a joy to travel in, or motor in, or go to business in!

But we must have a print dress. Let's have that very unusual one in shades of red, with three-quarter-fitted jacket in brown wool. A grand ensemble—each part versatile enough to wear with other things.

Now for a jacket suit, with blouse and skirt. Not too tailored. They are casual rather than severe this year, so we'll decide on the brown wool crepe, with brown-and-white-print double-breasted overblouse, and bow-tied scarf of the print. Brown will be such a popular color this spring.

Of course, there are dozens and hundreds of other perfectly grand suits—we chose these four just to give some idea of the different types. For I feel that every woman will be tempted to have a suit of some sort, this spring.

We mustn't forget about hats. You see, the editor gave me the privilege of choosing the hats for Roy Spreter to paint on the cover. Let's run over to Mr. Spreter's studio and see how it's coming along. We can leave the artist here to finish sketching the suits. Oh—isn't that a lovely cover? And isn't it grand that Easter still means gay new hats?

But we're not through, for the editor told me I could let hats romp all over the Table of Contents page. So now we'll take a tour of the creators, on Fifth Avenue and Madison Avenue, to choose the hats. A big straw, of course. It's fun to rush the summer season by looking at them. A Breton sailor too. The youngest, perkier, jauntiest hat you can imagine. We must have that "cowboy" hat of felt. A little extreme perhaps. But marvelous on the right person. And a little off-the-face one, but with an irregular brim line, so it's not too hard to wear. And a couple with good normal brims, for good normal people who aren't ready to have their brims go up and out. Now you'll want to look at the Table of Contents page again, and decide just which one of these hats you would select for yourself.

Now isn't fashion shopping fun? "Yes," you will say to me, "easy enough to select things to picture in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, but not so easy to plan my own spring and summer wardrobe, and buy to that plan."

I agree with you. It's not easy, even if pennies are plentiful. All I can say is, a good plan is always behind a good wardrobe. If you want help in making your plan, be sure and write to me, and get some personal suggestions.



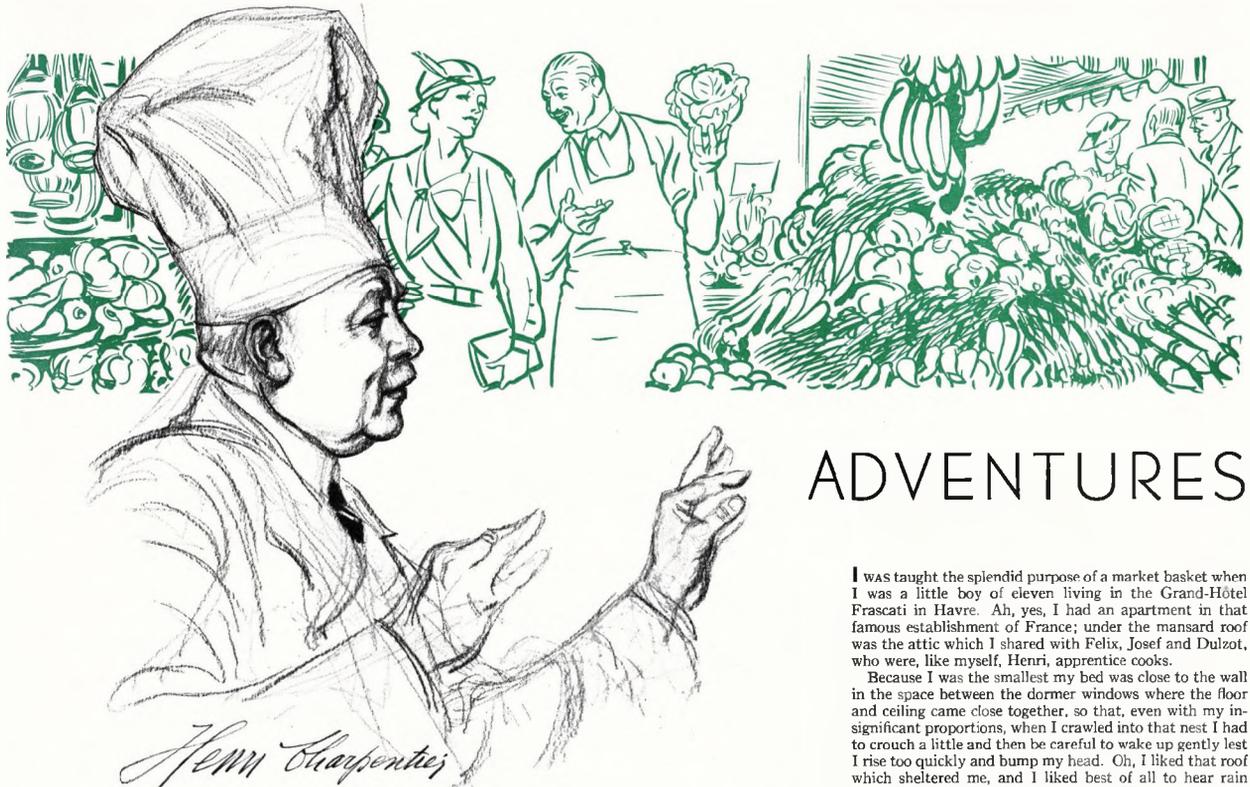
Light weight green tweed swagger suit with tailored crepe blouse



Printed dress in shades of red—fitted coat of brown light-weight wool.



Brown wool crepe suit—printed blouse & scarf



Henri Caspenter

ADVENTURES

SOME OF THE TESTS USED BY A FRENCH CHEF IN BUYING FRESH FRUITS, VEGETABLES, MEATS

APPLES—Split the stem. If it is soft and sappy, it is a fresh apple, probably tree-ripened.

PEACHES—Take those which are fragrant. Peaches with beautiful skins and no odor are usually tasteless.

GRAPEFRUIT—Those with unblemished, thin skins are most desirable. If there are black spots where the fruit was attached to the stem, beware.

ORANGES—Test for fragrance by scratching skin with finger nail. As a general rule unblemished, brilliant skins are indications of ripeness and consequently of flavor.

MELONS—Open and taste. There is no other way to be sure of the quality of this variable fruit. Fragrance is a fairly sound test, however.

COFFEE—The crack in the bean should be almost invisible. If widely spread, the flavor and aroma will be diminished.

STRING BEANS—Fresh string beans have solid stems. Avoid those of anemic pallor.

OYSTER PLANTS—Should snap crisply. If it bends before breaking, the plant is fibrous.

CARROTS—Should be firm and the tender green portion near the leaves cover only a narrow margin. If the green has spread, the vegetable is overgrown and probably tough.

CABBAGE—Young and tender cabbage has closely packed leaves and only slight odor. Watch out for splits. They indicate worms at the center.

SWEET POTATOES—Select those with smooth skins. If there are little rootlets attached, the sweet potato will be fibrous and unpalatable.

BROCCOLI—Take that which has short, crisp stems.

TURNIPS—Test with finger nail. If incision does not fill with liquid, the turnip will be stringy.

CHESTNUTS—Fresh, raw chestnuts suitable for cooking wear tight skins. If the skins can be rubbed off easily the chestnuts are probably stale.

SPINACH—Select straight leaves of deep green hue. Curved leaves mean overgrowth.

RADISHES—The center leaves should be small and the flesh crisp.

LETTUCE—Should be firm and crisp. If it has been plunged in water to revive it, the inside will be soft.

PARSLEY—If fresh it will be fragrant.

MUSHROOMS—Raise the skin. The flesh should be white. If it is dark, the mushroom is spoiled.

WATER CRESS—Leaves should be brittle and so brilliantly green they appear varnished.

PEAS—Press finger nail into pod. If sap does not appear in the wound, the peas are not fresh.

EGGPLANT—The stem and segments should be firmly attached to the skin; the pulp and seeds white. If the segments have begun to detach themselves, the plant has started to spoil and the inside will be spotted with black.

TOMATOES—If vine-ripened, the tempting odor can be detected at arm's length.

CAULIFLOWER—Flesh should be tightly packed and white. When it has spread, another and unsavory growth has begun.

ASPARAGUS—Stem should be smooth near the cut and pink-white in color. The top should be tightly folded. If leaves have already formed, the asparagus has lost much of its savor.

ARTICHOKES—Slice off the blackened end of the stem. If the cut shows white and moist, they are fresh.

CHICKEN—A young and tender chicken is soft to the touch at the breast bone and second leg joint. Contrariwise, if those places feel tough the chicken is old.

PORK—Meat should be very white, with plenty of fat.

BEEF—Beef should be streaked with fat.

LAMB—Look for meat of a delicate pinkness. Lamb that is red in color is of poor quality.

FISH—Eyes should be brilliant and tongue moist. The fish should be very slippery, not sticky.

OYSTERS, CLAMS—Rap the shells together. If they sound like stones the inhabitants are alive and edible.

CRABS—A live crab is a good crab.

MUSSELS—Select the heavy ones.

I was taught the splendid purpose of a market basket when I was a little boy of eleven living in the Grand-Hôtel Frascati in Havre. Ah, yes, I had an apartment in that famous establishment of France; under the mansard roof was the attic which I shared with Felix, Josef and Dulzot, who were, like myself, Henri, apprentice cooks.

Because I was the smallest my bed was close to the wall in the space between the dormer windows where the floor and ceiling came close together, so that, even with my insignificant proportions, when I crawled into that nest I had to crouch a little and then be careful to wake up gently lest I rise too quickly and bump my head. Oh, I liked that roof which sheltered me, and I liked best of all to hear rain drumming on its metal close to my ears. Yet every morning before dawn I had to leave that languorous retreat to attend the chef on his shopping tour of the Place du Marché.

The chef was a person of regal authority, magnificent physique and infinite skill. He was one who had mastered his art under the tutelage of the incomparable Escoffier, and for me, Henri, he had a vast affection and a tremendous ambition. He was Jean Camous, my foster brother, and he was training me to become a *restaurateur*.

Every day I sacrificed many desirable moments of sleep, because I dared not let it occur that my foster brother should be first at the rendezvous, the employees' entrance of the Grand Frascati. His apartment was in the annex within the court, but he had cautioned me solemnly, "When you learn your craft you wait for the boss; don't expect him to wait for you." He loved me, but with his big hand he could cuff like a bear, so I was always first to stand there in the early morning shadows as it became five o'clock.

I would be shivering a little at the knees because of the thinness of the blue-and-white-checked cotton fabric of my cook's pants. My arm would be thrust beneath the fat handle of my wicker basket, of a type which we called a *panier*. On each of the four corners there was an eyelet of metal, and the flat wicker lid was slotted to accept those. When the lid was in place it was bolted securely by two wands which extended the length of the basket and passed, at their ends, through the eyelets. This fastening was important because, as you shall see, this market basket, when we returned, would be a chef's treasure chest.

THE SYMBOL OF FRENCH SUCCESS

In France the market basket is an object of the utmost significance. If it is true that England's battles have been won on her cricket fields, then it is not to be questioned that the greatness of France has been nourished from her market baskets. Not all Englishmen play cricket, but with the exception of farmers every French family has as its protective charm a market basket. If I were to design a new flag for France, I think I would simply impose upon the tricolor the market basket as a noble emblem of the device by which every family exercises economies, accumulates property and, above all else, makes of the dinner table a happily anticipated gathering place.

But Jean Camous was not buying for one family; he was buying for one of the best hotels in Europe, one with a restaurant catering to blase, luxury-loving clients, to *gourmets*. Besides my basket, the other part of our equipment was the handful of gold and silver coins in the pocket of Camous. He would take to market each day the equivalent of a hundred and fifty dollars, and before our return



WITH A MARKET BASKET . . . BY HENRI CHARPENTIER

to the hotel he would have spent most of it. Later in the day the small family marketers would come shopping in search of bargains, but we were in search of quality, along with other buyers for the good hotels and the homes of the very rich, and therefore we went early; so early that some of the market carts were still in motion as we approached the Place du Marché.

This was Normandy, remember, and so those cart horses were huge Percherons with feet big enough to support an elephant. What lovely animals! Each one was the pet of the family for which it worked. Some were brown and some were black, but all were handsome with liquid eyes that saw everything, including my small self, who in turn saw that those animals were suitable for a race of giants. I knew, somehow, that I was the descendant of the panoplied knights who had fought centuries before in saddles strapped to the backs of the ancestors of those same big horses. Ah, we had a great deal in common, the market horses and the little Henri.

WHEN IT'S MARKET TIME IN NORMANDY

Every cart was shrouded beneath a hood of canvas, and at the front of those still moving I could discern the faces, always, of a man and a woman. Sometimes the faces were young and of sweethearts; sometimes they were old and of couples who had grandchildren. The women wore Normandy caps, white and stiff with starch in a design curiously suggestive of the fleur-de-lis. Their skirts were short and of heavy fabrics. The men wore blue smocks and high-crowned caps with long shiny visors.

As we entered the salad market Camous would shout, "Bon jour, and how is the young lady?" The one he addressed would be a farm woman of such an amplitude as to make her size, beyond doubt, a matter of concern even to the Percheron who drew her cart to and from the market. Romance would have retreated everywhere but from her blue eyes; she would be old, but Camous, that handsome Frenchman, he knew that no woman is ever so old or so fat she is not prepared to hear a compliment with pleasure. Compliments were nearly as important to our enterprise as gold.

"Yes," he would say, "you grow more tempting —" But then, suddenly, he would become interested in a particular one among the heads of lettuce arranged along the market bench like soldiers on parade. "Um, your heads are not nice today, madame."

"Oh, M'sieur Camous! That is blasphemy!"

"Not blasphemy, but the truth. See this one!" He would lift up that one he had been regarding. Invariably it would be the least desirable head of lettuce in the entire display. "See how its center is yellow and cut by a worm. A worm, madame! Can I, Camous, offer that one to Baron Rothschild when he comes to the Grand Frascati for dinner? Or to Madame Bernhardt when she appears for luncheon? No! You can see for yourself."

But madame would not look. She would turn her head with queenly disdain so as not to profane her eyes with a sight of an imperfect product of her garden. She had, always, wonderful merchandise; but Camous had an uncanny instinct for searching out the least tempting object among her wares. He would worry over it, clucking to himself in the

manner of a disturbed rooster, until, at last, aroused, madame would undertake to refute his slander. She would select her finest head of lettuce.

"Your Rothschild, I suppose he would be offended if he were to receive a portion of this emerald for his salad?" She would extend that green head of lettuce in her two hands as if it were the head of John the Baptist and she, herself, were Salome. Against such sarcasm Camous would appear to wilt.

"That one is very beautiful," he would concede, whereupon madame would select and offer another fit to be its mate; but if she flagged the least little bit in the search for the best of her wares, Camous would search out another with imperfections with which to renew her energies. This would continue until he had all the best of her stock, after which we would proceed to another stall.

Again we would begin with compliments and then discover the heads with the imperfections. But this time, probably, the imperfections would be of a serious nature. For example:

"This head, madame, it is soft inside, gelatinous, slippery. How is that?"

"Oh, M'sieur Camous, I think you have wizard fingers because always you pick up the wrong heads."

"Little lady, you plunged your lettuce into water before coming to market."

"Oh, no. Why, that would be monstrous!"

"As if I did not know! Perhaps you had bad luck yesterday and did not sell them. But please, for Camous, always have salad severed from its stalks no more than ten or twelve hours before. Today I cannot buy your salad, in spite of my high regard for you and my almost indiscreet admiration. No, madame!"

"You make me feel very badly!"

"I am desolated, madame, but today—no heads from you. Although your camouflage is unworthy of you and of your fine farm, I will buy all your lettuce, not for salad to be served with dressing but to be cooked as a vegetable. Naturally the price will have to be adjusted. You agree?" What he bought was then sent to the hotel packed in flat baskets, called *corbeille*.

Do not get the idea that Camous was taking advantage of that farm lady. Oh, no, indeed. It was too important for him to keep her good will and the good will of all the people who brought farm produce to market. But, on the other hand, he dared not allow one of them to take advantage of him. It was after such a transaction that he said to me:

"I spread this business because it is my duty to do so. I buy lettuce from one; dandelions from another; escarole from another; and so on with endive, romaine and other salads. It would be easier to buy from one; it would be nice to buy from friends only, but my duty is to have the best for the hotel and the people we serve."

Naturally, he did not have to tell me that it is camouflage and therefore improper when vegetables and salad greens are displayed dripping wet. I knew that as any country boy knows it. The poor plants revive a little in their bath, but they have ceased to be fresh garden produce. Such things should never be placed in water the first day after they leave the garden. After two or three days it may be necessary in order to give them an appearance of freshness, but what is gained for the eye is lost to the palate. That is easily tested with parsley; it will absorb water like a sponge, but it will lose its aroma.

All green things lose some of their flavor when they are rejuvenated with water. The water, naturally, dilutes the flavor. Is this not simple, common sense?

The memory of man is a wonderful thing! I cannot smell in memory, but how plainly I can hear and see vanished things! An actual odor of wild water cress or of a ripe tomato from my own garden is sufficient to make a broken vision of that old market place in Havre come alive. Then it is as though I watched through a tattered curtain in a theater. I see again the vivid complexions of peaches, the tight spheres of cabbages, the vermilion of tomatoes. I see the wide haunch of a seated market woman and the shaggy dog that sleeps beside her stool. I see the intelligent, caloused hands of a farmer. I hear plainly, too:

the voices, the laughter, the scrape of baskets along the stones; and all those sounds, all movement, are adjusted to a cadence which does not exist in America. It is the rhythm of clicks and taps from the wooden soles of many *sabots*, each one made snug for the foot that wears it by a nest of straw. I do believe that if I could contrive to smell the entire harmony of odors of that market place, my vision would be a complete thing. Yet that seems to be hopeless, because I do not know where to find *fraises des bois*.

No doubt wild strawberries exist in America, but who brings them to what market? And on what days? Tell me and I shall be there, early!

Fraises des bois were on the index of rarities which, when acquired, were placed tenderly in my basket. They would have come to market in a small basket, nested in grape leaves, and below each layer of these precious berries there would be a cushion of grape leaves. The woman who had found them would have only a few, perhaps a pound or a pound and a half. They would have been picked without stems, like raspberries, and they would have been picked, moreover, on the very day of their ripening.

PRIZES IN THE FOOD LOTTERY

Camous would pay at the rate of sixty or eighty cents a pound for such berries. I think, if necessary, he would have paid a dollar a pound, because at the hotel there would be avid customers willing to pay ten francs a portion for *fraises des bois* so early in the season. That was the equivalent of \$2.50 a portion, but it was not too much, I think, for the joy it brought to palate and nose. The customary way to eat them was to dip the berries in wine—any good wine—and this treatment developed their aroma so that it enveloped with envious hunger all who sat near the person who ate them. Now the point of this is that what fetched the high price was not the size of the berries, for they were small, but their flavor, their bouquet, something that bewitched your nose.

Sometimes a lady of the market would reveal to Camous that she had a few mushrooms, not domestic ones that she had cultivated, but wild ones, a gift of Nature like those *fraises des bois*. Aye, those were the prizes in the lottery of the market, the sort of chances that lured Camous and other great chefs into the open before the light of day. Some wild mushrooms were brown, some were pinkish white and others had the form of eggs. Egg mushrooms sliced and cooked with a piece of roast veal are more odorous than truffles. Right now I seem

(Continued on Page 42)



MIDNIGHT SNACKS

BY CAROLINE B. KING

THE jolliest parties are often impromptu ones; a late supper after the theater; a breakfast in the wee morning hours when much dancing has given everyone a keen appetite; a midnight snack following an evening at bridge. It's such good fun to be able to say to a select few, "Come home with us and have a bite"; and then it's equally good fun to set all your guests to work. One group will rifle the refrigerator, another will examine the pantry supplies, someone else will set the table, and in the twinkling of an eye, or perhaps two twinkles, the repast will be ready, and so will the guests.

It all sounds very simple, doesn't it? And yet the hostess must know what available supplies she has; and if she is wise and enjoys these little spur-of-the-moment affairs, she will see to it that her closet is always well equipped with the wherewithal for any kind of impromptu entertainment.

Her grocer can give her a wealth of useful information on this subject. Moreover, he will gladly offer all sorts of suggestions, even recipes, if he is asked for them. He will tell her of various new canned products; a dozen varieties of cheese, for sandwich spreads, for cookery, for serving as is, and so on; tamales; spaghetti; plain and sweet crackers, packed in tins for perfect keeping; spicy relishes; strangely attractive stuffed olives; canned milks and whipping cream that are ever-present helps; prepared flours for biscuits, others for cake—a chocolate cake which is splendid, and a very delicate date cake—and other semi-prepared products for making flour mixtures.

FROM THE CUPBOARD

Stow a few of these good things safely away in the cupboard and supplement them with a can or two of the always-popular baked beans, which can be dressed up very deliciously by merely spreading them out in a baking dish, sprinkling them with a little brown sugar and covering them with wafer-thin slices of bacon, then popping them into a hot oven to take on an appetizing crusty brown. Canned brown bread, sliced and toasted, will accompany them delightfully.

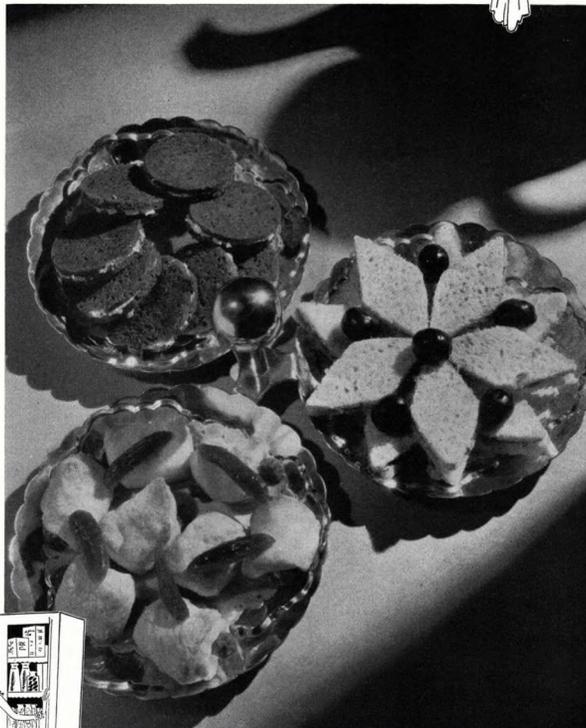
Puddings in variety there are, too, which might be made up earlier in the evening—just in case. Top these with a dab of the whipping cream and a cherry, and your fame as an impromptu entertainer is made. Some of them may be partially frozen in the refrigerator pans.

Canned soups offer endless possibilities, especially the tomato, consommé and bouillon. With them for your bases, you may

make sauces and gravies that will puzzle and delight your guests. And, of course, they may be served in the usual manner as curtain raisers to your supper. And did you know that white sauce can be made in quantity and stored in a covered jar in the refrigerator ready to be transformed with cheese, celery or tomato sauce at a moment's notice? It's quite true.

And for the beverages, coffee naturally will be on every cupboard shelf, but how about a malted cocoa beverage which is very appealing served hot or cold? And fruit juices—there are so many of these: raspberry, grape, orange, grapefruit, pineapple, lime, all of them refreshing merely served with plenty of ice or combined with ginger ale. Two or three varieties of fruit juice blended make a tempting drink with ginger ale or other carbonated beverages added, if desired. And by all means, don't overlook the colorful cherries, green or red, for garnishing your fruit beverages.

The refrigerator will usually yield its quota of good things for quickly prepared suppers: bacon, butter, eggs, cheese, milk,



PHOTOGRAPH BY W. H. HOOD STUDIO, INC.



fruit, perhaps the remains of a roast or fowl, or some cooked ham. With these alone a marvelous party can be staged, and I have said nothing at all of the usual canned-vegetable supplies, nor of the fish, canned, salted, dried, which may be at hand; but all these are rich in possibilities for preparing delicious snacks for midnight. Grilled sardines on crackers, salmon prepared in the chafing dish with a sauce of tomato soup, a corn soufflé, omelets in variety, are quite easily and quickly produced from ordinary household supplies.

There are plenty of hot dishes that may be prepared for such impromptu parties—

as rich or as dainty as you choose. The old-time Southern spoon bread is delicious served with maple sirup or scraped maple sugar and piping-hot coffee. Corned-beef hash prepared in a casserole and served with scrambled eggs over the top will intrigue your guests, particularly the men. Or eggs mollet en casserole are delicious. Remove the shell from soft-cooked eggs, place them whole in a casserole, and pour over them white sauce to which grated cheese has been added. Cover with buttered crumbs and brown in the oven. If you have oysters on hand, oyster pancakes will be just the thing.

It is easier, of course, if you know some hours ahead that you are going to have a few guests. For then you can do a little advance preparing, leaving only the fun of putting things together at the last minute. Recipes for the casserole can be prepared and turned into the casserole (except soufflés) only to be heated before serving. Gelatin dishes can be put into the refrigerator to set. Remember, if you want them to set quickly, they need to be as cold as possible, and they will set more quickly in individual dishes than in one large mold.

Sandwiches, of course, are always on the pinnacle of popularity because they offer such unlimited variety. On the copper tray illustrated are featured some that are very tasty—date and nut bread with cream cheese and marmalade filling, white bread with a piquant sandwich spread for filling, and finally, pigs in blankets made from prepared biscuit flour.

SANDWICHES TO SAVE THE NIGHT

If you feel that your own ideas for sandwich fillings are rather outworn—and who does not at times?—you will be anxious to have our new leaflet, No. 1152, SANDWICHES FOR ALL OCCASIONS. Not only for impromptu feasts is it helpful, but it ranges from the very A B C's of sandwich making to the intricacies of tiny canapés for teatime and open-faced sandwiches for party luncheons.

Others of our booklets, too, will be of invaluable aid in preparing midnight snacks. Write to our Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa., for No. 1152, SANDWICHES FOR ALL OCCASIONS; No. 1085, HOT DISHES TO DELIGHT GUESTS; No. 1029, TABLE-MADE DISHES; No. 1136, FIRST COURSES FOR FINGERS AND FORKS. They are three cents each.

BROWN

IS THE FLAVOR OF CHOCOLATE

BROWN is the flavor of juicy roast done to a turn. Brown is the flavor of butter-basted fowl and of well-baked potatoes. Brown is the flavor of chocolate—and chocolate, so Oscar of the Waldorf says, is the flavor that is irresistible to men. So if there is to be a stag party at your house, or if the Chief is being brought home to dinner, or if men are to be included among the guests at your next party, take the tip and serve something chocolate, like the luscious chocolate pudding made in the Waldorf kitchens and pictured in the photograph below. . . . Staging parties for men these days is exciting. There are so many novel table linens, new dishes and stunning decorations to help you set your table in the grand manner. The dark-colored tablecloths, like the russet one you see in the picture, are effective. Combined with the glow of copper and the rich luster of bronze candlesticks and bowls, they add a zestful accent to the general atmosphere of abundance. . . . Men admire such tables. And the hostess who plans them. . . . Pottery dishes of dark blue, deep red, russet and brown, with great hefty plates that have lots of serving space, are smart and new. Old-timy serving dishes are again in vogue—big soup tureens, huge platters, man-size casseroles. These are just right for the popular "one-dish meals." And men like such. . . . There's no doubt but that men would rather have more of the same, than a little of something else. Even if that something

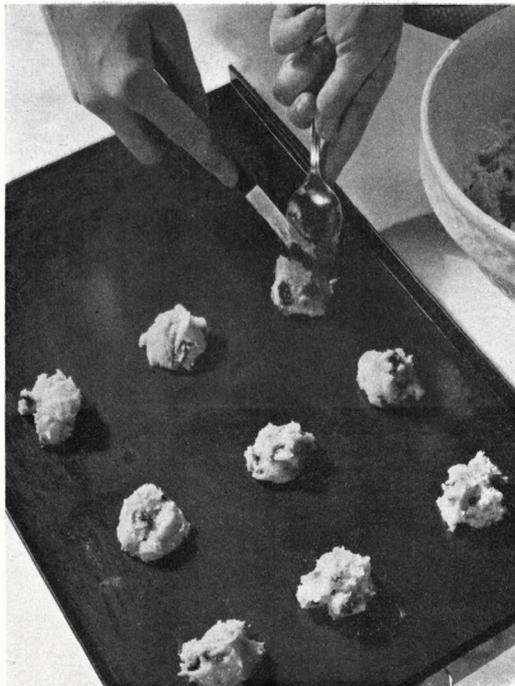


PHOTOGRAPH BY MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE

else is better. For men prefer lots of food to dainty dishes. Food that is easy to eat and doesn't require a surreptitious chasing around one's plate, only to have it evade the pursuing fork and scoot on the tablecloth. . . . Men prefer good sizzling thick steaks to fussy salads. A big lot of dessert to a gooey titbit. And they would rather you left off that decorative sprinkling of parsley and added a few more potatoes instead. . . . Men like man-size napkins, not remnants; good, heavy silver knives with well-sharpened blades. In fact, it's the functional table décor (and the functional food too) that prompts men to say of a woman, "She's a mighty fine hostess; let's go over." . . . From these few remarks you may judge, and rightly, too, that I have been making quite a serious study of entertaining the stag at eve. So may I take this opportunity of suggesting that there are some poignant pointers on this subject in that booklet, SEVEN AMUSING TABLE SETTINGS, No. 1054, price three cents, and also in WHEN GOOD FELLOWS GET TOGETHER, No. 1048, price three cents. This latter booklet has a brand-new insert giving recipes for twelve new chocolate dishes which possess that "irresistible" quality. They are yours if you send three cents in stamps for each one, to the JOURNAL Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Penna.

BY PHYLLIS CARR
THE HOSTESSES

THE JOURNAL KITCHEN GIVES EXPLICIT DIRECTIONS FOR PREPARING A VARIETY OF TASTY MORSELS FOR THE COOKY JAR



PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. HENRY STUBBS, INC.

DELICIOUS

DROPPED COOKIES

BY JEAN SIMPSON

DROPPED COOKIES are the easiest of all cookies to make. There is no rolling, no cutting, no trouble in transferring them to the baking sheet. And yet, by this method, you can make delicious morsels to fill the cooky jar.

The dough for dropped cookies is much like the dough for any other cookies, except that it is softer—so soft that it can be dropped from a teaspoon onto a baking sheet and will spread during baking to give a finished cooky that is round and shapely.

The consistency of the dough is very important, and unfortunately it is almost impossible to state exactly how much liquid and flour to use. The best plan is to reserve several tablespoonfuls of the flour in the recipe, sifting it separately from the rest of the dry ingredients, and add it at the end, using only the amount you need. As soon as it seems thick enough, bake a single cooky to test the dough. If it spreads unduly, you need more flour. If it fails to spread enough, you have used too much flour and a little liquid must be added. But it is better to stop at the right point, in adding the flour, rather than have to upset the proportions by adding extra liquid. When the dough is just right, the cooky spreads so that it is fairly even across its surface.

The following is a recipe for good standard dropped cookies:

$\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of Shortening	2 Teaspoonfuls of Baking Powder
$1\frac{1}{4}$ Cupfuls of Sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of Salt
1 Egg	$\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of Vanilla (or a Combination of Vanilla and Lemon Extracts)
$\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of Milk	
2 Cupfuls of Flour	

1. Cream the shortening thoroughly until it is very soft.
2. Add the sugar gradually, creaming it into the shortening.
3. Add the egg and beat well, until the mixture is almost fluffy.
4. Add the milk and flavoring, and mix well.
5. Add the dry ingredients which have been sifted together, except for the small amount reserved for final addition. Add final portion slowly, testing the dough by baking a single cooky.
6. When the right consistency is obtained, transfer the dough by teaspoonfuls onto a baking sheet, as below to the left, leaving about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches between the cookies to allow for spreading. Arranging them in rows makes the best possible use of the space.
7. Put on the center shelf of a hot oven— 400° F.—and bake for 10 or 12 minutes, or until delicately browned and done.
8. Remove at once onto a cooling rack, using a spatula as illustrated above at the left, and let stand until thoroughly cooled. Then stow away in a tightly covered cooky jar or tin.

VARIATIONS

There are many additions that may be made to standard cookies. Below are some of the very popular variations. Combinations of

these may be made too. For instance, nuts may be added to chocolate cookies, dates or raisins to oatmeal ones. These variations are all made by adding the extra material to the dry ingredients, combining well, and finishing just as usual. It is an easy matter to make your own variations according to your favorite combinations.

RAISIN AND NUT COOKIES. To the dry ingredients for standard cookies, as above, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of chopped English walnuts and $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of chopped seedless raisins. Combine well and stir into the mixture just as for standard cookies.

COCONUT COOKIES. To the dry ingredients for standard cookies, add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cupfuls of shredded coconut. Finish as for standard cookies.

DATE COOKIES. To the dry ingredients for standard cookies, add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cupfuls of chopped dates and finish as for standard cookies.

OATMEAL COOKIES. In the recipe for standard cookies, use only $1\frac{1}{2}$ cupfuls of flour; and when it has been sifted with the other dry ingredients, add $1\frac{1}{3}$ cupfuls of rolled oats. Finish as for standard cookies. These are especially good with dates added to them, as for date cookies.

CHOCOLATE COOKIES. In the recipe for plain cookies, add 3 squares (3 ounces) of melted chocolate after adding the egg, and beat very thoroughly. One-half cupful of milk may be needed to get the required consistency with these cookies. Sour milk improves them greatly, making them more tender. Instead of baking powder in these, use $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of baking soda. Or sour cream is still better; use $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of baking soda instead of baking powder, and reduce the shortening to $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful. Since chocolate cookies will scorch more readily than plain ones, bake them at 350° or 375° F., instead of at 400° F.

MOLASSES GINGER COOKIES

$\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of Shortening	1 Teaspoonful of Salt
$\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of Brown Sugar	1 Teaspoonful of Baking Powder
$\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of Molasses	
$\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of Boiling Water	$\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of Baking Soda
1 Egg	1 Teaspoonful of Ginger
2 Cupfuls of Flour	1 Teaspoonful of Cinnamon

Into the mixing bowl put the shortening and sugar and add the boiling water. Mix a little, then let stand until the shortening is melted and the lumps have disappeared from the sugar. Add the molasses, then add the egg and beat well. Finally, add the dry ingredients sifted together and beat until the mixture is just smooth. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto a greased baking sheet and bake at 350° F. for about 12 minutes. The dough for these cookies is considerably softer than for other dropped cookies, so it is well to try one before cooking the entire lot, to be sure the consistency is just right.

Pea soup

... so delicious and so satisfying!



EAT SOUP AND KEEP WELL



I'm always there
And never late
When Campbell's Soup
Is on the plate!



Do you take full advantage of Pea Soup to bring to you its remarkably nourishing, wholesome goodness? When well made, it is one of the most delicious of soups and at the same time it supplies an abundance of beneficial vegetable nourishment.

Campbell's famous chefs make it to your taste's delight. Sugar-sweet tender peas are blended with rich creamery butter to make a soup that has the charm and the flavor which come from the gardens of Spring.

This is a soup which should be served regularly for the family's enjoyment and benefit throughout the year. It is strictly vegetable and does not contain meat in any form whatsoever. It is therefore an ideal selection for the Lenten meals and for Fridays.

To serve as Pea Soup, add water. To serve as Cream of Pea, add milk or cream. Either way, you find it as delightful as it is convenient!

21 kinds to choose from . . .

- | | |
|---------------|----------------|
| Asparagus | Mulligatawny |
| Bean | Mushroom |
| Beef | Mutton |
| Bouillon | Noodle |
| Celery | Ox Tail |
| Chicken | Pea |
| Chicken-Gumbo | Pepper Pot |
| Clam Chowder | Prinlanier |
| Consomme | Tomato |
| Julienne | Vegetable |
| Mock Turtle | Vegetable-Beef |

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Campbell's Pea Soup

LENT FRIDAYS ANY DAY

THREE OTHER STRICTLY VEGETABLE CHOICES

TOMATO SOUP by Campbell's chefs is famous for its sunny, sparkling flavor. Enriched with creamery butter, it delights the taste. Extra rich, extra nourishing, served as Cream of Tomato (see label).

CELERY SOUP by Campbell's chefs has all the tonic goodness and alluring flavor of crisp, snow-white celery, blended with creamery butter. It makes splendid Cream of Celery, too (see label).

ASPARAGUS SOUP by Campbell's chefs is the rich, smooth purée of dainty asparagus. Creamery butter adds its goodness. Especially attractive when served as Cream of Asparagus, as the label directs.

SPRING SONGS

A FEW EFFICIENT BURGLAR'S TOOLS USED BY SMART HOUSEWIVES TO ROB SPRING CLEANING OF ITS HORRORS

BY MARGARET FISHBACK



MAMA'S LAMB CHILD

Hands that would be smooth and white
As "monumental alabaster"
Should never labor day or night
On bathroom floor or garden aster
Without an efficacious pair
Of lambskin gloves, suffused with cream,
To keep their inmates soft and fair
And delicate as love's young dream.

(Pitiable white lambskin gloves treated with a special cream are staunch guardians of manual beauty.)



KEEP IT CLEAN

Unless you're visited by elves
Who change the paper on your shelves
With studied frequency, I hope
You'll use the kind that stands for soap.

(Washable shell) paper survives repeated swabbings with a damp cloth, and does not absorb stains like ordinary paper. In white and colors.)



TOOL TROUBLE



WHAT! NO SOAP?

A simple wire container for
A cake of soap is useful on
The bathtub's rim. And what is more,
When bent to hang itself upon
The scrubbing pail, it's plain to see
Such conduct's an economy.

(Drained soap is soggy. A soap holder, hooked over the side of the pail will keep soap in sight and save it from an untimely end in a watery grave.)



LEOPARDS BEWARE

If little Willie spills the ink,
Pray do not douse him in the sink.
If Bridget scorches napkins, do
Not fire her, though you hanker to.
Nor should your stricken spirit boil
At stains comprised of paint or oil,
For you can make them fade and grow
As pallid as the driven snow.

(In daily crises as well as during the more emotional moments in giant housecleaning debauches, a kit of cleaning fluids goes to the right spot and provides longer insurance of the first water. This kit contains eight spot removers thirsty for ink, rust, paint, lipstick, grass stains, fruit stains, grease, oil, blood, perspiration and scorch intrusions. That ought to be enough.)

Nary nail around the house? . . .
Hammer missing? . . . What a spouse,
Not to keep supplies complete,
So the wigwam will be neat!

(In the midst of housecleaning, many a spot comes to light which cries aloud for a screw or a competent hammer. This flat tool chest has two removable trays and twenty compartments full of such household joys as tacks, pliers, gimlets and glue. Compactly assembled, it refuses to bite the hand that feeds it, never spilling when closed.)

BEYOND THE PAIL



A grimy window can be quite
Obnoxious in the piercing light
Of intermittent April suns.
To arms then, ladies! Man the guns!
But let the guns be safe and sane
With which you charge that windowpane.

(This window washer looks like an overgrown croquet wicket, but it enables the housewife to wash windows even though she has no sparrow blood in her veins. She needn't perch on the sill at all. She can stand inside and never even put her hands in water. A fell cleaner fed by a small water container eliminates the pail of suds, and a chamouis attachment does the drying.)



MOPPING UP

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
"My wife must have the best there is;
In which connection, maybe this
New type of dust mop can contrive
To keep her love for me alive."

(The vibration of a spring concealed in this dustier's anatomy removes dirt without knocking or otherwise endangering the mop handle. Simply shake well after using. The chemically treated yarn mop slips off for washing.)



PANACEA

The carpet on the stairs is dusty,
And there's a lamentably musty
Complexion noticeable under
The radiator. . . . Now, I wonder
If this new five-pound vacuum cleaner,
So calm and quiet of demeanor,
Will cope with such domestic puzzles
Among the other chores it guzzles.

(The answer is "Yes." This hand vacuum cleaner has attachments which clean carpets, radiators, floors, upholstery, draperies, moldings, pictures, linoleum and walls—but not pussy. Neither will it take the place of castor oil, though it will dry mama's hair.)

Before you changed to CRISCO, we never had good things like this biscuit-meat combination.

I didn't dare to, Henry, with your weak digestion. I'm so glad Mrs. Thomas explained that CRISCO is light and digestible.



ROUND-UPS
Savory beef baked in digestible biscuit!



Indeed it is! I use nothing but CRISCO since I learned that it digests so quickly.

If you weren't looking, I could eat the whole loaf!

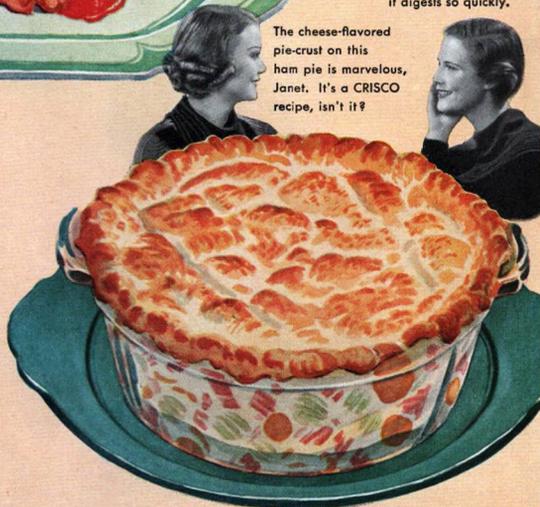


No chance, Son! But you certainly seem to like what I cook, now that I use CRISCO. Doctor says CRISCO is so digestible.



A FULL LOAF—Your baker's best, cooked as a digestible meal!

The cheese-flavored pie-crust on this ham pie is marvelous, Janet. It's a CRISCO recipe, isn't it?



TANTALIZING PIE—Ham and vegetables under a cheese crust!

3 Shortcuts to Easy Dinners

THEY'RE CRISCO RECIPES, SO YOU KNOW THEY'RE DIGESTIBLE

ROUND-UPS

Serves 8, costs about 41¢

- 1 lb. round or flank steak, ground
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon pepper
- 1 teaspoon grated onion
- 1 tablespoon minced green pepper
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce
- 3 tablespoons Crisco

- PIMIENTO BISCUIT:**
- 2 cups flour
 - 4 teaspoons baking powder
 - 1 teaspoon salt
 - 8 tablespoons Crisco
 - 2 tablespoons chopped pimientos
 - ¼ cup milk or water

Add all seasonings to meat. Mix. Form into 8 rolls. Coat with flour. Fry in Crisco (the sweet, digestible fat) until nicely browned. Prepare *Pimiento Biscuit*: Sift flour, baking powder, salt. Work in Crisco (the creamy, digestible shortening) with fork. Add pimiento. Add liquid. Roll out ¼ inch thick on floured board. Cut into 8 squares, and wrap around meat rolls. Wet edges and press together. Brush with milk, bake in hot oven (450° F.) about 15 minutes. Serve with gravy or tomato sauce.

ONLY 10¢ brings you Winifred Carter's new "Favorite Recipes," 98 tested recipes—33 colored pictures! Send name and address (plus 10¢ in stamps) to Dept. XJ-44, Box 1801, Cincinnati, O.

A FULL LOAF

Serves 6, costs about 52¢

- 1 small loaf bread
- 5 tablespoons Crisco
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 1 small green pepper, chopped
- ½ cup stock or tomato soup
- 2 cups chopped left-over lamb or veal
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper

Slice all crust off loaf of bread. Carefully hollow out inside, leaving 1 inch thickness. Use 2 tablespoons of Crisco (the sweet digestible fat) to spread over outside of loaf. Then gently fry onions and green pepper with 2 more tablespoons of Crisco (the digestible vegetable fat). When onions are golden, add stock. Cook and stir 2 minutes. Add meat and seasonings. Blend well. Cool slightly. Fill hollowed loaf of bread. Sprinkle top with ½ cup coarse bread crumbs, made from center of loaf. Dot with 1 tablespoon Crisco. Bake in moderately hot oven (375° F.) until well browned, 20 to 25 minutes. Serve hot with—

Horseshadish Sauce: Melt 2 tablespoons of Crisco (digestible). Smooth in 2 tablespoons flour. Slowly add 1 cup hot stock or milk. Stir until smooth and thickened. Season with ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper and ¼ cup prepared horseradish.

All Measurements Level. These prices are approximate and may vary slightly in your locality. Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trademark of a shortening manufactured by the Procter & Gamble Co.

TANTALIZING PIE

Serves 6, costs about 46¢

- FILLING:**
- 1 ½ cups cooked ham, diced
 - 1 ½ cups cooked pear onions
 - 1 cup cooked carrots, sliced

- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- ¼ teaspoon paprika

DIGESTIBLE CHEESE PASTRY:

- 1 cup flour
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 3 tablespoons Crisco
- ½ cup grated cheese
- 3 to 4 tablespoons cold water

- SAUCE:**
- 2 tablespoons Crisco
 - 2 tablespoons flour
 - 1 ½ cups milk
 - ¼ teaspoon salt

If you don't have cooked onions or carrots on hand, you can use peas, potatoes, spinach—just as long as you have 2 ½ cupsful of cooked vegetables. Arrange alternate layers of vegetables and ham until 1 ½-quart baking dish is filled. Pour over the following sauce: Melt Crisco (the sweet, digestible fat) in saucepan. Stir in flour and smooth to paste. Slowly add milk, stirring constantly. Cook and stir until sauce boils. Add seasonings. Moisten rim of baking dish and cover top with—

Digestible Cheese Pastry: Sift flour and salt. Cut in Crisco (the digestible, vegetable fat) coarsely. Stir in cheese. Add only enough water to hold ingredients together. Roll out on lightly floured board. Fit pastry tightly over moistened rim of baking dish. Slash top. Bake in hot oven (425° F.), about 25 minutes.



CRISCO digests quickly

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



WHEN you look in your mirror—beware! There's danger in taking yourself at the face value it shows.

For sometimes mirrors lie!

Sometimes they tell you you are lovely when you aren't altogether lovely.

There's one important thing your mirror cannot tell you. It cannot tell you when you fall short of that niceness of person expected of every woman. It cannot tell you when the ugly odor of underarm perspiration creeps in to ruin the effect of your lovely appearance.

You cannot trust your mirror on this. But there is a safe, sure way to guard against this unseen danger of underarm odor which will make it impossible.

Women who know the quick, easy way to do this, use Mum, the dainty cream deodorant. It takes just half a minute to get all-day protection with Mum. A light fingertipful under each arm—and it's done. No effort, no bother.

Then you can dress at once. For Mum is harmless to clothing, you know.

It's soothing even to a sensitive skin, too—so soothing you can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Remember this—the object of Mum is to destroy all objectionable perspiration odor, and not to prevent perspiration itself.

Trust Mum to keep your underarms always free from disagreeable odor. You can get Mum at any toilet counter. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.



TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



ANOTHER WAY MUM SERVES WOMEN. Mum on sanitary napkins gives that assurance of protection which means complete peace of mind on this old, old feminine problem.

ADVENTURES WITH A MARKET BASKET

(Continued from Page 35)

to see Camous bending to press his nose in a basket of such mushrooms. The moldy earth and moss in which they had been nourished would have lost none of their humidity in the journey to market. By way of supporting with an affidavit that evidence which his nose had given, he would raise with his thumb-nail the skin of one of the mushrooms. The flesh would be white and Camous would be happy.

The mushrooms would be placed in my basket along with the *fraises des bois*. But if the flesh of any mushrooms offered to Camous showed dark when he lifted the skin with his finger nail, he knew that nothing to do with them. He knew that when the flesh of that species which he bought turned black it was spoiled.

Another rarity for which we would be alert was water cress of a special kind. That which grows in stagnant ponds is apt to have coarse stems of considerable length; what we wanted was water cress from some old and lively spring or brook. We wanted water cress with brittle, tender leaves that were so brilliantly green they appeared to have been varnished. If we were lucky we might buy ten or a dozen bunches of this wild plant, and when Camous had made certain that not one leaf had turned yellow I would add this purchase to the contents of my market basket.

At a certain season my basket was sure to acquire some calville apples. The Normandy farmers produce them by a variety of stratagems designed to assist Nature to outdo herself. Some of the leaves are stripped away and many, many apple buds are sacrificed so that the few which remain on the tree are extraordinarily favored. They came to market cushioned on cotton wool which in turn rested on straw. Those apples were of a tender green that threatened as you watched to become either white or pink; so delicate was that hue one hardly dared pronounce it green for fear it would fade. The flesh was so fragrant that when one was cut open in the restaurant the whole dining room was perfumed. For such an apple we charged seven francs fifty, in a time when that represented \$1.50.

CAMOUS' FINAL TEST

And do you suppose Jean Camous would invest in such precious foodstuff without smelling to make sure it was precisely what it should be? I tell you his nose contained an important part of his intelligence. Consequently you will understand that I am speaking seriously when I assert that the lady who goes to market should be sure her nose is in good working order. I think, myself, that she ought not to smoke even one cigarette until she has completed her marketing, because that mild indulgence might disturb the accuracy of the sense of smell, a faculty which is delicately attuned to, if it is not actually a part of, the sense of taste. Jean Camous would agree with that.

One time when Camous had newly become the proprietor of a restaurant in Sainte Adresse, near Havre, a gentleman of distinction in the community strode into our dining room breathing out clouds of tobacco smoke from a pipe held in his mouth. I was the waiter—a small one, it

is true, but educated in my craft. To me this customer said, "A *bisque ecrevisse*."

Jean, attired in his white jacket and apron, and with his natural dignity augmented by the high crown of his cap, starched stiff and white, was standing in the doorway of the corridor that led to the kitchen. I saw that he was scowling darkly at that tobacco pipe.

"A *bisque ecrevisse*," I repeated.

"No," thundered Camous so that the customer heard him.

"For what reason do you refuse?" asked that man with great indignation. "Is this not a public restaurant?"

"Come back tomorrow before you have started sucking your pipe," said Camous coldly, "and I will make a *bisque ecrevisse* that will entrance you, sir. But today, it is useless. I would not waste my efforts. You could not appreciate my *cuisine* so soon after smoking that strong tobacco.

With what organ would you taste? Your tongue? Your nose?"

FROM MY NOTEBOOK

In a special notebook I keep statements that I have found useful in trying to get a "far horizons" view of life and work. This is one of my favorites:

"Make no little plans; they have no magic to stir men's blood and will not be realized. Make big plans; aim high in hope and work, remembering that a noble and logical plan will never die, but long after we are gone will be a living thing." —Lita Bane

CUISINE

"Ha," protested the customer, "so long as I pay what do you care?"

"Sir, I am a chef," said Camous, swelling his chest. "When I cook for you I risk my reputation. The greater your distinction the greater my risk, for if you say I am not a good cook many people will be foolish enough to believe you. But I know you are not a liar, and I know you will appreciate what I cook if you have not barbarously de-

stroyed for the day your capacity to enjoy. Return tomorrow, sir. Henri! Serve m'sieur a glass of wine with our compliments."

Yes, Camous was a great chef! He was an artist of *cuisine*; yet any intelligent woman may, in her own kitchen, become equally an artist of *cuisine*. I should be very ungrateful if I did not say that—I, who am the husband of Madame Charpentier, who is herself a great cook and who did much to help me establish my reputation as a *restaurateur* among the multimillionaires of Long Island. Yet Madame Charpentier had to learn, and not from books.

In this country where there are all manner of extraordinary appliances designed to abolish drudgery and scullery work from the kitchens, I insist we are entitled to have a revolution. I, who am the father of two daughters, wish to see swarms of women leaving offices, shops, factories, stores, and making their careers in places where no man can hope to compete with them. I must keep myself under control now, for this idea is a great hobby of mine. The American lady has a machine to suck the dirt out of her carpets and rugs, she has another to accomplish her washing, another to iron, another to wash the dishes. She makes her own ice without giving it a thought. Her food cannot spoil. She turns a button or lights a match and has instantly a hot fire without worrying about fuel. Why should she be reluctant to exercise what remains of cooking—the pure art of it?

Frankly, French *cuisine* is not possible without wines, brandy and liqueurs. Let us be prejudiced against such things as beverages, I tell you now that when they are employed to develop or enhance the flavors of food

(Continued on Page 44)

What happens when Coffee grows STALE?

EXPERT FINDS 56 OUT OF 93 BRANDS OF COFFEE STALE

Fifty-six brands out of a total of 93 brands of packaged coffee purchased in 16 cities throughout the United States were adjudged to be stale, according to an investigation made recently by the *Tea and Coffee Trade Journal*, New York, N. Y. Ten of these brands were said to be unfit to drink.

The packages were received in New York, were opened and tested in the cup by an expert, the identity of whom the above journal refused to disclose, but who they insisted is one of the outstanding experts in the coffee industry.

The test was made in order to determine how consumption in this country might be increased. It places considerable significance on the fact that the packages selected for the test included some of the most widely advertised brands.

Of the 93 brands selected for this test, 5 were bought in Atlanta, 6 in Boston, 4 in Cincinnati, 6 in Chicago, 5 in Dallas, 4 in Kansas City, 6 in Los Angeles, 6 in Minneapolis, 6 in New Orleans, 11 in New York, 6 in Portland, Me., 4 in Portland, Ore., 6 in Richmond, 7 in St. Louis, 6 in Seattle, and 6 others in miscellaneous cities.



- 1 It tastes flat... weak... bitter
- 2 It's always nervously irritating

COFFEE that is stale makes a cheerless breakfast cup. But far more serious is its effect on your nervous system. It contains rancid oil. It impairs your efficiency. It wears down your resistance—makes you easily and foolishly upset.

And the danger is widespread. 56 out of 93 brands purchased were found *stale*, in a recent investigation which covered 16 cities.

How can you tell whether you are buying coffee that is fresh—or stale? Chase & Sanborn has solved the problem for you by a simple dating system.

Every pound of Chase & Sanborn's is *Dated*. We watch this *Date* carefully and make deliveries so frequently that no can remains on the grocer's shelf more than 10 days.

Dated Coffee is always fresh, full strength, and good for you. It protects you absolutely from staleness with its resulting nervous irritation. Start right away to drink Chase & Sanborn's *Dated* Coffee.

OUR MARRIAGE WAS ABOUT 2 INCHES FROM THE ROCKS



Copyright, 1934, by Standard Brands Inc.

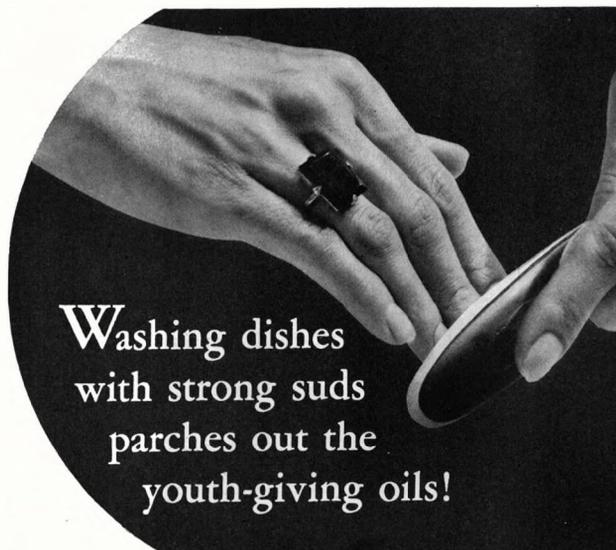
DATED means it's **FRESH**



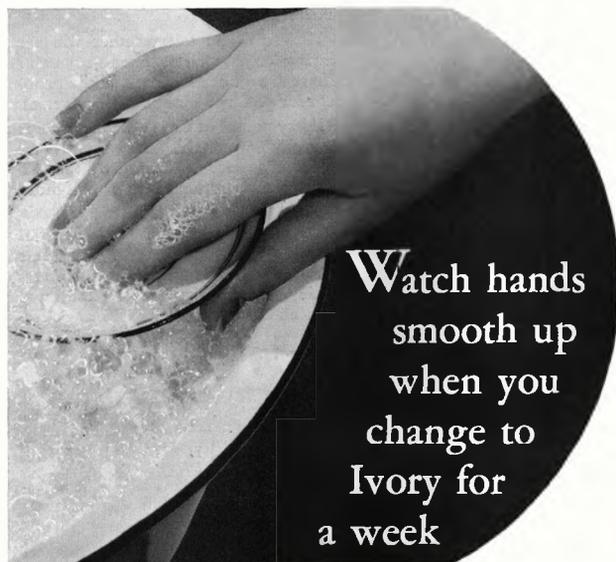
IF LITTLE THINGS UPSET YOU—

Check your Coffee

"Why do my Hands look so OLD?"



Washing dishes with strong suds parches out the youth-giving oils!



Watch hands smooth up when you change to Ivory for a week

If you'll let Ivory do *all* your soap-and-water tasks, your hands will get smoother, softer—*younger*. Ivory is so pure—it is gentle even to a baby's skin . . . 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % Pure.

IVORY SOAP

prevents "Housework Hands"

(Continued from Page 42) they cease to be alcoholic. Alcohol is the most volatile of substances, and vanishes quickly when subjected to the heat of your kitchen fire. What remains is the flavor.

I think myself that a most appropriate wedding present for a young bride would be a basket—a market basket, of course—containing a piece of garlic, half-a-dozen onions and a bottle of sherry. With such a basket I could set up housekeeping. A small glass of sherry poured into a pan will transform a pair of greasy pork chops into a wonderful dish suitable for the most discriminating.

Next in importance to the sherry would be a bottle of brandy, which is used to enforce sherry in cooking. If you should pour a glass of brandy into a sauce over a flame, almost instantly the alcohol would form a little cloud of gas which you would not see. What you would see would be a blue flame spreading over the pan. That flame would devour the humidity of what you cooked, thereby greatly intensifying the flavor. When the flame expired you would know that the alcohol had vanished with the fire.

But I would want more than sherry and brandy in such a basket given, let us say, to one of my daughters. I would want the basket to contain a bottle of sweet sauterne and a bottle of dry Chablis for the light sauces, for fish. I would want a bottle of Burgundy for the enrichment of sauces for beef and game.

Then I would certainly add a bottle of curaçao, with its rich orange flavor. A thimbleful of curaçao will, I promise you, transform a pint of drug-store ice cream into something exciting. A few tablespoonfuls of it poured into the sirups of three or four fruits will give you a delicious dressing for fruits served as salad.

Let me tell you of a bit of magic. At the market your grocer whom you can trust displays fresh eggs. At home you have sherry. So you buy a dozen eggs. Or three, because three will be enough to make *sabailon*. While water in a saucepan is heating, stir together in a small, deep casserole the yolks of three eggs, slowly adding one soup-spoonful of sugar flavored with vanilla for each yolk. Beat until the sugar has dissolved and then mix with it a small glass of sherry. Next place your casserole into the boiling water and beat the mixture with an egg beater until it has thickened. Then scrape it out with a clean finger and serve in glasses. I guarantee you can serve that to the Prince of Wales—he is a patron of my restaurant when he is on Long Island—to your youngest child or your old grandfather. All of them would love it.

FINGER TESTS FOR FRESHNESS

When you buy eggs you have to take them on faith, but with most other things faith is unnecessary. Your nose and one finger nail, which I strongly urge be left unacquainted, are sufficient tools for a trip to market.

Suppose you are buying peas. The best in America, I think, are Telephone peas. Are the ones offered to you fresh? The greengrocer says yes. But he will not be offended if you dig your finger nail into the pod. If sap appears in the wound, the peas are fresh enough; if it does not appear, then you do not want those peas, because then you may be sure they left their parent vines many days before. Vegetables cannot be good unless they are fresh; of course, if they are dried vegetables that is another matter, another flavor and a totally different cooking process.

I read the autobiography of an eggplant where the stem joins the purple satin skin. If each member of that junction is firmly attached, if the union between the big vegetable and the segment of vine on which it developed is still firm, then the eggplant is fresh; if they have begun to detach themselves, the eggplant has begun to spoil. How do I know that? Camous told me, but he did more than tell me. He demonstrated.*

He took one which he pronounced fresh after indicating to me the firm attachment of vine to vegetable. Then he cut the eggplant in half. All the pulp and seeds were white. Next he showed me one the purple skin of which was not distinguishable from the first. But the green fingers of the stem were loose, like the flaccid fingers of an invalid. That one he cut open too. The inside of that eggplant was spotted with black. Its flesh had begun to mortify.

I have never forgotten that lesson. I do not have to split eggplants in the market; I do not have to quarrel with market men. I simply do not buy eggplants unless the stems are firmly attached.

If you wish to know whether the apples you buy were picked months ago or yesterday, split the piece of stem with your finger nail or a penknife. If the stem is soft and sappy, it is a fresh apple. If the stem is tough and brittle like an old stick—well, you can answer that one yourself, madame.

VEGETABLE JEKYLL-HYDES

Were those beautifully red tomatoes which your grocer offers to you ripened on the vine? Do not ask him, poor man. Ask your nose! If they do not have the tempting odor of tomato, an aroma that should capture your attention even when the tomatoes are arm's length away, then they were picked green, and their flavor will make you think you yourself are getting prematurely old and losing your sense of taste.

The fault, however, will not be your own or that of your palate, but of a system which requires that most of us should live two or three thousand miles from the gardens where our fruits and vegetables were reared.

A cauliflower? Sometimes I shake my head with pity as I pass a display of enormous heads of that splendid vegetable. The tops will be as wide as my two hands placed side by side with the fingers spread. Some poor woman will buy one of those and think she is getting a bargain because she gets so much. She will be sadly cheated. Such a big head of cauliflower will be soft and spongy to the touch of your fingers. If you examine it you will see that another process of its growth has begun. The flesh is breaking up into separate lumps no longer clear white in color, and by peering through the interstices you may distinguish the slender yellowish leaves which will tell any cook who knows his craft that this particular vegetable has ceased to be an edible cauliflower. If you should cook one your entire house would be aware of the strong, unpleasant odor. But a cauliflower is one of the nobles of the vegetable world when it is in its prime state, the flesh white, tightly packed, almost hard.

Asparagus is another vegetable with the dual character of Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. If it is fresh and in the Doctor Jekyll state, this will be revealed to you by the smoothness of the stem near the cut. That part should be white and pinkish with life, like a healthy lady's finger. If it should be, instead, pale, wrinkled, pass to another vegetable display. The green tops, also, should be considered to make sure that the Mr. Hyde stage of the asparagus has not already begun. To be good, the leaves should not have formed; instead, the green top should be tightly folded.

If you are conscientious, you will select asparagus stalk by stalk and before cooking you will cut away that hard skin from the base of the stalk, for it contains a bitter substance that will be transmitted by the boiling water to the delicate heads. To cook asparagus properly tie it in bunches and place it in cold water, with salt, to boil. When is it done? When you can press the tines of a fork into the flesh at the juncture where the stem ends and the green begins. When the fork enters readily, remove the asparagus from the hot water and wrap it in a cloth. Asparagus should be served warm but dry. Put the dressing on at (Continued on Page 47)

Beauty... SWIFTER, SURER, SAFER

**WOODBURY'S REVOLUTIONIZES BEAUTY CREAMS
WITH TWO NEW CREAMS THAT STAY GERM-FREE!**



● *The loveliest, most alluring skin is healthy!* To remain healthy it needs to be protected. Woodbury's Germ-free Beauty Creams afford unique protection. Germs cannot contaminate them. They have, *within themselves*, the power to *stay safe, pure, germ-free* as long as they last. They swiftly destroy germs and prevent their growth.

Two delightful Beauty Creams that **STAY GERM-FREE!** That the most sensitive skins can enjoy, safely! That help to keep normal skins in top-notch health and vigor! That Skin Specialists have *proved* bring swifter, surer, finer beauty to every type of skin!

They contain a new, exclusive element, just recently discovered, which no other creams possess. This element eliminates the risk of bacteria infecting the creams after the lid of the jar has been removed! Keeps these creams pure, germ-free until the last dab has been used!

Every skin that uses these creams is doubly guarded from blemish. But thin, dry skins, easily infected, especially need this sure protection.

Germs are in the purest air

Of course, *all* beauty creams—of good repute—are safe and pure when first you open them. But once the lid of the jar is lifted, there is always the possibility that

germs—from the air or your hands—*may* get into them. From the cream they may attack your face, cause blemishes. But Woodbury's two Germ-free Creams prevent the germs from multiplying; destroy them as fast as they enter the jar. No germs can live in them!

Woodbury's Creams bring surer beauty to every type of skin

They have always been the allies of beauty! Element 576 in Woodbury's Cold Cream is unique in its power to combat skin dryness. And now, the addition of the germ-free quality to both the Cold and Facial Creams makes them unmatched in the world of beauty aids.

They bring the skin greater vigor, greater health. Swifter, surer, more lasting beauty. They overcome Dryness. And in its place bring new, fresh, supple skin—the Skin That Thrills the Touch!

109 LEADING DERMATOLOGISTS TESTED AND APPROVE WOODBURY'S CREAMS 93.5% reported them to be free of the risks of spreading infection to which ordinary beauty creams are subject.

One said: "After carefully trying Woodbury's Creams, I am satisfied that they are of superior quality." Another: "They're the

best on the market! I shall take great pleasure in recommending them to my patients."

Dr. John Monroe Sigman, Dermatologist of the Macon (Ga.) Hospital, says: "I welcome Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams with their active resistance to bacterial organisms."



PROOF OF WOODBURY'S GERM-DESTROYING POWER . . . These agar plates, seeded with poisonous germs, tell the story. Plate A bears a patch of Woodbury's Cream. The germ-destroyer has destroyed all the germs in its vicinity, as shown by the clear dark ring around the cream. Plate B, bearing a patch of ordinary cold cream, shows no clear ring, proving it has no power to destroy the germs surrounding it.

FREE . . . WOODBURY'S NEW GERM-FREE CREAMS!

Send for a free tube of each of Woodbury's Germ-free Creams that are revolutionizing the whole world of beauty preparations! See how safely you can use them on the most sensitive skin! How they will protect your face from blemish. You will also receive six samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder—one of each of the six skin-harmonizing shades!

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6040 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio
(In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

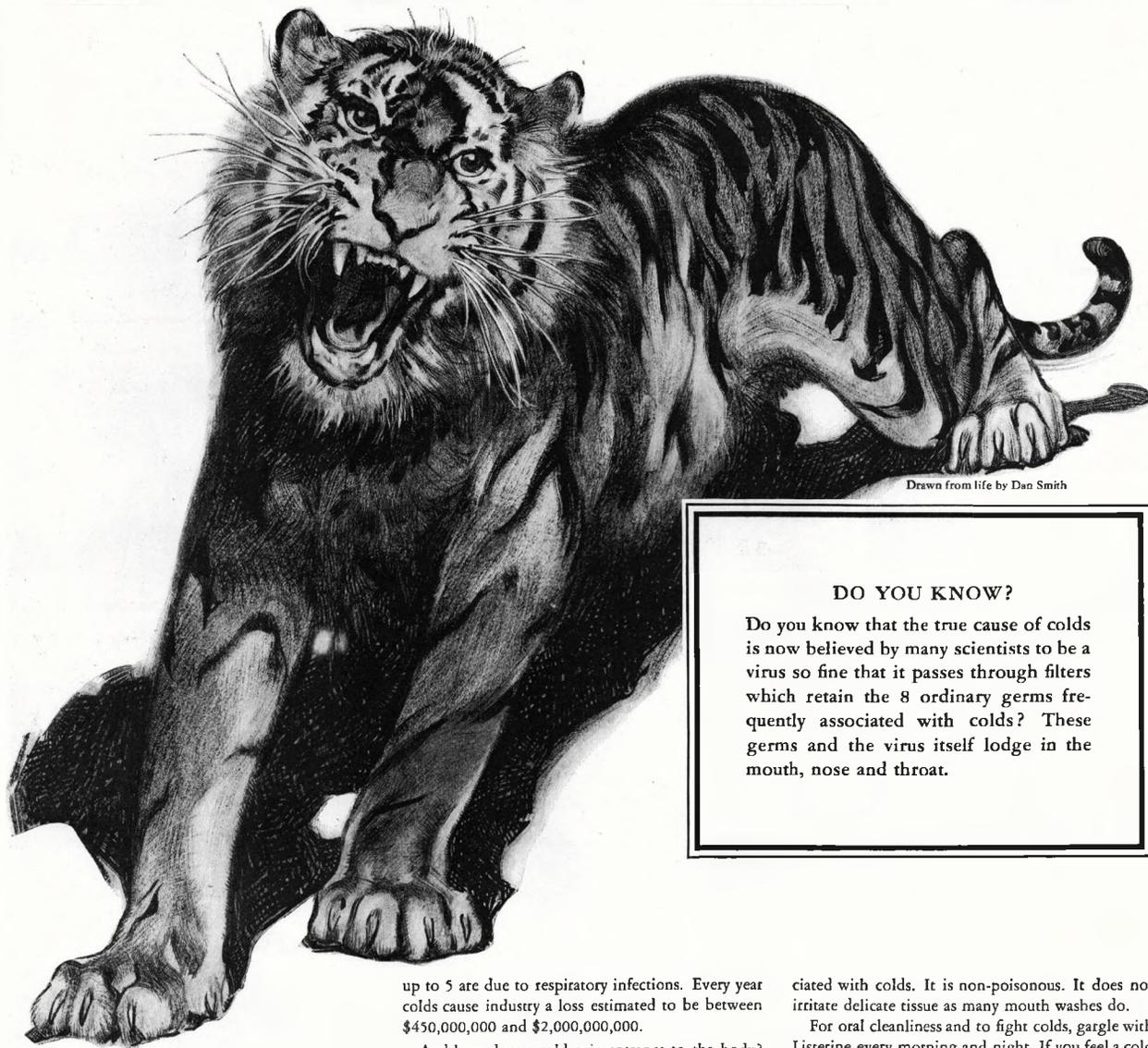
Name _____

Address _____

© 1934, John H. Woodbury, Inc.



The TIGER in the House



Drawn from life by Dan Smith

DO YOU KNOW?

Do you know that the true cause of colds is now believed by many scientists to be a virus so fine that it passes through filters which retain the 8 ordinary germs frequently associated with colds? These germs and the virus itself lodge in the mouth, nose and throat.

YOU call it a cold, but physicians call it the Tiger in the House. Their experience teaches them how potentially dangerous a cold really is.

For this universal ailment often results in prolonged ill-health and sometimes death.

Unchecked it runs through entire families. Unless treated it frequently leads to sinus, ear, and mastoid, as well as bronchitis and pneumonia (particularly in the case of babies). 80% of acute illnesses in children

up to 5 are due to respiratory infections. Every year colds cause industry a loss estimated to be between \$450,000,000 and \$2,000,000,000.

And how does a cold gain entrance to the body? Largely through the mouth and nose, of course. Bacteria enter and breed by millions. It therefore becomes evident that daily oral hygiene is an absolute necessity.

Gargle Listerine

Over a period of more than 50 years, the antiseptic found best suited to this purpose is Listerine. Its results are a matter of record.

Listerine is fatal to germs, including those asso-

ciated with colds. It is non-poisonous. It does not irritate delicate tissue as many mouth washes do.

For oral cleanliness and to fight colds, gargle with Listerine every morning and night. If you feel a cold coming on or one has already started, repeat the gargle every two hours. You will be delighted to find how often it brings relief.

The moment Listerine enters the mouth it begins to kill germs. Even four hours after its use, reductions in the number of germs ranging to 64% have been noted. *Numerous tests we have conducted have shown that twice-a-day users of Listerine contracted fewer and milder colds than those who did not use it.* Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo.



Fight the Common Cold with **Listerine** *The Safe Antiseptic*

(Continued from Page 44) the last moment. Unless one knows these things, how is it possible to buy with intelligence?

Like any American housewife, I have problems that never occurred in the life of Camous. There are, for example, artichokes. When I buy them in New York, usually they have been shipped from the Far West. Eight days or so after they have been severed from their stalks those heads begin to look very rusty. The way I satisfy myself how long artichokes have been away from the fields where they grew is to take my pocketknife and slice off the blackened end of the stem. If what is revealed is also blackened I do not want those artichokes; but if the cutting shows white and moist then they are all right. I wonder often what Camous would have thought if he had been compelled to buy vegetables three thousand miles from the gardens which produced them.

Why, Camous was so set upon having fresh fish that he bought, not from a dealer but from a fisherman, and he was not lenient with him. Once I heard him scold the man for being a little late. "Fellow," he roared, "I want my fish from you tide by tide!"

In other cities of France where I worked with Camous I saw him, many times, apply tests which I still use to judge the freshness of a fish. He would take the tail between his forefinger and thumb and try to bend it. Unless the tail slipped from his fingers he would not have it. But he required also that the eyes have the brilliance of life and that the tongue be as moist as the tongue in his own mouth. When the scales of a fish become sticky it is no longer, in the sense that the word is used by a first-class cook, fresh.

Camous would take oysters and rap their shells together. If they were heavy and sounded like stones he was satisfied. He would do the same with clams. You see, shellfish when they are exposed to the air alive keep their shells locked fast; when they die the muscles relax and the shells part. Naturally, he would instinctively use his nose at such a time also. A fresh oyster or clam will please your nose; but if it does not you have no business eating such food anyway.

I am sensible of the fact that Camous, buying for a first-class hotel, where some patrons would cheerfully pay four dollars for a portion of out-of-season peas, engaged in transactions beyond the means of most families. Yet Camous used methods and tests that are common to all who go marketing in France. And he knew and practiced many stratagems of economy and efficiency. For example, if he wanted a strong almond flavor in a macedoine of fruit he would crack one or two peach stones and use the centers, which are even more strongly flavored of almond than the nuts which bear that name. His vanilla flavoring was made simply by keeping a couple of long vanilla beans in a covered jar of sugar.

DUAL-PURPOSE RABBITS

You can be sure I know what economy is. If circumstances challenged me to live on a small income, say of twenty or thirty dollars a month, Henri and Philomene Charpentier could do that and still eat excellent food. But that is not remarkable when you think how many times I watched my dear foster mother make one egg impart its flavor to pancakes for a big family. We had little money when I was a small boy in Contes, in the south of France, but we had big appetites.

How many, many days I saw the solitary nanny goat of our household set forth in the morning with a withered, empty bag. She would mount to the top of that hill slope on which the small town of Contes is rooted. Up there was the rendezvous of all the goats of our village. All day she would browse, but at sundown she would, with the other goats, return to the village, coming to our door as faithfully as if she had been a dog. Always her bag was filled with excellent milk which

she would have defended with her horns upon any unauthorized person; but to me, Henri, who was her friend, she would surrender it to the last drop. So you see, I grew up in a family which had milk but no milk bill.

In France every family outside the cities has its pair of rabbits, and those rabbits explain why the small-town people and the villagers have no garbage. The discarded tops of carrots, the spoiled outer leaves of cabbage, the peelings, the green trimmed from cauliflower, are fed to the rabbits.

All Frenchmen, rich and poor, like rabbits. This is the only meat which you may kill and serve immediately, and that meat, I tell you, is splendid. Sometimes we would have it stewed with wine, a few mushrooms, a few olives, potatoes, tomatoes and two or three slices of bacon. Or else it was transformed with a wonderful sauce. It would be cut into pieces like a chicken and then roasted with lard, garlic and onions. Five minutes before it was ready our mother would take the juice of the rabbit and combine it with a glass of wine and perhaps some brandy, and produce a chocolate-colored sauce that was entrancing. Indeed, it was, I think, as good as that expensive sauce prepared in the Tour-d'Argent in Paris from the juice of a young duck.

WHERE NOTHING IS WASTED

In Contes every house, without exception, had its pig, and in the course of a year would enjoy many scores of rabbits. The fur skins of these animals were sold. We also sold our beef bones that came from the soup pot one by one after they had given the last particle of their nutriment and flavor. They were wiped dry of grease on a piece of newspaper and dropped into a bag that hung in a corner beside the fireplace. The greasy paper was squeezed into a tight ball to be used to stimulate a lagging fire. The purchaser of beef bones was an itinerant who came several times a year and paid a few francs for a great many bones. These later reappeared in the world, possibly even in Contes, as buttons and toothbrush handles.

Yes, I think it might even be fun to be poor again, now that I know how easily simple foods can be transformed into things that kings would delight to eat. Certainly on a very small piece of land in this broad continent I could build a paradise. My pair of rabbits would in a few months become the parents of numerous young. In the late spring my garden would produce not alone vegetables but flowers, for do not think I would be content to live without beauty and without perfume. I would have bees too. Possibly in this country where only a few appreciate goats I would have to keep a Mr. and a Mrs. Goat in order to be supplied with milk. Obviously, my seven hens would have an escort. But I would get along with one pig. If there were potato peelings I would not feed them to him raw. I would cook them. What part of the goat's milk I could not drink I would feed to the grateful pig. Be sure he would thrive. Eventually he would weigh enough to provide me with a pound of pork for every day in the year. But I should deprive myself of some. I would trade one of his hams, after smoking it in my fireplace, for another small pig, just as we used to do in Contes.

I am sure I could do that, because when I was a little boy and poor I lived among resourceful people. If I were to become so poor again, I would have a market basket—oh, yes. But I would use it to carry food from my own garden to my own kitchen, where Philomene would be on hand to transform it into something quite as delicious as anything we now offer to the richest clients of our restaurant. When I handed her the basket of raw food I would also hand her a bouquet of flowers, and I would utter such compliments as would make us both sing while the dinner was cooking.

"ALICE IN PLUMBER-LAND"

in which Alice meets the Miracle Man and the drains flow happily ever after

Pictured by F. G. COOPER

Ah, here am I, the Tinker Man, Who's come to fix the drain. I see you're madder than a hatter 'Cause it's acting up again.

I'm sorry, sir, but I must say I want it fixed the modern way.



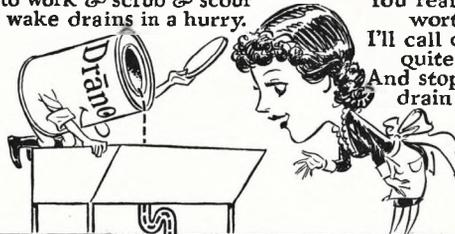
Kind sir, will you please help a miss Who's in an awful quand'ry With a heap of clothes and a stopped-up drain On Monday, in the laundry?

That's an easy trick for a Miracle Man. I'll open it quick with my magical can.



I doff my hat, I tilt my head, Then down the drain I scurry. I go to work & scrub & scour And wake drains in a hurry.

You're wonderful! You're marvelous! You really are worth double. I'll call on you quite regularly And stop all my drain trouble.



Oh, it's great to live in the land of the free, Where the waste water scoots and scurries! Use Drano yourself—keep a can on the shelf. Get rid of all down-the-drain worries.



Drano
CLEANS AND OPENS DRAINS
KEEPS THEM FREE-FLOWING

• SEND ten cents for helpful booklet, "100 Housecleaning Helps" The Drackett Co. Dept. J46 Cincinnati, O.

How proud you'll be of Calumet's "Velvety Crumb"!



Lemon Gold Cake (3 egg yolks)

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
½ cup butter or other shortening
1 cup sugar

3 egg yolks, beaten until thick and lemon-colored
¾ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla, or ½ teaspoon lemon extract

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg yolks and beat well. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add flavoring. Beat well. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375°F) 25 to 30 minutes. Spread Luscious Lemon Frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake. Double recipe to make three 10-inch layers.

Luscious Lemon Frosting

3 teaspoons grated orange rind
Dash of salt
3 tablespoons butter
3 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 tablespoon water

Add orange rind and salt to butter; cream well. Add part of sugar gradually, blending after each addition. Combine lemon juice and water; add to creamed mixture, alternately with remaining sugar, until of right consistency to spread. Beat after each addition until smooth. Makes enough frosting to cover tops and sides of two 9-inch layers. For a deeper yellow frosting, tint with yellow coloring.

(All measurements are level.)

NO NEED to keep your fingers crossed, when you cut a cake made with Calumet Baking Powder! For under the high-swirled frosting and the thin, tender brown crust, you're sure to find the typical glorious Calumet texture that experts call "velvety crumb."

So cut your cake with confidence and pride—whether it's a simple one-egg cake or a lavish, luxurious party cake! Touch the cut surface with your forefinger. See how soft and springy it is—how tenderly moist and elastic. Feel a morsel between finger and thumb. Like velvet! . . . Now, taste. Let your tongue, too, recognize this new texture—velvet-fine, velvet-smooth.

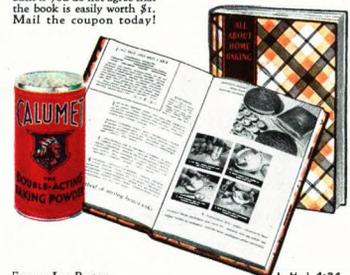
What's the secret? Calumet's balanced Double-Action. One action in the mixing bowl, but a second held in reserve to act in the oven-heat. A partnership that makes cake texture unbelievably light, fine and delicate.

And so efficient that you use less Calumet than with other baking powders! Only one level teaspoon to a cup of sifted flour in most recipes! Try Calumet . . . a product of General Foods . . . in this Lemon Gold cake. And send for the beautiful picture-book of baking described below.

Get this Wonderful Picture-Book of Baking! "All About Home Baking"

Learn the fine points of baking—through pictures! 185 grand new recipes, based on 23 master recipes. Each master recipe in illustrated demonstration form . . . almost like a movie . . . with the clearest and simplest step-by-step directions. Every type of baking from pancakes to party cakes! You'll see how experts measure, sift, cream, beat, fold, prepare pans, regulate ovens, make frostings and meringues. A real book with 144 pages, washable covers, gorgeous color plates, 14 pages of table settings and menus. And only 25¢! Clip this coupon—mail today!

Only 25¢—and your money back if you do not agree that the book is easily worth \$1. Mail the coupon today!



Frances Lee Barton,
General Foods, Battle Creek, Mich.

L. H. J. 4-24

I enclose 25¢, for which please send me your new picture-lesson book "All About Home Baking." If I do not agree that it is worth \$1, I can return the book after one week for a full refund.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Print name and address plainly.
This offer expires December 31, 1934—not good in Canada.

A Backward Glance

BY EDITH WHARTON

THESE new friendships, and others too numerous to mention, added much enjoyment to my Parisian days, but the core of my life was under my own roof, among my own books and my few most intimate friends. Above all, it was in my work, which was growing and spreading, and absorbing more and more of my time and my imagination.

Ever since the publication of my first book I had continued steadily at my story-telling. Nothing ever distracted me from it for long, and during the busy happy Parisian years, and especially after the success of *The House of Mirth*, a growing sense of ease made my writing more and more absorbing. In 1908 I published *The Hermit and the Wild Woman*, a volume of short stories; in 1910 another, called *Tales of Men and Ghosts*, and between the two *A Motor Flight Through France*, the record of some of our early motor journeys, many of them made with Henry James.

But the book to the making of which I brought the greatest joy, and the fullest ease, was *Ethan Frome*. For years I had wanted to draw a picture of life as it really was in the derelict mountain villages of New England, a life even in my time, and a thousandfold more a generation earlier, utterly unlike that seen through the rose-colored spectacles of my predecessors, Mary Wilkins and Sarah Orne Jewett.

In those days the snowbound villages of Western Massachusetts were grim places, morally and physically. Insanity, incest, and slow mental and moral starvation were hidden away behind the paintless wooden house fronts of the long village streets, or in the isolated farmhouses on the neighboring hills, and Emily Brontë would have found as many hidden tragedies in our remoter valleys as on her Yorkshire moors. In particular, I may mention that every detail about the colony of drunken mountain outlaws described in *Summer* was given to me by the rector of the church at Lenox, near which we lived, and that the lonely peak I have called "the Mountain" was in reality Bear Mountain, an isolated summit not more than twelve miles from our country place. I have a clearer recollection of the beginnings of *Ethan Frome* than of those of my other tales, through the singular accident that its first pages were written in French! I had determined, when we came to live in Paris, to polish and enlarge my French vocabulary, for though I had spoken the language since the age of four I had never had occasion to talk it continuously, and seldom with cultivated people, having usually, since my marriage, merely wandered through France as a tourist. The result was that I had kept up the language chiefly through reading, and the favorite French authors of my early youth being Bossuet, Racine, Corneille and La Bruyère, most of my polite locutions dated from the seventeenth century, and Bourget used to laugh at me for speaking "the purest Louis Quatorze."

TO BRING my idioms up to date, I asked Charles Du Bos to find, among his friends, a young professor who would have the patience to talk with me two or three times a week. He did so, but the amiable young man whom he recommended, being too timid ever to correct my spoken mistakes, finally hit on the expedient of asking me to prepare an "exercise" before each visit. The best I could do in that line without boredom was to write a story, and thus the French version of *Ethan Frome* was begun, and carried on for a few weeks. Then the lessons were given up, and the copy-book containing my "exercise" vanished forever. But a few years later, during one of our summer sojourns at the Mount, a distant glimpse of Bear Mountain brought *Ethan* back to my memory, and the following winter, in Paris, I wrote the tale as it now stands.

"Well, I am glad to welcome to the White House someone to whom I can quote *The Hunting of the Snark* without being asked what I mean!"

Such was my first greeting from Theodore Roosevelt after his accession to the Presidency—a date so much earlier than that of my sojourn in Paris that I ought to have introduced it before, had it not seemed simpler to gather into one chapter the record of our too-infrequent meetings. Though I had known Theodore Roosevelt since my first youth, and though his second wife is my distant cousin, I had met him only at long intervals—usually at my sister-in-law's, in New York—and we had never "hooked" until after the publication of *The Valley of Decision*.

He had a great liking for the book, and wanted, after his usual fashion, to rearrange it in conformity with his theory of domestic morals and the strenuous life; but when I pointed out that these ideas did not happen to prevail in the



A CORNER OF THE DRAWING-ROOM IN THE AUTHOR'S WINTER RETREAT, A CHÂTEAU IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE. THE CHÂTEAU IS SHOWN AT RIGHT



decadent little Italian principalities which Napoleon was so soon to wipe out or to remodel, he laughingly admitted the force of the argument, and thereafter we became great friends.

My intimacy with Bay Lodge, and with the Jusserands, the much-loved French ambassador and his wife, with whom my friendship dated back to my childhood, created other links between the Roosevelts and myself, and the first time I went to Washington after they were installed in the White House I was promptly summoned to lunch, and welcomed on the threshold by the President's vehement cry: "At last I can quote *The Hunting of the Snark*!"

"Would you believe it," he added, "no one in the Administration has ever heard of Alice, much less of *The Hunting of the Snark*; and the other day, when I said to the Secretary of the Navy: 'Mr. Secretary, what I say three times is true,' he did not recognize the quotation, and answered with an aggrieved air: 'Mr. President, it would never for a moment have occurred to me to impugn your veracity!'"

These whirlwind welcomes were very characteristic, for Theodore Roosevelt had in his mind so clear a vision of each interlocutor's range of subjects, and his own was so extensive and so varied, that when he met anyone who interested him he could never bear to waste a moment in idle preliminaries.

I remember another instance of this eager desire to lose no time that could be given to anything worth while, however remote the topic from the occupation of the moment. Many years ago that charming old institution, Williams College, conferred an honorary degree on the President, and the college authorities invited me to the commencement ceremonies.

I motored over from the Mount to Williamstown, and when I appeared at the reception, which took place after the conferring of the degrees, the President, who probably had no idea that I was there, uttered an exclamation of surprise and cried out:

"But you're the very person I wanted to see! Of course you've read that wonderful new book of De la Gorce's, the

History of the Second Empire? What an amazing book it is! Let's go off into a corner at once and have a good talk about it."

And go off into a corner we did, and talked about it at some length, to the visible interruption of the academic formalities; but that was the President's way, and as everybody loved him, everybody forgave him, and moreover, they all knew that in another ten minutes he would corner somebody else on some other equally absorbing subject. What he could not and would not endure was talking about things which did not interest him when there were so many that did—so far too many for the brief time he had to spare for them! One feels, in looking back, something premonitory in this impatience, this thirst to slake an intellectual curiosity almost as fervent as his moral ardors.

With his faculty of instantly extracting the best that each person had to give, he seldom failed, when we met, to turn the talk to books. So much of his time was spent among the bookless that many people never suspected either the range of his literary culture or his learned interest in the natural sciences, and in Washington they were probably fully known only to the small group of people to whom he turned for intellectual stimulus—the Cabot Lodges, Henry Adams, Walter Berry, the Jusserands, Sir Cecil Spring-Rice.

BUT there was another tie between us. Theodore Roosevelt was one of the most humorous *raconteurs* I ever knew, and a very good mimic, and when we were among a little band of fun lovers—say, with Bay Lodge, the President's sister, Mrs. Douglas Robinson, and a few other cultivators of good nonsense—he kept us rocking with his cowboy tales and his evocations of White House visitors.

His liberty of speech, even in mixed company, was startling. Once, at a moment of acute tension between the President and the Senate, I was lunching at the White House with a big and haphazard party, among whom were several guests who had never before met the President, and at least one journalist, and suddenly I heard him break out to the assembled table: "Well, yes, I'm tired, I'm terribly tired. I don't know exactly what's

the matter with me; but if only we could revive the good old Roman custom, I know a bath in Senator —'s blood would set me right in no time."

He was noted for speaking very recklessly before people incapable of appreciating either his humor or his irony, and to whom it must often have been a temptation to quote his personal comments; yet it was always said that during his two terms of office no public advantage was ever taken of these indiscretions, and in a country like ours I can imagine no greater proof of the degree to which he was loved and respected.

One of our last meetings was in the Rue de Varenne, in the course of the astonishing world tour of 1909-10, when, after completing his second term of office as the most famous man in America, he discovered that his celebrity extended also to the other side of the globe. On this tour, during which, in spite of his repeated protests that he was only a private citizen, he was received with sovereign honors by every European government, he came to Paris to deliver a lecture at the Sorbonne.

Through his old friend Jusserand, who had arranged to meet him in Paris, I was notified that he wished to come to the Rue de Varenne. He sent me word that he would like me to invite a few people to meet him—not governmental or *universitaire*, since those he was sure to see elsewhere, but my own group of friends—and every one I summoned answered to the call, for the desire to see him was intense.

I tried to choose, in the literary and academic line, principally those who spoke English, but they were few; and unhappily, though Roosevelt knew French well, he spoke it badly, and with a rather bewildering pronunciation. The consequence was that, having found among many guests an Academician—I forget who—who was a specialist on some subject which particularly interested him, and could talk to him about it in English, he broke up the royal "circle"—of which he was, of course, expected to go the round—and by isolating himself too long with this

LET ME TELL YOU HOW A
GOLDEN NAPTHA SOAP GAVE
ME A MILLION-DOLLAR WASH



Ann Prescott:

"Tickled?...you bet! My clothes aren't gray any more—they're white, Betty. They're gorgeous! And I found out what was wrong... That 'trick' soap I used to wash with wasn't getting all the dirt out of my clothes. Then..."



Ann Prescott:

"I bought a few bars of Fels-Naptha Soap—and I never saw the beat of it for hurrying out dirt. Here, smell the reason yourself—there's lots of naphtha in that golden bar!"



Betty Moore:

"You've won me, Ann. I'm going to get some Fels-Naptha right away."

Ann Prescott:

"Try it for undies, too—it's grand for silk stockings and dainty lingerie."



M-M-M!... Linens so white they fairly gleam! Clothes that are fresh as a breeze! Washes that make you pop with pride!

Here's the easier way to get them—change to Fels-Naptha Soap! You'll like the way it loosens grimeiest dirt. You'll like the way it makes *suds that stay sudsy—nice and creamy and rich*. You'll like the way it hustles along the wash.

What is Fels-Naptha's secret? . . . It is two lively cleaners instead of one. Golden soap that's richer—and plenty

of dirt-loosening naphtha in every bar.

A brisk yet gentle combination that gets clothes cleaner—and does it *safely!* Fels-Naptha doesn't hurry clothes to the rag bag. It's kind to hands. It's a willing worker in tub or machine—in hot, lukewarm or cool water—whether you soak or boil clothes.

And more happy news—Fels-Naptha Soap now sells at the lowest price in almost twenty years! Get a few bars today! . . . Fels & Co., Philadelphia.



© 1934, FELS & CO.

particular interlocutor caused much disappointment to some of my other guests.

This was an omission not easily understood or forgiven; but it was difficult to stem the current of the President's eloquence, and the President he still was to all intents and purposes. I was made, however, to feel afterward that Jusserand and I had failed in our duty in not organizing the party in such a way that each guest should have a few minutes' talk with the great man; for it was inconceivable to those amiable but highly disciplined people that either the President or his hostess should carelessly omit a single move of the traditional game they had been invited to play with him.

I was only once at Sagamore, and I think it was there that I saw Theodore Roosevelt for the last time. There could not have been a fitter setting for what turned out to be our good-by; for it was only at Sagamore that the least-known side of his character was revealed, and *ranchero* and statesman both made way for the private man, passionately absorbed in books and Nature, and in all the quiet interests of a country life.

What a good day that was! My husband and I went down to lunch, and found there no one but the family—which, as in my own house, always included two or three busy and extremely interested dogs. The house was like one big library, and the whole tranquil place breathed of the love of books and of Nature, so that I felt immediately at home there.

AFTER luncheon Mr. Roosevelt, with a good deal of simple amusement, showed us the series of photographs taken of himself and the Emperor William during the famous German manoeuvres. He was perfectly aware of the studied impertinence of the Kaiser's famous inscription on one of the photographs—it read, I think: "President Roosevelt shows the Emperor of Germany how to command an attack," or something of the kind—but he treated it as an imperial appeal to his sense of humor; which, after all, it probably was.

In looking back over my memories of Theodore Roosevelt I am surprised to find how very seldom, after we became friends, I saw him, and yet how sure I am that he was my friend. This is no doubt due to his gift of bridging over in an instant those long intervals between meetings that so often benumb even the best of friends. He was so alive at all points, and so gifted with the rare faculty of living intensely and entirely in every moment as it passed, that each of our meetings glows in me like a tiny morsel of radium stored with centuries of heat.

During our first year in Paris the friend of my childhood, Henry White, was our Ambassador there. He had married our beautiful neighbor of Newport, Margaret Rutherford, whose two equally beautiful young brothers, Lewis and Winthrop, had been, with the exception of Madame Jusserand and Daisy Terry, my earliest playmates.

IN PARIS our embassy, as long as the Whites were there, was a second home to me, and Harry, who was never happier than in contriving happiness for others, was always planning for me to meet interesting people. I remember, in particular, lunching at the embassy one day with Orville Wright, who had come to Paris, I think, for the unveiling of the statue at Le Mans commemorative of the first flight of the Wright brothers on French soil.

Walter Berry, who was also at the lunch, had for many years been the counsel of the French embassy in Washington. He was the intimate friend of Jusserand, and when the French Government sent a military mission to America to investigate the queer new "flying machine" which two unknown craftsmen of Dayton, Ohio, had invented, Walter Berry was appointed by the French embassy to accompany them to Dayton as their legal adviser. He stayed there for three weeks, saw the mysterious machine "levitate" a few inches

above the earth, and came back awed by the possibility of the "strange futures, beautiful and new," folded up within those clumsy wings, and much impressed by the two shy taciturn men who had called it into being. I remember his telling me that when he discussed with Wilbur Wright the future of aviation, the latter said: "I can conceive that aeroplanes might possibly be of some use in war, but never for any commercial purpose, or as a regular means of communication."

DURING the last prewar years I traveled more, and in more different directions, than ever before. Breaking at last with the seductive habit of going always and only to Italy, I made, one spring, my first motor trip to Spain; and in the summer of 1912 or 1913 I went to Germany with my old friend Bernard Berenson. We motored to Berlin by the lovely route of the Rhine and the Thuringian forest, and for the first time I saw Weimar, so small and serene in its leafy summer quiet, and Wetzlar, with Lotte's quaint wedge-shaped house, unchanged without and within since she lived in it. In Berlin we spent eight glorious days, during which I trotted about in the great museums after my learned companion—who has always accused me of not properly appreciating the privilege—and was rewarded by a holiday in Dresden, and a day's dash to the charming heights of Saxon Switzerland.

I had the luck, in those blessed years, to make two more wonderful journeys. The first, in 1913, took me through the length and breadth of Sicily, of which thitherto I had seen only Palermo and the towns of the east coast; the other, in the early spring of 1914, was made by motor from Algiers, eastward across the mountains of Kabylia to Tingad, Constantine, Hammam Meskoutine and Tunis, thence by Sousse and Sfax, to Kairwan and El Djem, Gabes, and southward to the mysterious town of Medenine, beyond which there was then no road for motor travel.

It seems as though Fate had conspired to fill the last years preceding the war with every kind of charm and pleasure. "Eyes, look your last"—in and about Paris all things seemed to utter the same disregarded cry, from the smiling suburbs unmarred by hideous advertisements, the unravaged cornfields of Millet and Monet, still spreading in sunny opulence to the city's edge, the Champs Elysees in their last phase of expiring elegance, all the great buildings, statues and fountains withdrawing at dusk into silence and secrecy, instead of being torn from their mystery by the vulgar intrusion of flood lighting.

ON A BEAUTIFUL afternoon toward the end of June, 1914, I stopped at Jacques Blanche's gate and walked under the trees toward the lawn. It was a perfect summer day; brightly dressed groups were gathered at tea tables under the overhanging boughs, or walking up and down the flower-bordered turf. I still see the broad band of blue forget-me-nots edging the shrubberies, the old-fashioned *corbeilles* of yellow and bronze wallflowers, the roses budding on the pillars of the porch. A long line of glittering motors stood in the quiet street outside. On the lawn and about the tea tables there was a happy stir of talk. An exceptionally brilliant season was drawing to its close, the air was full of all kinds of literary and artistic emotions, and that dust of ideas with which the Parisian atmosphere is always laden sparkled like motes in the sun.

I joined a group of friends at one of the tables, and as we sat there a cloud shadow abruptly darkened bright flowers and bright dresses, chilling and disquieting the air. "Haven't you heard? The Archduke Ferdinand assassinated at Sarajevo. . . . Where is Sarajevo? His wife was with him. What was her name? Both shot dead."

It sent a momentary shiver through the gay company. But the Archduke Ferdinand was no more than a name to most of us. Only one or (Continued on Page 52)

(right) Some folks picture the life of an artist's model as mostly champagne parties. Nothing could be further from the truth. RUTH COLE will tell you that posing means long hours of hard work. Recently she had an opportunity to go to Hollywood but mother decided against the venture; so Ruth, who is only eighteen, smiles for New York cameras instead.



(below) DOROTHY DODD comes from Atlanta. She attended private schools in the south and topped off her education with travel abroad. Now she is in New York and following out a childhood ambition is entering upon a stage career. She trusts the care of her lovely teeth to Listerine Tooth Paste.



"A BEAUTY
TREATMENT
for the
TEETH"
.. say smart women



Why don't you try a tube?

Listen to the comments we receive about Listerine Tooth Paste: "Friends tell me my teeth glisten so becomingly." "My teeth have a lustre and sparkle they didn't used to have." "It is so easy now to keep teeth free from smoke stains."

These amazing results explain why already more than 2 million women have changed to this 25¢ dentifrice from costlier brands.

Listerine Tooth Paste does beautify the teeth surprisingly. Its modern polishing agent is swift in action. Long brushing is not necessary. Yet this modern formula is gentle—safe even for children's delicate enamel.

If you are worried by dull, "off color" teeth, by all means give Listerine Tooth Paste a trial. Note the quick improvement—how white your teeth look, how much healthier your gums feel. Your mouth is pleasantly refreshed—the same effect you associate with Listerine itself. And, remember, this dentifrice costs you just half as much as 50¢ brands. On the basis of a tube a month, that means you have a chance to save about \$3 a year! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.



(above) The first picture of ETHELYNE HOLT ever published started a vogue for the hat she wore. She became known as "the girl who sold a million hats." But Miss Holt doesn't need a hat to photograph becomingly, as this portrait shows.

(left) NORMA WYCKOFF used to commute from her home in New Jersey to Teachers' College, Columbia University, and had firmly in mind a teaching career. Then recurring demands for her services as a model made her think she didn't want to teach and she took up posing as a profession. She is kept happily busy at it.

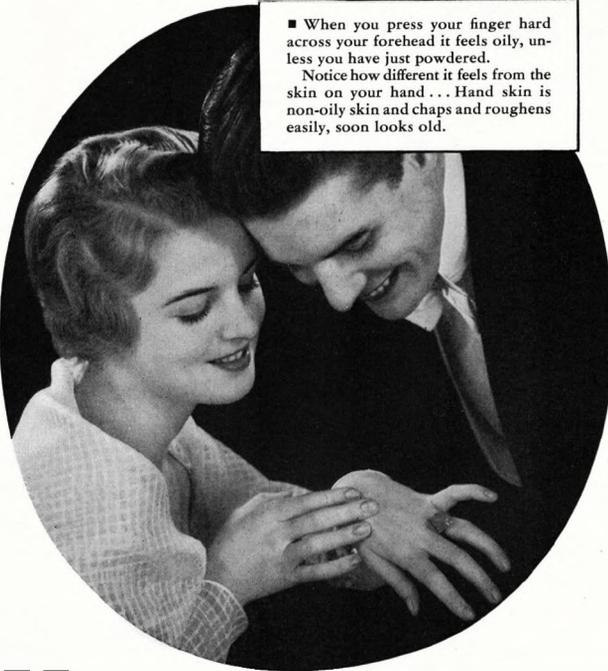


You can feel the difference in the Skin of your Face and Hands



■ When you press your finger hard across your forehead it feels oily, unless you have just powdered.

Notice how different it feels from the skin on your hand... Hand skin is non-oily skin and chaps and roughens easily, soon looks old.



Keep the soft Hands he loves it's easy this way...

Just because you are so busy all the time you needn't give up having lovely hands. There's a way to keep those faithful hands of yours beautiful, too.

If they are roughened and red—perhaps a bit chapped—it's because you have let them lose some of the moisture from the inner skin cells.

Hand skin is different from the rest of your skin. Having little natural oil, it must depend on moisture to keep it softly smooth and young. But everything your busy hands do tends to take this moisture out of the skin.

So you must see to it that mois-

ture is restored to the dry, parched skin cells. Jergens Lotion has been especially compounded just to do this for you.

It goes into the skin cells more completely and quickly than other lotions tested in recent laboratory tests.

That's why you never have that horrid sticky feeling after using Jergens!

And because it blends the two ingredients that specialists prescribe for softening and whitening the hands, it works miracles! Even on dry, chapped hands and rough, scratchy fingers!

You can get Jergens Lotion in drug stores and department stores at 50¢. Or in the big economical bottle at \$1.00. You'll find a handy, smaller bottle in the ten-cent stores, too. Do get some today and start your hands on their way to flower-like loveliness.

This lotion goes into skin cells more quickly, more completely than any other lotion tested. Try it yourself at our expense—

FREE! Generous trial bottle of Jergens Lotion. Just mail this coupon—or write—to

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.
8407 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
In Canada, 8407 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Name _____
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____



Jergens Lotion

(Continued from Page 50) two elderly diplomatists shook their heads and murmured ominously of Austrian reprisals. What if Germany should seize the opportunity? . . . There would be more particulars in next morning's papers. The talk wandered away to the interests of the hour . . . the last play, the newest exhibition, the Louvre's most recent acquisitions.

I was leaving in a day or two for Spain—a quick dash down to Barcelona and the Balearic Islands before going to England, where I had taken a house in the country, carrying out at last my lifelong dream of a summer in England. All my old friends had promised to come and stay; we were going to motor to Scotland, to Wales, to all the places I had longed to see for so many years. How happy and safe the future seemed!

WHEN I am told—as I am not infrequently—by people who were in the nursery, or not born, in that fatal year, that the world went gayly toward war, or when I have served up to me the more recent German legend that France and England actually wanted war, and forced it on the reluctant Central Empires, I recall those first days of August, 1914, and am dumb with indignation.

France was paralyzed with horror. France had never wanted war, had never believed that it would be forced upon her, had proved her good faith by the absurd but sublime act of ordering her covering troops ten miles back from the frontier as soon as she heard of Austria's ultimatum to Serbia! It is perhaps useless to revive such controversies now; but not, I believe, to put the facts once more on record for a future generation who may study them with eyes cleared of prejudice. The criminal mistakes made by the Allies were made in 1919, not in 1914.

Early in 1915 the French Red Cross asked me to report on some military hospitals near the Front which were badly in need of supplies. Armed with the needful military permits, and my car laden to the roof with bundles of hospital supplies, I set out in February, 1915, to inspect the fever hospital at Châlons-sur-Marne. What I saw there made me feel the urgency of telling my rich and generous compatriots something of the desperate needs of the hospitals in the war zone, and I proposed to M. Jules Cambon to make other trips to the Front, and recount my experiences in a series of magazine articles.

FOREIGN correspondents were still excluded from the war zone; but M. Cambon persuaded General Joffre's chief-of-staff, General Pelle, that, even if in my ignorance I stumbled on some important military secret, there would be little risk of its betrayal in articles which could not possibly be ready for publication until several months later; while the description of what I saw might bring home to American readers some of the dreadful realities of the war. I was therefore given leave to visit the rear of the fighting line all the way from Dunkerque to Belfort, and did so in the course of six expeditions, some of which actually took me into the front-line trenches; and, wishing to lose no time in publishing my impressions, I managed to scribble the articles between my other tasks, and they appeared in Scribner's Magazine in 1915, and immediately afterward in a volume called *Fighting France*.

At the time when the book was written it was not permissible to give too precise details about places or people, and I have sometimes thought of bringing out a new edition in which the gaps should be filled in with more personal touches; such as the unforgettable moment when I was received at La Panne, in a little wind-rocked sand-girt villa, by the Queen of the Belgians, who had summoned me to talk of the Belgian child refugees committed to our care; or the day when M. Paul-Boncour, in a particularly impeccable uniform, escorted me to the first-line trenches in Alsace; or the other when M. Henry de Jouvenel, receiving at Sainte Menehould

my application to go on to Verdun, at first positively refused, and then, returning from a consultation with the general of the division, said with a smile: "Are you really the author of *The House of Mirth*? If you are, the General says you shall have a pass; but for heaven's sake drive as fast as you can, for we don't want any civilians on the road today." (It was on February 28, 1915, the day the French retook the heights of Vauquois, on the road to Verdun; and, as I have related in my book, we actually witnessed the victorious assault from a garden at Clermont-en-Argonne.)

The hurried noting of my impressions at the Front had a curious effect. It roused in me an intense longing to write at a moment when my mind was burdened with practical responsibilities, and my soul wrung with the dreadful anguish of the war. Even had I had the leisure to take up my story-telling I should have had no heart for it; yet I was tormented with a fever of creation.

Gradually, my intellectual unrest sobered down into quiet activity. I began to write a short novel, *Summer*, as remote as possible in setting and subject from the scenes about me; and this occupation made my other tasks seem lighter. The tale was written at a high pitch of creative joy, but amid a thousand interruptions, and while the rest of my being was steeped in the tragic realities of the war; yet I do not remember ever visualizing with more intensity the inner scene, or the creatures peopling it.

THE liberty to write, however, was seldom to be achieved during those terrible years, and it was not till 1917 that I had my only real holiday, in the shape of a month in Morocco. General Lyautey, then Resident General, had held since 1914, in one or another of the Moroccan cities, an annual industrial exhibition, designed to impress upon France's North African subjects the fact that the war she was carrying on in no way affected her normal activities. To these exhibitions, which were carried out with the greatest taste and intelligence, the Resident invited a certain number of guests from the allied and neutral countries. I was among those who were asked to visit the exhibition at Rabat; and General Lyautey carried his kindness to the extent of sending me on a three weeks' motor tour of the colony. The brief enchantment of this journey through a country still completely untouched by foreign travel, and almost destitute of roads and hotels, was like a burst of sunlight between storm clouds. I returned from it to the crushing gloom of the last dark winter, to the night which was not to lift again until the following September, and I had no time to set down the story of my wonderful journey until 1920, when it appeared in a volume called *In Morocco*.

One evening at the end of July, 1918, I was sitting with a friend in my drawing-room in the Rue de Varenne, when our talk was suddenly interrupted by the unwanted sound of a distant cannonade. We broke off and stared at each other.

FOUR years of war had injured Parisians to every sound connected with air raids, from the boom of warning maroons to the smashing roar of bombs. The Rue de Varenne was close to the Chamber of Deputies, to the Ministries of War and of the Interior, and to other important government offices, and bombs had rained about us and upon us since 1914; and as we were on Big Bertha's deathly trajectory her evil roar was also a well-known sound.

But this new noise came neither from maroon, from airplane nor from the throat of the dark Walkyrie; it was the level throb of distant artillery, a sound with which my expeditions to the Front had made me equally familiar. And this was the first time that I had heard it in Paris! Curiously enough, while the firing along the Front was often distinctly audible on the south coast of England, and sometimes, I believe, at certain points in Surrey, and though (Continued on Page 54)

Twin Angel Food Cakes

(8 to 10 egg whites)

- 1 cup sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
- 1 1/4 cups sifted granulated sugar
- 1 cup egg whites
- 3/4 teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons Baker's Breakfast Cocoa
- 1 teaspoon cream of tartar
- 1/4 cups sifted granulated sugar
- 3/4 teaspoon vanilla
- 3/4 teaspoon almond extract

Sift flour once, measure, and sift four more times. Beat egg whites and salt with flat wire whisk. When foamy, add cream of tartar and continue beating until eggs are stiff enough to hold up in peaks, but not dry. Fold in sugar carefully, 2 tablespoons at a time, until all is used. Fold in flavoring. Then sift small amount of flour over mixture and fold in carefully; continue until all is used. Pour 3/4 of batter into one ungreased small angel food pan.

To remaining half of batter, add cocoa, sifting it over mixture and folding in carefully until blended. Turn into second ungreased small angel food pan. Bake cakes in slow oven 50 to 60 minutes. Begin at 275° F. and after 30 minutes increase heat slightly (325° F.) and bake 20 to 30 minutes longer. Remove from oven and invert pans 1 hour, or until cold.

Notes: Remove eggs from refrigerator several hours before using. They beat up lighter and more easily when at room temperature, and give increased fineness and delicacy of texture to angel foods. (All measurements are level.)

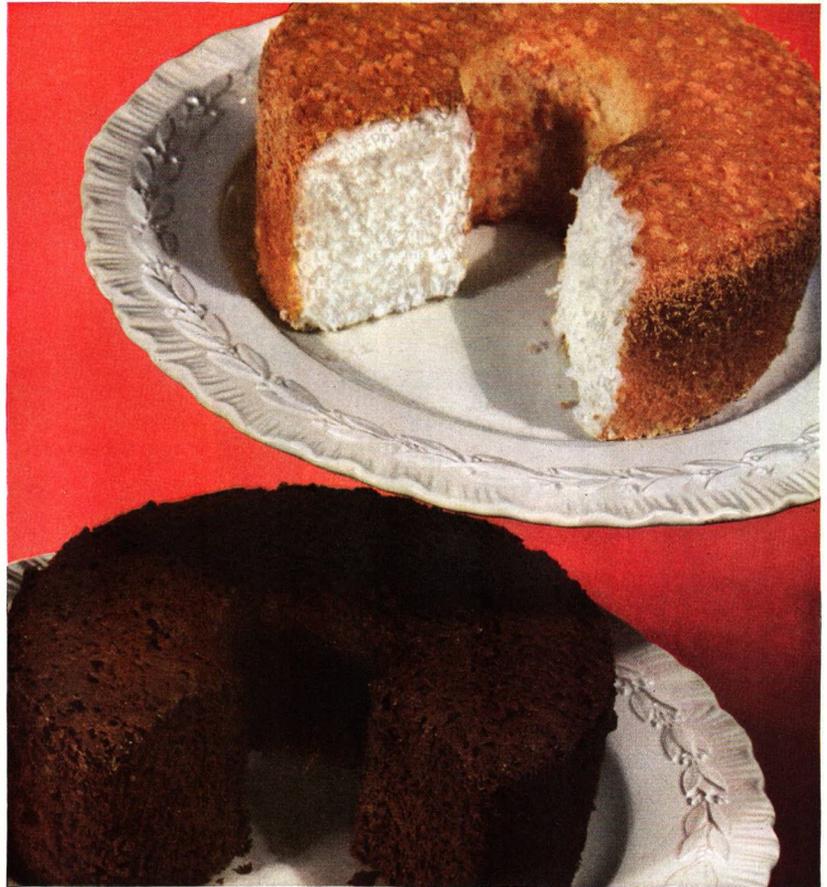
* Recipe for Standard Angel Food—for regular-size tin—is given on each package of Swans Down Cake Flour. Swans Down is a product of General Foods.



"With Swans Down Angel Food, I won first prize at the Festival Cake Contest in Oberlin, Ohio."

Mrs. Samuel Wragg.

★ SWANS DOWN CAKE FLOUR MAKES AMERICA'S CHAMPION CAKES



Perfect Angel Food—
a perfect snap
to make!

... but you can't get cake like this with ordinary flour!

Maybe you've longed to try your hand at Angel Food—and haven't quite dared.

Maybe you have tried—and sad things happened. Maybe you've said, "I'm just unlucky!"

Lady, forget it! There's no luck to it—if you use the right flour. And here's a grand and novel recipe to prove it.

Make up this recipe—follow it exactly—use Swans Down Cake Flour. And out of your oven take two gorgeous Angel Food cakes! Chocolate Angel Food—and snow-white Angel Food—both from this one simple recipe. So fairy-light and tender—they look like puffs of cloud. One delicious bite and you'll feel like singing—"All my Angel Food got wings."

Yes, flour—and flour alone—can make all that difference! With ordinary flour you'd never get that wispy lightness—that feathery perfection. You simply couldn't because . . .

Ordinary flours contain a tough, elastic gluten—excellent for slow yeast leavens, but much too resistant for the egg whites and other "quick" leavens used in cake. But Swans Down is made from special soft winter wheat that contains a tender gluten. A gluten so delicate it responds perfectly to light cake leavens.

What's more, Swans Down is 27 times finer than ordinary flour. It gives you better cake every time you bake. It makes the simplest economy cakes say nice extravagant things about you.

Get Swans Down Cake Flour at your grocer's today!



BARGAIN! 2 new-type, half-size angel food pans.

Brand-new and wonderfully convenient! Special half-size angel food pans that stores don't carry. Straight sides. Movable slides for air circulation. 6 1/4-inch diameter. A grand bargain, too! See coupon offer.

Frances Lee Barton, GENERAL FOODS, Battle Creek, Mich.

Enclosed is 50¢ (75¢ in Canada) for which I am to receive two angel food pans, as illustrated, and a copy of "New Cake Secrets."

Enclosed is 10¢, for which I am to receive a copy of "New Cake Secrets."

(Check the bargain you prefer. We'll pay the postage.)

L. H. J. 4-34

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

(Fill in completely—print name and address.) In Canada, address General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ontario.

This offer expires December 31, 1934

● **Swans Down Cake Flour** ●

Tune in on General Foods Baking Day Every Thursday Morning. See Local Papers for Time of Broadcast.



HENRY, WILL YOU
PLEASE
BREAK AWAY
FROM THAT
cheese tray?

(Continued from Page 52) it was familiar to dwellers in the southwestern suburbs of Paris, it had never before, to my knowledge, reached the city itself. At any rate, it was new to my guest and to me, and we sprang up and rushed to a long window opening on a balcony. There we stood and listened to the far-off rumor, resolute, unbroken, portentous; and suddenly my friend turned to me with an illuminated face: "It's the opening of Foch's big offensive!"

Some three months later, on a hushed November day, another unwanted sound called me again to the same balcony. The quarter I lived in was so quiet in those days that, except for the crashing of aerial battles, few sounds disturbed it; but now I was startled to hear, at an unusual hour, the familiar bell of our nearest church, Sainte Clothilde.

I went to the balcony, and all the household followed me. Through the deep expectant hush we heard, one after another, the bells of Paris calling to one another; first those of our own quarter, St. Thomas-d'Aquin, St. Louis-des-Invalides, St. Francois-Xavier, St. Sulpice, St. Etienne-du-Mont, St. Severin; then others, more distant, joining in from all around, the city's great periphery, from Notre-Dame to the Sacre-Coeur, from the Madeleine to St. Augustin, from St. Louis-en-l'ile to Notre-Dame de Passy; at first, as it seemed, softly, questioningly, almost incredulously; then with a gathering rush of sound and speed, precipitately, exultantly, till all their voices joined together in a crash of triumph.

WE HAD fared so long on the thin diet of hope deferred that for a moment or two our hearts wavered and doubted. Then, like the bells, they swelled to bursting, and we knew the war was over.

The war was over, and we thought we were returning to the same world we had abruptly passed out of four years earlier. Perhaps it was as well that, at first, we were sustained by that illusion.

My own feeling, I confess, was that I was tired—oh, so tired! I wanted first of all and beyond all, to get away from Paris, away from streets and houses altogether and for always, into the country, or at least the near country of a Paris suburb. In motoring out to visit a group of refugee colonies to the north of Paris, I had sometimes passed through a little village near Ecouen.

In one of its little streets stood a quiet house which struck the eye of one of my friends, who told me that she thought it might suit me. At that darkest moment of the spring of 1918 every house in the northern suburbs of Paris was to be bought. They had all been deserted by their owners since the last German advance, for they were in the direct line of the approach to Paris, and the little house in question was also on Bertha's trajectory. But when I had taken one look at the little house in question I decided that it must be mine.

THE way there—now, alas, so disfigured by the growth of Paris—was through pleasant market gardens, and acres of pear and apple orchard. The fruit trees were just bursting into bloom, and we seemed to pass through a rosy snowstorm to reach what was soon to be my own door. I saw the house, fell in love with it in

spite of its dirt and squalor, and of a horrible giant araucaria which dominated the middle foreground—and before the end of the war the little property was mine. At last I was to have a garden again—and a big old kitchen garden as well, planted with ancient pear and apple trees, espaliered and en cordon, and an old pool full of fat old goldfish; and silence and rest under big trees! It was a St. Martin's summer after the long storm.

THE little house has never failed me since. As soon as I was settled in it peace and order came back into my life. At last I had leisure for the two pursuits which never palled, writing and gardening; and ever since I have gone on gardening and writing. From the day when—to the scandal of the village!—I chopped down the giant araucaria until this moment, I have never ceased to worry and pet and dress up and smooth down my two or three acres; and when winter comes, and rain and mud settle down on the Seine Valley for six months, I fly south to another garden, as stony and soilless as my northern territory is moist and deep with loam. But to do justice to my two gardens, or at least to my enjoyment of them, would require another chapter, if not a book; and pending that I had better pass on to the other branch of my activity.

The brief rapture that came with the cessation of war—the blissful thought: "Now there will be no more killing!"—soon gave way to a growing sense of the waste and loss wrought by those four irreparable years.

Death and mourning darkened the houses of all my friends, and I mourned with them, and mingled my private grief with the general sorrow.

My spirit was heavy with these losses, but I could not sit still and brood over them. I wanted to put them into words, and in doing so I saw the years of the war, as I had lived them in Paris, with a new intensity of vision, in all their fantastic heights and depths of self-devotion and ardor, of pessimism, triviality and selfishness.

A study of the world at the rear during a long war seemed to me worth doing, and as I pondered over it picture after picture rushed through my brain, and finally took shape in the tale of A Son at the Front.

BEFORE I could settle down to the writing of this novel, before I could begin to deal objectively with the stored-up emotions of those years, I had to get away from the present altogether; and though I began planning and brooding over A Son at the Front in 1918 it was not finished until five years later.

Meanwhile, I found a momentary escape in going back to my childish memories of a long-vanished America, and wrote The Age of Innocence.

I showed it chapter by chapter to Walter Berry; and when he had finished reading it he said: "Yes; it's good. But of course you and I are the only people who will ever read it. We are the last people left who can remember New York and Newport as they were then, and nobody else will be interested."

I secretly agreed with him as to the chances of the book's success; but it "had its fate," and that (Continued on Page 56)

THAT'S why the serving of cheeses in variety is a vogue—it's downright fascinating! Two or three kinds for the family... a whole trayful of delicious varieties for a party.

When you make your selections, be sure to choose from Kraft—the

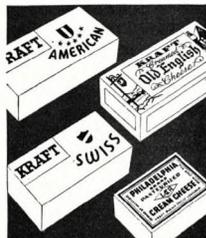
world leader in the production and distribution of fine cheeses.

At the nearest up-to-date food store there is an assortment of the famous Kraft Cheeses ready for you to explore. Do it very soon. Your "Henry" will appreciate your discoveries.

Here's an interesting assortment:

The delightfully sharp Kraft Creamed Old English. "Philadelphia" Brand Cream Cheese, snowy-white, guaranteed fresh. Kraft American with full, natural flavor. And the nut-sweet Kraft Swiss. All these cheeses are pasteurized... like milk... for your protection.

THE WORLD'S FINEST CHEESES ARE MADE OR IMPORTED BY **KRAFT**



Many Kraft varieties also come in loaf form. If you buy cheese from a loaf, ask to see the name Kraft on the foil wrapper!



A salon facial at home? *Easy as 1-2-3!*



1 CLEANSE  *Your skin must be clean.*

2 LUBRICATE  *Your skin must be smooth.*

3 STIMULATE  *Your skin must have life.*

● Is it really possible to give your own face salon treatments? To have the same daily facial that's prescribed for famous beauties at Dorothy Gray's Fifth Avenue Salon? To have the supremely clear, fresh skin that only constant salon care can give?

Yes! For Dorothy Gray has made her Salon Facial so simple that any woman can give it to herself.

It doesn't take much time or cost much money. Do just three things. Use just three preparations. And watch how unbelievably soon your skin acquires that "salon-cared-for" look.

This is the "1-2-3 Facial"

1. *Cleanse.* In the evening, use Dorothy Gray Cleansing Cream. It floats out deeply-embedded dirt.
2. *Lubricate.* Then, lubricate with one of Dorothy Gray's emollient creams. (Special Mixture for dry skins, Suppling Cream for normal and oily skins.) Pat it in; leave it on overnight, to make the skin soft and smooth.
3. *Stimulate.* Next morning, after cleansing again, pat on the lotion. (Orange Flower Skin Lotion for fine, dry skins; Texture Lotion for coarse pores and oily

skins.) This refines the pores, stimulates circulation.

Do these three things regularly, for at least two weeks. Notice how your skin becomes clearer and clearer, softer and softer, gradually more radiant.

Now, So Easy to Have

You can buy the three essentials in the "1-2-3 Salon Facial" at any of the better cosmetic counters. But for women to whom salon care is a new adventure, Dorothy Gray offers a special "Salon Facial Package" at \$1. It contains generous sizes of all three preparations in the "1-2-3 Salon Facial."

The "Salon Facial Package" is on sale for only a limited time. There is one for dry, another for normal and oily skins. Why not get it today . . . and learn how much fresher, smoother, more radiant your skin becomes with real salon care?

Have you some abnormal skin condition? Crepey throat? Eye wrinkles? Blackheads? Excessively oily skin? Dorothy Gray has a simple corrective preparation for every skin fault. At leading shops.

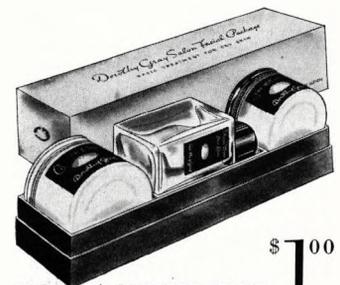
DOROTHY GRAY · 683 FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

SPECIAL . . . AT YOUR FAVORITE SHOP

Dorothy Gray

SALON FACIAL PACKAGE

The "Salon Facial Package" contains: 1. Cleansing Cream. 2. An emollient cream (Special Mixture for dry skins, Suppling Cream for normal and oily skins). 3. A stimulating lotion (Orange Flower Skin Lotion for dry, delicate skins; Texture Lotion for coarse pores and oily skins).



FOR A LIMITED TIME **\$1.00**

Dorothy Gray

Rest for Sick Lungs



"I am one of the lucky ones. Thanks to modern treatment, I was able to come home from the sanatorium months before I had expected. I am going back to work Monday."

TREMENDOUS progress has been made during the past twenty years in reducing the loss of life from tuberculosis. This success has been the result chiefly of popular education and the development and use of modern methods of treatment.

Yet in spite of the progress made, this disease took more than 70,000 lives in this country last year. In the United States, tuberculosis is today the principal cause of death of persons between fifteen and forty-five years of age. The hope for further progress lies in an increasing recognition of the necessity for early diagnosis and in more extended use of modern treatment.

It is frequently difficult to diagnose tuberculosis in the early stages when the usual symptoms—loss of weight, lack of appetite, indigestion, fatigue and a persistent cough—are absent. Often the only way to detect tuberculosis is by means of X-ray or fluoroscope. The sooner the diagnosis is made,

the greater is the opportunity for proper treatment to bring about recovery.

Of the four factors in modern treatment—rest, sunshine, fresh air and proper nourishment—the chief one is rest. Medical science has discovered several ways of aiding Nature, when advisable, through artificial methods for resting an infected lung. The method used depends upon the particular case.

Pneumothorax treatment (lung collapsing), together with other kindred methods, concentrates rest where it will do the greatest good—in the sick lung. The relief from continuous motion and irritation due to breathing or coughing enables the resting lung to heal more rapidly.

The majority of cases of tuberculosis can be arrested when prompt action is taken and the four items of treatment—sunshine, fresh air, proper nourishment and REST—are faithfully and continually observed under medical care.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 54) was—to be one of my rare best sellers! It appeared at an hour when the world was instinctively longing for escape from the nightmare of the last years, as I had been; and this fact, no doubt, helped to make the book popular.

Meanwhile I still had the writing fever on me; and the next outbreak came in 1922, when I published *Glimpses of the Moon*, a still further flight from the last grim years, though its setting and situation were ultramodern.

After that I settled down to *A Son at the Front*, and although I had waited so long to begin it the book was written in a white heat of emotional energy, and I think it may live as a picture of that strange war world of the rear, visualized in all its unnatural sharpness of outline and overheightening of color.

AFTER the appearance of *A Son at the Front* I intended to take a long holiday—perhaps to cease from writing altogether.

It was growing more and more evident that the world I had grown up in and been formed by had been destroyed in 1914, and I felt myself incapable of getting the new world into the perspective necessary to transmute raw experience into a work of art.

Gardening, reading and travel seemed the only occupations left to me; and during the first years after the war I did a good deal of all three.

Years earlier, the reading of M. Joseph Bedier's famous book, *Les Légendes Épiques*, had roused in me a longing to follow the medieval pilgrims across the Pyrenees to the glorious shrine of Compostela; and after the war this desire was reawakened in me by the appearance of two new books, Mr. Kingsley Porter's *Romanesque Sculpture of the Pilgrimage Roads*, and Miss Georgina King's *The Way of St. James*.

The friend who was with me was as eager as I was to miss no stage of this famous route, and from Jaca we went to Eunate, Logroño, Estella, Puente de la Reina and Burgos, and, by way of Fromista, Carrión de los Condes and Sahagun, to Leon across the Cantabrian Mountains to Oviedo, and thence to the mysterious point of Finisterre. From Finisterre, with hearts raised to a high pitch of expectancy, we traveled back in the saint's wake, past his halting place at Padrón, to the mighty church which enshrines him; and on arriving at Santiago

de Compostela we found that our expectations had not been pitched high enough! Perhaps because this was the first journey of any length which I had made since the war, every mile of the way seemed fabulous and beautiful; yet when I returned to Compostela a few years later, over smooth roads and without the excitement of plunging into the unknown, the strange grandeur of that isolated city of palaces and monasteries, and the glory of the great church which dominates them, impressed me more deeply than ever, and I rank Compostela not far behind Rome in the mysterious power of drawing back the traveler who has once seen it.

These and other happy wanderings have been the high lights of the last years; when I turn from them to the other aspects of my life the sky darkens.

The disappearance of one dear friend after another must always be the chief sadness of a life dependent on a few close personal ties. Such losses seem doubly poignant in the brave new world predicted in Aldous Huxley's bitter satire, and already here in its main elements—a world in which so many sources of peace and joy are already dried up that the few remaining distill a more penetrating sweetness.

THE world is a welter and has always been one; but though all the cranks and the theorists cannot master the old floundering monster, or force it for long into any of their neat plans of readjustment, here and there a saint or a genius suddenly sends a little ray through the universal fog, and helps humanity to stumble on, and perhaps up.

The welter is always there, and the present generation hears close underfoot the growling of the volcano on which ours danced so long; but in our individual lives, though the years are sad, the days have a way of being jubilant. Life is the saddest thing there is, next to death; yet there are always new countries to see, new books to read—and, I hope, to write—a thousand little daily wonders to marvel at and rejoice in, and those magical moments when the mere discovery that "the wood spurge has a cup of three" brings not despair but delight.

The visible world is a daily miracle for those who have eyes and ears; and I still warm my hands thankfully at the old fire, though every year it is fed with the dry wood of more old memories.

(THE END)

Girls—Plan Now for Spring Spending!

NOT so very long ago, Ann Vicary (see picture at right) had never even heard of our Girls' Club!

Then she read about it . . . (just as you are doing) . . . was interested, and sent for our plan. Now she says proudly:

"I've earned \$19.00 and a \$5.00 prize in the Club. Of all the prizes, I like money best, because you can buy with it just what you want. I've spent mine mostly for clothes."

You'll feel just as happy as Ann when you hear all about our wonderful, earning Club!

"One of the many things I have to be thankful for is your Club. It has done wonders for me," Carolyn C. writes joyfully.

Hundreds of other girls tell us of the money they've earned . . . the prizes they've won! How proud they are to wear the beautiful Club pin!

Why not join this jolly band of earners? Before you realize it, you'll have the pin and be putting dollars in your purse besides. Write now for information and supplies. No charge and no obligation. Just address:

MANAGER OF THE GIRLS' CLUB
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
335 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA



Girls' Club dollars will help you to enjoy all kinds of sport and fun this Spring!



Be vital... radiant

**new dietetic research says
this fruit is an important
daily aid**

Don't envy those radiant, glowing people who have discovered the joy-of-living! Strive for this same glorious vitality, this same carefree charm. And remember: the lack of certain essential elements in your diet can rob you of your vital aliveness.

Here dietetic research comes to our aid with this important discovery! From *one* fruit, Canned Pineapple—with its exotic, tropical flavor, its golden-ripe fragrance—you can secure *all* the health factors listed here. The nutritional elements your body must have as aids to perfect health, true vitality.

Tests show you can get these factors from a regular *daily* serving of two slices or an equal portion in a Pineapple Cup of crushed or tidbits.

Canned Pineapple is economical—four helpings from a single large can. And it is available everywhere, at soda fountains, on trains and steamships, in hotels and restaurants. Start your daily serving today!

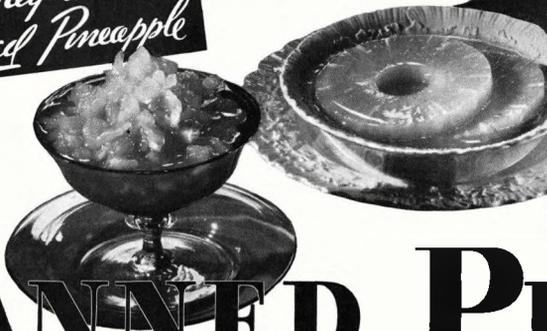
(The scientific findings reported here are covered in detail in a professional booklet of interest to medical and dietetic groups. Copies are available to individuals in these fields.)

Educational Committee, Pineapple Producers Cooperative Association, Ltd., 100 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.



**FOLLOW THE NEWEST DIETETIC
ADVICE... START OR END**
*One Meal
a Day with
Canned Pineapple*

The proper daily serving is a Pineapple Cup of crushed or tidbits—or 2 slices. Healthful, too, in salads or desserts.



A daily serving of Canned Pineapple does all these things for you

Speeds the Digestive Process

It speeds digestion remarkably, particularly of proteins such as meats, eggs and beans

Helps Protect Teeth and Bones

Contains valuable amounts of the essential factors—phosphorus, calcium, and Vitamin C

Helps You Resist Infections

A good source of Vitamin A—a protection against throat and nose infections, authorities say

Stimulates Kidney Function

Actively helps the kidneys in their task of eliminating waste matter from the blood

Combats Nutritional Anemia

Valuable source of iron, copper and manganese—minerals essential for blood building

Promotes Normal Growth

A good source of growth-promoting Vitamin B, as well as necessary Vitamins A and C

Aids in Preventing Acidosis

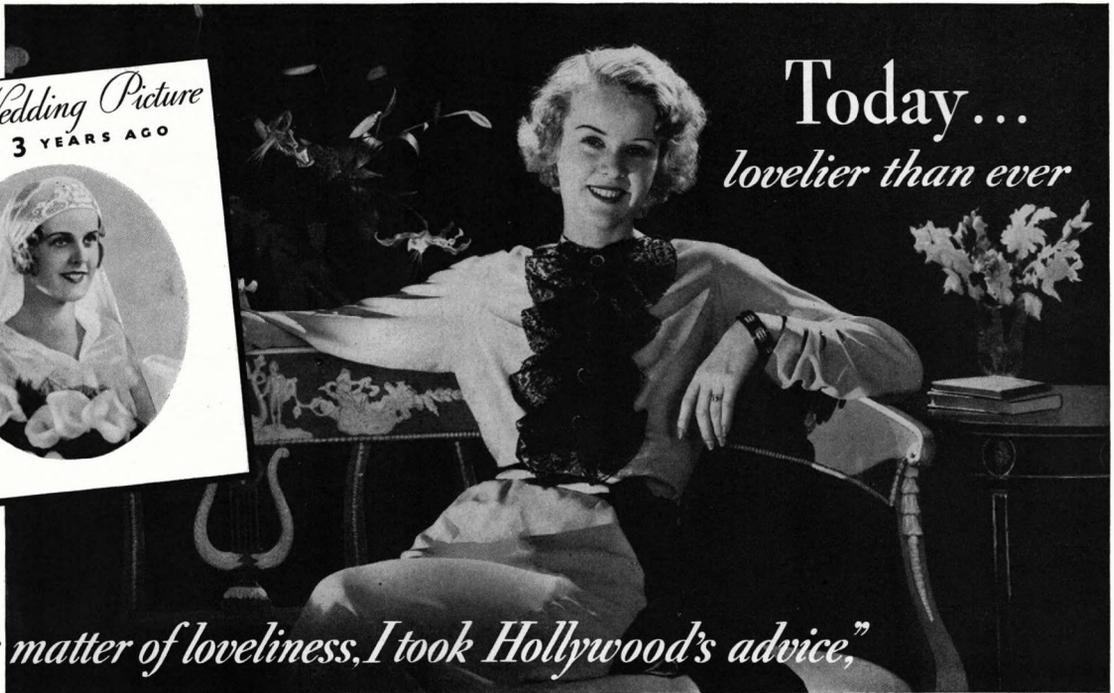
Contributes effectively to the alkalinity of the blood.

★ For daily use, Canned Pineapple is recommended. Canning processes cause a beneficial change of dietetic importance.

CANNED PINEAPPLE

"I fall in *Love* with her
all over again every day!"

says Mr. A. D. Mackintosh, of Philadelphia, Pa.



Her Wedding Picture
TAKEN 3 YEARS AGO

Today...
lovelier than ever

"In this matter of loveliness, I took Hollywood's advice,"

— says Mrs. A. D. Mackintosh

HAPPY THE WOMAN who can keep her husband in love with her!

Mrs. Mackintosh is wise enough to realize that just as loveliness first *wins* a man, it is loveliness that *holds* him.

"It seemed very reasonable to me that if the movie stars could grow lovelier every year, I could, too, if I used their beauty care," says this lovely matron. "I started using Lux Toilet Soap the way they do. It has not only improved my skin but keeps it exquisitely smooth and young-looking!"

"I made up my mind that I would not let the new responsibilities of married life make me forget the things that first

attracted my husband. That's why I'm never going to be without this beauty care!"

PRECIOUS ELEMENTS IN THIS SOAP. SCIENTISTS EXPLAIN—

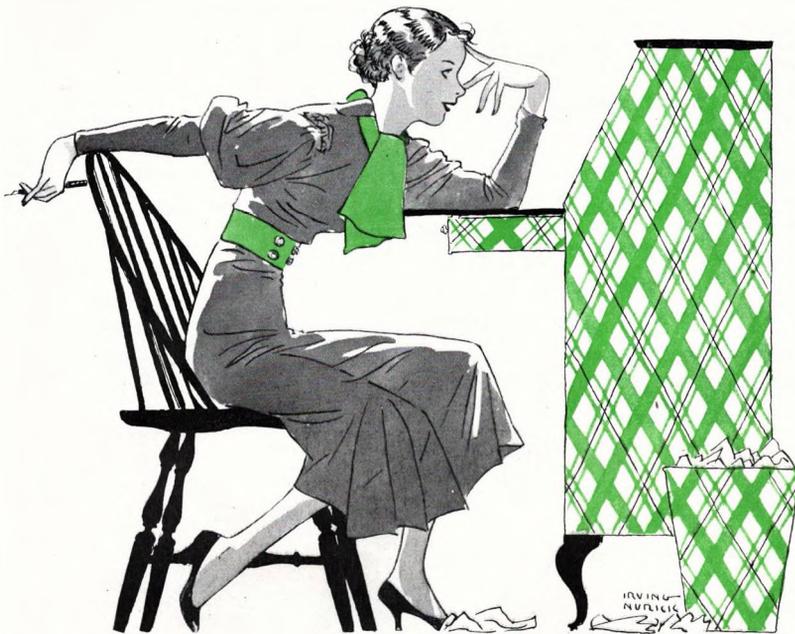
Here's why Lux Toilet Soap is such a wonderful aid to beauty. Science has demonstrated that Lux Toilet Soap actually contains elements Nature puts in skin itself to keep it youthful.

With time, the skin gradually loses these precious, natural elements. Lux Toilet Soap checks their loss from the skin. This gentle, readily soluble soap has kept screen stars' complexions like velvet, year after year. 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars use it! Keep *your* skin young-looking —start today to use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap regularly!



LUX Toilet Soap 

For EVERY Type of Skin... dry... oily... "in-between"



THE SUB-DEB

EDITED BY ELIZABETH WOODWARD

*I sent a letter to my love,
I carried water in my glove,
I dropped it! . . .*

IF GENIUS burns for you in the midnight hours and you sit up late penning a passionate epistle by the light of a guttering candle—do lay it aside to cool off until morning before you seal it up. Read it again before you poke it into the mail box.

Many a girl has sent a letter to her love and her love has dropped her! And all because she let romance and distance and absence make her heart grow fonder, and her wits duller. Unless you don't mind getting tripped up, write your letters in broad daylight.

If you're burning with love or boiling with hate—practically the same emotion—sit down and write it all out of your system. Then tear up your letter!

Here's the technic of letters that get where they're going:

Know when to stop. A letter that goes on and on gets nowhere. A letter that stops up in the air, on a question, or a secret, or a mystery, will get a quick reply.

Don't worry too much about commas and semicolons and spelling. Some folks just automatically spell correctly; others, including a lot of famous people, never can spell. It's a gift. A girl I know who writes the breeziest, gayest, crammed-full-of-news letters you ever read, can't spell worth a nickel. When she gets stuck on a word she underlines it. It's generally understood among her friends that that means, "If you don't like the way I spell this, spell it your way."

A letter that's worth its stamp should interest the one at the receiving end. Your dates with other boys don't interest him. The local swimming meet will. The play at school; what mutual friends have been up to; the scavenger party where you won the prize for bringing in the funniest object. Anything that you know will interest him is grist for your mill. But make it amusing. Let your sense of humor work overtime. Be cheerful and happy. Remember your letter will be a little stale when it's read.

Be noncommittal about your feelings too. Don't tell too much. Never revealing. What you write down may be used against you!

And the way you throw a letter together may be used against you too. Your stationery, your handwriting, your

ink, your margins. Let "Neat, concise and easy to read" be your motto.

The new stationery will do your letters credit. Paper in white, ivory, buff, gray or pale blue is in the best taste, and your ink should harmonize with it. But for monograms you can go as brilliant as you want. Emerald green, cardinal red, marine blue. They're wild and peppy. One of the new papers comes in two colors, one on each side of the sheet—blue and white with navy border, gray and white with red border, and buff and white with brown border. When they're folded they're quite tricky. The new weaves are stunning, too—one has arrows all over it.

When you're old and famous and quite dead, and people are digging out your letters from old scrapbooks to be included in a three-hundred-word history of your life—how will your letters look and sound?

THE LAST ROUND-UP

The time is rolling around when you Juniors want to break all records in entertaining the Seniors. No good old prom ideas will do—and you prom committees are probably racking your brains for a new one. Well, we're quite up to our usual form with ideas, so here's one: The Last Round-Up.

Write your invitations on silhouettes of "ten-gallon" hats, bidding the class of '34 show up at The Last Round-Up at the Blank High School Rancho on April fifth at six-thirty. Decorate the hall or gym with Indian blankets, quirts, lariats and other cowboy equipment. You can transform the walls into the log walls of a cabin with wrapping paper and paint. Make a huge fireplace at one end—also of paper.

You might use old-fashioned checked-paper tablecloths and tin cups and pie tins for dishes. For centerpiece, dress clothespins to look like cowboys and arrange them around a fire with the chuck wagon drawn up near by. Nut cups could be inverted sombreros. Pen-and-ink sketches of bronc busters or cut-out cowboys will serve as place cards. The favors might be stick candy wrapped in crepe paper with a braided thong attached like a quirt. A silhouette of a bucking horse or a cowboy could be painted on the menu and program covers.

Your toast list might include such topics as The Last Round-Up, The First Branding, Broncs, The Big Rodeo.

A quartet might sing cowboy ballads. A cowboy orchestra might perform on harmonicas and kazoos. And maybe you could get the whole crowd to join in a square dance as a novelty number. I'm sure this last round-up can't help being the best round-up.

I'M ASKING YOU!

Am I dreaming, or is it really true that Sub-Deb Clubs are popping up so thick and fast all over the country? Here I sit chained to my desk, thinking up new ideas and answering your letters, when I'm bursting to take a grand tour and visit you all. Your letters are the next best thing. So you clubs that haven't already reported to headquarters, get a move on. Here's what I want to know:

Name of your club, and address.

Number of members, their ages and names.

Name of president and secretary.

Where and how often you hold your meetings.

Dues, if any, and how much.

Do you have a sponsor?

What program are you working on?

What special activities are you interested in?

Do you have Sub-Deb pins and stationery?

Get your secretary to write me all. Don't forget the squabbles, if any. And your parties, and the boys, and what your family thinks about your club. Take a group snapshot of your club and send it to me.

You girls who haven't already organized a Sub-Deb Club don't know what fun you're missing. Get your gang together and get started. Let me help!

YOU'RE ASKING ME?

I had a letter from a Sub-Deb the other day who was confused, confounded, not to mention upset, by a nice little point of etiquette. Here it is: "If four of us are riding on the front seat of a coupe, and I have to sit in my date's lap or get drenched in the rumble seat—who gets in first, he or I? What's the etiquette?"

Here's what I wrote back: "If you're going to occupy a precarious perch on a lad's bony knees, let him get them organized. When legs and gears and brakes are all sorted out, when all's quiet on the front seat—then it's your turn. Look the situation over, then place one foot confidently where you're reasonably sure you won't find another foot. Ease yourself into the broadest expanse of lap you can find. Then don't wiggle. Those bony knees are as uncomfortable as you are. Particularly if they're sunburned."

All of which leads me to believe that it's high time we had a new Sub-Deb's Book of Etiquette. There are lots of important questions that we ought to settle right now. The right and wrong way to acknowledge a snub. What to do when your girl friend makes the "third." To freeze out or beam upon a boy who stands you up? The cash problem. How to introduce a crowd to a crowd. What to say when a boy asks, "May I kiss you good night?"

The new ETIQUETTE BOOK, No. 1141, has all the answers. If you don't want to be a back number, send a three-cent stamp to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and ask for your copy.

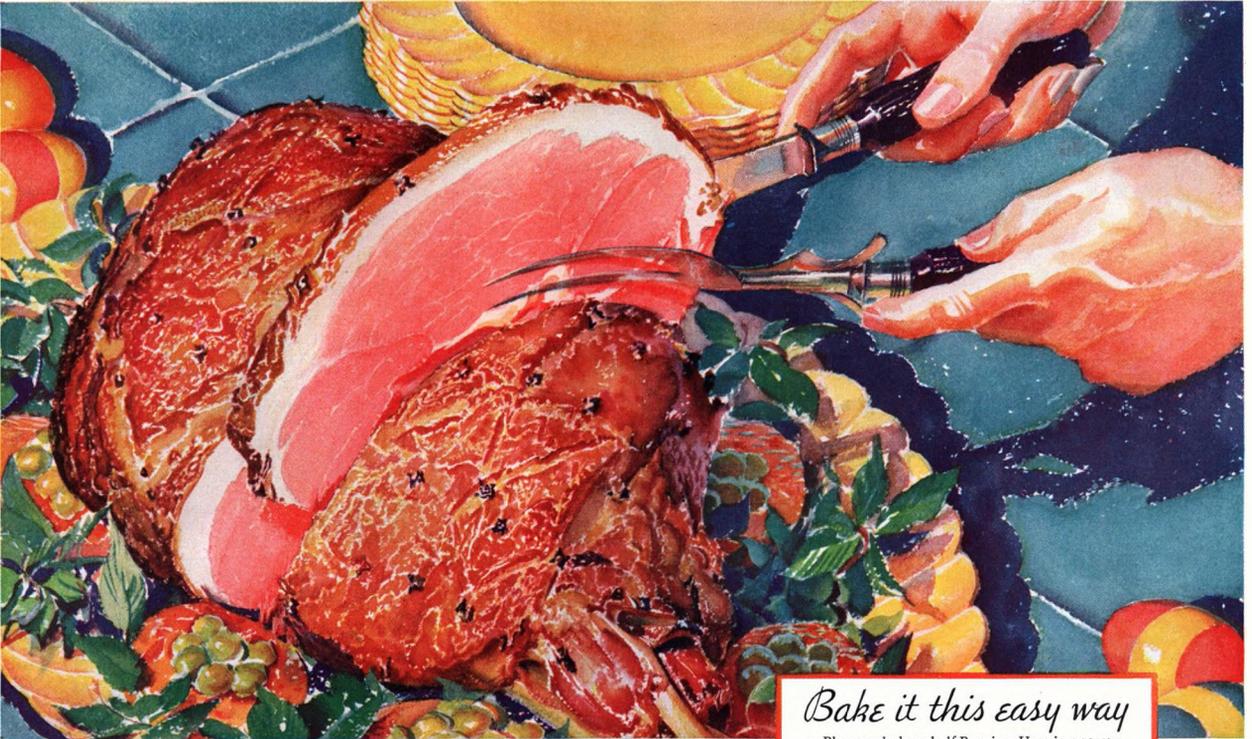


A joyous Easter, ladies!



HERE'S A FINER HAM + THE OVENIZED HAM

YOU DON'T PARBOIL IT!



THIS Easter you can serve baked ham that is tenderer, richer in flavor, more delicious than ever before . . . yet is actually more easily prepared! Prepared, indeed, *without parboiling*.

You can do this if you buy Swift's Premium. For Premium, now *Ovenized*, is marvelously mild and tender.

Ovenizing, Swift's special method of smoking hams in ovens, has perfected the results of the famous mild Premium cure. Has developed a delicacy of texture and smooth richness of flavor unique in hams.

So it is absolutely unnecessary for you to parboil this kind of ham. Just bake it, according to the instructions at the right. Or, if you buy a center slice, simply fry or broil it without parboiling.

You'll find, honestly and truly, that the ham you prepare this easier way is a finer-tasting ham. Just try it and see how the compliments shower down!

But be *sure* that the ham is Swift's Premium. That's essential for success. Every Swift's Premium Ham is *Ovenized*. No other kind is. Swift & Company, Purveyors of Fine Foods.

Bake it this easy way

1. Place a whole or half Premium Ham in a roaster. Add 2 cups of water, and cover the roaster.
2. Bake in a slow oven (325°), allowing 2 1/2 minutes a lb. for a large whole ham; 25 minutes a lb. for smaller (up to 12 lb.) hams or half hams.
3. When ham is done, remove from oven. Lift off rind. Score surface and dot with cloves; rub with mixture of 1/4 cup brown sugar and 1 tbsp. flour. Brown, uncovered, for 20 minutes in a moderate oven (400°).

FOR EASTER

Surround ham with fresh mint (or watercress). Sprinkle peach halves with cinnamon and sugar; dot with butter; warm, fill with canned seedless grapes or Royal Anne cherries, and place around ham.

Martha Logan



Notice how Swift's Premium Ham is identified by the brown dots you will find on even a single slice.

Copyright 1934 by Swift & Company

SWIFT'S PREMIUM HAM

SWIFT'S PREMIUM BACON ALSO IS OVENIZED
NEW TENDERNESS • NEW RICHNESS OF FLAVOR

It's Ovenized

No Hope, Gentlemen!

(Continued from Page 10)

Harper did not listen. "Let me talk. I haven't been able to finish a sentence in a month. My wife lived in a big house belonging to her father, Mr. Horace Siddles." He went on talking for two hours, and this is his story.

He's very prominent in his city, Mr. Siddles. I went there to work a year ago, because my father has a branch office there. Well, I began to go here and there in search of amusement, and three months ago, at a dinner, I met Lois Siddles. Right in the middle of the meal something clicked, my past fell away from me, and the lightning hit. I told her then and there, and how she laughed! It seems her brothers had told her about me, and she knew every trick I had pulled since I left school. Well, after a month of hard labor by me, she said "Yes," and I suggested we run out to a church and get married.

"My apartment," I explained, "is big enough for two, and I've got a good man who will wait on you just dandy, and with my car and some new wall paper we can start right in having ourselves lots of fun."

THE screams she emitted could have been heard in London, and when she quieted down to verbal argument, I began to realize that a wedding has rules. We couldn't be married for two months, because she just couldn't get ready, and we couldn't possibly live in my flat because absolutely no one lived in that part of town. There were a thousand things to be done, and the family would have a fit, and my dear, if there was one thing a girl loved it was her own wedding. I would have nothing to do but look after the ushers; I wouldn't even have to pay for the wedding trip. Daddy always gave his children a check for a wedding trip to Europe.

"But I don't want to go to Europe," I said. "I'm sick of Europe. It rains there, and they don't like Americans, and we won't be able to get a decent game." She said "What game?" and I said "Golf," and she said, "Oh, listen, we're not going to have a golfer's honeymoon; we're going to start our life together amidst the beautiful things that have come down to us through the ages. You know nothing about art or architecture or literature or darling, and I'm just going to drag you around Europe, and educate you." I said, "You are not," and she said, "Well, I'm not going to Bermuda or White Sulphur or Pinehurst, because those dumps are crammed with girls I know all sipping up my clothes, and I haven't been to Paris since I was in school there, and I never got any place at night."

Well, we quarreled, and I left her crying, and the next morning I went right up to the house, and gave in, and her mother said, as she was rushing out of the house to go to a committee meeting, "You two children stay engaged long enough to give me your wedding lists; we'll have to see about the invitations right away, and everything. I won't be home for lunch."

THAT'S the kind of a family they were. Deceptive, in that they were always on the fly, always going somewhere and organizing something, seeming to leave you free, but all home together, in action united, when a fundamental matter of policy was to be decided. The family consisted of Mr. Siddles, the industrial magnate and fond progenitor; Mrs. Siddles, the modern mother and card sharper; the married daughter, Mrs. Joe Curtain, whose husband was unemployed, so they were home with two babies, for whom Mrs. Curtain ran a nursery school in the cellar; Ronny Siddles, the elder son, who worked for daddy, but was writing a novel; Tony Siddles, who was twenty-three, and worked in a bank, and was supposed to be wild; and the two young sisters, Lannie and Fay, our bridesmaids.

These last two had been finished by some school, and any ordinary set of parents would have had the doctor in to examine their minds. It wasn't that they never finished a sentence—life in the Siddles house would not permit that—it was the way they went on. They shared a room, but had two telephones to handle dates, one by each bed, and each was always coming downstairs, screaming, "Mummy, she's taken my green dress to Princeton. Honestly, I'm going to kill her! This time I'll surely kill her."

"Go on," I said, the last week I was there, "kill her. Kill her good." And Mrs. Siddles glared at me, and asked me please not to be common.

WELL, you should have heard what this family, all home together for dinner, did to my plans for a quiet wedding and quick retreat to my flat. Their conversational tactics were bewildering, until you got on to their technic; they just let words fly without squad formation, up and down the table, landing as they chose on any listening ear. No one listened, no one let anyone finish, no one answered.

At the head of the table, Mr. Siddles said that my apartment home had been a splendid investment originally; that Sol Rosenthal had got the land at a good price, but that the debentures had been mismanaged by O'Callaghan and O'Brien, and that there was talk last week that the Mechanics and Masons would have to take over the second mortgage, which the McGuffey estate had taken over when young McGuffey shot himself.

At the other end of the table Mrs. Siddles shouted at me that she would not hear of her Lois living there because once she, Mrs. Siddles, had penetrated my building's interior to solicit someone for the community chest, and she had seen a most peculiar woman slipping a pass-key into the apartment of a well-known bachelor. Just as I was about to insist that I was not that rake, she went on to say the elevator boy had been impertinent, and that the proximity of the city jail made the neighborhood dangerous.

"But there's a ten-foot wall —" "What you ought to have," Ronny was saying, "is a house in the country and keep a horse. The Hill and Dale section —"

"I don't ride," I yelled.

"I SAW Claire Rinehart," screamed Fay. "She's got the darlinest apartment in the Tuileries, out near the insane asylum. She wants you two to —"

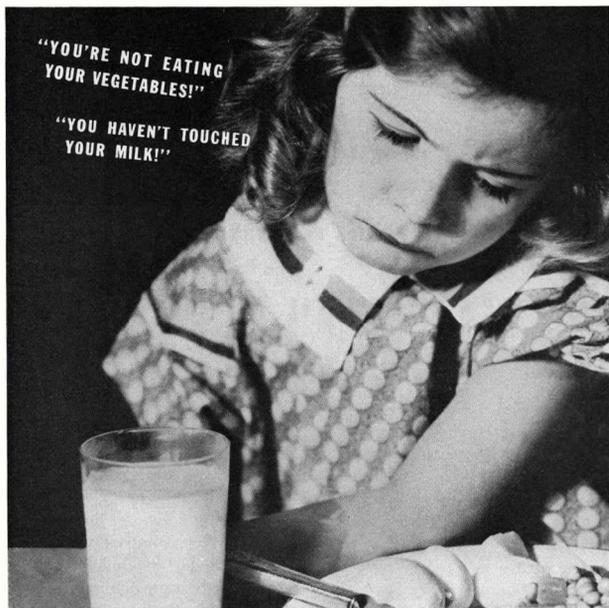
"I hate Claire's new haircut," insisted Lannie. "My dear, gobs and gobs of ears. Every time I see that girl I think of rabbits. My dear —"

"I don't see," was Mrs. Curtain's theme, "why you don't remodel a farmhouse. I have a friend in Ipswich who has the most precious —"

"If you're going to buy, Harper," Mr. Curtain was advising, "buy quickly. Then with inflation you'll have something. They tell me in Germany —"

All this may not sound so loony to you, but, remember, everybody said all these things at once, and went right on with his or her theme, over and over, as an orchestra goes on with a symphony. Tony was the only one who sat and ate his food and never talked, and then got up after dinner and went off somewhere. Now the family thought something was wrong with him, but they never had time to worry about it. Fay said he was stuck up, and Lannie said he was lousy, and Lois said he was introspective, and Mrs. Siddles asked me if I had ever seen him drunk. I never saw him anywhere, so I could say no without a quiver.

Well, almost every night after that, I had the headache *en famille*. When I was alone with Lois, (Continued on Page 63)



Is it fair to blame the child?

The real reason for her poor appetite, high strung disposition, and loss of weight may be something you can help control!

Don't deny your child the help she may need to regain her appetite! Try now to build up her weight and overcome her nervous habits!

Many children who would be sweet-tempered and easy to feed, are made cross and rebellious by a neglected, unsatisfied need! They do not get enough of the important factor needed to stimulate appetite—*Vitamin B!*

Unwillingness to eat may be the only sign of this lack at first. But mothers cannot afford to let the deficiency grow. The child should be given an extra amount of Vitamin B every day.

There's an easy means now of providing this daily supplement. A delicious

You won't have to worry about your child's weight when her appetite improves. She'll very quickly put on extra pounds.



A delicious appetite building milk drink for the child who won't eat

E. R. SQUIBB & SONS, Dept. L64,
745 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please send me sample of Chocolate
flavored Vitavose and booklet, "Under-
standing the Child Who Won't Eat." I
enclose 10¢ to cover the cost of pack-
ing and mailing.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

Produced, tested, and guaranteed by
E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chem-
ists to the medical profession since 1858

The reasons women give for preferring Camels

WOMEN seem to want three things in a cigarette—that it doesn't make their nerves jumpy, that it is mild without being flat, and that it has a smooth, fine flavor they don't tire of.

That is why they like Camels so well.

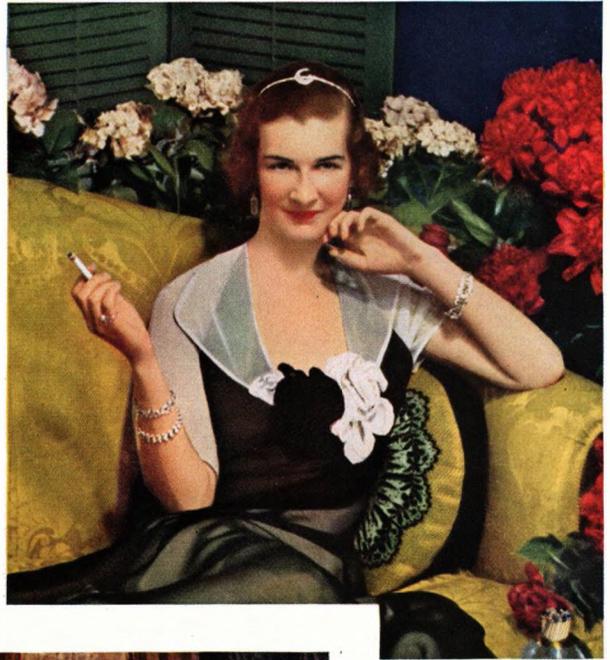
"I never tire of Camels' taste nor do they get on my nerves," says Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, 2nd.

"Camels certainly prove that a cigarette can be mild without being

flat or sweetish," comments Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr.

"The taste of Camels is always delicious," says Mrs. James Russell Lowell, "and they never get on my nerves which I consider important."

Of course it is important. No one wants jangled nerves. Smoke Camels and you will appreciate why Camel pays millions more for its tobaccos.



Washington

"I thoroughly enjoy smoking a Camel — it relaxes me — and I don't tire of their taste."

MRS. HAMILTON FISH, JR.



Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Boston

"I like Camels best because they are rich and mild and don't make me nervous."

MRS. POWELL CABOT



New York

"There must be better tobacco in Camels because I never get tired of their smooth, rich flavor."

MRS. ADRIAN ISELIN, II



CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND

(Continued from Page 61) it went away. She has quieting, soothing ways, despite her executive ability.

In a week we had rented a Cotswold manor house in the Tudor Park development, two houses from that of Lois' best friend, Maud Yates, who was simply too thrilled for words. Now I had never seen Maud or her husband before, but Lois said that they were divine, and would be splendid to have handy when we wanted a bridge game on cold winter evenings. I collapsed and said O. K.

To the assembled family I hazarded, "What about furniture? My mother in San Francisco has a barnful of family heirlooms she wants us to have. I can wire her —"

Mrs. Siddles said, "My dear boy, don't do anything until I have had a chance to go out and measure the rooms. Some of those old pieces are so mammoth. I know every bargain in every shop in this city, and I want you young things to profit by my —"

"I would have everything modern," put in Mrs. Curtin. "Why don't you get one of those modern decorators? Elise Adair, my dear, did, and he turned out to be the most attractive —"

"Lucy Windsor," said Lannie, "has the darlings bedroom in three shades of peach."

"Buy what you want in a hurry," said Mr. Curtin, faithful to his obsession: "prices are shooting up."

Mr. Siddles said it was terrible what the depression has done to the furniture dealers; the Mechanics and Masons was taking over McGilvie and McGoldricks.

IF I HAD told this tribe that my mother owned the Venus de Milo, they would not have listened. However, I wired mother to send on her treasures, and when they came I stored the boxes in the garage of our new home, hoping that Lois would rush out to unpack, but she never got time. There they sit today.

Don't blame Lois, for she was always on the run, racing from luncheon bridges to showers to dressmakers to hat shops to dinner parties. You will find, Bill, when you become engaged that the velocity of your social life increases in direct proportion to the imminence of your wedding day. The engaged couple become pawns among hostesses; the mere sight of them incites another party. I never was alone with Lois; if she got into my car I had to take her somewhere to eat something, and if we sat down in her living room we were interrupted by committees of her relatives, fascinated by our wedding and its attendant problems.

This fascination leaped from the inner circle of Siddles into the phalanxes of uncles and aunts, who offered suggestions about wedding presents, wedding trips, wedding guests, houses, interior decorations, babies and parties. They took their toll from my nervous strength, but I came to blows with Lois' Great-aunt Daisy. This powerful woman not only attempted to steal the management of our wedding, but, when I resisted, told Lois' mother that she was sure I was the young man she had heard awful things about years ago in New Haven, where a dear friend of hers had married a professor.

WELL, Mrs. Siddles tossed these reports at me, and I said that no one could say anything about me that was not true, but that if I could be let alone to marry her darling Lois, I would promise not to do anything so awful as to murder Great-aunt Daisy, or to disappear the night before the wedding. Mrs. Siddles said that she personally had no proof, and Lois seemed to be happy; could I not, for the sake of peace, give in, and let Great-aunt Daisy, who was so rich, have her way about our wedding? I said nope.

This was Great-aunt Daisy's plan. A rich widow, the energy she would have expended in bossing her husband was unleashed upon the community. Willy-nilly, she had plastered the city with new trees and parks, given prizes for artistic trash

and bullied citizens to attend outdoor concerts when they would have preferred to play poker or go to the talks. One of her whims was an outdoor theater, constructed in a hollow in the rear of her enormous mansion, where local talent gave performances, but not often, because of mosquitoes, and the healthy reluctance of people to sit outdoors at night for the sake of bad art. Well, the minute she heard that Lois and I were one, she ordered us to come to her Victorian palace.

"You can be married at sunset in the amphitheater," she commanded. "The bridesmaids can walk down through the trees, separate above the brook, and reform to wait for the bridal couple on each side of the oak tree. What a beautiful sight, my dears, and how happy you should be, to be legalizing your love against beautiful Nature, instead of in some stuffy room, or in a church prostituted for a fashion display. Now I must write down the date, so that the grass will be in perfect condition!"

"DON'T bother, Great-aunt Daisy," I said. "We're not going to be wearing out your sod."

"What do you mean?" she barked. "Harper, darling," said Lois, "keep calm. Aunt Daisy, I don't know whether the bridesmaids would like walking through the woods. They wear such high heels. They would certainly trip."

"They would break their necks," I said, "and sue you. It will rain, and the wedding guests will claim damages too. Picture the best people in their best clothes, scrambling through the bushes to their motors, and my bride and me running uphill for shelter. No, Aunt Daisy, it is my wedding, and will be run off in my way."

"What is your way, young man?" the old lady demanded, snorting anger.

"This is the ideal wedding," said I: "One fine morning I telephone Lois, 'I'll be up around ten o'clock with the minister, and let's be married.' She says, 'Make it ten-thirty; I'm doing my nails.' I say, 'O. K. Tell your family, and I'll tell mine, except that mine is in California and can't come, which makes fewer people.' So I and a minister go up to the house; we get married; we go off on our wedding trip; and Lois' family calls up everyone and says, 'What do you think? Those two were married this morning. Come on over for some bride. Oh, no, we're not tired. We didn't even move a chair.'"

"You have odd ideas, young man," said the dowager.

"OH, HARPER, you are a dreamer," said my bride-to-be. "Aunt Daisy, it's too sweet of you, and I would just love it, but mother has all the plans made for a big church wedding, and we should talk with her."

We escaped without signing a contract, but Aunt Daisy was cross about it. She was in love with our wedding staged in her glade.

Lois and I rode home together. "Why," said Lois, "must you keep telling everyone you don't want a soul at our wedding? You sound so queer!"

"I am queer," I said. "Why, because a man and woman decide to unite their lives, should this excitement begin? The cows marry without all this fuss, as do the bees, the insects, the fish and the worms. Open your mind to biology —"

"I won't be lectured to," said Lois. "Now, have you got your ushers?"

"I don't want any ushers."

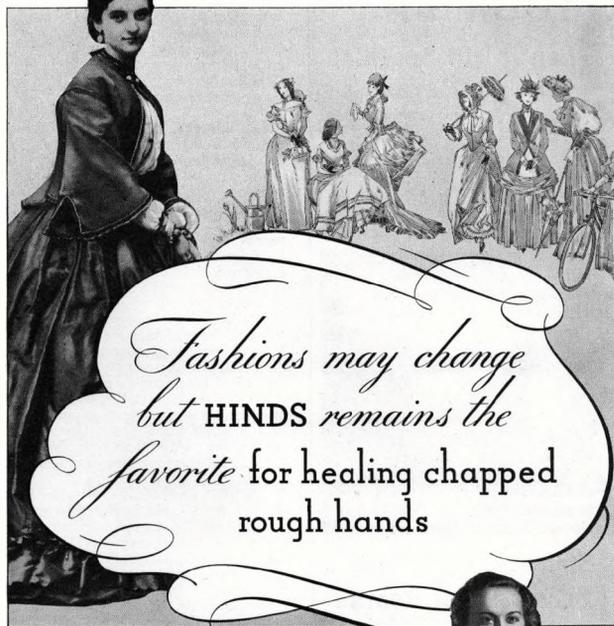
"But what will the people do at the ceremony?"

"They're not morons. Can't they find seats for themselves?"

"Oh, Harper," she moaned, and, stopping the car, began to weep. "Honestly, I can't go ahead fighting every point with a madman. We'd better call it all off."

Have you ever seen a pretty girl cry? I hope not. This is the way I stopped her tears: I said, "Let me have the date clearly in my mind, the number of ushers

Fifty-nine Years Ago



Fashions may change
but HINDS remains the
favorite for healing chapped
rough hands

TODAY

● Brides wore bonnets and bustles, dresses took "yards and yards" of silk, when HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM made its first appearance, 59 years ago. What a multitude of styles have come and gone since then! But through every changing whim of fashion, the women of three generations have clung to HINDS. They say it is best for prompt relief from painful soreness, chapping—for bringing lasting loveliness to red, rough hands.

Soothes—protects—beautifies

HINDS does more than give the hands a mere "surface finish" that soon disappears. It is a rich cream in liquid form—a fragrant, healing blend of soothing balms that penetrate deeply. HINDS relieves soreness almost instantly. It softens and enriches the skin—protects against the harsh, drying, aging effects of cold winds, steam-heated air and housework.

Rub a little HINDS on your hands after they've been in water, after exposure and *always* at night. You'll marvel at the *comfort* this simple care brings, the new softness and smoothness of your hands. Get HINDS from your druggist today. Now obtainable in a new 25¢ size as well as the regular sizes. The bottles are new and colorful, but the famous HINDS formula is unchanged.



Now also in a new 25¢ size.



GOOD NEWS for every woman who wants a clear, radiant complexion! Hinds also makes a *liquefying* Cleansing Cream just like those used by expensive Beauty Salons but priced so moderately every woman can afford it. Ask your druggist for Hinds Cleansing Cream. It melts at skin temperature; floats out dirt; leaves the skin soothed, refreshed, clean. 40¢, 65¢.

SIMONIZ

YOUR CAR

Then it will Sparkle like New again



A few easy strokes with the wonderful Simoniz Kleener makes cars sparkle like new.



Simoniz protects the finish. Makes it last longer, and keeps cars beautiful.

Simonized Cars Stay Beautiful for Years

Make your car sparkle with new car beauty! Simonizing will do it quicker and easier than you ever dreamed possible . . . and it will keep your car beautiful for years.

Every new car should be Simonized at once. The sooner the better for any car, new or old. Weather and dirt soon ruin the finish. But Simoniz stops them. It gives months of protection, makes the finish last longer and keeps the colors from fading.

You'll enjoy Simonizing your own car. Washing first isn't necessary. Just a few easy strokes with the wonderful Simoniz Kleener makes a dull finish sparkle like new in a jiffy. An amazing new cleaning feature does away with all hard rubbing. After cleaning, apply Simoniz and the finish will stay beautiful.

Always insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. There's nothing else like them.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.



Motorists Wise
SIMONIZ
KEEPS CARS BEAUTIFUL

you need for your audience, and I'll secure them. I'll be wherever you say at the appointed time, but don't mention wedding again. I'm losing my mind."

"Darling," she said, wiping her eyes, and resuming her position as executive chairman of our wedding, "if you would lose it completely, and not think until after the ceremony, everything would go off so much more comfortably. Is it you acting like Voltaire in our midst that is giving us all the jitters."

So I subsided. After many family consultations over the danger of including rich Great-aunt Daisy, it was decided to stick to the well-roofed church. A simple ceremony with a maid of honor, a matron of honor, two flower girls, six bridesmaids and twelve ushers was voted upon and passed.

"I don't know twelve men I can trust," I objected.

"Do ushers steal things?" asked Lois. I explained that an usher was not a man, but a force of nature out of control. "These friends of mine are normal, clean-living fellows, but separated from ordinary restraints, transported to a strange city where an accomplice of their youth is being married, their lust for excitement is aroused. Six of my friends in your town, Lois, I might manage, but for twelve I should have the assistance of the National Guard. And where are they going to live?"

LOIS said they could stay with her family's friends, but I refused to scatter the risk, and I suggested they be herded together at the country club, where the damage would be localized. This motion I lost, because Great-aunt Daisy, an idealistic lover of young men, insisted the ushers stay with her, and since she had a great barn of a house, full of *objets d'art*, and I didn't like her anyway, I accepted this offer. The next day I went into an insurance office, and took out a policy covering the time those ushers would be in town, resident at Aunt Daisy's house. This usher insurance was expensive, but I felt safer with that premium paid.

Time swept on toward the wedding. Two thousand guests were invited to the church, six hundred to the reception, and several thousand more announcements were piled up in their boxes in the library. Every time I went to Siddles G. H. Q. I found a crisis. Who was to take the place of a bridesmaid named Evelyn Crump who had come down with the measles? What was to be done about Uncle George, who was mad because his daughter Bertha had not been asked to be a bridesmaid? What room would hold the presents? Were we or were we not going to decide about our honeymoon?

I said we were going to do a little fishing, but, as you see, we are going to Europe. Lois had bought clothes for Europe. I did not concern myself, having lost my mind, as Lois advised, neither did I take much interest in the wedding presents, magnificent but repetitious. The house we had rented was already jammed with the furniture of Lois' relations; where were we going to put seventeen silver platters, nine bridge tables, six tea tables and a dozen electric clocks? However, this was not my responsibility, and they were not really my presents. No one consulted my tastes.

I HAD meanwhile engaged twelve ushers. I asked only bachelors, not wanting the wives of my friends. These friends, of course, would come rushing into the town, freebooters and heartbreakers all, to see what trouble they could stir up for local husbands. Naturally, I had to give them a dinner when they came. To reduce casualties, I had included as ushers Lois' two brothers and her brother-in-law. And the only one who didn't seem to be delighted about the prospect of having a good time at my expense was the aforementioned melancholy and bitter Tony.

A few nights before the wedding, I went up to Lois' house for dinner. The house presented a peculiar sight. Mr. Siddles had had it painted against the wedding,

and now this last week had decided that the foundations needed strengthening if six hundred wedding guests were to prance over its floors. So Mr. Siddles had sent for engineers and contractors, and now the lower floor and porches were flanked by bastions and causeways of timber, so that it was very difficult to get in. I climbed over this and that, made the front door, and tottered into the hall, where Tony sat on a settee, looking as if this was as far as he cared to penetrate into this family's life.

"I expect you," I said, "to dinner Tuesday night. You knew, didn't you?"

"I knew. But don't expect me."

"Why not?"

"I'd rather not say."

"THAT'S a peculiar answer." I sat down beside him on the bench. "What's the matter with you, Tony? You've been getting sadder and sadder for days. Tell me what's eating you. Perhaps I can keep you out of jail."

"It isn't crime," he said. "It's this wedding." He sank his head into his hands. "Will you tell me why women care so about weddings?"

I did not see why our wedding should be able to depress an outsider. All Tony had to do was eat, drink and show wedding guests to their seats. I said so, and he turned on me viciously.

"But she says if I love her, I will have her to the wedding. She says everyone is laughing. She says she won't stand it. And she cries all the time. I'm losing my mind."

"I'm with you there," I said.

There was no one in the library at that moment, so I hauled him in and shut the door. Under questioning, Tony revealed that he was engaged to a girl named Lucy May Taylor who worked in his bank, and that she wanted to come, as his acknowledged fiancée, to our wedding.

"Well, why not send her an invitation?"

"They wouldn't," he shouted. "I asked them to, and they said they didn't know her. That they couldn't ask every strange girl I ran around with. They say they never heard of her; she lives in the wrong part of town."

HE VOWED he couldn't live without her, and that if she wasn't asked to the wedding he wouldn't come himself. I told him that I would talk to Lois that night, and that everything would be all right.

All through dinner Tony sulked as usual, never speaking except when Lannie or Lois said something. "Who told you that, crazy?" he would say, or "What's the use of being as stupid as you are?" His mother looked at him with alarm, his father asked him if he didn't feel well. After dinner he went out, and we had coffee in the living room, having fun despite the constant rush to open wedding presents. So I said out loud in front of everyone:

"Say, why not send a wedding invitation to Tony's girl?"

"Tony's girl? Who is she now?" asked Mrs. Siddles.

"Oh, Lucy somebody or other. She works in his bank."

"I never heard of her," said Mrs. Siddles flatly. "Who is her mother?"

"You know," said Mr. Siddles, laying down his paper. "I saw Tony eating lunch with a girl. Down town."

"Why didn't you tell me, Horace?"

"Why should I tell you?"

"What kind of a girl?"

"Young and pretty. Yesterday, when I saw them again, she looked as if she was crying." Mr. Siddles appealed to his wife. "Why don't you go call on her, and end all this mess?"

"Call on her, and encourage my son in this folly? Horace Siddles, are you crazy?"

"She's cute, if you ask me," said Lannie. "I love her hair."

"She has a dress just like Nancy Carter's, only it (Continued on Page 66)

If Mothers were chemists



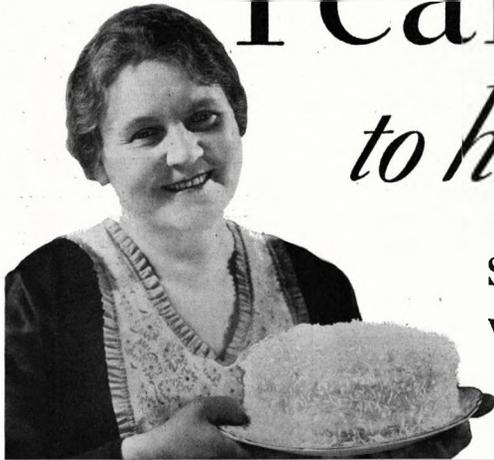
... they could take cough drops apart and discover for themselves why Luden's relieve coughing quickest. The reason: Luden's are medicinal.

They contain an exclusive blend of eleven medicinal ingredients — the kind that doctors frequently prescribe. Luden's are pleasant-tasting, too.



5c
LUDEN'S

"I can't afford to have my cakes Fail!"



Some Women may be able to waste 35¢ worth of Cake Ingredients... *but not I!*"

(An intimate chat with Mrs. DAVID TAIT ROBERTSON, of West Moorestown, N. J.)



• Mrs. Robertson's fine cakes are in great demand for church sales and bazaars. "I'm mighty proud of my cakes," says Mrs. Robertson, "but I've always given Royal credit for their lovely texture and flavor."



• "I can't understand why some women use cheap, unreliable baking powders—when Royal costs *only 1¢* per cake."



• "Skimp as I must, I do believe in giving my children the best, wholesome foods, baked with pure, dependable Royal Baking Powder."

WITH her Scotch name, you would expect Mrs. Robertson to know the meaning of economy.

Feeding a family of seven on a budget of \$10 a week has taught her many lessons in thrift.

"But there's one thing I don't skimp on," Mrs. Robertson says, "and that's baking powder."

"I can't understand why some women use cheap, unreliable baking powders when Royal costs so little per cake."

Mrs. ROBERTSON IS PERFECTLY CORRECT! When you stop to figure the approximate costs* of your ingredients for a cake (say, a cocoanut layer cake), like this:

3 eggs	9¢
1 1/4 cups sugar	5¢
2 cups pastry flour	5¢
1/2 cup butter	4¢
1 1/2 teaspoons vanilla	4¢
1/2 cup cocoanut	4¢
3/4 cup milk	1¢
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder	1¢

(This is not a recipe. Frosting materials are included.)

It certainly does seem foolish to deprive yourself of the best baking powder.

Only 1¢ for Royal! That's certainly a trifle to pay for perfect results *every time*.

You probably don't have to be told that Royal is famous for the fine-flavored cakes it makes . . . cakes of melting tenderness and fluffy lightness. And Royal cakes *stay fresh*—their even texture holds in moisture for days!

Next time you need baking powder, remember how little Royal costs. In fact, the price is now lower than it has been for 17 years!

* These costs vary, of course, according to locality.

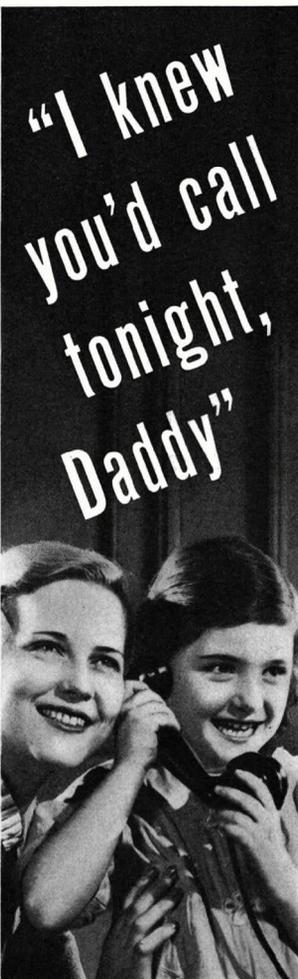
FREE COOK BOOK—Mail coupon today for the new Royal Cook Book to use when you bake at home. Over 300 recipes, and valuable hints for baking.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER, Dept. 13
Product of Standard Brands Incorporated,
691 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me a free copy of the new Royal Cook Book.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
In Canada: Standard Brands Limited, Fraser Ave., Toronto 2, Ont.





SHE'S only a little girl—but she knows that when Daddy is out of town on business there will be a welcome telephone call every few days. It's great fun to be able to tell him of some exciting new adventure. And it's fun for Father, too, to hear familiar voices and know that everything is all right.

Next time your husband travels, be sure to have him make telephone visits back home. It costs very little, especially during the evening and night periods. And for convenience, he can have the charges reversed if desired . . . and put on your residence telephone bill.

The rates for station-to-station calls during the night hours are about

35c for 75 miles
55c for 175 miles
80c for 300 miles



(Continued from Page 64) looks better on Lucy May because she has a better figure," said Fay.

"And just where?"—Mrs. Siddles was aroused now—"have you seen this hussy?"

The two girls were not easily scared; they are hard babies. "Oh, everywhere, mother. Dances and things. She comes from the South, and she's living out on Maple Boulevard. She and her aunt."

Mrs. Siddles said Tony was too young to know what he was doing. "Sending her an invitation for an intimate affair like this wedding would constitute a recognition of a mad infatuation. I won't be told who is to be invited to my house!"

"But since twenty-six hundred people are invited already, does one more matter?" I inquired.

"Young man, you are interfering in a family matter—"

"But it is fifty per cent my wedding. Can't I invite her? She's Tony's friend, and I like Tony."

"Do you insinuate that I don't? Horace, take me upstairs. This is more than I can stand." So Mr. Siddles led her upstairs, where we could hear her having hysterics.

"Harper Salisbury," said Lois, "why did you have to make mother cry?"

"But I've invited scores of people you don't know. Let me ask Miss Lucy May Taylor. Tony says he won't come if we don't. What a scandal in this city!"

"Oh, you stupid, stop talking about it," and she too went upstairs crying.

I was left with Ronny and Lannie and Fay.

"Well," said Ronny, "I feel sorry for you. Mother will never forgive you."

LANNIE said Tony had told her he would shoot himself if the girl couldn't come, and Fay said, "Let's clear out of this sad dump. Come on, Salisbury, you'd better leave."

I said I must wait for Lois to stop crying, and come downstairs. So they went off, and my eye fell upon a box of white envelopes upon the desk in the corner by the window. Yes, they were wedding invitations. With the speed of one whose instinct for justice had been aroused, I addressed the proper envelope to Miss Lucy May Taylor, of the Fifth Firemen's Bank, stole a stamp from the desk, and sealed the envelope, just as Lois came downstairs.

"Take me out somewhere," she implored. "If anyone says another word to me about this awful wedding, I shall scratch out their eyes with my finger nails."

So I took her to the talkies. I mailed the invitation at the theater while she was staring at posters of next week's greatest talkie. Afterward we ate peaceably in a downtown restaurant, and I left her at home, feeling that only three days of warfare intervened between me and the nicest girl in the world.

The next morning I was in my office, rushing through things so that I could be free to supervise the antics of my ushers, when Tony Siddles rang up and ordered me to lunch. I met him in a cafe, and I could see that I was about to eat with a stick of dynamite.

"WOULD you mind telling me," he exploded, "what you said last night to my family?"

"I said I wanted your Lucy May at my wedding. Your mother had hysterics. I did my best."

"You certainly did." He extracted five large, square, white envelopes from his pocket. "Who sent all these?"

I recognized my own handwriting, and Lois'. "Lannie," he pointed out, "Fay and Ronny. How do you suppose Lucy May felt this morning?"

"I should think she would feel swell. Not many girls get five invitations to the same wedding."

"You don't understand women. On the first invitation her name was spelled

wrong, and anyway it's late. Then she picks up four others, and she goes haywire."

"It was nice of Lois and Fay and Lannie and Ronny," said I. "Just what are your fiancée's demands now? Will she come screaming down the aisle, demanding recognition?"

He did not like my light tone. "Say, you, she doesn't have to ask anything of the Siddleses. Her family is old Virginia aristocracy. Now she wants to break the engagement. She says now she never could bear my family after the dirty way they've treated her."

"Listen, Tony," I said, "why not take advantage of your opportunity to blast the formal wedding? Here you have a bride who swears she hates your relatives. If she has a wedding, your family must be invited. Seize your chance. Rush her to the city hall and marry her. I will give you a large check for a wedding present, and the unexpired lease on my bachelor apartment." I exhorted him. "Come on, Tony, lead a popular revolt!"

HE REMAINED skeptical. "She wants to drag me back to Virginia to be married among her relatives down on her old plantation. Your idea is nice, Harper, but it certainly is not Lucy May's."

He took his dolorous way back to his office, and I returned to mine. That night my ushers came into town and, checking in at Aunt Daisy's, appeared at my flat for refreshment before the bachelor dinner. Tony was not missed, because we were too busy singing songs.

About nine o'clock, when I was dimly aware that we should be moving on to dinner, the doorbell began to ring, Charlie, my darcy; said there was an old lady to see me.

"Old lady jus' standin' thah, suh, in powerful tumpah. She can heah all these gentlemen makin' noise."

I went out, very benign, willing to buy insurance or join the church. What was my surprise when she began to berate me for thwarting the honor of the old South.

"By whom, madam," I said, "have I the honor of being insulted?"

She was Lucy May Taylor's aunt and only protector. She was warning me to cease my propaganda for an elopement, to the scandal of Lucy May's large family connection in the South.

"Madam," I said, "the happiness of these young people—"

"SUH," she put in, "Ah'll thank you not to make lil' of the conventions of a So'the'n gentlewoman. When Ah waz bawn, Mistah Sals-bree, the propah place for a young lady to be mahried was her own daddy's home or some neah relative's. Ah reckon when Miss Lucy May Taylah gits mahried, she'll go daown South among decent people, with her fam'ly and frien's standin' round. Ah guess she won't want to marry any No'the'n gentleman. This is all Ah have to say to you, Mistah Sals-bree. Her uncles will say the rest."

She went, and I rejoiced that I was soon putting the ocean between me and the outraged South.

The dinner went off well; no arrests, no damages. At six A.M., however, I was awakened by Great-aunt Daisy's butler, saying that the gentlemen had broken the windows in the conservatory and had let loose the three parrots, so I had to get up and go over and quiet down the boys. Aunt Daisy was not able to come to the big family buffet luncheon that day, at Lois' Uncle Edward's, because of a severe nervous headache, but the ushers were all there. Lois told me that night at the dinner dance given by her aunt, Mrs. Roscoe Siddles, that her matron of honor's husband, Sam Chesley, was lurking around somewhere, lying in wait for one of my ushers, who had turned out to be his wife's old sweetheart, and who had spent the entire time at luncheon persuading Mrs. Chesley that her marriage to Sam had been the biggest mistake of her life.

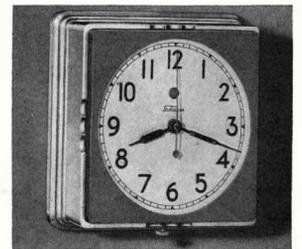
(Continued on Page 68)

"So long, old-timer"  ... WE HAVE A TELECHRON, NOW!"

"I LIKED your looks and you didn't cost much, but you were noisy and uncertain from the start. You stopped dead when you were wound too tight, or needed oil. And you made me miss my train this morning. You're through, old-timer!"

"I have a Telechron now! It's silent, accurate, electric. It never needs winding. It has a self-starting motor, sealed in oil, for long life. I can depend upon it."

There are Telechron models in rich variety. Better stores everywhere have them. Prices range reasonably from \$4.50 to \$17.50. The model illustrated is *Consort*, priced at \$4.95. WARREN TELECHRON COMPANY, ASHLAND, MASS.



Telechron

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by Warren Telechron Co.)

SELF-STARTING ELECTRIC CLOCKS

These WINDOW SHADES FOR 15¢ EACH?



"YOU'RE JOKING!" He insisted

BUT when I finally convinced my husband, he wanted new Clopays for every room. A New improved Clopays are biggest shade bargain yet. Full size three shades that won't crack, fade or pinhole. Heavier and stronger than ever before. Wooden slat included. And now you need trim only one side to fit narrower windows. Easily put up, too—no tacks or tools. Plain colors and chintz designs. Send 3c stamp for color samples. Clopay Corp., 1249 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

At All 5c and 10c Stores and Most Neighborhood Stores

CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES

Maternity STYLE BOOK Free

LANE BRYANT Maternity clothes enable you to dress stylishly during all stages of maternity—and after baby comes, as well. Designed to conceal condition and to provide for expansion. Latest styles in Dresses and Coats. Also apparel for baby. Style Book FREE; send today.

LANE BRYANT
Address Dept. 59
Fifth Ave. at 39th St., New York



To Miss Betty Linton
 who plans to be married in June... we
 commend this great favorite with husbands



Miss Betty Wright Linton, of Hanover, New Hampshire, who, after her marriage, will live in a suburb of Boston, Massachusetts.

Chocolate Cream Pie



It's *marvelously* good, Miss Linton! (And so easy!) That's why we hope this gorgeous Chocolate Cream Pie will be one of the very first things you'll "try out" on your brand new husband.

He will find it so creamy-rich and smooth under its fluffy topping of meringue. And so generously flavored with the real *chocolate* goodness all men love... the flavor you always get when you use genuine Baker's Chocolate.

The recipe we give you here also makes those dainty tartlets your guests will all adore. Just use it with the best pie crust recipe you have.

And the Frosted Chocolate Marble Cake below... you'll quickly discover how very delicious it is when you send for your free copy of "Baker's Best Chocolate Recipes"—and try the recipe on page 21.

But remember, Miss Linton, you *must* use Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate... America's favorite kind for over 150 years... to get that real chocolate goodness you want. To get delicious flavor, moist and mellow richness in everything you make. Each familiar blue-wrapped bar comes conveniently divided in handy, one-ounce squares... to make it easier than ever for you to use Baker's Chocolate in all your truly fine desserts. It is a product of General Foods, and is sold by all leading grocers.

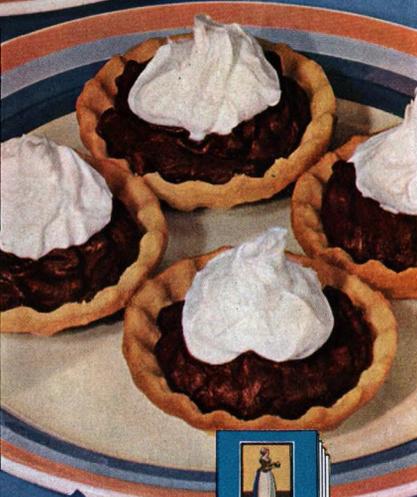
Chocolate Cream Pie

- | | |
|---|------------------------------|
| 3 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt |
| 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk | 2 egg yolks, slightly beaten |
| 1 cup sugar | 2 tablespoons butter |
| 6 tablespoons flour | 1 teaspoon vanilla |
| | 1 baked 9-inch pie shell |
| | 2 egg whites |
| | 4 tablespoons sugar |

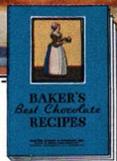
Add chocolate to milk and heat in double boiler. When chocolate is melted, beat with rotary egg beater until blended. Combine sugar, flour, and salt; add gradually to chocolate mixture and cook until thickened, stirring constantly; then continue cooking 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Pour small amount of mixture over egg yolks, stirring vigorously; return to double boiler and cook 2 minutes longer. Remove from boiling water; add butter and vanilla. Cool. Turn into pie shell. Beat egg whites until foamy throughout; add sugar, 2 tablespoons at a time, beating after each addition until sugar is blended. Then continue beating until mixture will stand in peaks. Pile lightly on filling. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 15 minutes, or until delicately browned.

CHOCOLATE CREAM TARTLETS

Turn chocolate cream filling into baked tart shells. Pile meringue lightly on filling and brown as directed above, or top with whipped cream. Makes 8 tartlets.
 (All measurements are level)



FROSTED CHOCOLATE MARBLE CAKE



Free! GENERAL FOODS • BATTLE CREEK • MICHIGAN
 Please send me at once my free copy of your 60-page
 illustrated Recipe Book, "Baker's Best Chocolate Recipes." L. H. J. 4-34
 (Please print full name and address.) © G. F. Corp., 1934

NAME _____
 STREET _____
 CITY _____ STATE _____

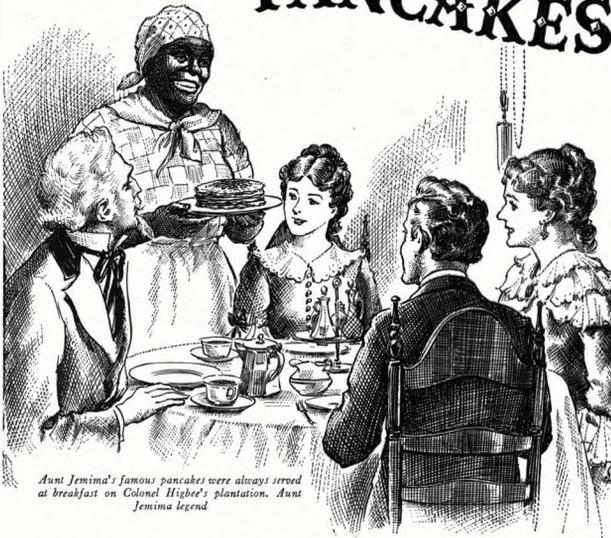
IN CANADA • ADDRESS GENERAL FOODS • LTD. • COBURG • ONTARIO



TODAY... HER SECRET IS YOURS

for old-time

SOUTHERN
PANCAKES



Aunt Jemima's famous pancakes were always served at breakfast on Colonel Higbee's plantation. Aunt Jemima legend

Pancakes—with that delicious plantation flavor! The flavor that other cooks tried to imitate—that none but Aunt Jemima knew how to get! Today it's captured for you in ready-mixed Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. Her own secret of mixing four flours—corn, rice, wheat and rye—in the original proportions! All you do is add milk (or water) to ready-mixed Aunt

Jemima Pancake Flour, and stir. Drop the batter on a sizzling hot griddle. Your cakes will bake up as temptingly tender—as delicately light and fluffy as any Aunt Jemima ever made. And that wonderful old-time pancake flavor! You can't get it any other way. Ask your grocer for a package of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour today. The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago.



Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour in the red package; Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats in the yellow

(Continued from Page 66) "Well," I said, "I warned you against my ushers."

"Speak to him," she ordered. "I won't have a brawl at my wedding."

"Speak to him? Could you deter the cyclone with a prayer? You could not. Mr. Chesley will have to fight for his wife himself. I have insurance to cover the breakage in your Great-aunt Daisy's conservatory, but I am not prepared for assault and battery."

"But, Harper, Sam says he will lock her up tomorrow, and not let her come to the wedding."

"He is a wise man. There is something about Joe Stanley's profile against stained-glass windows —"

"Harper, you are insane," she said, gazing at me seriously, "or inhumanly cruel. You will be responsible if my bridal procession is spoiled. If he locks her up she will divorce him, and it will be your fault."

"Perhaps they should be divorced."

"Do you want our wedding to start a lot of other people's divorces? Harper, did you know Great-aunt Daisy has a trained nurse? And where is Tony?"

"I haven't seen him since yesterday, when I had lunch with him."

"OH, WHY didn't you tell father? Poor mother cried all night, because he didn't come home. What did he say to you at lunch?"

"He said that Lucy May got five invitations to the wedding."

"Five! Oh, my heavens! Then she'll surely come, and mother will spit at her!"

I told her everything, and she wanted to run and tell her mother, but I dissuaded her, because I knew her mother would race to Lucy May Taylor's aunt and attack her. I persuaded her to take Tony's absence lightly. Perhaps he had just gone off to New York to see a good play.

"Oh, no," she said. "The Siddleless have deep feelings and strong wills. He has gone somewhere and taken his life. That is your fault, too, Harper."

She was then diverted by my best man, and I turned to her maid of honor, who wanted to know all about one of my ushers, whom she thought terribly cute and powerfully alarming. So I gave her a minute account of this man, and after dinner she began dancing with him, while her fiancé glowered.

So the evening passed off happily. I was called to the telephone at twelve midnight by Lucy May's aunt, who said that Miss Lucy May had not come home, and how was I going to explain that? Would I please ask Mr. Siddleless to step to the phone? I stepped away to get Mr. Siddleless and, finding a good sharp knife in the serving pantry, I cut the telephone wire. No one saw me. Mr. Siddleless looked tired as it was, and he needed a good night's rest, because tomorrow the bills would begin to come in. Also perhaps the outraged male uncles of Lucy May —

I GOT to bed at four-thirty, having escorted the ushers to Aunt Daisy's and locked them in their rooms. A trained nurse stood on guard in the upper hall, a special policeman guarded the conservatories and the parrots and the *objets d'art*. I was awakened, nevertheless, at six by Ronny, who informed me that the fire department had been summoned to Great-aunt Daisy's mansion, where a couple of ushers had succeeded in setting the place on fire. With great difficulty the ushers

had been saved, because, although I had locked them all in, I had gone off with the keys. The consequent battering down of old walnut-paneled doors had so unnerved Great-aunt Daisy that she had been taken to the hospital.

"She can't come to the wedding," said Ronny. "Is mother wild at you!"

"Listen," said I, "go ask Lois if I didn't warn her. All usher damages are covered by usher insurance, premium paid by me." I went to sleep again until eight A.M., when Mrs. Siddleless' voice crashed into my ear.

"Harper Salisbury," she said, "you are an usher short. Lois is crying here, now, because Tony hasn't come in, and who is going to walk down the aisle with Evelyn Bayley at the wedding?"

"Hasn't she an old nurse?" I asked.

"Harper, will you please not be flippant? If you knew the state things were in."

"Lois would have a big wedding."



"DID you expect to be married in a telephone booth? What with detectives hired to look for Tony, and not wanting the newspapers to find out, Mr. Siddleless and I are perfectly crazy. Can't you cooperate?"

"I have cooperated. I am crazy. However, if you want a companion for Evelyn Bayley's march down the aisle, I'll get one."

"See that you do. Remember the wedding is today at twelve noon. Ronny is coming for you."

"I can get there."

"I feel safer sending Ronny."

I rang for Charlie, and he said, "Goo' Lawd, boss, I don't know no ushahs." I telephoned young men in my office, but they refused, some because they didn't own a cutaway, others because they hated menial labor. Finally Charlie said, "Boss, de night elevatath man in dis buildin' am a college boy, workin' his way through, a right han'som' lookin' young man. Ah go git his address."

WELL, we roused that young man out of bed, and for ten dollars he agreed to appear at the flat, where Charlie dressed him in my cast-off cutaway. He was a stranger in the city, and very handsome.

"Instruct me," he said, "in the duties of ushering."

"An usher," I said, "is the link between the wedding guest and the seat. Propel all guests down the aisle to the best seats available on the orchestra floor. Aim to please, but if you meet with resistance, or unreasonable criticism, turn your clients about and march them up to the organ loft. You will walk down the aisle with Miss Evelyn Bayley, whom you are to give the rush of her life. You are my second cousin from Berkeley, California, just hopped in this morning for my wedding. Don't get engaged, but treat Evelyn so that she will remember my wedding as the dream day of her life."

"O. K., boss," said the student.

"Hee, hee, hee," said Charlie. "You suddenly got yo'self all jittered about dis weddin', Mistah Harphah. I look to see yo' makin' a speech from that altah."

I made no speech. As soon as I saw Lois I stopped shaking, and managed to reach her side. As the minister advanced on us her arm touched mine, and I heard her mutter, "Don't be frightened, stupid." After that everything became celestial, soon we floated down the aisle, and I

kissed her in the motor. She said, "Darling, who is that too-divine new usher? I never saw anything so sweet. Where did you unearth him?"

I told her, and she giggled. Now that she had had her wedding, she was herself again. If I had told her that we had been wed by an ex-pugilist hired to impersonate the bishop, who has been arrested just before the ceremony, she would have laughed. As I relaxed, I began to feel tired. The old legs began to ache, this pain started in my temples; the big push was over, and I sank into a pit of exhaustion.

For ages I stood in line between the bride and the bride's mother. Mrs. Siddles, at fifty-three years, weighs one hundred and sixty, and when she was in college, back in the nineties, did well at hammer throwing. Dazed by the onrushing wedding guests, with their idiotic repetitious congratulations, I found my mother-in-law a nice prop. I leaned and leaned, until we both swayed forty-five degrees east toward Mr. Siddles, and had to come about into the northeast to stick to our course.

"Harper," said Mrs. Siddles, glaring at me, "I am ashamed. At your own wedding."

I then tried leaning on my bride, but she kicked me. I swayed back and forth, in crazy rhythm, saying to the guests everything that Mrs. Siddles said, mixed in with what Lois said. The guests swept by at such velocity that they did not have time to make lunacy reports to one another until they gathered in the dining room.

There, as Fay told me later, I led in a declining market.

While I was thus engaged, I saw the Siddles butler poking something at Mrs. Siddles, who poked it in turn at me. "Open it," she gasped, "and see if there's an answer. It may be from Uncle Bert out in Tacoma. He's very ill."

I opened it, read it, and stuck it in my pocket. "It's nothing," I lied to her. "It's a message of congratulation from someone named Gussie."

"GUSSIE! How strange! I never heard of her. Oh, dear Mrs. Courtney, how sweet of you. Yes, she was lovely. And this is our dear Harper—" and so on, and so forth, for another hour, and then came the luncheon, and the speeches, and the cake, and then the rush upstairs, and the meeting with my bride on the stairs, and the fight through the crowd into the car.

As we clung to each other, as the family chauffeur raced us down the driveway, I caught a glimpse of a determined-looking old lady, escorted by two fierce-looking gentlemen with black mustachios, parading up the driveway. They were followed by a policeman, and I knew whom they were seeking. Our train left immediately for New York, and by the time Lucy May's defenders had explained to Mrs. Siddles who they were, and why, we should be riding at sixty miles an hour to New York and an ocean liner.

On the train I showed the telegram to Lois, and she read it out loud amidst giggles:

TOOK SALISBURYS ADVICE AND ELOPED YESTERDAY WITH LUCY MAY TAYLOR STOP HONEYMOONING IN ATLANTIC CITY FAR FROM RELATIVES STOP HOME NEXT WEEK AND EXPECT FORGIVENESS

ALSO USE OF SALISBURYS FLAT AS HE PROMISED STOP YOU WILL LOVE LUCY MAY STOP TONY

"Oh, the fresh egg," she exclaimed. "Mother will never forgive you! She will never speak to you again. Harper, we are exiled forever, and if Great-aunt Daisy should die! Oh, boy!"

"What shall we do?" "Look." She tore it up. "Now let's compose another." She thought for five seconds, and then screamed, "I have it. Give me a pencil. Look!" She wrote:

MRS. HORACE SIDDLERS,
27 Oak Park Road,
Chelston, New York.

Terribly happy. Thank you for loveliest wedding any girl ever had. Forgot to tell you Tony wired me he is married to that Taylor girl. Harper says they can have his flat. Tell Harper's cook Charlie. Isn't Harper wonderful? Love. Lois.

THAT was yesterday, and now here we are. Lois says that by the time we are back, even Great-aunt Daisy will have forgotten about those ushers. In a day or so, she says, I'll be myself. But I don't know. I'd advise you, Bill, to never give in to any girl. Look at me now.

His story was over. "Harp," Bill said, "you give me courage."

He wasn't listening. A girl was coming toward them, a very pretty girl, in new clothes, her face alight with rapturous possession. She was tall and slender like Barbara, she had the same air of being able to take charge of practically anything.

"Harper," she called, "don't tell me you're sitting here, wasting this lovely afternoon."

She looked at Bill suspiciously, as Salisbury introduced him, mumbling the name. As the bridegroom gazed at his bride, he seemed to gain ten pounds, to turn rosy-cheeked, to be reinvigorated.

"Come," she said, "we'll walk around the deck about twenty times, and have a swim, and then one cocktail before our dinner. I bet you haven't done a single one of the things I told you to, all afternoon."

"Haven't I?" he said. "Forgive me, darling, and good-by, Bill."

"Good-by, Mr. Carstairs," she said, and the name was Hartfield. They whisked off, leaving Bill alone without asking him to walk with them, swim with them, dine with them, or sit with them in the evening. So he retired disconsolately to his stateroom. He was a stronger man than Harper Salisbury, and a

much more miserable one. Then the steward came in with a wireless. It read: OF ALL STUPID IDIOTS, RETURN BY NEXT BOAT. AM MAILING INVITATIONS CHURCH WEDDING AND REENGAGING TWELVE USHERS. LOVE BARBARA.

He hotfooted it to the wireless operator, and accepted her offer. They were married the week after he got back from France, and two thousand people crammed the church. There were twelve ushers, six bridesmaids, a maid of honor, two flower girls, and every relative came. Afterward his legs ached, his nerves were frazzled, and his boss became very sore at him. However, when one sees his wife, who is now in the writing room of this S. S. Tremendous writing thank-you letters, one will agree with him that she is worth the debacle of any principle.

DON'T BELIEVE IT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE "MIDDLE-AGED"

Chances Are It's Only "Acid Stomach"—Now Easily Corrected—That You Have!



THE SIGNS OF ACID STOMACH

- Nervousness
- Loss of Appetite
- Neuralgia
- Frequent Headaches
- Indigestion
- Feeling of Weakness
- Auto-intoxication
- Sleeplessness
- Nausea
- Mouth Acidity
- Sour Stomach

WHAT TO DO FOR IT



TAKE—2 Teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water every morning when you get up. Take another teaspoonful thirty minutes after eating. And another before you go to bed.

Authorities now tell us that one of the penalties of middle-age is acid stomach. A rebellion, of the stomach, after years of faulty diet.

Caution up on any of your acquaintances who have reached middle-life. Note how a great many of them will complain of a "weak stomach," frequent headaches, nausea, sleeplessness, and afternoon fag—depletion.

Few will know what the cause. But most will have acid stomach.

Thanks to modern scientific knowledge this condition need not be chronic. It is quickly and easily correctable, if you know the way. And it is a simple way, for all you do is this:

How To Get Rid Of It Quickly, Easily

If you have Acid Stomach, you can easily trace it. Headaches, stomach pains after eating, "gas," "upsets," nausea are the usual indications.

Now—to get rid of it, all you need do is this:

TAKE—2 teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water every morning when you get up. Take another teaspoonful thirty minutes after eating. And another before you go to bed.

Try It—You Will Be Amazed

Try this and, chances are, it will make a great difference in your life. For this small dosage of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia acts to neutralize the stomach acids that cause your distress.

After-meal pains and discomfort go. You feel freedom from dull headaches. That "afternoon fag"—you think is de-

pletion or "nerves" disappears. You feel like another person. Everywhere people are doing this. Everywhere doctors are advocating it.

Get REAL Phillips'

When you buy, be sure to get the REAL article—Genuine PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia. Always ask for it by the name PHILLIPS—for all "milk of magnesia" is not alike in effect. So take care to see you get Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia—the kind doctors endorse—judged the most reliable neutralizer of stomach acids known.

Also in Tablet Form:

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets are now on sale at drug stores everywhere. Each tiny tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.



PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA





"Mother, let's play
Hidden Name Test
again"

"We did have fun . . . didn't we, dear?
And we found a new way to save time,
work and money."

Yes, it was fun. And interesting,
too! Because the women who made
the Hidden Name Test were eager to
solve the vexing question "Which
cleanser is best?"

They knew the Hidden Name Test
was fair. Each of the cleansers had an
equal chance . . . because there were
no brand names on any of the cans.
Nothing to influence their decisions
except *results*.

So they tried the leading cleansers
equally for a week . . . on pots and
pans . . . tile and enamel. Then they
made their selections. And the results
showed New Sunbrite Cleanser was
first choice.

Are you *sure* the cleanser you are
now using is best? Here is a way to
find out. Get a supply of New
Sunbrite Cleanser. Try it and see how
much longer it lasts . . . how econom-
ical it is to buy. Compare its *results*
with the cleanser you are now using.
Let your own experience prove that

Copyright by Swift & Company, 1934

New SUNBRITE CLEANSER

Sunbrite
Cleanser

1 Cleans, Scours
2-Sweetens, Purifies
Double Action - Single Cost!

CLEANS EASIER • WORKS FASTER • WON'T SCRATCH



FUN TIED TO

APRON STRINGS!

BY MARIAN HAGEN

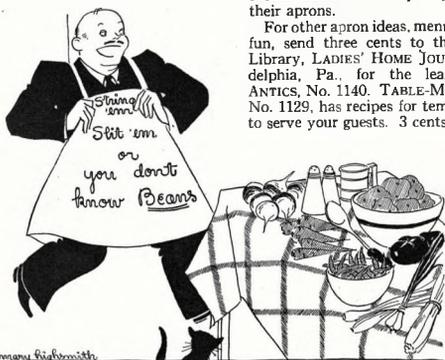
Tie a party to your apron strings—for there's lots of fun you can have in an apron. A candy pull or a fireplace picnic with your guests wearing white-organandie aprons trimmed with bright calico frills; or a stew party with the men and girls wearing butchers' aprons made of unbleached muslin, on which is written the chore each guest is to do. Or a make-your-own-apron party, with the guests busily working with Cellophane, crepe paper, discarded gift wrappings, the rotogravure or comic sections of newspapers. An apron party is a brand-new idea for entertaining informally; indeed, you can give a series of them, each one different.

Most women want to look pretty, so provide them with square aprons of bright red-checked gingham or splashy cretonne. It won't take you long to make these, for all you do is cut off a corner of the square, to use as a pocket, and then bind the edges with bright-colored tape. The men can be enveloped in butchers' aprons made of unbleached muslin, with a loop of tape to go around the neck, and long tapes for apron strings. Be sure the strings are long enough to go around your plumpest guest!

As host and hostess, you will want to wear some special costume and still appear as informal as the spirit of the party dictates. Let the host wear a traditional chef's attire—snowy white cap, white neckerchief and coat or apron. The hostess can wear a gay printed-cotton apron frock, made in the conventional way with cross-over fronts and a matching bandanna headress. Or a maid's apron and cap in which to receive her guests.

For a huge success, start off with a Stew Party, and send out this rimed invitation:

*We're counting on you
To help us make stew;*



*No cause for alarms,
No need for firearms;
Just don't arrive late
And circle this date*

Tuesday, March 13, at 6 o'clock.
Ann and Bill Parker, 238 Forest Street.

As the guests arrive, give each one his or her apron with the cue for the evening. You can write the chores with kindergarten crayons or colored blackboard chalk. Here are a few:

*We'll judge your merits
By the way you scrape CARROTS.*

*Go find a paper bag of PEAS
And start a shell game, if you please.*

*POTATOES have eyes for all to see,
But peeled is what they'd better be.*

With the exception of the meat, which should be browned and set to simmering in advance, your guests will prepare all the ingredients of the stew. For added hilarity, let the guests play the Recipe Contest. After each plate is empty, pass out pencils and paper slips. Place in a man's hat a number of slips of paper on which are written the names of famous food, as New England clam chowder, chop suey, Philadelphia scrapple, and so on. Have each guest draw a slip of paper and proceed to write the recipe as he thinks it ought to be. The more fantastic the directions, the more amusing the recipe. Give a prize for the "best" recipe.

The Fireplace Picnic is another party to tie to your apron strings. Any informal Sunday-night gathering can be converted to this kind of picnic, if you pass out frilly lawn or muslin aprons along with the toasting forks or sticks.

Give a Make-Your-Own-Apron Party and assemble the makings on a large table—paper towels and napkins, paper bags, gummed-paper tape and stickers, cardboard, paste and pins, scraps of oil-cloth, felt, ribbon, yarn, fabrics, shelf paper, Cellophane, newspapers and comic sheets. Out of these let your guests evolve their aprons.

For other apron ideas, menus, and party fun, send three cents to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa., for the leaflet, APRON ANTICS, No. 1140. TABLE-MADE DISHES, No. 1129, has recipes for tempting dishes to serve your guests. 3 cents.

"I lost 3½ inches from my hips"



"I lost 4 inches from mine"

THE young women shown in the photograph above wanted their figures slenderized. They had found it impossible to wear the new skin-tight dresses because, with the smaller waistlines, their hips seemed to bulge.

Our analysis of their figures showed that each had a different condition that needed correction. One had soft, flabby flesh about the hips, and the other had a faulty posture which exaggerated the size of her hips.

A Spencer was individually designed for each with the joyful result shown above.

Spencer corsets and bandeaux are distinguished from ordinary garments because each separate Spencer is a special creation—designed, cut and made exclusively for the woman who wears it.

Have a figure analysis—free

Have you ever had a trained Spencer corsetiere make a study of your figure? At any time most convenient for you an intelligent woman, trained in the Spencer designer's methods of figure analysis, will call at your home. Do not delay.

A study of your figure will cost you nothing and may save you expensive experiments with unscientifically designed corsets. Spencer prices are surprisingly low!

Send for interesting free booklet "What Figure Fault Is Yours?"

Look in your telephone book under "Spencer Corsetiere" or send us the coupon below for booklet, and a free analysis of your figure. This will not obligate you in any way.

Write Anne Spencer for her personal advice FREE

If some special figure fault troubles you, check it on the figure at right.



April, 1934
Anne Spencer,
Spencer Corset Co., Inc.,
141 Derby Avenue,
New Haven, Connecticut.
Canada: Rock Island, Quebec.
Great Britain: 96 Regent St., W. 1., London.

Name _____
Address _____

Do You Want to Make Money?

If you are a business woman, or would like to be one, let us train you to become a Spencer Corsetiere. Check here □

SPENCER INDIVIDUALLY DESIGNED CORSETS

Ease Pain, Headache Now in Few Minutes



For Quick Relief Always say BAYER Aspirin When You Buy

Now comes quick, *amazingly quick*, relief from headaches, rheumatism, neuritis, neuralgia. Relief often in a few minutes ... the *fastest safe relief, it is said, yet discovered*.

These results are due to a scientific discovery by which a Bayer Aspirin tablet begins to dissolve, or disintegrate, in the amazing space of two seconds after touching moisture. And hence to start "taking hold" of pain a few minutes after taking.

The illustration of the glass, above, tells the story. A Bayer Tablet starts to disintegrate almost instantly you swallow it. *And thus is ready to go to work almost instantly.* This unique Bayer discovery means

quick relief from pain for you and yours. Fewer lost hours from headaches, neuralgia or the pains of rheumatism. And Safe Relief—for GENUINE BAYER ASPIRIN does not harm the heart.

When you buy, though, see that you get the GENUINE BAYER ASPIRIN. The best way is never ask for aspirin by the name "aspirin" alone. But if you want Bayer Aspirin's quick relief always to say "BAYER ASPIRIN."



DOES NOT HARM THE HEART

Oh, Button Your Coat!

(Continued from Page 7)

somewhat disgruntled, remembered there was a fourth person present and that the caviar had been supplanted. He turned with a morose kind of courtesy to Lacy.

"Like green-turtle soup?" he inquired. Lacy gave him a stolid look. "Why don't you ask her to dance?" she said. "Haven't you got any sense?"

Johnnie hadn't. His gloomy face brightened; he looked inspired, and, rising immediately, he bore Rhoda off to the other room and there scuffled about with her to tom-toms and instrumental yowlings.

Ned Baring, dispirited, asked Lacy, "Wan' dance?"

"No," she said. "Better eat our soup." Other couples left the restaurant for slinking undulations in the dancing-room between courses. Mr. Baring, desolate with nothing but Lacy Thomas and turtle soup to animate him, made a willed effort to show that of the two he preferred Lacy.

"SEA food doesn't agree with me," he said. "I fancy it's still snowing outdoors—rather unusual at this time of year." He leaned back in his chair, the better to gaze through the archway and into the dancing-room. "Really, she's marvelous! Marvelous! She has that amazing something. Terrifically sensitive—like a violin that quivers to your slightest touch. Do you think I offended her by saying she always lives in the present moment?"

"No." He looked at Lacy, puzzled by the flat-tish tone in which she uttered the monosyllable; but she did not even glance up from her soup, and his moment of curiosity passed. He spoke of the weather again, fidgeted, then said ingratiatingly, "Look. Since you don't care to dance, yourself, you'd be all right for a minute if I hopped out there and cut in on Ensmith a bit, wouldn't you? I'll send him back to sit with you. He'll be right here."

This apologetic prophecy was not fulfilled. He departed, striding into the dancing-room; but Johnnie Ensmith remained there, evidently to "cut in" on his rival in turn, and Miss Thomas was left in solitary possession of the table and four plates of turtle soup, three of which grew cold while she thus sat alone. She had what is called a fine complexion, an unaided one, and gradually its color heightened as she sat there, though when the three dancers at last returned, chattering, they did not notice its rosy additions; nor did she on her part lift her downcast eyes to them, an omission unnoticed also. She heard, however, what Rhoda said in a palpitant voice to Johnnie Ensmith. "Don't! I lose my head when I dance with you!" Young Mr. Baring also heard this too significant protest, as Lacy, without looking up, knew he was intended to hear it for the purpose of making him "wilder", if that were possible.

JOHNNIE laughed a laugh foolish with J happiness, and a brief side glance from under a silent girl's eyelashes showed his face to be ruddy with triumph. His agreeable condition was not encouraged to continue. Rhoda began to talk of a savagery in her nature roused by jazz, and Ned Baring again became excitedly analytical, whereupon Johnnie thrust in with criticism of the analysis; and the two, and also Rhoda, carried the dinner through to coffee, arguing spiritedly about her nature, what affected it and how it was affected.

Lacy was by no means excluded from the conversation; Rhoda frequently seemed to invite her to participate, crying out, perhaps, as if in protest, "Lacy! I appeal to you! Tell him I'm not like that!" or "Why, that's just the same as saying I'm fickle! Lacy, tell him I'm not fickle!"

Usually, however, no responses were really expected, and the few Lacy attempted were interrupted early. At intervals the gentlemen, too, appealed to her

with seeming eagerness for corroborations or denials concerning Rhoda, yet found little need for replies more than fragmentary. The conclusion of all this lively argument, if indeed conclusion were possible to the unending, seemed to be that eventually Rhoda would most deeply love that man who most deeply affected her.

WHEN her love thus became the theme of the trio, Rhoda's technic, so to speak, was more vivid. At moments she leaned toward Johnnie Ensmith, looked quickly into his eyes, then away, and breathed visibly, almost tumultuously; at other moments she did as much for Mr. Baring—or sometimes leaned back in her chair, let her eyelashes descend and her face become immobile, with only a slight slow wriggling of the shoulders to express the depth of feeling some day to be evoked by the fortunate suitor.

"Breathing exercises!" the girl across the table said to herself. "Chest work, shoulder-itch and eye stuff!"

Lacy's appetite, however, was immune from mental nausea; she went on eating rather heartily throughout the discussion, and after a time her meditations became more charitable toward Rhoda. Since a marriageable girl's business seemed to be to deal with imbeciles, how better could they be dealt with than by such a method as Rhoda's? They got precisely what they deserved, and, also, Rhoda's "method" wasn't a method at all; it was just a natural, impulsive expression of the girl's infantile egoism. But what was the stuff that constitutes a man?

Lacy didn't know Ned Baring; but she had known Johnnie Ensmith, or thought she had, since her childhood. Like herself, he was a college graduate; he was everywhere esteemed as an intelligent and admirable young man—yet now where was there anything to choose between him and the apparently witless Baring? Lacy saw both of them reduced to the same condition, brought to it readily by the silliest means. That they could be stripped of sense and left only with their five senses—left senseless, yes, and helpless!—merely by Rhoda's showing them their effect upon her! Here was a new branch of education, knowledge to be acquired in this one night's climax of a parasite's experience—though not to be pursued at the cost of another such night—shocking knowledge of the naive nature of man.

LACY'S contempt became overwhelming; jealousy might be part of it, she knew, but it didn't obscure the truth. What would these boys have thought of a too fat girl or a too scraggly girl who talked always of herself, wriggled, heaved and gave them deep "mysterious" glances as Rhoda did? Rhoda would be sixty years old some day; suppose her that now and putting up this same performance—imagine the insulted intelligence of those two, if indeed they could prevent themselves from laughing outright! Circe made pigs of men by means of a "magic drink"; but why did she bother to put magic in it? The answer appeared to be that she hadn't; they only told that lie afterward to excuse themselves. "Magic?" Lacy thought. "She wouldn't have wasted two cents' worth!"

Within her, later, as she danced with Johnnie, there was such a soreness as made her fear she must once have cared more about him than she'd realized—oh, perhaps even as much as she now despised him! But it wasn't this Rhoda-beglamored Johnnie she'd been almost in love with; it was something else, something she'd made up in her own mind and thought of in the likeness of Johnnie. For the silly fellow dancing with her she wouldn't lift a finger, not even if by lifting it she could save him from sometime finding out every day at breakfast (Continued on Page 74)



**POPULAR
GIRLS**
know how to
**FLATTER
THEIR LEGS**

"Once it seemed as though all my spare cash went to stockings. Sometimes I'd get a run, sometimes they'd go at the heel or toe. Then the hosiery salesgirl at a store suggested washing stockings with Lux, to save the elasticity. I took her advice, and now my stockings *fit better* and give at least twice as good wear."

CORDELIA GURNEE

"With Lux, your stockings don't wrinkle and sag. Seams stay straighter and stockings wear better, too."

VIRGINIA SNYDER

"I find washing my stockings in Lux makes them fit better than when I rubbed them with cake soap. And I almost never have runs now!"

ELEANOR FRENCH

"My girl friend started me using Lux for stockings. Thank goodness she did! I used to rub them out with our bathroom soap, then wonder why they wore out so soon. My stockings last *twice* as long since I've been using Lux. I don't get runs nearly so often, and my stockings don't wear through at the heel so soon, either."

MARJORIE HOTHORN

"We keep stockings smooth fitting this way"

"Men always notice when stockings fit badly—wrinkle and sag—when seams keep riding around," popular girls say.

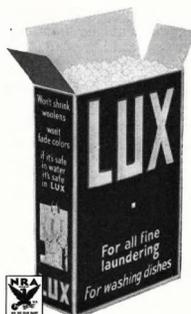
"It looks so careless! And it is, for it *needn't* happen. We keep stockings smooth fitting *always*. The secret is simple ... we wash stockings each night with Lux."

Lux is especially made to preserve that precious elasticity stockings have when they're new, so after stretching they spring back into shape. Stockings given gentle Lux care always fit beautifully, seem to cling like a second skin!

Cuts down Runs, too

Best of all, Lux washing cuts down runs! It saves the elasticity so silk *gives* instead of breaking so often under strain.

Why not follow the easy Lux way? Avoid rubbing with cake soap—avoid soaps with harmful alkali. These *weaken* elasticity. Lux has no harmful alkali—it preserves the elasticity that makes stockings *fit* and *wear*. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.



—saves the *ELASTICITY*
that makes stockings *fit* and *wear*

"My New 2-in-1 Casserole"



"FRED, I GOT HOME JUST TWENTY MINUTES AGO—AND COOKED THIS WHOLE MEAL IN THIS CASSE-ROLE. IT'S REALLY TWO DISHES IN ONE—AND SAVES ME HOURS IN THE KITCHEN!"

Whole meals can be cooked in this Pyrex Casserole in twenty minutes! Here's a sample:

Lamb Barbecue Hot Biscuits
Cucumber and Lettuce Salad French Dressing
Brownies Coffee, Tea, or Milk

Bake Barbecue in the bottom, Biscuits on top. The Corning Test Kitchen has available other delicious and practical 20-30 minute menus.

Here's the Pyrex 2-in-1 Casserole in its rôle as a covered baking dish. Just think of the saving in time, when you can bake, serve, and put away food in the refrigerator, all in the same Pyrex dish!

At right, the bottom part of this versatile dish is used alone as a casserole, for Escaloped Tomato and Eggs. Pyrex Ware eliminates the danger of scorched or underdone foods, because you can see how food is cooking.



Take the cover off this Pyrex Casserole—turn it over—and, presto! you have a handsome pie plate with handles. Lemon Meringue Pie is shown at left. This pie plate will cook meats, fruits and vegetables, as well as pie.

Pyrex Brand Ware can make important fuel savings for you. Lamb Barbecue, cooked in the covered Pyrex Casserole, is a delicious dish—and bakes perfectly at 400° F. instead of 475° F. you would ordinarily use. Tested and proved by the

Corning Test Kitchen. Sparkling Pyrex Ware makes foods look and taste more delicious. Very reasonably priced—65 pieces are from 5¢ to \$1.00 apiece. The 2-in-1 Casserole is \$1.00 and \$1.25 to \$1.65, in 1½, 2, and 3 qt. sizes. Buy now!

Sparkling
PYREX
Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Ovenware

FREE—Beautiful 12-month menu calendar 1934—1935. With new delicious recipes and menus that shorten kitchen hours—save fuel, save work, save planning. Send today!

If you have any questions regarding the use of Pyrex Ovenware, write the Corning Test Kitchen, Corning Glass Works, Dept. 4204, Corning, New York

Name _____
(Please Print Name)
Address _____
These prices in effect in the United States only

(Continued from Page 72) that how he affected Rhoda—yes, and how Rhoda affected him!—might be bad for the tempers of both of them.

Dancing, Johnnie asked solemnly, "What's the low-down on this Baring in your own mind, Lacy? Straight out, man to man, what do you think of him?"

"Nothing."
Johnnie laughed uneasily, "You know what I mean. Do you think she's falling for him?"

"No; certainly not."
"Well, then"—he spoke with some timidity—"do you—do you think maybe she's—she's—"

"There's only one person in the world she cares about," Lacy said fiercely. "Find out for yourself!"

The unperceptive young man became radiant. "Lacy, you're certainly a good friend of mine!"

"Go to thunder!" Lacy told him, under her breath; and presently, when Ned Baring had to do his duty, exchange partners and dance with her, she listened to an interrogation highly similar.

"This fellow, Ensmith, now," Mr. Baring said. "You know him pretty well, don't you? Just between us, what sort is he?"

"What sort? Not too much sense."
"Really!" The youth was innocently delighted. "Then you don't think she—"

"No," Lacy said. "Not in the slightest."

THUS, throughout this suffering evening her words never faltered in loyalty to her dazzling friend. The nearest Lacy came to the utterance of cries of pain was when she once or twice, in a voice plainly a little fatigued, suggested a departure for home.

Rhoda wouldn't hear of such a thing; she was immersed in rhapsody and remained so—remained even more so—after the musicians had incased their instruments at two o'clock. "I'm living!" she said to the pale Lacy, in the dressing-room, then. "Tonight I'm living!"

"That's nice," Lacy said, in the tone that had puzzled Mr. Baring earlier. "Had your crisis yet?"

"It's all crisis!" Rhoda whispered rapturously. "The whole night! Where are your eyes? It's going on all the time. It gets to be more and more a crisis every minute!"

"Yes? Isn't it coming to a head?"
"Yes—it'll be in the car going home. I know it will! Johnnie has to drive, of course, so you sit in front with him. I'll sit behind with Ned and not let Johnnie hear a thing I say. He'll be wild! By the time we get home—"

"Yes," Lacy interrupted. "Certainly by that time." She finished inclosing her slippered feet in a pair of rubbers, and, just as she rose, used one foot to push Rhoda's galoshes toward her. "Hurry and get those on; they're waiting for us."

JOHNNIE'S wildness on the homeward drive was flatteringly even more pronounced than Rhoda expected; he had supposed that she would sit beside him, as a matter of course, since she'd occupied the rear seat with his rival all the way out to the Green Tree Inn.

"Thought you were my friend!" he rumbled to Lacy, as they turned into the long homeward road. "Why didn't you hop in behind with Baring and talk him to death and give me a chance?"

"Turn round and talk to her," Lacy suggested pleasantly. "You did that most of the way out; the snow's only about twice as thick as it was then, and it doesn't matter what happens to the car. Why not just put driving out of your mind entirely and spend your time interrupting them?"

Johnnie didn't answer; but her use of the word "interrupting" flipped an added drop of poison into his already sufficient inward disturbance. In his ears Rhoda's voice was softly audible, talking steadily and rather rapidly in a caressive murmur that made her words indistinguishable; Mr. Baring's interposed rejoinders were also subdued, though even more markedly caressive in tone, and the joint effect was

that of a conversation a person of good taste would rather throw a stone into a jar of honey than interrupt. Johnnie bent over the wheel, breathed hard and increased speed.

"That's right," the young lady beside him said encouragingly. "Take it out on my father and mother. They're only old family friends of yours, so what's it matter if they lose their daughter?"

"I'm driving," Johnnie reminded her. "I don't feel like dawdling, thanks!"

SHE made no response, glanced at his vague silhouette in profile against the dim window that seemed to sweep snowy meadows, dark trees and fences into the smoky envelopment of night behind it; then, in silence but with tension, she watched the rush of the automobile's lights over the road ahead. Both jealousy and love, if allowed to control, transform anybody into so much mere machinery, it seemed; and her once admired old friend Johnnie Ensmith, operated by jealousy, had no remnant either of intelligence or humor left in him, but was as much a mechanism as the very engine he drove. Nay, Johnnie wasn't driving; jealousy sat at his wheel as he at that of the car—jealousy shot this missile through the snowdrifts and the night. For it seemed indeed that she sat within a hollow missile, so sharp became their speed. She sat braced, pushing hard with feet and back, and felt herself to be dangerously brittle.

The snow no longer fell. A high wind had swept bare some stretches of the road and deposited the sweepings thickly upon others; bare road and snowdrift were alike to the driven driver. At intervals the car shot through sleeping villages too swiftly for a dog to bark at its sound, which dwindled in his ears before he could decide upon his duty; and the Stop-and-Go lights of a larger town seemed to Lacy unpleasantly like futile gestures by a somnambulist. Green or red they fled backward, while she pushed harder and harder with back and feet, and clenched her hands into the wadded fur of her coat.

FINALLY she made another remonstrance. "I've noticed that on the back seat of your car one doesn't realize the speed. I don't think they even felt that last skid much; so I don't believe you're accomplishing anything. Anyhow, she could go see him in the hospital if she got well first, Johnnie."

Johnnie responded sternly from the side of his mouth. "I'm driving. I've never had an accident yet. Didn't I tell you I don't feel like dawdling?"

At this, there leaped within her an anger so active that it was livelier than fear. For a moment she dared again to remove her straining gaze from the road ahead and glance at the darkling figure beside her. All she saw was his almost indistinguishable profile, two patches of gray that were his hands upon the wheel, and a triangular grayness that was the front of his white shirt; for, in the warmth produced in the inclosure by a patent "heater," he had removed the muffler from about his throat and pushed back the lapels of his overcoat. No doubt he felt an inner heat, too; but it may have been less than Lacy's.

"You utter fool!" she said; and from that moment neither of them spoke until after the accident.

It took place, ironically, not far from home, almost within the outskirts of the town. Moreover, the impassioned Johnnie had actually slackened his speed somewhat, as his intelligence, normally excellent for his age and sex, began to show flickerings of return—but even a rate of fifty-two miles an hour may ill combine with a coating of slippery snow and so minor an obstacle as a bushel or two of coal dropped unawares from a truck. The swerve caused by the coal seemed slight and the driver's corrective maneuver of no great moment; nevertheless, like Mercutio's wound, it was enough.

A forward wheel left the hard surface of the road, entered (Continued on Page 76)

"Finest pineapple I ever tasted
... these *center slices*"



Charming and practical, when there are many guests, is the English country house breakfast. "Come down when you please and help yourself"

● More delicious, of course, are *center slices* of Hawaiian pineapple. They are the very choicest part of the fruit. Flawless in form. Loveliest in color. And as for flavor, theirs is the glorious ripe-pineapple tang in its fullest perfection. Libby gives you, at no extra cost, pineapple that is *exclusively center slices!* ● You'll enjoy Libby's *Crushed*, too. Delicate in texture, tart-fresh in flavor, it is just right for the Pineapple Cup which is also widely recommended for health. When buying pineapple, say definitely that you want *Libby's*. That's the way to make certain of *center slices*, and the finest *Crushed*.

For breakfast tomorrow try Libby's new unsweetened Pineapple Juice. Not a syrup but pure natural juice, rich in Esters, the flavor-carriers.

FROM LIBBY'S
FAMOUS 100 FOODS



LIBBY GIVES YOU
just the center slices

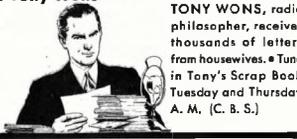


TERRIFIC DUST STORM

completely obscures sun for 1 hour

Story taken from actual letter written to Tony Wons by Mrs. Guy Woodard, Hitchcock, S. D.

TONY WONS, radio philosopher, receives thousands of letters from housewives. • Tune in Tony's Scrap Book Tuesday and Thursday A. M. (C. B. S.)



"On Sunday, Nov. 12, South Dakota experienced a dust storm so terrible the sun was completely obscured from 11 a. m. until 12. Day turned into midnight. The dust storm lasted 8 hours."



"We had to have all the lights lit in order to see anything. In spite of storm windows and doors, the dust seeped in, covering floors and furniture with a blanket of dirt. When the storm cleared, I learned a valuable housekeeping lesson."



"I had an awful time getting the dirt off of my furniture which had not yet been protected with Johnson's Wax. The dirt stuck so hard it had to be scrubbed off with soap and water. It left it dull and unattractive."



"But it was so easy to wipe the dust from the furniture and floors that had been polished with Johnson's Wax. It slid right off without any hard rubbing. The surface underneath was clear and bright as new."



From now on all my things are going to be shielded from dirt and wear with Johnson's Wax. I am waxing my woodwork so dirty finger marks can't stick to it. Even my window sills are waxed to protect them from moisture.

Here's an easy way to keep

furniture and floors gleaming! (Free from dirt, scratches, wear)

● Protect your tables and chairs, floors, linoleum and woodwork with genuine Johnson's Wax. This remarkable wax won't collect dust or finger smudges on its satiny surface. A Johnson waxed floor stays beautiful in spite of scuffing feet. The mellow polish lasts indefinitely, warding off dirt, scratches and wear. Saves expense of refinishing floors and repainting light woodwork. Prolongs life of leather goods, parchment shades, oil cloth, etc. (Only an occasional waxing is necessary.) The Johnson wax method saves hours of work, cuts dusting in half, does away entirely with floor scrubbing.

● Send the coupon for trial size.



- For sale at grocery, hardware, paint, drug and department stores everywhere.
- You may rent the Johnson Electric Floor Polisher from your dealer at small cost.

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., Dept. L J 4, Racine, Wis. Enclosed is 10c. Please send me generous trial can of Johnson's Wax and very interesting booklet.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

JOHNSON'S WAX
PASTE & LIQUID for floors and furniture

(Continued from Page 74) half-frozen mud under the snow, went deeper irrevocably; capsize was sickeningly threatened, then horribly completed. The automobile, after behaving like a chicken just decapitated, became motionless upside down and almost intact beside the road.

Sometimes luck seems to favor one person untiringly; so, too, may ill fortune pursue another with a spiteful persistence. Thus, that this wretched night should display no inconsistency, Lacy Thomas was the only one of the four occupants of the car to be really injured. Johnnie Ensmith's weight came upon her as they went over; she felt a heavy impact upon her side and an unbearable pressure that seemed to be caused by his elbow—then her head and right shoulder struck the top of the car, which had become its bottom; though she knew not which was top or bottom, nor knew anything else at all just then, except that Johnnie had proved he was what she had called him.

Young Mr. Baring had the pleasure of being the hero produced by this catastrophe. He opened the rear door without great difficulty, extricated himself and Rhoda, got her upon her feet; then, as the forward doors were jammed, scratched his hands severely removing broken glass from a window, so that the two still imprisoned could pass through.

THEY did. Lacy crawled out, and, when Baring wished to help her, asked him not to touch her. She sat upon the snow for a moment or two, rose uncertainly, aiding herself with her left hand, became increasingly aware of pain in her left side and her right shoulder, and began to suspect the facts—which were that she had several ribs and a collar bone broken.

Johnnie followed her, imitated her in sitting dazedly upon the snow before he rose; then, finding himself unhurt, he got to his feet and looked about him. A truck on its way into the town had stopped; two men were descending from the driver's seat; Ned Baring, though his hands were bleeding, was applying snow in a handkerchief to a scratch upon Rhoda's cheek—Rhoda seemed to be whimpering faintly—but, such, was the confusion just then of Johnnie Ensmith's mind, this whimpering did not seem to concern him. He had received two shocks, one not long after the other, and, though the second was entirely physical, it seemed to deepen the first, which was the shock of being called an utter fool.

Some people could have called him that without profound effect; but to be called an utter fool by a girl so quiet, so steady,

usually so friendly and so moderate as Lacy Thomas, was dumfounding. Nay, it was worse; he had more than liking for Lacy—he had always thought her the most intelligent girl he knew. To be called an utter fool by a person distinguished for good sense may rouse the dreadful suspicion that the person might be right.

THE two men from the truck had come down from the road and were approaching Rhoda and Baring. Johnnie turned to Lacy. "I'm sorry," he said heavily. "I'm—I'm sorry." Then he saw that there was something peculiar in her attitude; she stood hunched over to one side, with her right arm hanging down and her left hand fumbling at her left side. "See here," he said anxiously, "you're not hurt? Please don't tell me you're hurt, Lacy!"

Hot pain was shooting through her, frightening her with a fear of fainting. Crumpling, she sat down upon the snow again, and Johnnie, stricken by this sight, bent over her, shaking.

"Lacy!" he said. "Tell me you're not hurt! I couldn't stand it to have done anything like this to you—I couldn't stand it. Can't you tell me you're—you're not hurt?"

She looked up at him, and, though he could see her eyes but faintly in the vague emanation of light from the snow, it seemed to him that they held a hostile gleam. This gleam was the least of it; more than hostility was in her hot voice when she spoke. All that Lacy felt about men in general since what she'd seen this night, all the contempt she felt for the ease with which they're played upon, all the scorn she had for the softness of their susceptibility and the enormity of the egoism that makes them susceptible, all her rage with men and all her despising of this one in particular, was in her voice—and Johnnie Ensmith, in a passion of remorse for having hurt her, underwent a miracle. Horror and comprehension staggered into life within him; yet she uttered only three words, preceded by an exclamatory monosyllable.

After driving in the overheated car, the poor utter fool stood there, bending over her, with his overcoat blowing back from him in the icy wind, inviting pneumonia. "Oh, button your coat!" she said.

A few elderly people may still be able to recall the old chief criticism of "female higher education," that it must necessarily make the girls strong-minded and masculine. Lacy Thomas, having viciously instructed the absurd young man of her heart to button his coat, remained one moment longer (Continued on Page 78)

Of Course, You Could Use More Money!

WHAT mother couldn't? Or what business girl—wife—or modern homemaker?

There are always a dozen ways to spend extra dollars! The real question is: How to earn them when you need them most!

Hundreds of girls and women everywhere find the answer in our easy Girls' Club plan! Mrs. Reich tells us in the following letter:

"With a large home and three lovely kiddies, my time is limited. Yet, in one day my profits were \$4.80."

You'll be just as surprised at the sums you can earn—even in spare time. And we'll be glad to have you give full time to the Club, if you wish!

But don't delay making your start! There's no charge for information or supplies. Drop a note this very day to

MANAGER OF THE GIRLS' CLUB
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
336 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA



Baby won't keep you from earning in The Girls' Club. And you won't have to neglect a single home duty!



As you add the hot water to your gelatin dessert, bend over the bowl and take a "whiff" of the rising vapor. With ordinary gelatin desserts, this vapor has an unpleasant odor.



What a difference when you mix the hot water with Royal Gelatin. You get just the delicious fragrance of ripe, luscious fruit. This test will convince you of Royal Gelatin's fine quality.

EVEN A CHILD CAN Smell the Difference!

ROYAL RASPBERRY AND PINEAPPLE DESSERT: Prepare 1 package Royal Gelatin (Raspberry flavor), following directions on package. Chill in mould until firm. Serve with canned or fresh raspberries, sliced pineapple and sprigs of mint. Serves 6. Approximate cost (including fruit) 21¢.



*There's no trace of unpleasant odor in Royal Gelatin
—just the delicious fragrance of fruit*

THE next time you make a gelatin dessert, smell the vapor that rises as you add the hot water.

With ordinary gelatin desserts, you'll notice an UNPLEASANT ODOR.

But with Royal, you'll get just the DELIGHTFUL AROMA of pure, fresh fruit.

And Royal tastes as good as it smells!

Those Royal pure fruit flavors are so real you can't mistake them.

Pour hot water on Royal Orange Gelatin—at once you get the delicious fragrance of juicy, golden oranges. If it's Royal Cherry, the aroma is like the

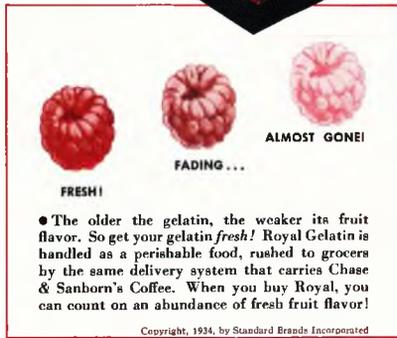
actual fresh fruit ripening in a sunny orchard.

Royal flavors are full-bodied, too—never "faded out" . . . because Royal Gelatin is rushed to grocers by rapid, fresh-food delivery.

And don't forget that Royal is a *quick setting* gelatin. It jells in about half the usual time.

Seven flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Cherry, Orange, Lemon, Lime, and Pineapple.

FREE RECIPE BOOK—Send for "Royal Desserts," containing over 100 recipes. Address: Royal Gelatin, a product of Standard Brands Incorporated, Dept. G-24, 691 Washington St., New York.



FRESH!



FADING...



ALMOST GONE!

●The older the gelatin, the weaker its fruit flavor. So get your gelatin *fresh!* Royal Gelatin is handled as a perishable food, rushed to grocers by the same delivery system that carries Chase & Sanborn's Coffee. When you buy Royal, you can count on an abundance of fresh fruit flavor!

(Continued from Page 76) seated upon the snow and then lay down upon it at full length. That is, she did what her lightly educated ancestors might have done: she fainted. Moreover, her immediately subsequent impressions were hazily of the interior of an ambulance and of being returned home upon a stretcher amid parental outcries; thus she missed her fainting's effect upon the young man. More than her fainting upset him, however.

"Oh, button your coat!" rang in his mind like the bell of an alarm clock startling a dreamer's ear. Rhoda Wye would never have told anybody she despised to button his coat; she wouldn't have told an utter fool to button his coat—or anybody else! For days after the accident, when he was alone, Johnnie Ensmith whispered now and then to himself, "Oh, button your coat!" When he was sure no one could hear him he said it aloud, and even tried to imitate Lacy's voice, and, listening anxiously to himself, sought to catch just the despising tone in which she had spoken to him.

"Oh, button your coat!"

RHODA WYE hadn't observed his perturbation, knew nothing of the series of shocks that wrought upon him. At the moment of the accident, and just after, her preoccupation with herself naturally wasn't lessened; but later, in retrospect analyzing that preoccupation, she made an exciting discovery, and of course brought the news of it to her confidante.

Reclining upon a sofa downstairs and looking thin, Lacy gave her an embarrassed welcome; but Rhoda didn't notice the embarrassment.

"Lacy! I've got something to tell you that'll make you sit straight up, adhesive plasters and all! Poor old soul, you've had a tough siege of it, haven't you? Your mother told me you had a temperature the first few days and they were afraid maybe you'd got a piece of rib in your lung, and almost did. I hope they've told you how often I've telephoned to ask about you. It's great you're practically O. K. again. What do you think I've come to tell you?"

She sat down by the sofa, leaned back in her chair and made her most characteristic gesture of extended arms with the palms of her hands outward, meaning "Behold me!" She breathed deeply and rapidly; her eyes became more brilliant. "Well, it's settled. Now I know!"

Increasing embarrassment made Lacy a hypocrite; in a troubled voice she asked a question of which she too well knew the answer: "You know what, Rhoda?"

"I know which it is," Rhoda said. "Isn't it marvelous?"

"You say you —"

"LISTEN!" Rhoda half closed her eyes and placed a delicate hand upon her chest, the better to enjoy its perceptible happy agitation. "It's been coming over me slowly ever since—until now I'm certain. How am I certain? I'll tell you. When Ned Baring got me out of the wreck I was in a state of shock. My cheek was cut and Ned put snow upon it, held his handkerchief against my face—he kissed me, Lacy! He was so agonized that I'd been hurt he was beside himself, almost crying, and he kissed me again and again. I hardly knew it. Johnnie didn't come near me—he had to look after you because you'd fainted, and get the truckman to telephone for an ambulance and do a hundred things, and it was Ned who was with me all the time—even brought me home in that truck—and he'd showed himself the man of action, Lacy, much more than poor Johnnie. It was Ned who did everything—and yet every day since then I've felt more and more positively that the wrecking of that car was the true crisis—oh, the crisis of the crisis, Lacy! Because I've analyzed myself and found out that all the time, without knowing it, I was wishing that it'd been Johnnie, not Ned, who was saving me and plastering my cheek with snow—and kissing me!"

"What?" Lacy's voice was feeble indeed. "You say —"

"It's Johnnie! Johnnie Ensmith! Oh, the very sound of his name stirs me, Lacy! There isn't a single thing about him doesn't give me a kick, Lacy! It's Johnnie!"

"Is—is it?" This was no more than a whisper; but Rhoda's rhapsody needed no urging to continue.

"Listen to the most marvelous part of it all, Lacy!" she cried. "The day after the wreck I had an absolutely heartbroken note from him, denouncing himself for his crazy driving and declaring he could never look me in the face again. He could only prove his remorse, he said, by sparing me the sight of him henceforth!" Rhoda laughed joyously. "He meant it, too, poor boy! He's kept away from me ever since." She became confidential. "What do you think of this, Lacy? I'm so terribly dramatic, I thought there'd be the biggest kick in it if I didn't write or say a word; and I haven't. I'm just waiting till we meet by chance somewhere—at a dinner or dance or something—and then I'll let him see!"

"Oh, dear!" Lacy whispered, unheard by her excited friend.

Nothing could have been clearer than that the present scene might ere long poisonously take a permanent place in Rhoda's opinions as the most execrable sample of girlhood friendship's treachery in the complete and universal history of such friendships. In brief, Lacy hadn't enough cruel honesty to tell her the truth, but made hypocritical murmurs instead; and not until after the caller had gone did the convalescent find in her throat a voice capable of speaking out manfully.

SHE used it to summon Johnnie Ensmith. He came in grumbling from the next room, where he'd been waiting behind closed doors.

"I can't keep this up forever," he said. "I can't spend the rest of my life hiding behind a tree or under a sofa. We both might as well —"

"No!" Lacy interrupted him with vigor. "It's your affair; I'm not concerned. I tell you first and last I'm never going to be in love with anyone simply because I see I have an effect upon him, and I don't want anybody to be in love with me simply because he thinks I affect him or that he does me! That's all being in love seems to be, and I think it's disgusting! I mean I want you to get your hat and coat right now and go away and stay away, Johnnie."

"What?"

"I mean it! In the first place I don't care for you."

"You do!" He sat down by the sofa and began to argue. "You do some, anyhow. You were all smashed up, yourself; and yet you were afraid I'd take cold. You told me to button my coat. You said, 'Oh, button your coat!' Didn't you say 'Button your coat'? Answer me!"

"I don't remember."

"What! You mean to tell me you don't remember telling me to button my coat? Look me in the face! Didn't you say 'Oh, button your coat'?"

She looked at the ceiling. "I say that to father," she said, "all winter long."

UPON this, desperate, the suitor rose to take her at her word and go; but, after a second thought, sat down again. "Do you hate your father or—or what?" he asked.

Her hard stare at the ceiling continued; he set himself determinedly at the long and stubborn task before him.

"You told me to button my coat," he said. "You told me to button my coat. You said, 'Oh, button your coat!' You told me to button my coat. You said —"

"By the way," she interrupted. "Did you do it?"

"Did I do what?"

And upon her response, he enjoyed a momentary but warranted prevision of ultimate triumph; though, as he intended always to be honest with her, he was forced to reply, "No, I didn't. I was too scared about you just then, Lacy dear!"

Dryness

But Lines and Wrinkles come from shrinking of your Under Skin

THE APPLE SHOWS HOW WRINKLES COME



SMOOTH-GLOSSY
1 At its peak, the inner and outer skins of the apple are both firm and smooth—perfect!



SOFT-SPONGY
2 A little past its prime, the inner tissue of the apple has shaken away from the outer skin.



WRINKLED-DISCOLORED
3 Later, the outer skin has wrinkled to fit the shrunken under skin. This causes wrinkles in human skin, too!

No Single Cream completely cares for Both Your Skins!

TWO SKINS—so entirely different that no single cream can supply their needs.

Your Outer Skin, exposed to sun, wind, dust, needs a substance that restores the moisture that is constantly being whipped out of it.

Your Under Skin is fed by oils that keep it full and firm and prevent lines and wrinkles from forming. When these natural oils fail, this skin needs certain deep penetrating oils to take their place.

And no single cream has been made that can do both these things.

That is why there are two kinds of Pond's Creams. Why so many beau-

tiful women here and on the Continent constantly use these two entirely different creams.

Pond's Cold Cream melts instantly and sinks deep down into the under skin. It is



New powder shades that

WHY IS IT that some powders make you look gray? Some darken your skin. Some make you look deathly pale.

Because they contain the wrong colorings for your particular skin!

In your skin are many tints. Yellows, blues, greens, as well as pink and white. Tints that vary with every type of skin.

A Shade to flatter every Skin

And the face powder you use must balance those tints. Bring out your best colorings. Subdue the color faults of your particular skin.

Now Pond's has produced six

powder shades that contain the actual tints in skin! A powder for every type of skin—from delicate blonde to darkest brunette.

It brings you the skin colorings of your type at its loveliest. And spreads in an invisible film that seems like your own skin.

For Pond's powder is extraordinarily fine. Finer by microscopic test than fine French powders. Its fragrance is that of a costly French powder. Pond's new powder is packed in glass jars to keep its fine perfume always fresh.

Inexpensively Priced!

Yet Pond's is inexpensively priced! In a lovely glass jar for only 55¢, you get as much of this exquisite powder as you

— a fault of your outer skin

oily. You can wipe it off with a tissue and see how it draws the dirt out!

Pond's Vanishing Cream spreads into a thin film over the *surface* of your skin. It is greaseless. It stays on the surface of the skin to soften and lubricate the *outer* skin only!

Have you been trying to care for your skin with one cream only?

Then just try this Two-Skin care for just a few days and see what wonderful results it brings you.

This is how MISS ANNE GOULD does it . . .

1. "Every night, I cleanse my skin to its depths with a cream that the whole world knows you can trust—Pond's Cold Cream. It's a soft melty kind of cream that coaxes out every speck of make-up and dust from your pores. I wipe it off with Pond's Tissues. Then I go all over face and neck with Pond's Cold Cream a second time. I pat it in, to bring up the circulation. It makes my skin feel young deep down, and from inside out! I wipe that off, too. (Sometimes I use Pond's Liquefying Cream. It's a grand cleanser, too, and goes equally deep.)

2. "Next, Pond's Vanishing Cream for overnight. It is greaseless, deliciously light. Makes you look and feel fresh, and never soils your pillow. I find it smooths and softens the skin divinely. I apply it over face, neck, arms and hands. And I use it to keep my elbows soft and white.

3. "In the morning, and during the day when needed, I just repeat this.

"Pond's Cold Cream cleansing, then Pond's Vanishing Cream. This last is the grandest foundation cream. It holds powder amazingly."



Miss Anne Gould lovely daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jay Gould, cares for both her skins with Pond's Creams! "I would never try to get along with only one cream."



FOR YOUR UNDER SKIN

Pond's oil-rich Cold Cream or the quicker melting, new Pond's Liquefying Cream.



FOR YOUR OUTER SKIN

Pond's Vanishing Cream, fluffy, greaseless. Corrects dryness—holds powder.

Pond's Extract Co., Dept. D, 107 Hudson St., N. Y. C. I enclose 6¢ (to cover postage and packing) for samples of all Pond's Creams.

Name _____
 Street _____
 City _____ State _____

make any skin look Young SEND FOR ALL SIX!

get in ordinary \$1.00 boxes. The Pond's \$1.10 jar holds twice as much. Ten and twenty-five cent sizes are in the five-and-ten and variety stores.

To know how really lovely these Pond's shades can make your skin, you must actually see them and try them yourself! Six perfect skin shades. Send the coupon. Try all shades and decide which is *yours!*



LIGHT CREAM—ivory tint, beautiful with the pale loveliness of Miss Charlotte Young's skin.



NATURELLE—the delicate shade chosen by Miss Whitney Bourne for her fair skin.



ROSE CREAM—a youthful coloring adorable with Miss Lilla Fisk's pink-and-white skin.



BRUNETTE—a not-too-dark shade, enchanting on Miss Mary Weld's creamy white skin.



ROSE BRUNETTE—a glowing shade—perfect with Mrs. Edward Burns' brunette beauty.



DARK BRUNETTE—still warmer, ideal with the dark skin of Mrs. Frederic Bellinger.



Actually
 a \$3.00 Powder
 only 55¢

SEND FOR SAMPLES TODAY

Pond's Extract Company, Dept. D
 107 Hudson Street, New York City
 I enclose 3¢ (to cover postage and packing) for samples of all six perfect tones of Pond's Face Powder.

Name _____
 Street _____
 City _____ State _____

Here are Strained Foods that Baby really Likes



Now you can forget that modern adage—"When baby eats vegetables, mother's troubles begin!" Feeding time's no trouble at all with Stokely's new Strained Foods. Baby simply goes for them—because they taste so good.

There are four reasons for their finer flavor and food value:

1. **They're finer products**—high grade fruits and specially grown vegetables—winked from vine to plant and packed while they're crisp and fresh, before any rich flavor or precious vitamin C can escape!
2. **Prepared by a unique process**—which retains all their fine, fresh flavor—preserves natural vitamins and mineral salts in the highest degree possible.
3. **Correctly seasoned**—to bring out their full deliciousness, to tempt baby's appetite and end the uncertainty of seasoning at home.
4. **Protected in Golden Enamel Lined Cans**—which keep baby's food tempting, true in color and flavor—free from the tinniest speck, spot or discoloration.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR

Your doctor knows that Stokely's Strained Foods have been accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association—that they are safer, surer, richer in food value than most vegetables prepared at home. They're easier for you, too! They make it possible to maintain absolute uniformity in baby's feedings because they're always exactly the same. Just heat and give them to baby—exactly as your doctor directs! Write for FREE copy of "Strained Foods for Baby."

Stokelys are the world's largest exclusive vegetable canners. For older members of your family, try Stokely's Finest Vegetables—twenty-eight specially grown, garden-fresh vegetables also protected in golden enamel lined cans. STOKELY BROTHERS & CO., Inc. 2019 South East Street, Indianapolis, Indiana

Stokely's Specially Prepared Strained Foods for Baby



Strained
Cauliflower, Prunes,
Tomatoes,
Vegetable
Soup,
Peas, Appicots,
Spinach,
Green Beans

The Pants of the Family

(Continued from Page 15)

"Listen," I said patiently. "You just don't seem to know anything at all about wives or you wouldn't expect them to have any pity on a husband just because he's busy or doesn't want to do something she's got him let into. If you want any pity you've got to go blind or break your back or something dramatic like that."

"You're very cynical for one so young," Jerry said, giving me an almost-respectful look. "Anyhow, it all checks. Well, as I was saying, Sylvia pulled that line about this party of the Crawford Dunns being a social duty and I gave up the ship and asked her what the devil I was going to wear."

"She came over and kissed me and rumbled my hair and— Well, she said, 'I've got the most supreme thing for us, Jerry, and it just suits you. Samson and Delilah!'"

"I've got to admit I was pleasantly surprised. The idea of armor wasn't so hot—or, rather, it was—but it did seem as appropriate as anything Sylvia could have thought of. Not that I'm any strong man, but still— What are you laughing at?" "I'm not laughing," I said. "That was a hiccup."

JERRY looked at me with an unfriendly expression, but went on. "Well, after that I forgot about it all. I had to go to Chicago, and when I got back everybody was talking about this show, which it seems Crawford Dunn is writing himself so as to combine the best features of Joe Cook, George White and the late Florenz Ziegfeld."

"Well, Sylvia and Jane Elson and Cora Miller are the casting committee, and that was when they came to me to get me to be the stooge. How was I to know Sylvia had already sewed me up? My Lord, even then I told them I couldn't even carry a spear. I told them that. I told them about the time I did at school and got paralyzed, and tripped and stuck the hero." Jerry squirmed as though the memory was still painful to him, though I couldn't help thinking that it must have been a pretty painful experience for the poor hero too.

"So what with worrying about how to get out of the show I never thought of this party again until Sylvia mentioned it this morning at breakfast. She was pouring out my coffee and had on some green thing with a lot of ruffles down the front. There was something about it—Sylvia looks awfully well in green. Ever notice it? So I took my coffee and she smiled at me and said:

"Tonight's the Dunns' party, Jerry. I do hope it will be fun." And she looked at me with that soft look in her eyes that always gets me.

"How about the costumes?" I said, feeling very mellow. "Everything all set?" "Her face clouded over, just a little."

"OH, DIDN'T I tell you?" she said. "I honestly was never so annoyed in all my life, and no one can ever convince me that Cora didn't leak. The first I heard of it was when I went to Factor's to get your wig and they told me that Jane got their only long-haired one for Cameron to wear as Samson. I was so mad I could hardly wait to see Cora and tell her what I thought of her for letting it out after I told her in the strictest confidence. Of course she said she didn't, but I know she did. Cora is a perfect sieve."

"How about my going as Samson after his haircut?" I asked.

"Don't be funny," Sylvia said. "I don't like you that way."

"All right," I said, "but this is your party; you've got to get the costume."

"The next I thought about it was when I went upstairs after dinner, happy as a lark. Sylvia had gone up first, remember? She met me at the door of our room. She

looked swell. But I don't have to tell you. You saw her—and everything that happened until I remembered to shut the door. I'll bet."

I tried to look hurt, but I fear I only looked guilty, because Jerry went on: "So you know how things stood when I stalked into the bathroom to take a shower, leaving my things on the bed. Wouldn't you have done the same in my place? Left them on the bed, I mean?" "Certainly not," I said.

HE NODDED his head grimly. "You're right. When I came out Sylvia and the pants were gone. I thought, of course, that she had had the good grace to give in and was performing some wifely chore like cleaning a spot or sewing on a button."

"Sylvia," I called—maybe you heard me—how about my pants?"

"Did you want me?" she said, coming into our room with a suspiciously sweet smile and empty hands.

"It's my pants I want," I said. "Where are they?"

"You may be wearing the pants of this family, darling," she said, still with that overripe smile, "but you're not wearing them tonight. I've put them away—and you never were good at finding things."

I just stood there with a bath towel around my middle and gawked at her, and do you know?—Jerry rapped the table—"it was as though I had never seen her before. Positively. Did you ever realize what a jaw she has?"

I had. "Then what?" I prompted, as Jerry seemed about to sink for the third time.

"What? Oh, yes. Well, I got dressed up in my tux. All except the pants, that is. I guess right up to the last button I thought Sylvia would give in and produce the pants, but I didn't know Sylvia. Funny thing to say about your own wife that you've been married to for over a year, but the truth is a man can't ever get to really know a woman, the way they keep changing on you. Who would have thought on his wedding day that the time was soon to come when his loving bride would be calling him ridiculous and say she wouldn't be seen dead with him? Neither did I till she walked out on me."

THE DOORBELL was ringing and I guess it had been for some time only we hadn't noticed it, because when I opened the door there was a very mad-looking knight that was Davy. But I was mad, too, because he was really awfully late.

"Well, Lochinvar, it's about time," I said.

"How's for answering the bell, then, if you're in such a terrible hurry?"

We stood and glared at each other for a minute and then his scowl began to melt into an admiring smile, and that made me get over my mad too.

"Say," he said, "who are you?"

"Salome in her seven veils," I said and did a twirl.

"Hot-cha-cha," he said. "When do you start taking them off?"

"Hello, Davy," Jerry said from the library, living and dining room doorway, "are you taking Maudie to the party?"

Davy looked past me to Jerry and I saw his eyes go big, and his face took on an expression of fascinated horror.

"Sweet essence of lilac!" he said. "You'll wow 'em, Jerry. What are you, the henpecked husband whose wife wears the pants?"

Was Jerry's face red!

"Cork up and float, Davy," I said. "I have an idea."

"Bragging again?" Davy leered.

I thought it best just to ignore him.

"Jerry! Listen," I said. "Sylvia is the kind of a girl you can't make a dent on with anything less than a hammer, and you just heard Davy, and I thought this

BREAKFAST MENUS LACK VARIETY IN FRUIT JUICE

● REGARDLESS of how nourishing a soup is, a housewife wouldn't think of serving the same kind every day for dinner. She knows that appetites would quickly tire of the monotony.

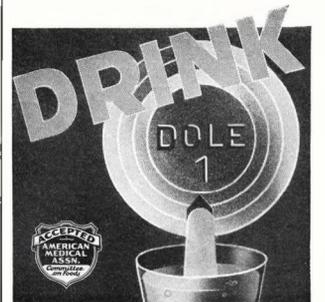
● The same reasoning can be applied to fruit juice in relation to breakfast menus. And today you will find countless women serving DOLE Pineapple Juice as well as tomato and orange juice.

● DOLE Pineapple Juice is fine for breakfast because its flavorful goodness appeals to morning appetites. It should never be confused with the sweetened juice found in sliced canned pineapple. DOLE Pineapple Juice is pure, unadulterated juice of fresh, ripe, luscious pineapples grown and harvested by us. And by the DOLE vacuum method of packing, which prevents oxidation, the valuable vitamins and true aroma and flavor are saved for you, not "boiled away."

● DOLE Pineapple Juice is very nutritious because it is a good source of vitamins A, B and C. It is rich in digestible fruit sugars and furnishes important alkaline minerals which tend to offset acidity caused by other foods. It has been accepted by the American Medical Association Committee on Foods.

● You will be delighted with the economy and convenience of DOLE Pineapple Juice. It is refreshing any time of the day—fine for children between meals. In fruit punches or other beverages it adds delicious flavor and "body."

● Grocers everywhere sell DOLE Pineapple Juice. Ask for it by name and look for the name "DOLE" stamped on the top of the can. Packed by the Hawaiian Pineapple Company, Ltd., packers of the famous DOLE sliced and crushed pineapple.



was a costume you had on too. So why don't you just nonchalantly go to this party without your pants? From what I know of Sylvia, she'll never recover from the shock when you first walk in."

"Neither would I," said Jerry, but I finally persuaded him that he wasn't cutting a very noble or commanding figure skulking at home like he'd committed a crime and here was a God-given chance to show Sylvia he couldn't be bossed around. It took all my eloquence, though, and even after Davy and I got him into the car we practically had to use force to get him out of it and into the Crawford Dunns' front hall when we got there, after which it was too late for him to turn and run.

I guess we were about the last people to arrive, because there was an orchestra playing and the big living room with the furniture taken out was full of people in all sorts of weird costumes dancing. The Crawford Dunns were Easter bunnies, if you could imagine such a horror. Well, as we came in, Davy and me sort of jabbing Jerry along from the rear, the music stopped and everybody started chattering the way they do between dances, until suddenly some of them saw Jerry. I just held my breath, the way you do when there is a crisis, because the people that saw him nudged the ones that didn't until there was a regular ice-cream silence. Jerry had stopped the party. And you should have seen Sylvia's face. I've never seen so many expressions mixed up at once—it's a wonder they didn't curdle.

THEN everybody crowded round guessing what he was. Cameron Elson—who looked like mother's Sealyham as Samson—said he was the Spirit of NRA, and Mrs. Dunn thought he was the absent-minded professor, and somebody else suggested that Davy and I were Faith and Hope and Jerry was Charity. And then Jerry, who honestly seemed to be enjoying himself, said that really he symbolized the henpecked husband whose wife wouldn't let him wear the pants of the family, and everybody cheered and cheered—especially the men, never suspecting that what he said had a double meaning—except Sylvia, who blushed guiltily while everyone teased her, but in her eyes was an adoring my-hero look. And for one brief

dead pan of yours we'll panic 'em." Mr. Dunn is the type that gets all wrapped up in whatever he's doing at the moment and talks that way. Like now it was being just a bit of Broadway.

Well, it was tragic, but Jerry just collapsed—spiritually, I mean. He fought them off desperately with all the courage of a cornered rabbit. He forgot everything I'd told him and started alibiing himself about being busy and explaining about his stage fright just as though anyone believed him. The first thing I knew I saw the my-hero look fading out of Sylvia's eyes, and with a jaw and voice of iron she turned to the others and said not to worry, they could count on Jerry to do his part.

WELL, I was desperate. I figured I had to do something to save Jerry, the soft-boiled egg, or where would their love be, so I said in my most fascinatingly confidential voice:

"You ought to be ashamed, Jerry. The real reason Jerry is giving all those dim excuses is he doesn't want to be just the stooge. He wants to be the comedian."

"Oh, wouldn't he be wonderful," Jane Elson and Cora Miller said as one voice. Everyone was feeling sort of hysterical by now, so when someone else suggested that he should wear the same costume in the show and be a henpecked husband without his pants everybody else yelled and cheered except Mr. Dunn, who looked mad, which was a real pleasure to see.

Well, I went into the dressing room to powder my nose with an air of quiet pride. Here I had Sylvia practically eating out of Jerry's hand. I am usually a modest person, but I couldn't help thinking how grateful Jerry must be, and how it was going to cement the bond between us.

Imagine my shock when Sylvia and Jerry both burst into the dressing room and fell upon me really snarling with rage. Sylvia said I had insulted Mr. Crawford Dunn in his own house, and she would never be able to live it down and neither would I—as though I cared! And Jerry—if you could possibly bear it—said I was nothing but a meddling child—me, who had saved their marriage!—and he wanted me to keep out of his affairs in the future, and Sylvia said absolutely and Jerry said it was an outrage and they both



moment I had the pleasure of thinking how grateful they ought to be to me for saving their married happiness.

Then Jane Elson and Cora Miller bore down on Jerry about the show, and wouldn't take no for an answer. They were after him to be the stooge again, and of course Sylvia backed them up and even Mr. Dunn had to put in his five cents' worth. He'd appointed himself the comedian, and everybody was afraid to tell him he'd be terrible.

"Come on," he said, looking like a bad dream as an Easter bunny. "With that

stalked off, leaving me practically burned to the stake—spiritually, I mean.

I was debating whether I would throw myself out of the window to teach them all a lesson, when I heard a familiar sound.

"At-a-girl, Dorothy Dix." It was Davy, rudely peering in the dressing room which had already been profaned by Jerry. "You're too smart for one woman. You ought to incorporate."

"I ought to foam at the mouth," I said haughtily, "but it isn't becoming. All I can say is, next time their marriage looks like it's going to flop, I say, let it flop."

Amazing new aid in PREVENTING COLDS ...Vicks Nose Drops



Sneeze?—Take your cue from that very first "A-choo" or nasal irritation. The instant you feel a cold coming on—get Vicks Nose & Throat Drops. Then . . .

Quick!—Put a few drops up each nostril. They soothe irritation. They stimulate the cold-fighting functions of the nose. They help "throw off" the threatening infection . . .



And another cold is stopped in the nose . . . where 3 out of 4 colds start!

● Yes, it's here—the new, clinically proved aid in *preventing* colds.

An aid that *works* because it attacks colds in the nose—the place where most colds strike first. Vicks Nose & Throat Drops stop many a cold before it develops

—before it has a chance to grow and make trouble in the head, throat and chest.

Vicks Nose & Throat Drops are handy, economical. Use them anywhere—at home and at work. You'll have more fun this winter—and you'll have fewer colds!

Follow VICKS PLAN for better CONTROL OF COLDS

Have fewer colds in your home this winter. Get rid of colds more quickly. Vicks Plan will help you do it, as it is helping millions. In medically supervised clinics in which 5823 men, women and children took part, tests show that Vicks Plan materially reduced

the *number* and *duration* of colds. (Of particular interest to mothers—the Plan cut school absences due to colds 75%). Full details of Vicks Plan, and its simple rules of health, in each package of Vicks Nose Drops and Vicks VapoRub.



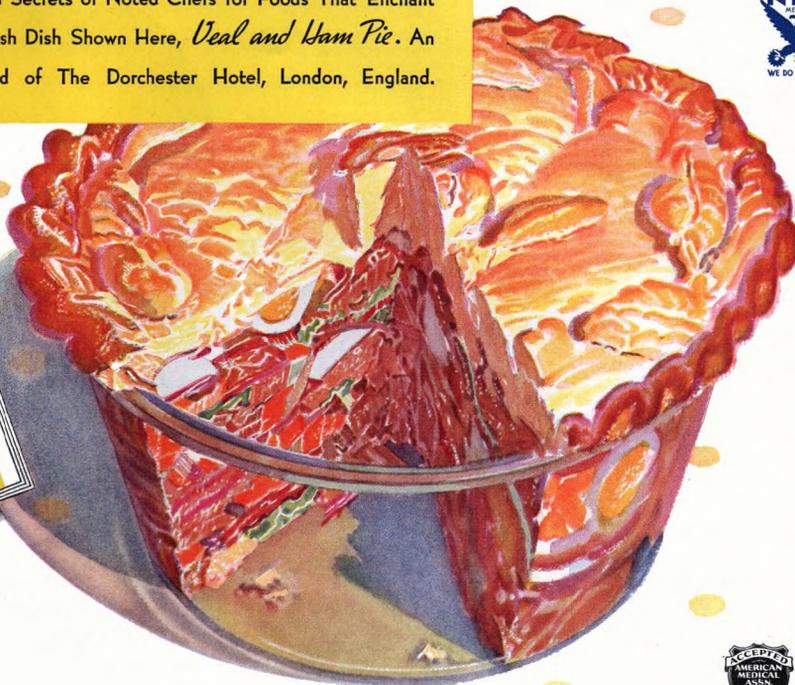
To prevent many colds—to ease nasal distress—use Vicks Nose Drops

To relieve a cold—to cut its duration and severity—use Vicks VapoRub

NOW! ACCEPT FREE

THE LATEST \$25,000 "KITCHEN-TESTED" RECIPE SET!

Includes Many Never Before Published Secrets of Noted Chefs for Foods That Enchant Men. For Example, the Famous English Dish Shown Here, *Veal and Ham Pie*. An Original Creation of G. W. Ferrand of The Dorchester Hotel, London, England.



SET OF 20 NOW GIVEN FREE Inside Every Size Sack of Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour—Solely to Induce You to Try this Simplest, Surest and Easiest Way to Baking Success. Or, Set Mailed for 60 Cents. (Note Address Below)*

THIS offer—made solely to induce women to more quickly try GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Flour—brings what is probably the most valuable set of recipes ever published!

Costing \$25,000 to collect and publish, it contains 20 recipes including the secrets of such internationally famous chefs as G. W. Ferrand; John P. Gravelly of the Roanoke Hotel, Roanoke, Virginia; Demon Facon of George the Fifth Hotel, Paris, France. Recipes simplified in collaboration with Betty Crocker, the noted GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Flour Cooking Expert, to put at the command of every woman all the wizardry, the sorcery, all the subtle art of cookery that genius employs to enchant men!

Try the inspiration of G. W. Ferrand—Veal and Ham Pie shown here. The recipe—with 19 others—is given FREE inside every size sack of GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Flour.

What your husband has to say about Veal and Ham Pie will bring the roses to your cheeks. And you'll find baking this way a thrilling adventure.

Baking Greatly Simplified

By the development of a new type of flour—GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Flour—baking has been remarkably

Veal and Ham Pie (Cold Jellied Meats and Vegetables) Has Attracted Men by Thousands from all Corners of the Globe to the Dorchester Hotel, London. Look for Recipe—and 19 Others—Inside Every Size Sack of Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour



Eventually
Why Not Now?

Chef G. W. Ferrand Gives His Family's Secret For Making Veal and Ham Pie Free Inside Every Size Sack of Gold Medal Flour.

simplified. And the cause of most baking disappointments banished—lack of uniformity in the flour used.

GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Flour means flour that has been tested in an ordinary oven, just like yours, for uniformity of results, before it goes to you. Every batch tested scientifically for baking of cakes, pies, pastries, breads.

GOLD MEDAL recipes (new set every 3 months) are likewise "Kitchen-tested."

Thus, the flour acts the same way, the recipe the same way every time you bake. No guesswork, no uncertainty. The simplest, surest, easiest way to baking success.

The first all-purpose flour accepted by the American Medical Association Foods Committee—you could want no better guarantee as to its quality and the truthfulness of the advertising claims made for it.

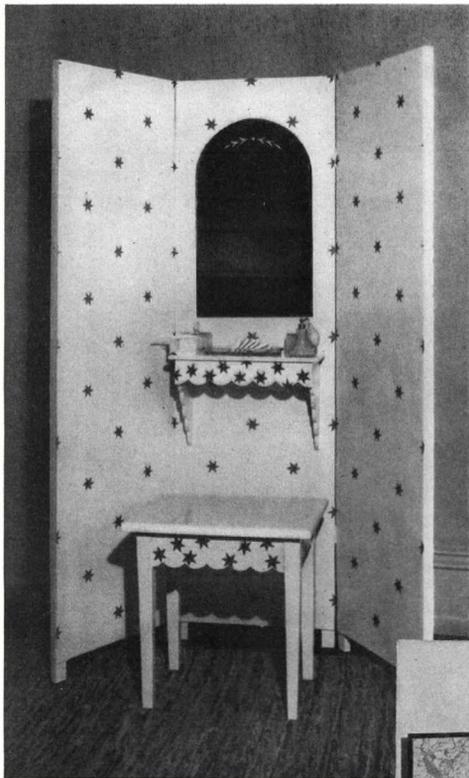
Get GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Flour at any grocery store. Each sack contains the recipe for Veal and Ham Pie and 19 other "Foods That Enchant Men." Try them.

Note, too, please, that *EACH* recipe set contains a valuable coupon redeemable for Wm. Rogers & Son 35-year guaranteed Silverware, in the smart, new Friendship Pattern. With these you can quickly get a full set of this internationally famous table silverware.

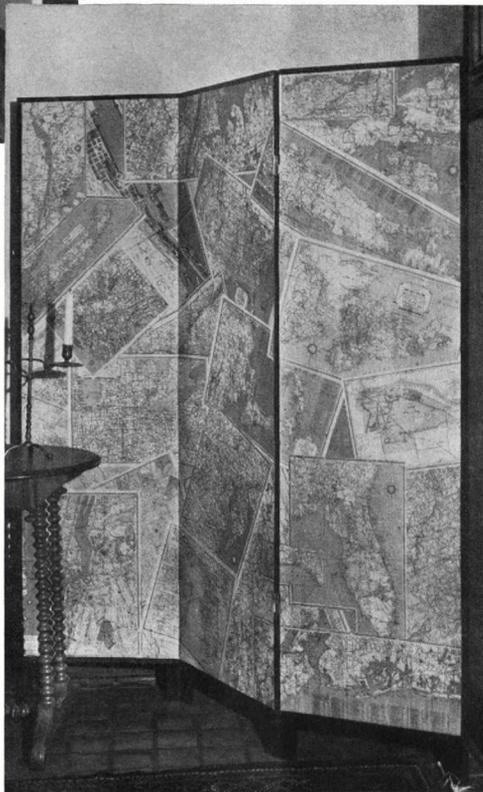
*If you prefer, you may obtain complete set of "Recipes For Foods That Enchant Men," in beautifully bound book form by sending 60 cents in coin or stamps to Société des Cuisiniers Internationaux, 230 Park Avenue, New York. 1230

WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY
of
GENERAL MILLS, INC., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

When you bake at home, by all means use GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Flour and follow Betty Crocker's famous recipes. Then you are sure to avoid disappointments. . . . A still easier way, however, when you want delicious cakes, pastries, rolls and bread, is to simply order them from your baker direct or through your grocer. With truly professional skill, your baker transforms wheat, our basic cereal food, from nourishing, body-building grain into tasty, appetizing, wholesome, mealtime delights. Get acquainted with your baker and his products.



NEW IDEAS FOR
MAKE-IT-YOURSELF
SCREENS



PHOTOGRAPHS FROM R. T. DOONER

The new screen stars are hard workers, and some are two-faced! But they are all pretty and do decorative, useful things to pleasant rooms.

If you are in the mood for something different, original, then decorate your own screen. You can buy a simple frame, or if there's a man about the place who's handy with a hammer, he can make a frame and cover it with wall board, ready for a number of your decorative urges. For a dining room, an interesting screen could be made of menus collected from restaurants, picked up on a cross-country automobile trip. Or pick up a selection of colorful maps from travel bureaus and gas stations. If you are good at patchwork, make a quaint and charming screen from old wall-paper sample books, using favorite quilt designs. Even more personal would be a photographic screen, decorated with enlarged snapshots of your home, garden, club or gang. Blue prints of the local town site or country, foreign paper money, sheets of old music or Christmas cards.

Now we should never be so rash as to advocate a screen for keeping the children out of sight, but one might help keep them in hand. A play-house screen, for instance, with several wings and the top shaped like a roof, the outside painted like a house. They could twist it around to their hearts' content and have such a time playing house.

A screen is often the next best thing to an extra room, for that matter. In the most sedate of foyers a smart screen is correct, and yet behind it can lurk the daintiest of powder rooms, complete with mirror, lamp and cosmetic shelf. Especially nice when the outside and inside of the screen are papered in the same design but in different colors—dark shades for the outside, delicate tones for the inside. Or when one of the new ensembled wall papers and chintzes are used, the paper for the screen, the chintz for the dressing-table petticoat or the cushion on the stool.

From these few suggestions, you will see that no matter what you want to do—soft-pedal a view of the kitchen stove or make a retreat for a guest to powder her nose—a screen is a gay deceiver. And it's great fun to make it yourself.

You walk as if
on *wings*
over a rug cushioned
with **OZITE!**



You won't believe what glorious softness Ozite brings to rugs! "Like walking on air!" you'll say—and you'll wish you had ordered Ozite Rug Cushions long ago for every rug in your home.

Ozite is so enjoyable you will want it the minute you try it—so economical you are wasting money if you wait. Ozite, besides bringing a marvelous softness to your rugs, **DOUBLES THEIR LIFE**. Thus its own low cost is soon repaid. You take no risk—Ozite is guaranteed to satisfy!

But be sure you get GENUINE Ozite. Rug pads that seem cheaper often lose their softness and do more harm than good. Ozite is forever soft . . . permanently MOTHPROOFED . . . "OZONIZED" to render it sterile and odorless . . . made with exclusive adhesive center construction. Be sure instead of sorry—INSIST on GENUINE Ozite!

• Ozite Rug Cushions now come in two weights: Gold Tape Ozite (heavier weight) and Silver Tape Ozite (lighter weight). Look for the name OZITE impressed in the fabric. Sold wherever rugs and carpets are sold.



SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE AND BOOKLET

CLINTON CARPET COMPANY L-434
Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me a free sample of Ozite
Rug Cushion, and a copy of your new
booklet, "Useful Facts About the Care
of Rugs and Carpets."

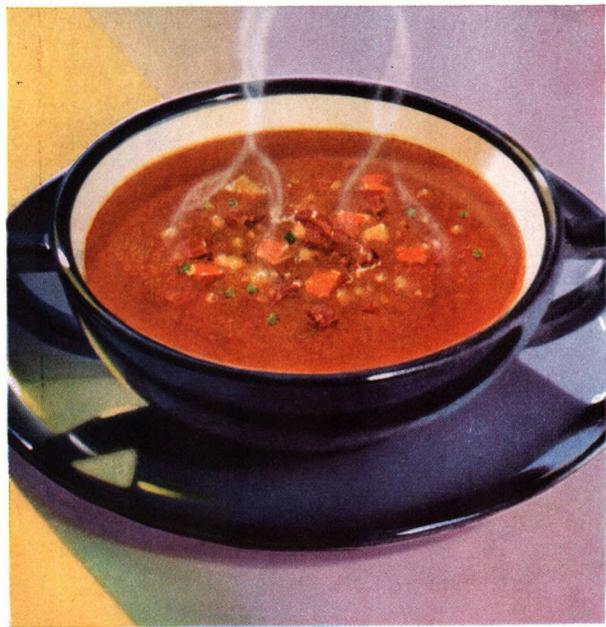
Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....



Sixteen different preludes to the perfect meal stand magically ready at the nearest grocer's—ready, ready, ready for heating, serving, enjoying. Add nothing to them, for they are made precisely as are fine olden-time home-made soups. Please read their names carefully, on the labels of the tins. "Home-made" soups are coming back, thanks to Heinz. I suggest that you select your favorite soups from the Heinz varieties, and thus find out for yourself that in the Heinz "home-made" methods lies the elusive secret of "home-made" flavor and goodness, without the penalty of "soup-kettle blues."



There's an art in choosing just the right soup to complement the meal. If the dinner, for instance, is a nutritionally heavy one, preface it with a brothy sort of soup. For the salad luncheon, I prefer a rich cream soup, such as, for instance, *Heinz Cream of Mushroom*, shown above. Cream soups are also especially desirable with sandwich meals. Picnic spreads, and school lunches which the children carry to school with them are doubly enjoyable accompanied by a vacuum bottle of Heinz Cream of Mushroom, Cream of Tomato, Cream of Celery, Cream of Oyster, or other Heinz cream soups.



Cool evenings inevitably suggest a steaming preface to the dinner . . . In the group of Heinz home-recipe soups you will discover sixteen delectable varieties, each, of course, ready to heat, serve and enjoy. To achieve faithfully the "home-made" flavor Heinz found it necessary to follow strictly the methods, and to use precisely the same pure, fresh ingredients used by well-taught family cooks. Pictured above, *Heinz Beef Broth*.

THERE'S AN ALL-STAR



but gone forever is the tedium of the old soup-kettle days

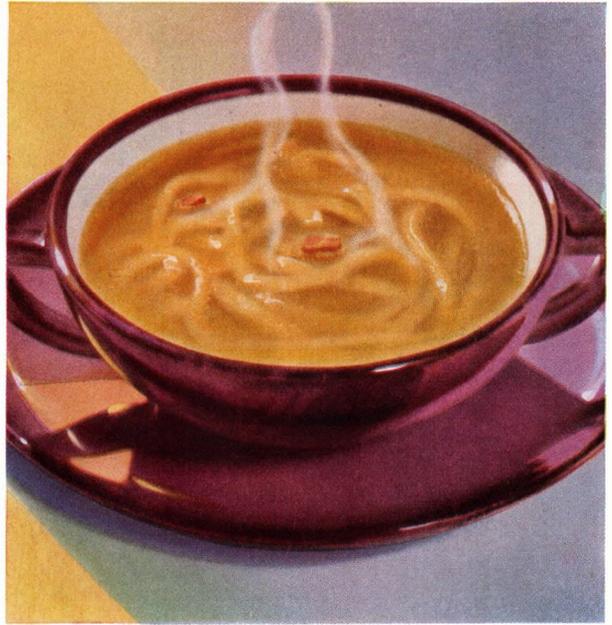
SAY what you will, it is your *soup* that sets the tempo of your dinner or your luncheon. Your soup whispers secrets, utters promises to understanding palates, reveals the character and humor of the feast to come.

If you choose your soups discreetly, serve them in the manner due them, they will be kind indeed to your reputation as a hostess.

And now, to the gist of my story. In our midst are many thousand women who have utterly refused to discard the old-fashioned soup kettle, with its "boil and bubble, toil and trouble". Nothing less traditional than home-brewed soups has—until recently—been quite good enough for them.

We owe them undying gratitude. Because from *them*—these glorious gustatory die-hards—the House of Heinz has borrowed its present methods for concocting soups. It is for them—you, perhaps, included—that Heinz home-recipe soups have been created.

I wish you could see, as I have seen, the making of these delicious soups, prepared by the makers of the "57 Varieties". There are no huge vats. Merely small open kettles. From home-kitchen recipes with



Even Heinz home-recipe soup tastes better when the service is correct. I have always found, and perhaps you, too, have discovered, that "right makes might of appetite." For the informal luncheon, I prefer serving it on the table, from the tureen. Although the tureen is not absolutely necessary, don't you think it adds a comfortable, "homey" significance to the feast? Above, *Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup*, a rich puree of vine-fresh tomatoes, pure cream and fine spices. To this and other Heinz home-recipe soups you need add nothing, for Heinz Soups are all ready to heat and serve.

The old-fashioned soup kettle was the mainstay, and source of untold culinary treasure in every early American kitchen! In the olden days, entire meals issued from the family soup kettle. Meals that you and I would sincerely applaud. But who indeed wants to stand over a steam-spewing pot in these enlightened days of Heinz home-recipe soups? Who? Well, if the truth be known, fewer and fewer every blessed day. And, for once, flavor and goodness are faithfully preserved, a fading kitchen tradition involves no sacrifice of flavor or goodness. Above, *Heinz "home-recipe" Noodle Soup*.

REVIVAL OF "HOME-MADE" SOUPS

by Josephine Gibson

garden-fresh selected vegetables—the choicest ingredients obtainable—in small batches these delectable soups are slowly simmered, then sealed fresh and steaming into extra stout tins.

And here is the cast of the All-Star Revival

Luscious	Heinz Cream of Mushroom Soup
Delicious	Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup
Exciting	Heinz Noodle Soup
Delectable	Heinz Beef Broth
Savory	Heinz Cream of Green Pea Soup
Zestful	Heinz Cream of Celery Soup
Appetizing	Heinz Cream of Asparagus Soup
Tasty	Heinz Vegetable Soup
Toothsome	Heinz Mock Turtle Soup
Wholesome	Heinz Pepper Pot Soup
Distinctive	Heinz Gumbo Creole Soup
Nutritious	Heinz Scotch Broth
Tempting	Heinz Clam Chowder
Enjoyable	Heinz Cream of Oyster Soup
Flavorful	Heinz Consomme
Hearty	Heinz Bean Soup

The Scene:—Any home where only "home-made" soups will satisfy.

If you were born with that innate flair for finer flavors—and, indeed, aren't we all—we enticers of the family appetite?—then with your first spoonful of your first Heinz home-recipe soup you'll surely catch the spirit of this "home-made" soup revival. But, please be forewarned. That most important family in the world are rather sure to look you in the eye and cry, "Encore".

And so, without the slightest wisp of misgiving, it is possible at last—happy thought—to put away the soup kettle, and, in swinging over to Heinz home-recipe soups, continue winning tributes to your culinary deftness.

I say this, not from an airy desire to fill the role of prophet, but from the experiences of many women who have written me about Heinz soups. Won't you, too, please write me about *your* family's reception of these fine soups?

• • •

If you have a menu or recipe nut to crack, I wish you would write to me, as thousands of others have. Or, if you haven't yet tapped the possibilities of the Heinz Food Library, I shall be glad to mail you any of our three newest books: 1. "*Thrifty New Tips on a Grand Old Favorite*", full of recipes for concocting ravishing dishes with oven-baked beans, 2. "*57 Ways to Serve Spaghetti*", and, 3. the modern 104-page "*Heinz Salad Book*". For the Salad Book just mail 10 cents in stamps. The other two are free. Address me in care of H. J. Heinz Company, Department 50, Pittsburgh, Pa.





THE UPTURN

BY DOROTHY COCKS

EVERYTHING is on the up and up in the world of fashion and beauty. Hats are perching on the tops of heads, instead of slithering down over one eye or one ear. And new coiffures look as though they would waft themselves right up into the clouds at any moment now.

I suspect that tall women are going to have their heyday again. For all the new fashions have a tall feeling. They are regal. (Note all the tiaras at evening parties and theaters.) They are splendid, commanding. (Note all the handsome feathers, rich fabrics.) They are streamline, windswept. (Note all the backward-flowing draperies and capes.) We shall all be looking like the Winged Victory breasting the breezes at the prow of a ship.

You can imagine what that wind of fashion is doing to bangs and the hooked curls that we used to plaster against our cheeks! With the exception of Katharine Hepburn's, who still wears the frizzed pompadour bang she grew for her rôle in *Little Women*, there is hardly a bang in sight.

In the new coiffures, all the movement is upward and back from the face. Foreheads are bare. The hair is sleek and flat and brushed back from the brow. No fluffs or dips or bangs to break the suave line from your forehead to your tiara, you see. A tiara is too, too fussy looking if it must peep out from a bush of curls or bangs. All smooth from your forehead hair line back to where a tiara would lie. Just the way a stiff gale would blow your hair back.

Not much hair on your temples, either. Here, too, the movement is up and back. Not severely, for few women have faces beautifully symmetrical enough to be exposed too barely at the temples. A little softness here, a tendril of curls, a long loose flat wave, help to broaden the brow and counteract any appearance of heaviness around the jaws.

Flat, loose waves backward and upward over your ears. The tips of the ears show, but not the whole ears, for that makes your face and neck look scrawny.

And from the ears back, all the hair sweeps upward.

If it is very short, it turns up in a feathery half curl behind the ears and across the back of the neck. (Very young looking.) If it is a couple of inches long, it is coaxed into ringlets that pile up like the foam of a wave, up and up the back of the head. (See the sketch in the center at the top of this page.)

If the hair is longish, it is separated into strands, and each strand rolled into a puffy curl, the mass of these building upward on the back of the head. (See sketch at upper left.) The mass of puff curls need not be regular; they may lie every which way (as in upper right sketch), but the effect will still be of an upward piling of them.

Note that there is almost no room in this fashion whirlwind for long hair. If you have it, you will be tempted this season, more than ever, to cut it off. For knots or buns of long hair are heavy looking. No upward lift to them. And all the new coiffures are enjoying an upturn. See that in these sketches all the hair is up off the back of the neck.

The only thing to do with long hair, if you cannot be persuaded to cut it off, is to make a coronet of it. Either braid it, or coil it tightly in a smooth rope, and make your braid or coil circle your head like a crown. There is no more distinguished coiffure in the world than this.

"Upward" is the general rule for the new coiffures. But of course, the secret of chic and beauty is adapting that rule to the shape of your own face. How to arrange your hair in the manner most becoming to your face, whether it be short or long, round or oval, is shown in the **COIFFURE ANALYSIS CHART**. Ask for leaflet No. 1151, and inclose a three-cent stamp.

HOW TO MAKE YOUR HAIR A HALO, another important leaflet, will tell you how to keep your hair healthy and shiny, how to correct oily hair, dry hair, and so on, and gives advice about permanent waving. This is No. 525, yours for a three-cent stamp.

Lots of help about your coloring, make-up, cosmetics, in **TRICKS WITH MAKE-UP**, No. 1049, and **COMPLEXION ANALYSIS CHART**, No. 1128. Send three cents for each one to the Reference Library, **LADIES' HOME JOURNAL**, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

WHAT AGE WOMEN ARE WEARING the New Bright Cutex Nails?

SUB-DÉBUTANTE

Miss Nathalie Brown

who will make her debut next season, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Rhineland Brown. She says: "When mother saw that all the girls in my set were tinting their nails, she let me do it, too. My favorite color scheme in the evening is Coral nails with blue or pink frocks."

CORAL nails are lovely with white, pink, beige, gray, blue, brown, green frocks.

GARNET is smart with brown, black, white, beige, gray, orange frocks.



YOUNG MATRON

Mrs. Tilton Holmsen

who divides her time gaily between Paris and Newport, says: "There is a Cutex shade suitable for every color gown and every age. I'm particularly fond of black for town wear with bright Cardinal nail polish."

CARDINAL contrasts excitingly with black, white, pastel, gray, beige, blue gowns.

ROSE is charming with pastel, green, black and brown gowns.



GRANDMOTHER

Mrs. Courlandt Richardson

one of New York's charming older matrons, noted for her chic, says: "Once women gave up wearing bright colors at 30. Today my daughters and I wear the same colors and adore working out clever combinations of gown and nail tint. I like to wear white in the evening with deep Ruby Cutex Polish."

RUBY is such a real red red, you can wear it with any frock.

NATURAL is best with bright costumes—red, green, purple, orange.



Costumes from Jay-Thorpe

**"CORAL, CARDINAL or RUBY
—WE WEAR THEM ALL"**

Prominent grandmothers to Sub-Débutantes say

IF YOU have a prim mother who thinks you're too young to wear tinted nails . . . or a snooty daughter who thinks you're too old! . . .

—just make her take a good look at the next 10 "nice people" you meet.

She'll have to admit, if she plays fair at all, there are positively no age restrictions on nail tinting.

16 or 60—you're almost as conspicuous in plain nails today as if you had on one of the short skirts of 1927!

And honestly—everybody—variety in finger nails is wonderful, just because it *does* suit every age and every type.

You can be daring and dashing at the Junior Prom in white satin and red Ruby nails. Or preside, suavely and elegantly, at the next Woman's Party meeting in brown velvet with delicate Rose finger nails. Or attend your granddaughter's christening in floating gray chiffon with Coral finger tips!

7 PERFECT, AUTHENTIC SHADES

Cutex has 7 authentic shades—developed by the World's Manicure Authority. Of course, real ladies of any age want to avoid messy, uncertain results. They won't stand for fading and streaking. That's why they're so happy with Cutex. Each Cutex shade has lasting lustre and goes on smoothly, without any fussing.

The new metal-handled brush *never* lets any bristles come out of the brush or the brush come off the handle. Step right up to the counter—you don't need to give your age—and stock up on *all* the lovely Cutex shades so every gown in your wardrobe can have its right color accent.

For the complete manicure use Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, Polish Remover, Liquid Polish, Nail White (Pencil or Cream), Cuticle Oil or Cream and the new Hand Cream.

NORTHAM WARREN • New York • Montreal • London • Paris



Generous bottle of Cutex Liquid Polish and new Color Wheel giving correct shade of polish for every gown, only 10¢

CUTEX Liquid Polish—only 35¢

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. 4J4
191 Hudson Street • New York, N. Y.
(Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)
I enclose 10¢ for the new Cutex Color Wheel and generous bottle of Cutex Liquid Polish in the shade I have checked:
 Natural Rose Coral Cardinal Ruby



*"I held them
against the sun
as we do in Turkey*

**and ascertained that they
were closely woven"**



● Hold a big, fluffy Martex bath towel against a strong light.

You will see that its underweave is more closely woven. This is why Martex towels give extra years of long wear, even if you pay as little as 50c each.

The following unsolicited letter is from a native of Brusa, Turkey, the city where Turkish towels originated.

She writes, "Your towels are the only 'American Turkish' towels that look and feel like the real thing. Of course, Martex towels are not handmade like ours but I have no doubt your towels will wear as long as my imported ones did, as I have held them against the sun, as we do in Turkey, and ascertained that they were closely woven."

Martex towels are sold by all leading department stores and linen shops. Wellington Sears Company, 65 Worth Street, New York.

MARTEX
bath towels

Young Doctor Heat

(Continued from Page 25)

peritonitis may keep her life hanging by a thread, till she begins to recover, to drag herself from the threat of the grave to a lifelong pain and misery —

The best medical and surgical science was powerless to fight these various fates before Elliott's discovery of his funny little hot-water bottle. In those pre-Elliott days, when the streptococcus and his malignant midget allies sneaked from a woman's wounded womb to cause acute, spreading peritonitis, many a good surgeon tried to save his patient by operation. Doctor De Lee remembers to have saved one out of twelve infected women that way; and the German Doctor Bumm, cutting into women less desperately infected, lost fifty out of every hundred!

Now Elliott had absolutely no thought of daring to try to cure these childbed infections. It was only his aim to try to quiet the pain that brought him into his simple but portentous partnership with Young Doctor Heat. The whole business began ridiculously, by Elliott's fussing with an inflated toy balloon, which gave him the hunch to try to kill pain by the heat of a newfangled hot-water bottle, placed internally!

IF HEAT gives some relief when placed on the outside of these tortured women, how much more direct, more powerfully it would act if you could only get that heat into the womb's outward passage, if you could let it do its pain-killing work close to the seat of the trouble. Other doctors smiled at this fantastic notion; rubber experts hooted at Elliott's plan for an internal hot-water bottle.

So from the day of this hunch it was eleven years till you see obscure Dr. Charles Robert Elliott standing in a San Francisco hospital at the bedside of a woman desperately sick with peritonitis, racked with pain. Elliott stands on tiptoe pouring very hot and gradually hotter and hotter water into a reservoir, from which that water flows through a tube down into his newfangled rubber water bottle comfortably distended inside her.

Minutes pass. She opens her eyes to murmur, "No more pain now, doctor."

Elliott keeps pouring hotter and hotter water into that reservoir till he can't believe his eyes seeing a temperature of 135° Fahrenheit registered on his tall thermometer stuck in the water receptacle. The woman stands it.

He repeats it day after day while each day, much better than mere relief from pain, he sees the woman weirdly getting better and better, her fever sinking, till she walks out — strong — from that hospital.

Then from 1921 till 1929 he does it over and over on pelvic inflammations, post-childbirth, post-abortion, all the way from mild infections to acute malignant spreading peritonitis given up to die. He loses not one, out of hundreds.

He remains obscure. He is smiled at, except by the women he is helping. He is a difficult man, makes enemies. He gets into scrapes. And the women endangered by childbed fever and treated with this internal hot water keep on, not dying, not invalidated —

Till at last Elliott himself believes that the heat does something new and powerful. He says that hotter and hotter heat flowing through the whole region where microbes gnaw at them brings more and more good blood flowing faster and faster through this threatened part of their bodies. He believes that this healthy blood brought by this added heat tips the balance in this deadly battle. Elliott understands that this heat helps the endangered woman's body to help itself.

At Bellevue Hospital in New York City, on the gynecological service of distinguished Dr. Frederick C. Holden, Elliott's treatment has now been confirmed brilliantly. This mild, comfortable heat has

helped hundreds of women suffering from every stage of post-childbirth inflammation to escape futures of threatened invalidism and to walk out of that hospital strong and well. This internal heat has even thawed out that dreadful condition called frozen pelvis. Used on many a desperately sick woman "to prepare her for operation" — it has helped her to escape the knife completely. It has enabled women doomed to barrenness from pelvic inflammation to undergo operation by the knife of Dr. Francis Sovak, and afterward to bear healthy children.

Across America Elliott's microbe-burning science is spreading, and Elliott himself is being dragged from his private practitioner's obscurity by Surgeons Graham, of Brooklyn; Gellhorn, of St. Louis; Counselor, of the Mayo Clinic. They've all of them found Elliott hasn't told it too big.

Elliott himself — indomitable and fanatical supporter of Young Doctor Heat — believes that this new physician may wipe out 80 per cent of all pelvic operations on women, may restore thousands from wrecked health to vigor, return many to the hope of having children.

Will the heat of Elliott's internal hot-water bottle save mothers stricken with the acute, desperate, childbed-fever blood poisoning caused by streptococcus?

I wouldn't wonder. I've seen charts, not yet published, from the septic ward of an Eastern maternity hospital. Here were saw-tooth fever curves of 105 and 106 and curves of pulses beating 140 to 150 per minute and over —

At this ominous point on those charts you might read "E. T." — meaning Elliott treatment started — and then you could see those fever and pulse curves going gradually down like stair steps, with "E. T." marked on them in red initials twice daily. Till no fever. Till pulse normal. Till the notation "Discharged."

Are those coincidences? Or has Elliott completed the work of Semmelweis at last? Elliott himself using his own invention has never lost a case of childbed fever, not one.

Why isn't there an experiment, with Elliott the heat master at the head of it, to see whether it would be possible absolutely to wipe out childbed-fever mortality from a general hospital where that scourge is frequent? There would be such a test if those charged with our health — But let's not start recriminating!

III

THE finest thing about Elliott's science is that it makes it possible for every good wide-awake family doctor to be a specialist in these tremendously prevalent and tragic diseases of women; and Doctor Harry Eaton Stewart, of New Haven, Connecticut, is now making your general practitioner a successful fighter of pneumonia — if he wants to be.

You'll say adding more heat to the already raging fever of pneumonia would be carrying coals to Newcastle, and there is no doubt Stewart was medically illogical to try it. Physicians have watched pneumonia victims get hot and sick and very hot and then die. But if their fevers broke, right afterward they've seen such folks get suddenly better. So why shouldn't any doctor argue that their lives had been saved because their fevers cooled?

Who blames the assembled medical highbrows of all ages for just not thinking up the little left-handed opposite notion that the fever cooled because the sick man's body didn't need it any longer? In short, maybe you don't get better because your fever breaks, but your fever breaks because you're better.

In 1922, when Stewart began his adventure of adding heat to desperately sick sailors who were far too hot for comfort and almost too hot for life, such an idea was absolutely unorthodox. Stewart

I love your song

Save him from a song-killing **Starvation Diet**

You risk your canary's song and health when you only half nourish him with ordinary bird seed. Change to French's Bird Seed and Biscuit — a balanced mixture of many varieties of clean wholesome seeds. The Biscuit rounds out the perfect diet. There's one in every package of French's Bird Seed.

French's Bird Gravel gives the canary "teeth" to aid digestion.

French's BIRD SEED AND BISCUIT

GIVE A CANARY FOR COMPANIONSHIP

YOU DON'T HAVE TO SCRUB A TOILET

Sani-Flush
cleans closet bowls without scouring

Sani-Flush
removes stains, rust and discolorations from the toilet bowl.

Keeps the porcelain glistening like a china dish. Sani-Flush eliminates all scrubbing and scouring. You don't have to touch the toilet with your hands.

Sani-Flush is not like ordinary cleansers. It is made to clean toilets. Follow directions on the can. Sani-Flush purifies the hidden toilet trap. No other method can do this. Sani-Flush removes the cause of toilet odors.

It is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators. Sold at grocery, drug, and hardware stores, 25c. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

and Elliott were each of them too absolutely obscure ever to have heard of the other. Like Elliott with his first sick women, Stewart's ambition was not to cure his pneumonic, blue-faced sailors, but just to make them feel easier—maybe in their last moments.

Stewart was consulting physiotherapist to U. S. Marine Hospital 21 on Staten Island, and while Stewart was medically respectable in that he was M. D., yet—in those days—physiotherapy was considered in high medical circles to be about on a par with mesmerism and fortune telling. But here at the Marine Hospital was a particularly nasty run of pneumonia cases in merchant sailors brought in pneumonic at the height of their sickness, and the mortality was frightful.

"Isn't there anything in your bag of tricks to ease these boys?" Colonel Young, the commanding officer, asked Stewart.

That very day, going home on the Staten Island ferry, Stewart remembered the old country doctor who described how he'd pulled through pneumonia. "I told them to put a hot fried-onion poultice on my chest," said that old doc. "The poultice killed the pain. Then I killed the pneumonia."

NOW the hunch flashed over Stewart: Instead of hot fried-onion heat on the outside, why not electrical heat, generated inside your sick man's chest? Exactly like Elliott, he thought only of pain-killing, never of the absurdity of adding heat to folks already too hot. Why not try through-and-through diathermy? Why not high-frequency electric current, zipping back and forth through your sick man's lungs between plates on his chest and plates on his back at a million and some zips per second. . . . A sort of internal electrical poultice, you might call it!

It was rather lucky for Stewart that he didn't know it had actually been tried, years before, notably by Doctor De Kraft, and maybe some others. Apparently it had come to nothing. Maybe dangerous?

Colonel Young, of the Marine Hospital, said yes, all right, try it, on this condition: When all accepted means of treatment had proved unavailable. All right: in the first case where otherwise no apparent hope for recovery! What a hurdle for Stewart. . . .

Now if you'd been permitted to peep into a room in that Marine Hospital one morning of that 1922 winter, you'd have seen Stewart, staff doctors, nurses, bent over a sailor in the eleventh day of pneumonia, face blue, breath coming in extremely shallow grunting gasps with every little gasp a torture, pulse beat fast and thready and showing his heart near the end of its tether, and family notified by telegram that—

If you'd had the nerve to stay at this tragic bedside, you'd have heard a high electrical sort of humming coming from a box from which two wires led to big flat electrodes, one over that dying man's chest, one under it—

Dangerous? Well, you wouldn't want any Tom, Dick or Harry shooting 30,000 volts through your sick lungs and heart. But then, would you care, knowing inside you the jig was up anyway, and it hurting you so to breathe that you'd as lief stop breathing forever?

There were taut minutes of that humming. Then a just audible murmur from the sick man, punctuated by gasping: "Doc . . . that . . . feels . . . better." Stewart bent over; yes, the breathing was a little deeper, less gasping. "Doc . . . it's helping me . . . get my . . . breath."

That man's relatives did not have to come to take away his dead body. Now he had a fighting chance to come through. After every diathermy treatment his pain left him. His blue color changed to less sinister red. He slept, to regain his own strength for the life-and-death tussle. His fever dropped, little by little, going down not suddenly but down and down like wide stair steps. Nothing miraculous, mind you, but gradually his strength came back to him. "On my next visit I found him sitting up reading a newspaper," said

Stewart. But Stewart was, just the same, hyperconservative, and attempted no premature balloon ascensions. Instead, to twenty extremely, seriously sick pneumonic sailors Stewart now gave his electric internal heat in their sick lungs—

And they all felt easier; and they all went to sleep as the heat soothed their pain; and the dreaded blue color left them as their hearts beat stronger; and the fever of all of them went down gradually—of all excepting one, who died.

This seemed a phenomenally low mortality, for pneumonia hitting such bad risks as these sailors, many of them alcoholic, and of an average age of thirty-five; and many of them, stricken while still at sea, had been brought to the Marine Hospital in *extremis*.

And still Stewart wasn't convinced. The staff of the Marine Hospital were enthusiastic. But Stewart told them, "Wait; pneumonia varies enormously in its virulence and we may have had just the luck to have had a run of mild ones." He told Commander Young that to be sure, certain cases—as controls—should be left *without* treatment by this electric heat, as exact comparisons—

Commander Young was against it, telling Stewart it amounted to risking the lives of those untreated sailor boys. But in the name of truth, Stewart prevailed. He remembered, maybe, the uncontrolled cases treated with the Pneumonia Type I serum at one famous hospital, with what seemed saving of life. But peculiarly it was only in that hospital that the serum seemed to lower mortality.

So that next winter, for every bunch of three seamen coming to the Marine Hospital with pneumonia, Stewart gave two the diathermy treatment, and left one without, as a check, as a maybe tragic indicator of the new treatment's power. Almost half—nine out of twenty-one—of these mariners died. And of those given the aid of this electrical Young Doctor Heat, out of thirty-six, twenty-nine recovered.

Now this new science began spreading, with that infinite slowness with which new, maybe life-saving science spreads among those charged with saving us from death. Is it because doctors have been fooled by alleged cures so often? Stewart thinks so. He's cheerful about it, saying the conservatism opposing this new treatment guards us from quack remedies too.

Eleven years ago he began his lone-wolf science. He's driven the pneumonia mortality in more than a thousand he's treated down below 12 per cent. Out of a hundred and fifty he's been able to reach within the first two days of pneumonia, only four have died! Scores have been saved, in *extremis*, and absolutely given up for lost by the family physician, skilled pneumonia nurses, relatives and all others familiar with the patient's desperate condition. Best of all, other doctors have reported death rates even lower than those of Stewart. And his science can be applied any place your physician, familiar with diathermy, can plug his portable diathermy machine into a light socket, and any intelligent practitioner can learn to use it.

If one of my bronchitic colds goes pneumonic, I'll not wait a minute for a scientific mouse test to tell my doctor what type of pneumonia I've got. You may be sure I'll call for Young Doctor Heat in the form of diathermy.

IV

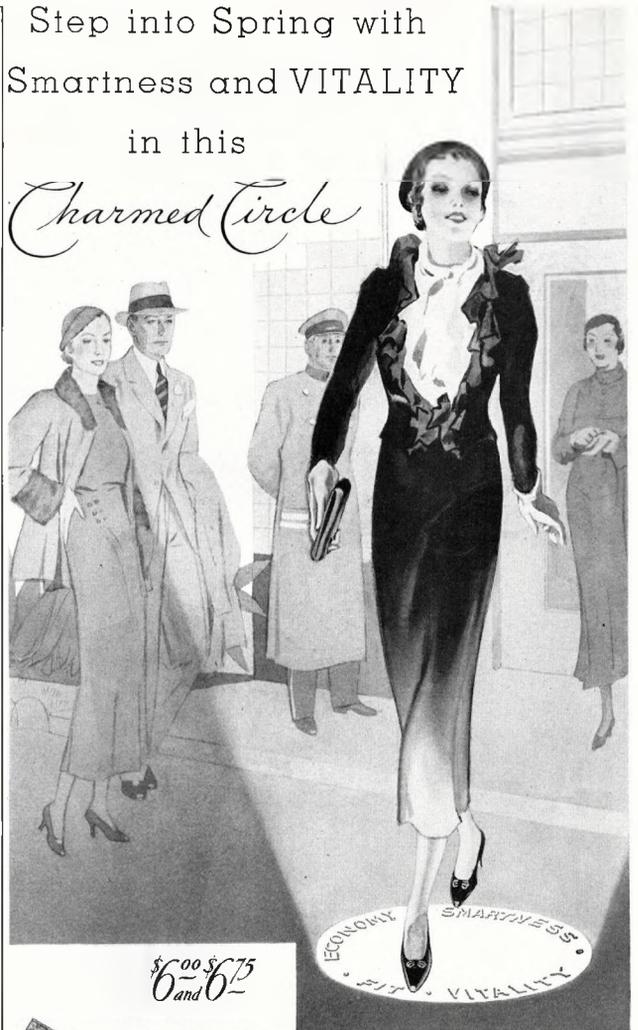
BUT what of desperate illnesses, where our bodies have no instinct to defend themselves with fever?

It's in such that Young Doctor Heat got his real start, in circles scientifically respectable. Everybody now knows how the great fever master, Wagner Jauregg, of Vienna, took the terrible chance of burning general paralysis of the insane out of folks by infecting them with malaria. It was splendid science, but for the millions infected with syphilis not practicable, except when the sickness reached the stage where its victim (Continued on Page 91)

Step into Spring with Smartness and VITALITY

in this

Charmed Circle



\$6.00 \$6.75
and 6.50



NATALIE



SIBYL



MONA

If you haven't already seen the new Vitality Health Shoes for Spring, then make up your mind *now* to do so. But, first, be prepared for a surprise. For their lovely styles and trim designs may be far beyond your expectations in footwear at such modest prices. You will find them just the shoes to set off your smartest costume. But that isn't all! When you wear them, your foot will relax in new freedom. Correct-fitting lasts and the "vitality principle" give snug support to your foot and added poise to your figure. Truly, they will urge you to walk in Vitality's charmed circle of Smartness, Fit, Economy and Vitality.

VITALITY SHOE COMPANY • ST. LOUIS
Division of International Shoe Co.

There are also Vitality Health Shoes for every age of childhood and youth offering a new standard of value in youthful styles, all-leather features and lasting wear. Priced \$2 to \$5 according to size

VITALITY health shoes



NOW GOING ON - FROM COAST TO COAST!

Spring Showing of the Frigidaire '34



BE OUR GUEST • SEE WHY THOUSANDS ARE SAYING "OURS IS A FRIGIDAIRE '34"

If you think that electric refrigerators must be noisy or expensive to run—if you think that ice trays must stick or that defrosting is necessarily a nuisance—then you should see the Spring Showing of the Frigidaire '34. Because something has happened in electric refriger-

ation that makes inconvenient refrigerators entirely out-of-date.

In the Frigidaire '34 an automatic release slides the ice trays out at a touch of your finger. Defrosting is automatic. The sound of the motor has been reduced to a whisper. The power unit has been made so efficient

that it uses amazingly little current.

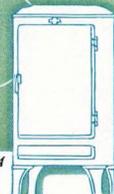
In the Super and De Luxe series shelves are adjustable up or down. There is a cabinet of Lifetime Porcelain inside and out . . . there is greatly increased ice freezing capacity, a larger vegetable Hydrator, and a cold storage compartment.

The special Spring Showing of the Frigidaire '34 line is now going on in every Frigidaire showroom. You are invited to be our guest during this colorful display and learn the many ways in which the Frigidaire '34 is different from any other electric refrigerator. Be sure to attend.

Amazing Economy

HERE IS A FRIGIDAIRE THAT ACTUALLY USES
LESS CURRENT THAN ONE ORDINARY LAMP BULB

Model Standard 434



(Continued from Page 89) would take some chance of dying from malaria to avoid sure death in an asylum.

Here this hopeful science stuck, with the professors theorizing, as usual, that it couldn't be just the heat of the malarial fever. That would be too simple!

Then the first of a new tribe of death fighters came to the rescue. These fever men were engineers, mechanics. They were intelligently ignorant. They boiled it down to this: that what the bodies of these desperately sick people needed was simply—heat!

Physicist Whitney had stumbled on the astounding fact that any beast, from mouse to man, who's placed in the powerful, concentrated field of short-wave radio, gets hot. General paralysis of the insane vanished before this artificial fever as well as before malaria.

But Whitney's radiotherm was complicated, dangerous, and surely no tool for your ordinary physician.

Boss Kettering set his air-conditioning experts to removing the radiotherm's danger of burning people. They evaporated the perspiration off sick folks' bodies while their fevers were being boosted. Now for a year and a half in three dingy little rooms at Miami Valley Hospital at Dayton, Ohio, Kettering's radio death fighters fought to find safe, comfortable fever.

Doctors turned themselves into engineers; and engineers became impromptu doctors. And all of them—patients, engineers, doctors and the marvelously devoted nurses—turned themselves into human experimental guinea pigs. There was fire. There were accidents. Through a grotesque succession of fever machines the fever grew slowly easier, safer.

A forlorn band of people—their awful illness made them volunteers for any fate!—submitted themselves to this hell of hot experiment. What kept them coming back was the new strength these fevers set stirring in their theretofore hopelessly sick bodies. For years they'd been treated with arsenical drugs, with mercury, with bismuth. They might as well have had so much rain water. But now this dangerous Young Doctor Heat endowed these medicines with an unheard of microbe-killing power.

Those tortured with girld pains and lightning pains were relieved of their agony. Others, paretic, on the verge of imbecility, were brought back to reason. Sight returned to a little boy blind with hereditary syphilis. None who stuck to the fever progressed to the state where the madhouse doors opened for them.

THIS life-saving science was beautiful. But this fact remained: that it was yet too complicated and dangerous a weapon for your practicing doctor. But now Engineer Sittler evolved an ingenious hot box that dispensed with the delicate radio apparatus completely. Now hot air of a certain humidity was forced over people, boosting fever as quickly, less expensively, and with less danger of burnings.

This fever booster is still experimental, and not available for doctors generally. But it's in use under scientific control at the Mayo Clinic, the Cleveland City Hospital, the Milwaukee General Hospital and the Henry Ford Hospital at Detroit. At these places, the physicians of those desperately needing fever treatment can make inquiry.

Yet the sad fact remains that some ten millions of our people suffer the lurking terror of this sickness. While the drug treatment begun in early stages is brilliantly effective in many, yet it is long and costly. And in a great number it's of no avail. Unless combined with fever.

Is there no hope of Young Doctor Heat becoming democratic? Combined with drug treatment, there's no doubt he's as drastically effective as any other remedy for any other major ill that plagues us. Isn't there a safe, simple, general fever that all doctors can use to give real hope to those hundreds of thousands who carry round with them the terrible secret of what the future—maybe—holds for them?

Only last month I was studying the fight against that sleepy death known as encephalitis, and the tragedy that often follows for those sleepy ones who don't die. Many of these survive, only to go downhill emaciated, bent, with demented, greasy faces, dripping mouths, trembling chins, and dragging themselves along with hesitating gait. This is the consequence of encephalitis known as "Parkinsonism." A month ago it all seemed hopeless. But now comes news from the able physiotherapist, Dr. William Schmidt, of Philadelphia, that general fever, used in time, often not only checks the progress of this dreadful ailment, but has brought a number of sufferers back to health, to work.

This same pioneer has brought Young Doctor Heat to bear on another illness of the spinal cord and brain, known as multiple sclerosis. This is a lovely, slow murderer of men and especially young women—attacking them, usually tragically, in their prime. Osler's textbook of medicine gives you this hopeless news about multiple sclerosis: "The prognosis is unfavorable. Ultimately, the patient, if not carried off by some intercurrent affection, becomes bedridden. In two hundred cases the average duration was twelve years; three recovered."

NOW Doctor Schmidt has fevered many of these doomed people. He's brought many—not too far gone—to strength and daily work. Some are without a sign of their sickness for two years now—though careful Schmidt says it's still too early to speak of cure.

From Detroit comes news of the powerful healing effect of fever on chronic infectious arthritis, and the most hopeful thing about it is this: that little, low, frequent, artificial fevers of 102 to 103 degrees are more healing than the hellish temperatures of 105 and over that are so far used to fight syphilis and which I've seen fail to help arthritis. And from Chicago comes report of how fever can relax—for a time, at least—the air tubes in serious asthma.

Mind you, all this pioneering has been done with fever boosters from which this or that bug hasn't yet been licked out. One may still burn you. Another may be uncomfortable. A third is delicate mechanically. The expense of most is beyond the reach of your practitioner.

But two weeks ago I took off my clothes and with no protection whatever climbed into Engineer George H. Spencer's new vapo-therm. I've had a reasonable experience of being an experimental guinea pig in fever boosters, and shall limit myself to saying that I'd have to be pretty sick to repeatedly take the beating most of these gadgets gave me.

But this was different. I'm bulky, and it's been an infernally slow job for even the powerful radiotherm to stoke up my fever. But this new vapo-therm shot me up quickly. In the old gadgets when I reached 103 I'd begin to gasp for breath—it was nasty. In this one I felt just the smallest restlessness.

Mind you, when you're up around 105 to 106—in the finest machine the greatest air-conditioning engineer could invent—it's no picnic. You're likely to be dopy, irritable, maybe delirious, and hot—very, very hot.

But in Spencer's machine there was no chance at all for burns or blisters. There was no possibility of fire. Spencer can pull you part way out so you can move round easily—and still hold up your fever.

I'm the world's most stupid mechanic. Yet I'd undertake to operate the simple controls of this apparatus after brief instruction. It takes only 1400 watts of current and you can plug it into any light socket. It weighs only 350 pounds and fits easily into a reasonably small room.

Every doctor has a little car that takes him round to see his patients. The cost of another little car will let him take this practical Young Doctor Heat into partnership. So, you see, Young Doctor Heat has really become democratic. If the doctors want him they can have him.

Off with the old—
... on with the NEW!



Now you can sift
cake flour right
from package to
measuring cup!



Cake Flour must be sifted before the flour is measured. This first sifting . . . from package to sieve, to spoon, to cup . . . has always been the fussiest, fussiest part of the job.

Now a little sifter is built right into the side of every box of Pillsbury's Sno Sheen Cake Flour. You don't even need to cut open the box. Just pull open the sifter, insert the little crank . . . and sift your cake flour right from the package into your measuring cup. No spilled, scattered flour, no fuss and muss—no chance of mistakes in measurement. And when you're through, the sifter pushes shut and keeps your Sno Sheen Cake Flour sealed against dust and dirt and dampness.

It's convenient. It's a help. And the cake flour inside the Handy-Sifter package . . . Pillsbury's Sno Sheen Cake Flour . . . is as perfect as cake

flour possibly could be. Smooth and fine textured for velvety-fine cakes. Delicate and snowy pure for lightness and fine flavor. Ask your grocer today for Pillsbury's Sno Sheen Cake Flour . . . the only cake flour in the Handy-Sifter package.

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS CO.
General Offices, Minneapolis, Minn.



PILLSBURY'S
Sno Sheen CAKE FLOUR

IN THE NEW HANDY-SIFTER PACKAGE

she said . . . "But..how do you keep such a nice gloss on your tub?"



I said . . . "I just use Bon Ami. It does more than clean . . . it always leaves a beautiful polish"

YOU can expect far greater results from Bon Ami than just removing dirt. Most any cleanser will do that. But Bon Ami *transforms* your sink or bathtub — gives it an entirely new "face" . . . a nice, velvet-like gloss . . . a sparkling polish that shines like satin.

Just run your hand over this new "face". Notice how *smooth* and *glazed* it feels. That's because Bon Ami doesn't scratch, dull or mar the surface, like ordinary harsh, abrasive cleansers do. Bon Ami absorbs the dirt—"blots it" up—which is the safe, effective, easy way.

Bon Ami doesn't redden or coarsen your hands, or make your fingernails dry and brittle. In fact, many women have told us they use Bon Ami to clean their hands—it's so soft and fine and pure.

Also you'll find Bon Ami odorless and white. You'll find it won't collect in or clog up the drains and pipes. You'll find it washes away easily and instantly—and leaves no gritty sediment in the bottom of your tubs and basins.

Use Bon Ami for *all your household cleaning tasks*. Use it on your bathtubs, kitchen sinks, enameled stoves, kitchenware, refrigerator, tiling, smooth painted woodwork and walls, windows, mirrors and metals. For Bon Ami is the *one* cleanser that's good for *all your work*.

THE BON AMI COMPANY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

Bon Ami



TO suit your taste . . . Bon Ami comes in a long-lasting Cake, a handy sifter-top can of Powder or in a large, handsome De Luxe Package, especially designed for bathroom use.



BY VIRGINIA KIRKUS

It's fun to watch an author grow—or change—or what have you. There's a new book by Sylvia Thompson this month, *BREAKFAST IN BED*, which shows a surer touch, a more mature technic, and emerges a smart and just-sophisticated-enough bird's-eye view of a day in London. One starts with the kitchen maid emerging reluctantly from slumber, and before the day ends feels on intimate terms, and sympathetic ones, with every member of the household, and with many who touch their lives, for good or ill.

Within the fortnight there is another London tale one should not miss, *A FEATHER IN HER HAT*, by all odds the finest book we have had from I. A. R. Wylie, and in the character of old Mrs. Phipps she has created a gallant figure the reader will treasure beside that beloved procession immortalized by Dickens. It's *Cinderella in reverse*, and romance and glamour and humor and pathos join forces in a romance of the best.

Phyllis Bentley, who won her laurels with *Inheritance* last year, has used the same background—the textile district of Northern England—in her new novel, *A MODERN TRAGEDY*. But as the title would indicate, she has put her story into modern dress. It is a tragic tale of youth caught in the meshes of false standards of business ethics, the story of one wrong step leading to subtleties which in turn lead deeper and deeper into the mire.

Another book that won acclaim last year was *Pageant*, by G. B. Lancaster, a historical novel set in Tasmania. A far cry that from Alaska in the twentieth century, but such is the setting for *THE WORLD IS YOURS*. Imagine, if you can, James Oliver Curwood shorn of sentimentality, with wide-open spaces that are not wholly inspiring, and Canadian mounties that have left their halos behind, and girls that play another role than that of the conventional heroines.

Elizabeth Corbett, too, has turned from her beloved and irresistible Mrs. Meigs to a new field. In *THE HOUSE ACROSS THE RIVER* we have a skillfully told story of love and blackmail and mystery and death in a Chicago suburb. Possibly she will win new readers; personally, I hope she will go back to her old vein, where she has fewer competitors.

Speaking of mysteries, there is a new Agatha Christie, *MURDER IN THE CALAIS COACH*, a good yarn with the always appealing setting of a cross-Continental train.

Finally, among the authors of established market, there is Phil Stong, with a new novel, *VILLAGE TALE*. Have you ever wondered what went on, day in and day out, in the tiny forgotten towns along the railroad track, far from a larger town, and seemingly without any special reason for being? This is the story of just such a town, and of a handful of people to whom the arrival and departure of one train a day is the main event, and for whom a revival enlists the cooperation of high and low in the rigidly enforced social scale. A stolen kiss still means disgrace, if taken before matrimony and in public—or after matrimony, from someone other than the legitimate partner.

TOO MANY BOATS, by Charles L. Clifford, is an unforgettable story of a remote Philippine army post during the World War, of men chafing at inaction, of women depending on artificial stimulation for excitement, and feeding on crumbs of gossip, of Negro troops and white officers. A novel that men will claim as their own, but that women will insist has a special meaning for them as well.

Frances Renard, in *RIDGEWAYS*, has caught the essence of Kentucky in a stirring chronicle of five generations, deeply rooted in tradition centering around the old place. From riches to poverty and degradation and up the scale again, and woven back and forth the dominating influence of Ellen Hardison, the interloper, a character that recalls Margaret Deland's memorable "iron woman."

CINNAMON SEED, by Hamilton Basso, is a story of Louisiana today, and the conflict between traditions and modern realities, the effort of one generation to live up to what is expected of them by their elders, and yet to seize on what they want from the new world.

From England comes one of the most challenging books of the season, *THE UNFORGOTTEN PRISONER*, by R. C. Hutchinson. It is through books like this that we come to a closer understanding of the problems of national boundaries, a deeper sympathy with those seemingly remote from us. The finest part of the book paints a searing picture of civil war in Germany, and of its effect on those innocently caught in its meshes. At times in the intensity of feeling the book seems somewhat confused; again there is almost a Greek relentlessness in the onward march of Fate.

Our own Civil War has been caught in a fine novel of Gettysburg, *LONG REMEMBER*, by MacKinlay Kantor. Elliptical, realistic, startlingly vivid; a love story in the foreground and in the background the tom-toms of war, shorn of the usual Civil War sentimentalities, starkly real.

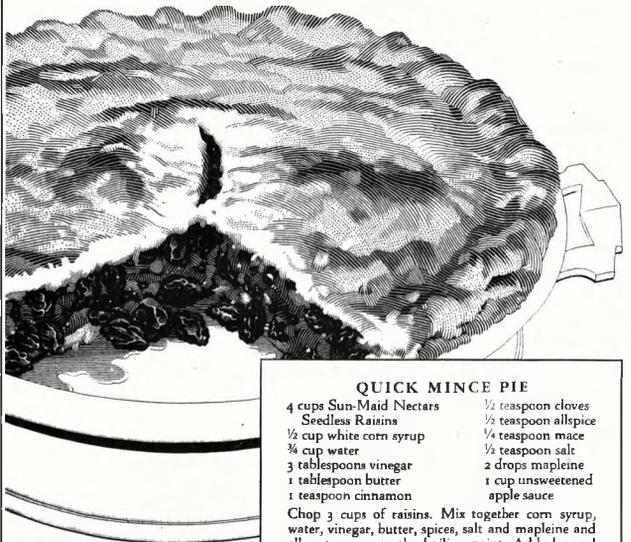
Now for a taste of lighter fiction. *TWO'S COMPANY*, by Margaret Guion Herzog, is a new turn to an old tale. A triangle composed of a mother, her somewhat younger second husband, lounge lizard par excellence, and her daughter. Good entertainment, and no strain on the mentality.

Then there is a delectably different sort of story, *MR. THOMPSON IN THE ATTIC*, by Anna Gordon Keown. It's a story of an English school, and of the different Mr. Thompson who runs counter to the established traditions and wins all hearts but one in the process. When he goes off with the tinkers in the end, we feel convinced he will find his pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

Finally, a few words of a recent book on problems of the moment. In *THE NEW PIONEERS*, James Remington McCarthy has shown the New Deal in operation the length and breadth of the land. A twelve-thousand-mile trek gave him the inside picture—the answer to the question of how the people below the top are being affected. The tenant farmer, the workers in the textile mills in the South, the tobacco growers, the cattlemen of Texas, the sugar growers, the miners, the engineers on new building projects, the grape farmers of California, the lumber men of the Northwest, the boys in the reforestation camps, the farmers in the great wheat and corn belts, the cotton men, the textile manufacturers of the New England states—these are only a few of the groups he saw and heard and interpreted to his readers. It's an enlightening picture, a heartening scene that he paints. Except in the farming districts, except perhaps in the cattle districts, the tone is a generous and hopeful and tolerant one. Here is no scientific research job. Rather is it human-interest material of the finest caliber, first-hand information through interviews and anecdotes and a friendly spirit. It is not wholly a rosy-colored spectacle, to be sure. But it is the most exciting picture of the new era as yet presented for the reading public.

Compare SUN-MAIDS WITH ANY OTHER RAISINS YOU CAN BUY

Cleaner, fresher, richer in flavor—these are some of the advantages Sun-Maid brings to you. Patented methods exclusive to Sun-Maids, make them the world's finest raisins.



QUICK MINCE PIE

4 cups Sun-Maid Nectars	1/2 teaspoon cloves
Seedless Raisins	1/2 teaspoon allspice
1/2 cup white corn syrup	1/2 teaspoon mace
3/4 cup water	1/2 teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons vinegar	2 drops mapleine
1 tablespoon butter	1 cup unsweetened apple sauce
1 teaspoon cinnamon	

Chop 3 cups of raisins. Mix together corn syrup, water, vinegar, butter, spices, salt and mapleine and allow to come to the boiling point. Add chopped raisins and simmer 5 minutes, add whole raisins and remove from fire. Blend with apple sauce. Bake between two crusts in a hot oven (450° F.) for 25 minutes. Sufficient for two pies.

To save you time, to make cooking easier for you, Sun-Maid does many extra things, takes extra care in supplying raisins to you.

First, Sun-Maid Raisins are clean—so clean you need waste no time in washing them. And they flow freely from the carton into the measuring cup.

Second, Sun-Maid Raisins are fresh, plump and rich in natural flavor. This deliciousness is fully retained and imparts a succulent fruit flavor to the dishes in which they're used.

These important characteristics of Sun-Maid Raisins are due to patented methods no one but Sun-Maid can use. It will pay you to insist on Sun-Maids always.

Your address on a penny postal card will bring a FREE RECIPE BOOK from the Sun-Maid Raisin Growers Association, Box 44-L, Fresno, California.

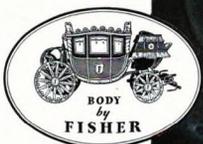


SUN-MAID RAISINS

JELLS THEM INSIDE "Thermo-Jelled" SEALS THEM OUTSIDE

Smiling in the rain

Even when rain pelts against the windows of your car, you'll be dry and comfortable inside if your car has Fisher No Draft Ventilation. You can open one of those smart Ventipanes just a little, and out goes the stuffy air, in comes the pure fresh air, without drafts or any splatter of raindrops. This helps to keep the inside of the windshield clear for folks in the front seat, which certainly makes driving safer. And it keeps little folks in back seats from being chilled by drafts, or getting all hot and squirmy and restless. In fact, it would be hard for anyone to get tired of riding in the smart, strong, safe new Body by Fisher. The seats are wider, deeper—the cushions more luxuriously restful—the whole interior noticeably more spacious. That's one of the first things which will impress you, when you see and examine any of the new General Motors cars.



The Home of the President's Mother

(Continued from Page 13)

Mrs. Roosevelt, Sr., are connected by swinging doors.

The house in which Mrs. James Roosevelt lives, like the President's New York town residence, is typical of its period. They were both built by Mrs. Roosevelt in 1910. In her house there is a subcellar for heating equipment, and then the floor that is just below the street level. Here, in the front, is the servants' sitting room, neatly furnished. At the back are a large kitchen and the larders. A woman cook and maid are employed below stairs. On the floor above is the entrance hall—really a room—the width of the house itself, and furnished with chairs, fine old mirrors, pictures and the cast of a superb statue of the President as a young man of twenty-eight years—the work of Paul Troubetzkoy, the Russian sculptor. The entrance hall is reached from the street by marble steps which lead likewise to the adjacent door at No. 49. These days, a New York City policeman stands on duty at the bottom of these joint steps, on the No. 49 side.

BACK of the entrance room is another smaller, and square, hall from which a cream-colored, spacious staircase sweeps upward in a semicircle. Opposite is a tiny house elevator, which Mrs. Roosevelt herself spurns when going merely from one floor to another. Its function is most appreciated by those making the longer ascents from basement to servants' sleeping quarters on the fifth floor; and by Mrs. Roosevelt's Pekingese, a very superior dog.

Just beyond the open stair hall is the dining room, almost square, with an open fireplace, and richly furnished. Above the fireplace are delicately decorated ceramics. Here and there throughout the house are potted plants—ferns, aglaonemas, aspidistras and poinsettias, in season. On the dining table there frequently stands a handsome old silver tankard filled with rosebuds.

Back of the dining room is the butler's pantry. Both a butler and a footman, or second man, are on the domestic staff.

On the second floor proper, at the front, is situated the library, where there sometimes hangs an original Gilbert Stuart portrait of the President's great-great-grandfather, Isaac Roosevelt (1726-1794). It was painted in 1793. Mrs. Roosevelt likes to keep this ancestral portrait at Hyde Park, but she brought it to New York last winter for the purpose of lending it to the Metropolitan Museum of Art Loan Exhibition of New York State Furniture, February 6 to April 29, 1934.

IN THE library at 47 East Sixty-fifth Street there also hang portraits of James Roosevelt and Franklin Roosevelt, the latter painted by Pierre Troubetzkoy, a brother of the sculptor who did the President as a young man. Mrs. Roosevelt has also a number of intimate studies and photographs about the room, including a snapshot of herself and her son taken not long ago by a little neighbor girl at Hyde Park, and enlarged for a place of honor on the library mantel.

The drawing-room at the back of the second floor is pleasantly formal, with the intimate air of a French salon. It is furnished with chairs, couches and ornaments from the period of Louis XV. There is a grand piano; wide, draped and daintily

curtained windows. The prevailing colors are pastels, and the room is at once luxurious and livable, an achievement in itself. At the right, as you enter, are the famous connecting doors which can make this room one with the President's drawing-room next door.

On the third and fourth floors are the bedrooms and baths.

EVERYWHERE throughout the living quarters of this solidly comfortable house of Mrs. James Roosevelt's are bits of fine porcelain and glass, pictures and pottery, deep chairs and delicate ones. The examples of Chinese art are especially fine, for her father, Warren Delano, landowner and a leading merchant of New York, spent some years of his life in China, where, incidentally, several of his children were born. Sara Delano, however, was born at Algonac, her father's country place near Newburgh, New York, on September 21, 1854. There she was married the seventh day of October, 1880. Franklin Delano Roosevelt was born two years later at Hyde Park.

Mrs. Roosevelt's mother was Catherine Robins Lyman, the daughter of Judge and Mrs. Joseph Lyman of Northampton, Massachusetts.

The Americanized name, Delano, is directly derived from De La Noye, the name of their French ancestors. However, the family background covers much more of Europe than France. It is believed that other versions of the name—Lannoy and Annoy—are themselves derivatives of "Aulne-Aune, an alder tree."

The American pronunciation is Del'ano, with slightly stronger emphasis on the first syllable. The name Roosevelt is of Dutch origin; and "oo" in Dutch is pronounced as the "o" in rose—Roosevelt. Mrs. Roosevelt cannot imagine why so many people have taken to calling the family Roosevelt, after the fashion of the sound of "use" in muse.

ALTHOUGH genealogists have made a great fuss over the Delano family tree, tracing it hither and von into antiquity, the mother of the President of the United States finds overstressing one's progenitors "somewhat silly." She is a staunch believer in the value of good blood—that is, to have sprung from people of character and fine minds—but, as she puts it, "tracing relationship to princely backgrounds is a foolish pastime. We all spring from Adam, it is to be supposed—or at least from Noah!"

Those friends of the family who inquire of Mrs. Roosevelt with an air of secrecy regarding her son's present state of health as a result of the infantile paralysis are given no mysterious answers. His health is good. His recovery, she believes, has been definitely a matter of strong thinking—power of mind. Mrs. Roosevelt makes no bones, in intimate conversations, of her impression that "most people think too much about themselves." Her opinion is that a vigorous interest in life, and reasonable meals at reasonable intervals, cover the situation for normal people. Such a life this young woman of seventy-nine years leads, and has led, filling her days with new ideas, vital reckoning with the present, and gracious and interested observance of old standards that are "cheerful, beautiful, sound" and thus worthy of perpetuation.

"I'll show you how wide I am!"

SAYS THE SHEET WITH THE PEQUOT TAB



NEW HELP IN
BEDMAKING SAVES
TIME... PREVENTS MISTAKES

● YOU NEED NEVER again fling open, for your broad four-poster, the narrow sheets that fit the twin beds so nicely! For now you can get sheets that tell you their widths, before you ever take them off the pile! They are Pequot sheets and they signal to you with little woven tabs that stick out from the narrow bottom hem.

It's fortunate that these convenient tabs are on Pequot sheets exclusively. It means you can trust the tab to indicate sheets that give you extra wear.

"Nothing wears like Pequot!"—that phrase echoes again and again, in the letters sent us by grateful homemakers. Impartial laboratory tests show they are right. And four generations have discovered Pequot's extra wear in actual service on beds and in the wash!

But when you slip gratefully between the sheets at night, you forget durability in the luxury of Pequot's pure whiteness and its restful smoothness. Pequot white stays white, and, as the years go by, its smoothness grows as gentle as old linen.

Decide now to replenish your linens with Pequots! And to carry out such a good resolution, there's no time like the present! Pequot Mills, Salem, Mass.

PEQUOT

(pronounced "PEE-quot")

Sheets and Pillow Cases



PROVED TO WEAR LONGER!

COT
BED

SINGLE
BED

TWIN
BED

DOUBLE
BED

EXTRA
WIDE
BED



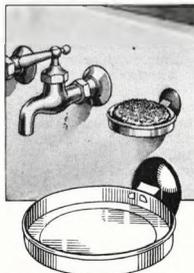
did you ever try to clean a pan like this?



S.O.S. will clean it like magic. Merely wet edge of pad—and rub. Black, burnt-in grease disappears. Aluminum and all kitchenware shines like new in one-third the time. Try S.O.S. at our risk



FREE!



**new, handy
S. O. S. WALL TRAY**

Consists of specially designed, quickly attached bracket and removable aluminum dish. Holds your S.O.S. pad when not in use, convenient to sink. Quickly attached to any porcelain, glass, wood or wall surface. Sent free and post paid, upon receipt of tops from two of your S.O.S. packages, with your name and address. Send to S. O. S. 6203 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

TN MILLIONS of kitchens, these simple, easily used S. O. S. Scouring Pads are working miracles. For S.O.S. positively ends drudgery of cleaning dirty, greasy, smoke-blackened cooking utensils.

And it's so easy—so simple. S.O.S. is the complete scouring pad. The soap's in the pad. Merely dip the edge (never wet the whole pad)—then rub briskly over any greasy, burnt or tarnished surface—and flush with clean water.

Results are *miraculous*—nothing less. S.O.S. *micro-cleans** and polishes *at one time*. Cuts away toughest "grease film" from pots, pans, skillets, Pyrex, oven doors, broiler grids, etc. Removes bitter "coffee crust" from inside of coffee pots. Makes your coffee even *more* delicious.

Makes any aluminum, iron, steel or glass surface absolutely *micro-clean**—and faster than you ever did it before.

No messy rags. No powders. No extra soap. Nothing to waste down the sink drain. S.O.S. is all in one—simplicity itself—and so economical. In thousands of average kitchens one S.O.S. pad frequently lasts a week—just a few cents.

Try S.O.S. at our risk

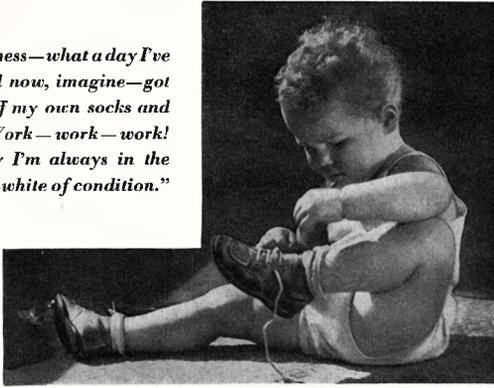
There are more than 40 daily uses for amazing S.O.S. in your kitchen. Millions of women use it daily. See for yourself. Get S.O.S. from your grocer in the new 4-pad package (also comes in 8-pad size). Use half the pads. If you are not amazed and delighted—return the unused pads, and the complete purchase price will be cheerfully refunded. Make this test at once. Let S.O.S. brighten up your kitchen hours... for a few cents a week.

The S. O. S. Company, 6203 W. 65th St., Chicago. Also S. O. S. Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., 365 Sorauren Ave., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

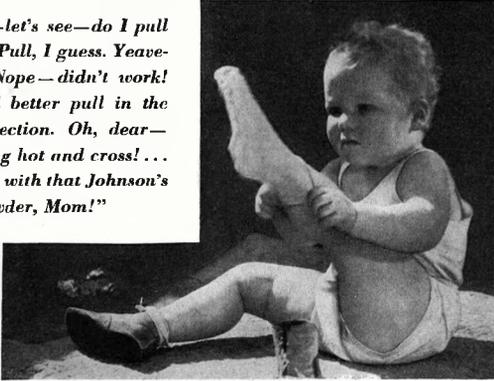
* *Micro-clean* means microscopically clean



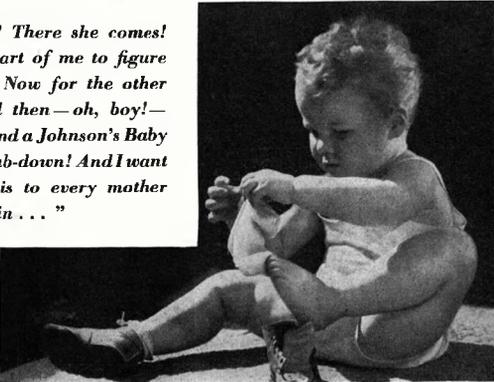
● "Goodness—what a day I've had! And now, imagine—got to take off my own socks and shoes! Work—work—work! . . . Lucky I'm always in the pink-and-white of condition."



● "Now—let's see—do I pull or push? Pull, I guess. Yeaveho! . . . Nope—didn't work! Guess I'd better pull in the other direction. Oh, dear—! I'm getting hot and cross! . . . Get ready with that Johnson's Baby Powder, Mom!"



● "Oops! There she comes! Pretty smart of me to figure that out! Now for the other foot. And then—oh, boy!—my bath and a Johnson's Baby Powder rub-down! And I want to say this to every mother listening in . . ."



● "Try different baby powders between your thumb and finger. You'll find some powders are gritty—but Johnson's is so soft and smooth you can't believe it! And it hasn't any zinc-stearate in it, nor orris-root. My doctor said so!"

Send 10c in coin for samples of Johnson's Baby Powder, Baby Soap and Baby Cream. Address: Dept. 102, Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, New Jersey.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

Hit and Run

(Continued from Page 23)

had just motored a hundred miles to do a favor for her father's secretary. Letty's feelings were different; she had simply never thought of Dick's possessing a life of his own outside his work in her father's office. She had thought of him as children think of a toy—something that really ceases to exist when they put it back in its box. Now to find that he had not only a wise, dignified mother, a delightful old house, but worst of all, a good-looking cousin, was, for reasons she did not uncover, extremely distasteful to her.

"It seems," said Mrs. Slater, "that Dick has injured someone, while he was driving a motor."

"I had a letter from him last night," said Mary.

"This happened only this morning," said Letty. Her feeling was that it was pretty sneaky of Dick to have been carrying on a correspondence with a girl he never even mentioned, when she had told him all about Ralph.

"The dreadful thing about it is," Mrs. Slater went on, as if Mary had a right to every detail as quickly as possible, "that they accuse him of driving on without stopping and leaving an old man dying by the roadside."

"That's absurd," said Mary.

LETTY, whose heart had softened at his mother's confidence and devotion, found something smug and insolent in Mary's assumption that the facts were not as stated. "I'm afraid it isn't exactly absurd," she answered. "You see, he has admitted—"

"Could there be anyone that he is shielding?" asked Mrs. Slater.

Letty was aware that Mary turned a quick, and slightly malignant, glance upon her at this, and she answered sternly, "There really isn't, Mrs. Slater."

"Of course, anyone may have an accident," said Mary, "but it isn't possible that Dick would drive away without finding out if anyone was injured."

Letty was surprised to find herself quoting the sergeant: "You'd be surprised, Miss Saunders, what people will do when they are terrified, and think that no one has seen them—"

Mrs. Slater interrupted her with a smile. "I know my son better than you can," she said, "and you must just take my word that that is something he could not have done."

"Not possibly," said Mary, and the two women exchanged a quiet nod that made Letty feel a complete outsider.

She thought, "Well, after all, I do know something about him. He held me in his arms—he kissed me. I wonder what you'd think about that if you knew it, my proud beauty." She stood up. "I think I must be going back. I have quite a house party on my hands." She hoped they'd gather, these two, how impersonal her deed of kindness had been.

"Are you going back with Miss Osmond, Cousin Jane?"

"CERTAINLY not, my dear. I haven't been Dick's mother for twenty-eight years to go rushing to his assistance unless he wants me. If he does want me, he'll send for me. You see, his message was that he'd be free tonight. Miss Osmond will take him my regular Sunday letter."

"I think I'll send him a line," said Mary.

"Do—it will cheer him up."
"I hope it won't be very long," said Letty, "because I must be off." She was thinking, "Pretty cool, to make me transmit her love letter for her. How does she know I won't read it on the way? I do wonder what's in it. 'Darling, darling, to think you are in trouble when I can't be with you—'" All the time Miss Saunders' pen was gently scratching. Letty was composing a love letter such as

she would have written in the same circumstances—if Ralph had been in trouble. But then she wouldn't have written, she would have rushed to him.

"It's very kind of you, I'm sure," said Mary, handing her the letter with the envelope courteously unsealed.

"Not at all," said Letty, applying the tip of her tongue to the flap. She was not going to submit herself to unnecessary temptation.

As she drove home she thought enviously that it must be nice to have anyone as sure of you as Mrs. Slater was of Dick. But not all mothers were like that—not all sons, either, perhaps. Could it be that the old lady was right? No; sergeants of police probably understood human nature better than quiet ladies living in a New England village.

IT WAS after seven o'clock when she got home. She expected some criticism, especially from Ralph, who might think it an exaggerated kindness to another man for her to have driven two hundred miles on the first day of their engagement—the day he was to speak to her father. But she could manage that—she would say, "Oh, I saw his mother, Ralph, and a heavy beauty who looked as if she ought to sing the bad black villainess in a Wagner opera—his girl, I suppose."

The house seemed to be deserted. She remembered with a pang that the Van Baars were motoring back to New York before dinner—they must have left already. She asked a servant where everyone was.

"Mr. and Mrs. Van Baar have gone, miss. They took the other gentleman with them. Mr. Osmond has gone to New York."

"My father? To New York?" cried Letty.

"Yes, miss, and Mr. Semmes is with Miss Osmond in the drawing-room."

"Poor Ralph," thought Letty; he was not fond of Aunt Julia. She felt a pang of self-reproach; he must have been terribly bored while she was motoring across country. She thought, "I ought not to have gone at all. I wonder why I did go. It seemed the right thing to do then, but now—" She hurried to the drawing-room, and on opening the door saw, to her surprise, that the Mr. Semmes engaged in conversation with her aunt was not Ralph, but his father.

THE elder Semmes was an alarming figure—tall, very well dressed, dressed by the same London tailor for thirty years; he had the heavy mustache that had been the fashion of his youth, a pair of cold blue eyes, and a perfectly bald head. He thought highly of himself, his family, his son, his daughter—the duchess—and of the great Semmes fortune which had come sliding down the years to him, generation after generation.

Letty had known, without thinking it made much difference, that he wouldn't think her an ideal daughter-in-law—not really quite up to the Semmes standards of in-laws. Why was he there? To object to the engagement? Something severe, discontented, strained in his whole bearing made her sure he was not pleased. She came forward with her best manner—the manner of a very good little girl.

Aunt Julia broke off in the midst of a sentence. "Where have you been, Letty? Away all day with these dreadful things happening—that secretary of your father, running over harmless old farmers in the village, and your father called away to town—"

"Why did father go to town?"
"He got word a warehouse where the firm's records are stored was burning down. He went straight from the golf club without even coming home to change his clothes. So annoying—not but what
(Continued on Page 100)



JOHNSON'S *Baby* POWDER

What!

ALL THIS FRESH VARIETY FROM JUST ONE FRUIT?

Yes, indeed—and how!



Peach halves, chilled, are always a "natural" for dessert, on any occasion

Sliced peaches and cottage cheese make this fine salad combination

Shortcake is easy, with hot, buttered biscuit halves and sliced peaches

The healthful omelet is even more welcome, with sliced peaches added

No man will ever refuse sliced peach pie—and it's no trick at all to make

There's no easier dessert than sliced peaches in their own rich syrup

Peaches, ice cream and raspberry syrup make a very simple, quick dessert

Add sliced peaches to custard mold for a pleasant surprise

Sliced peaches in gelatine are as decorative as they are delicious

Sliced peach parfait is in a class by itself as a "party" dessert

Sliced peaches even add zest and flavor to the morning cereal

But remember, madam

It's really *flavor* that makes peaches so welcome on your table! That's why DEL MONTE always puts peaches *first*, in growing and selecting peaches.

That's why DEL MONTE always puts you *only* tree-ripened, fully developed fruit.

And that's why DEL MONTE takes such special care to can its peaches *quickly*—and give you all their natural orchard flavor.

After all, isn't that a mighty good reason to say DEL MONTE—and get DEL MONTE—every time you buy!

ONLY DEPENDABLE QUALITY PAYS

Del Monte vitamin-protected **SLICED PEACHES**

FOR FINEST FLAVOR — BE SURE YOU GET

Del Monte Peaches

FULL VALUE FOR YOUR MONEY — *always*



Leftover cake becomes a new dish, served with peach halves

Try peach halves on crisp lettuce or romaine for a refreshing salad

Gray SHEETS

aren't always the laundry's fault



• "Oh, that dreadful laundry. My sheets come back grayer every week."
 • "I use the same laundry, Ruth, and they do my sheets beautifully."

• "Then what makes the difference?"
 • "It must be the quality of the fabric. I always buy genuine Mohawk sheets."

SOME MONTHS LATER
 • "You were right, Peg. Mohawk sheets do stay whiter... softer and smoother, too."
 • "Yes, and they seem never to wear out."

● Mohawk sheets are rightly called "the thrift sheets of the Nation." Their distinctive construction and longer fibre cotton insure easier laundering and extra durability. Yet Mohawk sheets are so modestly priced, every home can afford them. Ask at your favorite department store. Utica and Mohawk Cotton Mills, Inc., Utica, N. Y. Also makers of Utica Heavy Duty Muslin Sheets and Utica Percal—the sheet with the feel of silk and the strength of linen.

P. S. For guaranteed long sheets, ask for the Triple Six size—the sheet length that prevents bed clothes pulling out at the bottom or fuzzy blankets rubbing against your face.

MOHAWK sheets

STAY WHITER WEAR LONGER

Lovely Doll's Sheet Free—Send name and address with a paper label from a Mohawk sheet, and we will mail beautiful doll's sheet free. Or, clip coupon and enclose 10c. (Limited to one sheet for each coupon). UTICA AND MOHAWK COTTON MILLS, INC. 606 State St., Utica, New York

Please send Mohawk doll's sheet, 12 X 18 inches.
 I enclose standard Mohawk label.
 I enclose 10c.
 Name.....
 Address.....

(Continued from Page 98) Mr. Semmes is being most kind and helpful, and has even sent for his own lawyer."

"Where is Ralph?" said Letty.
 "I'm sorry to say," answered Mr. Semmes, "that my son is upstairs overseeing his packing."
 "He's going away?"

"He has been sent for. His mother is ill—desperately ill, I'm afraid—in Paris."

For some reason his tone did not carry conviction. Letty did not believe that he had been sent for—did not believe that his mother was ill. She thought, "They are just taking him away from me, and he's willing to go. I knew he wasn't a strong character, but I never thought he was as weak as that." She felt bitter and humiliated—yet not heartbroken. The next instant she understood that she had been unjust.

Rising, Mr. Semmes approached her and, bending down, brushed her forehead with his rough mustache.

"It is hard for him to go just at this moment, my dear. I congratulate him. I am most happy—your father and I have agreed—"

He seemed to feel that it was unnecessary for a Semmes to do more than sketch in his approval.

"When does he sail?"

"Very early tomorrow morning."

"Oh, I can't bear it," she said. Her beautiful Ralph being taken away just when they were so happy! Tears came to her eyes.

"Now, Letty, don't make a scene," said her aunt. "It's just one of those things—very hard, of course, but it won't be long. You mustn't make it harder for Ralph. He feels badly at going, of course."

"You must make it easier for him, my dear," said Mr. Semmes.

She thought, "What do they know about how Ralph and I feel at his going—two old people like them?" Aloud she said, "I think I'll go and find Ralph." She remembered penitently that he and she had not parted on the best of terms the night before—that she had left the McNeils' party without waiting for him.

SHE met him on the stairs. He looked, in his business suit and stiff collar, terribly ready for a journey; paler and more tense than she had ever seen him.

"Oh, Ralph darling!" she cried. She clung to him. "I'm so sorry."

"Isn't it rotten luck?" he answered bitterly.

"What shall we do?"

"What is there to do?"

She drew back. She had heard of this before—the alienating effect of a great grief. Of course she ought not to expect him to comfort her when his whole heart was with his sick mother, yet she couldn't help wanting comfort.

"Your poor mother, Ralph. Is she—is she very ill?"

"Yes, I'm afraid she is." He spoke rather curtly—almost as if he did not want her to trespass on such sacred ground.

"If there's anything I can do, Ralph—"

"There really isn't. I know you'd do everything you could."

"I feel so dreadfully I was away all the afternoon."

"It would have been the last straw if I had had to go without saying good-by to you."

"You'd have gone without seeing me?"

He seemed surprised at her protest but, courteous as ever, he answered, "I shouldn't have wanted to, but my old man is in such a rush." He did not even ask where she had been.

"You're not angry at me, are you, Ralph?"

He turned his face to her, and she thought it was like a mask—the mask of a total stranger. "Angry at you, Let? Why should I be?"

She was standing a step below him, and she made one more effort to break the wall between them. She clasped her arms around him. "I can't bear to have you go," she said.

She felt that a slight tremor ran through him. His hand stroked her shoulder. "Will you come with me?"

She drew away. "Oh, if I only could!"

"You can. We could be married tomorrow morning—or on the boat."

SHE felt slightly shocked at the suggestion—or was it at the realization that she did not want to be married like that, that being engaged and being married were two very different, two almost unrelated ideas?

"Oh, I couldn't do that, Ralph," she said.

He almost shrugged his shoulders. "Perhaps you're right," he said.

They were interrupted by the opening of the drawing-room door. Mr. Semmes came out quickly. "I thought I heard a car," he said. "I hoped it was Bannerman."

"Oh, Mr. Semmes," said Letty. "I think it is so kind of you to take all this trouble—to send for your own lawyer."

"Not merely kindness, my dear. Ralph and I feel a certain responsibility. It was Ralph's car, you know; and though the insurance company will take care of the financial phase, I should wish, in any case, to be represented by my own lawyer."

Letty wasn't listening. She said, "But why was Mr. Slater driving your car, Ralph?"

It was not Ralph but his father who answered.

"I think we had better not go into that, my dear. Ralph is going to say that he lent the car. Nowadays, I believe, young men borrow each other's cars very often without getting formal permission."

Letty stared at him. "But it doesn't sound a bit like Mr. Slater," she began, when Ralph interrupted.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Letty," he said, "don't tease me with questions. I have enough on my mind without that."

He had never spoken to her like this before—nor to anyone else in her hearing. She felt hurt and shaken out of all proportion; then she remembered that the Semmeses were doing everything to help Dick in the absence of her father, and that she herself had been away all day. It must sound ungracious for her to be questioning their conduct.

"I'm so sorry I wasn't here," she said gently.

"Yes, and where have you been?" said Ralph. "No one seemed to know anything about you except that you would be back by six."

The moment had come for a confession. Letty swallowed hard and said, "I ran up to Mr. Slater's house in Vermont—his mother's house. He asked me to telephone his mother about the accident, and when I found the wires were down—"



"HOLD-TITE"

REG. APP. FOR
The Shoulder Straps Cannot Slip
 This smart Maiden Form brassiere is called "Hold-Tite" because its breast sections control the upper as well as the lower curves of the bust—and because its straps are so constructed they cannot slip off the shoulders.

Left: "Full-Fashion" fits like a stocking brassiere, with a diaphragm band—one of five "Full-Fashion" styles. Shown with one of Maiden Form's clever "High Waist" styles. Send for free booklet of other new Maiden Form foundations; Dept. LA Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc. 245 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. AT ALL LEADING STORES

LOOK FOR THE NAME Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Maiden Form BRASSIERES

DIRDLES - GASTER BELTS

NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS LABEL

Kyanize SELF SMOOTHING FLOOR ENAMEL



For Old Wood Floors INDOORS and OUT

Waterproof, washable, long wearing, Kyanize Floor Enamel may be used indoors or out... excellent for porch floors and basements.

Easy to apply because it is self smoothing... dries in five to six hours with a rich, full lustre.

Comes in sixteen solid-coloring colors... all popular shades.

BOSTON VARNISH COMPANY
 356 Everett Station, Boston, Mass.

Every Baby Needs It!



TEETERBABE JUMPER SEAT AUTO SEAT HIGH CHAIR Three in One
 A great aid to mothers in caring for baby. A jumper seat that gives baby the exercise it needs to strengthen its abdominal muscles. An auto seat that is absolutely safe. When placed on an arm-chair, it takes the place of a high chair. Three necessities at the price of one. Get yours today. Ask your dealer—or write for FREE circular. NATIONAL PRODUCTION CO. 4574 St. Jean Ave. Detroit, Mich.

"One moment, my dear," said Mr. Semmes. "Do I understand that you have seen Mr. Slater since the accident?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," answered Letty. "I went down to the police station as soon as I heard of it. Father was at the club, or I thought he was, and some member of the family —" Her voice died away. It was terribly clear that the two men disapproved thoroughly of her conduct. They had exchanged a long, horrified look, and now they stood frowning at her.

"And what did he tell you?" asked Mr. Semmes, in a voice of ice.

"He wouldn't tell me anything," answered Letty. "He was very strange, Mr. Semmes; I did not like his manner. I did not understand it. He and I have been great friends, but he wouldn't tell me anything. I got the impression that he was waiting for my father—relying on his influence to get him off."

ALL the ice had disappeared from Mr. Semmes' manner. He smiled most benevolently upon his future daughter-in-law. "Well, perhaps he was—and perhaps he was right," he said. "We'll see what can be done. Bannerman, my lawyer, is supposed to be not entirely without political influence in this county."

Letty thought, "Oh, dear, that's probably crooked, and yet how comforting crookedness is when you're sure it's working for you." Aloud she said, "I'm afraid you must think that Mr. Slater is in a bad way, if you thought it necessary to send for a great lawyer like Mr. Bannerman."

"It will be serious if Tuttle dies."

A servant came hurrying through the hall to open the front door. Bannerman had arrived.

He was a thin, small man, bright-eyed, a high forehead between bushes of crisp hair, a long upper lip drawn down in the center, and the softest, sweetest, most flexible voice Letty had ever heard. He was introduced to her briefly, and then Mr. Semmes drew him away to the study. Letty turned eagerly to Ralph. A few minutes more together, she thought—but no, his father was firm. Ralph's presence in the conference was essential.

Letty sighed and went upstairs. A sort of hopelessness had come over her. Ralph going away, and Dick not at all the kind of person she had imagined him. Life seemed ugly and disagreeable—something to be endured, not lived. Ralph not quite as she had imagined him, either—irritable and aloof, wrapped in some cloud of coldness or mystery. Was it her own fault, for having been annoyed with him the evening before; or for having been away all day on another man's business; for having been averse to his idea of a runaway marriage? Or was it poignant grief at the illness of his mother? He had never talked much of his mother, but she knew that divorces of parents sometimes set up desperate emotional strains in the children.

She dressed in a hurry and came downstairs, to find that the study door was still shut, and the conference still going on. Her aunt, immaculate as ever, was sitting bolt upright in the drawing-room, reading through a lorgnette, which she considered more becoming than spectacles.

"Is Mr. Bannerman staying for dinner?" Letty asked.

"He's staying for the night," answered Miss Osmond. "The least we could do, when the Semmeses have been so very kind. Really—that young Slater. I never liked or trusted that man, Letty. Very

crude and ignorant and above his job, in my opinion. Do you know that he had never heard of the Duke of Brent?—and seemed pleased with himself that he hadn't. I can't bear that type of American who thinks it's unpatriotic to get foreign titles right."

"Aunt Julia, what was he doing in the village at all?"

"What, indeed? What, indeed? Nobody has touched on that point. Not even Ralph, who has been simply wonderful about his car being injured—stolen. I think, though Ralph kept insisting that he lent Slater the car. Why should he? Why should he lend his car to the secretary?"

"Didn't Ralph say why?"

"No, no, indeed, not a word. Ralph is so well bred. But I know there are a number of low places in the village. You'll probably find Mr. Slater isn't any better than people who appear less prim."

"He isn't prim, Aunt Julia."

"Hypocritical, I call it—dashing down to the village at half-past five —"

"Was that the time it happened?"

"At five minutes before six, I believe."

Letty grew thoughtful. What was the hour at which she had been talking to Dick? It must have been about that time. He must have taken the car as soon as Ralph came in, or perhaps he had gone out to meet him—had found the car empty at the McNeils' and was driving it home. She wished she had some way of fixing the time of her own talk with him.

She made an effort to read, but she found it impossible to keep her eyes on the shiny pages of her magazine. Her mind kept darting from Ralph sailing the next morning, to Dick in the local jail. She had loved them both—no, she had loved one and trusted the other—and now both seemed to have abandoned her.

SHE must know the whole story. She couldn't be shut up. She sprang up and crossed the hall toward the study door. The door was still closed, and voices low and indistinguishable came from behind it. Dared she interrupt? As she stood hesitating, with her hand on the knob, the little clock on the mantelpiece inside struck eight. It struck with sharp, clear, musical little strokes, and suddenly it came to her—the last time she had heard it strike. Of course, it had struck six that very morning just as she turned to go. She remembered where she had been when she heard it, and all the mood of that early morning talk.

She opened the door and went in. The conference was evidently ending. Mr. Semmes and Bannerman were already on their feet; Ralph sat with his elbows on his knees, and his head in his hands—the picture of despair. Her heart went out to him. How he was suffering—his mother must be very ill; worse than he would admit. She stood an instant in silence, and heard the end of Mr. Semmes' sentence: "... money is no object—you understand that."

The words pleased her. Ralph was determined to make his father help Dick out. That was kind—that was like him. She came fully into the room.

Mr. Semmes turned and saw her. "What is it, Letty? We have not quite finished —"

"Mr. Semmes, at what hour did the accident happen?"

He frowned alarmingly and then attempted humor. "Very early in the morning, before young ladies like you have ever been awake." (Continued on Page 103)

"AND I, IF I BE LIFTED UP —"

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

Earth, weary star, moves on through lonely night;
Sorrow and loss befall us, storms arise.
What shall we do but turn bewildered eyes
Back to a clear, inexplicable Light
That, gathering long ago beneath strange skies,
Shines out undimmed by ages, radiant still
Around a leafless tree on an old hill.



Costume by Best & Co.

SPECIAL FOOT SAVER FEATURES

1. Free-Walking Lasts.
2. Fit the Foot in Motion.
3. Light in Weight.
4. Fit the Arch.
5. Smart Styles.
6. Flexibility.
7. Finest Materials.
8. Patented In-built Construction.

You Can't Keep your feet in a Glass Case!

Will those smart-looking shoes in the show case be kind to your feet? Will they leave your feet fresh and eager for an active evening after a strenuous day of streets and shops? Will they keep their smart lines and trim contours through months of "heel-and-toe-and-away-we-go" wear?

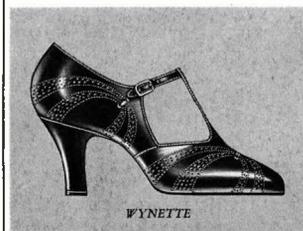
One way to be sure of enduring smartness and comfort in your footwear is to insist upon FOOT SAVER Shoes. For these fashionable shoes—unlike any others—are scientifically shaped over "Free-Walking" lasts to fit the foot in motion!

FOOT SAVERS can "take" it! No matter how active your feet may be, these beautifully-fashioned, lightweight shoes are always comfortable. They fit the foot and keep their fit from the first to the last day you wear them.

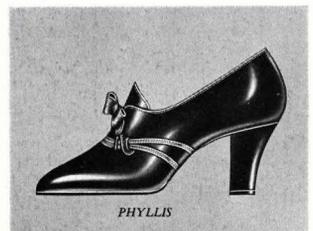
FOOT SAVER Shoes are made so well they need no breaking-in. They hug the arch... soothe over-worked muscles and tendons. Leave your feet fresh and eager to be forever "on the go."

They will be found in those stores which feature better shoes.

Foot Saver Shoes are made by THE JULIAN & KOKENGE COMPANY, 42 West Main Street, Columbus, Ohio
Makers of women's fine shoes for more than 40 years



WYNETTE



PHYLLIS

FOOT SAVER SHOES

FIT THE FOOT IN MOTION

THE JULIAN & KOKENGE CO., 42 W. Main St., Columbus, Ohio
Please send me, without charge, your portfolio of new Spring FOOTWEAR FASHIONS.

Name..... Address.....
City..... State.....

Men's Foot Saver Shoes Manufactured by Commonwealth Shoe and Leather Company, Whitman, Mass.

DEL MAIZ NIBLETS



great golden kernels of goodness

Here's the Gold Standard of corn—the  tenderness standard—the deliciousness standard. . . . New, different, tantalizing in its mouth-watering flavor. . . . Puts a capital "D" in

Dinner and, mothers, it's a great lunch dish.  Niblets makes growing kids grow. . . . And how they clamor for "seconds." . . . So do dads and mealtime guests. . . . Niblets is grown a new way,

packed a new way—it's "Corn-on-the-Cob"  without the cob! . . . And if you think Niblets isn't great, watch how fast cans disappear from grocers' displays!



Here's the glorification of all creamed corn—it's Del Maiz CREAM-STYLE! Packed in its own delicious cream—it's thick enough to eat with a fork! Big, golden kernels. Just try it on your family for a new corn thrill! Your grocer has it.

And have you tried GREEN GIANT PEAS? Actually, they're an utterly new and different breed of pea—big, luscious, tender and flavorful. No other peas like them. In fact they taste like "Fresh Peas in the pod—without the pod." You'll like them!



THIS LICENSE SEAL on a distributor's label means that the can contains genuine Del Maiz Niblets. "Niblets" is the exclusive trade mark of the Minnetonka Valley Canning Company, Le Sueur, Minn., and Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Windsor, Ont.



(Continued from Page 101) Mr. Bannerman, who never antagonized the humblest creature if he could avoid it, said in his tone of honey, "Ah, come in, Miss Osmond. We had just finished. You will be glad to know we have had a good report from the hospital; no fracture of the skull; a severe concussion—but no fracture."

"Mr. Bannerman, at what hour was the accident?"

"At three minutes before six."

"Then Mr. Slater couldn't have done it. He was here in this room talking to me at that moment. I heard the clock strike six as I went away."

"What were you doing talking to that fellow at six in the morning?" asked Ralph, raising his haggard face.

"I was worrying about you," answered Letty. "I was asking him to find out where you were and why you hadn't come home at six in the morning."

"I'm afraid that clock is not a very good timekeeper," said Bannerman. "I notice it is twenty minutes out of the way. They are so pretty, those French clocks, but the fact is—"

"Mr. Bannerman," said Letty, "I'm sure there is some mistake about all this. I am sure Mr. Slater did not do this."

"My dear young lady, he admits that he did."

"I don't care what he admits. It isn't like him—to injure a poor old man and drive away. He wouldn't do that. No decent person would do it, would they, Ralph? I realize that you don't know Dick as well as I do, but no one would do a thing like that, would they?"

SHE had appealed to him as a friend—a contemporary—and had expected an instant response, but he only continued to stare at her with a sort of blankness that she did not understand. It was his father who came to her and, taking her by the arm, led her to the door.

"Will you be so good, my dear," he said in a tone of the coldest hatred, "to go away and leave us to arrange this matter as best we can. We have not much time, and if you forgive my saying so, your interruptions are not very helpful."

His suppressed contemptuous irritation terrified her. She found herself in the hall, and the door again shut behind her. Had she made a fool of herself? Was the information she brought them of so little importance? Was the study clock wrong? She glanced at her wrist watch. The two timepieces still agreed, as they had agreed that morning—yet she had no reason to feel much confidence in her watch, which she often forgot to wind for days at a time. Aunt Julia was right, she thought; there was something mysterious in the whole affair.

Dinner was not an agreeable meal. Ralph, as white as paper, hardly spoke. Letty tried once or twice to get him to talk to her, but he showed plainly that he wanted to be let alone. Mr. Bannerman delighted Aunt Julia with anecdotes of all the personalities most in the public eye, from the President to the latest murderer, but even he could not relieve the strain.

AS SOON as dinner was over, Mr. Semmes was ready to go. No use in Letty's clinging to Ralph's arm, no use in wailing, "Oh, to think we were so happy yesterday!" The bags were brought down and put into Mr. Semmes' pompous black limousine. The chauffeur holding the door open, a whispered word or two between Bannerman and Mr. Semmes; Letty flung her arms about Ralph and he held her close for a moment. Then he tore himself away, the door slammed—and they were gone.

Letty did not go back to the drawing-room; she sent the chauffeur down to the jail with the letters she had brought from Center Hadley, and went up to her room.

She sank down on the window seat and pulled up the blind. The same moon that had shone on her and Dick that evening on the piazza was now almost a full circle. Dick couldn't have done this thing, but

Ralph could—Ralph was out with his car at that very minute. Was Dick shielding someone, as his mother said—shielding Ralph? Her heart gave a sickening drop. No, it wasn't possible. Ralph wouldn't run away and leave another man to suffer. No one whom she had ever known would do a thing like that—least of all Ralph.

Then with the flash of an inspiration a perfect explanation came to her. Ralph had done it—but the news that his mother was dying had come—and Dick was taking his place just long enough to let him get away. That was it. Everything fitted in: Dick's calm, his message to his mother that he was not in any real danger; Ralph's manner to her—of course he did not want to go into it all; even his father's words about money—Ralph would stand the expense of any legal action—naturally; Mr. Semmes' anger as she approached the explanation of the mystery. Everything fitted in. Everything was all right. Both men were given back to her again. She remembered how lightly she and Ralph had asked for Dick's help. He had responded superbly. How would they ever be able to repay him?

SHE felt extraordinarily stimulated and elated by the mere contemplation of such nobility. He had done this for her—for her—and she had been thinking of him as callous, arrogant. Tears rose to her eyes and dripped down her cheeks at the sense of her own unworthiness. Yet she was not at all unhappy.

She felt tenderly toward the whole world—even to Mr. Bannerman, but especially to poor Ralph, crossing through those dreadful six days—a shameful memory behind him, and the ravaging anxiety about his mother ahead. She wished now she had asked more details about his mother. She might telephone him—but he'd just be asleep, poor boy. Then she had a more daring idea—she might telephone Paris.

It was midnight. She thought hard about the difference in time. Five hours—but which way? Was it seven o'clock in the evening in Paris, or five o'clock in the morning? This was the sort of question she never thought out for herself—she asked someone like Dick. But now there was no one to ask. She sat leaning her chin in her hand, thinking about the sun. It rose in the East—coming up over Russia, over Austria, over France; noon was earlier and earlier as you went east, the sun came there sooner; so time was later and later; how very confusing—at this minute perhaps the sun was rising over Paris, and she really couldn't telephone Mrs. Semmes at sunrise.

SHE slept very fitfully, and was awake by six o'clock. She thought that if she heard that Mrs. Semmes was better she might have time to telephone Ralph before he sailed, at least to radio the good news to his ship. Of course, if the news was bad—

She could hear the local operator's surprise when she said she wanted to speak to Paris—no, not Paris, New York; Paris, France. Mrs. Gorham Semmes, at Neuilly, near Paris. No, not a person-to-person call—just her house.

She waited impatiently. No one would hear the call in the sleeping house—six o'clock here, but eleven o'clock in Paris. Then at last it came, a high, sharp voice: "Yes, this is Mrs. Semmes—who is it?"

Letty answered, "I want to know how Mrs. Semmes is."

"Never better, thank you. I'm very well. Who is this? They said New York was calling."

"I heard you were ill, Mrs. Semmes."

"Is this Sylvia, or Grace?"

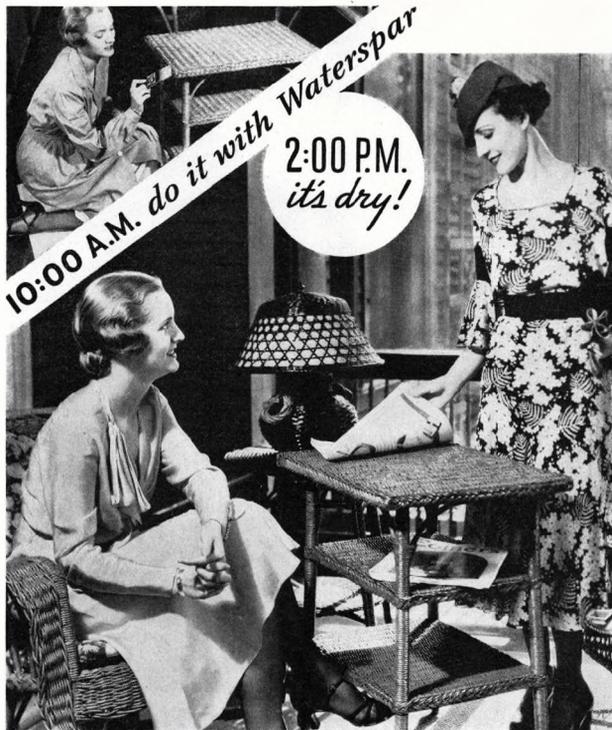
"You're not ill?"

A laugh. "I never was better in my life. Is this a joke of some kind? Who is calling? They said—"

Letty did something not often done with a transatlantic call—she hung up.

So the whole thing was a lie.

A few minutes later Mr. Bannerman, breakfasting early, for he had a great deal



It costs no more to use

Quick-drying Waterspar Enamel

that fits into the Wallhide One-day Painting schedule

LIKE MAGIC, your chairs, table and other furniture can take on new beauty! And be dry a few hours later, if you use Waterspar! With this Quick-drying Enamel one coat is generally ample. But even with two coats, you can use your furniture the same day!

Thousands have seen how Wallhide, the Vitrolized Oil Paint, brings One-day Painting to walls and ceilings. They wanted One-day Painting for furniture and woodwork, too. *And here it is!* Now the painters can start in the morning; paint walls, ceilings and woodwork. At the same time your furniture can be made fresh and new. Before dinner time, pictures are up, room settled, furniture dry!

Ask your dealer about Waterspar for furniture and woodwork today. It lasts longer than ordinary enamels, yet costs no more to use. See the 24 rich colors especially created to harmonize with Wallhide. Also see the 15 petal-like Wallhide colors for walls and ceilings. The remarkable Color Guides, offered free, show how to select color combinations which will make your home more attractive. Mail coupon now.

FREE!
Color Guides

Interior Decorators Color Rule and Illustrated booklet: "How to Work Wonders with Color in Your Home." Shows new color combinations by Elizabeth Parker, New York interior decorator. Address: Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co., Paint and Varnish Div., Dept. 24, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

WATERSPAR
Quick-Drying
Varnish Enamel

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS COMPANY

Paint and Varnish Division—Milwaukee, Wis.

© P. P. G. Co., 1934

Polished Plate Glass, Duplate Safety Glass, Pennonman Window Glass, Tapestry Glass, Mirrors, Ornamental Glass, Carrara Structural Glass, Cement, Calcium Chloride, Soda Ash, Caustic Soda, Fertilizer, Red Wing Linsed Oil, Corona Insecticides, Dry Colors, Sundries, Gold Stripe Brushes, Interior and Exterior Paints and Varnishes.



BARBARA WEEKS (PROMINENT MOTION PICTURE PLAYER) AND ELTON LORD

Hold on tight to that seductive smile

**MAKE IT LAST!
MAKE IT LAST!**

Be careful of "Spoon Foods"—those soft, modern foods that practically melt in the mouth, with little or no chewing.

Plan *now* to keep the youth in that smile —to ward off double chin, sagging face muscles and other tell-tale signs of age.

How? By giving the muscles of the face and neck the *regular exercise* which nature planned for them . . . the kind of exercise that they get when you *chew vigorously*—on food which *must be chewed*.

They're probably not getting such exercise now—surely not, if you're eating mostly "Spoon Foods." But there's a way to make sure that you chew as you should —and without giving up those luscious cakes, pies, puddings, salads, souffles and other soft foods, either: just add something that will *really make you chew*.

And that's where Walnuts exactly fill the need. Nothing else quite like Walnuts to induce thorough chewing—nothing like Walnuts to convert those many tempting "Spoon Foods" into robust dishes that meet every need of chewing—and look and taste better, too.

Why not try it yourself. Right now's the time to start. Your grocer has new crop Diamond Walnuts. You'll be agreeably surprised at the low prices. Order some today—and be sure you get "Diamonds"—plump kernels, full shells—your full money's worth—every time.

branded
DIAMOND WALNUTS
California's finest

LOOK FOR THE DIAMOND ON THE SHELL

THESE FREE BOOKS WILL HELP YOU . . .
Sign below, and mail for booklet of scientific facts, "What Vigorous Chewing Means to Good Digestion, Sound Teeth and Lasting Beauty." With it we also send our free recipe book.
Dept. K-25, California Walnut Growers Association, Los Angeles, California
(A pure & cooperative, non-profit organization of 7158 growers—yearly production over 75,000,000 pounds!)

Name _____ Address _____

to do and wanted to get back to his office in New York, was surprised to see the dining-room door open and Letty enter. She looked pale and wide-eyed, and though she had stopped to brush her hair, she was wrapped in a frilled garment, ampler than a dressing gown and less formal than a tea gown.

"Mr. Bannerman," said Letty, "Mrs. Semmes isn't ill."

"Sit down, Miss Osmond," replied Bannerman, "and let me give you a cup of this excellent coffee. I am glad I did not live in the days when mulled wine was the only breakfast drink."

"I have just telephoned to Paris. Mrs. Semmes did not send for her son, and never felt better in her life."

Bannerman put down his coffee cup, leaned his elbows on the table and looked her straight in the eyes. "Miss Osmond," he said, "you are a very brilliant young lady. To most people of your age I should not feel I could speak frankly. To you I can. I see you have inherited all your father's ability, with a little touch of feminine intuition. You can look at the situation rationally. If this accident were pinned on Ralph Semmes, he would never recover from it; he would be disgraced for life—drunk and leaving a man dying; Multimillionaire's Son Hit-and-Run Driver. It would be in the headlines of every paper in the country. He would never live it down."

"And will Mr. Slater?"
"Certainly he will. No newspaper will feature it in his case—they may not even mention it. The worst that could happen to an obscure person like Slater would be to lose his job. Well, he won't do that. Mr. Semmes can, I think, make your father see that Slater's job is permanent. In fact, it may really be a blessing in disguise for him. Mr. Semmes and your father are two powerful men to back a young fellow."

"Do you mean to tell me that Ralph agreed to this?"

"Not easily, I assure you. He yielded only because his father and I insisted. Miss Osmond, may I speak to you frankly, as an older man who has seen a great deal of the world? These decisions are terrible—just the agonies from which we try to shield young people: compromises; doing evil that good may come. But maturity means having the courage to take such a decision as this—looking beyond the rule of thumb, and seeing the larger truth. I know this must seem to you like a cruel thing to do, but if you think it over you see it saves Ralph, it assures Slater a sound financial future, and best of all, it preserves your happiness."

"My happiness?" said Letty.
"I need not tell you that if you took any step against Ralph, Mr. Semmes would never forgive you. The old gentleman is a little spoiled, perhaps, like many people who have never been obliged to turn their hands over to get things other men break their hearts for. Let me advise you. Forget this—let it alone. Slater has admitted that he did it. He told the policeman he had been driving the car. Even if we wanted to sacrifice young Semmes, I'm not at all sure it would be possible to clear Slater. But we can get him off with a fine—that I know. The whole thing will be forgotten in ten days—forgotten, except for the Semmes' gratitude."

Letty stood silent. If growing up was, as Bannerman said, the ability to take a decision, then she certainly seemed to be aging rapidly.

"No, Mr. Bannerman," she said, "I won't stand for this. And my father wouldn't either."

"Miss Osmond, you can't do any good, and you will only make yourself very unhappy."

"I'm going to make myself very unhappy, then," said Letty, and went upstairs to telephone to her father.

(To be Concluded)

The Old Correspondent

(Continued from Page 17)

"My name's Goodman—Don Goodman. I've wanted to know you for a long time. I've read your pieces in the Granby paper ever since I could spell my letters."

Grandma looked at him with her fixed glance, but inwardly she felt something of the glow which a mother feels when a stranger pauses for a moment to praise her children.

"I've always remembered those pieces you wrote about Thomas, the trout, who used to live in your spring. And I liked the way you proved that Thomas was a democrat, even if he didn't have Jefferson for a last name."

"Mm," thought grandma, carefully seating herself at the end of the table. "So this is how he starts to sell his dishes."

The back kitchen door opened and Lem came in, his shoes still wet with the arsenate of lead with which he had been feeding the potato bugs. He seated himself noncommittally by the side of the wood box and pretended to be looking for a little stick to stir the spray. But grandma knew right well why he was there. The stair door opened and Lizzie made her way toward the double cupboard, her dark, brooding eyes intent upon some mysterious errand. And grandma knew why Lizzie was there too.

"THIS is Mr. Wilcox," she said, one arm waving toward the wood box and the other toward the cupboard. "This is Miss Reynolds, the lady who lives with me. . . . And this is Don Goodman," she said to the other two, "a young man who's dropped in for no other reason than to tell me that he likes my pieces in the paper."
"Peels like a family reunion," said the young man, earnestly shaking hands around. "I've read about you all so often that I seem to know you. And when I read

that item in this morning's Spring Hill news—how Mrs. Wilcox wished she had some pretty new dishes—I felt I simply had to come and see you."

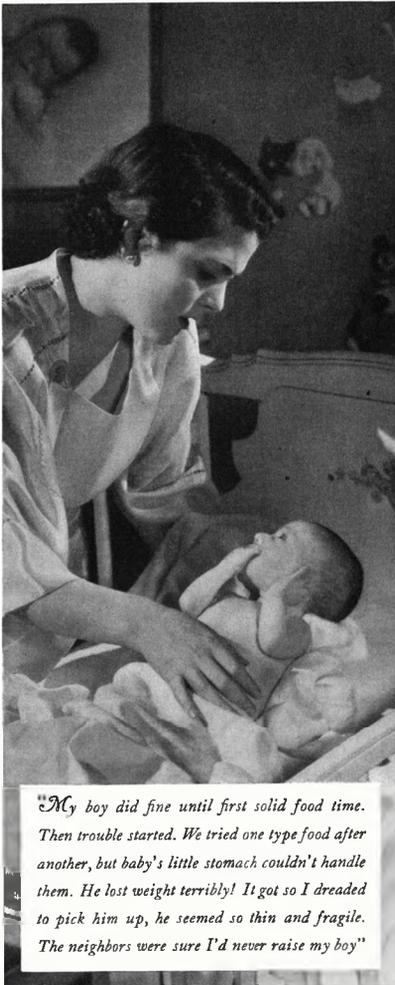
Lem and Lizzie each gave grandma a quick, shrewd glance. She pretended to be unconscious of their attention, but she knew right well why they were looking at her so.

"Now here are some of my leading patterns," he continued, opening his sample case. "Plain white with coin-gold band; your initial in gold right here in the circle. . . . Parrot and flower design; aren't those parrots beauties? . . . Fruit-and-flower design; copied from a famous old tapestry. . . . But here's the one that I particularly want to show you. It's called Old Colonial. I honestly believe that in another hundred years these dishes will be regarded as heirlooms, to say nothing of reminding us meanwhile of the early struggles of our country."

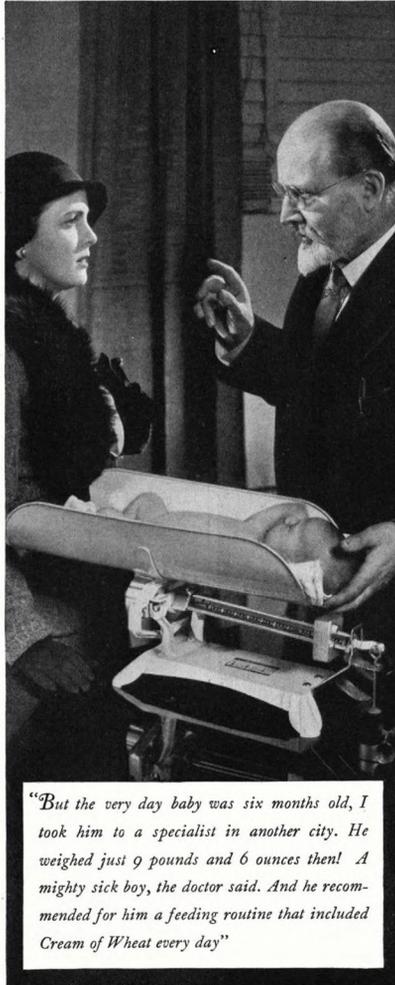
HE HELD up a plate and began pointing to its details with a pencil—no longer a salesman, but an earnest young professor at a blackboard.

"The arrangement was probably suggested by the willow pattern," he began. "But instead of being in blue, this is in soft, beautiful colors. Here you see the Mayflower. And here is Mount Vernon. A stagecoach with four horses is crossing the bridge. An early settler in a cornfield is shaking hands with an Indian who is offering him a pipe of peace. A Pilgrim aiming at a turkey. Paul Revere. Franklin flying his kite. Betsy Ross. Owen plowing. And over here, George Washington bowing to a lady, presumably his wife, in a flower garden."

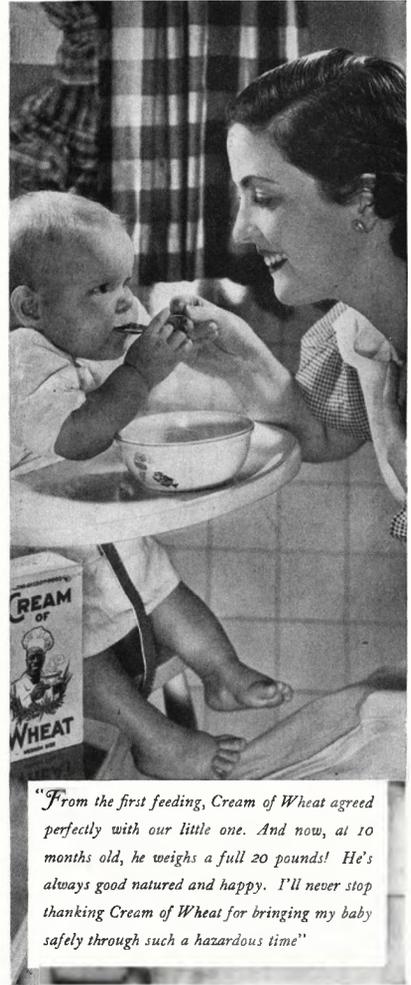
Lem scratched his chin, which in some subtle manner (Continued on Page 106)



"My boy did fine until first solid food time. Then trouble started. We tried one type food after another, but baby's little stomach couldn't handle them. He lost weight terribly! It got so I dreaded to pick him up, he seemed so thin and fragile. The neighbors were sure I'd never raise my boy"



"But the very day baby was six months old, I took him to a specialist in another city. He weighed just 9 pounds and 6 ounces then! A mighty sick boy, the doctor said. And he recommended for him a feeding routine that included Cream of Wheat every day"



"From the first feeding, Cream of Wheat agreed perfectly with our little one. And now, at 10 months old, he weighs a full 20 pounds! He's always good natured and happy. I'll never stop thanking Cream of Wheat for bringing my baby safely through such a hazardous time"

Mother, take care! Digestive disturbances at first solid food time can be dangerous!

THE EVIDENCE is written into the infant records for all to read. It shows that upsets are closely connected with half the diseases to which a child is susceptible in his first year.

That's why it is so vital, mother, to choose for your baby a first solid food that is right . . . one that will agree with him.

The choice isn't difficult. For a recent survey shows there is one first solid food endorsed by more physicians than any other . . . Cream of Wheat!

Cream of Wheat, simple, smooth, is as easy for the tiny, untried digestive system to handle as milk itself. In making it, all harsh parts of the grain are removed. Then it is cleaned, purified.

And Cream of Wheat keeps its special purity

and goodness always. For it is packed in boxes that are triple-scaled for perfect cleanliness.

Cream of Wheat for 38 years has proved itself a builder of rugged constitutions. It increases resistance, speeds weight gains. It gives the rich, quick energy a little chap needs to stretch and kick his way into happy, healthy childhood.

Doesn't your baby deserve the safe, sure start that Cream of Wheat can give?

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

HEAR ANGELO PATRI, noted parent counselor, and his helpful, dramatized talks on child guidance. Sunday evenings, 10-10:30 E.S.T., over Columbia Broadcasting System.

Free —THRILLING NEW ENERGY GAME FOR CHILDREN

Brilliant color posters of Custer, Molly Pitcher and Davy Crockett! Cut-outs of Custer's soldiers and the Indians. Head Scout's hat. Badges. Stickers in the shape of bronze arrowheads, silver drums, golden eagles. Members of the H. C. B. Club (the name has a secret meaning!) can get them all. Enroll your youngsters free and watch their interest in hot cereal breakfasts perk up. Paste this on a postcard and mail to Dept. B-80, The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Child's Name.....

Address.....



Copyright 1934 by The Cream of Wheat Corporation



CREAM of WHEAT
Costs little more than 1/2 cent a serving

Safe, Powerful Antiseptic



*Great
hospitals
use it—
Use it in
your own
home*

DOESN'T STING IN OPEN WOUNDS

YOU will feel safer when you have in your own home the powerful antiseptic that great modern hospitals use!

An antiseptic that bears the Seal of Acceptance of the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry of the American Medical Association—Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37 (1:1000).

This antiseptic has a germ-destroying power greater than carbolic acid in any usable solution. Yet a small child can swallow it accidentally without harm.

Even when poured full strength into open wounds, it does not sting or burn. And it spreads more rapidly and penetrates more deeply than many other antiseptics into the crevices of wound tissue.

Use it at once for cuts, scratches, open wounds—and teach your children to use it freely. In case of serious injury, of course, consult your physician.

And you'll be glad to know it's economical to buy. The 50¢ bottle is now a whole ⅔ bigger than before. And you get the large size for only \$1.00 instead of \$1.25. Prices are slightly higher in Canada. Buy a bottle today at your druggist.

*Among the prominent
hospitals using Hexylresorcinol
Solution S. T. 37 are:*

The Woman's Hospital of Baltimore
Washington, D. C., Emergency Hospital
New England Medical Center, Boston
New York Infirmary for Women
and Children
Episcopal Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital,
Washington, D. C.
The Pittsburgh Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Grace Hospital, Detroit
Grace Hospital, New Haven, Conn.

HEXYLRESORCINOL SOLUTION S. T. 37

Made by **SHARP & DOHME**



(Continued from Page 104) seemed to give off a dull buzzing sound of hostile criticism.

"Seems to me, young man," he said, "that if that's the Mayflower it's pretty close to Franklin's kite—both in point of time and point of distance."

The young man gave the old one a glance of earnest admiration.

"It didn't take you long to realize that the whole picture is purely allegorical, Mr. Wilcox," he said. "And this is worth noticing too: How the flowers just seem to spread out of this garden and cover the whole rim of the plate. And Mrs. Wilcox will tell you that every flower is a real old-fashioned flower, in its natural colors, such as grew in Colonial gardens. Now I want to show you what a beautiful table you can set with these dishes."

BEFORE they could stop him he was hurrying out to his truck. He soon returned, carrying a heavy wooden crate. The ease and strength with which he leaned over and placed this box on the floor didn't escape grandma's watchful eye.

"Just a moment," she said. "I'll put these pies in the oven. . . . Now, young man."

From his sample case he had drawn a white-paper tablecloth; and first placing this in position he proceeded to lay the table with the Old Colonial design. And indeed the dishes looked attractive with their delicate pastel colors—the stage-coach gayly speeding here and there, the gallant father of his country never failing to make his courtly bow.

"Of course," said Lem, speaking this time in measured, solemn tones, "you realize, young man, that you're only showing this set of dishes. What I mean is, nobody's buying it."

"That's all I ask, Mr. Wilcox, just a chance to show it," said the young man in his most earnest manner. "And then if I can arrange it so you can use it for a month without its costing you a cent, I'd like to leave it."

"How do you mean that it won't cost a cent?" asked Lem, speaking behind his horn-rimmed spectacles. "What's your line of argument on that?"

"I mean, Mr. Wilcox, that I was brought up on a farm; and nobody knows better than I do that money doesn't grow on walnut trees. To leave a set of dishes, a cash payment of one-third is required. But the way I work, I'm willing to take that payment out in trade. I'm here to sell something, and I'm just as willing to buy something. That's fair enough, isn't it?"

"Not a bad line of argument," said Lem judicially.

"Now here's a catalogue showing designs, prices and three-payment terms. But instead of taking cash for that first payment, I'll take eggs, broilers, cordwood, old furniture, burlap bags, broken-down mowing machines, junk—anything you have that you don't want and I can sell for cash. Because it's always seemed to me that trading with farmers ought to mean just that. If you want to sell something to a farmer, buy something at the same time if you can. Show him you're a real trader!"

GRANDMA was apparently studying the Colonial design, but to herself she was thinking, "Sue's picked herself a good one. He's going to get on—fast." With a glance of expectancy she looked toward the door which led upstairs, and said, "What are you giving for broilers?"

"I noticed yours as I came in, Mrs. Wilcox. They're beauties. I'll give you twenty-two cents a pound, dressed, exactly what I can sell them for in Granby." "I've got an old mowing machine," said Lem, obviously consulting the files of memory.

"I'll take it and give you a credit for what I can sell it for as old iron."

"There may be something in the attic," suggested Lizzie.

Again grandma looked toward the door which led upstairs, this time a touch of

impatience mixed in her glance of expectancy.

"You'd be surprised," said Don, "at some of the things I've taken in trade. I was over to Hetrick's on Rockville Green yesterday morning, and for part payment I took an iron dog that used to stand out on the lawn. Sold it yesterday afternoon to Abe Morowitz, the antique dealer."

Somewhere perhaps in the mysterious depths of Grandma Wilcox's consciousness, the yeast of inspiration began its leavening work. At any rate, she said in a thoughtful voice, "I know where there's an iron deer."

"Where?"

"Over in Leffingwell's carriage house. Been there for years. We used to saddle it when I was a girl, and throw hoops on its horns. Sabra Leffingwell's getting on now—she's a year and three weeks younger than I am—but she'll probably remember how we used to call the deer Casar because he had a Roman nose. And if she'll let you have it for part payment on a set of dishes—"

"I'll be glad to take it, if it's in good shape."

"Then you go over and see her. She lives in the house next door to the Spring Hill church. I'll telephone her you're coming; and if you can get an order and bring the deer back with you—well, I wouldn't be surprised if you can get an order here too." And in a louder voice, "So I think you'd better get going now, Mr. Good-man."

And then at last the thing happened which she had been long expecting. The door which led upstairs quietly opened and Sue appeared. It didn't escape grandma's watchful eye that her favorite grandchild had changed her dress to one which she had ironed the previous afternoon. She advanced slowly and shyly into the room; and grandma noticed, too, that Don looked at her as if listening to music so sad and yet so sweet that a few notes more and he wouldn't be able to stand it.

"Sue!" he exclaimed in a voice which the others had not heard before.

"Hello, Don."

"You seem to know my granddaughter, young man."

To which he could only reply with a more or less incoherent gesture.

"Then why not take her with you over to Miss Leffingwell's? She's hardly been out of the house since she came here yesterday morning. The air will do her good."

THE pies had been out of the oven more than half an hour when Grandma Wilcox drew her pencil out of the nutmeg can and started her news items for the Granby paper:

Ross Kitchell was in Hoxsie Wednesday, trading.

Mrs. Lemuel Wilcox's sister at Coventry had a poor spell Wednesday, and still doesn't feel as well as she ought.

Miss Lizzie Reynolds, the lady who lives with Mrs. Wilcox, killed a mosquito Wednesday night, which she thought was the first of the season. Tuesday night, Mrs. Wilcox was in bed and she heard one, but she didn't tell of it till Lizzie killed the one on the paper in the kitchen. Then she told of it.

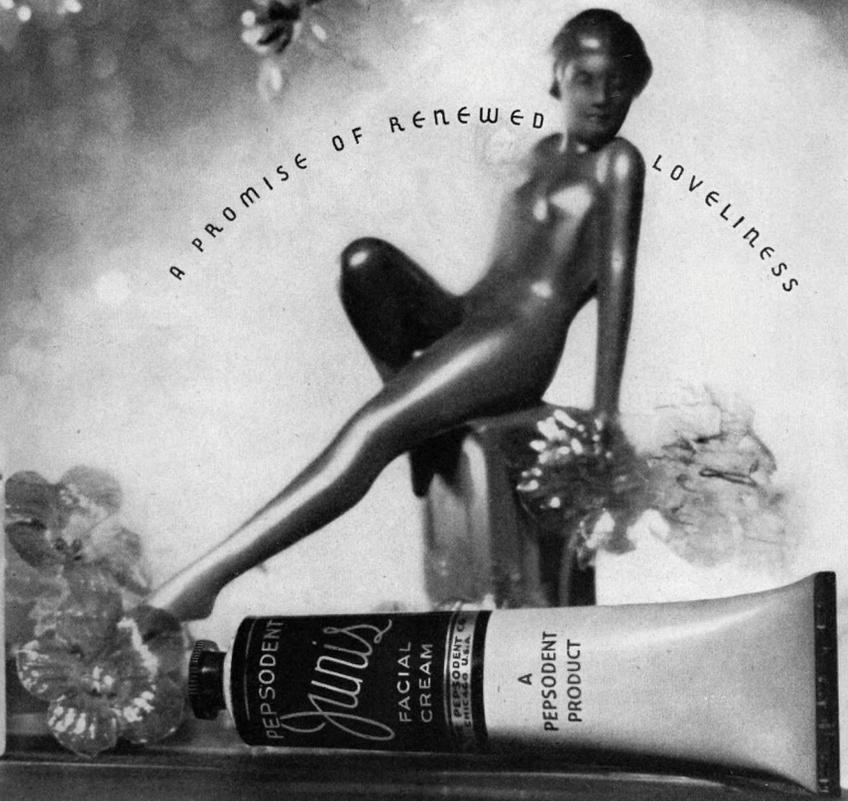
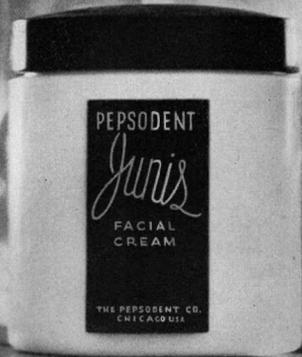
Otis Button's garden was practically ruined by deer the other night. Otis is well over seventy and the loss of his garden is no slight matter to him.

Charles Corwin has a bad arm. Something bit it.

The rattling of a truck over the elm-tree roots caused the old correspondent to look quickly through the window. Don and Sue were returning from Miss Leffingwell's; and in the back of the truck, riding with stately immobility, was Casar of the Roman nose. Grandma Wilcox swiftly returned to her writing:

The deer are growing more hardened every year. There is one making its headquarters in the huckleberry swamp below Lemuel Wilcox's garden, where he comes out every afternoon just as the sun goes down. The damage caused by deer each year is past all rime or reason. And we are taxed by the state to protect them! (Continued on Page 109)

A PROMISE OF RENEWED LOVELINESS



A new idea... then thrilling proof of how this discovery enriches skin

That's why women are thrilled about this new
face cream that does such unusual things

A SCIENTIST thought of it—thought of it for months before he finally tried it.

"Why," he asked himself, "can't we give back to skin the natural softening substance that is lost with age? This substance gives young, firm skin its freshness and allure. I'll get some in pure form—put it in a fine, rare facial cream—have women try it."

That's what he did. How skins grew clearer, stirred again with renewed life is now a part of beauty history. How age lines melted into the smooth skin of youth—and how "crepey" skin improved in texture has been told and retold by a million women.

Sebisol—newly developed

This scientist purified the natural skin-enriching substance and named it *sebisol*. It was so scarce that we had to search the world to find a sufficient supply.

Sebisol is vital to every living cell. It is a natural

substance skin creates to keep itself soft, smooth, and pliant. That, we believe, explains why Junis Cream does thrilling things. Why skin grows softer, smoother, exquisitely appealing in a fortnight. Whether *sebisol* alone brings these results we cannot say. But this we know by women's statements: Pepsodent Junis Cream does for their skins what other creams do not.

You need no other cream

As you apply Junis Cream feel it penetrate and cleanse. Feel it soften and refresh. Note how rapidly it spreads—so light in texture. Thus you realize why Junis Cream is both a cleansing and a night cream.

We invite you to make this test

Try Pepsodent Junis Cream, at our expense. We believe you'll be delighted



with results. We believe Junis Cream will thrill you as it has two million other women who have tried it. Don't neglect an opportunity that has so much to do with charm and feminine allure. Send the coupon for a generous test supply today.

THE PEPSODENT CO., CHICAGO

FREE
GENEROUS SUPPLY

We want you to try Pepsodent Junis Facial Cream and see how truly revolutionary it is.

THE PEPSODENT CO., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago
This coupon is not good after Sept. 30, 1934 J-104

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ 4302

NOTE: This offer is available only to residents of the United States.
Only one tube to a family.

JUNIS CREAM IS A PEPSODENT PRODUCT

Millions of feet begged for mercy!

AT THE CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR

—and millions of women paid the painful penalty of wearing shoes that fail to protect the outer arches

This was the great lesson at the "Fair." It has centered nationwide interest upon Selby Arch Preserver Shoes—the correct shoes for women's feet—the shoes that protect the vital outer arches and dress the feet in smartest fashion.

Bridge—an exclusive patented feature—built right into the Selby Arch Preserver Shoe. It supports the vital outer arch, where feet so frequently fail; where chronic pains and aches begin. Yet it in no way interferes with the stylist's design. This firm support, together with a perfectly flat inner sole, gives the foot a natural tread-base. You walk as if barefoot—with the comfort nature intended—and in shoes that reflect fashion's latest trends.

Forget all previous impressions of so-called "comfort" shoes. You can now have both comfort and fashion. Visit your Selby shop or leading department store. The beautiful Selby models for spring will delight you. But note this: It is the S-E-L-B-Y—the only genuine Arch Preserver Shoe for women that offers such a wonderful combination of comfort and style.

See that it bears this trade-mark on the sole. THE SELBY SHOE COMPANY 1033 7th St., Portsmouth, Ohio, U. S. A. Selby Shoes Limited, Montreal, Canada. Green Shoe Co., Boston, makers of Arch Preserver Shoes for children.

DO YOU realize how far you walk every day of your life? From five to seven miles is the average distance covered by the average woman! Just in walking around the house and going ordinary places! It's true. Scientific pedometer tests have proved it.

Is it any wonder that feet become sore, tired and painful; that life is made utterly miserable for the woman who wears the wrong shoes . . . shoes that are not correctly designed to protect the vital outer arches?

Selby Arch Preserver Shoes enable you to enjoy the thrill of every activity in which comfortable feet and shoes of becoming appearance are essential.

The secret of Selby comfort, Selby styling and Selby popularity is a tiny, invisible, feather-light Arch

Selby



ARCH PRESERVER SHOES
Consider your feet. Wear Selby Arch Preserver Shoes and see your chiropodist regularly



"Let's go for a Walk"

A new oxford, using two materials and novel lattice effect to form the eyelets. Prices \$9 to \$12.50 (Slightly higher west of the Rockies)



SOMEBODY CALLED THEM "WORLD'S FAIR FEET"

FREE BOOK!

Eliza Gumpson answers 3000 questions. "Why should I wear Arch Preserver shoes?" in our newest booklet. Don't miss it. A post card will bring you a copy free!

(Continued from Page 106) "There!" she thought, sealing the letter. "Now I must borrow that iron deer for a few days. And I wouldn't be surprised if Sue's young man will help get him down in the huckleberry patch—but he mustn't know what for."

IV

THE grim-faced ostrich and the nervous young setter had seen another day crossed off Kane Brothers' calendar. The clock above the couch pointed to five minutes to six. Lizzie Reynolds was putting the finishing touches to the supper table—a table beautified by the new Colonial dishes.

It was a display which would have delighted an earnest student of the old American scene. There was a plate of sliced ham, one of roast beef, and a platter containing the disjointed members of two young cockerels who had never learned to crow. There was a dish of piccalilli, one of chowchow, and a pint jar of pickled onions gleaming through the glass like dreamy moonstones. There was also a bowl of cucumber and onions, white bread, brown bread, an unbroken ingot of golden butter, wild-grape jelly, peach conserve, plain cake, solid chocolate cake, and side dishes for anyone who wanted beans. An empty skillet was on the stove, and by the side of it a mound of cold mashed potatoes was waiting to mingle its fragrance with that of the coffee-pot as soon as the proper moment of the evening ritual had arrived.

"He won't be long now," thought grandma, unsteadily emerging from the pantry and glancing through the kitchen windows at the setting sun.

From the front room floated the sound of a piano and two voices—one bass, the other treble—rendering a potent ballad which bore the name of Sue's mother on the cover. "And now to think her own baby's singing it," thought grandma, and blew her nose, a resonant blast, to keep her eyes clear for the important business before her.

Don Goodman had been invited to supper that evening, and his was the bass which was now supporting Sue's reedy soprano.

A CAR came down the road from the four corners. Grandma's eyes were waiting for it when it rolled into sight past the corner of the barn.

"Yes; he's come," she thought, frowning as she looked at Gus Albard at the wheel—a dark, lean-faced figure who kept his eyes straight on the road ahead. "And he doesn't even look at the house. I could tell he was mad when I phoned him yesterday afternoon that Sue was staying with me for a while." She stood at the window a moment or two after the car had passed. "Yes; he's come," she thought again, "just as I knew he would. And yet, what all the man? Hasn't he sense enough to know that every hunter in town would guess that he'd be here this afternoon after the piece that I put in the paper? But oh, no; and I wouldn't be surprised if that's the reason, right there, why he never got along with Sue, or with anybody else, for that matter. He can always see his own purpose, but he can never make allowances for anybody else's."

She steadied herself against the side of the window, her glance reflective, a shrewd sparkle of humor glinting now and then from under her fine brows. Lem, she knew, was hidden behind the southeast corner of the wall which separated the garden from the huckleberry patch—a corner where he sometimes waited for woodchucks in the spring. And Caesar, too, was ready to do his part, standing there, a noble antlered figure of nervous inquiry, among the bushes of the pasture.

"Gus will go through the woodlot and come in back of the swamp," she thought. "Won't take him long. It's time I got that young man started."

A minute later, her stick in her hand, she was laboriously making her way through the orchard, Don Goodman by her side. The young man was carrying a shotgun, which seemed to surprise him, and grandma's hand was a small box camera

which Lizzie had given her on her last birthday.

"She's always at me because I've never used it," explained grandma. "So now I'm going to practice on you. I want you to go down to that barway where we took the deer through yesterday. You can see him from there. And when you get to the barway, I want you to stop till I give you a signal. Then, while you're shooting toward the deer I'll take your picture. I want to get the whole setting if I can, so it'll be a picture of the farm as well as a picture of you and the deer. Now I'll stay here on the brow of the hill, and you go down to the barway."

"Won't the shot hurt the deer if I hit him?" asked Don.

"No; Lem says there's nothing but bird shot in those cartridges. They'll hardly carry fifty feet. Now I'll stay here, but down you go, and wait till I wave my hand."

She had stopped on a gentle rise of the orchard, which overlooked the fields below. Screening herself behind a dwarf crab apple, she kept watch of the brush below the woodlot on the other side of the pasture. There was no breeze, no breath of air, that evening. Yet presently she saw a young birch gently waving in the brush, then another, and a third.

"HE'S coming, crouching low," thought grandma, her pulse beginning to throb with an excitement which, even at that moment, she knew she would pay for on the morrow—that throb of excitement which hunters know when the game draws near. "He's back of the pin oak now. He can see the deer from there—can see Don too. It's time to take that picture."

Still screened by the crab from the watchful eyes of the warden, she pointed the camera and waved her hand. Don Goodman raised his gun and squinted shrewdly along the barrel. The next moment the echoing crack of a shot broke the stillness of the sunset and Caesar went crashing over on his side among the bushes. Grandma made her way to the barway as fast as her knees would let her. But Gus was there first.

"So it's you," he was saying; and as grandma told herself before she went to sleep that night, "I know I'm an old fool, but for just a moment I felt real sorry for him, but then I remembered how ornery he'd been to Sue, and I began to feel good again."

"Of course you know you're under arrest," continued Gus.

"What for?" asked Don, beginning to stare.

"Oh, shooting deer out of season"—this in a large, casual manner—"hunting without a license."

Don was about to protest when he caught sight of grandma's vehement gestures over the warden's shoulder. So he waited until she reached the barway.

"What's going on down here?" she asked.

"Nothing," said Gus, his manner larger and more casual than before. "Just caught this man shooting a deer. He's under arrest and he's going with me. That's all."

"Shooting a deer!" scoffed grandma. "I know he wasn't shooting a deer!"

"WELL, well!" exclaimed Gus with sportive irony. "Then I must have been dreaming when I watched him shoot it—and heard him shoot it—and saw the deer fall!"

"Saw it fall where?" snapped grandma, pretending to be angry.

"Right over there in the bushes! Not a hundred yards from where we're standing!"

By this time Lem had joined the group—Lem, who had coiled up the length of fence wire with which, both feet braced against the garden wall, he had been the cause of Caesar's crashing fall, one end of the wire, in a loose loop, caught around the tip of a horn. But Lem, treasuring his speech, made mention of none of these things. He stood there, a patient, owlish little figure, watching grandma over the top of his horn-rimmed spectacles, watching her with an (Continued on Page 111)

The well-dressed Leg by PHOENIX

● Debutantes are walking these "Doggy" this Spring



There's a bite in this one. Collie, Spaniel, Greyhound and Setter are not really dogs at all. They're the names of Phoenix "Doggy" Hosiery colors, new for Spring! *Spaniel* is a rich beige, with a lot of personality. *Setter* is lighter, but with a little more warmth. *Collie* is a lovely light beige. And *Greyhound* is a dependable, faithful neutral, that likes everybody. All these Phoenix "Doggy" are very friendly with all the new Spring costume colors—reds, greens, blues and black. Pick your favorite "Doggy" in Phoenix Hosiery—85c to \$1.95. Try "Everyday" sheers for walking, No. 705, \$1.

● Advice to Pedallers



Bicycling, roller skating and walking are still favored by the Fun-Loving Leisure Class for exercise. The latter like Phoenix for almost any kind of sport because it's reinforced where wear is hardest. Yet it always manages to look becomingly frail and feminine! "Tipt-toe" and "Duo-heel" are the names of these little wear-for-ever devices that make Phoenix Hosiery so sturdy. (And so popular with gentler sportswomen who don't feel like ladies unless they're wearing silk.) This "long mileage" foot distinguishes

even the sheerest of Phoenix Hosiery. Try Phoenix "Standby," one of the service sheers, No. 772, \$1.25 the pair.

● Ring-around-the-hose-y no longer smart



Here, at last, is the clear, even-textured stocking that women have been waiting for—Phoenix Shadowless Hosiery. Not a ringin sight! You can buy Phoenix Shadowless Hosiery for \$1.25 to \$1.95 the pair. Ask to see "Fluff," No. 779, \$1.25.

● Satin forecast... sleek and shiny!



Very pretty—but hazardous. In these contour-revealing Satins of Spring, you'll look terribly bumptious if you're not careful about your stocking tops. Phoenix Custom-Fit Top fits like the skin, whether you're tall, short, plump, slim, or just average. Its two-way stretch fabric moves east and west, or north and south, or both, according to your need! You'll enjoy perfect comfort, enviable grooming, when you wear Custom-Fit Top. It comes *only* in Phoenix Hosiery. Ask to see "Mist" super-sheer Shadowless suede for evening, No. 796, \$1.95.

PHOENIX HOSIERY
with CUSTOM-FIT TOP



*and you'll just
fall in love
with my new kitchen!*

... "only 9:30 and it's already in 'apple pie' order . . . dishes washed, dusting done, and the floor as clean as a table top. Every day I am more and more thankful that I began my decoration with an Armstrong Floor . . ."

A beautiful kitchen simply *must* begin with a beautiful floor. And nowhere will you find a floor more soul-satisfying in color and design than one of Armstrong's Linoleum.

Nowhere will you find a floor with

a better sense of duty, either! Years of wear will not dim its cheerful colors. The things that even good cooks spill will wipe right off. Daily dusting and occasional waxing (with Armstrong's Linogloss) is all the care it needs to keep it sparkling.

Before you complete your plans for "sprucing up" the kitchen, see the smart new designs in Armstrong's Linoleum Floors at your local merchant's. Let him tell you exactly how little they cost, cemented over lining felt—installed for years of service.



This charming kitchen floor is Armstrong's Inlaid Linoleum, Design No. 1650. The wall is Armstrong's Linowall, Design No. 702. Natural Color Photograph.

BEAUTIFUL ROOMS BY THE BOOKFUL! "Floor Beauty for New Homes and Old" shows how well Armstrong Floors serve as the decorative basis for every type of room. Full color. 32 pages. Includes specification sheet for above kitchen. Just send 10¢ (20¢ in Canada) to Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 976 Mary Street, Lancaster, Pa. (Makers of cork products since 1860)



Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

FOR EVERY ROOM  IN THE HOUSE

PLAIN • INLAID • EMBOSSED • JASPÉ • PRINTED • ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS and ARMSTRONG'S LINOWALL

WALLS of LINOWALL

are lovely, soil-proof, permanent and inexpensive

Linowall is durable and washable—its bright beauty never grows old. Linowall is soil-proof and stain-proof, ideal for kitchens, bathrooms, and playrooms. Ask for Armstrong's Linowall at your linoleum dealer's.



(Continued from Page 109) admiration which even fifty years of married life had not entirely destroyed.

"All right," she snapped again. "If you're so sure you saw the deer fall, let's see it."

"You're sure you'll believe it when you see it?" asked Gus; and striding over the pasture he led the way, dour enjoyment written large upon him.

But when they reached the side of the fallen Caesar, it was grandma's turn to enjoy herself.

"If you mean this," she shortly laughed, "we just put this thing here so I could take a picture of Don pretending to shoot it. And you come rushing over like a wild man to arrest him!"

"No, sir," thought Lem, watching the swift change of expression on Gus's dark face, "he ain't feeling nearly as good as he did."

"A NICE story for the Granby paper!" continued grandma, more in sorrow now than scorn. "Warden Protects Iron Deer." Why, folks round here will never stop laughing at you, Gus. They'll clip the story out and mail it to the game commissioner as sure as we're standing here. And what a crowd you're going to see when the trial comes off!"

"There won't be any trial," said Gus, speaking at last in a lower voice.

"But you arrested him," said grandma. "You told me so."

"That's all right," Gus replied. "I'm letting him go now. I'm making no charge against him."

Lem cleared his throat, and when grandma saw that he was also teetering solemnly backward and forward on his toes and heels, she knew that he was winding up to free himself of some of his hidden stores of speech.

"Afraid you can't do that, Gus," he said, regretfully shaking his head. "You know, I haven't been justice of the peace here at Spring Hill for the last forty years without picking up considerable knowledge of the law."

"You arrested this young man, and published said arrest by saying you'd done so in the presence of witnesses. Well, you can't just let him go now, and think that

that, Gus? Only way to clear the record is a public trial. In other words, if you don't stand by your charges against this young man, his only recourse is to bring charges against you.

"Why, there was a case over in Rockville, I remember well, back in Judge Brown's time, and a better judge or a finer man—"

Grandma, knowing that when Lem was wound up like that he could easily keep them there by the side of Caesar till the moon came up, suddenly raised her voice and almost shouted, "Of course, so far as I'm concerned, I'm willing to do what I can to keep it out of the paper—Gus being one of the family, so to speak. And I've always said that Lem Wilcox knows how to keep his mouth buttoned tighter than any man that ever lived. And Gus," she dryly added, "isn't likely to go around talking about protecting iron deer. So the only one left is this young man, and knowing the way he feels about Sue, I don't see why he and Gus can't just shake hands and make up their minds to like each other from now on—"

Don was the first to put out his hand, but Sue's father wasn't far behind him in the gesture.

"Of course you'll stay for supper, Gus," said grandma as they started back to the house, Gus thoughtfully supporting her on one side and Don on the other. "I think Lem's got a bottle of grape wine somewhere down cellar. And I want you to see our new dishes."

V

AGAIN the clock above the couch pointed to half-past eleven, and again Grandma Wilcox was writing her piece for the Granby paper—a task which she had seldom omitted in well over fifty years. But on the morning at which we have now arrived—the morning after Caesar went crashing down among the huckleberry bushes—Mrs. Wilcox's hand moved slowly over the paper, as if some of the spring had gone out of her knuckles as well as her knees.

Fred Mott went to Beech Pond yesterday, visiting his sister, Mrs. Ella Whipple.

Timothy Shea has bought the hay on the old Tarbox farm.



ends it. Only a court can let him go now, and that after due trial and hearing. In other words, you can't act as warden, court and jury too. Don't you see the justice of that, Gus?"

"THIS young man's been publicly arrested. Question of humiliation enters in. Question of false arrest enters in. Question of damage to his reputation enters in. Seems to me that this is one of those stories that's bound to leak out sooner or later—probably sooner. Some folks will get one angle of the story. Some will get another. And all that some folks may remember is that this young man was arrested for shooting deer."

"Now—don't you see, Gus?—a story like that is certain sure to harm him. This young man does business with farmers. But if they think he's a deer hunter, they won't want him around. They might even write to his employers, and his employers might discharge him. Question for damages there—don't you see the justice of

Your old correspondent is quite feeble this morning. She guesses she did too much yesterday. She had a look at her log-cabin quilt this morning, but she put it away again.

Last night I watched the golden moon as it sailed in the deep blue sky and thought of the things that I would see if I was up on high. The little towns and the villages, the cities large and small, and all the things that I would see, but my loved ones most of all. If I were there on high. Up in the deep blue sky.

Lemuel Wilcox is quite lame this morning.

And saving the best till the last:

Gus Albard announces the engagement of his daughter Susan to Don Goodman, of Rockville Center. Susan Albard is Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel Wilcox's oldest granddaughter. She is visiting her grandparents for a few days, but your correspondent has grown so feeble that she can't do much to entertain her. Still, she does the best she can, but now and then it makes her mad that she can't do as much as she used to do when she was younger and had more spring in her knees.

Her IGNORANCE WAS ANYTHING BUT BLISS . . .
for she proclaimed a condition ABHORRENT to all her Friends*



ENTRUST YOUR *Charm* TO NOTHING LESS SURE THAN ODO-RO-NO

WHAT a shock to any nice girl to discover that her presence, because of underarm perspiration, is repulsive to every man and woman she meets.

And what a tragedy that those who most often offend can rarely detect their own offense. Shame... humiliation . . . and social defeat.

For perspiration moisture in the confined armpit forms an acid that ruins dresses and turns friends against you. And your daily bath is no help after the first few minutes.

But Odorono, a doctor's prescrip-

tion, protects you so completely that your mind is free of all fear of offending. And by checking, completely, all underarm moisture, it saves dresses from ruinous stains.

ODO-RO-NO IS REGULAR

For quickest, most convenient use, choose Instant Odorono. Used daily or every other day, it gives complete, continuous protection. For longest protection or special need, use Odorono Regular twice a week. Both have the original sanitary applicator. 35c and 60c sizes.



ODO-RO-NO

Never Fails You!

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 4-14, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)
I enclose 10c for a special introductory bottle of Odorono with original sanitary applicator.
(Check the type you wish to try) . . .
 Instant Odorono Odorono Regular

Name.....
Address.....

Gorgeous Lemon Pie without cooking!



Eagle Brand
MAGIC LEMON CREAM PIE

1 1/2 cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
1/2 cup lemon juice
Grated rind of 1 lemon or 1/4 teaspoon lemon extract

1/2 cup whipping cream
2 table-spoons finely powdered confectioners' sugar
Unbaked Crumb Crust

Blend together Eagle Brand Milk, lemon juice and grated lemon rind. (It thickens just as though you were cooking it, to a glorious creamy smoothness!) Pour into an eight-inch pie plate lined with Unbaked Crumb Crust. Cover with whipped cream sweetened with confectioners' sugar. Chill before serving.

UNBAKED CRUMB CRUST—Roll enough vanilla wafers to make 1/2 cup crumbs. Cut enough vanilla wafers in halves to stand around edge of pie plate. Cover bottom of plate with crumbs and fill in spaces between wafers. Pour in filling as usual.

Here's a lemon filling that's always perfect! Never runs. Never too thick. Try it, and you'll never make lemon pie filling the old way again!

But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.

FREE! "AMAZING SHORT-CUTS"
Cut out that astonishing recipe above! Prove to yourself that it actually works. And here and now, learn this coupon, to learn a whole new kind of cooking!
The Borden Co., Dept. LHJ44, 350 Madison Ave., New York.
Please send me FREE booklet, "Amazing Short-Cuts."

Name.....
Street..... State.....
City..... (Print name and address plainly)



3-IN-ONE!

GEE, MOM, YOUR CARPET SWEEPER RUNS EASY SINCE I OILED IT WITH 3-IN-ONE!

3-in-One lightens housework—prolongs the life of household devices. As it lubricates it cleans and prevents rust. Get some today!

IN NEW HANDY CANS AND BOTTLES

ASTER SEED FOR TRIAL
I offer something new... A **WHITE** Resistant Strain of Asters Immune from **Wilt Disease**. Now anyone can grow Asters. Also making **World-Wide-Tast** and will send **Sample pkt. (200 seeds) Glaze Flowering Mixtures**, 10 colors. Free if stamp is enclosed for postage.
1934 Seed Book with 7 Discount Coupons included.
F. S. MILLS Seed Grower, Box 46, ROSE HILLS, N. Y.

Wedding Invitations or Announcements
100 script lettering \$2.50
including two sets of envelopes
100 Visiting Cards \$1.00

Write for samples

DEAF-NEW
GEM BONE AIR CONDUCTORS

GEM develops amazing new type hearing aids with accurate tone control and **Full Powered Amplifier**. Small, light, easily concealed. Hear every sound distinctly. Reasonably priced. Guaranteed.

Write or call for special offer and **FREE** valuable booklet "L."
GEM EAR PHONE CO., 47 West 34th Street, New York

ELSIE JENKINS SYMINGTON

SUGGESTS ANOTHER GARDEN-CLUB PROJECT FOR SPRINGTIME

FLOWER MARKETS

A SPLENDID project for garden clubs everywhere in the spring of the year is the flower market. Held on some sunny street corner, accessible to the public at large, such an informal sale offers plants, seedlings and other things used in gardens, and though the purpose is, of course, to raise money, there are also many other advantages.

The flower market offers opportunities to city dwellers to examine and buy on the spot from experienced gardeners the proper plants for their yards and window boxes. It also admits of much profitable conversation "over the counter." Trusting the greater experience of the garden-club member who is selling, the purchaser asks advice about the planting and care of her plants and is introduced to many varieties entirely new to her.

A small flower market can be organized at short notice. Arrangements may be made at one garden club meeting and the market held on the day scheduled for the next meeting. If there are a few club members who raise their own plants from seed, their surplus will probably provide a sufficient stock of seedlings, and so on, for one day's sale. If not, contributions may be solicited from near-by nurserymen. These plants, set out on tables in a front yard located in a garden-loving community on a warm day in early

spring, should sell well. A poster announcing the sale put up in the yard a week or two beforehand will probably help.

Flower markets today range in size all the way from such informal little ones to the large ones held in Philadelphia, Baltimore and Cleveland.

As far as we know, Baltimore was the first American city ever to hold a flower market, thanks to one of her enterprising ladies who many years ago returned from abroad filled with enthusiasm over a street market she had seen in France. She began murmuring about the charm of such a market if it might be held in her own city around the base of its Washington Monument, and so at the intersection of four very busy streets. Those who first heard her laughed at the idea. She continued the murmur until she finally persuaded herself that it could be done. Her vision enlisted the cooperation of the mayor, the park board, the highway engineer, the street-cleaning department and the police. The growth of the undertaking has proved the need of the participation of each one.

The first market consisted of only a few tables set up at the monument's base. Today gay booths stand close together end to end in a great circle, while others straggle out in four directions at right angles to the main ring. The colors of these latter mingle delightfully with the trees and shrubs planted in areas laid out years ago to provide perspective for the monument's shaft.

For sale now in the market can be found many things which do not grow in the

ground—something for every age and for almost every taste. There are ponies to ride, kites to fly, besides balloons, a grab bag and a Punch-and-Judy show. Pretty young waitresses will serve you with milk, lemonade, cake and sandwiches or a full-sized lunch.

Of course, all things which have ever been known to be used in a garden are offered for sale—knelling cushions, flower stakes, plant protectors, anything that has to do with birds, cat and squirrel traps, garden smocks, hats and gloves, tools, flower vases and watering cans.

There are two eminently important factors in a large flower market's success: a clear day and an efficient general chairman. The first just happens, or doesn't, as the case may be; the second develops through experience.

When the market grows to city-wide proportions, as the Baltimore one has done, its organization is very much like that used by an army before an offensive attack. Everything must be ready at the zero hour, which, with the market, is about ten A.M. By that time purchasers have already begun to arrive at what yesterday was an empty street and the day before a traffic jam.

When the market is being run by all the local garden clubs jointly, the president of the state Federation of Garden Clubs will probably become the market's general chairman. If this is not practical, she should appoint someone to serve in this place. We will call the one occupying this position the general. Her busy time begins when from among garden-club members she chooses her majors and allots to each one the job which she thinks she is best fitted to do. She will depend enormously on these women, who, after some instructions from her, will probably be held entirely responsible for the division of which they are in charge. It will be found best to have these majors meet with their general quite frequently until all plans are definitely made.

In Baltimore the divisions of work are as follows: Program and Publicity; Decorations; Construction; Lunch; Drinks; Booths; and such features as Toys, Pony Rides, and so on, each feature with a chairman of its own. Cooperating with this efficient organization now are the public schools, the Junior League, societies of artists and the Baltimore Dairy Council.

The first step necessary in planning a large flower market will be a visit to certain of your city's officials. Probably wisest for this purpose is a small committee appointed from the clubs which first decided to promote the affair. The permit to hold the market will come from the police commissioner; the order for diverting traffic from the highway engineer. While in most cases these officials will have the power to arrange things for you, it might save

PLANT EARLY

BY MARION STURGES-JONES

I'm sure there never was a spring
When garden lovers did not wing
Their hands, and talk about the
frst,
And say the seedlings would be lost
Unless we had more sun, less rain—
Or else less sun; it's all the same.
When weather's grand for you and
me
It's just too bad for plant and tree.

In April, gardeners all look dour;
Meantime, their gardens quietly
flower.

(Continued on Page 114)

"My husband has found a lovelier wife— it's Me!"

"MY LUCKY NIGHT, I call it—that night when my husband held another woman close in his arms, his lips whispering . . .

"You're ravishing—that flashing smile."

"Lucky? Yes. For I, dancing close behind, *overheard*. And while it stung—it stung me into thinking. He used to say that to *me*.

"Then it came to me in a flash. My teeth that used to be so beautiful . . . they *had* become dull and dingy.

"I was terribly unhappy—but suddenly a ray of hope came. I remembered reading about the 7 different kinds of stains that food and drink leave on the teeth.

"And how these stains accumulate, little by little . . . insidiously building up, discoloring teeth. I remembered reading that most toothpastes didn't remove them all. That Colgate's *did*—completely.

"Well, I used Colgate's—faithfully. And in a few days the dinginess disappeared . . . my teeth became again beautifully white and lustrous . . .

"And before long, Jim was saying to me . . . 'you've got the old gorgeous smile back again, honey. Gee, you look swell!'"

**Don't let the 7 stains mar
the beauty of your teeth.**

Most toothpastes have only *one* cleansing action. All stains on teeth *cannot* be removed by any *one* action. But Colgate's has *TWO*. An *emulsive* action, that removes some of the 7 kinds of stains. And a *polishing* action, that gently removes the others.

So, where most toothpastes fail—Colgate's *completely* removes the 7 stains. Makes your teeth beautifully, lustrously white. Leaves your breath sweet, too. Your mouth refreshed! And Colgate's is the most economical of all good toothpastes. Now the large-size tube is only 20¢ everywhere, every day. Try it! See the difference Colgate's makes in *your* teeth—*your* smile.

If you prefer powder, Colgate's Dental Powder also has the TWO cleansing actions. It gives the same remarkable results and sells at the same prices.



Many a woman has had her beauty marred by the 7 stains on teeth . . . and has seen that beauty emerge again as she removed the 7 stains with Colgate's.



**How to end
Baby's mealtime
tantrums!**



IS STRAINED spinach the signal for weeping and wailing at your house?

Does baby turn up his nose at his fruits and vegetables—and cereals too, perhaps?

Then, Mother—here's a practical suggestion you'll be thankful for:

**Change to
CLAPP'S**



BABIES who refuse home-cooked vegetables take Clapp's like little angels! For babies like the taste of Clapp's!

And these smoother, better baby foods are rich in vital elements. The fine selected vegetables and fruits used are cooked in glass-lined kettles—air-tight to protect vitamins and mineral salts.

Ask your doctor about Clapp's. Then, at a druggist's or grocer's near you—get some for your baby!

**Clapp's 15 Foods
for Babies:**

In the New Enamel Purity Pack



Baby Soup Strained, Baby Soup Unstrained, Vegetable Soup, Tomatoes, Asparagus, Spinach, Peas, Beets, Carrots, Wax Beans, Apricots, Prunes, Apple Sauce, Beef Broth and Wheatheart Cereal.

Send for FREE BOOK!

HAROLD H. CLAPP, INC.
Dept. 22, Rochester, N. Y.
Please send me your free book, "Before Your Baby Goes On Vegetables"

Name.....
Street and Number.....
City..... State.....

(Continued from Page 112) trouble to make sure that the mayor is on your side. The heads of both of these departments are directly responsible to him, and unless they feel fairly sure that he will approve the undertaking they might hesitate to grant permission.

To equip a flower booth it is first necessary to decide on a color scheme for its decorations. If this is to be blue and green, for instance, ageratum might prevail against a background of ferns and green-oilcloth-covered shelves. This decision must be reported as early as possible to the booth major.

Next in order come the promises of those things which club members will contribute to the booth, such as seedlings, small plants, cut flowers, or money with which to buy these things. If such promises are made at an early garden-club meeting, it will be the better part of wisdom to make two lists of the items then offered, one to be kept by the chairman and one by the contributing member.

With any money in hand visits should be made to those florists with whom club members deal. Often they will either contribute or sell to good customers at cost such plants as geraniums, rosebushes and begonias—things which members do not contribute unless they boast a greenhouse.

Most salable at the Baltimore Flower Market are the following plants: Zinnias, snapdragons, heliotrope, candytuft, dahlia roots, petunias and geraniums. One year my booth did a big business in myrtle plants which someone, probably, trimming back a patch of it, cleverly sent in.

It is not necessary to restrict activity in the market to those who are members of garden clubs. As soon as the general and major have made all preliminary plans, they enlist the help of anyone in the city who has energy and ability. In order that a large market shall be a success it must be a city-wide affair. The more groups called on, the greater the interest will be.

Artists should be encouraged to show their work and to allow the market to sell it on commission. In some cases they might manage a booth for this purpose themselves. Many young people should be drawn in, either as waitresses or to help with the children's features. All seedsmen—in fact, any tradesman carrying garden supplies—will gladly cooperate, either allowing the sale of his stuff on commission, or for advertisement's sake contributing certain articles or selling them at cost to a booth chairman he knows.

For the chairmen and lieutenants in charge of flowers, the day of the market becomes a unique experience. Arriving down town before the city is really awake, and so witnessing more of the day at their stand than any of their customers, they become strangely imbued with a feeling of proprietorship. If when they start to unload it threatens rain, the utmost courage

is necessary to set their wares out on the lightly canopied shelves waiting to receive them; but if the morning is balmy and smells of sunlight I know nothing more intriguing than to make ready and invite people to buy what you are sure holds out happiness to them.

For the real flower lover, however, the sale of seedlings can be an embarrassing experience. The staunch little plants look so willing to do their best, the purchaser already seeing them as a mass of bloom is so willing to believe, that the veteran who is selling them finds herself caught between the temptation of an easy acquiescence and her own honest knowledge of the perils ahead. A purchaser, for instance, wants some columbine to plant on a sunny bank. "But columbine likes the shade," the veteran modestly advises. "Well, I have no shade and I just love columbine. Those strong plants should live anywhere. Give me two dozen, please."

In regard to nomenclature, one's anguish can become quite acute. A box of seedlings has been marked "heliotrope," and so most of those who are selling at the booth believe them to be. The veteran, however, knows them to be lantana, and an orange variety at that. A purchaser approaches wreathed in those peculiarly blithe smiles common to all prospective gardeners during the first spring of their new interest. She wants some heliotrope to plant among her pink geraniums and so carry out the lavender-and-pink color scheme of her newly decorated porch. She approaches the lantana, admires it, and makes ready to fill her basket with the plants. Shall the veteran interrupt the blissfully ignorant younger gardener who is selling to a customer not only satisfied but enthusiastic over what she has bought?

Probably experienced gardeners should be given the job of labeling all plants. Then they might be saved the horror of hearing cosmos recommended by neophytes as nigella, blue phlox as forget-me-nots. My mental pictures of some of the window boxes for which mismatched plants have been carried home often haunt me on June evenings when I am enjoying the quiet order of my own flowers.

This market is not only a test of accuracy in the knowledge of flowers, of executive ability and of salesmanship; it is a great opportunity to observe human nature as it really is. With baskets on their arms, hopeful souls trudge to the flower booths from every section of the city. A motorman wants a plant to set in his window; a seamstress wants to fill a box outside the room where she sews; a faded woman dragging behind her two rather forlorn children wants something that will grow on a fire escape where the sun never shines. Most of them ask and believe us who sell to them as if, being members of garden clubs, ours were a divine order of infallible wisdom.



THE FIRST FLOWER MARKET IN BALTIMORE CONSISTED OF A FEW TABLES. TODAY GAY BOOTHS SELL EVERYTHING USED IN A GARDEN

NO POLISHING

Quick Drying

61

FLOOR VARNISH

When we say no polishing, we mean NO POLISHING. "61" requires no attention for years. Dries in 4 hours with a rich, NON-SLIP luster. It is heatproof, marproof and waterproof! Get it at paint and hardware stores. Pratt & Lambert-Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

PRATT & LAMBERT
VARNISH PRODUCTS

For luscious vegetables plant

FERRY'S

PUREBRED VEGETABLE

SEEDS

Your neighborhood store sells them in fresh dated packets for only... **5¢**

SOW DEPENDABLE

GRASS SEED says

Solve your lawn problem now. Re-seed with the Dreer Lawn Grass—a famous mixture of the finest new-crop seeds which have been blended scientifically and re-cleaned to eliminate worthless chaff.

DREER'S 1934 GARDEN BOOK

400 pages, 25¢; qt., 45¢; 4 cut., \$1.40; pack, \$2.50 — postpaid.

Send now for your FREE copy of the 216 page Dreer's 1934 Garden Book, the one complete guide to successful gardening.

HENRY A. DREER
193 Dreer Building
1306 Spring Garden Street
Philadelphia, Pa.

BUIST'S SEEDS

FAMOUS FOR 106 YEARS

"GET ACQUAINTED OFFER!"

4 Beautiful Gardens for 10¢

Write today for FREE ILLUSTRATED GARDEN GUIDE & CATALOG.

144 Pages. Complete Planting Instructions and 3 Generous Packets of Mammoth Cosmos, Mixed Gaillardia & Dwarf Zinnia. Send only 10¢ to cover postage.

ROBERT BUIST CO. DEPARTMENT 2
Philadelphia, Pa.

DISSTON Pruning Guide

Valuable expert advice! Control your roses, flowers, shrubs, trees for greater wealth of garden beauty: Why, when, how to prune, and the tools you need. Complete Guide, free. Write today! Henry Disston & Sons, Inc., 416 Tacony, Philadelphia.

FREE

3 Giant Zinnias 10¢

3 best colors, Scarlet, Yellow, Rose

1 pkt. each (value 30¢) postpaid for only 10¢. Guaranteed Seeds. Burpee's Garden Book FREE.

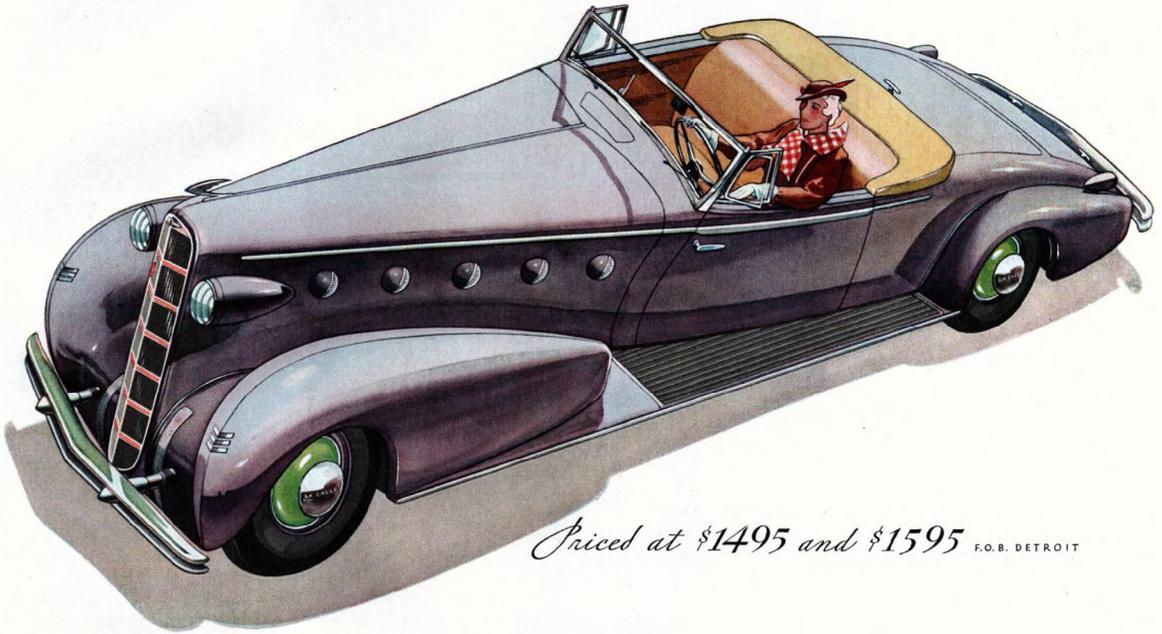
W. ATLEE BURPEE CO., 834 Burpee Bldg., Philadelphia

Maxwell's 425

Grow fancy White Queen Mushrooms in cellar, shed. No experience needed. Big demand. Write

AMERICAN MUSHROOM INDUSTRIES LTD., DEPT. 491 TORONTO, ONT.

Lucky Lady!



Priced at \$1495 and \$1595 F.O.B. DETROIT

We call this lady lucky because she has, for her very own, the most beautifully streamlined car in the world—La Salle! And, too, there is not, *anywhere*, another motor car so ideally suited to a woman's personal use. ✦ With all the earnestness of which we are capable, we say to you this: if anybody *ever* offers to buy you a motor car—or if you *ever* decide to buy one for yourself—by all means, choose a La Salle. ✦ It's the easiest to handle, the thrillingest to drive, and the most beautiful to look at of all the cars anywhere. ✦ And, of course, it's a *Cadillac* product in the fullest meaning of the word—and *all* its bodies are by Fleetwood, the foremost builder of custom bodies in the world.



LA SALLE

THE NEW ANNUALS

THE two by far most successful recent "hits" among annuals are the sweet-scented double nasturtium, Golden Gleam, and the gloriously colored and gracefully formed marigold, Guinea Gold. The thousands of admirers of Golden Gleam will be interested to know that the California introducers of this variety have a new counterpart of it to be known as Scarlet Gleam, which will be ready for distribution next season, and are working on the perfection and fixing of many other colors. A race of new double hybrids, from another source, containing many charming colors, will be available this spring. As these are first-generation crosses, there will be some singles, but they promise a great thrill for those who are impatiently waiting for new double nasturtiums.

A brand-new calendula, *Chrysanthus* (Sunshine), bids fair to mark as great an advancement toward a more artistic form in this splendid annual. The gracefully arranged, incurving petals make it entirely distinct from all other calendulas, and in color it is a pleasing light golden yellow. The plant is of vigorous habit, attaining a height of two feet or more. In addition to this new form, calendulas are offered in a number of new soft pastel colors—called by the catalogue makers "art shades."

The line between annuals and perennials, never hard and fast, is constantly becoming less marked. A few years since we had the "annual" hollyhock, and last year the annual Canterbury bell, the latter available this season in two "fixed" colors—Angelus Bell, a deep rose, and Liberty Bell, a violet blue. In anchusa Blue Bird the lovely anchusa shade of blue is brought to the annual garden.

The annual butterflyweed, *Asclepias curassavica*, from the American tropics, blooms in five months from seed, and in form, foliage and its glorious burnt-orange color closely resembles our native perennial butterflyweed, *Asclepias tuberosa*.

The popular coneflower, or rudbeckia, is usually thought of as a perennial, but there is an annual form: the new varieties My Joy, orange yellow, and Kelvedon Star, deep orange, with flowers four to five inches across, are far superior to anything heretofore available. *Hibiscus irionum*, with cup-shaped sulphur-yellow flowers three to four inches across, blooms in less than four months from seed.

We have had annual scabiosas, but the new variety, Loveliness, surpasses any of its predecessors, and in addition to its beautiful salmon-rose color has extra long, strong stems and a delicious fragrance to recommend it as a cut flower.

A number of fine annuals heretofore somewhat restricted in their use because of the long time required to get them into flower have been made much more available by breeding them for earliness. One of the most outstanding examples is the early-flowering cosmos, introduced a few years ago. This Early Colossal or Mid-summer Giant strain, blooming nearly two months sooner than the older kinds, seemed to give all we might have expected in this direction. But now we have the still newer Express Pink, which frequently flowers in less than sixty days from seed.

The new early-flowering giant snapdragons, which can be had in a good range of separate colors, begin blooming two to three weeks ahead of the regular type. This early-flowering quality should be an advantage in sections where the plants are likely to be attacked by rust. Sweet Wivelsfield dianthus—result of crossing *Dianthus allwoodii* and *D. barbatus*, the old



CALENDULA CHRYS-
ANTHA

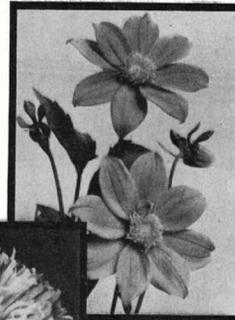


COLTNESS HYBRID
DAHLIA

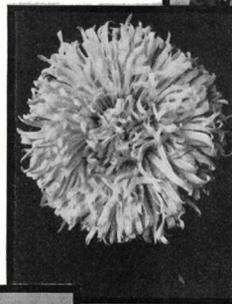


PINK GEM PETUNIA

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM
J. HORACE MC FARLAND



UNWIN'S DWARF
HYBRID DAHLIA



LOS ANGELES ASTER



A NEW FRENCH MARIGOLD—
JOSEPHINE



BURPEE'S DOUBLE HYBRID
NASTURTIUMS

BY F. F. ROCKWELL

favorite Sweet-William—flowers the first season from seed sown in the open.

Though not strictly annuals, among the most satisfactory of all flowers to grow from seed are the miniature, dwarf or bedding dahlias, some of which, such as the new star-petaled Orchid-flowering, begin blooming in as short a time as three months from seed sowing. Others of this type are Mignon, Coltness Gem, Coltness Hybrids and Unwin's Dwarf Hybrids, which are semidouble.

Asters highly resistant to the dreaded wilt have been developed. Both the Crego and the Giant-branching types, in a wide range of colors, can now be obtained, and work is proceeding with other types.

New colors and new forms of many old favorites continue to come from the hands of the plant breeders. One of the most striking is a salmon-pink salvia, called Welwyn. Unlike its several sisters of the annual red-flowered *splendens* type, it does not clash with every other color in the garden, and undoubtedly it will receive a wide welcome. Blue Bedder is a compact growing form of *Salvia farinacea*, which should be handled as an annual, but started early. A distinct achievement in petunias is shown in the new Japanese types, Triumphant and Victorious; both belong to the "all-double giant-fringed" type, with a remarkably high percentage of densely double flowers, the former being of regular petunia habit, and the latter dwarf and compact. More important to the average gardener is the American variety Pink Gem, forerunner of a new miniature type of petunia, only half a foot or so high and very compact. It received a gold medal in the All-American awards.

Other winners and runners-up in the All-American selections include the new giant aster, Los Angeles, shell pink, and the variety Silvery Rose; the verbenas Danneberg, Spectrum Red and Cerise Queen; larkspur Rosamond, a pure rose; linaria Fairy Bouquet; the tulip poppy (*Humemannia*) Sunlight; chrysanthemum Eldorado, a golden yellow; and a new type of marigold, Dwarf Monarch. This seems to be another marigold year, for in addition to these the new African all-double type and several new French ones, including the charming single Josephine and the brilliant Fire Cross, are offered. The striking new nicotiana, Crimson Bedder, less than a foot and a half tall, makes a new departure in this popular flower.

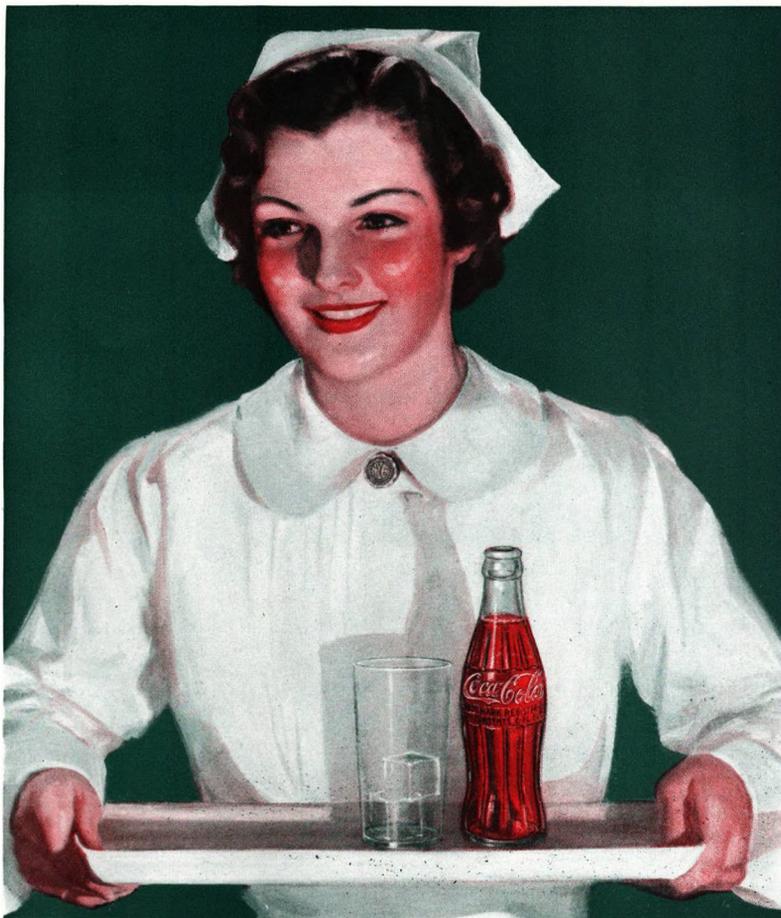
One of the most gorgeously colored of all the newer annuals is the Mexican sunflower, *Tithonia*. It is not a plant for the small garden, as it grows some eight feet tall, making a good background or screen. The three to four inch flowers are orange-scarlet, surrounding a raised disk of golden yellow. Long-lasting, and with good stems, it makes an excellent cut flower.

The several charming daisylike flowers from Africa continue to gain in popularity, and several new ones have been added. *Venidium fastuosum*—Monarch of the Veldt—has orange flowers with black central disks, borne on two-and-a-half-foot plants with soft gray-green foliage. *Ursinus anethoides*—Jewel of the Veldt—orange-yellow with a deep purple crown, can now be had, in the new hybrids, in a number of shades. Equally charming is the little *Ursinus pulchra*, with very finely cut fernlike foliage, and covered with bright-eyed orange daisies. All of them like the full sun, and bloom continuously—in fact, taken up in the fall and potted, will go on flowering cheerfully in any sunny window.

Just a drink but—what a drink. And so today ice-cold, refreshing Coca-Cola is served as a beverage in leading hospitals. It fills a need. There's wholesome buoyancy in its life and sparkle. Its tingling, delicious taste meets a happy welcome wherever it is served.



For your own home, order a case (24 bottles) from your dealer.



COCA-COLA CO., ATLANTA, GA.

"Something that will refresh you"

Drink
Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing

Served in Leading Hospitals

5¢

- You can be sure it is pure and wholesome. Coca-Cola is a pure drink of natural products, with no artificial flavor or coloring. Complying with pure food laws all over the world.



Relief

in one minute

FROM PAINFUL FEET -

CORNS CALLOUSES BUNIONS SORE TOES



It makes no difference which of these foot troubles you may have—or how painful or long-standing they may be—Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads will give you joyful relief in ONE MINUTE!

All you need do is apply one of these thin, dainty, soothing, healing, protective pads to an aching corn, painful callous, tender joint, sore toe, throbbing bunion, irritated instep or chafed heel—and foot comfort is yours!

THEY STOP THE CAUSE AT ONCE

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads stop the cause of these foot troubles—shoe friction and pressure—by cushioning and protecting the sore spot. They soothe irritated nerves and inflamed tissues and prevent corns, sore toes, blisters and abrasions. "Breaking-in" discomfort of new or tight shoes is avoided, enabling you to walk, dance or go with complete comfort.

QUICKLY REMOVE CORNS AND CALLOUSES



For Corns—Sore Toes

NOW, to quickly and safely remove corns and callouses, use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate Medicated Disks included in every box for that purpose. One or two applications and the hard, dead skin can be lifted right off painlessly! Don't cut your corns or callouses and risk blood-poisoning. Avoid harsh and caustic preparations—they can cause acid burn.



For Callouses

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are absolutely safe. They are made under Medical and Orthopedic supervision in the largest institution in the world devoted exclusively to the feet.



For Bunions

Get this double-acting, double-value treatment today. Sold everywhere. Accept no substitute!



For Soft Corns

SPECIAL SIZES AND SHAPES—THICK

for hammer toes, very large joints and thick corns and callouses. In addition to the regular thin sizes, Dr. Scholl has perfected a new series of Zino-pads "THICK" for removing pressure and friction of shoes in exceptional cases where the regular sizes are not of sufficient thickness to give complete relief. Ask for them by number.



42 for Hammer Toe
16 for Thick Corns
25 for Tender Joint Behind Little Toe.

Dr. Scholl's ZINO-PADS

Put one on—the pain is gone!



38 for Thick Callouses
28 for Large Bunions

HAVE YOU OTHER FOOT TROUBLES? Dr. Scholl has formulated and perfected a Remedy or Appliance for every foot trouble—assuring quick, safe relief. Ask your dealer. Write for valuable booklet, "The Feet and Their Care". Address Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. 69, 213 W. Schuller St., Chicago, Ill.



PHOTOGRAPH FROM J. HORACE McFARLAND
SHIRLEY POPPIES

THE GAY AND GORGEOUS P O P P I E S

BY LOUISE BUSH-BROWN

Few flowers offer such a wide range in both form and coloring as do the various members of the poppy family, and they are amazing in their adaptability. There is a poppy for every clime and every garden, and a succession of bloom can be had from early spring until late autumn. The piquant and dainty Alpine poppies, used in many a rock garden, are the first to come into flower, and the lovely Iceland and Spanish poppies soon follow, adding their share of bloom and beauty to the spring. June is resplendent with the gorgeous, brilliant flowers of the Oriental poppies, and the lovely Shirleys and gay Eschscholtzias bloom until cut down by heavy frosts.

The Eschscholtzias—California poppies—are among the gayest of our summer-flowering annuals. The flowers vary in color from cream through yellow to a golden orange. Many of the varieties which we have today are, however, hybrid forms and offer a much wider range of color, being obtainable in shades of ivory, delicate pink, rose, scarlet, crimson and deep burnt-orange. The plants of Orange Prince reach a height of nearly two feet, and the flowers, which measure nearly five inches across, are borne in great profusion. Ruby King is a deep, rich, ruby red, and Flame is a gorgeous orange-scarlet, while Gaiety is a brilliant red on the outer side of the petals and a pure white within. Among the more delicate shades we have Queen of the Buffs, a lovely clear apricot-buff in color; Rosy Queen, a deep rose on the outer side of the petals and a lighter shade within; while Enchantress is a double variety of soft, rosy carmine. The variety known as Miniature Primrose is an exquisite little thing, the flowers being a pale lemon-yellow, and it is delightful when used as an edging plant or in the rock garden.

The Eschscholtzias are of very easy culture. Although they love a light, sandy soil they will thrive remarkably well in soil of almost any type, and they will give an abundance of bloom provided they are planted in full sun. The seed may be sown in early spring or in autumn—preferably where they are to flower.

The Hunnemannia, or Mexican tulip poppy, is found growing wild throughout Mexico and Central America, and while it is perennial in its native home it will not survive our Northern winters and is consequently best treated as an annual. The foliage, which is finely cut, is a soft gray-green in color and the plants are upright and rather bushy in habit of growth. The flowers are distinctly cup-shaped in form and are a clear, buttercup yellow.

The Shirley poppies are a distinct strain developed from the little corn poppy which is found growing wild throughout Europe and Asia. They belong to the genus *P. rhoeas*, and among them we find many exquisite varieties.

The plants are very branching in habit of growth, reaching a height of about two feet and bearing a profusion of flowers. The various types vary considerably in form and coloring, some being single while others are very double, and the colors range from pure white through salmon-pink, apricot and rose to the deeper shades of red. The single varieties are far more beautiful than the double forms. Indeed, there are few flowers more exquisite than the single Shirley poppy.

The Shirley poppies are not exacting regarding soil or location, although they thrive best in a light, sandy loam in full sun, and they like a free circulation of air. The flowers are borne on long, slender stems, and the buds droop until just shortly before they open. If the green, fuzzy calyx which incloses the bud fails to break away in time to allow the flower to unfold when it is ready, the petals become crushed and crumpled and eventually rot. This is more apt to happen during damp, rainy weather than during brilliant sunshine.

The seed may be sown either in the early spring or in the autumn, and the young seedlings should be carefully thinned. The seed of both the Eschscholtzias and the Shirley poppies may be sown over tulip bulbs in the autumn; and in late May, when the foliage of the tulips is beginning to die down, the poppies will be ready to spread their gay color over the beds.

The Alpine poppy—*P. alpinum*—is a dainty and delightful little thing and is particularly well suited to the rock garden. It reaches a height of hardly more than four inches, and many of the blooms are almost stemless. The plants are very hardy, being natives of the high Swiss Alps. They must, however, be given good drainage, and they prefer a gritty soil. The exquisite little flowers can be had in a variety of colorings—white, salmon-pink, apricot, yellow, orange and scarlet.

The Iceland poppies—*P. nudicaule*—are true perennials, but in many sections it seems wise to treat them as biennials, as they are apt to deteriorate rapidly after the second year, and frequently die out entirely. If planted early in the season they will give some bloom the first year, and the following spring they are fairly profligate with their flowers.

The soft, gray-green leaves form a rosettelike growth just above the ground,



REGAL RUGS

Folks tell us we've captured the rich and royal colorings and feelings of the past in these gorgeous Bigelow rugs and carpets. A King of France, or a Shah of Persia, or a Spanish grandee, might have walked on some of the very designs from which you make your choice. Others are modern versions of tried old, beautiful old, American traditions . . .

... BUT ...

. . . we've not only captured beauty; we've brought it down to earth! Bigelow rugs and carpets are available at the most moderate prices. They're a *practical* type of beauty, too. Three scientific reasons for that: (1) Lively Wool, resilient, makes patterns "foot-proof". (2) True-Tension weave binds each tuft firmly in place. (3) Fast dyes—fastest money can buy. So look for regal beauty, but look, too, for . . .

LOWLY PRICES



This mark labels **BIGELOW RUGS and CARPETS**

Impersonation of a Lady

(Continued from Page 19)

When Louise Strange let me in, at her comfortable little flat, she exclaimed, "Why, Irene, you look exhausted! I've never seen you like this! What's happened?"

"I'll tell you after you've given me your news." I tossed my hat and furs into a chair, and leaned back against the cushions of the day bed. How queer it was, I reflected, that this effortless companionship, which I had never savored more fully, should have owed its inception to the antipathy we both shared.

Three years ago, shortly after Louise had graduated from Bryn Mawr, her father, a well-known surgeon in Chicago, had been in an automobile accident which had resulted in the tragic paralysis of his right arm and hand. Hence Louise had been forced to give up the leisurely year of foreign travel which they had planned as a prelude to the serious fiction writing for which she had marked talent. At the suggestion of one of her former instructors in English, she had decided to come to a small town, both in order to fulfill the new necessity to earn her living, and to observe her fellow men at more microscopic range than a city permitted.

SHE had obtained a job on the conservative Wyckton Morning Courier, ostensibly as a society reporter, but actually, she found, to act as publicity agent for Mrs. Wyckoff, who controlled most of its stock. Her function had been to put into her columns whatever this uncrowned ruler dictated, and, more repugnant, to leave out whatever was blue-penciled. Economic pressure kept her at this distasteful task, however, until it conflicted too violently with her self-respect.

One New Year's Eve she was requested to go to the famous ball so as to describe it accurately. She canceled the party she had expected to attend, bought a formal evening gown she could ill afford, and arrived at the Wyckoff chateau punctually at eleven-thirty, to be told by the butler: "You will kindly not mingle with the guests, miss. If you wish supper, you may go to the housekeeper's room."

Whereupon, in her own words, she "blew up." Her resignation was in force, and she had joined her own friends, before the bells chimed midnight.

NOT long afterward she had secured her present position in the less sedate afternoon paper, which was one of a nationally syndicated chain, and under no compunction to cater to the whims of any particular Wycktonian. In fact, Louise's ironic references to "the czarina and her courtiers" had increased its circulation.

As I had hoped, her tidings this afternoon related to this mutual enemy.

"Mrs. Wyckoff," she said, "is the chief patroness of a huge, very dull pageant, to be given at the Opera House December thirty-first, for the benefit of the hospital. We got an advance notice at the office today, together with a lot of trips they want us to release in Friday's issue. Now listen carefully, Irene. Individual orchestra seats are ten dollars apiece, and boxes a hundred! The cards, that are to be mailed Saturday, state that all reservations and accompanying checks positively must be received by the treasurer not later than December twentieth. Clever, isn't it?"

"I'm afraid I don't understand."

"The catch to it is this: Mrs. Wyckoff never sends the invitations to her ball until Christmas Day. So all the poor goops who think they have any chance at all of being asked will take lots of tickets. They'll think that if their checks are big enough, she'll surely ask them to her house after the pageant. It's what's known, in my home town, as a racket."

I sat up. "New Year's Eve might be an auspicious date for the opening of my theater!"

Louise smiled approvingly. "I thought you might figure it that way."

I gasped. "I forgot! I can't build it! Once more I related the story.

But this time I found an ally who staunchly refused to be downed. Louise pushed her unruly brown hair back over her ears; a signal, I recognized, of earnestness.

"Thank goodness," she began, "I have no inhibitions. I'm willing to use mayhem—whatever that is—blackmail or anything else against a person who starts hitting below the belt. With which preamble, I shall now tell you something I would not otherwise mention. Properly used, it will solve your problem." She said impressively, "Ruth Wyckoff goes alone to Desmond McLean's apartment almost every day!"

I could not credit this. "Perhaps it's connected with The Amateurs?"

"Amateurs, my eye! You know they rehearse at the hotel. Besides, she slips in. Furtively is the *mot juste*. She does everything but wear a thick veil. Anyway, does it matter why she goes? It's certain her mother doesn't know it. It's equally certain she'd do anything in the world to prevent other people knowing it." She leaned nearer. "Irene, think what a fool it would make of Mrs. Wyckoff! She won't ask any girl, regardless of her connections, to that ball if there's been the slightest breath of gossip about her. The most infinitesimal rumor of any breach of 'correct behavior for the *jeune fille*' is all she needs. And her idea of 'correct behavior' dates right back to the late dear Queen, Victoria. If her own daughter—" She broke off. She said with astonishment, "But you don't seem to care for my scheme?"

"I can't explain it," I told Louise, "but it's not for me."

"ALL right." With the sensibility which was one of her many engaging qualities, she accepted this verdict as final. With the courage which was another, she added, "Let's find some more ethical point of vulnerability. I'll bet we can, no matter what the lawyers say!"

We tried to view the matter from every possible angle. Suddenly a clear picture of the Heights flashed into my mind. I have a photographic memory, and I had paid particular attention to this section, pretending it was enemy territory I must subjugate.

"I may have got hold of something," I announced. "If I could see a detailed map of the town, I'd be sure."

"There's one at the office. Come on!" Within fifteen minutes, I had the evidence I wanted. At least half of the other property owners had built as close as I, to their neighbors.

Stimulated by this fortuitous discovery, Louise searched the back files of the newspaper and found that for the past eleven summers Mrs. Wyckoff had opened the grounds of the chateau for a charity fête, admission two dollars.

THUS fortified, she telephoned the head of the Women's Nonpartisan League for Better Government. "Suppose," she asked, "you were convinced that a judge in Wyckton granted an unfair injunction simply because he was afraid of not being reappointed if he didn't. Would you look into the matter?"

A prompt affirmative ensued.

"Well, as a possible preliminary," Louise continued, "how about letting me run a story in tomorrow's paper, saying that your organization is planning a thorough investigation of the present city administration? It will show you're active, and maybe avoid the injustice I'm speaking of."

"I may? Fine! . . . No, I'll write it now. I've got to go out of town in the morning." (Continued on Page 123)

WINS Kroehler Construction ENDURANCE TEST



Withstands 1,755,000 blows by 80-pound sandbag "torture machine" . . . Test ran 117 days—10 hours daily—25 times a minute with Kroehler construction still in good condition.

READ the amazing results of this thrilling endurance test put on at the World's Fair.

Thousands of eye witnesses saw the test . . . saw a large derrick automatically dropping an 80-pound sandbag down upon luxurious furniture . . . 25 times a minute . . . hour after hour.

Upholstered furniture of ordinary construction weakened and collapsed after only 60,000 blows.

But not Kroehler! Day after day for 117 DAYS it stood up under the almost unbelievable punishment. Multiply 117 days by 10 hours, by 60 minutes, by 25 blows per minute. You'll get the staggering total of 1,755,000 jarring, crushing blows—equal to many lifetimes of wear.

That is what Kroehler furniture withstood without apparent injury to its famous flexible steel-web underconstruction. Or its exclusive spring-filled cushion construction. Or its kiln-dried, non-warping hardwood frame.

Yet this beautifully styled, smartly finished furniture is luxuriously soft, with springs that yield to the slightest pressure—as you will find when you test its seating comfort.

This is the Kroehler Furniture being offered everywhere at popular prices you will welcome. It is furniture you will prize for its beauty and comfort—and praise for its economy. See it at your nearest Kroehler dealer's store. Write for handsome booklet and name of Kroehler dealer nearest you.

KROEHLER MANUFACTURING COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
World's Largest Furniture Manufacturer



. . . crushing down 25 times a minute

KROEHLER

LIVING ROOM—DINING ROOM AND BEDROOM FURNITURE—LOUNGE CHAIRS—DAVENOS



Be a guest at your own party



"THERE — THAT MANY ICE CUBES
WILL HOLD YOU!"

"ONLY AN HOUR LEFT —
BUT I WILL BE READY FOR THEM"

1 Plenty of ice cubes — at all times — with Kelvinator's extra fast freezing and large ice capacity. Illustration shows the new Dry Cube Tray — merely bend the tray and one or all of the cubes come out easily.

2 Frozen dessert or salad to be made in a hurry! Merely put it in the World's Fastest Freezing Speed tray and it will be frozen in record time. No dials to set. Nothing to remember or forget. It is fully automatic.



"GOODNESS — DID YOU BUY OUT
THE GROCERY!"

"IT WOULD KEEP UNTIL NEXT CHRISTMAS
IN THE FROST CHEST!"

3 Large storage capacity which makes it possible for you to buy foods in quantity — AT QUANTITY PRICES. And note, that here, for the first time, is the refrigerator with a place for everything. No dials to set.

4 The "fourth" refrigerator is a compartment where you can keep fish, meat, game, or an extra supply of ice cubes indefinitely at below freezing temperature. No dials to set, nothing to remember or forget. It is fully automatic.

YOU CAN . . . WITH FOUR REFRIGERATORS

WITH a Kelvinator in the kitchen, you can stay out of the kitchen and enjoy your party as much as any of your guests.

The 20th Anniversary Kelvinator, "4 refrigerators in 1," makes entertaining easy—and less expensive. And this is true, not only of entertaining, but of the daily conduct of your home.

The four illustrations above show why you need all four of the refrigeration services which you get in a Kelvinator. It is like having four separate refrigerators, each designed for a different purpose and each fully automatic in its operation. But, with a Kelvinator, you get all four in the one cabinet—at the price of one.

In addition to this exclusive "4 in 1" principle, the 20th

Consult your Classified Telephone Directory under "Refrigeration—Electric" to locate our dealer

Anniversary Kelvinator presents a long array of unusual and exclusive "features." For instance, the Food Fly, which includes the Crisper for vegetables and salad greens, the Dairy Section for butter, eggs and cheese, and the Thrift Tray with its attractive containers for left-overs. Here you "file" foods, under ideal conditions, just as letters or receipts are filed for safe keeping and ready reference. You will also want to see the new Water Cooler and the new refrigerated Pastry Set.

The 20th Anniversary models are now on display. Be sure to see them before you buy any refrigerator. And ask about the ReDisCo Monthly Budget Plan . . . KELVINATOR CORPORATION, 14250 Plymouth Road, Detroit, Michigan. Factories also in London, Ontario, and London, England.



KELVINATOR

4 Refrigerators in 1

(Continued from Page 121) I'll drop by with it for you to see before eight this evening. . . . No, I'm sorry I can't dine with you. I'm going to Mrs. Carr's. Yes, she would be a grand member. I'll ask her. Good-by."

She hung up. "Something else for you to join, Irene, but worth it."

Now I called Lincoln Clark. I told him of the many precedents for my infringement of the building clause. Also, the excellent precedent for nonobservation of the restriction against "places of amusement." On eleven separate occasions Mrs. Wyckoff had even charged admission for hers, whereas my audiences were to be invited, and not, of course, to pay. Did he, I inquired, think these arguments would carry weight?

He replied regretfully, "I doubt it. As I told you, it's not a matter of justice."

"Then what about this?" I asked quickly. "The nonpartisan league of women voters will investigate any judge who issues the writ." Louise passed over a slip of paper on which she had been writing. I read it verbatim. "The Evening Standard will play up the story on the front page and the whole Wyckoff fortune isn't big enough to prevent their printing the whole truth!"

"THAT," said the lawyer, "might do the trick! I'll get in touch with Judge Keller right away and suggest that he convey your message to his client. . . . And may I say that I certainly admire your pluck?"

I felt, however, anything but plucky. I felt enervated; the excitement with which I had pursued my cause had drained away, leaving me as lifeless as a sick person from whom the stimulation of high fever has suddenly departed. As if from a long way off, I heard Louise call the hairdresser and break her appointment. I protested vaguely, "It's all my fault. If you didn't have that interview to write —"

"Don't be silly." She gathered up a pad of yellow paper. "This is worth all the finger waves in the world! Anyhow, no one will look at me!"

At the entrance to her apartment building, she nudged me. "Here's Ruth Wyckoff now!"

I glanced out of the window just in time to see the girl hurry out of the lobby, the collar of her coat turned high around her neck, her head down, revealing by every movement her disinclination to be recognized.

"I feel guilty," I told Louise, as she prepared to get out, "at putting you to all this trouble simply because I couldn't bring myself to use—that!"

"Nonsense! Let me tell you one thing, Irene Morrell Carr—I'm the one who's under obligation to you. You've recalled to me something I've been in danger of forgetting lately." She stood on the curb, and looked in at me, ready for flight when she had finished her unwonted sentimentality. "You've shown me today that there are still a few fine people in this world of wolves. So there!" She slammed the car door defiantly.

All the way home I relished this tribute. I must, I vowed, endeavor to deserve it always!

IX

I FAILED the first test which presented itself. Don confronted me in the hall. "Where in the world have you been all day?"

I did not want to bring up a controversial subject when I was tired and longing to rest. I answered, "Oh, I saw Helen Young, and just now I've been with Louise Strange."

"You certainly have catholic tastes. I can't understand your liking that Strange girl so much. She's so messy looking."

"She's ten times as intelligent as Helen," I retorted, starting up the stairs.

Don followed me. "Well, at least Helen's intelligent enough not to have her hair scraggling."

"Because she has plenty of time and money. Louise works like a dog." I felt

a sharp qualm as I realized that tonight it would be her work for me which would prevent her neatness.

Close behind me, Don entered my room. He asked Maggie to leave until I rang.

When we were alone, he said formally, "I find that I was mistaken, Irene, in what I said this morning. I apologize. We will have to stop building the theater. It was very careless of me not to have looked into the matter thoroughly before we started."

My resentment of the episode at the club kindled anew, but I forced myself to say, "Let's not discuss it now. I want to lie down before I dress."

He moved toward the door. With his hand on the knob, he turned.

"You see fit to grant me so little of your time, that I trust you will pardon this intrusion."

THE sudden comprehension that I had hurt him assuaged my own wound. I ran over and pulled him back to a place beside me on the chaise longue. I felt almost maternal as I assured him that no other person meant anything to me in comparison with him. I yearned to say, "All that I am doing, my dear, is for you! So that you'll be proud of me! So you won't think I'm a failure in the world you care about!" But I kept quiet; never could I attain this end, if I disclosed the strategy by which I was endeavoring to reach it.

Involuntarily, I yawned. Don kissed me, then got up. "You'd better take a nap. And I'll bathe first, so you can have a clear field for all your powders and perfumes!" He even remembered to ring for Maggie.

We smiled happily at each other. As I heard the water running, I thought, "It's wonderful how, when you love someone, little things like that, just because they're thoughtful, can make up for differences of opinion about big things."

Maggie switched off the lights and opened the windows. "It's like old times, Miss Irene, when you used to sleep for an hour between a matinée and an evening performance."

After she'd gone away, I thought, "Oh, this life is far more hectic than that!" I breathed deeply of the cool, fresh air. . . . I awoke, refreshed, when she knocked on the door to say it was half-past seven.

As she slipped over my head an unusually satisfactory dress of pale tea-rose satin, which had just arrived from my New York dressmaker, I thought uneasily of Louise, hurrying, unaided, into her one evening dress, which was bound to look shabby in this company.

"MAGGIE, get out that yellow brocade. The one with the long, full skirt and the square bodice," I said. "I've never worn it."

"Oh, Miss Irene, it's very handsome, but it doesn't suit you."

"I'm not going to change. I'm going to see what you and I can do in the way of costuming. Tell Pierre to send Miss Strange straight up here before she takes off her wraps."

When Louise came in, I explained: "I'm trying to get some practice for making up The Amateurs."

Obediently, she took off the lavender beaded frock, and sat down in front of the dressing table, a towel over her bare shoulders and another tightly around her hair. I removed the too-light powder and the too-dark lipstick from her face, and replaced them with others which harmonized with the delicately warm bronze and rose of her skin. Maggie then sprayed brillian-tine on her hair, and brushed assiduously, until it was transformed from a dull brown to a lively chestnut. She shaped it with a hot iron, then skillfully curled the ends.

Arrayed in the yellow dress, which looked as if it had been designed for her, Louise stared into the full-length mirror, an expression akin to awe in her leaf-brown eyes.

"Can that vision be me? I feel like Cinderella!" She glanced down at her slippers, which luckily happened to be



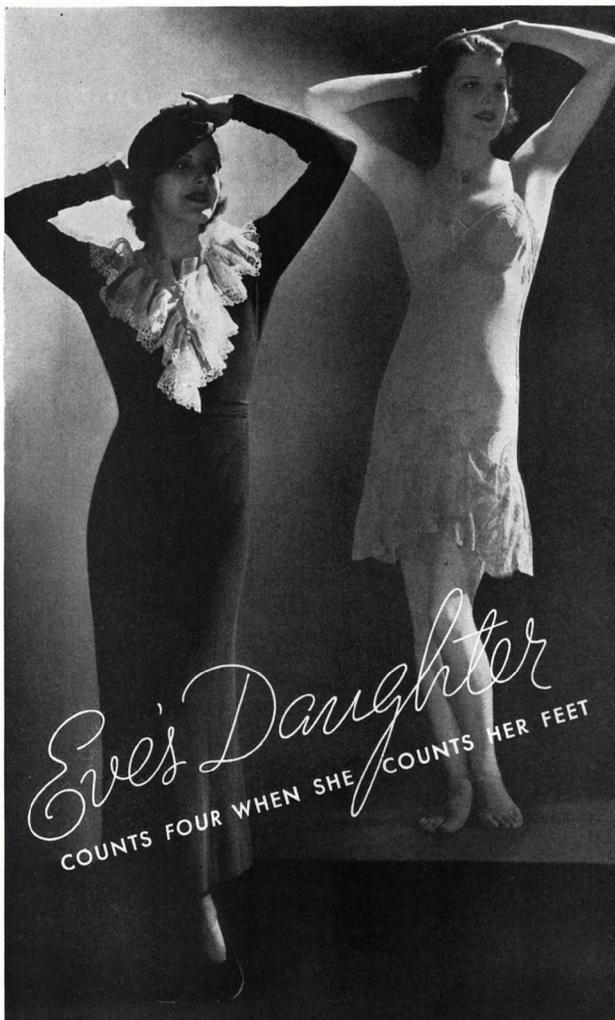
VASSARETTE Foundations are made for young figures . . . and to make figures young. They have an effective way of making mothers look like their daughters' sisters.

Whether your curves are merely a subtle suggestion or a solid fact, you'll like yourself much better in a Vassarette. Either a hip-slimming girdle or a supple, compact all-in-one . . . free but firm . . . gentle but very persuasive. Wear them constantly. Wash them easily.

Only Vassar can make Vassarettes. Always look for the name. In corset departments, \$5 to \$15. Write for the name of a good store near you where Vassarettes are sold. The Vassar Company, 2509 Diversey Avenue, Chicago.

LEFT: A new Vassarette Girdle . . . short, light and sturdy. The slip-over Bandeau can be adjusted for uplift as desired. RIGHT: The Vassarette Formal Foundation . . . perfect for backless evening gowns but practical for daily duty.

VASSARETTE
FOUNDATION GARMENTS



Eve's Daughter
COUNTS FOUR WHEN SHE COUNTS HER FEET

LOOK AT YOUR BARE FEET—you modern daughters of Eve! Step on them. Watch them spread and change size and shape as you walk. Now look to your shoes. Were they fashioned to fit your "walking" feet as well as your "sitting" feet? If they are Red Cross Shoes you can be sure they fit your feet in action and repose. For Red Cross Shoes follow the natural lines of the foot—hug the heel, add grace and beauty to the arch and allow for the give and take of your feet as you walk.

Come...visit the Red Cross Shoe Dealer near you. See the sparklings, new, custom-looking, custom-fitting Red Cross Shoes for Spring. Be amazed that the price of these superb shoes is still \$6.50. Or send for interesting new Red Cross Shoe booklet. Address, THE UNITED STATES SHOE CORPORATION, Dept. J-44, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

RED CROSS SHOES

FIT ALL FOUR  OF YOUR FEET

The KASKADE... an extra smart version of the four-eyelie, distinguished with pin-point perforations and contrasting underlay. In blue, black and brown kid.



\$6.50

\$6.85 DENVER WEST

gold and tried to laugh. "I must remember to lose one when I leave."

"Come on," I said. "We're late. All the Prince Charmings are waiting."

I expected to have Don at least raise his eyebrows at me in acknowledgment of Louise's surprisingly *soignée* appearance, but as we advanced into the drawing-room, where everyone but the Youngs had assembled, he greeted her with the disinterested courtesy he always accorded her, and deliberately failed to respond to my smile of understanding.

"What," I wondered, "has gone wrong now?"

FRANCIS WYCKOFF was the last of the guests to whom I spoke. "Who is she?" he asked, nodding toward Louise. "She's wonderful looking!"

Knowing that the surest way to crystallize his interest was through his sympathy, I sketched her background.

"You certainly have a genius for finding attractive people," he said. "Here I've lived in Wyckton all my life and never knew such a girl existed."

"Better make up for lost time and go over and talk to her now," I suggested. "She doesn't know anyone else here but Desmond."

He moved off, willingly, and Carl joined me. Making sure he could not be overheard, he said, "I'm afraid I've made a *gaffe*. I was the first person here, and when Don started talking about the theater, I took for granted he knew you'd seen Clark at my place. Then, afterward, I realized he didn't."

"That's no *gaffe*," I prevaricated. "I simply haven't had a moment yet to tell him about it."

I was disturbed, not alone by this unfortunate presentation of the incident, which Don was now bound to resent doubly, but I was almost more agitated by the suspicion that Carl might not have acted in good faith. I knew too well how easily a canny and unscrupulous outsider could foment matrimonial discord. Was it possible he was less like the great Medici he fancied he resembled, than like Lorenzo's compatriot, Machiavelli?

STILL undecided about his motives, I went forward to welcome Fred and Helen. She looked radiant; she wore the green frock, and had added a necklace and wide earrings of jade and seed pearls.

The difficult ordeal of introductions was at hand. I had worked out a technic which tonight I needed to follow most carefully. Capitalizing my position as a newcomer, I pretended to be unaware of the nuances which separated one Wycktonian from another. Therefore I did not assume the Youngs knew Francis and Marie, although of course they did, but I named each person in exactly the same tone.

Everyone was talking animatedly when Pierre gravely announced, "*Madame est servie.*"

Louise, standing near me, whispered, "He really is priceless!"

"I wish we had him," Francis had overheard. "Our man speaks pure cockney."

"Don't I know it?"

I had seated them next each other at the round candle-light table; now, as I talked to Fred Young, on my right, I caught enough snatches of his conversation to know that Louise was relating, without rancor, but, instead, with full emphasis on his humor, her one experience at the Wyckoff house.

He laughed heartily, but even after partners had shifted, and he was presumably conversing with me, he could not stop turning to look at Louise, from time to time, as if unable to believe that such a charming creature could have undergone this treatment.

Dessert was being served, when Pierre informed me *sotto voce* that a Monsieur Clark had so urgent a desire to speak to me on the telephone.

I excused myself and hurried to the pantry extension.

"It's been quashed! Settled out of court!" he announced jubilantly. "Judge Keller just rang me up from Mrs. Wyckoff's to say she withdraws her objections *in toto* and you can go right ahead with the theater. Congratulations, Mrs. Carr. If ever a Fortia came to judgment!"

I wanted to shout with joy. Nor could I refuse, when he said his wife wished to speak to me a moment.

Mrs. Clark, with commendable brevity, asked if I would put up Sir Arthur Scofield, the noted English author, whom the Current Events Club had engaged to lecture on December thirtieth. "You've traveled so much more than any of us, and—it sounds snobbish, doesn't it?—you have a butler. So we thought he'd enjoy staying with you more than anywhere else."

I said I would be glad to have him. When I had returned to the dining room, I mentioned this part of the message.

"I thought we were going to entertain him," Francis said. "I mean, we did the last time he was here."

DESMOND, two places away, cried, "Irene! It's the hand of Fate! We'll do his curtain raiser before my play. And with Sir Arthur Scofield actually here, it will give the whole performance great *cachet*."

"I'll give you a good write-up," Louise promised. "I'll make Sir Arthur criticize your play favorably, and then send the interview to our New York paper."

"When is all of this to happen?" Helen Young asked. "I wouldn't miss it for anything!"

I spoke distinctly, "We've decided that the best time will be New Year's Eve." I rose, afraid that Donaldson might voice the objection which I knew he felt. "We're not going to be conventional," I said. "We'll all have coffee together in the library. After that, you men can go to Don's study."

I filled the fragile cups, and told Desmond to take one over to Louise, and then arrange with her for a story in tomorrow's paper. I made a place beside me for Francis. My exaltation at the victory I had won gave me courage to essay another.

Choosing my words with care, I began, "I'm afraid we'll never be able to have those tennis tournaments this spring; I went to the Heights Club today and wasn't allowed in."

He stared at me incredulously. "You mean old Frozen Face dared to keep you out?"

I nodded. "She said memberships were individual."

"THAT'S true, but good heavens!" He sat up straighter. "It so happens that I'm the chairman of the admissions committee—about the only position of any weight I ever did hold—and by ten o'clock tomorrow morning you'll either be a member in your own right, or there won't be any club!"

I sighed with deep contentment. "Then," I said, as if it had been my sole purpose for wishing to join, "we shall have our tennis, after all!"

"Miss Strange looks as if she played, too." His nice hazel eyes glanced irresistibly toward her. "She's pretty as a picture, and the most amusing girl I've ever seen. To think of her —" He checked himself, but it was plain he was recalling her treatment at his mother's hands.

His next remark followed logically this unspoken reference. "Look, Irene; I didn't want to go into it in front of everyone, but mother sent a wireless yesterday to Sir Arthur Scofield's boat, asking him to stay with us, and she's already invited a lot of old fogies to dinner on the thirtieth to meet him."

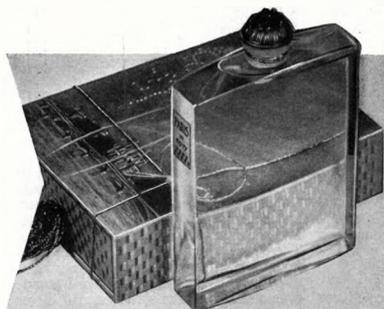
"But your mother doesn't belong to the Current Events Club?"

"Oh, no. She didn't belong to the last club that got him here. She didn't even bother to go to his lecture. But she just takes for granted that all visiting nabobs will stay at our house." (Continued on Page 125)

ADAPTED FROM INSPIRED DESIGNS

ON FAVORITE COTY PERFUMES

3 New Boxes for Face Powder!



You'll find it a lot easier now to choose the perfect Face Powder! Your own complexion is the correct guide to your powder *tone*; and to select your preferred powder *odeur*, you have only to look for these exquisite *new boxes*! Coty has adapted



them from inspired designs on boxes of celebrated Coty perfumes — sparkling *L'Aimant*, glamorous "*Paris*", luxurious *Emeraude*!

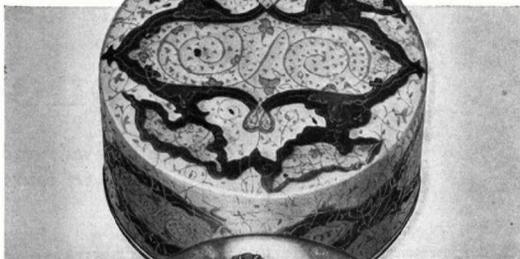
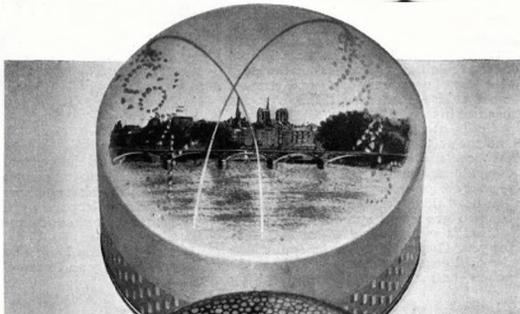


To the famous "powder-puff" box is reserved the honor of presenting world-loved *L'Origan*, *Chypre*, *Styx*, and other delightful odours.



Now, Coty Face Powder gives you *everything*! A *fine-textured* Powder of acknowledged *purity*, amazingly *true in tone*. A Powder renowned for its *grit-free, caressing smoothness* on your face; for the *vitality* it gives your skin. A Powder *sweet and delicate* with *fresh fragrances* — each now so easy to identify by the *handsome* boxes pictured on this page!

Coty invites you to judge its *powder* by the *beauty-tone* it brings you! See all these adorable *new Powder Boxes* at your favorite shop!



COTY

Bobby's much better- since he stopped having Colds



"He used to lose a week from school a couple of times every winter, and that's pretty hard for a boy to make up. But we heard a celebrated doctor say on the radio that Mistol used every day would prevent most colds—and now Bobby's at the head of his class!"

Colds, of course, are a germ infection, and the soft membranes of the nose and throat offer an ideal home for the germs to settle and multiply. If you can catch them at the spot where they start their work, you head them off before they have had time to grow and spread.

That is exactly what Mistol Drops do for you. They go right to the spot where the cold germs first settle—in the nose—and stop them from multiplying

and getting into the system.

Many cold treatments are strong and harsh—too harsh for delicate membranes—but Mistol Drops are pleasant to use, fragrant, healing, soothing and entirely harmless.

Get the healthy habit of using Mistol Drops regularly and keep clear of colds this winter.



Mistol Drops

STOP COLDS BEFORE THEY START



ARE YOU SATISFIED With the Money?

Employed, and glad of it? Of course!

BUT isn't it natural to wish for a few more dollars—to spend on some of the luxuries you crave?

Frocks that are smart and distinctive instead of just the "wear-well" kind? Hats that lend glamour? Trips? Pleasures?

Try our happy earning plan! Through it hundreds of business girls are adding extra dollars to pay envelopes outside

of office hours! Miss Ava S. writes happily:

"I find this work pleasant, dignified and remunerative. My best profit was \$15.00 at one time."

Stay-at-home girls and women are earning too! Why shouldn't you share in these easy profits? Send the coupon below for the thrilling details. No expense to you except that of a stamp!

Linda Patton (Personal)
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
358 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please send me, without charge, your money-making plan:

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

**RUSH
THIS
COUPON**

(Continued from Page 124) I bit my lip. I could not allow this to happen! In view of my statement at dinner, it would make me ridiculous. Far more vital, it would destroy the dazzling effect of my rival New Year's Eve party.

The men followed Don into his sanctum, and as the women gathered in front of the fire, I turned over in my mind every possible means of securing the author as my guest. I must have a third triumph to round out the auspicious series.

I was amused to observe that Kitty alone did not fall victim to Louise's magnetism. Helen and Marie, who had always led sheltered lives, might have been expected to regard her as a bread-winning alien. But, on the contrary, they both said they envied her prodigiously; that her occupation must be infinitely more exciting than their stereotyped routine.

As I saw Kitty's half-contemptuous, speculative smile, my amusement vanished. I realized that by precipitating Francis' interest in another girl, whose plight was destined to appeal to his chivalry even more than Kitty's, I had re-awakened her original dislike of me. Two hours, in which her *amour propre* had suffered, had sufficed to undo my weeks of missionary zeal. That I had made a place for her in The Amateurs, that I had painstakingly included her with the people she had always wanted to know, would not count, I saw clearly. I had been the agency through which Wyckoff's attentiveness had been diverted to another channel, and for this she would never forgive me.

AT THE time, however, this seemed but a minor error. Focusing on what I considered a major point, I seized the men's return as an opportunity to slip upstairs and telephone Mrs. Hastings in New York.

"Irene, you traitor!" she greeted me. "How dare you hide yourself way out there in the wilds? What are you doing with yourself?"

"Je m'amuse. Although you'd never guess how strangely I amuse myself. Just now I'm lion hunting. . . . No, not literally. I want Sir Arthur Scofield to stop with us when he lectures here."

"But, dear child, he would be flattered! Just write and ask him. He landed this morning. I'm going to somebody's luncheon for him tomorrow."

I sketched my predicament with a light touch, for it was Mrs. Hastings who had once derided my neighbor as a woman who "says she's to Wyckton what Mrs. Astor used to be to New York—only more exclusive!"

When I had made the situation clear, Mrs. Hastings laughed heartily. "I think it's delicious to picture you as the young matron of the provinces! You must be studying for a new rôle. Oh, Irene, we shall be glad when you're back with us again! However, if, in the meantime, you want Sir Arthur, you shall have him. I'll guarantee that."

"Bless you!" I said. "And thank you a thousand times."

"I'M GOING to California for Christ-mas," she ended, "and on the way back, I'll drop off and take a look at you. I'll send you a wire. Good-by, Irene. Good luck."

"Good luck," thought I exuberantly, putting a little powder on my face, "is what I've had plenty of this day!"

In the lower hall I encountered Judge Keller.

"You are just the person I wanted to see," he said. "No doubt you've heard 'it was a famous victory.' . . . And I too have had one."

Then I perceived that although his body seemed to have shrunk, in physical weariness, his eyes were no longer harassed. They held a new tranquillity.

"It's finished!" he declared. "All over! I am no longer the attorney for the Wyckoff plant, for Mrs. Wyckoff, or, in point of fact, for anyone! Tomorrow I take in my shingle."

"B-but," I stammered, "is that what you want?"

"Of course I do! I knew it the moment it had happened. My soul's my own again—a poor thing, maybe, but I shall be glad to renew its acquaintance."

"Come in and join us," I urged.

"Some other time. I feel too battered just now. Tell Marie I'll send the car back for her. . . . If you don't mind, I'd like to have a word with Donaldson. I promised him long ago that if I ever retired, I'd give him first chance at my practice."

"But he couldn't take it. It centers chiefly around Mrs. Wyckoff, doesn't it?"

"Oh, yes. But she threatened this evening to turn over all her legal work to him, whether I quit or not. She said she wanted a younger man, and Donaldson was the ablest one she knew."

MY HAND flew to my heart, to still its violent pounding. I was terrified. Compared to the menace of this move, her previous attempts to vanquish me paled into insignificance.

Perhaps because he was worn out, Judge Keller dismissed my theory that her reasons must lie in an iron determination to interfere in our lives, as she had interfered in the lives of all other people associated with her.

"No, no," he said. "She's always liked Donaldson. He used to be over at her house a lot with Francis and Ruth. She says she'd be glad to see him there again. There's nothing sinister about it. She says she'd rather trust her private affairs to someone she's always known, instead of to a stranger. I'm sure that's all there is to it."

Certain that he was completely wrong, I nevertheless summoned Donaldson, and after the two men had retired to another room, I went back to the library, feeling that participation in the cheerful inconsequential chatter of my guests would be as futile as attending a Punch and Judy show in the hope of taking one's mind off a terrible tragedy just witnessed in real life.

X

IT WAS a relief to find Desmond the center of absorbed interest. He was an inimitable mimic, and he possessed the even rarer attribute of never telling the same story more than once. To these people, who had no first-hand experience of the theater backstage, but had keen curiosity about the persons they had viewed across the footlights, his imitations of famous actors in their off moments were spellbinding.

They would not let him stop. I was vaguely glad that I had overruled Don's protest against asking him with the Youngs, for their whole-hearted enjoyment was patent.

"But what does that count?" I thought bitterly.

For I was certain of Don's decision even before he came in, like a young blond emperor fresh from dizzying conquests. His blue eyes shone; he seemed taller, his shoulders broader; his chin was tilted at a self-confident angle which made him seem, to me, a stranger. His spirits were so high that the tempo of the room became quicker.

In the increased volume of sound, Carl managed to say to me, "You've won out, haven't you?"

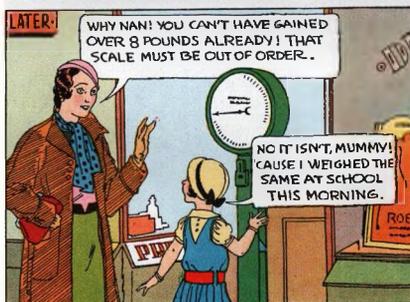
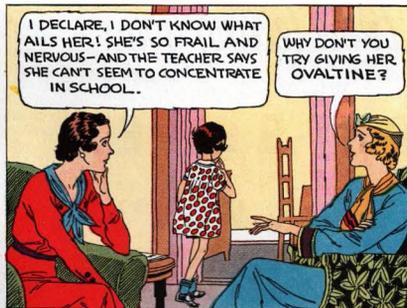
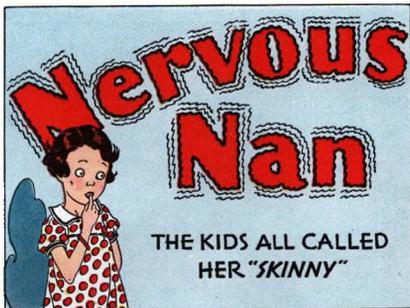
"What?" I answered.

He nodded toward Francis. "About the injunction."

"Oh, yes." I laughed, almost hysterically. Now I knew the meaning of the school-learned phrase, "Pyrrhic victory."

Donaldson astonished me by insisting that I relate an incident with which he had once heard me win applause at Mrs. Hastings'. I complied solely to avoid protestations.

But after I had started, the audience vanished from my consciousness, and nothing seemed real save the story. It concerned the dilemma in which I had found myself ten years before, when, at seventeen, I had (Continued on Page 128)



Mothers! Here's How Ovaltine Curbs Child's Nervousness While Adding Weight A Pound A Week Or More

FREE TO Boys and Girls!

Ovaltine is a scientific food concentrate, approved by more than 20,000 doctors and child specialists largely because of its remarkable power to increase both weight and nerve poise. Recent scientific tests conducted among school children in New York State demonstrated that nervousness was actually decreased as much as 30% in 2 weeks when Ovaltine was given. 85% of all nervous, under par children in these New York tests responded almost at once. In some cases, nervousness was reduced as much as 18% in a single week. While these results deal mainly with nervous children, they are equally

important to underweight children, too. For child specialists have long observed that underweight and nervousness go hand in hand. Thus, when Ovaltine is given, it acts to break up the "vicious circle" that nervousness and underweight tend to create. And usually adds weight at the rate of a pound a week or more. Thousands of nervous people, men and women, take Ovaltine for sleeplessness--and to restore vitality when fatigued. You simply mix Ovaltine with milk--hot or cold--and children love it for its delicious taste. (Note the special free offer of the genuine Little Orphan Annie Mug for serving hot Ovaltine.)



MAIL FOR LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE MUG FREE!

Here's a chance to get a very special Little Orphan Annie Mug absolutely Free to Ovaltine users. Made of Beetalware, with a beautiful, colored picture of Little Orphan Annie and her dog, Sandy, right on it. (Worth 50c.) Just cut out and fill in the coupon below. Then ask your mother to get you a can of Ovaltine. Take out all of the thin aluminum seal you find under the lid of the

can and mail it, together with coupon below, to THE WANDER CO., Dept. 4LHJ, 180 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL. In a few days, the postman will bring you a Little Orphan Annie Mug free to keep for your very own! You'll be keen about it the minute you see it! So cut the coupon out now. And ask your mother to get you a can of Ovaltine today at any drug or grocery store.

FREE! Mail THIS For A LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE MUG FREE!
THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. 4LHJ
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
I am enclosing all of the thin aluminum seal from under the lid of a can of Ovaltine. Please send me a Little Orphan Annie Mug FREE!
1004
Name..... (Please print plainly IN PENCIL)
Address.....
City..... (Only one mug in a household)

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink

Cut This Out Now



"We're telling you"

Why We Prefer

DRI-BRITE
NO RUBBING LIQUID
FLOOR WAX"



Waxing and polishing floors was the job Mrs. M. dreaded—that is, until she tried Dri-Brite. Now, Mrs. M. speaks for thousands of happy women when she says: "Dri-Brite Liquid Wax needs no rubbing, no polishing. I merely apply Dri-Brite to the floors—wait 19 minutes, and it dries with a lustrous wax surface. Really, it's child's play."



"Because Dri-Brite leaves a hard wax finish, dust and dirt stay on top where they can easily be removed. They do not grind into my floors."



"A Dri-Brite Wax finish is so hard that it resists the abuse of scrubbing and scraping feet—and wears much longer than ordinary wax. Try it."

Use Dri-Brite Wax for beautifying and protecting linoleum, hardwood, painted, shellacked and tile surfaces.



DRI-BRITE
FLOOR WAX

Until June 30, 1934, Both for
1 pint can Dri-Brite Liquid Wax
4 Dri-Brite Featherweight Applicators
99¢
SPECIAL SPRING CLEANING OFFER
Quart Can & Applicator \$1.49
At hardware, paint, variety, drug and department stores.

MIRACUL WAX CO., 1322 Dolman St., St. Louis, Mo.

(Continued from Page 126) been an obscure member of a third-rate stock company, traveling in day coaches during the early hours of early dawn from one hamlet in Tennessee to another.

By dint of ceaseless economies I had managed to save a small sum from my meager salary. Then I had been racked by indecision. Should I use these savings to purchase a railroad ticket for New York, or buy with them a suitable costume, or sale at a bargain, in which, if I could ever reach Broadway, I should be able to impress a producer? I had naively discussed this burning question with every other member of the cast. The result was that when the funds for the company suddenly ran short, the manager paid everyone else but me.

"Let this be a lesson to you spend-thrifts," he had lectured them virtuously. "Here is Miss Morrill, who hasn't made half as much as some of you, but she's had the sense not to waste it. And so she's got enough money of her own to get along on!"

WITH a sensation akin to coming out from ether, I finished. Silence, more gratifying than applause, lasted for at least sixty seconds. I saw Marie and Louise furtively apply handkerchiefs to their cheeks.

Don said, "Heaven's sakes, I thought that was supposed to be a funny story! I remember, before, that everyone roared at it."

He was right, but then I had been the star of the most popular play of the season; by contrast, the episode had seemed ludicrous to me too. Tonight, as I had told it, I had been filled with compassion for this defenseless girl, who seemed fated never to reach equity.

"I didn't dream," Louise said huskily, "that you'd ever known what hardships were. I'd supposed all you'd had to do was to appear on the stage, and knock them cold."

Desmond answered for me. "I wish you'd seen Irene when she finally did get to New York. She was thin as a rail—not slender, as she is now, *mes enfans*—but, to be frank, skinny. She didn't know the first thing about handling herself. Her voice was pitched wrong. She wasn't even considered pretty."

"BUT then how did she do it?" Marie inquired eagerly, quite as if I were not there.

"By sheer force of will, the way every other great person ever reaches the top!" I could have embraced him. This was a trumpet call of which I stood in sore need. "If I could do it then, I can do it now!" I vowed.

It was after one o'clock when Louise got up. "I hate to go, but I've an early appointment in the morning. May I ring for a taxi, Irene?"

Francis intercepted her gesture toward the telephone. "I've got my car here."

"No, I'll take her," Desmond said. "We're neighbors."

"But you promised to stop at my house and pick up those sketches," Kitty objected.

"Clever!" I thought. "She's covering Francis' desertion admirably."

Cas and Marie left separately; it was too bad, I reflected, as I told them all good night, that Marie was too modern, both in appearance and manner, to fit into

the Old World splendor with which Carl had surrounded himself.

But I could lose no time in idle match-making. I had to brace myself to hear, calmly, Donaldson's cry, the moment we were alone. "My ship's come in! I'm going to buy Judge Keller's law practice!"

I straightened cushions and moved chairs into place.

Don caught my shoulders. "Irene! Dearest! Congratulate me! I've got what I've wanted ever since I was ten years old!"

I SIMULATED judiciousness. "Have you thought it over carefully? Are you sure you want to do it?"

"Want to do it? I'm wild to do it!" "But Don," I said, "most of the work will be for Mrs. Wyckoff."

"Why not? I've always got along with her."

I spoke more quickly. "How can you say that? When she's been so rude to me? When she trumped up that ridiculous charge against the theater, just out of spite!"

"Now you're being melodramatic again. We did violate the rules. I think it was very nice of her to drop the matter." I threw discretion overboard. "You are not sane on the subject of Mrs. Wyckoff!"

"It's you who are not sane about her! You attribute all sorts of base motives which are entirely foreign to her nature."

"Then how do you explain her not calling on me? Her not asking us to parties where she has all your old crowd? She can't have any real reason against being nice to me. It's no disgrace to be an actress!"

"Of course it's no disgrace, Irene. Nor does she pretend it is. She just happens to have old-fashioned standards about it. And she isn't the only one. But the point of this discussion is whether I am going to give up the ambition of a lifetime because of some little squabble my wife is involved in. And the answer is, 'No!'" He stretched his arms. "Oh, but I shall be glad to be in harness again! Lord, how tired I am of loafing!"

"You seemed to be enjoying it enough this morning!" I snapped.

He surveyed me coldly. "I suppose you enjoyed lurching alone with Carl Riessler, too, didn't you?"

"I had to get someone to help me! You wouldn't!"

"And I suppose you enjoy your frequent conferences with the handsome matinee idol?"

"I don't see Desmond half so often as your friend Miss Wyckoff does!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that she goes alone to his apartment almost every day."

His lips curled. "More backstairs gossip, I suppose."

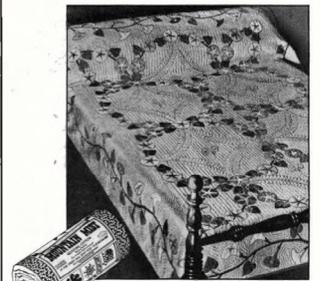
"IT'S nothing of the sort! I saw her myself this very afternoon coming out of his apartment house."

"His apartment house? I suppose no one else lives in it? Irene, I'm ashamed of you! I never thought that you would sink to such pettiness as to malign a young girl simply because you've always been jealous of my friendship for her."

I stumbled against a table as I made my way out; only by holding on to the banister could I climb. (Continued on Page 130)



The "Morning Glory"—A Mountain Mist Quilt Design



It's Easy and Simple to Fill Your Own Quilts with

MOUNTAIN MIST
QUILTING COTTON

ALREADY spread, uniform in thickness, and in one piece, full quilt size, it's as simple to use Mountain Mist Quilting Cotton as shaking out a piece of flannel. Glazene finish. No lint. No pulling. No bunching. Result: perfect smoothness, even puffiness, easy washing. Needle-easy too, because of the soft, lacy web of the Glazene. An extra quality but that costs no more. At dry goods and department stores.

FREE Pattern With Every Roll

Inside the wrapper of every Mountain Mist package is a complete Mountain Mist Quilt Pattern, also a coupon that saves 15 cents on the purchase of any of the other forty-two prize-winning Mountain Mist Quilt designs—a 35-cent pattern for 20 cents. If you want the pattern of the "Morning Glory" pictured above, use coupon below.

THE STEARNS & FOSTER COMPANY 344-117 Lockland, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Enclosed is 20 cents (coins preferred) for which send me the "Morning Glory" Mountain Mist Pattern. (Print name and address plainly)

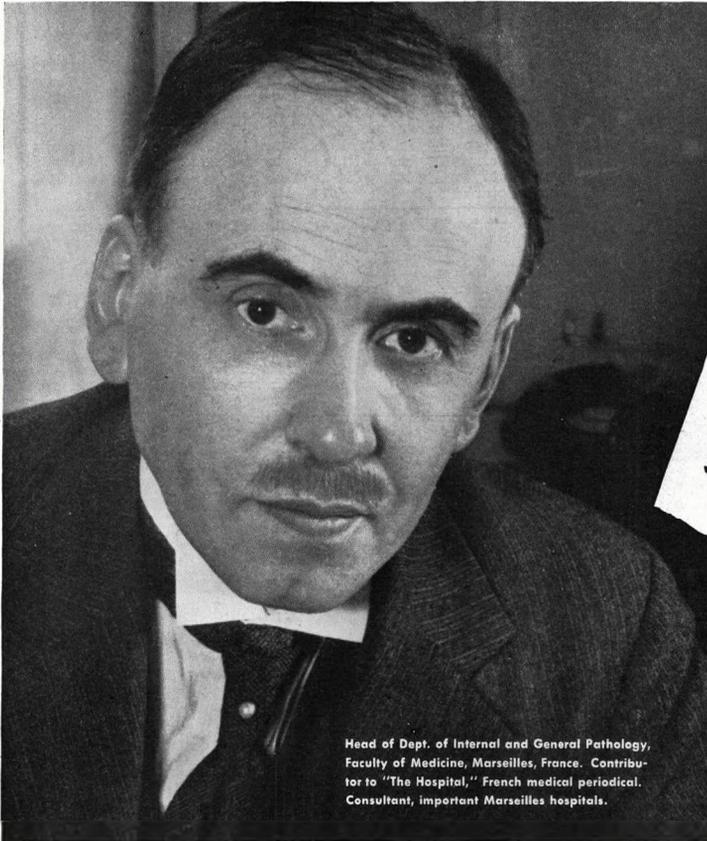
Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
Copyright 1934 The S. & F. Co.

KNITTING WOOL NEW NOVELTY YARNS
400 Samples FREE—Prompt Mail Service
COLONIAL YARN HOUSE, 1231-R Cherry St., Phila., Pa.



Extra convenience—no extra cost. Each ready-measured envelope of Knox Sparkling Gelatine makes a delicious salad or dessert serving six people, and there are recipes in every package that will bring praise from your family and guests. Why not phone your grocer for a package and send the coupon for the new recipe books?

KNOX GELATINE, 24 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N. Y.
Please send me FREE the new Knox Kitchen Library: "Desserts, Salads, Candies and Frozen Dishes," and "Food Economy".
Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

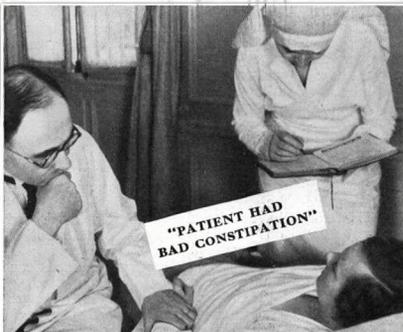


Head of Dept. of Internal and General Pathology, Faculty of Medicine, Marseilles, France. Contributor to "The Hospital," French medical periodical. Consultant, important Marseilles hospitals.

The noted PROF. DR. JULES MONGES, of Marseilles, says:—

*She was Nervous,
Run-down— I
advised yeast—*

"Her Elimination became Regular... Energy returned... Headaches were a thing of the past," he reports



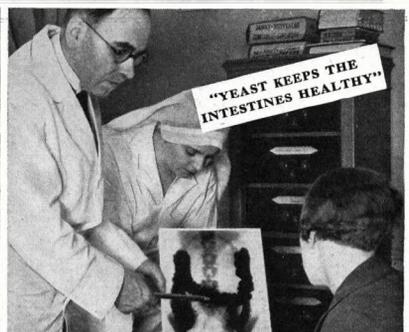
"PATIENT HAD BAD CONSTIPATION"

"THIS CASE," Dr. Monges reports, "was a young girl—nervous, run-down, frequent headaches—always tired—losing weight constantly. Examination showed her trouble was caused by constipation . . .



"LAXATIVES HAD MADE MATTERS WORSE"

"THE X-RAY and fluoroscope showed her colon (large intestine) was clogged. She had aggravated her condition with large doses of cathartics and laxatives . . . My recommendation was yeast . . .



"YEAST KEEPS THE INTESTINES HEALTHY"

"HER ELIMINATIONS became regular. Energy returned. Headaches stopped. She has had no indigestion or constipation since." (X-ray shows typical healthy intestine—result of yeast treatment.)

Will Fleischmann's Yeast help YOU get rid of that Tired Feeling—Indigestion—Pimples—Boils—Loss of Pep? Yes... very probably!

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST is a food with certain astonishing "corrective" properties:—

CONSTIPATION. It softens the waste in the body, strengthens the muscles that clear it away. Elimination becomes regular.

INDIGESTION. All the way from stomach through the colon it stimulates—increasing the flow of digestive juices. Appetite sharpens. Food digests better and you get "more good out of it."

TONIC ACTION. Your whole system

is "energized." (Fleischmann's Yeast is the richest of all foods in the group of 3 indispensable vitamins—B, D and G—in which our diet is so often deficient. These vitamins are essential to health.)

You do feel better—the minute your system starts functioning smoothly and naturally, carrying off its daily impurities!

And as yeast "tones" and nourishes, your strength returns amazingly. Colds, headaches, often stop entirely. Your skin takes on new life . . . quickly rids itself of disagreeable pimples, boils and blemishes. You look so well!

Will you give up tonics, pills—and

eat Fleischmann's Yeast—for just 30 days, as a test?

Simply eat 3 cakes daily—plain or dissolved in a third of a glass of water—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime. You can get it at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains, you know.

Won't you start eating Fleischmann's Yeast now . . . today?



"LAST WINTER I felt pretty run-down," writes Miss Dahlia Upchurch, (at right), of Richmond, Va. "Had headaches—and pimples . . . One of my friends said Fleischmann's Yeast had cleared her skin. I decided to eat it . . . After a few weeks, no more headaches. My skin cleared up. I felt so well!" Copyright, 1934, Standard Brands Incorporated





Mother and daughter... alike in complexion loveliness

YEARS apart in age, yet the Barbara Gould home treatments keep mother's complexion as smooth and young looking as her daughter's. You likewise can attain lasting loveliness by following these simple directions. In the 'teens the skin needs only perfect daily cleansing with Barbara Gould Cleansing Cream. In the twenties add the protection of Barbara Gould Finishing Cream. In the thirties, there is need for extra nourishment with Barbara Gould Tissue Cream; and beginning with the forties sluggish circulation must be stimulated with Barbara Gould Circulation Cream.

If you are thirty or more, try this delightfully effective treatment: first, a thorough cleansing with Barbara Gould Cleansing Cream, then apply Barbara Gould Tissue Cream, patting it into your face and throat. Leave a bit of this fine, rich cream on overnight to nourish your skin while you sleep.

If you have reached forty, use Barbara Gould Circulation Cream a few times each week to stimulate and revitalize your skin. Always leave it on for fifteen minutes.

Remember—one cream cannot perform all these functions—that is why there are Four Barbara Gould Creams, and they are no more expensive to use than trying to make one do the work of all.

AVAILABLE IN TUBES 50¢ and JARS \$1.10

4 Barbara Gould Perfumes

One of these exquisite new perfumes is ideal for you. Four fragrances for the four ages of beauty. Priced from 55¢ to \$5.50.

Barbara Gould's Creams, perfumes and other preparations are sold by leading department and drug stores.

Write for the beauty handbook "Any Woman Can Look Lovelier." . . . BARBARA GOULD, 35 West 34th Street, New York.

Barbara Gould

(Continued from Page 128) the steps. The scarlet-leather bindings of my volumes of press clippings caught my attention. The third book was half empty. . . . Well, I could return to the stage. I could, if I worked hard enough, merit other enthusiastic notices with which to complete it. Life would go on—part of life, at any rate.

I heard myself crying. I wept with the abandon with which, a decade ago, I had mourned the apparent death of my hope of ever owning a decent dress, of ever buying a ticket to New York.

"But you did get them both, finally!" an inner voice chided. "You've got the proof right in front of you!"

I turned to the most convincing of these proofs—an article by a notably captious London journalist. His sentences which had always gratified me most deeply related to my "incomparable portrayal" of "that most difficult of roles—a lady. Miss Morrell was a very great lady indeed—glamorous, witty. . . ."

I clapped the book shut. Those were the qualities I had evoked for my stage self. Would anyone who had overheard my scene with Don say I deserved them?

Resolutely I bathed my face and obliterated as best I could the signs of grief. I hung up my gown and put on a trailing white negligee; I looked wan, but not, I trusted, unbeautiful.

When I heard Donaldson's knock, my heart leaped. "No matter what he says," I swore, "my answer will be 'glamorous and witty.'" I let him in.

His tone was frigid. "Is it too great a favor to ask that you please stop locking my door into the bathroom?"

I laughed uncontrollably. These pangs of laughter purged my soul of rancor.

"What is it?" he asked. "Irene! Aren't you well?"

"No!" I answered. I put my arms around his neck. "I've got an incurable disease! I love you to distraction!"

He held me close. "I adore you. I can't bear it when we quarrel!"

After a while, he stood away from me. He no longer looked like an emperor; he resembled a small boy promising he will never be bad any more. He said, "Irene, I won't buy Judge Keller's practice, if you don't want me to!"

I was overwhelmed. Every fiber of my being which related to my own welfare clamored for my acceptance of this magnanimity. But I could not bring myself to frustrate a wish he had cherished for so long a time. I, too, must be generous.

"Of course you must take it!" I said. "I think it's a wonderful opportunity."

"You really don't mind?" His face lightened in wonderment. "You won't object if I have to go over to the Wyckoffs' sometimes? Promise?"

"I promise!"

His arms went tightly around me. I thought, "Oh, what a tangled web I'm weaving!" Then as his lips touched my cheek, I thought, "But it's well worth it!"

(To be Continued)

Russia Now Laughs

(Continued from Page 9)

was fresh and pleasant to watch, like the fun of boarding-school children released for a party.

Russia edges closer to the world—our world. Still strange, bewildering and suspicious, it is nothing like so strange as it was. The official controls are tighter. In January food was still rationed. Movement, even between town and country, was restricted by passport. Except for a few show places, you needed a permit to get anywhere you wished to go. Everything was scarcer than it had been six years before. By means of the food cards, passports and closed shops, the population was more narrowly and rigidly classified. The process of socialization was far advanced, and you felt the ache and tension that remained, and still remain, as the result to the final bitter conflict in the collectivization of the peasants' land. This struggle cut deep because it cut for the first time through the great masses of a population predominantly peasant. It cut hard; nobody any longer denies the stories of wholesale deportations and deaths from famine, the effect of resistance to the government policy.

Yet with all this, Russia is a more comfortable place to live in than it was. More regulated and more regimented, the people are at the same time freer, happier, as if they were at last fitted into the system and begin to stretch in it, to take advantage of cracks and loopholes, as believers or unbelievers to make the best of it. It is difficult to explain this contradiction, but as I went about, meeting people, managing to see families at home, watching the young, in the huge student cities, in factory schools, skating and playing hockey on the ice, thronging into the theaters—and what a place in this vast school is occupied by the theater, the club, collective play—I felt an assurance very different from both the arrogance and the submissiveness of yesterday.

I went freely enough, after I had tired of the delays in getting permits, and started off on my own, without authority. Then I had no trouble except that people thus approached insisted on showing too much, more than I had time to see. They were always eager and friendly. And always occupied and preoccupied beyond

any people I have ever met getting something—not money so much as more food, more clothes, more room, more knowledge. I felt the pressure of a universal acquisitiveness as insistent as a bargain sale.

The demands were suggestive. A white collar used to be bad form; the worker's blouse was the thing to wear. Now the blouse is exceptional. The girls are urged to dress "culturally"—"stylishly" in our argot—and they do the best they can with the materials at hand. At the theater they blossom out in bright rayon sweaters, monotonous in design, and white machine-knitted shawls, also rayon. The State must do a rushing business waving hair at the crowded beauty shops, nor does this universal merchant now disdain to sell powder puffs and lipsticks and perfume. "Let us be gay," Comrade Stalin is reported to have said, and while these are deadly serious people, engaged in an essentially gloomy revolution, in two weeks in Moscow this year I heard more laughter than I heard six years ago in two months.

Then I wondered what the Soviet generation would be like when it grew up. Well, this is the Soviet generation. I suppose. The young people from eighteen to twenty-five who dominate the scene have been brought up from preschool to technicum in Communist schools on Communist slogans. Can it be they who are creating this faintly bourgeois atmosphere, this ever so slight suggestion of an 1890 Main Street?

There is no suggestion of Main Street about Alla Petrova, however. She is the type of girl you have to come to Soviet Russia to meet. Alla is one of 600 young Communists—a new version of the Light Brigade—called into action to speed up construction on the new Moscow subway. Thousands of such shock troopers rush to the labor front whenever there is a lag in the heavy task of building socialism. Next to the Red Army and the "Gay-Pay-Oh," or political police, they are the reserve forces of the Soviet Government. They direct labor camps for exiled *kulaks* up in the north woods. They work in the mines in the Don basin. They run out rebellious Cossacks from the once-prosperous villages of the North Caucasus.

Alla was determined to show me where she worked. In a pair of muddy overalls, I followed her down seven ice-coated ladders, slid through a mile of dark trench, crawled flat over piles of slippery stones, and felt quite proud of my prowess. But Alla digs and pushes loaded carts through those underground galleries six hours a day and thinks nothing of it. Rather, I should say, she feels as important as Atlas moving the world. I didn't learn much about subway construction in my excursion, but I learned what marvels and miracles such projects seem to these young Russians. Alla kept watching eagerly to see me overcome, not by fatigue but by amazement at this unique manifestation of socialist power.

ALLA lives like a soldier, in a Comsomol barracks. Twenty-two, hard as nails and husky as a stevedore, she is a type of millions of women, young and old, for whom "equality" in Russia means laying bricks, shoveling snow, tending engines, doing everything men do in foundries and factories.

There are nearly as many girls as boys in the shock brigades, nearly as many women as men among the students coming up to Moscow from mines and farms to learn to be engineers. The heavy-industry trust has built a vast quadrangular "students' city" for such recruits. In the basement refectory I shared their heavy dinner with a group of Georgians, workers of thirty or thereabouts.

"How do the women engineers compare with the men?" I asked.

"They're better," answered the men matter-of-factly.

Next day at a *kolkhoz*, or collective farm, I was shown the labor chart. The names of the workers are grouped under symbols, from an airplane down to a snail, indicating their speed and productivity.

"How about the women members?" I inquired again.

The director pointed to the list of names under the airplane and the automobile. "The majority of those are women," he said.

They are not romantic figures, these Soviet women. Alla Petrova has about as much feminine allure as the Rock of Gibraltar. In their barracks life the Comsomols have not much time or use for sentiment. The convention of the camp is that if two pair off they are expected to be serious; they are expected to marry. There are no figures to confirm it, but everyone agrees that divorce is diminishing and that the license of the early years of the revolution has been curbed.

A WISE old doctor in a factory dispensary, explaining why the divorce lawyer in this industrial community of 50,000 persons was practically unemployed, said it was the effect of experience and improvement in housing conditions. "Marrying and divorcing *ad libitum* turned out to be more boring than sticking to a permanent partner," he smiled, and added that legalized abortion, once common, was now made extremely difficult and permitted only for grave reasons of health.

Is the family disintegrating? Certainly the "cell" of Communist society is not the home. The whole system tends to weaken domestic ties and break up those small private states created by the bonds of blood and common interest. There can't be much home life where father and mother work all day and the housing norm is still one room to a family, often two families to a room. The day and night nurseries are supplemented by an increasing number of five-day nurseries, where children are left for the full working week, yet as all existing public facilities do not suffice for half the babies, I suspect that the majority of children, here as elsewhere, are brought up by their parents. Russians are not less devoted to their children than other people. They have, in fact, a special tenderness for children, and by far the highest birth rate in Europe. The youngsters romping in the perpetual snow of the northern winter, shapeless as bundles in

their heavy wrappings, are a husky lot, apparently unaffected by shortages or congestion, as yet happily unaware of the class war to which they are born.

That state of innocence does not last long. Take the Ivanoff boys, Ilya, fourteen, and Mischa, ten. They live with their parents in one room in a six-room apartment divided among five families. The parents both work in factories and the boys go to school, but not at the same time. There are not enough schools to go round, so Mischa goes in the morning from eight to twelve and Ilya in the afternoon from one to seven. It is a good school, new and well-equipped, and its atmosphere, the atmosphere of all schools, has completely changed since my last visit. During the midday recess the older boys were excitedly watching the final game in a chess tournament in the "Red Corner," but at the stroke of the bell they snapped into line in the halls. The children rose whenever we entered a classroom; sometimes they formed a line to shake hands with "the Americans." This order and discipline and "cultural deportment," as the principal described it, are in striking contrast to the weird forms of self-government and the "revolutionary rudeness" of a few years back.

IN ONE respect, however, there is no change. On the three landings of the main stairway the wall space is filled with immense pictures of the Soviet trinity, Marx, Lenin and Stalin. The bust of Lenin appears in every classroom, often adorned with offerings of flowers, and red banners on every wall repeat the monotonous reminders that the children of the workers are the hope of the world revolution.

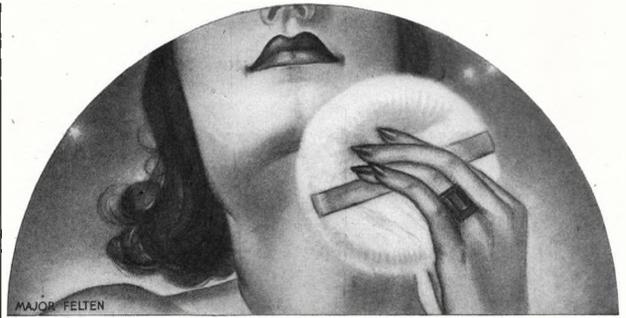
Mischa and Ilya begin to study grammar by parsing sentences from Marx. They study history not as a chronicle of individual heroes but as a record of mass movements. Ilya uses the longest words and has the most astonishing line of talk of any fourteen-year-old you ever met. He studies English to learn that "the children of workers in England and America begin to work when they are very young. They work all day and have often very little to eat. Their rooms are dark and cold.

"The Boy Scouts," he learns, "is a bourgeois organization" which "helps the police" and "during strikes helps the bosses." Mischa says if he met a scout he would shoot him. He and Ilya have a new "anti-God alphabet" which amuses them very much; they try it out on the old lady in the next room, who keeps an icon in one corner and a portrait of Stalin in the other.

From the time they can see and hear, these children are brought up on such ideas. They watch the class struggle endlessly elaborated in the movies. They can't go to the circus without hearing anticapitalist gibes from the clown. I was taken one day to visit the remarkable circus zoo of Russia's super-clown, seventy-year-old Vladimir Duroff, who lives in a strange welter of trained animals, talking birds and milling humans, on top of a real jungle of wild beasts.

DUROFF should be immortalized in a book before he dies. He is a true piece of that rich tragi-comedy which is Russia, he and his basement zoo; the walrus who spits heartily at religion, the clean fat pig in his bath who acts the smug bourgeois to the life, the elephant, swishing about uncaged and turning a merry-go-round inscribed with some execrating crack about the League of Nations! Where but in a Soviet circus would people steam up about the League of Nations, just for fun? For myself, I found the performance piquant and risible beyond its intention. So, I guess, did the elephant; he fixed me with his sardonic eye and sent me sprawling with a gentle flip of his trunk, which I accepted as intended, a sly poke in the ribs from one comrade to another.

To Ilya, so brought up, I cannot describe American life in terms he would understand. I find a similar difficulty in describing Russian living standards to Americans. I can report, for instance, that



So that you may try these exquisite beauty aids

In order to give you an opportunity to try three lovely EVENING IN PARIS beauty accessories, to really know their supreme quality and individuality, Bourjois now presents the most amazing offer of its kind ever conceived.

You receive a full size box of EVENING IN PARIS face powder, the loveliest, softest, most clinging powder you ever used: a liberal bottle of EVENING IN PARIS perfume, the fragrance that has thrilled the whole world of fashion... and the new EVENING IN PARIS permanent lipstick, really permanent, made to a surprising new Bourjois formula... all three; in the smartest of combination boxes.

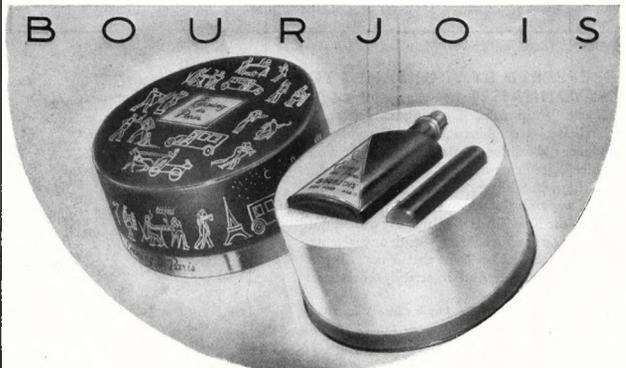
Just think of this value—

EVENING IN PARIS Face Powder, regular size. Retail value \$1.10
EVENING IN PARIS Perfume, special size. Value 65¢
EVENING IN PARIS Permanent Lipstick, special size. Value 35¢
\$2.10 VALUE for only \$1.10

Opportunities like this are rare so be sure to take full advantage of this one. All leading department and drug stores are featuring them now.

Evening in Paris
FACE POWDER • PERFUME • LIPSTICK
\$1.10

THE PRICE OF THE POWDER ALONE



Mrs. Howard F. Whitney Jr., smart New York hostess, says

"I prefer it to mayonnaise"

... yet it costs less



MRS. HOWARD F. WHITNEY JR., noted as a smart hostess and a critical judge of food. Mrs. Whitney's photograph and above statement regarding Kraft's Miracle Whip Salad Dressing appeared in New York newspapers.



CYNTHIA: Beautiful party yesterday, Fran! What's your new trick with salad? Or is it a secret? . . .

FRAN: No secret! I'm just a copy-cat.



FRAN: You know Hope Whitney had a lot to say in the newspaper about Miracle Whip Salad Dressing. She got me to try it—

CYNTHIA: And I'll spring it tomorrow!



ALICE: I don't mean to pry, darling, but what's this perfectly divine stuff on the salad?

CYNTHIA: Miracle Whip!—recommended by Hope Whitney and Fran.



FRAN: Marvelous flavor!—a kind of combination of mayonnaise and old-fashioned boiled dressing.

CYNTHIA: Most people like it better than mayonnaise, they say. And it costs less!

PREFERRED BY THOUSANDS TO MAYONNAISE! The flavor of Kraft's Miracle Whip Salad Dressing is different—tantalizing—a combination of true mayonnaise and true old-fashioned salad dressing. The same choice ingredients are used as in these popular dressings. But they are combined in a new, wonderful way and whipped to amazing, new creaminess in the Kraft Miracle Whip. Try this unique dressing on any kind of salad—fruit or vegetable. You'll agree with millions that it tastes better than mayonnaise. And it actually costs less!



Copr. 1934 by Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation

THE LARGEST SELLING SALAD DRESSING IN AMERICA

the Ivanoffs between them earn 375 rubles a month. Their rent is nominal—sixteen rubles a month, plus about five rubles more, computed after a complicated process of multiplication and division, for their share of the light and gas consumed in the apartment. Rents are supposed to be based on earnings and on the space occupied, yet they vary little whether you have three rooms to yourself in a new suburban flat or half a room in a slummy tenement down town. And what's a ruble worth? There is no way of evaluating the earnings of the Soviet citizen in any other currency. And if we talk in terms of real wages, what he gets for what he earns, here again we are speaking in different languages, comparing values that have a different weight in his system and ours.

It is quite correct to state that the Russian worker cares little about the amount of his money wage, for the reason that the purchasing power of his rubles depends on where he has to spend it, the category to which he belongs, and especially on the organization of supplies in the industry to which he is attached. It is also true that in many ways he is independent of his money wage, and not alone in the matter of rent.

All the Ivanoffs, for instance, eat their principal meal away from home; the boys get a free dinner at school, and the father and mother pay from fifty kopecks to a ruble and a half for a meal in the factory restaurant. They spend practically nothing for amusements or education. When Ilya is eighteen, if he goes to a university or technical school he will be paid while he is learning.

THE factory club offers a variety of diversions: free movies, concerts, games, a library, sport field and skating rink, classes, darkrooms to develop photographs, theatricals, amateur and professional. In a railway workers' club I have seen old women painfully learning geometry, a choral club practicing, a dozen boys with an interpreter reading an American railway trade magazine, a group of women forming themselves into voluntary "locomotive squads" of three members, each squad pledged to keep an engine clean and in good repair in a drive to improve the transport service.

Once a week or so the Ivanoffs get free tickets to the theater. If they are lucky, they may obtain a free trip in the summer. They receive free medical and dental service, and after fifty-five they are entitled to some sort of pension. With these supplements to their earnings, they live a peculiarly irresponsible life, indifferent to the future. Their desire is not to accumulate or even to earn more money; their whole anxiety is to get more goods.

This brings us to the complex question of "open shops" and "closed shops." Every worker has a card entitling him to a certain ration of food—say, two pounds of bread a day, four pounds of sugar, a pound of butter, ten pounds of meat a month. The card is good only in the store operated by the factory or industry in which he works, what is known as a closed shop, which no outsider can patronize and without which, were his "extras" twice as valuable, the wage earner could not possibly subsist on his income. The closed shop is really a wage supplement. It sells meat, for example, for 3.86 rubles a kilo when it is 14 rubles a kilo in the open shop and 8 rubles in the central market.

CLOSED shops are of different grades. In some you are sure to get your ration, and other goods besides, like cloth, sheets, soap, vegetables; in some there are chronic shortages, little variety and poor quality. All depends on the efficiency and enterprise of the manager and on the power and pull of the institution in control.

The Gay-Pay-Oo is reputed to have the best stocked shops in the country. You can see how deadly serious this is, because if no outsider can trade in your shop, neither can you trade anywhere else except at prohibitive prices in the open

market. You see that a job isn't only a job, or a wage a wage.

Sonia Ivanova has a higher salary than her husband, but his shop and supply service are better than hers, so his position is actually superior. "I don't care how little Alec earns," she says; "he has a card to a good shop where we can get butter and shoes."

Beyond the open shops there is still another kind of trading place, the "Torgsin," where prices are quoted in so-called gold rubles, whatever they are, but the only money accepted is "valuta," or foreign currency, and goods are of a kind and quality unobtainable elsewhere. These shops are supposed to be only for foreigners.

"What would you like to be when you grow up?" a Communist told me he asked his five-year-old daughter. "An engineer? A teacher? A doctor?"

"I want to be a foreigner," the little girl answered without hesitation. "They get everything."

AS A MATTER of fact, though the Ivanoffs are never found there, the Torgsin stores are crowded with Russians spending remittances received from abroad or cash certificates given in exchange for old gold and silver. Thus they are better than "ruble arrests" to enable the government to gather in foreign currency and precious metal.

Also, since there is no relation between the value of gold and paper rubles, and no legal way of changing one into the other, they illustrate the sheer fantasy of the money situation. A bottle of Russian eau de Cologne costs sixty kopecks in Torgsin and thirteen rubles in "Insab," the closed shop for foreign specialists—and the sixty kopecks represent more real value than the thirteen rubles! In an open shop, like "Mostorg," the price is still higher, maybe twice as much.

You can buy furniture on the installment plan. Mrs. Nikulin has made a down payment on two cupboards which she uses to divide off as best she can her half of a room from that of the Alexandrovs, a young couple with whom I supped one night at a table only a foot or so away from the Nikulins' table. A single light illumined us all, and across the imaginary dividing line we exchanged remarks on prices and prospects.

Mrs. Nikulin does not work; she says it is a full-time job to get food enough for two out of her husband's wages of 275 rubles a month, minus the 10 per cent he subscribes to the government loan. The Nikulins have been trying for a year to buy an apartment; for you can do that, too, with luck, a good connection and the right influence. It doesn't take much money—money counts least in getting anything! You pay 15 per cent down, the rest like rent, and while you don't really own the place, theoretically you can't be put out for forty-three years.

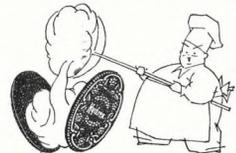
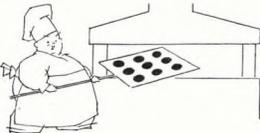
IF EACH of the 3,700,000 registered inhabitants of the Soviet capital were asked what he desired most in the world, I am convinced that the answer would be unanimous. They all want a place to themselves. The women want separate kitchens; the "communes" built as a first experiment in housing did not prove popular—they were too much like a perpetuation of present horrors. I thought I had never heard of anything so absurd as living in half a room and keeping a servant, as the Alexandrovs do, until I saw that it was worth almost anything to keep out of the bickering and steam of the common kitchen and to have somebody to do the daily chore of food foraging and standing in line.

The happiest woman I met was the pretty wife of a specialist who had just moved into a three-room flat in a new building. Mrs. Uliev glowed as she showed me her small living room and the "real bedroom"; her tall daughter glowed as she burst in from school with her skates; the maid hummed in the little kitchenette; and Citizen Uliev, (Continued on Page 135)

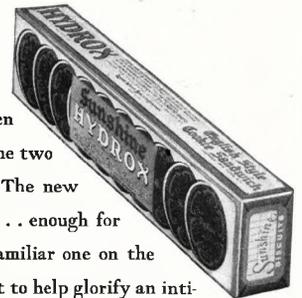
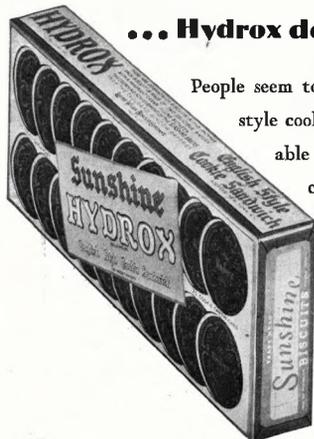
Men *rob pantries because of them and*



women *break the rules of etiquette*



... Hydrox does such delicious things to appetites!



People seem to like Sunshine Hydrox! Fact is, it's the most popular English-style cookie-sandwich in America . . . Imitated? Of course! But no one has been able to match the creamy vanilla fondant that nestles temptingly between the two crisp, chocolaty cookies. ☞ Note the convenience of these packages! The new double-size thrift package on the left contains twenty Hydrox . . . enough for several generous servings. Just half that number makes the familiar one on the right a handy table package. Both are ready in an instant to help glorify an intimate tea, a formal dinner, or to dress up a simple dessert. ☞ Sunshine Hydrox are surprisingly inexpensive. So, here is the opportunity to be economical . . . *graciously!* And that opportunity is just as convenient as your favorite grocery store!

Sunshine **HYDROX** *Cookie-sandwiches*

FROM THE THOUSAND WINDOW BAKERIES OF LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY

"Sonny's irritation got worse and worse..."



—until I started using soft, absorbent SCOTTISSUE"



BE CAREFUL, MOTHER—when you select the toilet tissue for your home. Make sure it is soft, absorbent, safe to use.

Harsh, impure toilet tissue—crinkly edged and "scratchy"—can cause painful irritation to delicate membranes, and even result in serious illness.

Don't take needless risks. Equip your bathrooms with ScotTissue or Waldorf Toilet Tissue and protect every member of your family.

These two famous health tissues are as soft as a fine linen handkerchief. Gentle and comfortable on even a baby's tender skin.

And—they are *extremely* absorbent. They cleanse immaculately.

Almost unbelievable care is taken to safeguard every roll of Scott Tissues. They are clean and pure as absorbent cotton.

BE SAFE! Ask your dealer for ScotTissue or Waldorf—today. It really costs no more to buy these famous brands. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pennsylvania.



SCOTTISSUE—the soft, pure white, 1000-sheet roll

WALDORF—the soft, popular-priced, cream-colored roll

Scott Tissues *Soft as Old Linen*



(Continued from Page 132) locked in his study and able to work undisturbed, was no doubt the happiest of all.

Mrs. Uliev made out a list of her expenditures. She paid fifty rubles a month rent and forty-five more for heat, gas, telephone and electricity. The maid cost forty-six rubles. Practically all the rest of her husband's 600-ruble salary went for food. She made her own clothes and those of her daughter. The dress she had on, one of the best-cut I saw in Moscow, she had managed out of an old suit of her husband's. "But things are better," she insisted. "I have found a pair of shoes at a reasonable price. Goods are more plentiful; costs are lower." Cheer and content exuded from her like an aura. Give all the comrades rooms of their own, and the Dictatorship of the Proletariat would need no Red Corners or political police.

One-family apartments are still a luxury, and even if Moscow provides new quarters for 150,000 a year, according to plan, she will have difficulty in keeping up with the increase of population, on one hand, and with rapid deterioration of the new buildings on the other. Congested as it is, the capital is the best place in the Union to live; it is the center of movement, of power and of supplies. The constant expansion has caused new houses to be occupied before they were completed. Many were so poorly and hurriedly built that after two years they are dilapidated. Moreover, one thing a Communist government seems unable to do is to instill a sense of responsibility and regard for common property. In dozens of apartments the crowded rooms are astonishingly orderly and well kept; in dozens of cooperative buildings occupied by engineers, officials, writers, artists of the theater and other privileged classes, families live in comfort and privacy. Almost invariably, however, entries, halls and stairways are battered and disreputable.

OBVIOUSLY, as the housing situation demonstrates, there are privileged classes in the New Russia. Nobody profits on the capitalist scale, or anywhere near it, but within a narrower range here, too, are high and low, rich and poor, secure and insecure. More, everything is being done by those on top to stimulate the personal ambition and acquisitive instinct of those at the bottom of the pyramid. The strong tendency now is to differentiate, to reward the best workers with all usual stimulants: bonuses, promotions, rolls of honor, special privileges, their pictures in the paper and pasted on billboards.

I wish there were space to describe the only *kolkhoz* I had the opportunity to visit. The collective farm, as the latest

and costliest conquest of socialism, marks the end of the last private owner in Russia, the independent farmer. The *kolkhoz* I saw was a reproduction in miniature of the new organization of agriculture. The 200 peasants in this village had driven out the eight *kulaks*, the richer peasants who owned most of the land, and are now working it in common, under the guidance of a *politodel*, a political agent, representing the Communist Party, whose job, in effect, is to preside over the tractor station serving several villages and see to it that the new system works.

WE WERE the first foreigners this surprised village had ever seen, and on a day of cruel cold, 30 degrees below zero, we were obliged to see it thoroughly—houses, livestock, club, school, store. "If this shop were stocked to the doors tomorrow morning," said the woman head of the village soviet, "it would be bare by night." The fate of the *kulaks* did not worry the villagers. I don't know how deeply they were concerned in building socialism. Their reasoning was simple and illuminating.

"We work in brigades and our work is credited to us in labor days," they explained. "When we exceed the normal allotment, we get a bonus of a day or half a day. After we have paid our quota to the government, in kind, and put into the collective what we need for seed, tractor hire, an animal fund and improvements, the rest is distributed to each according to his labor-days. We can sell our share for anything we please. We produce more than we used to because we work harder. We produce more," they concluded, "because now we work for ourselves, to fill our own pockets."

Strange formula for a collective—ancient and potent formula. Is this the yeast working in the new dough, subtly changing not the shape, perhaps not the substance, but certainly the taste and color? What one sees in Russia today is a nation growing up. The Commissar of Education does not exaggerate when he says that one out of every two inhabitants is studying. In Moscow alone 100,000 adults are full-time students, supported by stipends. It is foolish to predict where this passion to learn will lead; one may only note that every day it discovers some shred of old truth and adopts it. As the educational process advances, Russia becomes more formidable as a nation, more powerful as a people, but the Soviet system as such grows less formidable. Other more modern revolutions hold the stage.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the last of a series of articles on European conditions by Mrs. McCormick.

A Glance at the Senate

(Continued from Page 24)

and enjoy them. And when he had finished his most abusive speeches, he would immediately approach the colleagues he had been lambasting and almost affectionately assure them that he had meant no evil by his exhortations, that they were not personal, that there was no intentional malice; that it was merely a question of party attack.

Senator Key Pittman, of Nevada, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, is one senator who has a real distinction of appearance, rather in the ante-bellum Southern-gentleman style—fine hands and head, hot black eyes, tall, slim, with a certain febrile, irritable quality. He has the Wilson slant on international relations, but though undoubtedly sincere in the position he takes on those and other matters, I never feel that his heart is deeply involved in anything but his advocacy of silver. And about that, I do not feel that he is purely political, that he is doing it for the reason that he represents a silver-producing state. The days of his

youth in the silver country of the Far West always come to my mind when I hear him speak on that subject. He seems to belong to a younger, simpler, harder time. One has the impression that the hardships and endurance of those seekers after precious metals are vivid in his memory.

Another of the leading Administration senators is Robert F. Wagner, of New York. Clear, level-headed, his speeches and reports are always models of documentation and thoroughness. In spite of his Tammany origin and backing, he has an uplift strain and has for many years led in introducing unemployment measures. In fact, he is responsible for much of the groundwork upon which NIRA is based.

Senator Carter Glass, of Virginia, chairman of the Appropriations Committee, is probably the most entirely sincere and hotly honest man among the ninety-six. Small, frail, seared and searing, he is a white flame of courage and truth. Expediency and party regularity have no

A TRUE STORY

By A MOTHER

whose children are benefiting by her experience of years ago



MRS. WALTER RUEHL

would bring on prolonged attacks of nausea. I know my family despaired of ever seeing me recover.

"Imagine our encouragement and joy, a short time after my doctor put me on the Nujol treatment, when my health began to improve. In a few short weeks I looked and felt like a new person.

"I returned to school and when I graduated, had the honor of being the 'best all-round athlete' in my class! This of course I could never have done without radiant health, and to Nujol I owe a never-to-be-forgotten debt for the happy, healthful days in the springtime of my life.

"Six years ago I was married, and in 1928 my first little girl came along. As soon as she began to eat solid food, trouble began. I took her to a baby specialist who immediately diagnosed her trouble as improper elimination. He told me that more babies and little children suffer with this trouble than with any other. He warned me it was a very serious matter that might lead to appendicitis.

"So I began giving Robin Nujol. She was then just a year old. I'm afraid it may seem incredible, but I am sincerely glad to say that from almost the day after we began the treatment, my little girl has been in perfect health. It seemed like a miracle—but apparently all her system needed was a gentle lubricant. When her little system became—as it did very quickly—perfectly regulated,

she was like a different child. Every one of the alarming symptoms of stomach trouble disappeared and she immediately began to gain weight—sleep soundly all night and develop a splendid appetite. She never suffered from indigestion again! Now Robin is five years old, and is one of the huskiest, peppiest youngsters you could wish for.

"Little Donald, her three-year-old brother, has his regular spoonful of Nujol without fail every evening. To see his red cheeks and sparkling eyes and observe the boundless energy he has all the time—no one would doubt his health program is good.

"Robin and Donald both go to a little kindergarten where there are sixteen children, and the teacher said they were the best natured and happiest children in the school. She asked me what I did to make them always sweet tempered, and so seldom irritable or out of sorts.



ROBIN & DONALD RUEHL

"It seems so obvious to me that children—or adults, either—can only act as well as they feel, and that the most precious thing in the world is real glad-to-be-alive, bubbling-over-with-the-joy-of-living health. I found the magic 'sesame' to that door years ago in Nujol, and now my children are reaping the benefit of my experience."

Most sincerely, MRS. WALTER RUEHL,
Nov. 28, 1933. Glenbrook, Conn.

Nothing we could add to Mrs. Ruehl's letter would make it any more convincing. Follow her example. See what Nujol will do for you—for your children. Get it at any drug store, now in two forms, plain Nujol and Cream of Nujol, the latter flavored and often preferred by children.

What is your Nujol story? If you have been using Nujol for ten years or more, if you are bringing up your children on it, tell us. Address Stanco, Inc., 2 Park Av., Dept. 6-A, New York.

If you can use MORE MONEY—

if you are willing to work and build up a profitable "repeat" business of your own, by all means get in touch with me at once. I will send you an offer by return mail that will amaze you. All you invest is your time. Just mail a postcard, with your name and address on it, addressed to

W. B. DETWILER, Subscription Mgr.
CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
361 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Remember this— when you see the children Playing

When children play, spending so much energy, the thing to look out for is—*new energy* in food nourishment to replace what they spend.

Karo is a remarkable food for growing children because it contains a high percentage of the energizing food element, *Dextrose*—a fuel for the body, giving warmth to the blood and vigor to nerve and tissue cells.

And as you know Karo is a favorite food among children, a delight to any youngster's palate. The Blue Label and Red Label Karo are equally nutritious. Karo is rich in Dextrins, Maltose and Dextrose—all recommended for ease of digestion and energy value.

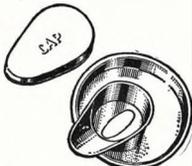
The 'Accepted' Seal denotes that Karo and advertisements for it are acceptable to the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association.



Karo Syrup ONLY affords the use of this Free Pouring Spout, converting the can into a practical syrup pitcher



FREE
CAP and SPOUT



CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY
Dept. 34, Argo, Illinois

Enclosed is label from 1 1/2 lb. or 3 lb. Karo can. Please send me pouring spout and cap.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

weight with him when his course is set for the right as he sees it.

On the Republican side, the leader is Senator Charles L. McNary, of Oregon. Senator McNary is lean, suave and almost boyish looking. He is saturated with party politics, knows the game from the grass roots up. There has been some mention of him as a possible Presidential nominee, but there is no reason to think that he takes this seriously, although nearly every senator who ever has been so mentioned does.

Senator David A. Reed, of Pennsylvania, ranking minority member of the Finance Committee, is certainly one of the most conspicuous of the Senate Republicans. Though he has an air of weary disdain as he slouches about the chamber or sits like a collapsed skeleton, his head sunk between his shoulders, he is nevertheless a most alert and agile debater; thinks quickly on his feet, is never at a loss, and is one of the really first-class brains of the Senate.

Another Republican senator who stands out is Arthur H. Vandenberg, of Michigan. Though he has not been in the Senate for a full term he has come to the fore as a forceful and fluent speaker and is among those who are spoken of as "Presidential timber."

Senator Frederic C. Walcott, of Connecticut, is another first-termer who has made a position for himself in the councils of the party. He is a lover of music, as well as a musician himself, and is interested in game preservation from the point of view of both sportsman and scientist, a combination rare in the average politician—indeed, in anyone.

Senator Frederick Hale, of Maine, the ranking Republican on the Naval Affairs Committee, has back of him a long tradition of public service. His grandfather and father were both senators, and he, himself, has been one for going on twenty years, and is as typical a cautious New Englander as was Calvin Coolidge.

Among the Progressive Republican senators are many who strike the eye and hold the attention. Senator George W. Norris, of Nebraska, who looks quite as disconsolately weary as Senator Reed, but with more excuse because of his age, is one of the real powers in the Senate. Muscle Shoals and the Lame Duck Amendment

are monuments to his persistence and conviction. He will fight to the last ditch, in season and out, for what he believes in. Since the arrival of the New Deal, he has to a large extent come into his own. Moreover, the New Deal has come to him, rather than he to the New Deal.

Senator William E. Borah, of Idaho, ranking minority member of the Foreign Relations Committee, is the last of the great orators of the William Jennings Bryan type left in the Senate. He has, I suppose, made more memorable speeches on a greater variety of subjects than any other man now in either the House or the Senate. He undoubtedly has a unique place in the imagination and interest of the country, and is not only a national but an international figure. The report that he is going to speak still fills the Senate gallery, and he sustains his rôle with press and public in the rather grandiose style of the traditional statesman.

Senator Bronson Cutting, of New Mexico, is an Easterner who went west for his health and captured the state he now represents. He comes of ultraconservative, old-fashioned New York stock, of the sort that has a rather paternalistic sense of civic responsibility, and of the obligation of the possessors of great wealth toward the less fortunate; traits which in him have, not illogically, turned into a progressivism as radical as that of any son of the soil, or inheritor of these policies, such as Bob La Follette.

"Young Bob" is a true son of his distinguished father. The sincerity of his views is beyond doubt, and he has a secure position as one of the able and resourceful leaders in his group in the Senate—and out of it too.

Classed among the Progressives is Senator James Couzens, of Michigan. He is probably the most pugnacious as well as the wealthiest among the Senators. In spite of his wealth he assails the rich, and his feud with Secretary of the Treasury Mellon is historic.

Senator Hiram W. Johnson, of California, one of the best haters and hardest hitters in public life, is another prominent figure among those individualists who make up the so-called Progressive bloc.

I wish that I had space to deal with other senators equally interesting and conspicuous. There are plenty more.

Little Liars

(Continued from Page 96)

seem more desirable to him to be honorable, we have a good start. Does it seem that the reverse of this should also be true, and that the unhappier we make him about telling a lie, the surer he will be not to repeat the performance? The trouble with such a procedure lies in our inability to know just which part of the affair the child will regret.

Johnny breaks a pane of glass in a neighbor's garage. He, being old enough to know that it will be expensive to replace, says nothing about it. When the neighbor comes over to mention it to father, the latter, enraged, spansks Johnny, besides making him pay for the breakage out of his allowance.

Now Johnny undoubtedly feels unhappy. But can we be sure that it is the knowledge that he kept something from his father that gives rise to his sorrow? Isn't he very much more likely to regret what he considers the injustice of the punishment, when the breaking, he tells himself, was entirely accidental? He may sulk over the spanking, remembering it rather than his deceit, feeling that paying for the glass was ample punishment in itself.

And may he not be inclined, instead of being honorable about the next offering of a somewhat similar nature, to be a little more clever, and play innocent? He may stoutly claim to have had nothing to do with the trouble, and stick to it

through thick and thin. His learning, in such cases, will hardly turn out as we would have liked.

Parents anxious to inculcate truth into their erring offspring have actually been known to keep at them for days, in the attempt to drag out the facts of a matter in which the child declares himself innocent. If he is guilty, the child is likely to become more and more stubborn. And sometimes he is, or believes he is, telling the truth!

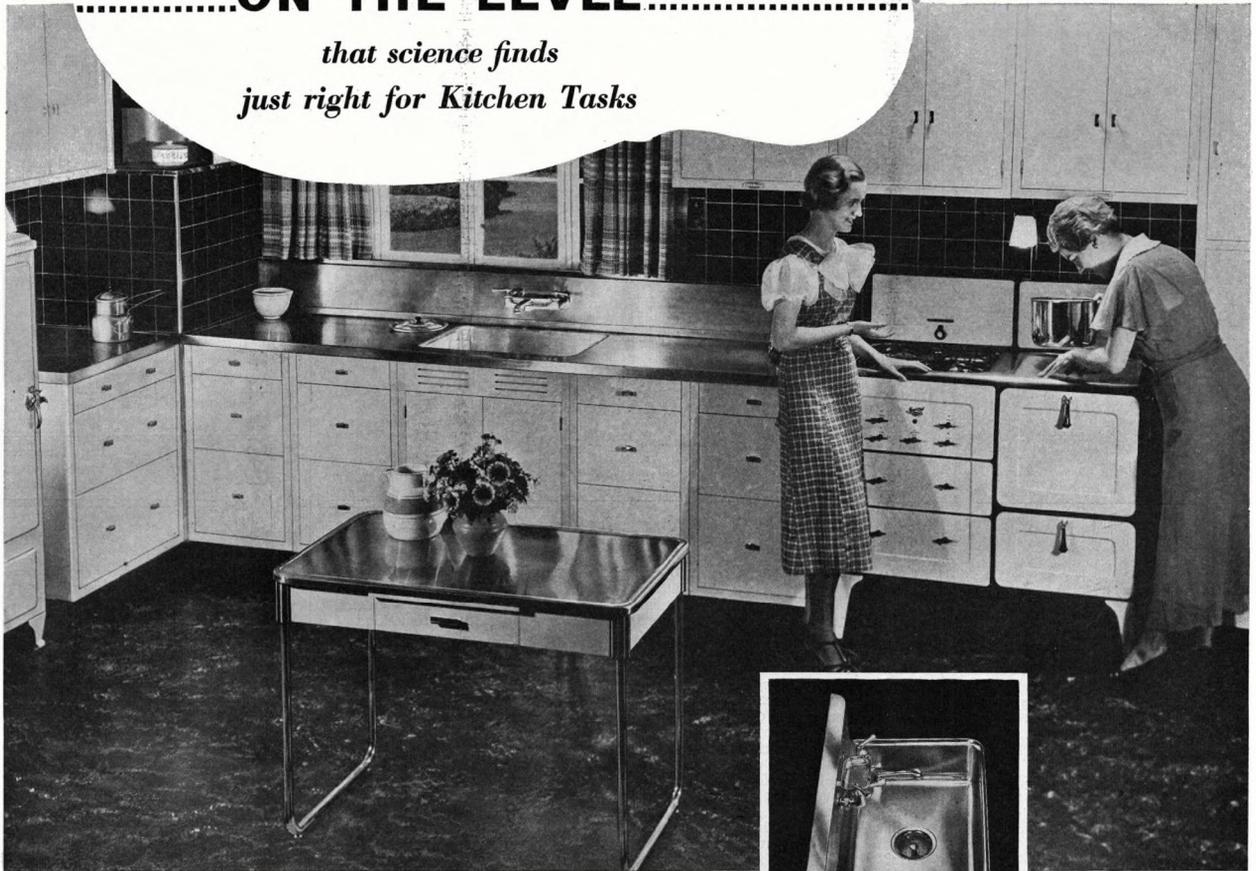
One little boy, for days on end, insisted to his overconscientious mother that he had not broken a vase, though his mother knew no one else had been in the room. When later on he inadvertently referred to the affair it was to mention the stick with which he had been playing, which, as he said, had hit the vase and knocked it over.

Even when we know that a child has done wrong, why go to him in such a way as to make it as hard as possible for him to admit his fault? Of what earthly use is it to force an admission of something we know he has done? Pouncing on a child with "Did you take those cookies?" practically forces him into a denial, into the lie we want to avoid. Doesn't it serve the same purpose to remark that we are sorry he couldn't wait to ask? Over and over, children are made to lie by our insistence on the importance of their telling the truth. (Continued on Page 138)

Beauty

ON THE LEVEL

that science finds
just right for Kitchen Tasks



UP-AND-COMING housewives give such a kitchen the twice-over. It's worth one look for sheer attractiveness. Worth another for convenience and efficiency.

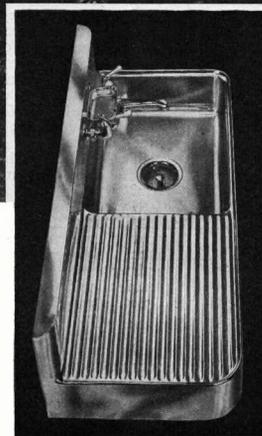
All the working surfaces are Monel Metal. Just as they were in most of the Century of Progress model kitchens. In Macy's "Forward House." In Sloane's "House of Years."

Model kitchens are usually Monel kitchens. Sink, range, cabinets and table all topped with the same silvery metal. A solid metal that doesn't chip or crack. That cleans easily. That stays smooth in spite of contact with heavy pots and pans. That says to all sorts of food juices "Come on... just try to stain me!"

This scientifically planned kitchen is a joy to use for a still further reason. All the working surfaces are on the same level. The best level. Not so low that backs ache stooping, nor so high that hands fumble awkwardly.

House furnishing and department stores and plumbing establishments everywhere display equipment of Monel Metal. Plan to have some of it yourself. Let the coupon that follows be the key which opens your kitchen door to lifetime beauty.

Monel Metal



All Monel Metal "Streamline" Cabinet Sink, "Smartline" Table designed by Ray Patten, and a Monel-topped "Magic Chef" Gas Range.

LEFT: If you can't have a whole new Monel Metal kitchen, what about a Monel sink? This "Streamline" model has lovely curves and many a good point, too.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC.
73 Wall Street New York, N. Y.



Monel Metal is a registered trade mark applied to an alloy containing approximately two-thirds Nickel and one-third copper. Monel Metal is rolled, annealed, reformed, rolled and marketed solely by International Nickel.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC.
73 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me further information on:

- Monel Metal Tables, Sinks, Ranges, and other Household Equipment.
 Monel Metal Hot Water Tanks and Gas Water Heaters.

Name _____

Address _____

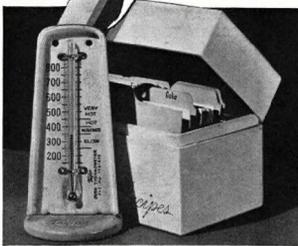
City _____

L B 7-4-34

BISCUITS HARD AGAIN!



IT'S A SHAME I WASN'T ON THE JOB!



TAYLOR BAKE OVEN THERMOMETER. In box with index cards, recipes and instructions. No. 5928. \$2.00.

OVEN TOO HOT. Results—biscuits hard... husband sarcastic. Do as other housewives and skilled cooks do. Use a Taylor Oven Thermometer.

You can rely absolutely on its accuracy. You can depend on the long, efficient service that is built into every Taylor Thermometer to give it a value far beyond its purchasing price.

Other Taylor Thermometers widely used in American Kitchens are the Deep Frying Thermometer, the Candy and Jelly Thermometer, and the Roast Meat Thermometer. Warning! Inaccurate thermometers are costly at any price. Be sure the name "Taylor" is on every thermometer you buy.

TAYLOR CANDY AND JELLY THERMOMETER. Apple-green wood handle with adjustable clip. No. 5908. \$2.00.



FREE... Send for Taylor Cooking Temperature Chart, comes in a convenient form to hang on the kitchen wall, gives temperatures for all types of bakings, deep fryings, candy and jelly makings. Address Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, N. Y., or Toronto, Canada.

Prices slightly higher west of Rockies and in Canada.

Taylor INSTRUMENTS

IN INDUSTRY, other types for indicating, recording and controlling temperature, pressure and humidity.

(Continued from Page 136) Children will not naturally learn to be sincere and truthful. Too many situations arise when it is easy and pleasant to save themselves to have such an attitude come about of itself. But there are conditions that will prove helpful. In the first place, the mere effect of hearing only the truth will be a powerful incentive to the same conduct.

The habits of parents, then, are of first importance. The older children grow, the more observant they become of the relation between precept and practice. Little children believe what we say because we are in a position of authority. Older children increasingly have the acumen to check up on our practice as it corresponds to or differs from what we have told them.

Direct the child's thinking into channels of accuracy by teaching him to observe carefully and report accurately. The three-year-old who enlarges upon the "hundreds" of dragons he has slain has little conception either of dragons or of numbers. But as he develops we can make sure that what he sees, he sees as it is.

When we go walking we can make a game of counting the petals of the flowers we see, and aside from the fascination of finding how many different arrangements of petals and leaves there are, the child is learning the beauty of accurate observation. We can let him measure and weigh and list and count, all of which are already passionately loved occupations with many

children, and which may have a value beyond that originally found by the child. Such an amusement as looking briefly at a number of objects displayed on a tray and later trying to remember as many as possible is good training.

Careless work of any kind is, in a manner, deception, and no child should be allowed to form such habits. We must keep in mind, however, that what we are after is to get the child to want to do neat, careful work. If he only does it because his taskmaster is standing over him ready to mete out punishment, no habit of carefulness will be learned, only a habit of watchfulness as to how far the checking up of authority can safely be evaded.

The father of the English schoolboy used to find in his bill an item for the birches used in caning his son. Such punishment was as much a matter of course as eating and sleeping. Indeed, one old headmaster of Eton used to say he did not mind a few lies. It was a "sign of respect!"

It is a far cry from such old-fashioned discipline to the friendly comradeship that exists in more and more families today. Between parents and children who are confident each in the others' respect, there is little need for lying becoming a bugbear.

TRAINING CHILDREN IN TRUTHFULNESS. No. 1153, our new leaflet, gives more detailed suggestions about this problem. Write to Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Phila., Pa. Price, three cents.

The Crooked Lane

(Continued from Page 27)

voice called out so sharply and clearly that he could not mistake its bidding, he would say.

"You are wrong twice," he said. "There are still, I think, many things that you could tell me, and of all the companions that I have ever known, you are the best. I have no doubt that the party at the Stilings' will be amusing and enlivening in the extreme, but it is not to be amused that I am going."

"It's going to be a very mixed-up party," Dion says—all that special newspaper crowd, and a lot of people coming in after the embassy reception for that French aviator, and some of the Baltimore crowd, almost anyone might be there."

"Jerry Hardy, for instance?"

She glanced up swiftly from the paper that he was plotting mechanically into a neat little fan. "Jerry? Oh, not possibly didn't," Dion tell you he was desperately ill? What on earth made you think of him?"

"I was just realizing that though I have heard Hardy's name half a dozen times, I do not know one solitary, single thing about him, except that once he loved Fay—and that once Mallory loved him—and that in all probability I shall be occupying his room sometime before dawn."

No, Mallory did not tell me he was ill." She looked at him steadily for a moment, her lip caught between her teeth. Like a very good, attentive child—perplexed but resigned. "You believe that Jerry had something to do with this? I don't see how it's humanly possible—but anything that's human is possible, I suppose! Jerry's the most charming and tragic person that I've ever known, I think; there's something awfully appealing and touching about him, like a little boy who's been punished, and doesn't quite understand why. He's not a little boy at all, of course; he must be well into the thirties. I know that he was only seventeen when he joined the Royal Flying Corps during the war, because Dion told me that he lied about his age."

"Hardy, too, is English?"
"No, no; he's from New England. He joined up in Canada, I think, but for a while he was with Dion's outfit, and they never really got out of touch with each other after that. And when Dion was sent

over here from England, Jerry promptly threw up the job that he had, doing part work with some big advertising firm in New York, and came down here to take a house with Dion."

"And what does he do now? Art work still?"

"Not except as a side issue; he was with the Bureau of Printing and Engraving until very recently, doing some kind of technical work there—laboratory work, I think. But on the outside, he's done a good many really lovely etchings and lithographs. Dion and I—and a lot of other people, if it comes to that—think that he really has enormous talent. Lately he's been especially interested in experimenting with some effects that make photographs look exactly like tinted dry-point etchings. He did an exquisite one of Fay."

"He was, you say, very much in love with Fay?"

"Desperately, desperately in love with her. The low voice was a shade lower."

"And she—was she in love with him?"

"I don't know. She may have been. I gave up some time ago trying to find out who Fay was in love with. I'm quite sure that she never dreamed of marrying him."

"And why are you so sure of that?"

"I DON'T think that he ever asked her to marry him. He loved her far too dearly for that. He hadn't any money, of course—and even if he'd had any, his health would have put it absolutely out of the question."

"He has a loyal champion in you, at all events," commented Karl Sheridan dryly. "What is the matter with his health?"

"Did he only imagine again that swift flicker of the shadowy eyelashes?"

"Jerry's never been even moderately well since the war. He crashed badly in 1918, and broke half the bones in his body; and after that he was in the hospital for a year and a half, and it left him with a wrecked heart, and some kind of spine trouble that still gives him actual torture. It all got so hideous lately that Dion literally forced him to turn in his resignation, so that he could try out what a complete rest would do for him."

"And what has it done for him?"

"Nothing." She spread out the little paper fan with a (Continued on Page 140)



Following an illness or operation

COCOMALT mixed with milk is so delicious that it tempts the appetite even of the sick. But still more important, Cocomalt helps the convalescent regain strength quickly. For, prepared as directed, it has almost twice the food energy of plain milk. It provides extra proteins, carbohydrates, food-calcium and food-phosphorus. Rich in Sunshine Vitamin D—licensed by Wisconsin University Alumni Research Foundation. Sold at grocery and good drug stores, in 1/2-lb., 1-lb., and 5-lb. cans. Or send name and address (and 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing) for trial-size can. R. B. Davis Co., Dept. 3-D, Hoboken, N. J.

Cocomalt

Accepted by the Committee on Foods of The American Medical Association.

Ederlin

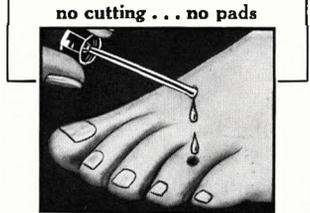
Pure Linen for Hand-Knitting & Crocheting



R. J. EDERER THREAD CO. (Incorporated) (Est. 1905) Exclusive Retailer: Gully & Elizabeth St. Philadelphia

QUICKEST WAY TO GET RID OF CORNS

no cutting . . . no pads



ONE DROP STOPS PAIN INSTANTLY

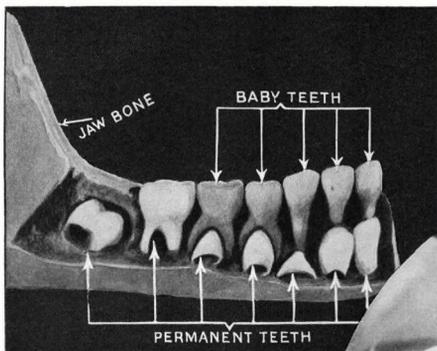
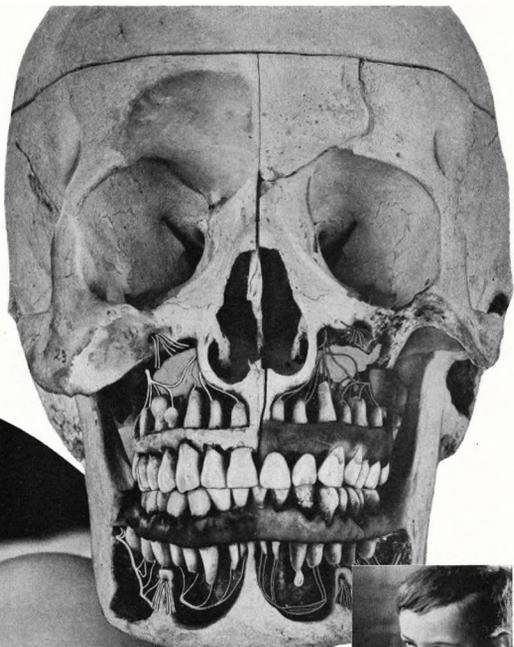
If you want to keep your feet free from aching corns, just get a bottle of FREEZONE from any druggist. Put a drop or two on the corn. Pain stops instantly, and for good! Then before you know it the corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers, easily and painlessly. It's the safe way that millions use to get rid of hard and soft corns and calluses. Works like a charm! Try it.

FREEZONE

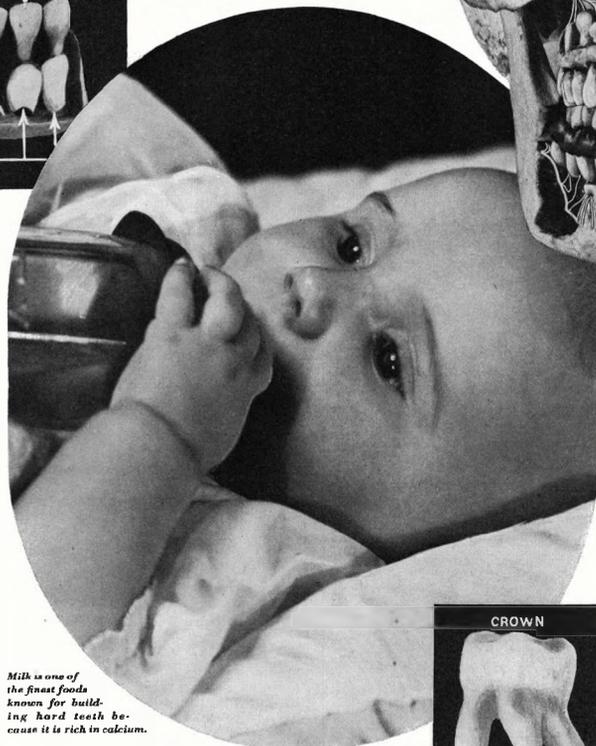


How Teeth begin to Form 6 months Before Birth

Why we have two sets of teeth; what to do to make them strong and keep them healthy; why some children eat chalk or mud; how to protect teeth from decay after they come through



A drawing of a child's jaw showing how the permanent teeth form beneath the baby teeth and gradually push the latter upward until they loosen and come out easily.



A skull with gums, nerves and blood vessels reconstructed in wax and showing numerous diseased conditions of teeth.

Some children eat chalk and mud because their systems crave certain necessary minerals, say many specialists in child-feeding.

THE celebrated first tooth that causes mother such excitement and gives father such pride is really months old when it breaks through the gums. For science now finds that teeth begin to form months before birth and continue to form long afterwards. In fact the whole tooth, except possibly the outside covering of enamel, is a living, growing part, whereas most people think the nerve is the only portion of the tooth which continues to live after teeth have reached their full size.

These facts were unknown a hundred years ago. Now they spur modern science to seek the means of "building" stronger, harder teeth in the child and in protecting more effectively the teeth of the adult.

The purpose of "building" teeth with hard and thick enamel is that they may resist decay. Dental science explains that decay is caused by particles of food that lodge on teeth and under the edges of the gums. This food is spoiled or putrefied by certain bacteria. As it decays, acids are formed which dissolve tooth surfaces. After eating through the tooth's hard enamel covering, these acids proceed to decay the inner part of the tooth until finally the nerve is reached and the entire tooth affected.

The harder and thicker the enamel of the teeth, the more resistant they are to the acids of decay. Therefore nutritionists tell expectant mothers to eat plentifully of foods containing lime and phosphorus and certain vitamins so that the baby will have good teeth. They advise mothers to feed children tooth-building foods in large quantities. Milk, oranges, cod-liver oil, are some of these tooth-building foods.

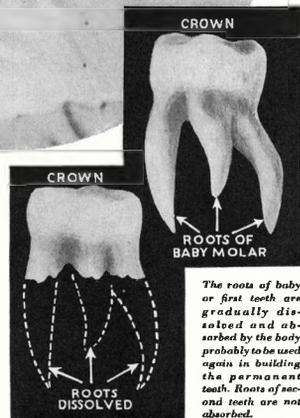
But even with the best of diets most teeth are not immune to decay. Therefore dental science has worked out a way to protect teeth by fighting the acids and germs that cause decay.

Milk is one of the finest foods known for building hard teeth because it is rich in calcium.

One of the scientific methods of preventing decay is designed solely to remove from teeth the coating of film, or bacterial plaque. Film is that slippery, sticky substance that forms on teeth. You can feel it with your tongue. Film is a friend of the germs that cause decay-producing acids. It glues germs to the teeth, provides them with a warm shelter, and even supplies their food.

Thus removing film from teeth means removing the cause of decay. Important progress in removing film was made recently in the laboratories of the Pepsodent Company when a new and revolutionary cleansing material was developed.

The cleansing and polishing material is the part of any tooth paste that does the work. Most cleansing materials are so hard and abrasive that they scratch the tooth enamel. Here is the difference between the best tooth paste and inferior brands.

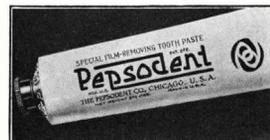


The roots of baby or first teeth are gradually dissolved and absorbed by the body probably to be used again in building the permanent teeth. Roots of second teeth are not absorbed.

use it. Pepsodent Tooth Paste is unsurpassed in cleansing power and safety.

This new material stands alone in its power to cleanse and polish teeth. Because of its increased effectiveness, Pepsodent is known as the special film-removing tooth paste throughout the entire world.

FREE—10-Day Tube



THE PEPSODENT CO.
Dept. 104, 919 No. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

This coupon is not good after Sept. 30, 1934.
Only one tube to a family.



Women Are Quitting

Old Time Make-Up Shades...
for an Utterly New Creation



WRONG MAKE-UP gives a "hard" "cheap" look.



RIGHT MAKE-UP provides a natural seductiveness—free of all artificiality.

These Pictures Show the Difference Between Right and Wrong Make-Up

THERE IS NOW a new and utterly different way in make-up... the creation of Louis Philippe, famed French colorist, whom women of Paris and the Cosmopolitan world follow like a religion. A *totally* new idea in color that often changes a woman's whole appearance.

That is because it is the first make-up—rouge or lipstick—yet discovered that actually matches the warm, pulsating color of the human blood.

Ends That "Cheap," "Hard" Look
This new creation forever banishes the "cheap," "hard" effect one sees so often today from unfortunately chosen make-up—gives, instead, an absolutely natural and unartificial color.

As a result, while there may be some question as to what constitutes Good Form

in manners or in dress, there is virtually no question today among women of admitted social prominence as to what constitutes Good Form in make-up.

What It's Called

It is called ANGELUS ROUGE INCARNAT. And it comes in both lipstick form and in paste rouge form. You use either on both the lips and the cheeks. And one application lasts all day long.

In its allure, it is typically, *wickedly* of Paris. In its virginal modesty, as natural as a *jeune fille*—ravishing, without revealing!

Do as smart women everywhere are doing—adopt Angelus Rouge Incarnat. The little red box costs only a few cents. The lipstick, the same as most American made lipsticks. You'll be amazed at what it does for you.

The "Regular" Lipstick



The "Little Red Box" for lips and cheeks



Angelus Rouge Incarnat

By LOUIS PHILIPPE

USE ON BOTH THE LIPS AND THE CHEEKS

NOW THE GIANT TUBE

ZIP PERFORMED DEPILATORY CREAM

ZIP EPILATOR—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT

Remember that ZIP, when removed as directed, will PERMANENTLY DESTROY HAIR

3 Perfumes

SUBTLE, fascinating, alluring. Sell regularly for \$12.00 an ounce. Made from the essence of flowers:—

Three odors: Send only
(1) *Romance*
(2) *Lily of the Valley*
(3) *Engrit de France*

A single drop lasts a week!

30¢

To pay for postage and handling send only 30c (silver or stamps) for 3 trial bottles. Only one set to each new customer. PAUL RIEGER, 158 First St., San Francisco, Calif.

Extra Dollars for YOU!



"It's like 'finding' the money!"

HUNDREDS of girls and women tell us so when they try our earning plan! Miss Christianson took a delightful trip with money earned our way. Others are buying new frocks, enjoying rest and recreation.

Let us tell you about it. Only spare time needed and it costs nothing but a stamp to get full information and supplies. Write now to: Linda Patton (Personal) LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, 362 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

(Continued from Page 138) gesture at once controlled and violent. "Worse than nothing. He's been in a private hospital near Baltimore for some time now."

"Near Baltimore, you say? Is it connected with Johns Hopkins?"

"No; it's a little west of Baltimore. It's more of a sanitarium than a hospital, I suppose. Doctor Byrd is in charge of it."

"Doctor Byrd? Our too-blue-eyed and curly-headed dinner companion of last night?"

"That one; yes."
"This sanitarium—is it especially for the treatment of spinal disorders?"

"I understand that it's especially for the treatment of nervous cases."

"Do you happen to know its address?"

"Yes. It's called Stillhaven, Torystown, Maryland."

"And its telephone number?"

"It's a private number, but I know it. Have you a pencil?"

Karl handed her a fountain pen, frowning. "A pen, but no paper, it seems. Will you tell me where I can find a piece?"

"This will do." She smoothed out the creased fan, wrote Torystown 7362 across its face, swiftly and strongly. "They won't let you talk to Jerry, though, I'm afraid. Was that what you wanted it for?"

"NOT necessarily. But what makes you so sure that I would not be able to?"

"Because I was talking to Byrd's assistant just a little while ago. I wanted to make sure that Jerry didn't see about Fay in the papers tomorrow. But the assistant told me that he hasn't been seeing any papers for some time. He hasn't been seeing anything."

"His illness is actually very grave then?"

"I've told you already that it's desperately grave. They say that he's in a temporary state of collapse. Well, that may be what they call it. He's dying, K."

"Poor devil!" He sat staring down somberly at the paper in his fingers. "But this, Tess, is a telegram. Do you not wish to keep it?"

"No—I remember perfectly what's in it. It's just from Dion, telling me that he'd arrived safely and delivered the papers. He made splendid time, didn't he? They're on daylight saving, of course."

"You wish me to read it?"

"Of course you can read it! Did you think that he telegraphed me sonnets, darling?"

"No," he said. "That was not what I thought."

The telegram was a day letter, sent from New York at six-twenty-five that morning. It said:

PRETTY GOOD TIME FOR A HOMEBOY LIKE DION SHOULDN'T YOU SAY AND YOU'RE THE GIRL WHO KNOWS WHY I MADE IT THE PAPERS ARE IN THE HANDS OF THE DISTINGUISHED OLD PORPOISE WHO STARTED ALL THE RUMPUSS AND AFTER BREAKFAST A NAP AND A SHAVE I KNOW ONE FELLOW WHO WILL BE HEADING SOUTH AGAIN I SHOULD ARRIVE AROUND FOUR DO I BY ANY CHANCE KNOW ONE LADY WHO WILL BE WAITING DION

Karl Sheridan read it through once, un-stirring, but the second time, if Tess had been looking, she would have seen the little muscle twitch in his cheek. But as it happened she was not looking. Her eyes were on the cream-and-golden freesias, and her lips were curved in something so small, sedate and secret that it hardly merited the title of a smile.

"IT IS not a sonnet, certainly," commented Mr. Sheridan urbanely. "But the amateur critic might discern in it a certain lyric note that is usually lacking in day letters! You still expect me to entertain the possibility that Mallory might have been engaged to Fay, Tess? You expect me to believe that this telegram was sent to his future sister-in-law?"

Tess murmured, her eyes luminous with that strange serenity, half tolerant amusement, half careless compassion, that was her inheritance from some ancestress half

a thousand years older in days and nights of hard-won wisdom.

"K, you're unbelievable! What in heaven's name is the matter? If anything in the world comes up that suggests that Dion Mallory takes an interest in me that isn't entirely brotherly, I watch you turn into an alien enemy before my eyes. Don't you like Dion?"

"I have rarely seen anyone that I liked better."

"Well, then, don't you like me?"

"You, Tess, as I suspect that you know very well indeed, are that one that I like even better."

"Well, but then, darling? What earthly difference can it make to you whether Dion is agreeable enough to find me agreeable? Or whether it gives me a good deal of unconcealed delight that he does? Are you trying to tactfully convey to me that your intentions are honorable, or are you just being a good, upstanding dog in the manger?"

SHERIDAN, folding the paper along its original creases with scrupulous care, placed it and the fountain pen in the pocket that contained Mallory's note to Fay.

"Like you," he said, the young smile flushing briefly across the dark, tired face, "I am somewhat in doubt. Not as to whether they are honorable, but as to whether they are intentions. . . . Tess, tell me—this party tonight is largely for the Press, you say?"

"Largely, yes—though that needn't discourage you. You'll be infatuated with the lot of them, and Freddy and Noll will be there, and the Lindsays, and the Chev-aliers, and Dion, and dozens of others. Why? What is it? Is there something special that you want to find out about them?"

"Yes. Tess, do you not think that it is possible that among all those people whose business it is to buy news—and to sell it—I might stumble across that one you call X?"

"I think that anything is possible." She lifted her hands to the honey-colored coils that framed the clear undaunted face, as though suddenly she found that shining burden more than she could bear. "Are you going to use a divining rod?"

"As a matter of fact, I doubt whether I shall need one. Tess, had it never occurred to you that Fay herself might be your X?"

"OH, NEVER, never; that's absolutely impossible. The column started over four years ago, when Fay was a fourteen-year-old baby in a convent near Florence."

"And she could not have taken it over from someone later? After all, X is at best a not very distinctive nom de plume."

"It's fairly distinctive as far as half of the population of these United States is concerned. I think that you'd agree that X had a peculiarly distinctive style if you ran through a few of his columns—"

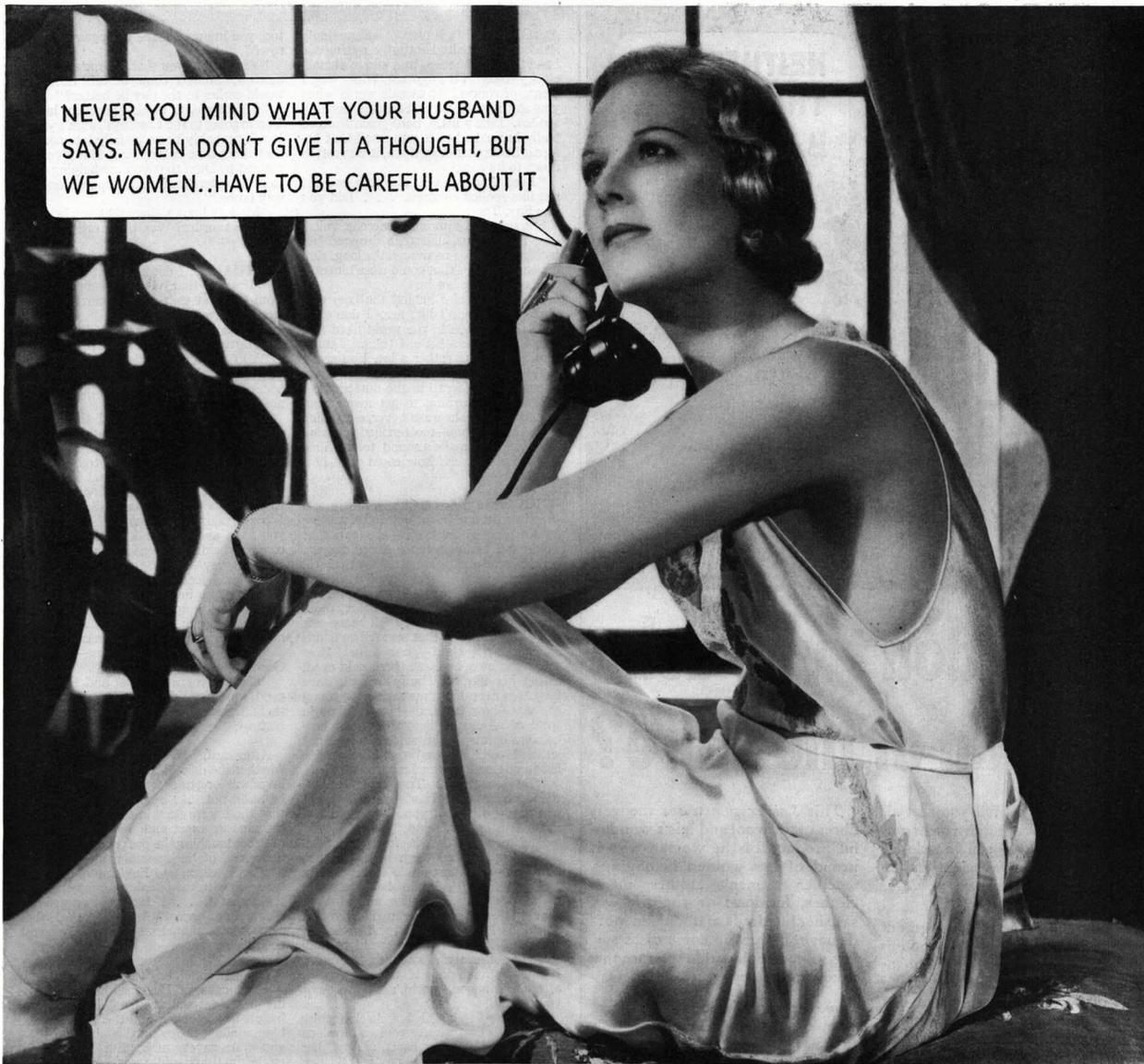
"The style has never varied?"

"Oh, the columns weren't always as bad as they are now, of course. They started out by being fairly mild, fairly amusing gossip, and then they got to be a little less mild, and a little more amusing, and then frankly scandalous, and now—oh, now—so damnably, so revolting, that I can't even read them. And more and more about the people we know." She wrung her hands together once, hard, and said in a low, bitter voice behind which something young and distraught fought with tears, "People that seemed charming, and decent, and amusing. People that I loved."

"I see. You do not think that Fay was clever enough to imitate the very individual style of this X?"

"Oh, K, you don't see anything! Fay isn't clever at all. She's simply ravishingly pretty, and she has a rather flippant, reckless way of saying things that lots of people find amusing—the same sort of idiots who think a spoiled child defying its parents is just too cunning for words. I don't like spoiled children. And Fay really is

(Continued on Page 142)



TO WOMEN... IT'S IMPORTANT

Here's a problem so intimately feminine that it's natural for a man to be completely unaware of it...

Women must be careful about toilet tissues. Any woman knows why at once. She realizes that the *extra* use she has for toilet tissue requires, for comfort and safety—a super-soft paper.

Northern Tissue has been designed with women's specialized needs in mind. It is made by a special process that results in *supreme softness*—a process that produces a paper that is 100% pure cellulose—similar to cotton.

Naturally, Northern Tissue is guaranteed free from any trace of splintery groundwood. It is highly absorbent—for gentle, efficient cleansing. And every sheet is sterilized the hospital way, by live steam.

This toilet tissue that is soft enough for women's use is safest for everybody—especially the children. Protect your family by ordering three rolls of Northern Tissue—or Gauze (a companion product)—this very day. Let their softness convince you! Northern Paper Mills, Green Bay, Wisconsin.



Both Northern Tissue and Gauze have been especially designed for women. Northern Tissue is pure white. Gauze is for women who prefer a lighter-weight, cream-colored paper, at a slightly lower cost. Both Northern Tissue and Gauze are linenized for even greater softness.

NORTHERN TISSUE and GAUZE



I SIMPLY DON'T
UNDERSTAND
ABOUT MOTHS

NEITHER DO I.
THEY'RE THE
BANE OF MY
EXISTENCE

Why don't you ask the man at the store?

Your druggist will tell you that all the old ideas about moths and moth damage have been completely overturned by a new scientific discovery which makes it *impossible for moths to eat wool!*

Just imagine that! Your grandmother tried to *hide* her woollens away from the mothworm—in boxes or cedar shavings, moth balls or flakes. Science laughs at that, because Science knows the mothworm cannot smell *any* smell, good or bad!

But now we have got to the bottom of this mothworm business. The big textile concerns were the first to use this idea of treating the wool itself. They call it "mothproofing," and that word explains just the difference between *Larvex* and all the older methods of moth-fighting.

This *Larvex* penetrates the very fibres of the wool and it is a wonderful product for the woman who is proud of her woolen belongings, whether women's clothes, men's clothes, furniture or rugs. It will save her hundreds of dollars in moth damage, besides in some cases saving some irreplaceable treasure that is beyond money value.

Larvex is non-injurious and *odorless*. Keep your clothes hanging, ready to wear anywhere, any time. No folding, wrinkling, stowing away. And *Larvex* is economical. One application of it will mothproof for a full year, and this year's service costs no more for a suit of clothes than a single pressing of that same suit! Sold everywhere by drug and department stores. The *Larvex* Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y. (In Canada: The *Larvex* Corporation, Ltd., Ste. Therese, P. Q.)

LARVEX Prevents MOTH DAMAGE

One application mothproofs for a whole year!

(Continued from Page 140) disgustingly spoiled." She halted abruptly, raising one hand to whitening lips, and said in a small, empty voice, "I'd forgotten. Was—was, I mean, of course. It sounds worse when you say it that way. She was horribly spoiled. Like a little, hard green fruit, so badly bruised when it was small that before it had a chance to ripen, it was rotten down to its core."

"I see. And you said also that you did not like spoiled children. . . . Did you like Fay, Tess?"

She stared at him for a moment, voiceless, incredulous, and then dropped her face in her hands as though the long, slim fingers were bars that could close him out, that could close her in.

"No," the voice behind the bars told him. "No, I didn't like her. I don't believe that anyone in the world liked her. But I loved her a little, I think. I think that I loved her rather a lot. You see, I couldn't help remembering that frantic, wretched little scrap in the nursery bed, twisting and turning to get away from something that she wasn't ever, ever going to get away from—too terrified to sleep, too terrified to make a sound, too terrified to shed a tear. K, how could she—how could she—"

THE brave voice broke suddenly and piteously, and he sat quite still, waiting for the tears to break too—the tears that would fall through those closed fingers, breaking the nightmare of reality that still held her in its grip. But they did not fall, and after a moment he knew why. They were draining back into her heart, those unshed tears, where they fell more salt and bitter than any that ever fell on hands or lips. Poor child—poor child! How could he, who had sat there cold-eyed, rating her like any bullying fool, have forgotten even for a moment how young she was—how terrified—how helpless in spite of all her defiant valor—no, how helpless because of it, since it would not let her break? He was on his knees beside her in one swift flash of movement.

"Tess—my poor Tess—you cannot, then, forgive me? It was myself that I was angry with, not you. I think that I must have lost my mind."

She took her hands from her face, slowly, and placed them lightly in his. "No, no—you mustn't do that. Such a nice mind, K: It's I who should ask you to forgive me. I realize now that I shouldn't ever, ever have involved you in all this darkness and horror and wretchedness; if I hadn't felt the world rocking straight out from under my feet last night, I wouldn't have done it, truly. Because, after all, it was my world, not yours—not yours at all."

He wanted to lay his hot cheek against those hands that were as cool and fresh as the freesias above her heart, and tell her the truth that was still so new and strange that he himself could not believe it. He wanted to say to her very quietly, very gently, so that it would not startle her, "My world is yours, Tess. You are my world."

Not now. Not yet. Not until he had made one more turn down the crooked lane—one turn that would tell him whether ahead of him lay darkness, or light.

HE BENT his head, touched the hands in his very lightly with his lips, released them, and straightened up.

"Let us then forget all this foolish talk of forgiveness, shall we? It is an empty little word; I think that we two have something better to give each other. As for your world, whatever it may hold, I am more proud than I can say that you permit me to share it. . . . See, I have brought you tears again—I who would bring you nothing all the days of your life but loveliness and delight. What should you say to me, Tess?"

"I should thank you—I do thank you." She was on her feet beside him. "I like to have you scold me; no one ever does it any more, and I need it badly. I'm spoiled,

too, you know. I'll see you again tomorrow?"

"Very surely you shall see me again tomorrow. Shall I come at this time, or would earlier in the day be better?"

"This time, I think—or even later. You're going to the Lindsays', aren't you? It will probably be an awfully late party; they don't dine before nine. But I've explained to Dion that you are helping me, so he'll understand, and drop you on his way home."

"Mallory knows, then, that you believe it to be murder? Was that really necessary?"

"ACTUALLY, I don't think that it was. I believe that he was as sure as I was from the first that it was murder. You see, he knew Fay too."

"You do not think that he might feel it is his duty to attempt to shield someone?"

"You mean Jerry, don't you? No, I don't think that he feels that it will be necessary. I'm quite, quite sure that you are wrong."

"Have I said, Tess, that I thought it was Jerry? Till tomorrow night, then, it is good-by, is it not?"

"I wish that it didn't have to be." She laid her hand on his sleeve, and for a moment he felt her fingers tighten convulsively, like a panic-stricken child. "If only I could make the servants believe that you were an old friend, then you could come in the daytime easily, couldn't you? But this way—"

He could feel the muscle in his cheek contract, but he only said very gently, "This way you can have the real old friends, can you not? And if I actually need you during the day, I can call you?"

"Oh, surely, surely, any time—always. Good night, darling."

"Sleep sweet, my Tess, and have all good, kind little dreams. You must have them, because most surely they are your heritage."

Afterward, he tried to remember whether the drive in the taxi to the Stirlings' was long or short, and to save his life he could not. . . . He could remember that there were stars in the sky, and that the air was sweet and cool; he could remember touching the pocket that held the little case of backgammon markers and Mallory's letter, and Fay's note, and the telegram with the telephone number written across it. . . . He could remember the feeling beneath his fingers of the smooth iron railing that led up the steps to the Stirling house.

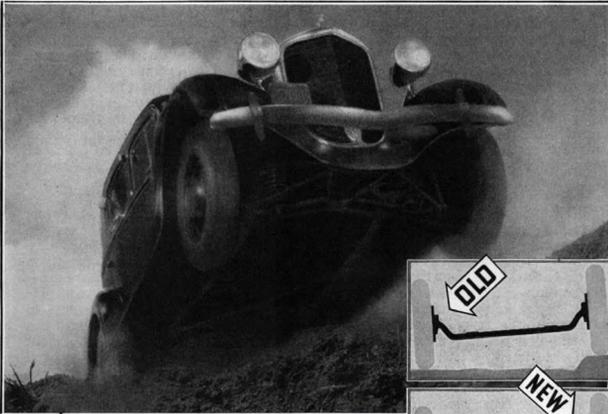
IT WAS a small, brick house painted the exact color of Devonshire cream; the door was a deep blue with a shiny Georgian handle and knocker, and there were deep blue window boxes filled with the pink-and-white gayety of English daisies that made him think, oddly, of the little houses of Curzon Street as they had stood, innocently sophisticated, in the pale London sunlight, years and years ago, when he used to go visiting his English cousins for the Easter holidays. He lifted his hand to the bell.

The windows in the front room were wide open, and obviously the piano was quite close to them; a group of people were singing something from Gilbert and Sullivan, as badly as amateurs usually sing it—though there was one contralto voice that wasn't to be despised, by any means, and a light, happy-go-lucky tenor soared high above the rest with misleading ease. The singing trailed off into a slightly confused but reluctant silence, and the murmur of voices behind the singers swelled to an agreeable roar, with one more insistent than the others clamoring violently above the tumult.

"Hey, aren't you opera singers ever going to die and give the hoi polloi a chance? Forty or fifty of us think that Casey Jones is a good tune, too, and at least we know the words and the music. Pipe down, for the love of Pete. All right, fellers: Casey Jones—and snap into it, before they" (Continued on Page 144)

"NEW DODGE HAS 'CUSTOM-TYPE' LUXURY" DECLARE NOTED STYLISTS

yet costs just a few dollars more than lowest-priced cars



"FLOATING-CUSHION" WHEELS—Independent front-wheel suspension makes rough roads smooth. Wheels literally "step over" bumps and ruts. The combination of "Floating-Cushion" Wheels, Cross-steering, and Floating Power engine mountings gives a real leveled, smooth ride—free of jar, jolt, "jitter" and shock.



MRS. J. HENRY ALEXANDRE, JR.—chief stylist of Sibour, Inc., one of Park Avenue's leading couturieres, says: "This season's fashions will be marked by restraint and richness. The simplicity, grace and good taste of the new Dodge make it definitely in the vogue."



ALL-STEEL BODY—Strong, safe. Rolled off a cliff... crashing end over end... bouncing and jouncing... to test its solidity and security, the all-steel body holds up... won't smash even under this terrific ordeal.



INTERIOR BAGGAGE COMPARTMENT—Handy, practical storage space in this big compartment back of the rear seat in this new Dodge. Away from damaging rain and snow. Safer from theft. Wonderfully convenient. Easy to get at.



BLANCHE BATES—celebrated actress, whose performance in the current hit, "The Lake", wins praise from press and public, examines new Dodge perfected "7-Point Ventilation." (1) Cowl ventilator. (2) Windshield opens and closes by means of a crank on instrument board. (3) Front half of forward window may be swung open in "butterfly" fashion. (4) Rear half may be raised or lowered independently of forward half. (5) Simple device locks both halves into a single unit which can be raised or lowered as an ordinary window. (6) Rear door window raises and lowers. (7) Rear window has "butterfly" draft control.



FLOATING POWER ENGINE MOUNTINGS—As Ida M. Tarbell, noted biographer, shows in this picture, Floating Power makes the new, bigger Dodge smooth, vibrationless, at every speed. You can ride for mile after mile—hour after hour—all day without fatigue.



HYDRAULIC BRAKES—Safer because always equalized. Stop instantly. Weather-proof, too.

NEW EASY WAY TO COMPARE MOTOR CARS!
Any Dodge Dealer will be glad to tell you about the "Show-Down" Plan that lets you compare motor cars for yourself—in your own way. It's simple... easy... fascinating to use. Saves "shopping around". In just a few minutes you can see which cars offer the most for the money!

NEW BIGGER DODGE \$645 AND UP
F. O. B. FACTORY DETROIT

Every **UTENSIL DOLLAR**
NOW COUNTS FOR 36

Your choice of colors
Pastel Green, Ivory,
Black, Mandarin Red.

FEDERAL
Chipproofed Stainless
GUARANTEED ENAMELWARE

*** TESTED...
36 Times More
DURABLE**

FEDERAL WARE

These utensils are built to last a lifetime. They save 20 to 40% on fuel with their quick-heating Black Bottoms and Straight Sides. They preserve the moisture, natural flavor and vitamins of foodstuffs with their Chromium Vapor-Seal Covers for wireless cooking... Federal ware is much easier to clean, more convenient to handle and it sets a new standard for quicker, cooler, better cooking... See it at Department, Hardware and Specialty Stores... Federal Enameling & Stamping Co., Pittsburgh, Penna., World's Largest Manufacturer of Enameled Kitchenware

INDIVIDUAL PIECES AS LOW AS 95c
(Slightly higher in Far South and West)

**'MY OLD RUG
SAVED ME
ABOUT \$200.00'**

You, too, will find it a thrilling new experience to send us a bundle of **Your OLD RUGS and Clothing...** and Ten days later receive luxuriously soft, modern **Seamless, Reversible Olson Rugs** that will win the praise of family and friends. **JUST PHONE** the Railway Express to call, or ship by freight at Our Expense.

FREE TO EVERY READER... mail coupon or 1c postal for the beautiful big 60th Anniversary Olson Rug Book that shows 60 rich new Oriental, plain and Early American patterns in actual colors in model rooms; describes our Patented Process of reclaiming your materials. Sizes for any need. Week's Trial. We have no Agents.

OLSON RUG CO.
CHICAGO NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO
Mail to 2800 N. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Dept. E-72

YES, send me FREE and postpaid, your new Rug Book in colors and low limit-time prices:

Name _____
Address _____
Town _____ State _____

THE FAMOUS GAME
ROOK
THE GAME OF GAMES

PLAY TONIGHT.

Countless thousands are replaying ROOK this evening (and every evening) throughout America.

EXCITING PLAY! QUICK CLIMAXES!

Immensely Popular Price 75cts.

The NEW PARTNERSHIP ROOK is now distinctively The Fashionable Game.

PARKER BROTHERS INC. SALEM MASS.

Allen's Foot-Ease

SHAKE IT INTO YOUR SHOES
Makes new or tight shoes feel easy. Soothes tender, swollen, aching feet and stops the pain of corns, bunions and calluses. For Free Sample and Walking Doll, address:

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, LE ROY, N. Y.

-----CUT ME OUT-----
and mail me, with your name and address, to Christy, Inc., 1544 Union St., Newark, New York. I will bring you a free sample of Christy's magic polishing Cloth and full details how you, as our Local Manager, have an opportunity to make \$25.00 day extra in your spare time.

(Continued from Page 142) remember something twelve verses long out of Rudyard!"

A cheerful fellow that might well have waked Casey himself proved that the fellows so feelingly appealed to were only too eager to respond, and Sheridan smiled—the young, friendly smile that he had come close to losing forever in the last twenty-four hours. "A good party, obviously. Too good for the purpose for which it must serve." The smile faded; he shrugged his shoulders, lifted his hand once more to the bell, this time a little impatiently—and the door before him opened with such vehemence that he came close to being precipitated headlong across the threshold.

A very small colored maid with very large pearl earrings stood framed in the doorway. She wore a cap that looked as though it had been wedged onto her head by main force, a frivolous apron not much larger than a postage stamp somewhat enlivened her severely sable costume, and the expression on her countenance was one of such profound consternation and despair that he promptly dismissed all preconceived notions of Southern hospitality and the carefree nature of the dark-skinned children of Ham and the African sun.

STILL, there was something to be said for her ill-concealed dismay. The narrow hallway before him was congested to the point of explosion with what were probably chairs and benches, but that at present looked more like a series of landslides of coats, cloaks, hats and scarfs. The young person in the doorway obviously felt that the situation required a bouncer rather than a butler.

"Ah declare to the Lawd, Ah doan know wheah you goin' to put them things," she remarked with passionate sincerity. "Leas' ways lessen you scrooge 'em in that li'l' bit of a place over on the stairs an' doan min' gettin' 'em tromp' on. Mebbe if you try an' stan' that hat in side-ways—"

A voice from the far end of the hall inquired with mild interest. "Hello there! Are you a comer or a goer? Three to one you're a comer—I'll swear I never laid eyes on you before. Dump your things right down on that nice shiny gold hat."

Bill Stirling, a sandy-haired, lanky gentleman in disreputable tweeds, bestowed a grin on his guest and his maid so entirely engaging that Dodie promptly grinned back companionably, and Sheridan hastened to divest himself of his outer garments, casting them recklessly on the floor.

"My name is Sheridan—Karl Sheridan. I was to have come with Mallory, but unfortunately I was delayed by some rather important business, and he seemed sublimely certain that it would be quite all right if I turned up any time before seven in the morning. He was wrong perhaps?"

"No, no—right as rain! Delighted to have you with us, my dear fellow. Mallory's in there; in the one doing the tenor coloratura effects to She Was Poor But She Was Honest. Let's find a shoehorn and a crowbar and join them, shan't we?"

THE room into which Bill Stirling proceeded to insert the two of them, by means of the alternate use of persuasion and brute force, was small, shabby and pleasant, lined from floor to ceiling on all four walls with books that looked as though they might have started life in a secondhand store, and further equipped with a dozen sofa cushions, strategically strewn about the floor, two enormous chairs of scuffed brown leather, and a large, hard day bed masquerading as a divan in a slip cover of noncommittal mouse-colored corduroy. Occupying the wall opposite the door stood a flat-topped office desk, adorned by a typewriter with its leather cover at a pleasingly cockeyed angle, two entirely empty whisky bottles laid significantly flat on their backs with a dead gardenia decorating each label, and a large bowl half filled with the pinkish fluid in which a ladle reclined with languid abandon. Every other inch of room was occupied by thirty or forty earnest maniacs who had apparently dedicated their respective lives to the proposition that each one of them, alone and unsupported, could make more noise than anyone else in the world. Sheridan, controlling an almost irresistible impulse to stuff his fingers in his ears, decided that they were well on their way to their goal.

FOR a brief and paralyzed moment he thought that it was a fancy-dress party; but a more critical glance persuaded him that it was nothing more than sheer animal spirits swept into the realms of fashion, where the ladies who wanted to wear beach pajamas wore beach pajamas, and the ladies who wanted to wear tiaras on the backs of their heads wore tiaras on the backs of their heads. The men seemed broad-minded too. Some of them wore white ties to match the white carnations on their lapels, and some of them wore tennis flannels, and two of them wore really dazzling mess jackets, and on one side of him stood a uniform that had more ribbons on it than a Maypole, and on the other side a pair of riding boots as deeply shining as horse chestnuts.

Sheridan was almost inclined to revert to the fancy-dress theory, before he realized that actually the majority were clad in nothing more revolutionary than the uniforms of the tired business man—neat blue serge and brown wool. He found some pathos in their attempts to enliven their relentless sobriety with ties timorously adorned with small, bright leaves and dots and stripes. They looked tired enough, in all conscience, but not particularly businesslike. Something in their rumpled hair and the bright, friendly malice of their eyes—something in the grudging warmth of the smiles that were edged with tolerant cynicism—struck him as curiously engaging, and he found himself smiling back at these strangers.

So these then were the gentlemen of the press? Well, it began to look as though the young man from Vienna was going to enjoy the American press.

THERE was a room beyond this, obviously; faint sounds came from it, in which Sweet Adeline and The Moon and I seemed to be engaged in a protracted death struggle, but three flushed and pugnacious-looking gentlemen seated squarely on their haunches and leaning heavily back against the great folding doors seemed passionately determined that they should penetrate no farther. Bill Stirling, bestowing on them the appreciative grin of a whole-souled accomplice, lifted a commanding hand.

"Hey!" he shouted in a voice that caused his startled guest to leap in his boots. "Where's Abby? Where's Mallory? Freddy, look what I found on the doormat. Now do you believe in Santa Claus?"

The slim creature in dull gold brocade with green-enameled laurel leaves bound close about her sleeked red hair dropped the dice to which she had been chanting amorously, pivoted on her knees and emitted a small, exultant yelp that effectively belied the well-calculated Botticelli effect.

"The policeman! Angel darling—my treasure; no, I forgot, you're a cad and a bounder, aren't you? You stood me up cold—me, that kings and cardinals and transatlantic fliers have worshiped—didn't you? Who do you think you are, anyway? Well, never mind that, you're beautiful, and you've completely devastated me! I've been talking about you until I've got a cross between croup and whooping cough—I'm the laughingstock of Washington. What in the name of heaven happened to you last night anyway? I sat there waiting for you until I could actually feel my finger nails growing. . . . Here, sit down on this cushion, and tell Freddy all about it."

Beltx

The Sainkest Personal Belt Sterilized For Your Protection



Light, exquisite, invisible—Beltx has long been the choice of fastidious women. No wider than lingerie ribbon—it gives a feeling of complete security.

BELTX is Hospital Safe—sterilized—sealed in cellophane! YOU break the seal and remove it, spotlessly clean—untouched.

BELTX is even worn differently—supported on hips in a manner which banishes all fear of revealing outlines. It can be quickly adjusted and has—instead of safety pins—two thin, flat grips which are invisible under the sleekest gown.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send his name and 50c. Beltx will be sent to you in a plain wrapper. If you're not satisfied—money will be refunded.

BELTX DIVISION, WIZARD CO.
1600 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Beltx

The Hospital-Safe Personal Belt

For Tan and Colored Shoes

Just wonderful results. ColorShine Neutral Color Creme cleans, polishes, restores color, preserves leather. Easy to use. Only 10¢ at 10¢ stores. 12 kinds, for all colors, kid, suede, cloth shoes. Larger bottles only 25¢ at Department and Shoe Stores. It's wonderful!



10¢
AT TEN CENT STORES
LARGER BOTTLE 25¢
AT DEPARTMENT AND SHOE STORES

NEUTRAL COLOR CREME
SHOE DRESSINGS

CHEFTRAIN MFG. CO.
BALTIMORE, MD.

EVERY GAS STOVE NEEDS THE Hydro-Flue Humidifier

Do away with the dirty, old-fashioned stove pipe! Hydro-Flue vaporizes fumes, traps grease and dirt, keeps kitchen walls clean. Water trap supplies beneficial moisture to the air. Handicraft finished, with colored porcelain top and chromium base—useful, practical, beautiful. Modernizes your kitchen at a very low price. Ask your dealer, or write today for FREE FOLDER.

WARD MFG. CO.
113 E. Milwaukee, Detroit, Mich.

WRITE for FREE CIRCULAR

YARNS BOUCLE, SHETLAND, SAXONY, CHERNILLE, GERMANTOWN, etc.

for dresses, suits, coats, sweaters, etc.

Lowest prices. OVER 200 FREE SAMPLES

CLIVEN YARN CO., 111 N. 5th St., PHILA., PA.

The very blond and blue-eyed young man crouched opposite her on the sofa cushion that she so generously offered to the involuntary intruder rose apprehensively to his feet, remarking mildly, "I think Abby went below to look into the food situation, old boy, and Mallory's in there singing. Shall I get him?"

"You get him or anyone else, my lad, and you'll get a good sharp knife between those nice broad shoulder blades of yours," remarked Lady Freddy with ominous sweetness. "I can see a little green light hanging right over your head, Toddie, and if I know my traffic signals, that means 'go.'"

"I think she's trying to tell us that the stranger in our midst has finally found a guardian," suggested Bill gravely. "And it sounds to me as though the rest of us had better let it go at that, if we know what's good for us! Sheridan, whatever happens, don't say that I didn't tell you!"

"NEVER fear. Twice warned, thrice a fool." Karl Sheridan, smiling gaily over his shoulder at the back of his erstwhile protector, appropriated the recently vacated maroon cushion. "This is now mine? Freddy, I had forgotten how greatly I have missed you."

"If there's one thing I love more than another, it's a good liar," said Freddy Parrish. "Turn your head that way, toward the backgammon table. . . . Yes, it's as good as I thought it was. It's better."

"The backgammon table?"

"No—your profile."

"I, too, like liars," said Karl Sheridan, flashing back at her the young smile that had made older and wiser ladies forget that they were old and wise. "Especially when they wear vine leaves in their copper hair. . . . Who is the small person at the table with hair that is curled like a good baby's?"

"That's Joan—Joan Lindsay. Next to Tess, she's the grandest girl in Washington; no fooling. Didn't you meet her last night?"

"I did indeed, and found her entirely enchanting. Now before we settle down to what I trust will be hours and hours of diversion, is there not something that I can get for you? Plates and glasses seem to be in evidence. Something to eat, perhaps? Something to drink?"

"You're asking me?" inquired Lady Freddy with considerable bitterness. "Hi, Stirling—suppose you tip us off before you do another of your famous vanishing acts. Are you actually under the impression that you're being the perfect host when you take away a tray of empty glasses and bring 'em back emptier?"

Bill Stirling, looking slightly harassed, replaced the loaded tray cautiously on the table with the punch bowl, and turned on his somewhat captious guest with a grin that was not entirely conciliatory.

"Where's that hussy Abigail? She's buried the other bottle of whisky somewhere, and I can't put my hands on her."

"SHE'S probably taken it and some unsuspecting child into the back yard to enjoy the nine Darwin tulips and the lilac tree," suggested Lady Parrish agreeably. "The other bottle of whisky, for the love of Pete? What are you trying to do, drown us?"

"If you want to mingle with the idle poor, you should tote your own Veuve Cliquot," commented Bill Stirling even more agreeably.

Sheridan interposed with more haste than discretion. "Why not some of that highly intriguing liquid in the capacious bowl? Of what does it consist, Stirling?"

"Ah, that's it!" Lady Parrish, totally unsubdued, hurled herself into the arena with energy and abandon. "I spotted hashish and tomato catchup, but there's something there that I can't quite make out. First I thought it was rose water, and then—"

Karl Sheridan, rising so precipitately that he almost overturned his now far from genial host, ladled out the pink



SPRING... and a "walk-away" in Blue!

A thoroughbred four-eyelet tie that can take punches all over and still look perfectly ravishing. Of soft, blue kid, The Punchette, W-133, has that "something more" than other shoes . . . the Florsheim patented Feature Arch for luxurious ease. \$875 to \$1050 and up

FLORSHEIM

Shoes for Women

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY, Manufacturers, CHICAGO



Will He Bring You \$50.00?

At first reading of the question above you may murmur, "No such luck." But wait a minute—it may easily be true! If you will but ask us—today—we will promptly send you full details of three sure ways to profit:

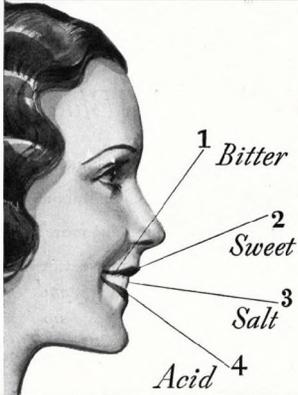
- (1) Forwarding the renewals of present readers in your locality for *Ladies' Home Journal*, *The Saturday Evening Post* and *Country Gentleman*.
- (2) Securing new subscriptions and
- (3) Accepting the orders of folks who desire to send subscriptions as gifts.

No Experience Necessary

If we could get together and talk this over, we could doubtless quickly convince you how easily you may earn an extra \$50.00 or more. As we cannot, do the next best thing and mail the coupon below. It will bring you, without charge, all the information and equipment you'll need to get started right away.

CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 334 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Please send to me by return mail everything I'll need to make an extra fifty or more.

Name..... Age.....
Street..... Please print name and address
City..... State.....



Four Kinds of Taste Nerves

You have nerves that taste Bitter, Sweet, Salt, Acid. This dry mustard rouses all!



Meat Pie. 4 cups diced cooked ham; 1 tsp. salt; 1 tsp. Colman's (dry) Mustard; 1 1/4 cups meat stock; 5 cups diced cooked veal; 2 tsp. flour; 2 onions, sliced; 1/4 tsp. French's Pepper.

Mix flour, salt, pepper, mustard with a little stock. Gradually add remaining stock. Lay meat and onions alternately in deep baking dish. Add stock mixture. Cover with biscuit dough. Bake in moderate oven (350° F) 20 min. Serves 8.

AT THE tip of your tongue you taste sweet and salt things; at the back, bitter things; along the borders, acid things.

Great chefs put seasoning into some ordinary dish—create one that brings them fame. They all use dry mustard. For it stimulates all four kinds of taste nerves!

Colman's Mustard, used by great chefs, is made from rare mustard seeds grown in the famous Lincolnshire fields of England. Only there do mustard seeds develop to the perfection that makes Colman's an incomparable seasoning—"peppy," yet full of rich flavor.

FREE RECIPE CARDS for new and delicious dishes. Write Atlantis Sales Corp., 3127 Mustard St., Rochester, N. Y., Sole Distributor.



liquid into the tall glasses with a lavish hand.

"Perfect. It sounds a little more than irresistible! You will join us, Stirling?"

"Thanks, no. One of my duties as a host seems to be to collect the hostess. . . . See you later, Sheridan."

Sheridan thought, automatically, that there was no mention of seeing Lady Parrish later, but he extended the glass to her valiantly, his eyes as diverted as they were vigilant as he watched Stirling's lanky figure depart around the corner.

"Freddy, you will permit me to comment on the fact that you do not err on the side of mercy! Is this—liquid—actually as appalling as you imply?"

"It's sulphur in rose water," Lady Freddy assured him with conviction. "I've been an old sofite about the whole blasted outrage!"

"And about your hostess, as well?"

"Oh, Abby!" The small, ugly, piquant countenance contorted into a grimace of such profound repugnance that Sheridan yielded to a reluctant smile. "She's a—no, you're too young to hear what she is! Turn your face away while I drink this witch's potion."

"But you have not explained your—reservations, shall we say?—toward your hostess."

"**W**HYY spoil a good party?" inquired Lady Parrish. "Give me a little more of that filthy extract of roses, and I'll tell you everything. . . . Oh, well, I'll tell you now, while I'm plumb in the middle of it: Abby Stirling's been going in for everything short of mayhem to wreck one of my dearly beloveds."

"Tess Stuart?" inquired Sheridan casually over the rosy glass.

"Tess? Lord, no! Abby'd have to be a good deal brighter than she is—and Jehovah knows she's bright enough!"—to get anything on Tess. No, it's Joan—Joan Lindsay."

"Joan Lindsay? But what —?" He checked abruptly, his eyes on the figure in the doorway, absurdly straight and slight in the lacquer-red pajamas that looked like a masquerade costume in spite of—or was it because of?—the relentless severity of their cut.

"Speaking of she devils," remarked Lady Parrish in a voice that she took no pains whatever to subdue.

Abby Stirling threaded her way leisurely through the clamorous horde of guests. "Hello, mob!" she saluted the assembled company with a small, crooked smile that revealed a glimpse of minute teeth, even and perfect as grains of rice. As easily as though she were strolling down a country lane, she slipped through the stampede and perched lightly on the end of the sofa where Allan Lindsay sat, deep in conversation with a begoggled gentleman whose suit needed pressing badly. Lindsay glanced up quickly with a warm, friendly smile, and as though in answer to some unspoken invitation, she slipped compactly into the few remaining inches between him and the gogles.

"**B**LANKETY blank little blank!" remarked Lady Parrish with a calm venom that made it totally unnecessary to be more explicit. "Look at Allan grinning at her like a blooming Cheshire cat! The poor lunatic actually looked me straight in the eye the other night and told me that he thought she had character as well as charm. Character! I'll say she has character! Do you remember Hamilton's crack at his beloved Emma? 'Poor dear Emma! She has so much taste—and all of it bad.'"

Sheridan yielded to delighted mirth. "How enchantingly articulate your sex is when it goes in for dislike—while all that we luckless men can do is to look gloomy and sinister, and mutter in our throats! . . . You have not yet told me, Freddy, what our hostess has done to the exquisite Mrs. Lindsay to incur your doubtless righteous indignation."

"She's got something on her," said Freddy Parrish somberly. "She's had

something on her for months. I caught her hounding the life out of the poor kid at the Chevaliers' the other night—and it wasn't the first time either."

"You mean that it has gone so far that she makes scenes in public?"

"Oh, this wasn't public, though the Lord knows that she wouldn't stop at making one in the Union Station! But this particular rumpus was in the dressing room upstairs. We were the last ones, and I left Abby and Joan putting on their coats and started down when I remembered that I'd left my bag on the dressing table. I was almost back at the door when I heard Joan."

"Heard her? Was she crying?"

"**N**O, SHE wasn't crying. She was saying, 'Oh, Abby, don't, don't! It would kill him if he knew, and I love him so dreadfully.' And Abby said in that nasty little soft voice of hers, like icicles dipped in sugar, 'You should have thought of that before, darling! If there isn't a public announcement by Monday morning, I'll see that there's a private one Monday night.' It didn't sound to me as though it were any of my business, and I was afraid that I'd strangle Abby with my bare hands if I caught her then, so I simply folded up like an Arab and silently stole away."

"Monday? But all this—when did it happen, Freddy?"

"Last Tuesday—no, Wednesday. Why?"

"And tonight is Sunday. Does it not then strike you as a matter of great interest to hear just what public announcements are made on Monday? It is difficult to imagine just what such an announcement could be. Has the lovely Mrs. Lindsay been—shall we say—indiscreet?"

"I believe I've been misled about you," said Lady Parrish gloomily. "Probably you aren't bright at all. If you hadn't a good streak of the loon in you somewhere you wouldn't ask a fool question like that. Joan worships the ground that Allan walks on, and he thinks that the sun rises when she opens her eyes, and sets when she closes them. I suppose you mean the usual rotten nonsense when you talk about being 'indiscreet'?"

"Alas, Freddy," said the young man from Vienna humbly, his eyes fixed respectfully on Lady Parrish's ember-red locks. "I fear that I did!"

"**W**ELL, you don't know either of them," conceded the lady grudgingly, but the gleam in her eye remained unsubdued. "Though how anyone who got as much as one good look at Joan—Ah, well, maybe you're right, at that. 'Indiscreet' is a miserable nambypamby word for what that poor child's been!"

"You reassure me," Karl Sheridan's voice was still humble, but it was only by a distinct effort that his countenance retained its usual courteous imperturbability.

"You needn't look smug about it," she informed him severely. "If there's one thing that I loathe more than another, it's smugness—and Lord knows I loathe plenty of things. . . . Joan Lindsay was indiscreet about money, not about men."

"Money?" Karl Sheridan did not like to sound as surprised as he occasionally felt, but this time he was taken off his guard. "But surely I gathered—no, I did more than gather—surely I was practically told that the Lindsays had everything that the world could give them. Pearls, and pedigreed puppies, and acres of roses —"

"'Had' is right," remarked Freddy succinctly. "Pearls, huh? Now I wonder who told you about them?"

"Tess Stuart," said Sheridan with dangerous promptness. "Fair play now, Freddy! A question for a question. Who told you that her possessions were to be counted in the past rather than the present tense?"

"She told me herself. She came to see whether I



Found:
. . . FRESHNESS AND FITNESS in a teacup

When tiredness overtakes you . . . as you work about the house . . . or when you shop, drink a cup of good Black tea. It puts an end to fatigue. Freshens you up.

Black tea from India is winy and full bodied. It makes other teas seem watery and tasteless. There's more to India Tea!

India's Black teas are fast winning the preference of America's tea drinkers. To get genuine India Tea, look for the trademark below on packages of tea you buy.



This trademark is your guide to the good Black Teas of India. Look for it on packages of tea you buy.

Girls!

MONEY and PRIZES

For Every One of You!

Do you want spending money? A stunning wrist watch—tricky pencil—lovely Club Pin?

SEND your name and address to LINDA PATTON, Manager of the Girls' Club, CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 363 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

LEARN TO IRON beautifully speedily happily

Here's that modern way to hot starch without mixing, boiling and bother as with lump starch. Makes starching easy. Makes ironing easy. Restores elasticity and that soft charm of newness. No sticking. No scorching. Your iron fairly glides. A wonderful invention. This free test convinces. Send for sample.

TRY THIS FREE

ELASTIC HOT STARCH IN 30 SECONDS

THANK YOU—

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 68E, Keokuk, Ia.
Your free sample, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

(Continued on Page 148)



*A
NEW NOTE
in Car Fashion*

A New Delight in Comfort



BALANCED LIKE AN ARROW IN FLIGHT

THEY might have been built to a woman's order . . . these beautiful new Airflow* Chryslers . . . for they bring in one great master stroke of design all the things that women have been wanting for years in a motor car.

Those great wide doors . . . so easy to step through. The deep, wide restful seats . . . actually like divans, front and rear. The spacious dust-proof luggage compartment back of the rear seat.

The easy, positive steering . . . and the pleasing new position of the steering wheel. The wide windshield and rear window that greatly increase vision. The new ventilation system . . . with its freedom from wind roar and

wide range of control over air volume. The marvelous riding qualities of the car . . . which so eliminate jolts and road shocks that you can write your shopping notes on your knee as you glide serenely along.

The important fact that the new Airflow Chrysler is the safest car ever built . . . that you actually ride inside the frame . . . with a sturdy bridgework of steel around you and over your head. The duplicate safety plate glass in the windshield and ventilating windows.

And with all these new comforts and conveniences, the most refreshing new note in style that has ever come to the motor car. The sweeping, flowing exterior lines. The smart new interiors. The new upholstery fabrics and trim leather piping. The gleaming chromium that frames the seats. The sleek simplicity of the interior roof treatment.

When you see the new Airflow Chrysler and ride in it you'll agree with Carolyn Edmundson, noted

stylist and fashion artist of Harper's Bazaar, who said after her first glimpse of the new Chrysler . . . "Exciting, of course it's exciting . . . it is a perfectly beautiful way to create a much finer motor car . . . a better means of travel."



LUXURIOUS, SPACIOUS INTERIORS

Four Distinguished 1934 Models

CHRYSLER AIRFLOW EIGHT. . . . 122 horsepower and 123-inch wheelbase. Six-passenger Sedan, Brougham and Town Sedan, five-passenger Coupe. All body types, \$1245.

CHRYSLER AIRFLOW IMPERIAL. . . . 130 horsepower . . . 128-inch wheelbase. Six-passenger Sedan and Town Sedan, five-passenger Coupe. All body types, \$1495.

AIRFLOW CUSTOM IMPERIAL. . . . 150 horsepower . . . 146-inch wheelbase . . . magnificently-styled, individualized body types.

1934 CHRYSLER SIX. . . . *With independently sprung front wheels.* . . . for a leveled, cushioned ride . . . 93 horsepower, 7 body types on 117- and 121-inch wheelbase. From \$725 up. Four-door Sedan, \$795.

All Prices F. O. B. Factory, Detroit

FLOATING RIDE BOOKLET FREE—Write for the interesting booklet which describes the romantic development of Floating Ride. Address the Chrysler Sales Corporation, 12184 East Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

*NAME COPYRIGHTED 1933—CHRYSLER CORPORATION

(Continued from Page 146) could — Hey, what is this anyway?" She straightened abruptly, scowling at him over the rim of the half-empty glass. "Will you kindly tell me what I'm doing sitting here gabbling my head off to you about Joan Lindsay and half the rest of the world?" She scowled even more fiercely at the half-empty glass in her hand, and took three large swallows, her animated countenance expressing an almost convulsive repugnance on each occasion.

"Just forget anything I've said about Joan, will you? She has troubles enough without getting anyone else mixed up in her affairs, Lord knows!"

"I will make it my most ardent endeavor to do so," Sheridan informed her with regretfully prompt mendacity. "But even you will forgive me if I look twice in the papers tomorrow for that public announcement? I suppose that it is surely in the papers that we will find it—or does Washington still cling to the custom of the town crier and his bell?"

"You'd think so," said Freddy Parrish grimly, "if you'd heard the news of Fay Stuart's death spread from one end of the city to the other without benefit of a single line of newsprint."

"I can indeed imagine it," he said gravely. "You knew Faith Stuart well?"

"Too well, thanks. Anyone who knew her at all knew her too well, in my far-from-humble opinion. But to think of that ravishing little demon getting so balled up in her ugly games that this was the only way out —"

"You are quite right; that is not good to think of."

"You never saw her, did you? You missed something! There was never anything like her outside a fairy tale."

"Oh, but I did see her—and more than once. She must have been all of three years old then—a little golden dream with eyes like blue flowers. When I learned of her death I too thought how terrible it was that she could not always remain in her fairy book, where the small princesses were as good as they were beautiful, and lived happy ever after."

"I keep forgetting that you were in Washington before. . . . Oh, great suffering saints, that woman's heard us! I'll bet she could hear a fly slip on a window-pane. She called every last one of us up today, and said she'd call off the party unless we swore that we wouldn't even mention Fay's — Hello, Abby! What have you been doing at this shindig?"

"Enjoying myself," replied the lady in the lacquer-red pajamas equably. "How about you, darling? Not quite up to your mark. I'm afraid! Cheer up though; I'm the bearer of glad tidings. It's stuffy in here, shouldn't you say? Mind if I open these doors?"

It was obviously a matter of supreme indifference to her whether her titled guest minded or not. She stepped calmly over Lady Freddy's semiprostrate form, gave the folding doors a vigorous and competent push, cocked her ear critically in the direction of the burst of music that came through them and sank neatly to rest on the floor beside the two culprits. . . . He had been right last night, thought Sheridan—that small, colorless face, bland and inscrutable, with its disconcerting eyes and sleekly brushed hair: Alice in Wonderland to the life.

"GOOD evening," she said politely, and Sheridan realized with a slight start that he had not yet met her. "You're the nice person that Dion Mallory was telling me about, aren't you? Mr. Sheridan, didn't he say? Oh, good Godfrey, there they go again!"

The voices from the group rose in mournful frenzy:

"When the coster's not a-jumping on his mother —"

"On his mother!"

echoed the long-suffering chorus plaintively,

"He loves to lie a-basking in the sun."

"Did someone start a rumor that Gilbert and Sullivan were dead?" inquired Abby Stirling dispassionately. "Well, I'll bet you ten cents to a chinchilla coat that they're both there at the piano this minute."

"Is that your idea of glad tidings?" remarked Lady Parrish acidly.

"No, Your Ladyship. This is the real thing. Jack Byrd's going to be here any minute."

The singers chanted fervently:

"Oh, taking one consideration with another, A policeman's lot is not a happy one!"

"WELL, that ties it!" said Freddy Parrish, uncoiling leisurely from her cushion and rising to her feet with an energy surprising in one so long and languid. "In a lengthy and varied career I've come across a good many last straws, but Jack Byrd's my idea of the ultimate one." She raised her voice in imperious summons. "Noll Parrish, are you in that gang of choir boys? 'Come out, come out, wherever you are!'"

The choir boys, completely undaunted by this onslaught, drowned her outraged clamor by the simple process of lifting their voices both in pitch and in volume:

"When constabulary duty's to be done, To be done, A policeman's lot—is not—a—happy—one!"

"It's not Jack's arrival that struck me as being particularly heaven-sent," remarked Abby Stirling mildly. "It was the fact that he was arriving accompanied by about eighteen bottles of choice and assorted vintages. . . . He telephoned a few minutes ago saying that he was in from Baltimore, and asking if it was too late to bring them over. . . . You aren't leaving us, are you, Freddy?"

Freddy, who up to that moment had been obviously wavering, came to an abrupt decision. "Thanks, yes. If Jack Byrd's bringing it, it's probably needed or doped! Noll Parrish! I want to go home!"

"Oh, Freddy, you awful liar!" cried a woman's gay voice from the next room, and a man's deep one boomed incredulously:

"Woman, do my ears deceive me? Has it, or has it not, been forty years since you wanted to go home any time, anywhere, anyhow? Explain, explain!"

FREDDY, clutched at by several pairs of anonymous hands, disappeared into the adjacent maelstrom with a final shriek of protest, and Mrs. Stirling indulged in a cryptic smile.

"She would!" she murmured serenely. "What'll you bet that she isn't here when the milk bottles arrive? . . . I don't think that the room's stuffy, after all. Close the doors again, will you? . . . Dion Mallory and Tess Stuart said some extremely nice things about you last night. I'm glad that you were able to make the party."

"I, too, am glad," he assured her, seating himself again. "You were more than kind to have me, and it strikes me as being a most excellent party. My only regret is that so far I have met none of the members of the fourth estate. From all that I gather I have missed a great deal! I had no idea that they were so operatic."

"You'd be surprised," murmured Mrs. Stirling. "Don't worry, not being as absorbent as the Parrish woman. I'll see that you'll meet plenty of them before the night's over. . . . Have you any idea how Tess is today? Someone said that you took her home last night."

"Then someone was quite right. We left the Temples' fairly early—she was a little tired."

Abby, sitting back as comfortably on her heels as the most accomplished geisha, murmured reflectively, "Extraordinary, isn't it? Tragedy right there a few yards from your elbow, and it might

have been a thousand miles away! If you'd gone up to the sitting room, as Tess usually does —"

"You will be relieved to hear that we parted in the hall. Tess was a little tired, as I told you." He met her eyes with an expression even more blandly inscrutable than her own, and then suddenly yielded to a broadly diverted smile. "I may not have had the privilege of meeting any of the gentlemen of the press this evening, but at least I have had the pleasure of meeting one of the ladies. Am I being interviewed, Mrs. Stirling?"

"Oh, in a manner of speaking! My interest in Tess Stuart isn't entirely professional, however. Nor in Fay, if it comes to that."

"I'm quite sure it isn't," the young man from Vienna assured her pleasantly. "I have quite obviously been misinformed, however! Lady Parrish was just telling me that you had ruled that no mention was to be made of the Stuart affair this evening."

"Yes—I heard her telling you." Abby Stirling also indulged in the relaxation of a smile. "Oh, well, rules are made for slaves—and guests." She rose lightly, still smiling. "Speaking of guests, how about meeting some of them before Byrd gets here and pandemonium starts in? There's an awfully good guy from the Boston Planet, and I think that you'll find the two Baltimore correspondents right up your alley."

"You are very kind." Sheridan was on his feet too. "And it will broaden my journalistic associations considerably. To date, I have only one feather in my cap, as far as the press is concerned."

"Me, you mean? But I'm not really a professional newspaper woman, after all; just married into the family."

"YOU," said the young man from Vienna, with that slight, courteous gesture that came so close to being a bow that Abby Stirling, too, heard the invisible clicking of heels, "are undoubtedly capable of being precisely what you please to be, including the most charming of hostesses. But it was X that I was speaking of having met."

"X?" The small, tranquil face did not change by a flicker of an eyelash; only the eyes, deep set in its clear pallor, seemed a trifle rounder. "You say that you've met X here tonight?"

"I am undoubtedly heading straight into senility," lamented Sheridan. "What has happened to my poor memory? I have not the faintest, not the vaguest recollection, of saying that it was either here, or tonight."

"I shouldn't worry about senility, if I were you," Abby Stirling reassured him. "You strike me as being quite a bright, promising young man with a real career ahead of you. You're a detective or a policeman of some kind, aren't you? I'd almost forgotten."

"Of some kind, as you say. I had almost forgotten it myself. . . . This Jack Byrd of whom you spoke—he is the one that I met last night? The one with the sanitarium near Baltimore?"

"The very one. 'Sanitarium' is one way of putting it, I suppose."

"One way?" He glanced up at her swiftly. "I understood that it was a sanitarium for nervous cases."

"Yes? Well, that's one way of putting that too."

"I also understood that Jerry Hardy was there for that specific reason."

"YOU understand practically everything, don't you?" said Abby Stirling sunnily. "You're undoubtedly going to go a long, long way before you're through! . . . Come here, Goggles, darling—I've got someone that I want you to know. Mr. Malone, meet Mr. Sheridan—the gentleman who is going to make Sherlock Holmes look like Doctor Watson. Oh, Jerusalem, here's Byrd!"

There, undeniably, he was—still too blue-eyed, still too glossily curly-headed, still too brazenly and blatantly handsome

for his own or any other person's good. He carried a large brown suitcase in one hand, and obviously radiated good will to all mankind.

"As nice a full-length portrait of a full-grown bouncer as you'll lay eyes on between here and Cambodia!" commented the gentleman known as Goggles genially. "Not a particular friend of yours, I trust?"

"No," replied Karl Sheridan mechanically. "Not a particular friend of mine, as you are good enough to suggest."

HIS thoughts raced on ahead of his words, so swift, so reckless, so headlong, that suddenly he pulled them in sharply, the lines between his eyes furrowed deep. That way they might be headed straight over the line that led to victory; that way, too, led over a precipice to destruction.

"Do you, by any chance, know why —" He paused, watchful and smiling, his shoulders lifted in a shrug of tolerant amusement. "Too late for research work, I fear! The gentleman who is not our particular friend obviously has the center of the stage."

"Surprise! Surprise!" shouted Doctor Byrd, the pleased center of an enchanted uproar. "Stand back, stand back, boys and girls, and take a long, piercing look at Santa Claus and Bacchus rolled into one. Abby, where's the best place to put this stuff so that it won't get smashed in the gold rush?"

"The mantel's as good as any," said Abby Stirling, moving leisurely forward, her small, clear voice carrying easily over the howls of surprised delight. "Here, I'll help—Raoul, you and Kippy stand guard at the ends until we get them lined up. Let's go!"

"Sheridan, is this luck or good management?" K turned quickly at the warm, gay voice, the friendly hand on his shoulder. "My dear fellow, I'm worn and weary trying to track you down! What do you say to celebrating our reunion with something out of this magnificent array?" A magnificent array indeed! Sheridan, at the forefront of the van under Mallory's skillful guidance, mechanically checked the impressive ranks, diverted in spite of himself: Old Verity Scotch, bonded rye, Bacardi, House of Lords gin —

"What's yours, then? Shall we start with the rye and work straight down the line? After all, the night's still young —"

SHERIDAN smiled at the persuasive gaiety of the voice, his eyes still on the mantel: Bourbon, white mint, vermouth, half a bottle of curacao —

He stood staring, transfixed. Half a bottle of curacao — The room wheeled and receded before his blank, incredulous eyes. It was another room that he saw—a room where flowers bloomed in little crystal pots, and a tall girl leaned, white and disdainful, against a mantel tiled in jeweled blue and green, looking at another shelf with its rows of bottles: White mint, bonded rye, bourbon, Bacardi . . . half a bottle of curacao.

So that's where those eighteen bottles had come from. That's where the jovial doctor from Baltimore had come from, too. . . . He thrust away the glass that Mallory was holding out to him with so violent a gesture that Mallory caught at his arm.

"Nothing, thanks—nothing —"

"Here, I say, old man—what's up? Carrie Nation's dead and buried, if you hadn't heard the news."

Dead and buried; yes. "Ten thousand pardons, Mallory; I'd just remembered something, and it knocked everything else clean out of my mind. This is mine? It looks a most admirable starter—and, as you say, the night is young!"

But the night was old, and tired, and empty. It had lasted too long, he thought, even before it had begun.

(To be Continued)

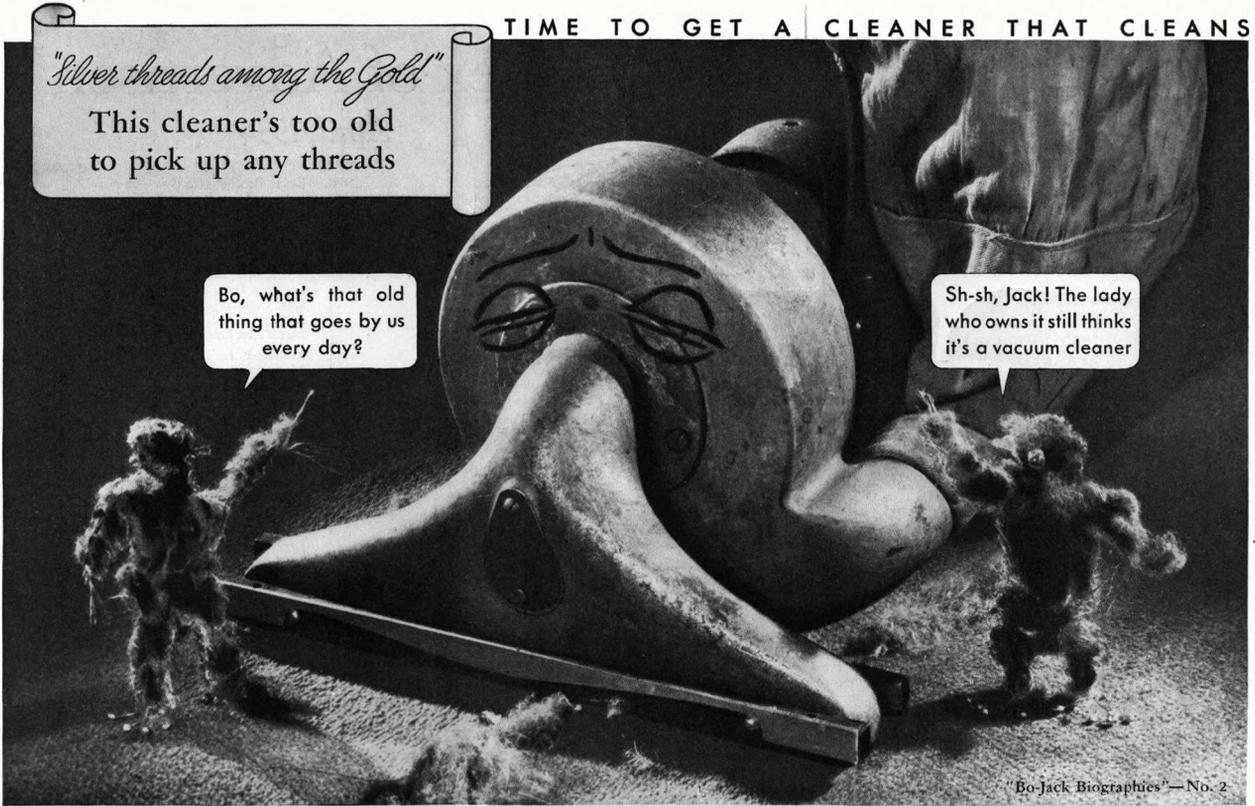
TIME TO GET A CLEANER THAT CLEANS

"Silver threads among the Gold!"

This cleaner's too old to pick up any threads

Bo, what's that old thing that goes by us every day?

Sh-sh, Jack! The lady who owns it still thinks it's a vacuum cleaner



Bo-Jack Biographies—No. 2

MILLIONS OF OLD STYLE CLEANERS DOOMED AS PREMIER SWEEPS THE COUNTRY



IT'S time you knew the truth about that old vacuum cleaner of yours! Don't be fooled because it makes as much noise as ever. Don't be fooled because it takes off the surface dirt. Its highest value is its liberal trade-in value on a new Premier!

Eight out of 10 Premiers—the cleaner that's sweeping the country—have been sold to women who *thought* their old vacuum cleaners were still doing a thoroughly satisfactory job.

A Premier demonstration will quickly reveal the startling facts. That your old cleaner has long ago ceased even to touch the worst, most dangerous dirt. That it leaves the heavy grit buried deep in the nap. Harsh, sharp grit that is daily grinding the life out of your most valuable floor coverings.

Why put up with it? Why go on sacrificing true cleanliness and the very life of your rugs, when it's so easy to have truly up-to-date vacuum cleaner efficiency? Premier's motor-driven brush that reaches deep down to loosen dirt—that combs out the nap to restore fluffiness and lustre—that opens the thickest, closest

pile to draw out the dirt from the bottom of every single fibre.

Liberal trade-in—easy terms

Women everywhere have found Premier's lower prices, the easy Premier payment plan, and liberal trade-in allowance, wonderful inducements to turn in their old back numbers and join the nationwide swing to Premier. Why not look into them yourself?

A Premier Bonded Representative who will call at your home will be glad to give you full details. Or get in touch today with your nearest Premier headquarters—listed in your Classified Telephone Directory under Premier Vacuum Cleaner Company. Go to see the four different styles, for different needs, at different prices. If you prefer, you can arrange by phone to have them brought to your home for examination.

FOR DETAILS OF DEALER FRANCHISE WRITE

The Premier Vacuum Cleaner Company, 1754 Ivanhoe Road, Cleveland, Ohio, division of the Electric Vacuum Cleaner Co.



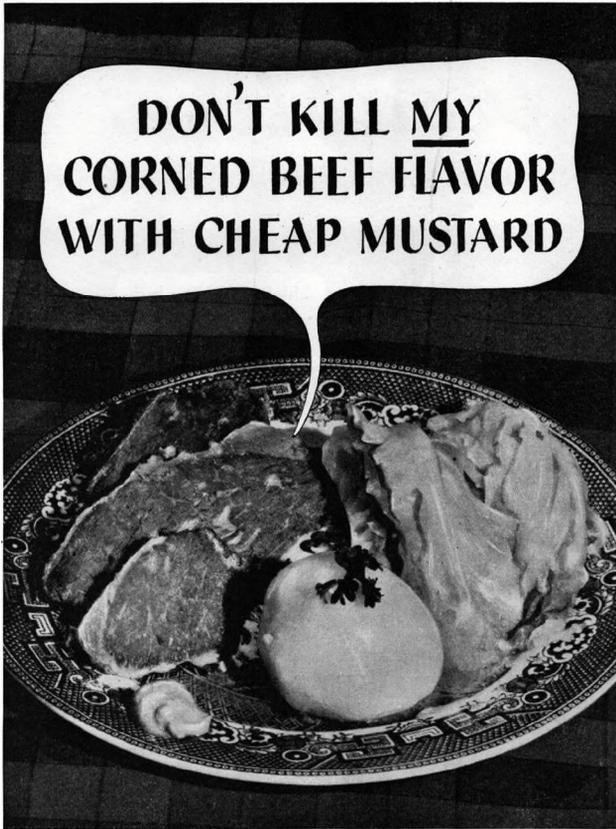
Light, easily handled, the Premier SPICERAN does the work of all attachments, at less cost. Whisks dust and dirt from upholstery, stairs, throw rugs, mattresses. And, covered in 10 seconds to a sure means of ridding closets, clothing and upholstery of moths!

Premier Sweeps the Country
The **NEW**

Premier

VACUUM CLEANERS





8 out of 10 Leading Packers of fine meats say...

"The fine ingredients in this Mustard bring out the full flavor of Fine Meats"

IT'S PACKERS of fine meats who know better than anyone else just which condiments go best with each particular meat.

Eight out of ten important meat packers approve French's Mustard . . . the very thing to bring out the strong juicy succulence of fine meats. And what meat dish is a greater favorite with mustard than a plate of real corned beef and cabbage?

To begin with, French's uses only the finest grade of distilled vinegar. Mustard seeds of the same fine quality. Choice spices.

Cheap mustards contain artificial flavorings and fake preservatives. They are either "red-hot" or insipid and tasteless.

There isn't a speck of preservative or adulterant in French's. Only the purest

ingredients go into this perfect condiment. It has just the right degree of full flavor to give you the delectable savoriness of meats, sandwiches, salads.

Millions of housewives have learned by personal experience not to meddle with questionable mustards. Try French's—you'll never use any other mustard!



FRENCH'S MUSTARD

IN TWO SIZES—9-oz. 15¢; 6-oz. 10¢

Index of Advertisers

April, 1934

	PAGE		PAGE
Allen's Foot-Ease	144	Lever Brothers Co.:	
American Mushroom Industries, Ltd.	114	Lux	73
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.	66	Lux Toilet Soap	58
Armstrong Cork Company	110	Rinsol and Lifebuoy Soap	III Cover
Atlantis Sales Corp.		Libby, McNeill & Libby	75
(Coiman's Mustard)	146	Loose-Wiles Biscuit Company:	
Aunt Jemima Mills Branch, The	68	Sunshine Biscuits	133
Baker's Chocolate	67	Luden's, Inc.	64
Bayer Aspirin	72	Luit Company, The George W.	119
Bigelow-Sanford Carpet Co., Inc.	120	Lux	73
Bon Ami Company, The	92	Lux Toilet Soap	58
Borden Sales Company, Inc., The	112	Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc.	100
Boston Varnish Company	100	Metropolitan Life Insurance Company	56
Bourjois Sales Corp.	131	Mills Seed Grower, Inc., F. B.	102
Bristol-Myers Co.	1	Minnesota Valley Canning Company	112
Bryant, Lane	66	Miracul Wax Co.	128
Buist Co., Robert	114	Mistol Drops	126
Burpee Co., W. Atlee	114	Mum Mig. Co., Inc.	42
Cadillac Motor Car Co.	115	Munsingwear Corp., The	152
California Packing Corporation	99	National Production Company	100
California Walnut Growers Association	104	Nazareth Waist Co.	119
Calumet Baking Powder	48	Northern Paper Mills	141
Camay Soap	4	Olson Rug Co.	144
Campbell Soup Company	39	Ott Engraving Co., L.	112
Chase & Sanborn's Coffee	43	Ovaltine (Wander Company)	127
Chieftain Mfg. Co., The	145	P and G Naphtha Soap	2
Christy, Inc.	144	Parker Brothers, Inc.	144
Chrysler Sales Corporation	147	Pepsodent Co., The	107, 139
Clapp, Inc., Harold H.	114	Pequot Mills	95
Clinton Carpet Co.	83	Phillips, Inc., Louis	140
Chiveden Yarn Co.	145	Phillips Chemical Co., The Charles H.	69
Clopay Corporation	66	Phoenix Hosiery	109
Coca-Cola Company, The	117	Pillsbury Flour Mills Co.	91
Coccolalt	117	Pineapple Producers Cooperative Association, Ltd.	57
Davis Company, R. B.	138	Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company—Paint and Varnish Division	103
Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.	113	Pond's Extract Company	78, 79
Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream	113	Pratt & Lambert—Inc.	114
Colonial Yarn House	128	Premier Vacuum Cleaner Company	149
Corn Products Refining Co.	136	Procter & Gamble Co., The:	
Coty, Inc.	125	Camay Soap	4
Cream of Wheat Corporation, The	105	Crisco	41
Crisco	41	Ivory Flakes	IV Cover
Disston & Sons, Inc., Henry	114	Ivory Soap	44
Dodge Brothers Corporation	143	P and G Naphtha Soap	2
Dole Hawaiian Pineapple Juice	80	Pyrex Nursing Bottles	119
Drackett Company, The	47	Pyrex Ovenware	74
Dreer, Henry A.	114	Red Cross Shoes	124
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads	118	Reynolds Tobacco Company, R. J.	62
Du Pont Cellophane Co., Inc.	II Cover	Rieger, Paul	140
Ederer Thread Co., R. J.	138	Rinsol and Lifebuoy Soap	III Cover
Federal Enameling & Stamping Co.	144	Royal Baking Powder	65
Fels-Naphtha Soap	50	Royal Gelatin Dessert	77
Ferry-Morse Seed Company	114	Sani-Flush	88
Fisher Body Corporation	94	Scott Paper Company	134
Fleischmann's Yeast	129	Selby Shoe Co., The	108
Florsheim Shoe Company, The	145	Sharp & Dohme	106
French Company, The R. T.	88, 150	S. O. S. Company, The	97
Frigidaire Corporation	90	Spencer Corset Company, Inc., The	71
Gem Ear Phone Co.	112	Squibb & Sons, E. R.	61
General Electric Company:		Stanco, Inc.	135
Mazda Lamps	151	Standard Brands Incorporated:	
General Foods Corporation:		Chase & Sanborn's Coffee	43
Baker & Co., Inc., Walter	67	Fleischmann's Yeast	129
Calumet Baking Powder Co.	48	Royal Baking Powder	65
Igleheart Bros., Inc.	53	Royal Gelatin Dessert	77
General Mills, Inc.	82	Stearns & Foster Company, The	128
Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour	82	Stokely Brothers & Co., Inc.	80
Gould Sales Corp., Barbara	130	Sun-Maid Raisin Growers Association	93
Gray Company Ltd., Dorothy	55	Swans Down Cake Flour	53
Hawaiian Pineapple Co.	80	Swift & Company	60, 70
Heinz Company, H. J.	84, 85	Taylor Instrument Companies	138
Hubinger Company, The	146	Three-In-One Oil Company	112
Hygienic Products Co., The	88	Utica and Mohawk Cotton Mills, Inc.	100
India Tea Bureau	146	Vassar Company, The	123
International Nickel Co., Inc., The	137	Vick Chemical Company	81
Ivory Flakes	IV Cover	Vitality Shoe Company	89
Ivory Soap	44	Ward Mfg Co.	145
Jergens Co., The Andrew	52	Warren Corporation, Northam:	
Johnson & Johnson	98	Cutex	87
Johnson's Wax	76	Odoreno	111
Julian & Kokenge Co., The	101	Warren Telechron Company	66
Junket Folks, The	96	Wellington Sears & Co.	88
Kelvinator Corporation	122	Wizard Company—Belitz Division	145
Knox Gelatine Co., Inc., Charles B.	128	Woodbury, Inc., John H.	45
Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corp.	54, 132	Wright & Co., Inc., J. A.	138
Kroehler Mfg. Co.	121	Wyeth Chemical Co.	138
Lambert Pharmaceutical Company	46, 51	Zip	140
Larvex Corporation, The	142		
Lehn & Fink, Inc.	63		

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

JOURNAL REFERENCE LIBRARY

PLAN BEFORE YOU PLANT

This is the time for a little easy-chair gardening! Read the news about beautiful annuals for your flower garden, exotic bulbs for your rock garden. Read all about how to make a lily pool, how to cultivate and care for window boxes, how to have a lawn of smooth, green velvet. Here's a complete library for you gardeners—it will solve your every problem, answer your every question. These Journal garden booklets have been prepared by experts, especially for you—so plan your garden before you plant it.

- 
57. DEVELOPING THE SMALL HOME GROUNDS. 48 pages, 20 illustrations to help you plan your garden. 25 cents.
508. HOUSE PLANTS AND WINDOW BOXES. 5 cents.
162. ROSES AND ROSE GARDENS. 5 cents.
55. ROCK GARDENS AND ROCK GARDENING. 5 cents.
54. PERENNIAL GARDENING. 5 cents.
59. ANNUAL GARDENING. 5 cents.
163. LAWN MAKING. 5 cents.
186. SUMMER FLOWERING BULBS. 5 cents.
1021. THE BEST IRISES TO PLANT. 3 cents.
187. WATER GARDENING. 5 cents.
161. DUTCH BULB GARDENING. 5 cents.
509. GARDEN PATTERN LEAFLETS. Illustrate 61 Garden Patterns. 3 cents.
1061. ECONOMY GARDENS. (Vegetables). 3 cents.
1067. CARE OF WINDOW BOXES. 3 cents.
1071. SUMMER PRUNING AND SPRAYING. 3 cents.
- BIRD HOUSES. Plans for building 7 different ones. 25 cents.
520. GARDENER'S SPRAYING CHART. 3 cents.
1081. THE BEST PEONIES TO PLANT. 3 cents.

ARCHITECTURE

555. JOURNAL HOUSE PATTERN CATALOGUE is 25 cents. Illustrates 75 houses for which there are building plans available. JOURNAL HOUSE PATTERNS are \$1.00 each; include cardboard cut-out model, working drawings, specifications and quantity survey of materials. Purchase Catalogue 555 to select house pattern. Please order house patterns by number. CARDBOARD CUT-OUT MODELS can be bought separately for 10 cents each. Purchase Catalogue 555 to select model.
1027. STENCIL BOOKLET is 10 cents. Shows eighteen designs for decorating your walls. STENCILS are 15 cents each. Purchase Catalogue 1027 to select stencils. Please order stencils by number.

SUB-DEB

1134. HOW TO ACT GROWN UP. Complete details on "making" the family. 3 cents.
1106. PRIVATE LINES AND PARTY CONVERSATION. What to talk about when. 3 cents.
1116. FRIZZ, FUZZ AND FURBLOWNS. The latest news about hair-do's. 3 cents.
1080. ANY GIRL CAN NECK, BUT ———. 3 cents.
1082. THIS IS MY ROOM. 3 cents.
1022. HOW TO BE POPULAR. 3 cents.
1076. PARTIES IN A JIFFY. 3 cents.
1028. CAMPUS CAPERS. Parties with a college education. 3 cents.
1024. NOTHING TO SPEND BUT THE EVENING. A lot of good games to play. 3 cents.
1046. HOW TO MAKE GIRLS LIKE YOU. 3 cents.
1058. FROLICING FIRST. How to dance. 3 cents.
533. SUB-DEB'S BOOK OF BEAUTY. 3 cents.
1024. HOW TO ORGANIZE A SUB-DEB CLUB. Complete with program. 3 cents.
1110. CLUB PLANS. More club programs. 3 cents.
598. LET MAKE-UP MAKE YOU OVER. 3 cents.

BEAUTY

1104. HOW TO DEVELOP YOUR PERSONALITY. To help you to a better job, more bears, a better time! 3 cents.
523. SIMPLE CARE FOR LOVELY SKIN. What to do for blackheads, large pores, oily skin, dry skin and freckles, etc. 3 cents.
537. THAT LETTUCE LOOK. How to be dainty, reduce perspiration, etc. 3 cents.
1005. GIRLS WHO WEAR GLASSES. The right hair-do, hat and accessories. 3 cents.

FASHIONS

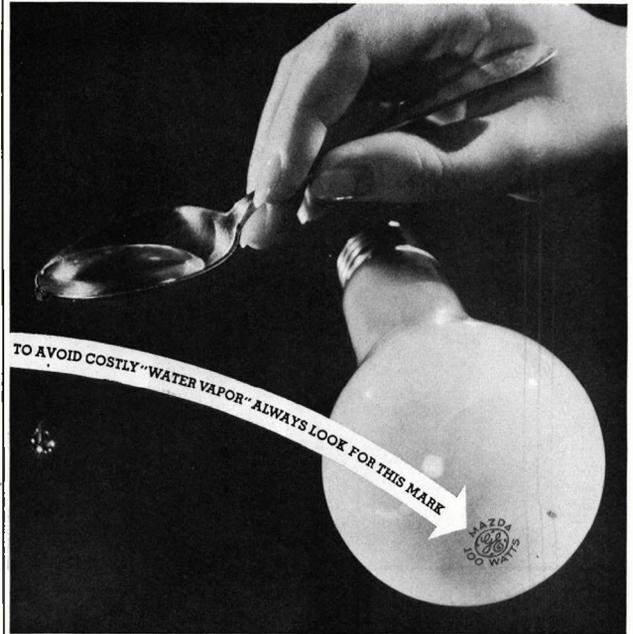
1132. PARIS PORTFOLIO. Sketches of dresses, coats, evening frocks. Hints to help you plan your own window clothes. 10 cents.
1133. STYLES FOR LITTLE WOMEN. If you are under 5' 5", do you know how to pick out clothes to make you look taller and more slender? 3 cents.
554. SUMMER LINES. Colors and clothes to wear, to look more slender. 5 cents.
1051. HOW FIGURES CAN LIE. Your clothes fit better over the right girdle or corset or foundation garment. 3 cents.
1041. HOW TO BUY CLOTHES. Tells you how to put a wardrobe together. 5 cents.
1062. MODERN MATERNITY CLOTHES. 3 cents.
1047. CROCHETED ACCESSORIES. 10 cents.
1069. COTTON YARN ACCESSORIES. To make and wear for summer. 10 cents.
1043. KNOT FOR YOUR CHILDREN. 10 cents.
1086. MAKE SOMETHING NEW. Twin sweater set, new collars, purse and scarf set. 3 cents.
1083. CAMPUS CLOTHES. 3 cents.
1068. FIVE MONTHS' FASHION FOR SUMMER WARDROBES. How to combine what you have with what you need to buy. 3 cents.

FOR THE BRIDE

138. ETIQUETTE OF THE WEDDING. 10 cents.
137. THE BRIDE'S TRUSSING. 3 cents.
135. LET'S SHOWER THE BRIDE. 3 cents.

We will gladly send any of these booklets if you'll order by name and number. They will be mailed anywhere in the United States and Canada upon receipt of stamps, cash, check or money order. Do not send stamped, addressed envelopes. Booklet orders from all foreign countries should be accompanied by International Reply Coupons. Please address all requests to the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, Pa.

ONE DROP OF WATER SPELLS *trouble* FOR USERS OF 100,000 LAMPS!



There is one time when 1/100,000 part of a dew drop is a veritable flood! That's when that much moisture is present in the incandescent lamp you buy.

Costly water vapor is painstakingly eliminated from every General Electric MAZDA lamp because it hastens deterioration of the lamp filament; speeds blackening of the bulb; and brings a corresponding loss of light and lamp life.

As a matter of fact the gas in General Electric MAZDA lamps is 100 times drier than the air in the very driest part of the Sahara Desert. That's one reason why lamps bearing the famous  monogram are sure to give you all the light you pay for—why they are used by steamship lines, railroads, leading industrial and commercial concerns everywhere.

To look for this symbol of quality is an easy and sure way to avoid inferior lamps that may waste electricity like a leaky faucet wastes water—that may contain that tiny particle of water vapor that spells lighting waste and trouble. General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

General Electric manufactures lamps for home lighting and decoration, automobiles, flashlights, photography, stores, offices and factories, street lighting and signs. Also Sunlight lamps.

GENERAL ELECTRIC MAZDA LAMPS



A



B



C

*Intimate things you'll love
... yet they cost so little*

Everywhere in America, women are turning to the lovely underthings of Munsingwear for their spring and summer wardrobes. For they want undergarments that are new ... chic ... dainty and authentic *in style*. They want undergarments that are made with exceptional carefulness ... that will wear exceptionally well ... that are fashioned of Rayon, specially processed by Munsingwear. Women of discrimination *know Munsingwear quality* ... demand it. You'll find Munsingwear underthings popularly priced at a quality store near you. Munsingwear, Minneapolis.

A—Cowl-neck Rayon pajamas ... two piece ... short waist finished with band of contrasting shade, tying in belt at side.

B—Charming, smooth Rayon chemise ... delightfully finished with lace bandeau top of uplift type.

C—A lovely nightgown of sheer Rayon ... an all-over lace yoke follows the neck line down the center front and curves under bust ... belt ties at back.

D—Brief pantie called "Bantie" ... knit to be comfortable ... knit to resist "wearing out" ... perfected uplift bandeau.

E—Smooth, lovely, two-way stretch "Foundette" girdle ... insures *contour control* ... gives the *swerves, curves, roundish lines* you desire.

F—Band bottom style, these lovely Munsingwear bloomers are desired by all women ... made to keep their shape ... to resist wear ... delightful also is the smart uplift bandeau.

MUNSING

Wear



D



E



F

"NO MORE BACKACHES NOW!"



by
BEVERLY
PHILBLAD
(10 YEARS OLD)
of
New York



EXCUSE ME I YAWNED, JOAN. I'M ALMOST DEAD TIRED FROM SCRUBBING MY WASH

YOU YAWN AND GET TIRED FROM SCRUBBING, DON'T DO IT!



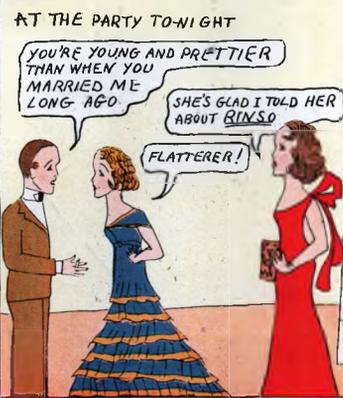
I SCRUB HARD TO GET DIRT OUT. HOW CAN I SCRUB EASY?

I NEVER SCRUB, I SOAK CLOTHES CLEAN AS DRIVEN SNOW

THEN JOAN TELLS HELEN TO USE RINSO NEXT WEEK WHICH SHE DOES *



NEXT WASH DAY
THERE'S MY WASH DONE IN HALF THE TIME WITH RINSO. AND NO SCRUBBING, AS WHITE AS CAN BE



AT THE PARTY TO-NIGHT
YOU'RE YOUNG AND PRETTIER THAN WHEN YOU MARRIED ME LONG AGO

SHE'S GLAD I TOLD HER ABOUT RINSO

FLATTERER!

I AM BEVERLY'S MOTHER AND I WANT TO TELL YOU

"MY DAUGHTER, Beverly, heard me tell my friends how Rinso saves hours of made this drawing. I'm sending it to you because it certainly tells the truth about Rinso! I told Beverly she should have drawn one more picture to show how fine Rinso is for dishes and house cleaning."

MRS. EDITH PHILBLAD, (Ozone Park), New York

Clothes washed the "no-scrub" Rinso way last 2 or 3 times longer. Many women save \$100 or more on clothes washed this safe, gentle way.

Makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso. It has been tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Great for dishes! Easy on hands. So economical, too—gives rich, lasting suds, even in hardest water.

The biggest-selling package soap in America

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS



AUNTIE, HOW LOVELY OF YOU TO MAKE ME A BIRTHDAY CAKE. TWENTY-EIGHT CANDLES. HEAVENS, TWO MORE AND I'LL BE IN THE 'OLD MAID' CLASS

SILLY CHILD...YOU'LL MEET SOMEBODY BEFORE LONG. COME NOW, MAKE A WISH, AND THEN BLOW OUT THE CANDLES



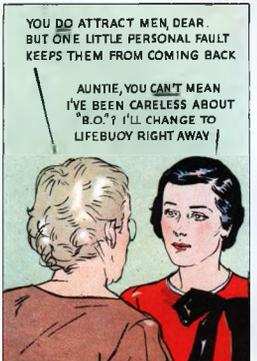
ALL OUT AT ONCE! SPLENDID... YOU'LL GET YOUR WISH! WHY, HONEY, THERE ARE TEARS IN YOUR EYES

DON'T MIND ME, I'M... I'M... OH, AUNTIE, IMAGINE IF I DID GET MY WISH



I WANT WHAT EVERY WOMAN DEEP IN HER HEART WANTS — A HOME OF HER OWN, A HUSBAND, BABIES! THAT'S BEING FRANK, ISN'T IT?

MAY I BE JUST AS FRANK?



YOU DO ATTRACT MEN, DEAR, BUT ONE LITTLE PERSONAL FAULT KEEPS THEM FROM COMING BACK

AUNTIE, YOU CAN'T MEAN I'VE BEEN CARELESS ABOUT "B.O."? I'LL CHANGE TO LIFEBOUY RIGHT AWAY!

"B.O." GONE
—she got the first part of her wish—a husband, her own home



AND TWO YEARS LATER... her happiness complete

SEE, DEAR, SHE LOVES HER LIFEBOUY BATH. IT'S SUCH A BLAND, GENTLE SOAP, IT AGREES WONDERFULLY WITH HER DELICATE, BABY SKIN

SHE'LL TAKE AFTER HER MOTHER WHEN SHE GROWS UP... ALWAYS BE SWEET AND DAINTY

ANOTHER THING THAT'S ALWAYS ATTRACTED ME IS YOUR LOVELY SKIN

SCORE AGAIN FOR LIFEBOUY

WHAT an all-round, 100 per cent satisfactory soap Lifebuoy is! Kind to tender baby skin—to a woman's delicate complexion—yet how thoroughly it cleanses! Its creamy lather does more than just remove surface dirt. It goes down into the pores; deep-cleanses; deodorizes. Stops "B.O." (body odor)—so quickly noticed when windows are closed, rooms hot and stuffy. Its fresh, clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy gives extra protection. Play safe—bathe regularly with this delightful toilet soap. Use it for your face, too—keep skin radiant.



The pride of Mr. Moore's life is this flannel robe. And he admires these golf stockings, too. All will be well, Mr. Moore, if your wife follows salespeople's advice: "Wash wool in lukewarm Ivory suds."

Mrs. Moore has had wool tragedies—golf stockings that shrank to kiddie size and sweaters that lost their curves. But her twin sweater set will have a long charming life, if she heeds the sales girl's directions, "Lukewarm Ivory suds . . . no rubbing or wringing . . . roll in towel . . . shape to size while damp . . . dry flat, away from heat."



When Junior outgrows this sweater-suit and blanket, they'll be ready for another baby to wear, Mrs. Moore. You're wise to use Ivory Flakes, made from the same pure Ivory that keeps Junior's skin smooth. Wool harshly resents impure soap. And Ivory Flakes are today's biggest bargain in fine fabrics soap!

ALL WOOL MERCHANDISE SHOWN IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH FROM JAMES MCKEEB & CO., FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Salespeople in fine stores try to save wools from wrong washing. They say, "Use IVORY FLAKES," curls of Ivory Soap, 99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % pure

